

Not So Soft

By Kyle Crichton

It's called softball, mushball, kittenball—anything you like—but don't let the name fool you. It's a jazzed-up version of baseball and it's fast and hard. Take a look at this new evening pastime and at the able president of the American Softball Association—Mr. George Sisler

ON THE face of it, the thing was preposterous. There stood George Sisler and a rotund gentleman who was waving his hands under the Sisler nose. Anybody with the ghost of a sporting memory will recognize Sisler as one of the great baseball players of all time. The pudgy little man was evidently not concerned with that. What he was saying in excited tones was this:

"If we have to play again with an umpire like that Jones, I'll withdraw our team from the league!"

Confronted with this disaster, Mr. Sisler looked cool and courageous. It was plain that when it came time for Jones to umpire again, he would umpire whether the little man liked it or not.

What was happening was the morning-after session of the president of the



The diamond is small and fans are accustomed to being close to the players

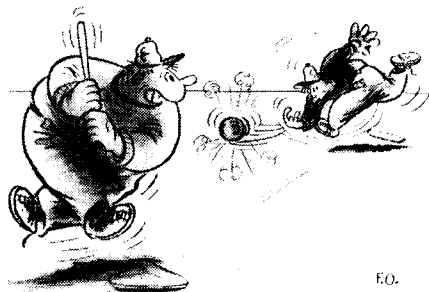


The batter might just as well close his eyes and take a swing

American Softball Association—to wit, Mr. George Sisler. He had come in quietly and a bit apprehensively through the rear door of his sporting goods store in St. Louis as if hopeful that he could escape the ordeal for once, but the usual complainants were on hand to tell him his umpires were robbers and the opponents crooks.

"You'd think it was a World Series every day," said Mr. Sisler, resignedly. "It's like this every morning. Do you know who that fellow was who just bawled me out? . . . He's one of the biggest bankers in town. And do you know what he was kicking about? He was sore because Jones had called one against his girls' team last night. Not the big team, but the girls' team. It's as if J. P. Morgan went down before breakfast to put the blast on Judge Landis. That's how nutty they are about this softball game."

Anybody who travels of an evening through the Middle West can testify on the subject. According to the sporting goods manufacturers, who are not ordinarily ruled by sentiment, softball is the fastest growing of all sports. There are girls' teams, league teams, church teams and teams which have wandered out on an open lot and are endeavoring



The bats are not more than 34 inches long and 2 1/8 inches in diameter

ILLUSTRATED BY
FRANK OWEN

An underhand motion is used, but there's plenty of stuff on the ball

to break all the windows in the apartment house across the street. There are 950,000 players now organized into various leagues. The national tournament of the Amateur Softball Association last year in Lincoln Park, Chicago, had a crowd of 100,000 for the play-off. One of the finest teams in the tournament was the Jewels from Phoenix, Arizona, who lost out in the semi-finals to the Crimson Coach Tobaccos of Toledo. The championship was won by the Ke-Nash-a team of Kenosha, Wis.

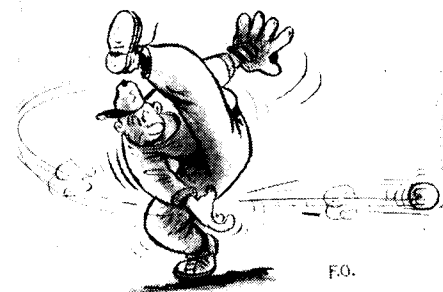
"The name is cockeyed, if you ask me," said Sisler. "Wait'll you see these big guys lay them up against the fence, 300 feet out. We had a catcher who kept thinking it was softball and wouldn't bother wearing a mask. A foul tip spread his nose all over St. Louis County the other night. Me play? Nothing doing. It's too fast and rough for me. It's a jazzed-up version of baseball.

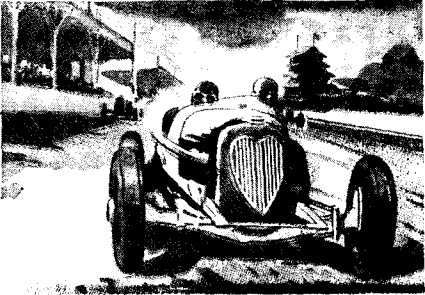
Everything on a smaller scale and everything fast as the devil. The bases are 60 feet instead of 90 feet as in baseball, and it's a question of grabbing them and throwing them on the fly."

The game was originally known as indoor baseball and was played in large armories with a ball which was much larger and softer than the present ball. When it ventured out into the sunlight, it was called mushball, kittenball, diamondball and a dozen other names. From daylight it has progressed—particularly in the Middle West where the insanity is at its height—into a night game under lights. This development was brought about by Phil Rosier of Chicago, who took the sport when it was wandering about under its various sissified names and made it respectable as the National Softball Association. At the present time there are approximately 1,000 lighted parks for softball, and it is growing by the hour.

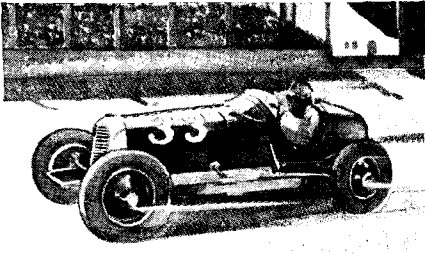
Softball is a variation of baseball. The ball is 12 inches in circumference and is now so hard that everybody but the pitcher uses the usual baseball gloves in handling it. The bats are thin and light, being made of wood and not more than 34 inches long and not more than 2 1/8 inches in diameter at the thickest part. Because the action is so fast in softball, the bats are required to have a taping on the handle. The hitters bring them around at such a pace that if they ever slipped out of the

(Continued on page 38)

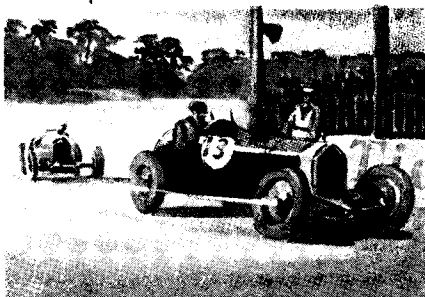




INDIANAPOLIS—Kelly Petillo drove his Champion-equipped Gilmore Speedway Special to a thrilling victory in the annual 500 Mile Race, setting a new record of 106.24 m.p.h. and making the 12th consecutive time Champion Spark Plugs have helped to win this event.



INDIANAPOLIS—Rex Mays, daring young race driver, won the pole position in the 500 mile Memorial Day Race by qualifying at the amazing average of 120.736 m.p.h., a new track record for two-man cars. Mays used Champion Spark Plugs.



ENGLAND—Luis Fontes, just over 21 years old and a comparatively unknown driver, won the J.C.C. International Trophy event with his Champion - equipped Alfa - Romeo. Freddie Dixon, who was close behind, finished second in a Riley using Champions.



WASHINGTON—Fred Jacoby, using Champions, won all outboard competition in Class A, B, C and F and the Inter-Shrine championship in Shrine Convention Regatta. All inboard winners in this event also used Champions.



The only thing that matters to you as a spark plug user is to know which spark plug gives your car the best performance. On this score Champion Spark Plugs stand unqualifiedly alone as proved by twelve consecutive years of supremacy in racing throughout the world. In the last Indianapolis 500 mile race every car to finish was Champion-equipped.

KEEP YOUR ENGINE YOUNG . . . CHANGE SPARK PLUGS EVERY 10,000 MILES

Grandstand Stuff

A Short Short Story Complete on this Page

By Donald Gibbs

MRS. ARTHUR J. (CANNONBALL) McSHANE, the former Lulu Martel, of Hollywood and Broadway, posed her glamorous, streamlined self—Jubilee blue sports suit, silver fox, the silliest of hats—in the center of the de luxe suite at the Bartmont. She placed her hands on her slim hips and pirouetted slowly, humming a few bars of the Martel success, Tootsie.

Mr. McShane was slumped down in an armchair, one striped flannel leg over the port side, and a copy of the Morning Tribune was clamped in his oversized paws.

"The dumb tramps," he chuckled, and he did not look up.

"How do you like my new hat, darling?" purred Mrs. McShane. "Isn't it ducky?"

Now, any one of the picture directors who, a few months back, had the job of getting along with the great Martel, would have recognized the storm signals

in the limpid Martel eyes, would have caught the warning hidden in the syrup of the Martel voice. But not Mr. McShane of the Panthers' hurling staff.

"The dumb tramps, trying to make out as if I was fading!"

The heel of a smart oxford dug into his right foot.

"How do you like the hat?"

Mr. McShane looked up briefly.

"Very nice," he said, and went back to his reading. But not for long. Mrs. McShane swooped down on him. She ripped the paper from his grasp and tore it in two. She tore it again and threw it on the floor and stamped on the pieces.

"Phooey to your old paper," she said, "double phooey."

Mr. McShane's face turned the color of ripe liver. He floundered in his chair, glaring helplessly about the room. His glance lit on the hat.

"Personally," he said, "as long as you go acting this way, I'll come clean. Per-

sonally, I think that hat looks terrible."

"Why, you—you—" Mrs. McShane was Janice Witherspoon in Lady Be-trayed. "You—to say such a thing—"

"Furthermore," Mr. McShane continued, "it doesn't look to me much like a hat anyway. If you want to know, it looks to me like a pancake. And, furthermore, I don't like it!" He struggled to his feet. It was a new Mr. McShane who rose from that chair, and the light in his eyes was unhusbandly. He made a grab at the goofy little bonnet perched atop the Martel curls, and he scaled it out the window.

FOR a second Mr. McShane, Panther pitcher, was the male triumphant, the male dominant. But only for a second.

"How dare you! You beast!" It was the Lulu Martel of Tiger Woman who flew at him with her polished and tapered nails. This was too much for Mr. McShane. He picked up the Tiger Woman and flung her onto the chaise longue. "One more crack out of you and I'll begin to get sore," he said.

Mrs. McShane, a crumpled figure on the frilled satin of the chaise longue, began to weep—not as ordinary people weep, but as a great actress weeps. She clutched a pillow tragically as the great sobs shook her. Her husband stood over her, straightening his double-breasted flannel coat.

"No use your blubbing," he said.

ILLUSTRATED BY
C. C. BEALL



Mrs. McShane swooped down on him. She ripped the paper from his grasp and tore it in two

"Blubbing?" Lulu Martel leaped from the couch with a shriek. She raised both hands to strike him dead. For a long moment she held the pose. Then she ran swiftly the gamut of a half-dozen emotions, starting with amazement and ending with loathing the bitter kind. Her voice was frapped vinegar. "Arthur McShane, I never blubbed in my life! And I want to tell you something. I've had just about enough of you. All you do is sit here and read these papers and tell yourself how good you are. Either that or let a lot of little fellows who couldn't swing a small-sized swizzle stick knock you all over the lot. My mother told me never to marry a ballplayer. She should have said never to marry a poor one. Cannonball? Humph. Mothball McShane."

The light of battle gleamed in Mr. McShane's eyes. "We'll skip your mother," he said, "but if an ace pitcher in the big time isn't good enough for a second-rate chorine to hang around with, why..." Mr. McShane was hissing like a new radiator, "... why, go ahead back to your old two-a-day. Go on back; I'll sign waivers."

"Repeat that," said Mrs. McShane, her eyes twin points of fire. "Just repeat that."

Mr. McShane repeated it, with additions.

"All right!" Decision was written all over Lulu. "You may be interested to know that Sid Levinski, of Super-World, is right here in this hotel now. And he's been after me for weeks trying to get me to quit playing stooge to a second-rate ballplayer who has had his day and return to show business."

"Give him my regards," said McShane bitterly.

LULU tossed her head and marched into the next room. She picked up the telephone.

"Cut out the grandstand stuff," said Mr. McShane. Lulu did not listen.

"Operator," she said, and her voice was rose petals and plush. "Will you connect me with Mr. Sid Levinski? I think he's in Room 806." Her small left foot tapped a neat double tempo on the gilt leg of the phone stand. Mr. McShane's mouth was hanging open like the mouth of a wounded codfish. He looked as if Shirley Temple had slammed one of his best deliveries across the state line.

But he recovered quickly and leaped toward the door. Lulu slammed it in his face and turned the lock.

"Listen, you," he yelled, and his voice was stronger than a bleacher tenor's. "You can't do that. You can't run out on a fellow. Listen, I'll..." He beat on the door with the McShane pitching knuckles. "Listen. You call this guy Levinski, I'll knock his block off. Yeah, his and a lot of other guys', too." Mr. McShane was beside himself. "Who said I wasn't a good ballplayer? I'll show you—listen, you—you unlock that door and come out here."

Mrs. McShane smiled the smile she used so effectively in Mona Lisa of the Prairies. She took her finger off the hook and spoke softly into the mouthpiece.

"Mr. Noonan, in seven eighty-four."

"Hello, Mike. This is Lulu Martel. Yeah, start him this afternoon. Only tell him to lay off the bean ball. He's kind of excited."



**WATCH
YOUR
STEP**

YOU CAN SEE THE RUSTY NAIL ★ATHLETE'S FOOT IS INVISIBLE

WHILE thousands of people every year step on rusty nails and suffer variously as the result, still the cause of the suffering is visible and can be avoided. But the fungus which causes Athlete's Foot lurks unseen, unfelt at time of attack, ever ready to dig into your bare feet, and in the places you would least expect it. Your bathroom floor, the decks and diving boards of swimming pools, the locker room of your favorite club—all may harbor this menace to foot health and comfort.

How to Recognize It in Time

The first you'll know that Athlete's Foot has attacked you probably will be redness and itching between your lesser toes. Tiny, white blisters may appear. Excessive moisture, cracking, peeling, soreness and pain—any of these signs calls for immediate action. Don't neglect these dangerous symptoms. Prompt treatment is necessary to avoid chance of serious trouble.

Absorbine Jr. Kills the Fungus Quickly

At the first sign of Athlete's Foot, douse on cooling, soothing Absorbine Jr. morning and

|| ★ The U. S. Public Health Service asserts: "... it is probable that at least one-half of all adults suffer from it (Athlete's Foot) at some time" ||

night. Keep this up until you are sure infection has been removed. Reputable laboratory tests show that the fungus which causes Athlete's Foot is killed within 30 seconds after Absorbine Jr. penetrates to it.

Keep Constant Watch During Warm Weather

You can be reinfected again and again, especially during warm weather when the scourge is at its worst. Even your socks must be boiled 15 minutes to kill the hardy fungus.

Keep a bottle of Absorbine Jr. in your medicine cabinet and in your locker at your club or swimming pool at all times. Use it after every bath to refresh and rest your feet and to kill the fungi you may have picked up, before they can dig in.

Don't be a victim of the switch racket. Good dealers will give you genuine Absorbine Jr. when you ask for it. Refuse substitutes. It's thrifty to use Absorbine Jr. because it takes so little to bring relief. To obtain free sample, write to W. F. Young, Inc., Springfield, Mass.

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A TIP FROM WASHINGTON, D. C.

News travels fast in the nation's capital.

Whenever Government officials make a decision, millions of people want to know what it is.

There's a Government decision about *gasoline*, for instance, that made thousands of motorists stop and think.

It's this: Gasoline for the Government's *emergency* duty must pass a more rigid set of specifications than that for ordinary use.



If you ever drove an ambulance, you'd know why Government buyers demand a faster-starting, more powerful gasoline for their emergency vehicles.

But you *don't have to be* an ambulance driver to get a gasoline like that!

You can buy it all of the time . . . and without extra cost . . . at any Texaco Fire-Chief pump.



That's not a claim. It's an actual fact.

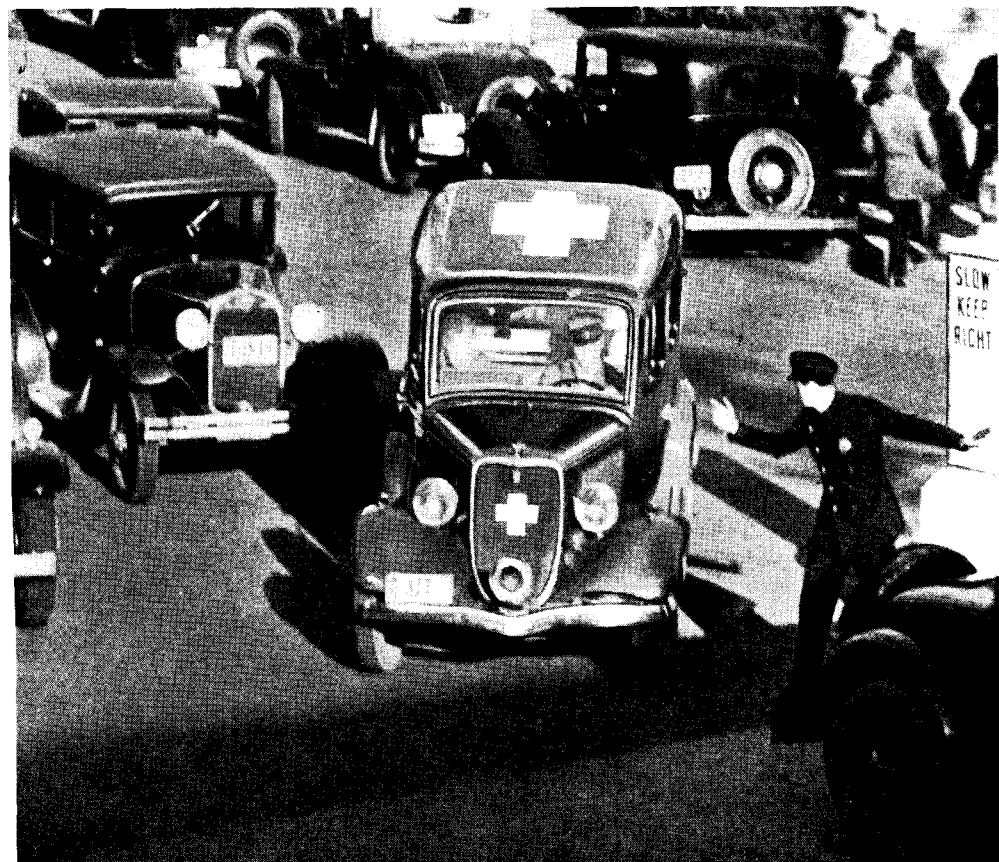
Texaco Fire-Chief gasoline has been matched against the Government's higher, emergency specifications.

It gives you all of the power the Government insists its ambulances and fire-engines must have.

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When you buy at a Texaco pump you get a gasoline that meets the Government's emergency specifications* for fire-engines and ambulances . . . *at no extra cost!*

* Federal Specification VV-M-571 for emergency vehicles



South of Heaven

Continued from page 15

stormy night in the tavern—the weary travelers snug by the fire—we should tell each other weird, blood-curdling stories, shouldn't we?"

"Yes—and then suddenly the mysterious stranger over by the corner tells his story and goes out into the night—and no one ever sees him again—"

"But both our lives are changed from that moment—"

"And we look at each other fearfully over the dying embers—"

"Here!" he said, laughing. "Have a spot of brandy!"

They lifted their glasses in a toast that had the ease of old companionship. And after that they talked effortlessly of many things. It was not strange that they should have talked, at last, of marriage.

"Of course I have a romantic streak," he admitted, refilling his pipe. "But somehow I believe that one day I'll be walking along the street and—bang!—there'll be the girl!"

Amy stared at him.

"What girl?"

He glanced at her, rather sheepishly.

"You know the theory," he said. "The one in the world—the predestined one—"

Amy struggled—it was as if somebody had clapped an ether cone over her nose. At last she managed to speak—but faintly.

"What would she be like?"

"Oh, she'd be a little thing, and blond—I'd hold out for a blonde. And she'd have blue eyes—the sort that would make me feel no end masterful and important!" He bent forward and prodded a log that had fallen from the blaze. Then he smiled at Amy, confidently. "I suppose I need reassurance—but she'd have to need me, she'd have to be as helpless as a kitten!"

AMY stared down at her own hands. They were deft, strong hands that could grip a propeller and swing it with ease; she had always been proud of those hands!

"Now I've told you the worst," said Michael. "How about you?"

"Me?"

"Yes. How about the man you'd pick out? That's fair enough! Would he be another pilot?"

Janet Cameron would have been amazed and charmed to hear her daughter now.

"Not necessarily a pilot," said Amy, "but he'd have to be a big—big—you know, the viking type? He'd be a terribly active person—the sort of man who wouldn't open a book from one year to the next—and certainly he wouldn't be a *business* man—he'd be a sportsman of some kind, a big-game hunter or maybe an explorer!"

Michael lifted his glass.

"May you find him!" he said.

Amy lifted her glass too.

"May you find her!" she said.

And that was the end of the third evening.

Amy threw a ball for the terrier to retrieve. And he came back, wagging his tail.

"Well," said Amy's mother, gently, "you might be a little more—communicative."

"Nothing to communicate," said Amy, still intent upon the dog.

"I feel as if I'd been reading a story," said Janet, plaintively, "that had ended right in the middle!"

"Well, that's what this one did," her daughter declared. "I'm just washed up on this love business—it's asinine! I'll stick to flying—a lot easier on the nervous system. And as far as Michael Kane's concerned—Mother, I *hate* the man!"

"H'm," said Janet.

And she said no more. But three days later Amy came in from the field

to find Michael having tea with her mother. And her heart fairly zoomed—because, of course, she was surprised.

"Hello!" she said, carelessly. "I didn't know you knew my mother."

"Well, I had to introduce myself," he said, smiling. "I came around to find out if you were all right, Miss Cameron—you cut short your trip so suddenly—"

"Oh—that!" she said, looking him straight in the eye. "I had a wire calling me back—somebody else had found a field."

Janet Cameron averted her glance. Then she poured a cup of tea for her daughter. After that the conversation continued almost haltingly between Michael and the older woman. Amy contributed no more than a few monosyllables; she played with the dog.

"You were almost rude," declared her mother afterwards.

"Can't help it, Mother!" said Amy, briskly. "I simply can't stand the man!"

"That," he said, "was a fast one."

Amy looked at him as if he were already receding into the distance.

"I really must toddle along," she said.

"But wait a minute!" he pleaded. "I wanted to ask you to see a play with me. It's called *South of Heaven*—and it's all about aviation—I read about it in the Times."

"I never see plays about aviation," she told him. "They always seem a little absurd—to an aviator, you know."

And with that she left him.

SHORTLY after this conversation had taken place, Marcia Littlefield invited Amy to a party. It was to be an informal dinner party, with dancing, in Marcia's rambling old country house in Connecticut. And Amy accepted the invitation—not because she was sure Michael Kane would be there, but because she did not want to hurt Marcia's feelings.

Michael sat at the other end of the



"I guess there must be something to that reincarnation business. Everything I write sounds like Chopin" JAY IRVING

"Why, I thought he was charming!"

"Did you?"

"Yes."

"Well, I don't," said Amy, smiling grimly. "I think he's impossible—and I hope I never have to see him again as long as I live!"

THIS was a vain hope. She saw Michael upon the following day. And she couldn't have expected to run into him at an aviators' luncheon! But Michael's father was publishing the autobiography of the guest of honor—and Michael was attending the affair as his father's representative.

He smiled at Amy.

"What a coincidence!" he said.

"Isn't it?" cooed Amy.

"I'm beginning to believe in Fate," he told her.

"Yes?"

"We might as well break down and admit," he said, solemnly, "that there's no such thing as coincidence."

"Oh, isn't there?"

"No, it's all Fate—she's been hurling us together, you know—and the old girl usually knows what she's about."

"Well, maybe she's sort of callous," said Amy, "but I can't believe she's downright *cruel*!"

He stroked his cheek, reflectively.

dinner table—and Amy was very glad of that. She had greeted him with a coolness that, as Marcia said, would have frozen lava.

Amy herself had been seated next to a man who was no humdrum publisher of books. Steven Carew was a magnificent specimen of the more desperate sex. He had done almost everything that any active man had ever thought of doing. He had augmented his renown as a track star by further renown as a big-game hunter. He was, on the side, a crack polo player. And he could talk of any of his exploits with no false modesty whatever. Marcia beamed down from the head of the table; at last she had provided a man who was worthy of Amy.

Amy smiled back—feebly. Then, out of pure curiosity, she tried to discover how Michael was faring. His smooth, dark head was bent over a little platinum-haired trifle whose blue eyes were lifted, in a sort of worship, to Michael's eyes. So, thought Amy, he'd met her at last—his ideal girl, his dream woman, his perfect microbe—

"I'm glad you're a pilot," young Carew was saying. "I do like a girl who can do things! On an expedition, for instance—"

It was funny, thought Amy, how

everything worked out. If you waited long enough, you'd be sure to find the one person who could speak your language. In one night Michael had found his microbe, and she had found this perfectly wonderful man, this man who was nothing less than a hero—

The lights seemed to be hurting her eyes. Then she realized that there was nothing the matter with the lights but that she, Amy Cameron, was on the point of bursting into tears.

An orchestra was playing. She danced with Carew.

"I—I'm thirsty!" she said, as the music came to an end.

Carew told her that he would get her something to drink. He told her just where to wait for him. But when he was safely around the corner Amy fled.

She knew just the retreat—for a famous woman pilot about to burst into mid-Victorian tears. This was a small veranda which formed an "L" around the left wing of the house. But here she found the tip of a cigarette, glowing fitfully in the darkness. Then her eyes found the splash of a white shirt front and, a moment later, a most familiar face.

"Well!" she said, catching her breath. "Isn't this a coincidence!"

"Yes," he said. "But isn't—where's the viking?"

"I don't know. But where's—what are you doing out here?"

"Sulking."

Amy sat on the veranda rail; she curled a bare brown arm around the ivory pillar, and pressed her flushed cheek for a moment against the cool, smooth wood.

"You seem to be having a swell time," said Michael, suddenly.

"Yes. Oh, you can't imagine how interesting a person like Steven Carew can be—a person who's been everywhere and seen everything and done everything! I've just been so fascinated all evening—you've no idea!"

"I'm getting the idea," he said.

AMY hugged the pillar. The music drifted from the big room to the veranda. It was a heavenly night, and Steven was waiting to dance with her—and tears welled, unreasonably, to her very eyes.

"I hope you haven't quarreled with Miss Bryson!"

He shook his head.

"Oh, no—it's just that I don't like to mix business with Marcia's good highballs. Miss Bryson's the novelist, you know—one of my father's top-notchers. And we've been talking royalties for three solid hours—"

Michael broke off with a sigh. Then he flicked his cigarette over the veranda rail.

"There's no point in telling you," he said, "but I've got to tell you! When you didn't show up at Casson's landing—that was the next stop after Bird Center, you know—well, I guess I realized—the dinner was even worse than the others, and there wasn't any movie I hadn't seen, and I didn't want to write letters and all the time I was watching the door and—well, it was an awful jolt, darling. And of course I know I haven't a chance in the world against this chap who's been everywhere and seen everything and done everything—"

Michael paused here—looking very young and wistful.

"But he bores me!" whispered Amy.

"He bores me—Michael darling!"

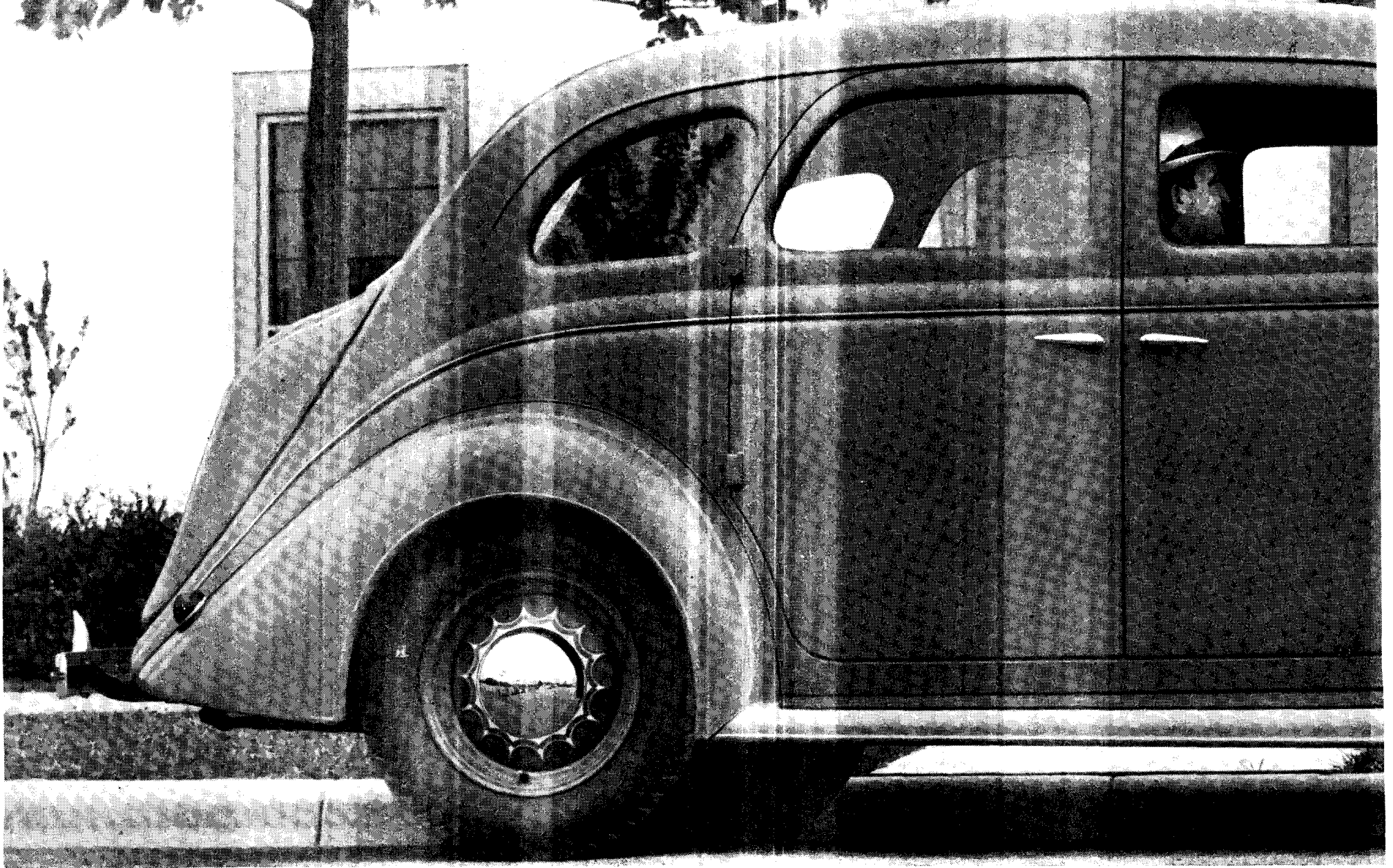
"Then—" said Michael, uncertainly.

"Why, then—" said Amy, firmly.

He swung her down from the veranda rail; then she was in his arms.

And so a very bad-tempered viking found them at last. Amy was clinging to Michael by that time—she was, actually, as helpless as a kitten.

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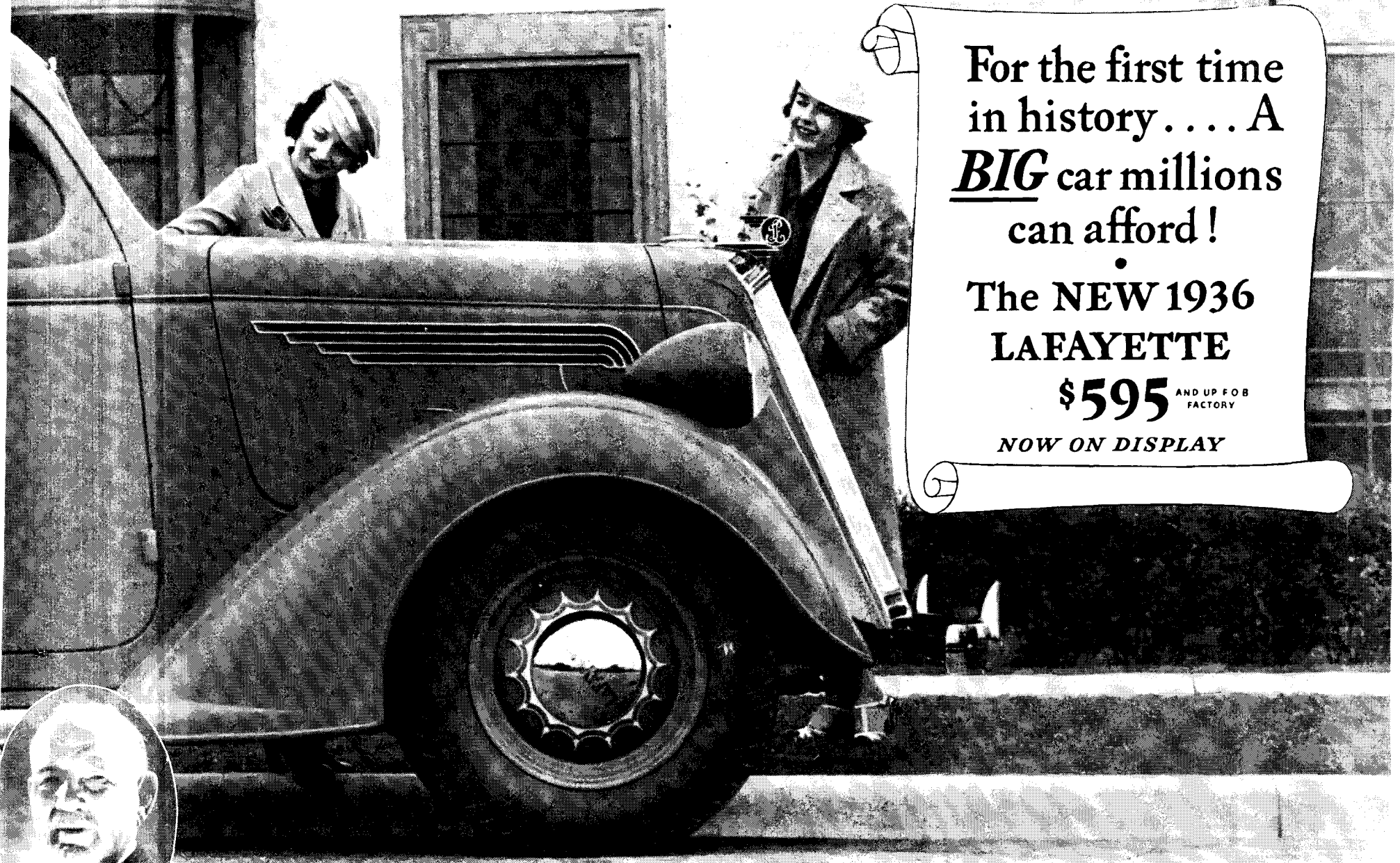
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So why penalize yourself!

Why be satisfied with less room—less leg-room, head-room and narrow seats—when LaFayette gives you so much MORE room and costs little or nothing

more than the smallest cars? Why be satisfied with low-priced engineering methods when LaFayette—from bumper to bumper—is complete with engineering features used in cars costing hundreds of dollars more?

Now remember, you'll SEE all this. In any Nash-LaFayette showroom! So in fairness to yourself, see LaFayette before you buy ANY car.

If you're not going to buy a new car right away, keep this issue of Collier's as a reminder of the remarkable features you get in LaFayette!

But don't wait too long. Nash is very frank about this proposition to you. Right now, this year, we're giving you amazing EXTRA value so this new LaFayette will quickly become one of the leaders. You may have to pay more for a car like this in the future! The Nash Motors Company, Kenosha, Wisconsin.

of this remarkable car . . . turn page ➔

Six passengers! WIDER FRONT SEATS THAN HIGH PRICED CARS

More head room THAN IN CARS COSTING OVER \$2000

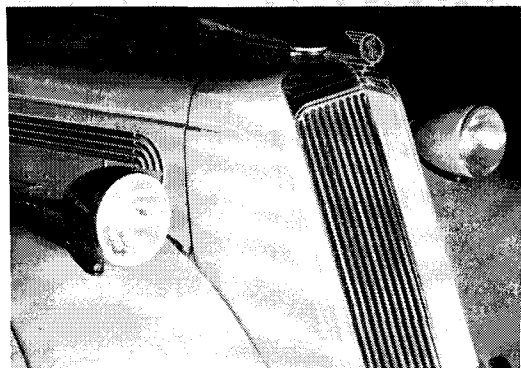


Three passengers—six footers, big people—ride in either seat with room to spare!

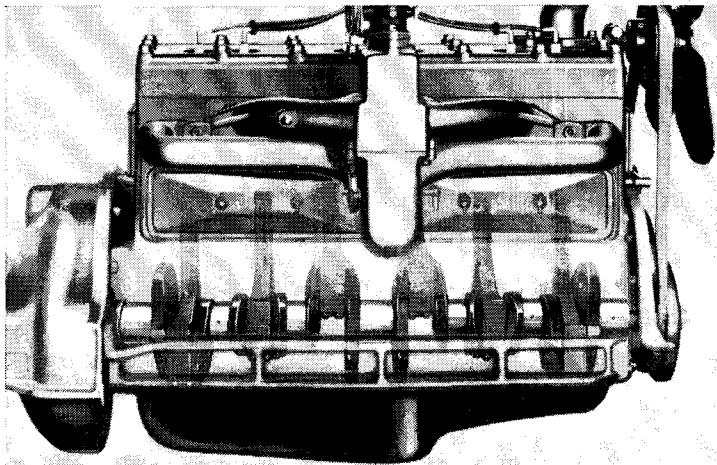


You'll like such ample headroom. It's safer, too... And cooler in hot weather!

See WITH YOUR OWN EYES THAT IT'S *more powerful,*



LaFayette is fully stream-lined; yet look at this beautiful modern hood, stylish and unique in the low-priced field!



The finest engine ever put in a low-priced car. Vibrationless! 83 H.P.... Only LaFayette and more expensive cars have 7-bearing crankshafts and rifle-bored connecting rods.

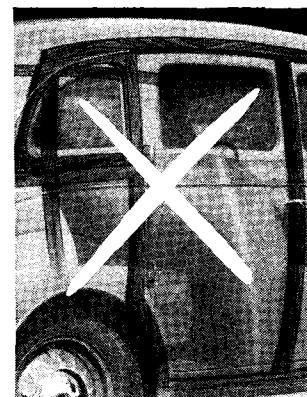


Utter comfort and relaxation. Engine moved forward 10 inches. No other car combines mid-section seating, balanced weight, and Synchronized Springing on all four wheels!

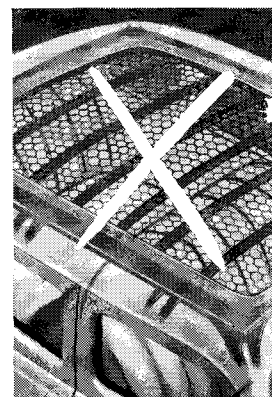


New X-RAY plan differences in all the

For instance, you see the hidden things... INSIDE... such as wood pillars, in some cars, supporting steel tops. Or else steel bodies, with only wire mesh and fabric over your head. But in LaFayette *only* do you see a *complete*, seamless all-steel body, top, sides and



Not this



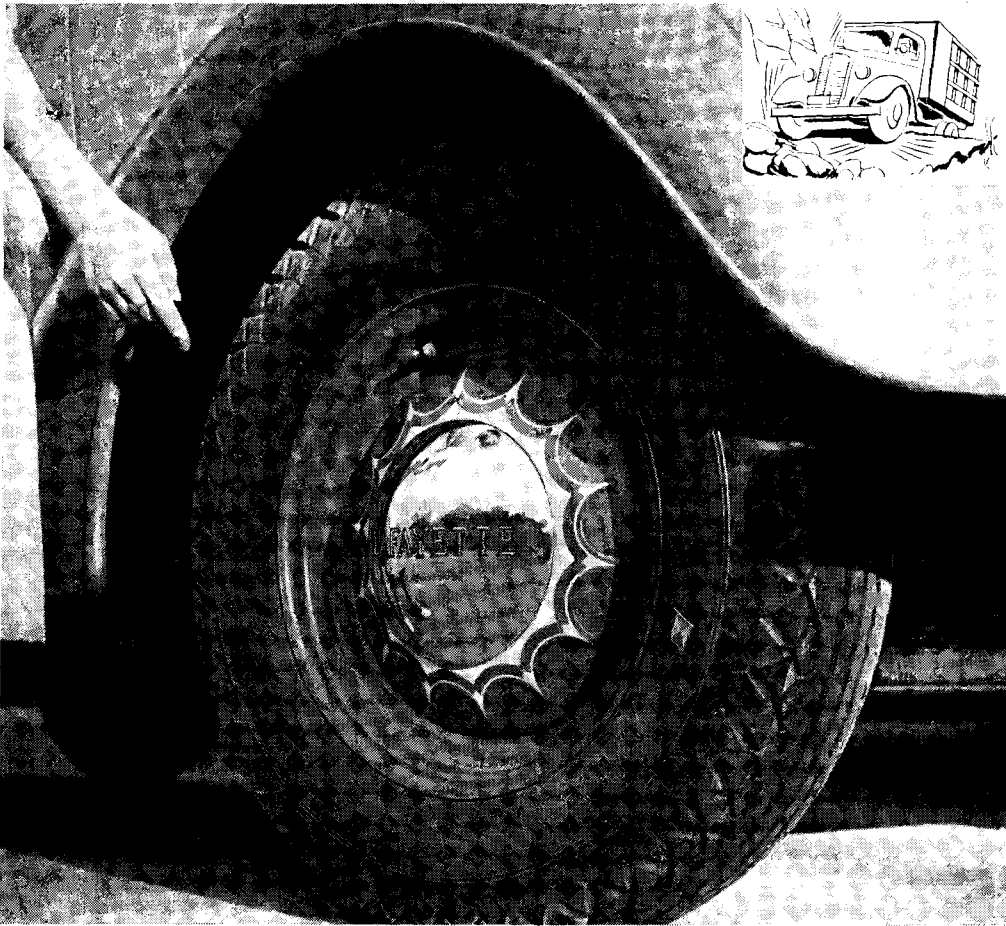
Not this

See announcement
on preceding pages

1936 LAFAYETTE

Oversized hydraulic brakes
BIG ENOUGH TO STOP A TRUCK!

WORLD'S ONLY *Complete seam-*
less one piece steel body



Hydraulic brakes as large as those on one of America's fastest selling 1½ ton trucks.



Only LaFayette and Nash have girder-steel frame, seamless steel top, floor and body!

stronger, better engineered IN A DOZEN VITAL WAYS!

reveals astonishing
lowest priced cars!

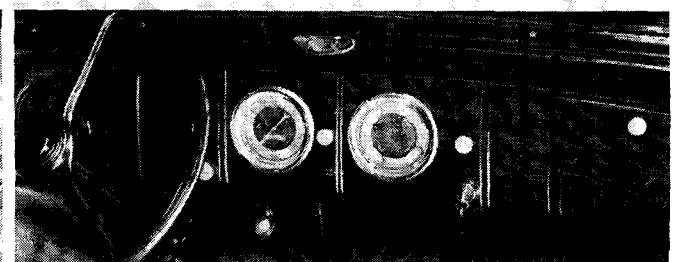
floor with steel-girder frame. Astonishing? Yes, and the illustrations below are merely diagrams of the graphic way you actually see *this* and other vital points revealed, simply and plainly, by the fascinating X-Ray system. ... See it in any Nash-LaFayette showroom.



But *THIS* in LaFayette!



All the luggage shown here, along with the spare tire, was comfortably stowed away in the LaFayette trunk. Easy of access, you need only lift the door. Large, roomy luggage compartments are provided in all models. Full streamlining. Spare tire never exposed.



Mahogany hued instrument panel with removable ash tray and large, roomy package compartment. Wired for radio controls and dials. Ignition lock on the dash. All necessary gauges are shown under two modern dials illuminated by a concealed light.



No side pillars to interfere with arms or vision. LaFayette's patented ventilation system is operated by a single control. With cowl ventilator, it forms a powerful vacuum, supplying an abundance of fresh air without drafts.

DEALERS!

Would you rather sell *this* car or sell against it?

Face the facts without prejudice. Have you ever heard of such a value for anywhere near the price?

Get the full story, not only about LaFayette, but about the remarkable new 1936 Nash "400" and the complete Nash "Out-to-Win-America" Franchise!

"Out to win America" **\$595**

and up f.o.b. factory. Special equipment extra. New 1936 Nash "400" prices start at \$675. All prices subject to change without notice.

Berlin Billboard

Continued from page 13

disgust. "Revenge is a stupid thing, whether it be a man, a woman or a nation which seeks it. And yet..."

He broke off and I looked at him. His eyes were raised to a billboard which was perched atop a building across the boulevard. He looked at it and laughed.

"Amusing," he said, half to himself. "I have just remarked how futile it is for one to desire revenge to the extent that he would die to obtain it, haven't I? And there, there we have the perfect example."

"The cigarette advertisement?"

The baron nodded. Of course I had seen the cigarette advertisement all over Germany. In Germany, as in America, cigarettes are often advertised by billboards showing a picture of a beautiful girl with perhaps a few words of advertising. This particular advertisement had caused widespread comment because of the beauty of the girl. Her features were regular. It was her eyes and mouth and the way her hair was brushed back that gave the distinctive touch to her face. Her lips were full and they were pouting and there was a smoldering light in her eyes. The picture was undoubtedly the work of a real artist, but he certainly had a provocative subject. There was a look in the girl's eyes which puzzled you. It was a half quizzical, half beckoning look. Certainly a disturbing look.

"Do you know the girl who posed for that?" I asked the baron.

HE WAS smiling half to himself. "Revenge is an absurd emotion because it springs from the heart—not the mind. Like love. But so many, especially so many women, refuse to believe that. The ancients knew it. You remember the Satires of Juvenal? *At vindicta bonum vita jucundius ipsa. Nempe hoc indocti.*"

"What the devil does that mean?" I asked irritably. Sometimes the baron's erudition annoyed me.

"It means literally, 'Revenge is sweeter than life itself—so fools think.'"

"Well, what has that to do with this parade we're watching and with that girl on the cigarette advertisement?"

"Everything," he said simply.

We turned back through the crowd and made our way toward the Adlon. "Whatever got you started on this nonsense about revenge, Baron, anyhow?"

"Oh, the parade first—and then you asked me if I knew that girl on the billboard. I might tell you her story. It is an interesting one."

"In which case I'll buy the beer." The baron had once told me a story about a friend of his and I had sold it for eight hundred dollars to an American magazine.

"You are a mercenary soul," the baron said, following my thoughts.

We walked through the revolving doors of the Adlon. A man ahead of us walked slowly, tapping the marble floor with a cane.

"Guten Tag, mein Herr"—the maître d'hôtel hurried to him and spoke graciously. "Your usual table, sir?" He led the way to one of the tables near the palm trees which separate the lobby from the main restaurant.

"I see that poor blind chap here nearly every day," I told the baron. "He sits there drinking coffee and seems happy enough. No doubt another wreck of the war. If those marchers outside could see some of these hang-overs from the last war they wouldn't be yelling so for revenge."

"Come, now," the baron laughed. "You talk like a pacifist. You know Germany doesn't like pacifists. And as for that blind man. . . Well, no mat-

ter, let's tackle that beer. *Zwei helle,*" this to Fred, the bartender.

Fred brought the drinks and we raised our glasses.

"Grüss Gott," the baron murmured.

"Grüss Gott," I answered. "It's a pleasure to drink with you, Baron. You're the only German I know who toasts God instead of Hitler."

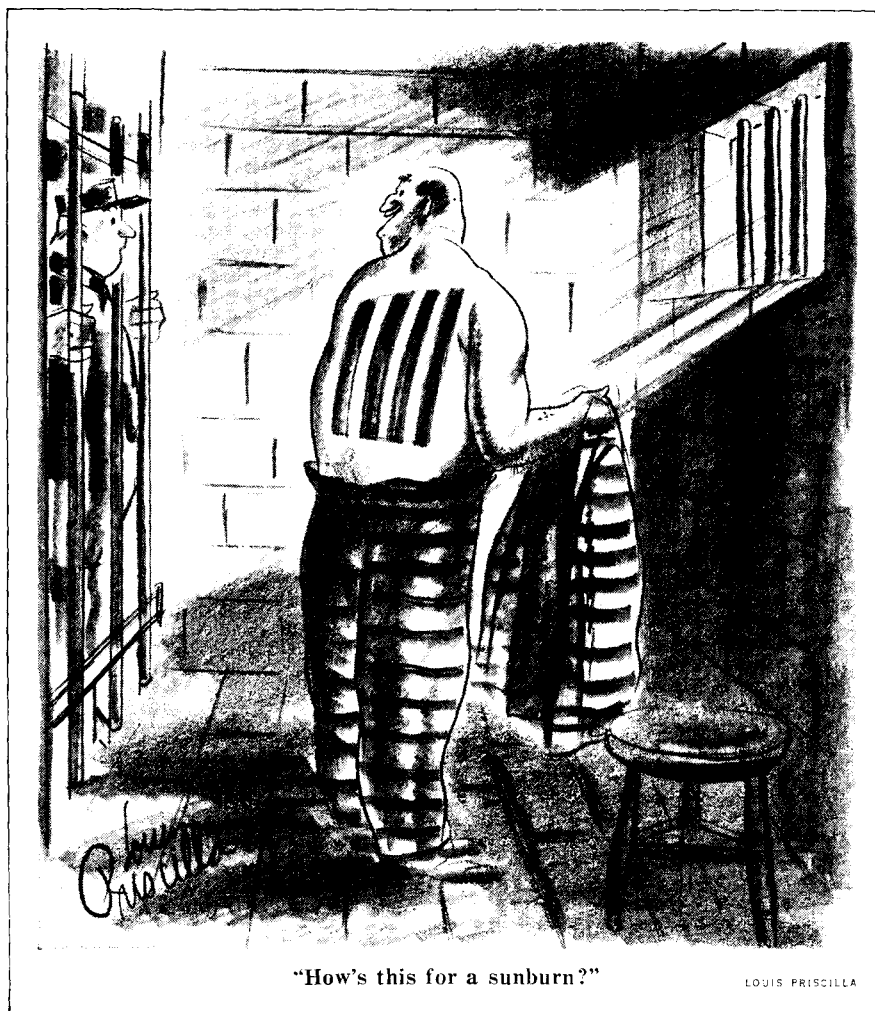
"I DON'T know Hitler very well," the baron said a bit stiffly. "But God? Three times during the war I was very close to God. I feel—I say this with due reverence—as though I know Him. . . But you wanted to hear my theory of revenge substantiated by the story of the girl on the billboard. I do not know whether it will mean anything to you. I find something curious about you and your journalistic colleagues

cause Franz was a friend of mine. He and Carl Diehls served under me during the war. You recall the war, I trust?"

"Just vaguely." I waved the war away. "That was the war America won if I remember correctly."

"Nobody won that war. Franz and Diehls were only boys when they came to my command during the last six months of the war. We took anyone then, of course—these two lads were art students and they had as much business fighting a war as—well, as I would have in an art school. And so help me, they both became officers before the armistice was signed."

"They kept up their friendship after the war and then Franz met Anna. I have said her smile fell on him and from that moment he was her slave."



"How's this for a sunburn?"

LOUIS PRISCILLA

here in Berlin. You are always so busy listening that you seldom hear a word that is said to you."

"Now you are so busy talking," I snapped, "that you're saying nothing."

"The girl's name was Anna von Woolwerth," the baron began. "She lived in Göttingen—which is a large town to people who live in, say, Reichenhall, but which is a small town to people who live in Berlin. When Anna was eighteen years old she was probably the most beautiful girl in Germany. Truly."

"She was mature for her years," the baron mused. "She was a girl who smiled very easily and, like the girl in Browning's poem—you remember, 'My Last Duchess—her smile fell everywhere. But in that case the duke gave orders and 'all smiles stopped together.'"

"I only went as far as the fifth grade, Baron," I said humbly. "Spare me your learning, my friend."

"Her smiles fell upon Franz von Woolwerth and I know this story be-

He loved her with the reverent love of an artist for something far more beautiful than he himself could ever create. I think he felt as some artists feel when they see a sunset. It is beautiful almost beyond human understanding. It has a divine quality about it which cannot be put on canvas. Do you follow?"

"I could do better with one more beer. *Bitte schön, Fred? Noch zwei.*"

Fred brought two more beers.

"FRANZ VON WOOLWERTH was not a great artist," the baron went on. "For one thing, he had too much money and too much education. Diehls had little of either. Diehls was potentially a great artist. In any case Franz married Anna and for a time they were very happy. Certainly he was very happy. At first he tried painting Anna but it was no use. He had so idealized her that he kept trying to paint the Anna he saw—and that Anna was such a paragon of all virtues that no man

could put her on canvas. His efforts turned out to be a cross between a Madonna and an ingénue film star. But it wasn't Anna."

"Diehls would joke good-naturedly about it: 'Franz, you are so blind that you can't see Anna. Let me paint her. I'll really put her on canvas.'"

"Franz was delighted. So was Anna. Franz realized that Diehls was a potential genius. He was undoubtedly the best portrait painter in Germany, but in the Germany of today portrait painting is not a very remunerative profession. Between portraits Diehls did commercial work—painted models which were used as advertisements."

"So Diehls started his portrait of Anna. He saw that half quizzical look, the half inviting look in her eyes and he, being an artist, knew what they meant. He knew that they were the reflection of a shallow soul. But he resolved to paint her that way. Franz was too much in love to analyze the painting and, besides, he lacked the perception of Diehls. Diehls knew this but liked Franz none the less for it. He felt toward Franz as any strong man feels toward a weaker one who is his friend. He was tolerant of the weakness and perhaps was the more fond of him for it. Then one day while he was painting Anna he caught her gaze upon him—and suddenly, for the first time, he realized that Anna was in love with him. How did he feel? Flattered a bit, perhaps. Nervous, certainly, and of course a bit contemptuous of her."

"He ignored it at first. Each day she visited his studio and each day her love for him hung in that room. Was it love? It is hard to say. She wanted this man above everything. Now she recognized Franz for what he was: a charming, rather fatuous and inept gentleman. Anna had had enough of tame love."

"Diehls became more and more disturbed by Anna. He was constantly conscious of her even when she wasn't sitting for him. She had entered his consciousness and he couldn't get her out of it—though, to do him justice, the poor fellow tried."

"WELL," the baron sighed, "I know of no case either in our time or in antiquity where a beautiful woman who wanted a man did not eventually succeed in getting him. Cleopatra set the precedent, I suppose. I tell you, no mere man is proof against the determined resolve of a woman. What were those lines from 'A Light Woman'?—'When she crossed his path with her hunting noose, and over him drew her net'—Browning—wasn't it?"

"Pilsener," I said. "Two more, Fred."

"Diehls finally, what shall we say, succumbed? He really never had a chance. Finally he was head-over-heels, desperately, madly in love with Anna; and Franz, dallying with his water colors, never suspected a thing. In more lucid moments Diehls must have been tortured by contempt for himself. Diehls and Franz had been officers together, and, although Prussian officers are no plaster saints, they have their code. Pardon me," the baron said, "if I talk like a British schoolmaster."

"Now comes that part of the story which I find especially horrid and hard to believe—though I know it to be the truth. Anna's first infatuation for Diehls had by the force of his love transcended the bond which usually surrounds such an affair. It had reached the stage of being a grand passion. Life without Diehls was unendurable. It was she, I am sure, who persuaded Diehls that the only thing for them to do was to run away—go to America. Your country is the land of opportunity, *nicht wahr?*"

(Continued on page 36)



● I'M FROM MICHIGAN

"My 1929 Chrysler had lost its power and was using lots of oil. Since Perfect Circle Piston Rings and Perfect Circle Piston Expanders were installed, the piston slap is gone, she runs like new and I'm getting 1000 miles on a quart of oil"—Edw. E. Rutz, 7140 Mackenzie Ave., Detroit, Michigan.



● I'M FROM COLORADO

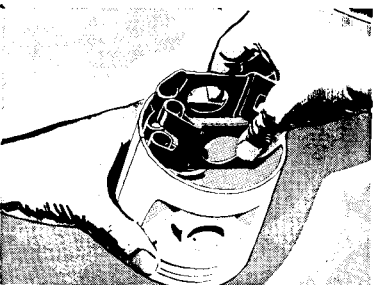
"We maintain daily service between Denver and Chicago, operating at an average speed of 30 miles per hour. We drain and refill the crankcase at each end, and rarely find it necessary to add oil. We have been using Perfect Circles in our ten units for three years."—Laurence Cohen, 1531 16th St., Denver.



● I'M FROM DELAWARE

"Before I had Perfect Circle '70-85' piston rings installed in my 1929 Chevrolet, it was using one quart of oil every 200 miles. Now I never add any oil between changes. Gas mileage has been increased from 12 to 18 miles per gallon."—Charles Marvel, R.F.D., Houston, Del.

PERFECT CIRCLE PISTON EXPANDERS FOR ALUMINUM PISTONS



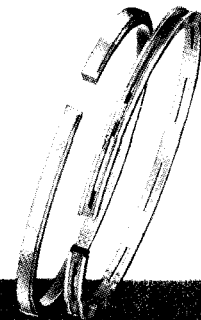
© 1935 THE P. C. CO.

● Whenever a car equipped with aluminum pistons has run 20,000 to 25,000 miles—long enough to need new piston rings—the chances are it also needs Perfect Circle Piston Expanders. These expanders already are giving phenomenal results in hundreds of thousands of cars. They permanently restore the fit of your old pistons and stop piston slap.

DO YOU check your gasoline and oil mileage regularly? Have you forgotten how economical your car was when the piston rings were new and functioning at their maximum efficiency? You can soon waste the price of a complete new Perfect Circle installation by ignoring the extra gasoline and oil you have to buy. It actually costs less to keep your motor at its best, to say nothing of the added satisfaction you get from having new motor performance all the time.

If you have driven your car 20,000 to 25,000 miles, you may be sure it's time to install Perfect Circles. Your own dealer or repairman will make the installation, in just a few hours, and at a most reasonable cost.

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PERFECT CIRCLE
TRADE MARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
Piston Rings

Berlin Billboard

Continued from page 34

"Three cheers for the red, white and blue," I murmured.

"There was the problem of money. Diehls had very little. Anna solved that. 'Your marvelous portrait of me,' she said. 'You can sell it to those cigarette people who have been after you. It will bring us more than enough to get to America, and there, my darling, your talents will be recognized.'

"Diehls, hating himself but unable to help himself, finally agreed. It was easy to sell the portrait. It was a marvelous work, you know. 'This will be on every billboard in Europe,' the delighted cigarette people told Diehls. 'It will be in every magazine, every newspaper.'

"Anna's pride in her beauty was flattered by this. She was very happy, Anna was, and she made plans. Franz was away climbing mountains and painting fleurs-de-lis in the Tyrol. Now was the time to go. She hurried Diehls.

"Now"—the baron lit a cigarette—"we have arrived at the point where Anna and Diehls had agreed to run away. Fortune, so far—that's a silly name to give the Deity, isn't it?—had smiled upon them. What I should say is that the plan worked out, the pattern laid down, by that supreme mathematician had so far worked in their favor.

"ANNA hurried to her home to pack. Diehls called for her with tickets for the Hamburg train which was to take them to the boat. Anna was in the very act of packing and Diehls was standing there urging her to hurry—undoubtedly hurrying from a conscience that must have been torturing him. Then what happened? Melodrama, my friend. It happens on the stage every day—and in life a thousand times a day. Yes, Franz came home unexpectedly and walked in upon them.

"Diehls, of course, had always been an intimate of the household and Franz's first delighted greetings were almost uttered when he saw Diehls' face. Then he looked at Anna. There was rage, frustration on that face—but no welcoming look such as he had expected.

"Yes," she screamed at him, 'we are going away. Away from you and your silly, futile water colors. I love Carl. He loves me. We never want to see you again.' Hysteria gripped her as she looked at Franz, who stood there frozen. 'You fool, say something. Try to stop us if you dare.'

"But Franz wasn't looking at her. He was looking at Diehls. And Diehls, God help him, was looking at Franz. As he looked it was as though a blurred curtain through which he had seen Anna had suddenly been lifted. The fog which his infatuation had thrown around his heart and mind evaporated and now he saw himself clearly. How could he have done this thing to Franz? How could he repay? For a Prussian officer there was only one way."

The baron dropped his cigarette on the marble floor and stepped on it. "Diehls, without a word, turned and left the room. Diehls went home and put a bullet through his brain."

I frowned. "That was bad."

"That was good," the baron said softly.

"Nonsense," I told him. "Why should Diehls have felt so bad? If he hadn't had this affair with Anna someone else would have—"

"Don't be so American," the baron snapped. "Now comes the part of the story which has always amazed me. It developed that Anna had really loved Diehls. She was almost literally mad about him. Of course she blamed Franz for his death—but Franz had left that night and had never returned. Actually he was staying with me.

"Anna's love for Diehls increased even after his death. It was as though he had deified himself in dying. Somehow or other Anna felt that he had died for her—and that you know, is rather a compliment to pay a woman, the supreme albeit most foolish of compliments. He hadn't, of course, done anything of the kind. He had died because he felt that he couldn't live with himself any more.

"As Anna's love for Diehls grew, so did her hatred for Franz grow. Weeks

herself all over Europe. What had the man said?—'This will be on every billboard in Europe. It will be in every magazine, in every newspaper.'

"What exquisite torture this would be for Franz von Woolwerth. Wherever he went he would see her face—that face he loved so well. He could not escape it. But this torture, Anna reasoned, would be tempered by the thought and the hope that some day she might return to him. As long as she lived she would not be irrevocably



"Home, James!"

WILLIAM VON RIEGEN

went by and Anna, brooding on her lost love, became frantic. I think at this time her mind was on that borderline between hellish sanity and divine madness—divine because real madness would have killed her hatred for Franz and obliterated the memory of her love for Diehls. So love for Diehls and hatred for Franz struggled in her heart and her mind—and hatred won. She would have her revenge on Franz."

"AT LAST we come to it," I said.

"There were many pictures of Diehls about the house," the baron went on. "Every time she looked at one of these her love for him became a torturous fire that seared her heart. It wasn't so bad when she didn't see the pictures. But she wouldn't destroy them. She would sit before them tense, shaking, cold, burning by turns, not knowing that madness lay that way. No woman, she felt, had ever suffered. No one would. . . .

"Suddenly she became calm. Revenge? At last she had it. Within a few weeks there would be pictures of

lost to Franz. She decided deliberately to kill herself."

"Just to punish Franz?" I asked.

The baron made a gesture of annoyance. "You don't understand. There is a difference between punishment and revenge. Our German poet says, 'Menschlich ist es bloss zu strafen, aber göttlich zu verzeihen.' 'It is manlike to punish, but godlike to forgive.' Punishment is a deterrent—revenge is a useless gesture. Especially if you must die to make it.

"Anna was very crafty about securing what she felt would be the full measure of revenge. She must kill herself without impairing her beauty. She must kill herself painlessly so that afterward when Franz gazed upon her she would be still beautiful. And most important of all, her death must be a severe shock to Franz. Her plans complete, she managed to locate Franz at my home. She phoned him. I will never forget his face when he rushed to me to tell me of her call. 'It was Anna,' he cried. 'She wants me back. She cannot live without me. Everything was a mis-

take. It was all the fault of Diehls, Anna says. I am to go back now, right away.'

"It didn't ring true to me. I asked him to wait a day, to think it over. But he was as one possessed. The past had been wiped from his memory by the pleading voice of Anna over the phone. His only thought was to hurry to his Anna.

"I let him go, sadly. He rushed home but the house was in darkness. He hurried into the house, ran upstairs calling for Anna. Not even a servant was in the house. Anna had sent them away for the night. And not a light was burning. By now a vague sense of foreboding seized him. The empty rooms whispered ghastly suggestions to him. He ran from room to room, then hurried downstairs. He went through the dining-room and tried to open the kitchen door. By now, of course, he was frantic. The door held but he burst it in and then was almost overpowered by a sickening odor. So numbed was he that the poor lad didn't recognize it for what it was. He only knew that something was wrong—and that the room was in darkness. He whipped out a match, struck it—there was an explosion and he was hurled across the room against the wall. There he dropped limply beside the body of Anna who had killed herself by gas. The explosion aroused the neighbors and Anna and Franz were found there side by side."

"Was he dead?"

The baron arose. "This bar is stuffy. Let us leave. Was he dead? No, but he was pretty severely injured. He recovered, but he'll never entirely get over his injuries."

WE WALKED out of the bar into the lobby. There was something lacking in the story. I couldn't find it for a moment. What was it the baron had said about everything being an ordered pattern? Somehow there seemed to be one mosaic missing from this picture. We walked by the palm trees that separate the lobby from the main restaurant. Then—

"But, Baron," I cried, "you were wrong after all. She died, it is true, but she did get her revenge. You can't lift your eyes in Berlin without seeing her picture on that cigarette advertisement. He is alive. He must be suffering as she suffered when she looked at those pictures of Diehls."

"Just a moment." The baron smiled, stopping. He turned toward a chair near the palms. "How are you, my friend?" he said. "I am von Gentner."

The man sitting there turned vacant eyes toward us. There was an uncertain smile on his face. "Von Gentner," he said, in a pleasant voice. "Yes, of course. Have you seen my Anna? I was to meet her here. She is very beautiful, my Anna. I am lucky, am I not, von Gentner, to have such a lovely wife? You must come and see us. Only this morning she was saying . . ."

I pulled von Gentner away and we walked out into the sunlight which streamed through the lindens of the boulevard. We blinked a bit in its glare and both unconsciously raised our eyes to the cigarette advertisement atop the building across the way.

"Blind and mad!" I shuddered.

"But completely happy," the baron reminded me. "He has Anna now more completely than he ever had her when she lived. Yes, my friend, poor, foolish Anna was frustrated of her revenge."

The parade was just ending. The last few lines of storm troopers were marching past now. Their faces were eager, a bit grim, there was a light of anticipation in them.

The baron frowned. "Revenge is sweeter than life itself—so think fools," the baron said sadly.