

WHEN her marriage burst in her face, Nancy Cutter fled to Hollywood from San Francisco. When you are thirty-one, when all your hopes for a home that would stand and a love that would last are dynamited, it is so difficult to be sweet.

You may be simple and old-fashioned like Nancy; you may still believe that children and a home are enough, but when your husband does an about-face, when it all goes smash, you may do what Nancy did: bring your money to Hollywood, throw it high up Hollywood Boulevard and deep into the valleys of Beverly Hills.

Draw a big, red smile on your face with lipstick, smear a happy glow on your cheeks, toss the gayest parties of the season, and find a man who is just too funny for words, a man who tells you not to take life seriously though you know it is the most serious thing in the world and draining fast, a man whose clothes and jokes and smiles are made to order, someone like that big screen writer Nancy was expecting, Remington Brooke.

Nancy was succeeding in being very gay, and everyone who had come to drink her liquor and gulp her food told her what a simply charming hostess she was. But Al Manners didn't tell her anything, because he was one of those writers who can't stand parties; his only excuse for showing up was that he wanted to see Nancy. He couldn't tell her how gay and marvelous she was, because you didn't need an X-ray to see that Nancy's powder and her war paint were pretty poor camouflage. Al cared enough for Nancy to see that she was laughing the way people do when they are lost and so very lonely. He kept coming to these parties because he had to tell her this before it was too late—before she gave herself up entirely to these rooms of smoke and laughter, and to Remington Brooke.

They had run out of gossip—one finally does in Hollywood—and in desperation had turned to ghost stories. Nancy switched off all the lights, and the butler lit the fire in the fireplace, and everybody looked thoughtfully or blankly or drunkenly into it.

Just then a man of importance made an entrance—a big sunburned hulk, whose arty clothes did not quite suit his thick, satisfied face. His several double chins slid down the neck of his tweed blazer, on the side pocket of which stood an ostentatious British crest. He framed himself in the doorway and stage-whispered "Beware!" and one little starlet shrieked a tuneful tremolo, and everybody laughed, the newcomer loudest of all. Then Nancy ran forward and they squeezed hands.

"Remmy, darling, you're just in time," Nancy

said, as he continued to hold her hand in that big sunburned paw of his, "we're telling ghost stories."

Nancy sat Remmy down in the middle of the circle and all eyes were on Remmy, which pleased Remmy very much. For he was one of those Hollywood landmarks, like Greta Garbo's 1920 car, or the doorman at the Trocadero, one of those human showcases who felt he was serving his function in life only when he was drawing a crowd.

Nancy curled up on the floor at his feet. Al watched them, understanding why a regular girl like Nancy should turn to Remmy after what had happened to her, wishing he knew a way to stop it. She caught his look and winked, not wanting Al to be too angry—he was such a dear—and Al winked back, not wanting her to know how angry he really was.

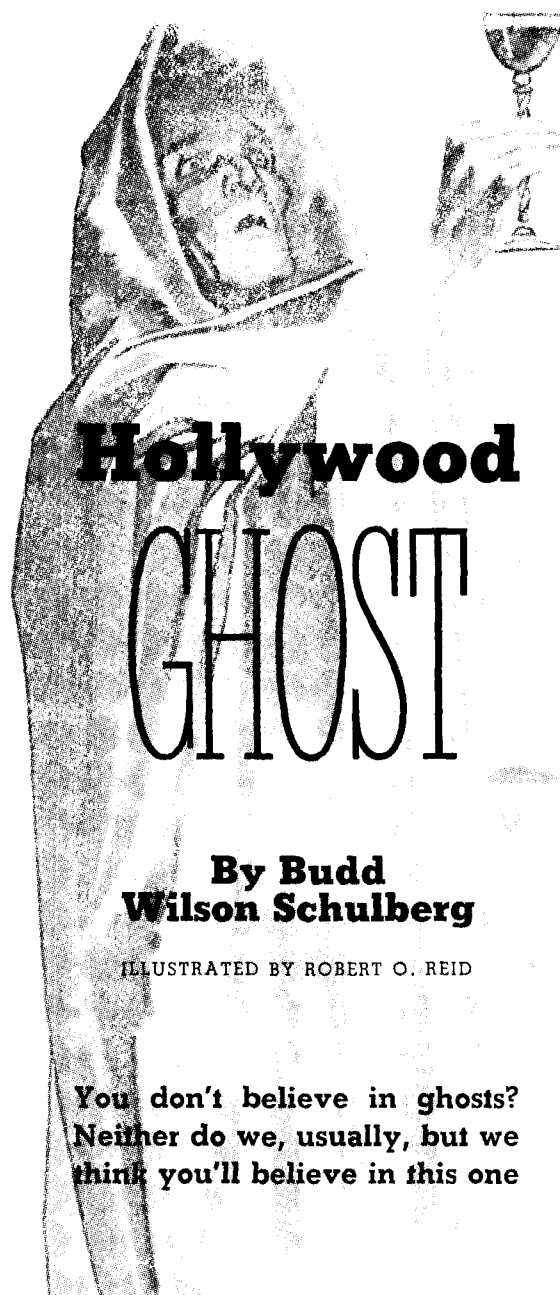
"Remember, girls and boys, everybody has to tell his spookiest story," Nancy warned. "You begin, Remmy," she begged. "I just know you have scads of ghost stories in your system simply screaming for expression."

"So I'm elected, am I?" he asked, speaking very clipped and British, for Remmy lived in a very English house in Beverly Hills, and spent six months of every year in London and collected pewter and complained about how uncivilized Hollywood was. And nearly everybody in town felt quite badly that Remmy had to sacrifice himself to Hollywood and America and forgot completely that he had first seen the light, or rather the murk, of day in Scranton, Pa.

"Your public is waiting, sire," Nancy said mincingly, and Remmy responded kittenishly, "Remember, you brought this on yourself—" Al Manners wondered what would happen if you tried to stop him from telling his story. Remmy leaned forward then, and put his fingers to his lips, and a hush fell over the place; and he began in whispered tones, telling a tale of the ghosts who returned to his father's banquet hall in England to finish a toast that had been interrupted by death.

THEY were all enthralled by Remmy's story, Nancy lost in a cloud of dense admiration and everybody listening spellbound—except Al, and a few other writers who were trying to think of yarns to top Remmy's as soon as he finished.

Al wished the real ghost of this story would appear—it would be really exciting to look upon the face of Edgar Allan Poe. He sat there sipping his highball and looking into the fire; he was twenty-nine, he had just been jumped to five hundred a week, he was trying not to listen to Remmy's phony dramatics. A lot of dough when you haven't got the dame



## Hollywood

# GHOST

By Budd  
Wilson Schulberg

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT O. REID

You don't believe in ghosts?  
Neither do we, usually, but we  
think you'll believe in this one





you want is like a big fire that can't keep you warm.

Remmy was just finishing. The little starlet shrieked, you wondered how soon it would take her to get really hoarse, everybody laughed and seemed very pleased. Nancy filled his glass again, and said, "Remmy, you're marvelous!" And Remmy threw his great head back and laughed to give everybody the impression he took none of this seriously.

Then Nancy caught Al's eye; there was a funny look in it, anger and unrest encircled there and she thought the poor boy must be jealous—she liked him so much though he lacked Remmy's *lift*, so she announced that the next ghost story would be by Al Manners.

Al modestly protested that he didn't know any ghost stories.

"Then make up one, old fellow," Remmy suggested. "After all, we are writers."

Al looked at him. "Come to think of it," he said, "I do know one."

"You're in a tough spot, having to top Remmy," somebody warned.

"Once upon a time," Al began, "there was a prominent scenario writer in Hollywood—"

"Nothing doing, old boy," Remmy interrupted, "we want a real ghost story."

"This is the realest ghost story in the world," Al insisted.

Remmy laughed.

"He probably had the ghost swear to it before a notary public."

"As a matter of fact," Al said, "I know this ghost story is true because the ghost told it to me himself, right here in Hollywood."

"Is it spooky?" Nancy asked.

"Nancy," Al said, "the last time I told this story I got the jitters so bad I had to be carried home in a strait jacket."

A nervous laugh ran through the crowd and everybody pulled his chair in a bit.

**AL BEGAN** again:

Well, we fad in on one of the biggest homes in Beverly Hills. It used to belong to a movie star who went broke and this big-shot writer picked it up for a song and dance. We'll call him Charley Twogrand. He was a darling of the columnists and one of the town's gayest—they used to drink his liquor and developed a great friendship for him.

Charley Twogrand was making whoopee and movie stars and thousands of dollars a week, but he was not a happy man. There was a great tragedy in his life. What the town did not know and only a few

wise guys like myself had guessed was that Mr. Twogrand did not know how to write.

It wasn't that he couldn't think of plots or point up characterizations or do any of that tricky stuff. After all, some of the best of us can't do that. Charley wasn't even able to write a letter. I mean he juggled words like a drunken waiter. Every time he piled them up they fell to the floor and cracked into a thousand pieces.

Charley said he went to Oxford and I'm not saying he didn't, only they don't seem to teach you how to write English at those limey schools any more. And after he hit Hollywood he was so busy selling stories that he never found time to learn.

I used to be in the office across the hall from him so I know what I'm talking about. Charley used to start to dictate a letter and get as far as the third word. Then he would grow temperamental, tighten the bright yellow scarf around his neck and say to the girl, "Oh, well, you get the idea, put it in your own words." You don't have to have a sense of humor to get a laugh out of a guy who sells his writing talents for two hundred and fifty dollars a day telling a twenty-five-buck-a-week stenog to put it in her own words.

(Remmy broke in at this point: "Come, come, Al, we want ghost stories, not confessions." Nancy said, "Now, Remmy!" not really displeased, and the starlet said, "That's marvelous," and several others thought it must be too, and laughed. But Al was not to be put off.)

This Mr. Twogrand of mine was haunted worse than any of Remmy's British friends. He was haunted with the idea that he couldn't write and he felt very sorry for himself because he had to work twice as hard as the ordinary writer, selling himself to the producers on one hand, and finding the stooges to write his stuff on the other.

One day Charley's secretary brought him a letter from a little girl in New York he hadn't seen since his twenty-five-dollar-a-week advertising days, when she was one of the stenographers.

"Dear Mr. Twogrand," it read, "you probably don't remember me, June Strauss, who used to type your copy for you at the Dugan-Kaplan Agency. Well, I'm still punching in at the same time and the

same place, only my name is June Weinberg now. I got married—maybe you remember the boy, Monroe Weinberg, who used to run errands here part time, working his way through college. We're very happy together except that Monroe hasn't been able to land a job and that's the reason for this letter.

"After years of knocking around the city doing everything from washing dishes to peddling two-bit ties in Union Square, Monroe finally finished his short-story course at Columbia Extension. I suppose there are about three million people right here in New York alone that are convinced they can write. But I'm *sure* about Monnie, and if I weren't I'd never think of giving up this job and writing you this letter. The little successes he's had, winning the Columbia short-story contest and publishing a book of poetry, gives me courage. I would say *us*, except that courage isn't one of Monroe's strong suits, and he'd die if he even knew I was writing you this way.

"I know that you are occupied at the moment preparing another important screen play, and hesitate to ask this, but when I think of Monroe out of a job and wanting so much to write and feeling so ashamed that I have to support him, I must go on and ask if you could possibly use your influence with the producers to get him in as a junior writer. I would never ask this if I wasn't sure Monroe's talent would repay you a hundredfold. I am enclosing some of his work so you can judge for yourself. Yours most hopefully and gratefully, June Weinberg."

**CHARLEY** thumbed through the boy's stories—he had a fresh slant, he could see that at once; producers were saying that Charley was stale. It would be a swell gesture to bring this poor little couple to Hollywood.

So Charley sat down and wrote—or rather, called in his secretary and told her to write Mrs. June Weinberg and tell her that she and her husband could stay with him in Beverly Hills as long as they liked.

Two weeks later Monroe and June arrived. Charley had his limousine pick them up at the station. He was waiting for them in his den, taking a fine English pipe from his mouth to welcome them to Briarcliffe, as he called it.

June turned out to be a simple little girl, pretty in an anemic, unexciting sort of way. She was dressed rather obviously and pathetically in her best dress. You could see right away that she worshiped Monroe. Monroe looked like an attic poet. He had a long, thin face that just could not be gay, no matter how much it tried. And he did try hard, for he was grateful to the point of tears and, (Continued on page 57)

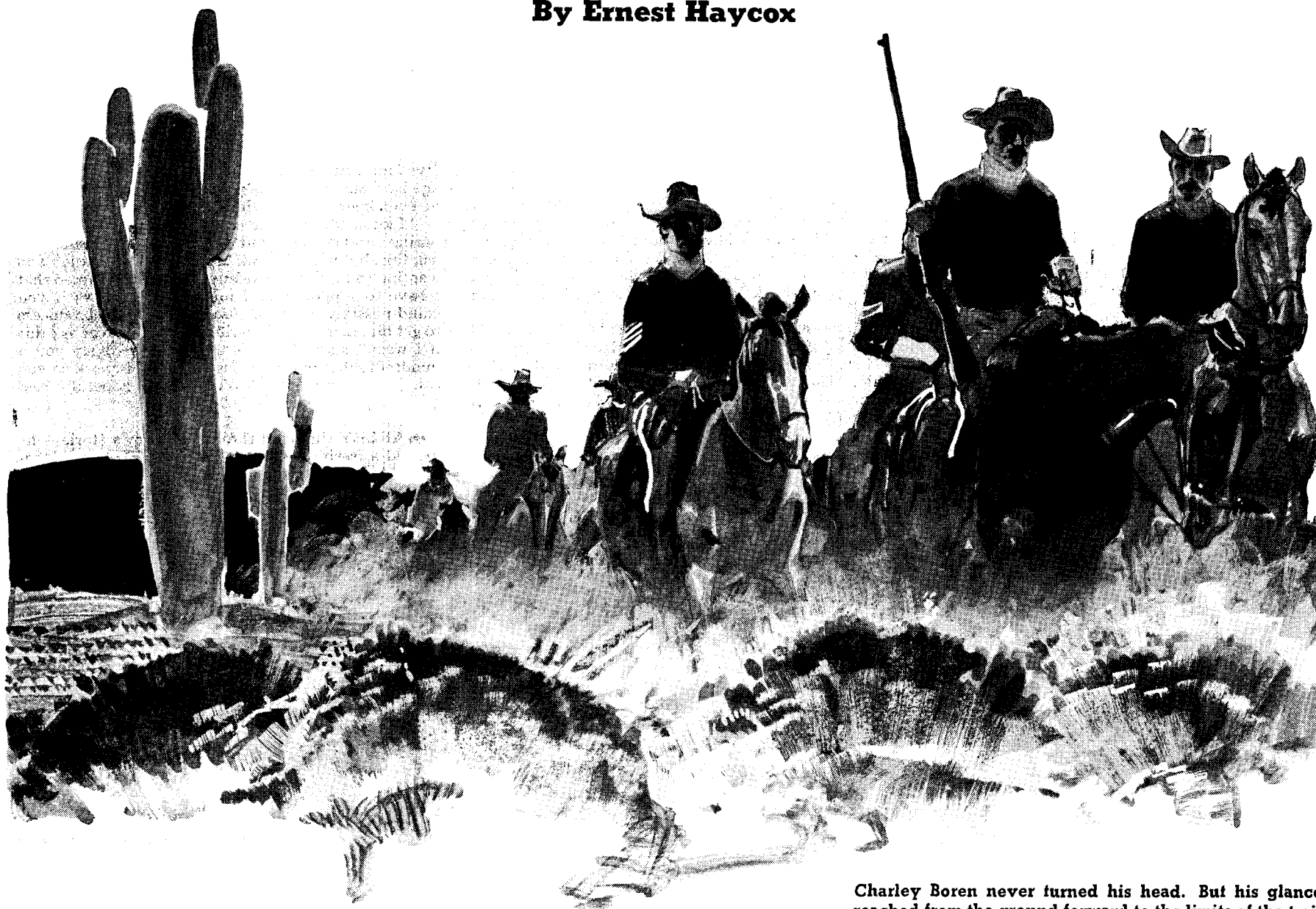
**Remmy began in whispered tones, telling of the ghosts who returned to his father's banquet hall**





# Scout Detail

By Ernest Haycox



Charley Boren never turned his head. But his glance reached from the ground forward to the limits of the trail

THE colonel's cigar lay arrested between his fingers while he talked to Lieutenant Parke Stobo, its lighted tip forming a dull red eye in the blackness of night. Day's incredible heat had begun to dissolve and a faint breeze slid down the near-by shoulder of the Mesquites. Elsewhere, distance ran flatly into the southern Arizona deeps. The sky had the powdery brilliance of its millionfold stars, though none of that infinitely distant glow touched the earth.

"You will take a detail of twenty-five men, with Charley Boren for guide, into the Mesquites by way of Pete Kemmel's ranch. Do not ride beyond the neck of Stagecoach Pass. Rations for three days. It is a routine detail. Your purpose is to give Lieutenant Wells, who is thoroughly green, a taste of the country."

"Yes, sir," said Parke Stobo and went down officers' row with the fragrance of the colonel's cigar starting up the sharp saliva in his jaw. Out in the center of Fort Tonto's baked parade the trumpeters were sounding tattoo, all those notes fading across the desert in long, beautiful layers of sound.

In his quarters young Lieutenant Philip Wells sat up to the packing-case desk with the pale flame of a government-issue candle before him and brought his diary to date. As the post's newest officer, he rated the last house on the row, this being nothing more than

a single 'dobe-walled room with a rammed earth floor and a roof of wattles and baked mud.

West Point was a month behind him and its extreme orderliness still showed. The soapbox affixed to the wall held his personal effects in neat arrangement. His dress uniform hung from an improvised rafter, its creases sharply defined and the yellow lining of the cape creating quite a glow against the light. Before him, on the packing-case table, stood the few books of his profession, properly erect. A cot, a locker trunk, a washbowl and water pitcher on a cheap stand, and the chair he sat on—these things made up his furniture. And he was rounding out his diary with this solemn statement to the Wells posterity who would one day read it:

"SO I am convinced that a rigorous display of force will subdue the Apaches. There has been much irresolution among our frontier commanders. The Indian understands only fear, but that he does understand and once we apply the due weight of our forces against him I rest certain he will wilt and give way. It is ridiculous to suppose the untutored savage can make any respectable fight against our cavalry arm, which, when properly led, is the most magnificent body of men in the universe. Tomorrow I go on my first scout."

The trumpeters on the parade again were breathing tentative sounds into their instruments. Philip Wells closed the book, put away the pen and rose to the doorway. He was tall and ruddy-cheeked and his quite black hair lay rather long on his head, which was proper cavalry style. His lips held a young man's resolution. When the trumpets began to roll taps across the parade he straightened and his eyes went bright, and a chill ran down his back.

Beyond the parade, out along the silver shining desert, the great traditions of the service were being repeated. The cavalry arm was the proper arm and

**Lieutenant Wells' first tour of duty, which taught him many things—chief among them a respect for the Apache as a foe who just didn't scare easily**