

Turkey All the Time

By Frank J. Taylor

THERE we were in Portland, with an appetite like a forest fire, and no place to go. So we put it up to Mr. Bill Hoffman, the oracle of The Multnomah, who knows everything about Oregon.

"Where's *the* place to eat in this town?" we asked. "And what's *the* dish?"

"Jimmy's," he replied. "And turkey's the dish. Get there early."

So we did. It was high noon when we pulled into the lobby of the Railway Exchange. The whistle was blowing down by the water front but already a stream of hungry humans surged through the place. We were swept down a narrow hallway, through a pair of swinging doors, into an old-fashioned deluxe bar, finished in mirrors and mahogany.

Opposite the door stood Mr. Jim Louie, who has changed turkey time from the holiday season to fifty-two weeks in the year in Portland. A round, pink-cheeked, bright-eyed Chinaman with a Billiken smile, he whetted a long, thin carving knife behind a steam counter laden with roast turkey, goose, duck, ham, greeting each newcomer:

"Hello, Mista Gerber. Hello, Mista MacArthur. Hello, Mista Case. Hello,

It may be turkey time for you now, but at Jim Louie's, turkey is always the dish. The 69-year-old Chinaman who has cooked his fifty thousandth turkey gives you some tips

Mista May. How do you do? Like a little dark meat today?"

In less time than it takes to tell, every seat in the place was pre-empted, and the surplus customers had pitched their legs good-naturedly along the wall, waiting their chance at a turkey sandwich and a dish of coleslaw, the downtown Portland's favorite luncheon since long before the present-day customers were born.

Sixty-nine and ageless, Jimmy Louie, turkey maestro extraordinary, is a Northwest institution dating back to the delightful days preceding the Noble Experiment. In those delectable days a

sizable slice of Portland's business was transacted in this famous room, with ceremonious Frank Huber deftly stirring drinks, one with each hand, behind the bar, and rosy-cheeked Jim Louie, equally ceremoniously, dispensing from behind the free-lunch counter the niftiest thin-sliced turkey sandwiches in the Oregon country.

Well, times have changed. Prohibition has come and gone. The business district moved uptown. Everything's changed. Everything, that is, except Jim Louie, who still carves turkey at the same old stand, not only for the hustling luncheon crowd but for travelers from

New York, San Francisco, St. Louis and wherenot, who've heard of and hunted up his obscure hide-out with its seventeen thousand dollars' worth of mahogany finish. Jim Louie is the fellow who cooked a better turkey and people beat a path to his door.

"You see," he explains naively, "I getta leputation. I cook only A-1 turkey. All high-class. Everything the best."

It's a simple matter to acquire a reputation for turkey cooking, according to Jim Louie:

"A young fellow, he cook a hundred turkey, and know nothing. He cook a thousand turkey, and know not very much. Cook ten thousand turkey, he know a little bit. Cook fifty thousand turkey, he know something about it."

Mr. Jim Louie is a young fellow born in 1870 who has cooked his fifty thousandth turkey. For forty years, day in day out except Sundays, he's turned from one to ten birds to a brown, not counting several thousand geese, ducks, wild fowl and Virginia hams.

Back in 1881, when he was eleven, young Jim Louie landed in Portland from his native Canton. A lot of the Louie tong had come to America to

Jim Louie gets ready to present one of the turkey sandwiches that have become an institution in the Northwest



She was bending down, like an angel in a religious picture. "Buddy . . . You're going to be all right, darling," she said

HE-MAN

By Mildred Cram

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE DE ZAYAS

Woman exercising her immemorial privilege of getting men into trouble



BUDDY LINCOLN had a job. And a sick headache—one of those over-the-eye headaches, the slightly nauseating variety. He tried to keep going.

"Ham on rye."

"Coke with a vanilla scoop."

"Coffee."

But his bright, up-and-coming fountain smile didn't fool anybody, even the boss.

"What's the matter, Buddy? Bilious?"

"Pretty," Buddy admitted.

"Try some soda."

"I have."

"Maybe you'd better go home."

"Maybe I had. That's sure swell of you, Mr. Adolfo."

He got into the coupé out behind the store and, keeping the hot side of his head in the draft, headed for home. Dorothy never expected him before seven. She'd be surprised when he came home at three. Perhaps he'd better park around the corner and walk up to the door and ring. Girls scare easily when they love their men. She'd think Mr. Adolfo had fired him or something. . . .

When he crossed the intersection where Palm meets Poinsettia, he recognized Sal Kenyon's roadster parked in front of the house. Well, he'd sneak in through the kitchen and lie down. He was too sick to talk to anybody.

The kitchen screen was unlatched. He tiptoed along the hall and into the bedroom. Dorothy was in the living room talking to Sal Kenyon. Buddy could hear Sal's high, whinnying laugh . . . she always made him think of a horse with the giggles. . . . He'd just ease onto the bed and try to sleep. If he

could sleep, with these whinnying and talking on the other side of the wall!

He put a pillow over his head to dull the sound, and wished Sal would go so he could be alone with his wife, his sweetheart.

He lay very still, throbbing, under the pillow. He thought how lucky he was to have found a girl like Dorothy. The first time he saw her, a year ago, now . . . he said to himself, "The guy who gets her gets a prize. He wins the sweepstakes." She came into the store one day and climbed up on one of the stools at the fountain and shook her hair back and said: "Chocolate ice cream soda, please." But how she said it! With a smile in her eyes. And the way she watched him! As if he were somebody! She made him feel glad his coat was clean, and that he had just brushed his hair, with plenty of water.

IF YOU'D told him, then, that she'd marry him four months later! Him! Just a fellow. Not tall. Not short. Sort of thin. Sort of medium, curly hair. . . . And Dorothy the prettiest girl in town, slim, big-eyed, blond, with clear, fresh skin and white teeth. Not one of those painted-up girls. Real.

"Gosh," Buddy thought, "I can't see why she fell for me!"

His job wasn't much. He doubled between the fountain and the prescription counter. People, all day long. Sandwiches. Coffee. Doughnuts. A long row of faces that had to be fed. . . .

But Dorothy loved him!

It happened when they drove to the beach one night in his little old coupé. A warm night, with plenty of stars and the ocean whispering. She wasn't a girl

to go down on the sand in the dark. But she sat in the coupé with him. And after a while he knew she wanted him to kiss her. So he did. And they sat for a long time, his arms around her. Then she said: "You're the first, Buddy. I never kissed anybody before."

A month later she married him. . . .

Suddenly Buddy came out from under the pillow and stuffed his fingers into his ears. He wished Sal would go away so that he could tell Dorothy how sick he felt. She'd put her cool cheek against his and whisper how sorry she was. . . .

Then, without meaning to, he heard Sal say:

"Oh, I guess we have to take what we can get. There aren't any real he-men any more."

This made Buddy mad and he listened because he wanted to hear Dorothy's comeback.

Dorothy was silent for a moment. Then she said:

"It's funny, isn't it? When we're kids, we think we're going to have a great romance some day."

Sal laughed. "And then we don't. Instead, we get engaged to somebody like Bill Fraser. I used to think I'd meet Ronald Coleman and he'd fall for me. . . ."

"I was in love with a character in a book," Dorothy said. "He made all the boys I knew look sick. He was six feet tall, quiet but masterful . . . you know, lean and bronzed and not afraid of anything."

"I wonder," Sal said, "why there aren't any heroes any more? I mean real ones? Men are such sissies nowadays."

"Maybe they always have been," Dorothy said. "Maybe there never were any Robin Hoods and King Richards and all the rest. We haven't much proof."

"Gosh," Sal said. She struck a match. "I hung on as long as I dared, hoping some tall, dark and handsome guy would sweep me off my feet."

"I know," Dorothy said. "Somebody romantic. A count, maybe. Or a famous flyer. Or even one of those bring-'em-back-alive explorers . . ."

"YOU don't meet them in this town,"

Sal said. "Just a lot of nobodies. Bill's all right. He works hard. He's clean. But, gosh . . ."

Again, silence.

Then Dorothy sighed.

"I guess all the Clark Gables are on the screen," she said. "The kind that get out and fight for you."

"Fight!" Sal snorted. "It's up to us to do all the fighting. I wonder why we get married at all."

"We give up, I guess," Dorothy said. "Somebody comes along who's nice. And we feel sort of sorry for him. And we're afraid of missing out altogether. So we do it. And then we get fond of him. He isn't the one we dreamed of. But . . ."

Buddy couldn't wait for the horrible rest of it. He had to get out of there. Fast.

Too fast. His foot caught the corner of the dresser and the mirror wobbled noisily against the wall.

The silence on the other side increased, as if Sal and Dorothy had died in there.

"Buddy?" Dorothy called. Her voice