

Like a Petal

BY SALLIE BELLE COX

ILLUSTRATED BY HAL STONE

Marilyn was rich. She was lovely. She was ambitious. She was doing fine until she discovered the perils of publicity

I SUPPOSE that you think that all any girl of eighteen wants is to be rich and beautiful. Well, you're wrong, that's all, and I happen to know because my father has more money than the government knows what to do with, even if he does go around grumbling that he hasn't got a million left to his name.

And I suppose that I'm beautiful because it says so in the paper, and if you can't believe what you read in the papers, what *can* you believe? So after a quick look at a mirror I decided that I *might* be called beautiful by those who go in for careless talk.

Besides, you just couldn't have a mother that looks like

a Romney portrait (it says in the papers) and go around embarrassing her by looking like a gremlin, could you? So I have hair *almost* as golden as hers, a nose that is *almost* as straight and proud, and of course I can do quite a bit with my mouth because someone was kind enough to invent lipstick. South of my face you will find my body, and while I'm not tall and stately like Mother, I think that I bulge in the right places.

Well, if a war weren't going on, maybe a girl with several million dollars who can dance and hasn't got a face that would stop a dollar watch would never find out how good for nothing she is. But with every boy you know off in the Aleutians or getting married in Australia, and your parents screaming "No!" to your ideas of joining the Red Cross Field Service, things can become pretty depressing. Oh, I Nurses' Aided all over the place, and I danced by the hour at the Officers' Service Club—always knowing that the girl in their arms wasn't I—but I still felt like one of life's leftovers.

Then one day I went to a cocktail party and while meditating over a Martini, something in tweeds lumbered up to me and beamed in a prosperous, purposeful way like Edward Arnold. We made polite noises and exchanged names.

"Hathaway," he murmured thoughtfully. "Are you J. Whitley Hathaway's daughter?"

"Oh, do you know Daddy?" I asked, and he said no, but he had heard of him. He munched peanuts for a moment and then he gave me a department store Santa Claus smile. "And what do you do?" he beamed. "Go to school?"

I shrugged sadly and said, "Nothing." Then I told him that I wanted to get a job, but I didn't seem to be good at anything.

He raised his eyebrows. "Did you ever think of going on the radio?"

"Who, *me*?" I asked.

"Certainly!" he rumbled. "Didn't anyone ever tell you that you have a charming voice?"

"No," I replied startled-like. "Have I?"

"Very charming. *Very* charming indeed." He looked at me closely. "How would you like to be a radio actress? I happen to be with Consolidated Broadcasting, and we're always looking for new talent."

"I don't know," I said, slightly dazed by all this. "I would like to do some war work."

"But this *is* war work," he boomed triumphantly. "Radio is an essential industry. Keeps up morale on the home front!" Banners waved in his voice, and trumpets blared in the background.

So, what do you know, the next afternoon I went in for an audition just as Mr. Edward Arnold told me to do, only his name was really H. Digby Wells, and it seems that he was Fifth Vice-President or something of Consolidated Broadcasting.

He told me three o'clock in Studio 8D, so at three-twenty—I didn't want to appear overeager—I gamboled into Studio 8D which had red lights outside spelling AUDITION. I pulled open the door which weighed at least two tons, and found another pair of doors beyond that, the push kind this time, so I heaved to, or hove to, or whatever with all my hundred and twelve pounds, until the door went its way and I went mine.

Naturally, I was somewhat embarrassed to arrive in the unobtrusive manner of a mortar shell, but I still didn't see why all the people sitting against the wall should be staring at me as though I had crashed into church on roller skates. So I drew myself up like a zipper, swept them with a look of haughty disdain, and when my roving eye fell on the girl who was standing at the microphone glaring at me, I returned her glare.

(Continued on page 26)

I had read about six lines when I was rudely interrupted. "Miss Hathaway," said the Voice, and I don't mean Frankie Boy, "did you see Gertrude Lawrence in Private Lives?" "Certainly," I chirped. "Then please try to forget it for the time being," the Voice said

14





THE PRESIDENT'S HEALTH

BY GEORGE CREEL

On March 4th, Mr. Roosevelt will round out an even 12 years in the White House. The man closest to the President's pulse is Ross T. McIntire, Surgeon General of the Navy. He checks the state of the President's health twice a day. Here is what he finds

FROM the opening of the last election campaign until its close, not a day passed without the circulation of some new and alarming rumor about the physical and mental condition of the President. All of the whispers charged growing incapacity and even actual collapse, but aside from this, there was no agreement. At one and the same time he was reported to be suffering from a coronary thrombosis, a brain hemorrhage, a nervous breakdown, an aneurism in the aorta and a cancerous prostate. Now he was supposed to be in a Miami sanitarium under the observation of specialists, and now in a Chicago hospital with eminent surgeons gathered for an operation. For weeks on end the White House was flooded with anxious inquiries.

None of these rumors had the least foundation in fact. The President's single ailment was a bad case of influenza that left in its wake a stubborn irritation of the larynx and bronchial tubes. A persistent cough, disturbing his sleep, cost him eight or ten pounds and etched heavier lines in his face. With the cough cured, his weight regained, and rested by a stay in Warm Springs, he is back again in the pink. This on the authority of Rear Admiral Ross T. McIntire, and he ought to know, for since 1933 it has been his job to ride herd on the health of Franklin Delano Roosevelt. Not occasionally but regularly.

Every morning around 8:30, fair weather or foul, Doctor McIntire parks a somewhat battered car in front of the White House and ambles into the President's bedroom to give

his distinguished charge the once-over. Neither thermometer nor stethoscope is produced, there is no request for a look at the tongue or a feel of the pulse, and only rarely is a direct question ever asked. Finding himself a comfortable chair, the doctor sits a bit while breakfast is being eaten or the morning papers looked over.

A close but seemingly casual watch tells him all he wants to know. The things that interest him most are the President's color, the tone of his voice, the tilt of his chin and the way he tackles his orange juice, cereal and eggs. Satisfied on these points, he slips out as quietly as he came, and devotes the rest of the day to his duties as Surgeon General of the Navy—not an inconsiderable chore by any means, for the 140,000 men under him are scattered all over the globe.

In the afternoon, promptly at 5:30, Doctor McIntire makes a second call, parking outside the Executive Offices. This time his approach is more direct, for he is there to see that the President shuts up shop and trundles over to the White House, either for a swim in the pool or a rest before dinner. He also takes a shrewd peek at the wheel chair to make sure that the pile of documents and memoranda is not so large that it means a long stretch of night work.

A New Regimen for the Chief

These are new rules, for until the last year, the President toiled away without much regard for the clock. With the burdens of his office growing heavier and heavier, however, and the tensions of war placing an increasing strain on mind and body, Doctor McIntire has put his foot down on overtime except in cases of absolute necessity. No longer is the President allowed to eat luncheon at his desk, snatching bites of cold and unappetizing food as he confers with Cabinet officials, generals, admirals or agency heads. A good meal in the White House proper is followed by a short rest, and he must put by state papers at an hour that will give him the necessary amount of sleep.

It is the quantity of the slumber that concerns Doctor McIntire, for he has never had



Hale and hearty, the President is shown at top inspecting the Jacksonville Naval Air Station with Captain Charles F. McIntire and Rear Admiral Ross T. McIntire, watching of his health. Below, the President is shown at his first inaugural in 1933. Below, with one former group. At inaugural this year



any quarrel with the quality. No matter how packed the day with problems and worries, the President puts them off at night with his clothes, falling asleep almost as soon as his head touches the pillow. Whether a gift or a triumph of will, it has kept him well and strong while younger men cracked under the strain. His unflagging zest, his eager interests, make him a good traveler, and he sleeps as well in strange beds as in his own.

On the trip to Teheran, the one night jump was from Tunis to Cairo, and even placid Doctor McIntire waited anxiously for the morning. Other members of the party tumbled out of their berths somewhat bleary-eyed and haggard, but the President emerged in top form, hitting on every cylinder.

Just as the doctor was with him in Teheran, so does he accompany the President on every journey, inside the country or out. And whether New England, the Pacific Coast, Hawaii, Africa or Iran, the Washington routine is followed without change. No little black bag is ever in evidence, and there is never any hovering and fussing. Unless

some sign disturbs him, Doctor McIntire rests content with a casual look-see in the morning and another in the late afternoon, busying himself with his own affairs throughout the day.

A watchful friend, in fact, rather than a doctor, for that is the only way it can be. Civilian practitioners sit in their offices until called, but a White House physician may not wait until the President picks up a germ, runs a temperature or breaks out in a rash. The job is to keep him well, to guard him against illness, and that entails daily observation. Since these visits must fit into the work day of the Chief Executive, if they are not to become an interruption and annoyance, it follows that the medicine man of the Great White Father must have the run of the place as a liked and trusted intimate, equally at home in parlor, bedroom and bath.

Fortunately, a President has a free hand in the selection of his physician, for Congress has never manifested any concern for the health of a White House occupant. Only his

(Continued on page 74)