



# You First, Son

BY RICHARD STERN

**It's a wise man who knows himself—and Big John was remembering his youth when he sent his son out to face a crucial test of his self-respect**

**I**T WAS night. Outside the small house the air was cold, crisp in the autumn moonlight, and the fields of the farm slept quietly and in peace. From the chicken house there came no sound, and the trees of the tiny orchard were silent, sleeping.

Big John sat in his old chair by the table lamp; his spectacles gleamed on the end of his nose and his great feet held the floor firmly, and in his huge hands the Molino Evening News wavered as it always did toward the end of the evening.

Emma sat in her rocker beyond the lamp. Her plump body was upright and her short legs reached for the floor and, touching it, pushed it strongly and the rocker swung back and forth. In her hands she held one of Young John's shirts and her small hands moved deftly, almost automatically, the needle darting in and out, carrying the thread

around the patch. Her eyes, set wide in her smooth, troubled face, moved restlessly from the sewing to the clock on the mantel and through the lamp's gleam to the top of Big John's bald head and back to her sewing again.

The hour hand of the clock reached ten and Emma tied her thread and bit it off and laid the shirt in her lap. She said quietly: "It's bedtime, John."

Big John stirred in his chair and Emma knew that he was awakening. He cleared his throat and folded the paper carefully and laid it on the table at his side. He looked at the clock. "Time for old folks to be in bed," he said, as he had said every night for fifteen years. "Time was when ten was the beginning of the evening for me, not the end."

Emma said tartly: "So you've said so often that Young John believes it now. He's still down in town where he has no reason to be."

Big John took off his spectacles and laid them beside the folded paper. "He's young, that boy. He'll have his fling. Then one day he'll find that there's more to livin' than flingin'."

"So I've heard you tell," said Emma. "I'm still waiting for it to happen. I'm commencin' to doubt, I've waited so long."

The boy saw the group move down the room toward the bar. They moved purposefully. He forced himself to empty his glass and set it down carefully on the bar top

Big John hoisted his huge body out of the chair. He stretched his arms and the barrel of his chest swelled mountainously beneath his shirt. He yawned. "Could be," he said slowly, "that he'll need showin', like my daddy did for me." He looked at Emma. "My daddy give me rope, an' let me hell around—"

"I've heard you say so," Emma said sharply, "more times than there are hairs left on your head, John Andrews. So many times that almost I misbelieve."

"Now, Emma," Big John's voice did not rise. "Bedtime, Emma. For us old folks. The boy will be along shortly."

It was half past two before Young John came home. Emma, awake in the darkness and clinging with automatic tenacity to the slope of the bed uphill from Big John's great bulk, heard the coughing roar of Young John's hopped-up car as it wheeled into the yard. She closed her eyes thankfully and then opened them again at the sound of another car. She raised herself on one elbow and listened, and plain above the motor came talk and laughter. She nudged Big John and felt him stir and nudged him again. "John," she whispered, "Wake up. Wake up."

"I'm awake, Emma," Big John said quietly and she knew that he, too, was listening. She felt the bed heave as he rolled over and found the floor with his feet. "Rest easy, Emma," Big John said softly. "I'll go see."

Big John found his slippers and put them on and shuffled across the dark room out into the hall to the back door. He opened the door and stepped out into the small yard that was brilliant in the gleam of headlights. He heard the sudden burst of laughter from the cars and knew that it came from the sight of his nightshirt and his great hairy legs. He said imperturbably: "Son? You there?"

A voice came to him from behind the headlights, a voice thick with liquor and laughter. "He's here, all right, Mr. Andrews."

Big John walked ponderously across the lighted yard and beyond the headlights' gleam into the quiet darkness. He looked at the boys sitting in the two cars and the laughter died down. He saw Young John slumped in the seat of his own car and he looked steadily at the boy who sat beneath the wheel.

The boy said: "I'm Bill Gates, Mr. Andrews. John had a little trouble and we thought we'd better bring him home." He opened the car door and slid out awkwardly.

Big John said: "Much obliged. I'll take care of him now." He stood quietly, his great legs widespread, and watched Bill Gates get into the second car with the other two boys and he waited until the car had turned around in the yard and bumped through the gate out to the road. Then he walked around Young John's car and opened the door and lifted the boy's big body out as he might have lifted a feather bolster. Turning, he walked ponderously back into the house and, still holding Young John, closed the back door carefully behind him.

He heard Emma stirring in the bedroom, and then the lights came on and Emma appeared, short and wide in her nightgown, with her graying hair in its net and her eyes round and worried in her smooth face. He heard her gasp: "John! John! He's hurt!"

"Now, Emma," he said quietly. "Tain't nothing. Tain't nothing at all." He looked down at the blood on Young John's white face. "The boy's been fightin', that's all."

"All? All?" Emma's voice rose shrilly. "You say that's all!"

"Emma," said Big John softly. He looked

(Continued on page 53)

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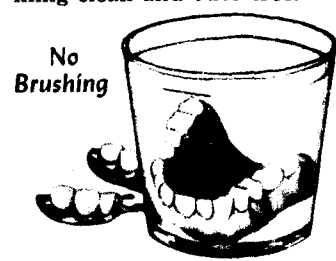
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## The Way to the Heart

Continued from page 12

"I'm from the Movie Times," she told him. "Jerry said I could have an interview."

"I think the world is coming along fine," said Morg. "I think Russia is swell; she knows what she wants and goes out to get it. And I don't believe in being too huffy with the English; they can't help talking the way they do. I believe in feeding the starving babies and in chopping off every Nazi head above-ground. That is your interview. Thank you, and good day."

"I don't think you understand," said the interviewer. "I am Eudora Perkins." She said this with pardonable pride, for she had made hers the most powerful and hated name in motion picture publicity. "I could kill you if I wanted to. You might co-operate, I think."

Morg sat down at his dressing table and stared at the unfamiliar face in the mirror. He ticked, disgusted.

"All right, I co-operate. Only I can tell you that I was getting along swell, playing slimy roles, and I hate this goo I am doing now. I hate having to make myself up as twenty-eight, when I am forty-eight, and such movies as Passion's Embers or Stinky Stroblov's Embers are my idea of how to tear down civilization."

"What do you think of Cherry Lamartine?" asked Eudora, with a leer.

"She's a cute kid," said Morg. "I wish her success. Too bad she is handicapped with me."

"I'll need some pictures," said Eudora.

Morg gave her one of his old standard glossies, in which he was made up as a dopey gangster.

"Oh dear, no. Glamorized, please," said Eudora, giving it back. "Tell Jerry to get you an early sitting. I'll need the pictures by Monday."

She went away at last, and Morg sent out for a bowl of beef stew, which he ate in solitary and cheerless quiet in the star bungalow.

So the days went by. Work. Interviews. Glamor photographs. No drinking. No horse-shoe pitching. No poker. Life was horrible and also dull.

**THEN**, two weeks later, the Movie Times hit the stands with a cover picture of Morg, looking very sardonic and fascinating, and inside there was a story to the effect that he was madly in love with Miss Cherry Lamartine. A few choice anatomical studies of Miss Lamartine accompanied the article.

As Morg was sitting stunned and petrified in his bungalow, having just read the thing, Jerry came in, triumphant. "Isn't it a wow!" he exulted. "Man, we're made. Cherry is the hottest thing in pictures right now, and the tie-up is terrific. They want to see you in the front office."

Morg had been a stock player so long that he had a wage slave's humble appreciation of the front office.

"Gee, what for?" he moaned, and he smoothed his toupee, fixed his tie, and straightened out the knife-edge of the press in his trousers.

Jerry accompanied him to the sanctum. Harry Harris, owner of the outfit, was lying on a couch, listening respectfully to the words of Tim Conover, his general publicity manager. To Morg's surprise, Cherry was there, sitting very straight on an office chair, looking nervous.

"Here they are," said Conover. "Now we can get down to business. No, wait. Where's Stinky?"

"In the commissary, having a double-decker cheese-and-tomato with coffee," said Cherry.

"Get him," ordered Harris. "Tell him to bring his sandwich if he wants to."

Stinky arrived. He didn't bring his sandwich, but he had a bag of potato chips.

Conover took the floor. "The thing is this," he said. "Perkins gave out with a story that Cherry and Beauregard are simmering. You saw it?"

Cherry and Morg nodded assent, looking at each other warily.

"Cherry is just beginning; this is only her

second picture," said Conover, "and the public is keenly interested. Beauregard has been around, but the public has only just waked up to him as an idol."

Morg fidgeted and ticked.

"Now Perkins' having paired you off, with Passion's Embers due for release in November, is a natural break. We want to ask that you begin to go out together, be seen together, sort of build the thing up. It will take, because the studio didn't start it. Eudora did."

"So when they pay their seventy-five cents, they'll think the kisses are the real McCoy. Rather like the old-fashioned peep show, isn't it?" questioned Morg.

"Putting it crudely," said Conover, "that is the idea."

Harris spoke: "Putting it crudely, that's the idea of the whole movie business. So there is no point in making faces like potatoes burning. We all earn our money in this racket."

Morg was silent, mute under the revelation of the horrors to which his emergence as a star had brought him.

"As for me, if anybody cares for my humble opinion," said Cherry, shaking the chandeliers with her voice, "I would be delighted and honored to be seen in a few night spots with Morgan Beauregard."

"She's a good kid, solid—like a pound of butter," said Stinky, approvingly.

"You can count on Morg," said Jerry firmly. "I am his manager and I have him under ironclad contract for ten years. He can't even buy a package of chewing gum without my approval. He will take Miss Lamartine any place you say."

Morg rose to his feet. "Come, my dove, my fair one," he said to Cherry. "Good afternoon to you heels, to coin a phrase."

**ON SATURDAY** night, having received full and explicit directions from Jerry, Morg put on his toupee, a dark coat and white trousers, purchased a dozen red roses and a box of chocolates, got into Jerry's coupé (loaned for the occasion) and glumly drove to Cherry's house. The address was somewhere in Santa Monica.

To Morg's surprise, he found a small bungalow of the five-room type, with a white wooden fence around almost obscured by blooming hollyhocks. The door was opened by a lady in a flowered print dress. She had merry brown eyes, and her dark, upswept hair had silver streaks in it; her gentle curves flowed into one another with careless freedom and she revealed beautiful teeth when she smiled. Morg said, "Are you a real mother, or just a prop?"

"Want to see my marriage lines? Cherry is my baby, all legitimate and everything."

"I ask for your marriage lines in the second act," said Morg. "After we hide the body."

"I never had anything to do with bodies," said Mrs. Lamartine. "I used to be in musical comedy. I was in the first Americana."

She took the roses and candy, led him to a deep chair, pushed him in, and placed a tall iced glass in his hand.

Cherry came in, looking like the cover of a fashion magazine. She was wearing a long, figure-fitting white dress, but when she walked the skirt opened into a million infinitesimal pleats, falling back into place the moment she was still. Her hair was bound back with a silver ribbon, and she had wound a shawl, made of links of silvery stuff, around her shoulders.

"Better let me finish this excellent high-ball, baby," said Morg, "because I'll need my strength. Looks as if I'll have to fight for your honor two or three times tonight."

At their first stop, Cherry stopped the orchestra and was given the tribute of silence as she walked to their table. On their way out, after two or three dances around the room, she was barricaded by people with autograph books. Then there was the ominous flash which meant a candid-camera shot. At their next stop Cherry and Morg were the center of attention instantly, and before he knew it Morg had three separate colors and designs of lipstick on his cheek and chin. When at last they drew up before the cottage with hollyhocks in Santa Monica, he said, "Well, that was an eminently successful night out. I feel exactly like a cradle snatcher. Shall I sing you a lullaby, baby, and or will

Collier's for January 19, 1946

you toddle in to bed in the dark like Papa's big girl?"

Cherry burst into tears and left him without saying good night.

There being nothing else to do, Morg drove home again, puncturing a tire on the way and brooding darkly on the Mystery of Woman.

"You can't please 'em," he finally concluded, and went to bed with a clear conscience but a troubled mind.

The slight feeling of discomfort persisted during the next day. Cherry looked at him with mournful eyes. But Stinky was pleased; it gave him an appetite.

In the evening Morg went out to Cherry's. Mrs. Lamartine was in the kitchen making waffles. After three of them, with plenty of melted butter and sirup and two cups of coffee, Morg leaned back in his chair and said thoughtfully, "You know, you ought to meet Stinky. You could advance Cherry's career like crazy by plying him with waffles like these."

"It's an idea," she admitted. "Why don't you come over Sunday morning for late breakfast and bring him along?"

"I'll do it. By the way, I delivered your child home in tears last night. What was the matter?"

"The poor girl's getting ready to be in love, I think. They start that way, crying around."

"Gosh," muttered Morg.

STINKY wasn't hard to persuade about breakfast. Cherry was lovely in yellow slacks and Mrs. Lamartine made waffles to melt the heart of a polar bear. They all ate mightily and then Stinky went to sleep in a garden chair while Morg and Cherry played horseshoes, and Mrs. Lamartine kept fanning the flies off Stinky.

On Monday, Cherry and Morg were called into the front office and praised. Their "romance" had hit all the local papers and three important columns. Passion's Embers was sure to be a smash. "It will be colossal. In fact, I think it will be pretty good," said Harris.

Eudora Perkins was waiting to be taken to lunch by Morg. Harris had warned Morg that he had better continue to play ball. So Morg forced his lips back from his teeth in an imitation smile and took her grandly to lunch at Sardi's.

Eudora was noncommittal through lunch and Morg began to wonder about the gim-

mick. Then, with the coffee, it came. "Harris said you would give me a twenty-four-hour scoop on the announcement," she said.

"The announcement of what?"

"Of your engagement to Cherry."

Morg pondered this latest development. "I'd be glad to," he said.

He thought that safe enough. But he had forgotten Eudora and her power. She announced his engagement to Cherry in the next morning's paper. Morg was desperate. He protested to Harris. Harris said it was tough, but in this industry if Eudora said you were engaged, you were engaged, that's all. He suggested a star sapphire, or maybe a square-cut emerald.

Morg worried about Cherry. The poor kid, saddled with a rumor like that. Engaged to an old codger. She was not on call that day, for Morg was shooting close-ups, so after he was through, he determined to go out to see her and offer his sympathy.

MRS. LAMARTINE opened the door. She had on old jeans, rolled up, and a sweater. She had her hair tied up in a blue bandanna, and a can of worms in one hand.

"Hello," she said. "Cherry went to Palm Springs to think about her engagement. But I'm here—if it matters."

"Sure it matters. Going fishing?"

"Surf fishing. It's swell at this hour. And if you like we can take a frying pan and cook 'em right on the beach."

"Got another pole?"

"In the garage."

It was about seven, and the sun was setting. The beach was almost deserted and the cold swirling surf stung their bare legs. The trick was to throw your line into the second or third row of breakers just before they curled under. It was hard, exciting sport; Morg hadn't had so much fun since he beat Lionel Barrymore pitching horseshoes two years ago on Labor Day.

But Ma outfished him. She took four; he got only two. She gloated over him.

"It's a good thing," he told her. "Because there's the little matter of a fishing license. I haven't got one."

She had brought corn meal and butter, and they made a fire and fried their fish. It was getting cold by then, and almost dark. The fire provided both warmth and light.

"You were going to do this all alone?" wondered Morg.

"I have to get used to being alone, don't I?"

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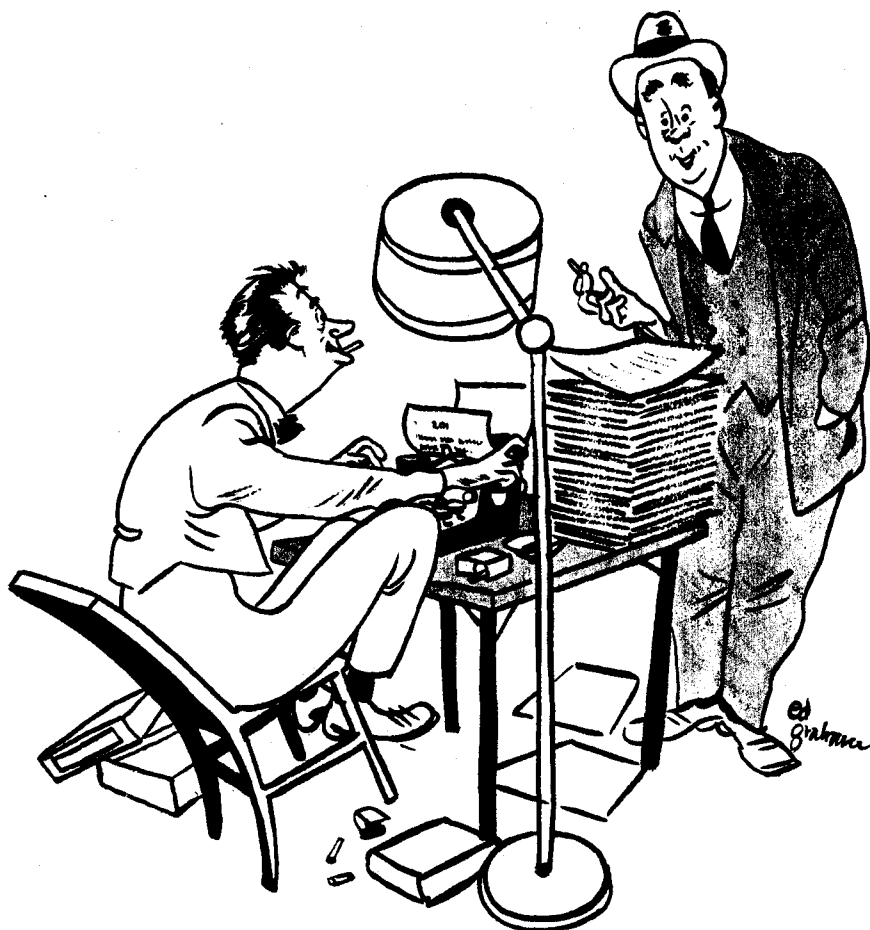
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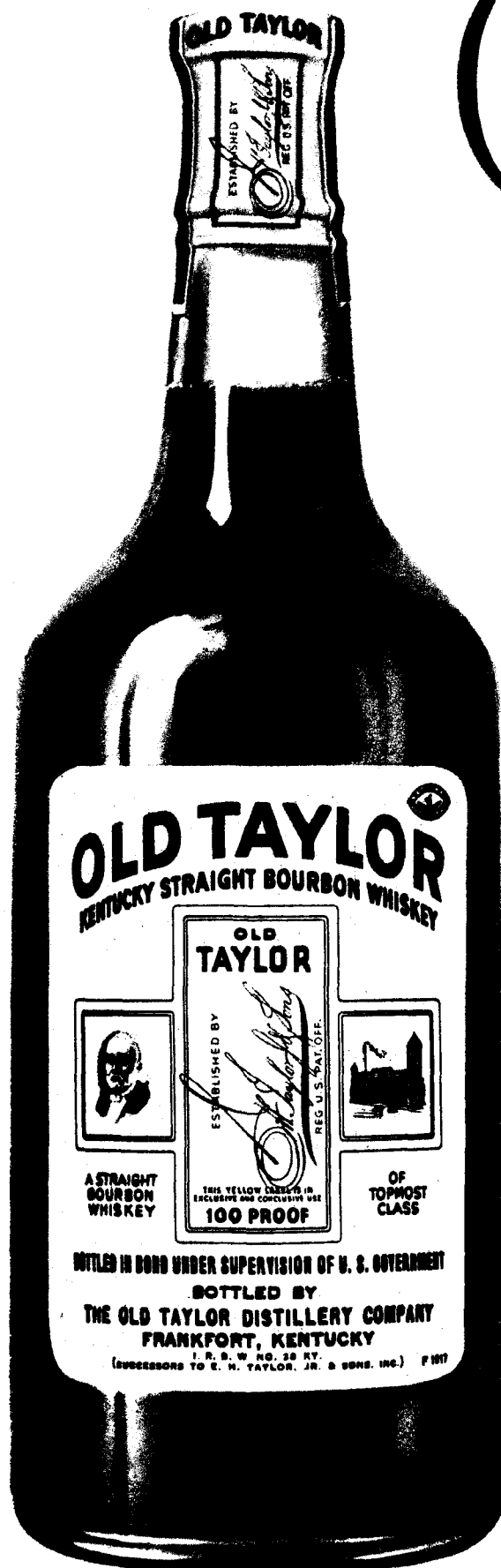


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Since it seems you are to marry my Cherry. The mother is always the last to know."

"It was that damn' Eudora," said Morg. "Poor Cherry. I wouldn't inflict myself on her, even in a rumor."

"Why not?"

"Why, my Lord, I'm forty-eight. Furthermore, I like it. Youth scares me. I'm glad I've got it behind me."

"Cherry's impressionable. She thinks you put the moon and the stars in their place."

"Well, I'm an actor, and we get a lot of adulation, whether we deserve it or not."

She had corn meal on her chin and she wasn't young, and she fitted her jeans dangerously, but Morg thought she looked quite beautiful then. For she said, "You're an awful nice guy, really. Almost good enough for Cherry. I think I could stand having you around a lot."

He was so pleased that he was struck silent, and only after they had walked back to the cottage, and came upon a hunched figure sitting on the steps, did he regain his voice.

"My God, it's Stinky!"

"I want a waffle," explained Stinky.

"You shall have several," said Ma, "as soon as I shower some of the fish off myself."

While she changed, Stinky and Morg had a highball.

"What did you do before you got into this racket?" asked Morg.

"I used to have a wholesale grocery business," said Stinky, "but it was inherited, so I didn't appreciate it. Not then. Embers is shaping up all right. You'll be a big star, able to name your own ticket, choose your roles."

"I wonder."

"They may suspend you if you don't knuckle down to the front office, but when you're on the wave, boy, ride it. Talk back to 'em. Courage, that's what it takes. I know a lot of nice guys and all that's the matter with them is no guts. I think it must be their diet."

"Stinky," brooded Morg, "I think you're right."

Then Ma came in, wearing a dress of red silk, a little apron of white dotted Swiss. The vision struck Morg right in the solar plexus. He followed her into the kitchen, hypnotized, took her in his arms, and kissed her. Not a stage kiss. But with schmaltz.

"Let's get married," he said. "We're old enough."

"Morgan Beauregard, you bigamist. You are engaged to my daughter."

"I'm not. I mean, I can explain everything. I can fix it so she'll throw me over."

"And ruin her career? Cherry's not on contract. She's signed for this one picture only. Eudora would crucify her for defying an engagement announced by Eudora Perkins."

But she hadn't pulled out of his arms. Morg remembered this later and it comforted him.

**C**HERRY was back next day, and they did final scenes of Passion's Embers. She put a lot of vim into her role, and her eyes were twin star sapphires.

"I met a nice boy in Palm Springs," she told Morg. "A flier. I told him I was engaged to you, and can you imagine what he said? He said, 'So what?'"

"Sounds like the right kind of a kid."

"He's rich, too. Pots of money. Inherited some stores or something."

"Better still. Am I jilted yet?" he asked hopefully.

Cherry looked at him long, frowningly.

"You're too anxious, darn you," she said. "I never jilt a fiancé till he gives me the ring."

"Sound business. I'll be around with the ring tonight! Maybe I can count on a first-class jilting tomorrow."

"You aren't putting any heat on in those love scenes," complained Stinky to Morg. "I want to burn up the screen. I want women to sigh and strong men to loosen their collars. You are ruining me, you two icebergs. You will ruin my business, you loafers."

Morg bought a lovely ring, an emerald hedged in with diamonds, and he made Jerry take it out to Santa Monica. The card on it said, "For the future Mrs. Morg."

Morg himself had other important business. He went calling on Miss Eudora Perkins,

bearing a sheaf of orchids and a leather-bound volume of the poems of Rupert Brooke.

He gave her the book and pinned the orchids on her shoulder. She was quiet and docile as they bowed into town to begin a round of the night spots.

Morg was at his most charming. He could not do enough for her. He could not take his eyes off her. At first suspicious, she gradually began to soften.

"I suppose," she said, a little tremulously, "you just want me to retract that statement that you and Cherry are engaged."

"As a matter of fact," said Morg, down in his most vibrant Charles Boyer register, "I don't care for the very young. I like mature women. Women with the enchantment of intelligence and *savoir-faire*, and the intrigue of the wary and the wise."

Eudora took off her glasses and put them in her pocketbook. "But I thought, just being near anyone as beautiful as Cherry..."

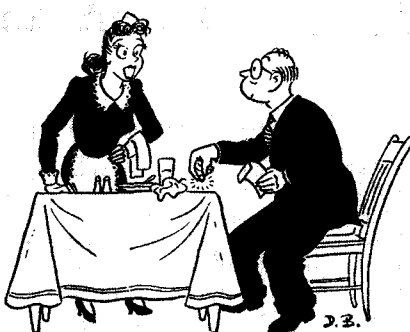
"There are many kinds of beauty," pronounced Morg. "The ephemeral beauty of the outer envelope... and the divine and enduring beauty of the soul within."

Eudora looked up at him solemnly and there were stars in her eyes. Morg was pretty sure he had made his point.

"I can cook, too," she murmured.

"Not waffles!"

"I am a waffle expert from way back. I do



*"Give it to the March of Dimes!"*

it by putting in the beaten whites of the eggs last. It makes them irresistible."

"You have an unknown admirer," Morg told her.

"What's unknown about you?"

"I mean, besides me. I am supposed to plead his case tonight."

Eudora seemed a little let down. "I thought you were giving me a genuine rush, yourself," she admitted.

"I love you dearly. Like a sister," said Morg. "But the man I have reference to is of another kidney. He adores you from afar. He is molten with passion. He hasn't come near you because he's afraid you might think he just wanted publicity."

"You mean to say there is such a guy, in Hollywood?"

"He doesn't really need publicity. He's one of the great."

"You interest me strangely," said Eudora, putting on her glasses, after all. "I suppose he looks like Frankenstein, but I realize I can't be choosy any more. Come on, who is it?"

"The orchids were from him."

"Fancy."

"And the poems."

"When I get home, I'll look and see if he wrote on the flyleaf."

"Too shy."

"Well, it doesn't matter who he is," said Eudora. "Tell me how I am going to land this man who is shy and who doesn't want publicity. Shall I be a mother to him, play hard to get, or does he want me to lend him some money?"

"All you have to do is make him some waffles. And have plenty of sausages around and maybe some strawberries and cream, and plenty of good coffee."

"Strawberries are forty cents a basket right now," murmured Eudora, "but it may be my last chance. Bring him over on Sunday."

"And you retract my engagement to

Cherry and say that you were mistaken."

"The woman always pays through the nose, eh? Well, I'll pay if this love affair works out. Not otherwise."

Morg went home feeling much cheered. All he had to do was get Stinky to Eudora's on Sunday morning, and await developments.

On Sunday he caught Stinky early, while he was still hungry, and delivered him to Eudora by nine-thirty. She met them at the door. She had on her glasses, but also she had on a cute apron and in her hand was a large spoon, with something dripping off it.

"Miss Perkins. Mr. Strobolov," said Morg.

"I was just whipping cream for the strawberries," burbled Eudora. "There are waffles and also sausage with scrambled eggs. Won't you step in, Mr. Strobolov?"

Stinky went straight to the kitchen. It was large and white and full of wonderful smells.

"Are you married?" asked Stinky.

"Not yet," murmured Eudora, and Morg left them to their thoughts.

**M**A WAS not at home in Santa Monica, but Cherry was. She was at home on the lap of a tall and handsome young man in the uniform of the Air Force.

"Hello, Morg darling," she cried, without getting up or releasing her hold on the young flier's neck. "This is Hollis. I know you two will love each other."

"No we won't," said Morg and Hollis in unison.

"But you have to. You are my fiancés. I am also engaged to Hollis," said Cherry. "And can you imagine, Morg. His name is Hollis Strobolov. He is Stinky's nephew. He has all Stinky's nasty little grocery stores that make pots of money. Isn't it wonderful?"

"Now, wait a minute. Let's get unsnarled," said Morg. "We are both your fiancés. Very well. But you can't marry both of us. Which will you have?"

"Oh, I'll have Hollis," cried Cherry. "I just love all the things in grocery stores. I'll never have to worry about what to cook. And besides, Hollis made me that speech, the standard speech that I love so much. He said he had been away to fight for everything I stood for and now he's come back from the jaws of death to collect his rightful reward, and I said yes. After all, what can a girl say? I'm a patriot, I guess. And he isn't even going to have to stop wearing that cute uniform. He's staying in; he's a flying instructor. Isn't it wonderful?"

Hollis and Cherry gave each other a long enthusiastic kiss. Morg dialed Eudora's number.

"Say, Eudora," he said, "I've got a marriage announcement to give you. Also news of a broken engagement. Also, I hope, another marriage announcement—"

"The big news tomorrow is my engagement," said Eudora. "What do I care about broken-down old actors like you? Only I'll always love you, darling, because you helped me land Stinky. And, Morg, he wrote in my volume of Rupert Brooke. He thought it was a cookbook."

But Morg gave her the details about Cherry and Hollis Strobolov. "There's another story too," he said, "but I'll have to let you have it later. I've got a few details to work out first."

Cherry and Hollis were still kissing, when Morg got back from the phone but Cherry detached herself long enough to say, "Ma went fishing—if you're looking for her."

Morg went out to the garage and got the extra line and tramped happily toward the beach. He found her without any trouble. She had caught two fish and Morg's emerald flashed on her finger as she threw out her line.

"You deserve better," said Morg, humbly. "I wear shoes to make me tall, and part of a false nose and a toupee. I didn't want to, the studio makes me."

"I don't see why you couldn't take it off when we are fishing, honey."

"I'm not worthy of you," groveled Morg. "A wonderful woman like you."

"Well," said Ma, "there are a few little details but I think I can take care of them. After all I expect to be married to you a long time."

"Amen," said Morg, chucking in his line and ticking joyfully.

THE END

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## Your Life TOMORROW BY DAVID O. WOODBURY

### Everyman's Radar Coming

Automatic, compact, "push-button" radar will soon be ready for small vessels of all kinds, to help them thread their way through dense harbor traffic or navigate difficult coasts in all weathers and at night. The new device will be much cheaper than the complicated military models, though of much shorter range. It will be neatly "packaged" in a cabinet alongside the steering wheel and will need no operator except the steersman himself.

Tugboats, ferries, barges, excursion boats can all use the junior radar to navigate safely through the thickest fogs or darkest storms. With it, objects on near-by waters will be as plainly visible as they are in full sunlight. A "Plan Position Indicator," located beside the wheel, will present on a circular screen a lighted image of near-by buoys, vessels, rocks and shore lines. Circles permanently inscribed on the screen will measure distances in feet or miles from the center, which will always represent the position of the vessel carrying the radar.

For the small cabin cruiser even junior radar will probably be a luxury at first. But there is no doubt that complete sets will eventually cost no more than a good radio.

### Highway That Shines in the Dark

Black roads are harder to drive on at night than white ones because they reflect headlight beams very poorly. Even smooth white concrete is none too good, since the light grazes the surface so nearly flat that less than one per cent of it is sent back to the driver. But Doctor E. C. Bingham of Lafayette University has just worked out a new construction for highways that will make them shine brilliantly when headlights fall upon them at a low angle. His plan, successfully tested in laboratory experiments, is to lay the road surface in a special pattern of small bricks or blocks, each one tilted slightly downward in the direction of travel. This causes the rear edge of every block to stick up a fraction of an inch above the one behind it. The exposed vertical edges face the oncoming driver and reflect nearly all the light from his car back to him.

A serious problem in this sawtoothed construction is the hum and vibration set up in tires passing over it. Doctor Bingham avoids the trouble by staggering the blocks in such a way that a continuous horizontal support is given over the width of each tire tread. The pavement is said to be entirely noiseless and vibration free.

The high-reflecting pavement is likely to be adopted as a safety measure on fast cross-country highways of the future. It will make night driving far less fatiguing and be as easy to see as the average road by daylight.

### Get Dry Quick

They dry a coat of paint on an automobile or refrigerator in a matter of minutes nowadays, where it used to take hours or days. Infrared lamps are used. Ingenious application engineers, wondering what else could be dried in a hurry by the same method, decided recently that the infrared principle could be used in domestic drying problems. A new type of lamp is the result, to be screwed into any household socket and operated safely.

The new lamp, about the size of a small wine bottle, is entirely waterproof. It is especially designed for use in the bathroom on a chilly morning when you leap out of a cold shower and want to dry off fast. Splashing won't bother it. The lamp will also dry your hair in a few minutes, and "set" your nail polish. Or it can be used around the laundry for quick-drying small articles you need in a hurry.

Encased in a dark red bulb, this infrared lamp throws a narrow, intense beam of heat but little light, hence is highly efficient. Its radiant heat warms only the object it falls upon. It will use 250 watts of electricity, less than the average flatiron, and can be pressed into service to keep hands supple when working in such places as cold garages. Since its heating element is sealed in, it cannot burn the baby or scorch clothes brushed against it.

The infrared lamp is a "now you can get" item in some stores already.

### Better Burners for Your Range

The gas burners on your kitchen range are patterned after the original Bunsen burner invented as a makeshift to obtain heat from illuminating gas. They won't work unless exactly the right amount of air is drawn in through the mixing valve. Nowadays, gas is made principally for heating, not lighting, and the venerable Bunsen principle is no longer the best. To remedy this, a new kind of burner is being developed in England that has no air valve at all, but picks up the necessary air at the burner tip itself.

Result: a hotter flame, less gas used for a given cooking job, no danger of plugging up if the pot boils over. Nor will the new burner "pop back" if it is turned on too slowly when it is lighted. ★★★

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