

# HOT TAMALE CIRCUIT

BY KYLE CRICHTON



Fans gave Babe Ruth a great ovation when he appeared at the Mexico City ball park. At left, he chats with Mickey Owen, ex-Dodger, now of Vera Cruz, and with Jorge Pasquel

Danny Gardella, formerly of the New York Giants (below, center). Vera Cruz has Gardella on first base, where he is proving himself a wonder man

A section of the bleachers at the Mexico City ball park (lower right). Candy and soft-drink vendors do big business, just as they do in the States

The vendetta between Mexican baseball and the major leagues in the States waxes ever more furiously, but the procession of American big-league ballplayers keeps wending its way southward

## II

MEXICAN baseball is exactly like American baseball, except for the extraneous embellishments. They work the hit-and-run and make the double play, but they don't sell the hot dog. The Mexico City ball park (Delta Parque) looks like something discarded in Oskaloosa, Iowa, in 1915, but the bleacher fans are a spitting image of the horny-handed sons of toil from downstate Missouri who crowd the stands in St. Louis for a Sunday double-header. In spirit, however, they are much like a New York crowd. Which is to say, they are impartial and often on the side of the visiting team.

Games in Mexico are really a spectacle for the gods. The bleacher *aficionados* (fans) are rattling the gates for admittance long before the ballplayers arrive. Outside, the concessionaires are lining up their wares. A young man stands on a table busily mixing huge bowls of what seem to be soft drinks. In little booths outside the park, frijoles, tamales and *tortillas* are steaming on the stoves. In the grandstand the early arrivals are having their shoes shined by bootblacks.

After the game starts, the vendors begin selling oyster cocktails, tall glasses in which the oysters are embedded in tomato sauce. Another delicacy is chicken, of which you buy a very full plate with a mixture of white and dark meat. Despite what the young man is selling outside, the vendors inside are getting rid of vast quantities of soft drinks.

It's an American game, right down to the nomenclature. On the scoreboard are places for Strikes, *Bolas*, Runs.

Out on the field the players are proving that *beisbol* has an excellent chance of becoming an international sport. The teams are made up of Mexicans, Cubans, Puerto Ricans, South Americans and recruits from the States. They handle themselves with every mannerism known to American players. And don't let anybody fool you with the theory that Mexican baseball is amateurish. They play fast, hard and very good ball. The Americans playing down there feel it ranks up with AA baseball in the States. If the seven games we watched were a fair test, the Mexican League has major-league class in defensive play, at least.

In the Vera Cruz-Monterrey game, Colas for Vera Cruz made a sensational catch of a screaming low drive into center field with the bases full and two out. In the San Luis Potosí-Puebla game, the Puebla third baseman made a fantastic play on a ball over the bag, converting it into a double play in the ninth with the bases full and none out.

### Contortion Act at First Sack

What will probably be harder to believe is that the best ball we saw played in Mexico was by Danny Gardella, who was noted in New York for his awkwardness as an outfielder. Gardella happens to be a physical culture fanatic who can do flying splits and tie himself into a knot with ease. Vera Cruz had him on first base, which is where he perhaps should always have been. He made three unbelievable plays in a game with Monterrey, on the last play throwing himself full length on the ground to the left, keeping his foot on the bag and making a back-handed pick-up of a wild throw. Hal Chase in his palmiest days never did better.

But what about the pistol-toting Mexicans from whom Vernon Stephens of the St. Louis Browns fled in terror? Stephens signed a Mexican-League contract with Jorge Pasquel, played two games to the frantic approbation of the Mexican fans,

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## Young Doc

Continued from page 24

injected a syrette of morphine. That done, he sighed and sat back on his heels. But Lathrop wasn't returning to consciousness.

Neil Mason realized that smoke as well as shock had knocked Lathrop out. Quickly he pressed a 1½ c.c. ampoule of coramine into an arm muscle, to stimulate Lathrop's heart. Then, jumping up, Mason ran across the clearing to his big medical pack, lying under its crumpled red parachute. He had planned these big kits for fire-fighting eventualities. From it he took a cylinder of "carbogen" and hurried back to his patient. He put the rubber mask over Lathrop's face and valved a flow of carbon dioxide and oxygen for Lathrop to inhale. The CO<sub>2</sub> would prod his lungs into faster effort and make them work to clear themselves of the smoke they had drawn in.

"How's he coming, Dr. Mason?"

Neil looked up. Brad Kyle, burly foreman of the fire-fighting crew was running toward him.

"Can't tell yet, Mr. Kyle," Neil Mason said, and then he swore at himself. Why didn't he address the other man as Brad, the way everybody else did? It was just that he felt the aloofness between them, the subtle wall which they set up and which he could not get through. "Got the fire under control?"

"Yes, sir, got it licked. Say, Steve's moving—"

THE hurt man was finally coming to his senses. Neil removed the rubber mask. Deftly he gave Lathrop a hypo of antitetanus, to complete his treatment for the moment.

"Any way we can help, Dr. Mason?" Kyle asked.

Neil nodded. In the big pack was a Stokes stretcher, a wire basket, which Neil knew was the best thing for carrying a man out of dense timber and over rugged terrain. An injured man could be strapped into it and would get good support.

"Would you, please, talk to the plane? Tell them we'll need stretcher bearers."

"Tom Beals and I can carry Steve out."

Neil looked at Kyle. He did not intend his sharp glance to be challenging or appraising, but Kyle flushed. It was simply that Neil *knew* what packing out a casualty on a stretcher was like, and Kyle didn't. You used a man at each handle, four men at a time; and in rough country you moved a hundred yards and then you stopped to rest; you had to.

"Call the plane, please," Neil Mason repeated; and then he was annoyed with himself again, for his words sounded like an order. Brad Kyle was taking it as an order.

Kyle had a handie-talkie, and he spoke to Dickerson, the pilot of the plane overhead. "Look, Dr. Mason says we'll need more men to carry Steve out to the road." He listened a while, then finished with an "Okay," and turned to Neil. "Dickerson says he'll fly two more jumpers in. They'll be here in about half an hour. That all right—sir?"

Brad Kyle had been in the Army. His language was correct, and as cold and impersonal as the manual of arms. Neil Mason bit his lip, and nodded, looking away. . . .

There was a dance, several nights later, at the Odd Fellows Hall, and Neil dropped in because he felt that he should. Mrs. Laurie Haynes, whose husband ran the town pharmacy, introduced him to people. Mrs. Haynes was plump and comely and had shrewd eyes and a tart tongue.

"My young sister will be here, Dr. Mason, and I want you to dance with her. She's working as a lookout in one of the Forest towers just now, and that's lone-

some work and I want her to meet people. She's just a small-town girl, but nice."

"Why did you say that?" he demanded. "Say what? Oh, here's Sally— Oh, Sis!"

Sally was tall and shapely, and Sally had light brown hair and brown eyes. Neil's heart skipped a beat as she looked up at him. Mrs. Haynes introduced them, and Sally nodded and smiled; and when Neil asked her to dance with him, she nodded again. She was light in his arms, and her hair was fragrant against his cheek for a moment; but she had nothing to say, and as soon as the dance was over, she excused herself.

"Well, how do you like her?" Mrs. Haynes asked him.

Neil looked across the room. Sally wasn't tongue-tied, now; she was talking animatedly to a chunky young man in the green uniform of the Forest Service.

"The question is," Neil retorted defensively, "how did Sally like me? I liked

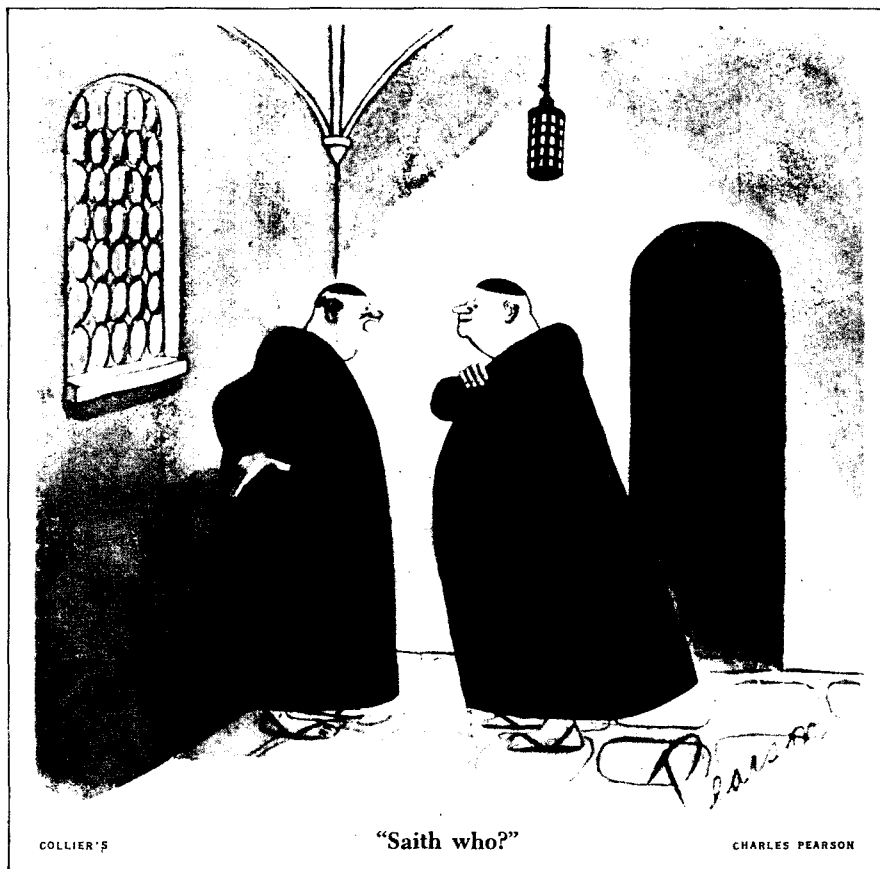
hectic, impersonal kind of business. I didn't like the feverish money-making feel of it. Besides, like a lot of G.I.s, I promised myself when I got home again—if I got home—I wanted time of my own. Some time to read, to get out of doors, to fish for trout, and to ski. You can't do that sort of thing under big-city pressure."

"But why did you pick a little place like Modoc to come to?"

"Because I discovered there was just one doctor here; and I figured that, on account of special things I learned in the Army, in a lumbering district I could really do a lot of—of good."

He realized how that sounded, and he flushed hot.

"But we don't seem to be appreciating how much good you can do us," she said dryly, "and that hurts." She pressed his arm reassuringly then. "But you're right. You did a swell job for Steve Lathrop. Saved his life, probably."



her fine. She—well, she tolerated me."

"Oh, no!"

"Tolerated me, the way all the rest of you do."

Mrs. Haynes' shrewd dark eyes were bluntly appraising for a moment. Then she asked, "Why did you come to such a small town, Dr. Mason? You're so obviously a big-city person."

He was more deeply hurt and affronted than he wanted her to see, and his first impulse was to excuse himself and stalk away. But his long-pent feelings could no longer be checked, and he found himself talking.

"I did go back to a big city, after my discharge from the Army. I tried San Francisco for a year and a half. While some of us doctors were in the service, the ones who stayed at home carried a double load, and they made a lot of money. Most people think that we medicos who came back want to dig in and make our pile, too. But it's not entirely so. A lot of us underwent a transvaluation of values, if you remember that phrase from college—"

"I never went to college, but I know what you mean."

"I'm not good at explaining. What I mean is: For me a big-city practice was a

"But, in spite of that, somehow I just don't—fit in."

"You don't."

"I want to. But I won't if I have to wear dandruff on the collar of a ten-year-old blue serge suit and chew tobacco and keep a bottle of whisky in my desk and play poker at the lodge—"

"Don't make any cracks about Dr. Eames. He admires you an awful lot!"

"He fits in. He's accepted. I'm not."

"And isn't it natural?" Mrs. Haynes retorted. "You go bareheaded and you smoke a ten-dollar pipe and you've usually got a book under your arm and you're quiet. You wait for people to say hello to you first instead of smiling and just taking it for granted that they like you. You say *eyether* and you say *tomahtoes*, and you never say 'they was' and you can't help showing that it turns your stomach to see some timber beast spit on the sidewalk or wipe his nose with his fingers. And you've got manners. Layers and layers of manners. But you're no old maid. You got several citations for jumping with the paratroopers, I hear—"

"I never told anybody that!"

"And the clothes you wear! You make our dudes look cheap."

"They're my prewar suits. I can't get others."

"And you drive a big open touring car—"

"That high-wheeled old heap gets me over the rutted roads in the timber."

"You're not married, and you haven't joined the Methodist or Baptist church—"

"So I'm a freak."

"So we're in awe of you."

"Just the same," he said stubbornly, "I think I'm needed here. Dr. Eames is still using chloroform when we've got sodium pentothal, and he'd have amputated that high-rigger's leg that we saved with the Trueta-Orr method and—"

"Sure you're needed! Doc Eames says so to everybody."

"But I'm not wanted."

"For your own sake," she admitted soberly, "maybe you'd better go back to the city."

He drew in a long, unsteady breath, and wasn't aware that he sighed. Across the room, he saw that Sally was dancing with the young Forest man, looking up at him, laughing delightedly at something he said.

Neil asked, "Do you think Sally would go to the movie with me some evening?"

"She'd gasp with surprise, if you asked her, and she'd be panicky for a minute, but then she'd say—'Yes, sir.'"

"As if I were some Methuselah in a cutaway!"

Mrs. Haynes' lips twitched. She said, "I bet you could change that impression. If you worked at it."

His office phone rang, and Neil answered, "Dr. Mason."

"This is Luke Carney, dispatcher at the Forest Service airfield. Look, Dr. Mason, we've just had word of a cave-in at the Applejack Mine on Wilson Ridge. One man's dead and another's badly hurt. Unless he gets care in a big hurry—"

"I'll go," Neil cut in. "Where is it?"

"Wilson Ridge would take you fifteen hours by horseback. We can fly you there in twenty minutes. No place to land, though—"

"I'll jump. I'll be at your field in ten minutes."

AS HE boarded the big green plane, Dickerson, the pilot nodded and said urgently, "Better get into a jump suit, Dr. Mason. You'll have to land in the timber. McIver'll help you."

The plane took off at once. When they had leveled off into the northeast, McIver helped Neil pull on the canvas coveralls with its ankle braces and high collar, and the football helmet and steel-mesh mask. The padded suit sagged from the six-pound weight of the two-way radio set snug in a pocket. Neil buckled on the back chute and the emergency chute and his small medical kit. The big medical pack was ready on the floor.

The lanky pilot shouted back over his shoulder. McIver opened the door of the plane. Neil looked down and saw the wooded hogback of Wilson Ridge below them. The Applejack Mine was near the summit of the crest.

The ship banked in a turn. McIver flung out a ten-pound sandbag attached to a chute. The chute opened, and it drifted down on a slant before a brisk wind that drove it east of the ridge, down into the deep canyon.

McIver shouted to Neil, "That's a strong wind! You'll have to allow for it. Ready to jump?"

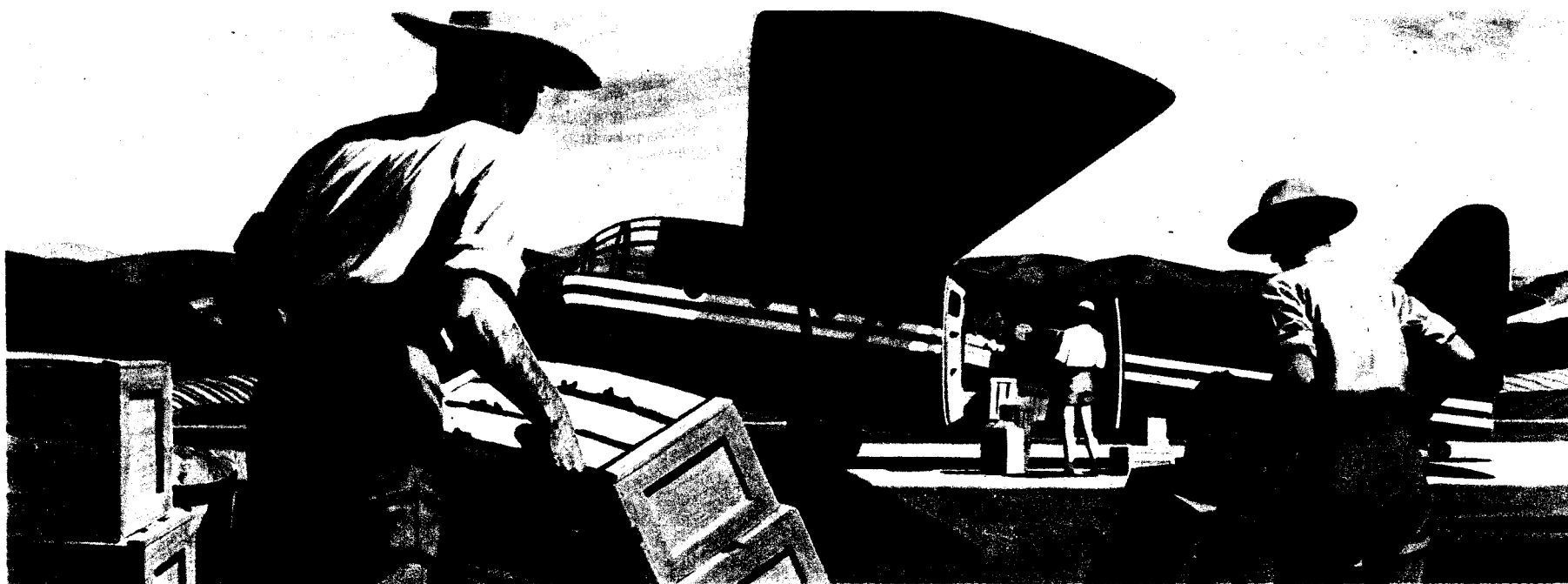
Neil merely nodded, and crouched in the open doorway. He looked forward to the pilot. Dickerson had one arm raised. Abruptly Dickerson swept his arm down.

Neil flung himself out, catching a wild

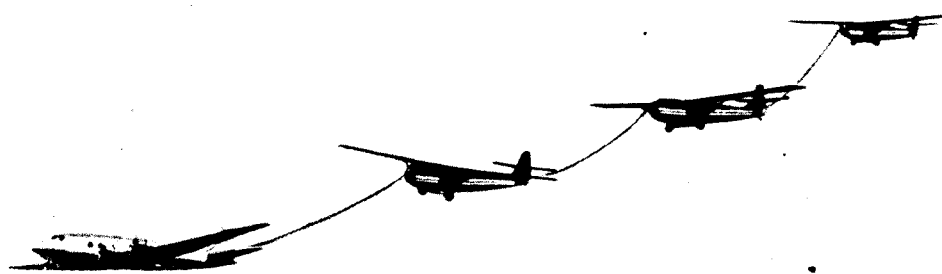
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gasp of breath as he plummeted into space. He yanked his rip cord.

The chute filled with a whoosh and jar; but with not as much of a snapping bang as Neil expected when it whipped him right side up. And he realized, presently, that he was falling faster than was normal with a parachute of this type. Smokejumpers' chutes were of thirty-foot diameter with a wide scalloped periphery for a slow rate of descent and a minimum of swinging.

He glanced up at the dome and his heart choked into his throat. Shroud lines had caught over the canopy and held it in lopsided shape, making it spill and slip. He jerked savagely on the risers, but could not free the lines. He glanced earthward, and sight of the green floor of treetops zooming up at him knotted his innards with panic.

He pulled desperately on the cord of his emergency chute. It opened, bloomed, and checked his descent as if he had reached the end of a rope. The jar shook free the tangled lines of his main chute, so that now it too worked properly; and then he was dropping so slowly that it felt as if he were not descending at all, but sailing under a balloon. For the two chutes offered generous purchase to the wind. Looking down again, he saw that the ridge, which had been to east of him and moving into line below, now already was west of him, and he was riding the wind out over the deep-swooping trough of the canyon.

He hauled viciously on the lines to the steering flaps of his main chute; but the two canopies bulged against each other and managing them was almost impossible. He could do nothing but ride them down.

He landed in the big timber near the base of the canyon. It wasn't the usual "feather-bed" landing. Branches broke under his feet as he crashed through a fir top, and then the parachute cloth caught, and held; but only momentarily, for the textron ripped, and down he plunged again. He glimpsed the ground, far below, and realized that he was in the top of a giant Douglas fir. Then the canopies caught again, suddenly, and he was slammed against the trunk of the tree with force that knocked him breathless and momentarily blacked out his senses.

He was conscious of pain when he came to; of an agony of pain and swimming senses that made him feel as if he

were oscillating under a wildly swinging chute. Something warm was trickling down his right side; and when he tried a deep breath, darts of anguish through his chest made him cry out. He steadied himself against the rough tree trunk, and looked down at his side. That last plunge and swing through the tree had flung him against the jagged stub of a dead branch that the wind had broken off the trunk; and that jagged three-inch stub had speared through his jump suit and slashed his side and broken a couple ribs and possibly done internal damage.

He was losing a lot of blood, he realized hazily; and he was caught in this fir. He needed help to get down. But how—

The radio. In the coveralls pocket. He fumbled for it with fingers that seemed like gloves filled with air. He did get the radio out. Dimly he knew that he must talk to the pilot, that he must tell Dickerson that he was in trouble. And there was a vague urgency in his reeling brain, and he groped to seize the strand of thought deviling him, and caught it in a lucid moment. *That miner hurt by a cave-in! It'll take me hours to climb up the ridge to the mine—*

But then that faded; and when the mists of giddy pain cleared away once more, he found that his hands were empty, the radio gone, as if it had slipped from inert fingers. It didn't seem important; and he realized that it didn't seem important, and that was a shock. He was hurt, he reminded himself. He was losing too much blood. He was half-conscious from loss of blood and he ought to do something about it. He thumbed at the catch of his medical kit, but couldn't get it free; and the effort was too much. Waves of relaxing darkness beat in upon his brain, and his fingers quit their fumbling and he hung limp in the chute harness, swaying slightly as the wind nudged and whined against him.

SALLY sat in the fire tower at Pine Knob, relaxed yet alert to spot the faintest telltale of smoke rising over the green horizons of timber below her. Her lovely young face was aglow with day-dreaming plans. She had decided to go back to school and finish work for her degree. The university had answered her request for readmittance with the news that, due to shortage of living quarters, it was necessary to discourage enrollment. Well, she could lick that obstacle.

Rooms were scarce, but domestic help was scarcer. She'd find some professor's wife who had a spare room, and she'd earn her keep by helping with the children. And this time, she'd be practical; she'd take teacher training, along with the art courses.

She had seen the Forest plane pass, and had seen a jumper drop into the timber. Her radio was on, and now she heard Pilot Dickerson report to the dispatcher.

"Dr. Mason has jumped, but he's landed 'way down in the canyon. He'll need a guide to take him up to the mine!"

So it was Dr. Mason who had jumped! Sally lifted her binoculars and studied the trees into which Neil had fallen.

She found the white cloth of the chutes, and then she saw the figure dangling in the web straps. The 8-power lenses brought the figure up close. She turned to the old hand-crank telephone.

"Mr. Carney!" she reported wildly to the dispatcher. "Dr. Mason's in trouble! He's hurt. He's badly hurt!"

She was almost crying, and Carney, deliberately offhand, said, "Take it easy, honey. Now say it slow."

But in a rush of breath she told him, "Dr. Mason's chute caught in the top of a big fir and he's hanging there like he's senseless, and his suit's ripped and the side all covered with b-blood!"

"Take a reading on him," Carney's voice crackled now. "I'll send Mapes and O'Reilly out pronto."

Sally picked up the binoculars again, wondering if she had gone off half-cocked and made an unnecessary alarm. But the glasses brought Dr. Mason close again. And through the fir branches she saw that he still hung limp in the harness. Her hands shaking, she swung the alidade around and took a reading on him of direction and height. . . .

The green Forest plane was back inside of twenty-five minutes. Sally had phoned in her reading. When the plane was in proper position, two smokejumpers plunged from the ship, one after the other, and drifted down under the chutes into Wilson Canyon.

Dick Mapes and John O'Reilly made "feather-bed" landings in the treetops. They unbuckled their chutes and lowered themselves with emergency lines to the ground.

It took the trained fire-fighters only a few minutes to locate Dr. Mason. But then they faced a baffling problem.

By handie-talkie Dick Mapes talked to Luke Carney, the dispatcher, in the plane. "Carney, we've found Dr. Mason—"

"How's he look?"

"He's just dangling there."

"Climb up after him."

"Carney, we can't do it. He's up in the top of a fir that's big enough to make a spar tree for a highball lumber outfit. He must be up there a hundred and thirty feet!"

"Climb it!"

"Man, this tree's six-seven feet in diameter and don't seem to taper any. We ain't squirrels! You need a high-rigger!"

THE plane banked into the north, crossed the summit and dipped down into Rock Creek Canyon, diving dangerously low over the McAfee Lumbering Company's No. 2 Camp. And Carney dropped a hastily scribbled note tied around a pair of pliers. The whistle punk snatched up the note and ran to the foreman, who unfolded it and read the message twice.

"WE GOT A JUMPER SNAGGED IN THE TOP OF A TREE OVER IN WILSON CANYON. SEND YOUR HIGH-CLIMBER OVER THERE RIGHT AWAY. URGENT. LUKE CARNEY."

Foreman Tim Jaeckel waved to the circling plane, then ran to the bunkhouse and yelled for Brazzel. Mike Brazzel, the McAfee Company's high-rigger, nodded when the foreman explained and grabbed up his safety belt and climbing irons. They jumped into a light pickup truck, and Jaeckel headed up the fire trail that switchbacked up the ridge.

It was low-gear traveling clear to the summit, and there the road ended. Jaeckel and Mike Brazzel left the truck and started down into Wilson Canyon afoot in long, plunging strides. They were sweating and blowing as they neared the bottom, but Jaeckel had enough wind to bawl, "Where are you?"

Mapes and O'Reilly, waiting in an agony of impatience under the big tree, whooped answer, yelling directions.

Mike Brazzel, a lean, sandy-haired giant, looked up at Dr. Mason, high above, and studied the giant fir.

"Reckon you can climb her?" Dick Mapes asked.

Brazzel glared at him and did not answer, just bent and buckled on his climbing irons. Then he picked up a coil

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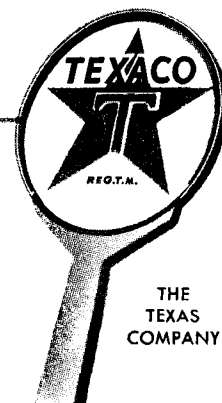
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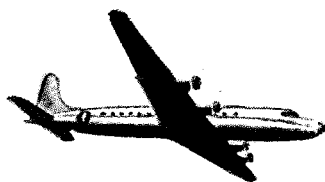
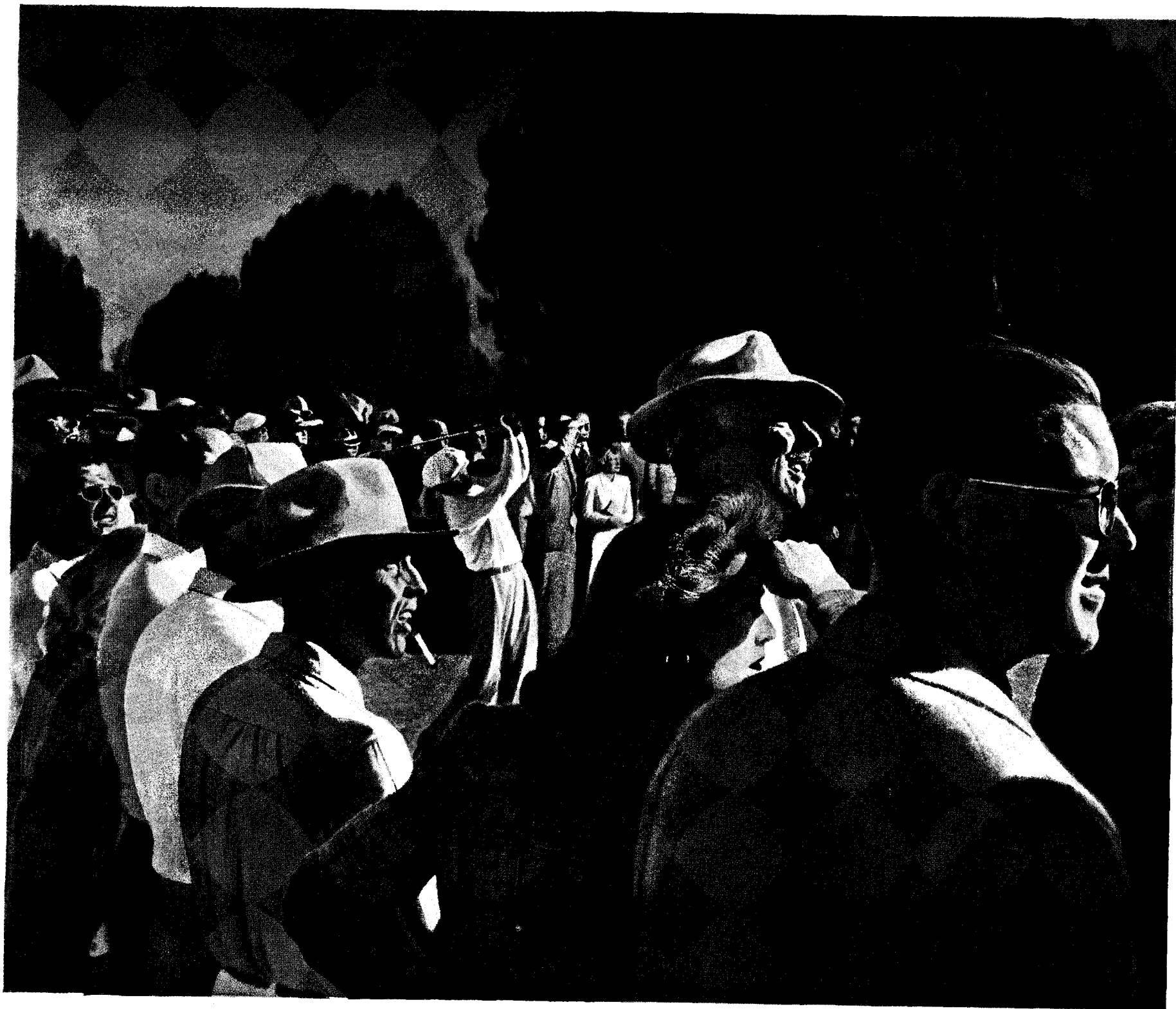


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of rope and moved to the tree, and flung his safety belt around the great trunk, cinched it, and started up—digging his spurs in deep, hitching the wire-cored safety line upward with a deft jerk.

Up, on up he went with an easy sureness that looked almost indolent in its perfection, that looked slow but was actually fast. He reached Dr. Mason's height, and he dug both spurs in securely and leaned back on his safety belt. He unfastened the coil of rope from around his lean waist. Then, reaching out, he pulled Dr. Mason close to the trunk, and he fastened the rope to Dr. Mason's parachute harness. He had no block, no pulley; so he passed the rope over a five-inch limb, and dropped the coiled slack to the men below. Grasping the parachute lines together, then, he slashed them like a bunch of celery with his belt knife.

Then he started down, guiding Dr. Mason's limp figure with one arm while the men below eased on the rope, gently lowering the doctor. There was red on Mike Brazzel's hand, but he did not bother to wipe it.

Dr. Mason's big medical pack had been dropped from the plane, and the smoke-jumpers had taken the Stokes stretcher out and had it ready.

to him, and he could not stifle the groans.

There was a windfall to cross, a jumble of down timber that made carrying the Stokes basket a sweating ordeal of strain and juggling; and a gulch like a deep slit trench with treacherous, caving sides; and always the climbing, the heaving effort to ascend through tangles of buckbrush and chinquapin and thorny devil's-club. And when a man slipped and almost dropped his hold, the others glared at him.

Neil's pain was constant. But he was unaware of his moaning, unaware of his harsh catches of breath and of his gritting teeth.

It was more than young Mapes could stand. "Do something for 'im, Jaeckel! Steve Lathrop was hurt just as bad, but he fixed Steve so he didn't suffer! Do something for 'im, for God's sake!"

"All we can do is keep moving," Jaeckel said heavily.

They kept moving, their faces stiff with torment.

That bandage on Neil's side became suffused with seeping red. And after a bit, his moaning ceased entirely.

"He's dead!" Mapes gasped.

"Damn you," Jaeckel raged. "Shut up!" . . .

They reached the summit of the ridge,

Why, he's sleeping now. Dr. Eames says he'll be fit as a fiddle in a few days. 'By . . . Golly, Sis, that phone just never stops ringing. . . . Oh, hello! Yes, we got the flowers, Mrs. Lane. He isn't awake yet, but he'll enjoy them later. Doc Eames says he'll be weak for a while, and in some pain, but he's definitely out of danger. . . . Oh, yes, the books came! He isn't reading yet, but they'll be a help. . . . That's very sweet of you, Mrs. Carney. The down comforter was a lifesaver! It's so light and warm, and we had only heavy blankets for him. 'By . . . Sis, I'm wearing down. Seems as if everybody in town has to be told personally that he's all right!"

THE sounds faded, and he slept. He came to, then, with a start, aware of people in the room.

"How're you feeling, Dr. Mason?" It was Mrs. Haynes, and Sally was with her.

"All right, I guess," Neil answered. "Where am I?"

"I had them bring you here to my house. You needed someone to look after you. Say, Doc Eames is here and a couple fellows who dropped in to see how you were making out. I'll tell Doc that you're awake now."

"Wait! Tell me— That man at the Applejack Mine that I started out to treat—"

"Don't have him on your conscience, Dr. Mason. He died just about the time you were starting out."

She sent Doc Eames in, and with him came Mike Brazzel, the climber, and Luke Carney. They came in with the gingery carefulness of big men afraid of being clumsy, and they nodded and looked serious. Doc Eames alone seemed in high good humor.

"Hi, Neil! I've been telling the boys that you're okay, but they wanted to see for themselves. They worked so hard bringing you out of the woods that they hate to think that maybe all that sweatin' went for nothing!"

He guffawed, and they grinned.

"But we darn' near lost you, at that," Eames went on, more soberly. "You'd just about drained yourself of blood. Good thing for me that you've pulled through, or the boys would've rode me out of town on a rail! You know, lad, I gave you four direct whole-blood transfusions. Say, you'd've been tickled. I asked for donors, and half the doggone county volunteered, seemed like, and the people I turned down got sore at me until I told 'em that they were the wrong type. Boy," he said, "you've literally got the blood of this town in your veins, now."

It's good blood. It's given me life, Neil told himself.

"Anything you need, Doc?" Mike Brazzel asked him.

And Carney, bending over the bed, said, "Look, Doc, maybe you've got expenses. The boys want to take care of that—"

"You go to hell," Doc Eames snapped at Carney. "I take care of Young Doc myself. Professional courtesy. Now let's get out. Young Doc can use some more rest."

They left, with subdued so-longs. Doc. Young Doc. Not Dr. Mason. . . . Neil was smiling, and Sally looked curiously at him.

"You're grinning as if you'd just won a big jack pot."

"I have," Neil murmured. He looked up at her bright face a moment. "Say, Sally—"

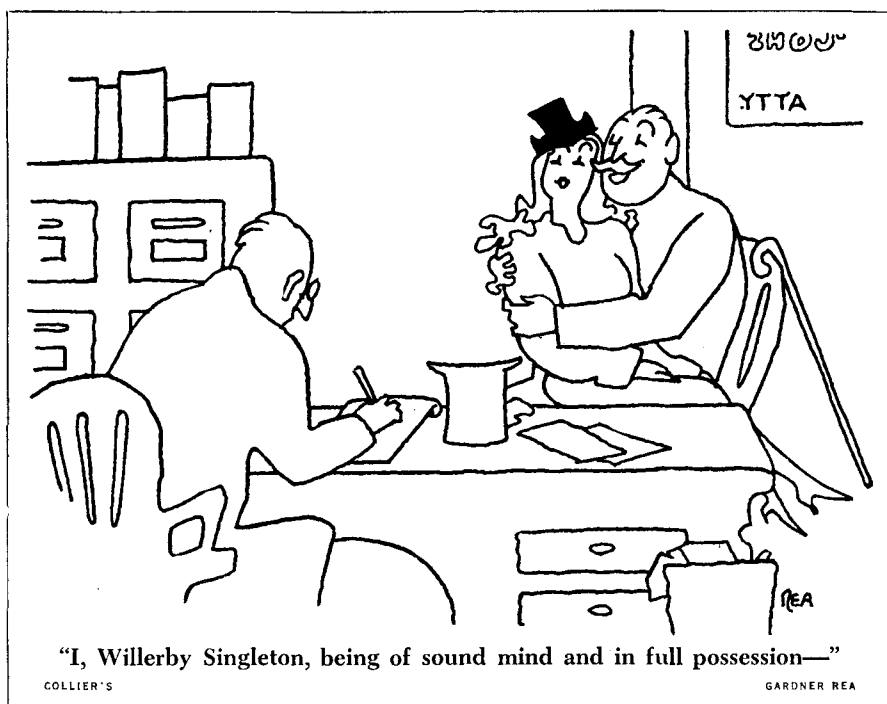
"Yes?"

"When I'm up again, would you go to the movies with me some night?" he asked her.

"Why, Neil, I'd love to."

His smile broadened. Young Dr. Mason felt warm all through; warm and safe. Young Doc was happy.

THE END



Carefully they laid Dr. Mason in it. He stirred with returning consciousness and the awareness of pain. Big Tim Jaeckel pressed a fat wad of gauze over the gaping slash in Dr. Mason's side.

"Serum albumen," Dr. Mason said thickly. "In arm—in vein." He tried to direct them, but was too weak.

Jaeckel found the right hypo, but his thick, calloused fingers were not deft at directing the needle into a vein. He tried, sweating and swearing, but hardly half of the 100 c.c. flowed into Neil Mason's blood stream.

It wasn't enough. Neil knew he should have more; and morphine, to ease the pain. But he couldn't manage his tongue, and then he passed out again.

Jaeckel said, "We got to carry him up the ridge."

IT SEEMED easy, at first; four men to a stretcher. But they had not gone fifty yards up the slope before they were panting; and presently they had to stop to rest. Considerately they broke step, and tried to keep the stretcher level and smooth in motion. But Dr. Mason's lean body seemed to gather weight as the slope steepened, to gather so much weight that it became a desperate effort to keep moving at all. It was impossible not to tilt the stretcher, and only the straps kept him from falling out.

Then partial consciousness returned

## Never neglect a leg scratch



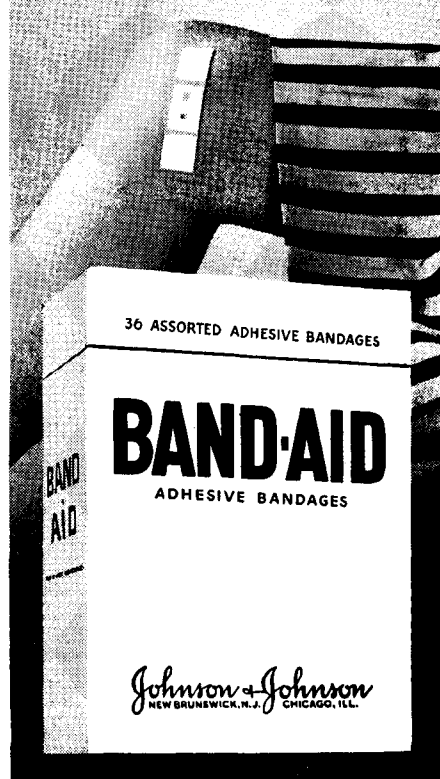
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## The Shiftless Man

Continued from page 21

should I have to rush downtown and hang out my shingle today?"

"What do you hang out a shingle for?" I asked him.

Mr. Banks said it was just a round-about way of getting ulcers, and Mitch told him about Father's and how they made him cross. Mr. Banks was watching Rex. Rex had found a shovel and he was bringing it to the porch.

"Does the dog do the gardening?" Mr. Banks asked.

I said, "He just likes to chew on things. Once he brought home a gate, but it was a little one. Father says he is teething."

Cousin Jane opened the kitchen window and hollered, "Edgar! You and Mitch come in here."

"We're talking to this man," Mitch hollered back. "The one who is shiftless."

"Never mind—I want you in here," she yelled.

We were standing close to Mr. Banks, so he didn't need to holler, but he did. "You see what I mean? Determined to have her own way, right or wrong. She's stubborn as a mule!"

"That's me. Mother says so," Mitch told him, and then he hollered to Cousin Jane. "His name is Mr. Banks and he hangs out shingles."

"I don't care," Cousin Jane yelled. "Do you want me to come after you?"

So we went in the house and Cousin Jane told us to take Rex and go out in front and play. It was kind of cloudy and she said to come right home if it started to sprinkle. She said she didn't want us getting wet and catching cold.

There was a creek at the bottom of the hill and we went down there. The creek ran under the road through a tunnel, but the bars at each end kept you out. Where the water ran in, the bars were kind of loose, but we couldn't move them enough to get into the tunnel. We sent boats through, and Mitch stood at one end of the tunnel and I stood at the other and we looked at each other between the bars, like being in jail.

Rex found an automobile wheel in the creek and I guess he wanted it to chew on, but it was too heavy and we got wet, helping him. When Cousin Jane came to get us for supper, she was mad. She said she didn't understand why Mother wasn't gray.

AFTER supper we went outside and climbed up on the fence. Mr. Banks was lying in the yard on his stomach. Mitch asked him what he was doing.

"Watching ants," Mr. Banks said.

I asked if we could watch too, and he said certainly, and we slid off the fence on his side. Rex wanted to come with us and tried to jump the fence, but he wouldn't let go of the shovel. Mr. Banks said something would have to be done or the fence would collapse, so he knocked off two boards and let Rex in with us.

"A gate was needed," Mr. Banks said. "That proves I am a man of action. I'm right there in an emergency. Otherwise I watch ants."

We all lay down on our stomachs and watched the ants. One got on Rex's paw and he ate it, but he didn't like it and he went away and started to bury the shovel.

"I like this especially because there is no future in it," Mr. Banks said. "You can't beat watching ants in your own back yard. I got way ahead on my emergencies during the war, and now I have to catch up on my ant-watching. What's wrong with that?"

"Nothing," I said.

"She won't see it that way," Mr. Banks said. "She doesn't want to. She's stubborn. Suppose I did give in to her? What kind of a way is that to start a marriage?"

"Are you married?" Mitch asked.

"I am not."

"Well, why don't you get married?" Mitch asked him.

Mr. Banks said, "If it comes to that, why don't you?"

"I got married last Saturday," Mitch told him. "I won't tell who it was, because I promised Dorothy I wouldn't."

"He really isn't married," I said. "He's just making believe."

"That's the best way," Mr. Banks said. "Then if you don't like it, you can pretend you're not married again. Is this Dorothy a bossy female?"

"She has a bicycle," Mitch said.

"I see. Tell me, do you think it's better than being able to watch ants whenever you want?"

Before Mitch could answer Cousin Jane looked through the hole in the fence and asked me, "Who wrecked my fence, Edgar?"

"Our fence," Mr. Banks said. "I did it."

Cousin Jane did not hear him. She said, "Come along now, boys, and get cleaned up for bed."

in she was mad again. She said she didn't want to catch us talking to him, because he was a bad influence and she hated him.

We had a bath and then looked at the colored pictures of people's insides until Cousin Jane took the book away from us. She said we weren't old enough for such things, and when Mitch asked her how old we had to be she said never mind, and if we weren't undressed in two minutes we'd be sorry.

Mother always let us say our prayers in bed, because she said it was possible to be pure in heart and comfortable at the same time. But Cousin Jane made us kneel on the floor, because that was how she had been taught. I said my prayers all right, but Mitch crossed his fingers on both hands and I knew he was going to say his again when he got in bed, and didn't want these to count. . . .

In the morning it was cloudy again and Cousin Jane said that was all she

"Once Edgar got his mouth washed out with soap," Mitch said. "Cousin Jane says she hates you."

"No," Mr. Banks said. "She just loves her own way. Watch ants, if you want to know what work does to you. Ants are always busy accomplishing nothing, trying to go two ways at once, or getting hysterical over a bee's wing."

"Once I watched a bee and stung myself on him," Mitch said. "But I didn't cry—very much."

COUSIN JANE came out on the porch and hollered at Mitch, and Rex thought she was calling him. Mr. Banks hollered at Mitch, too, though he didn't need to. "Ask her why. Ask her what's wrong with the back yard."

"I don't like the people you meet there," Cousin Jane yelled. "Besides, it's going to rain."

"Rats!" Mr. Banks hollered. "Tell her this is merely a high fog."

"Did you ever watch rats?" Mitch asked. "Once I had twenty-one white rats. Two big ones and nineteen babies. Father said he was going out of his mind, but he didn't."

"Edgar and Mitchell!" Cousin Jane hollered. "Come in this minute! Do you want to get wet?"

"Yes," Mitch hollered.

Mr. Banks yelled at me, "Tell her it's a high fog. Anyone can see that. Tell her not to be so stubborn." Then a big drop of water hit him on the nose and he said, "Oh, my God, it's a conspiracy. Even the elements!"

"I watched the circus lots of times," Mitch said.

Cousin Jane stamped her foot on the porch, so we went in the house. We watched the rain from the front room. For a while it rained so hard the water bounced off the ground. It was like a cloudburst and the water ran down the gutters and we wanted to go out, but Cousin Jane said it wasn't fit weather for a dog to be out in, but when we wanted to bring Rex in she said certainly not. She said being big as one didn't make him a house dog.

Then it stopped raining and Cousin Jane said we could go out if we put our rubbers on and didn't get wet. Water still ran in the gutter and we sailed paper boats down and Rex grabbed them. He liked to play in the water, too. The creek at the bottom of the hill was all muddy, and almost big as a river. Rex remembered the wheel, but the water was over his head and he came out all wet and shook himself, and splattered water on us.

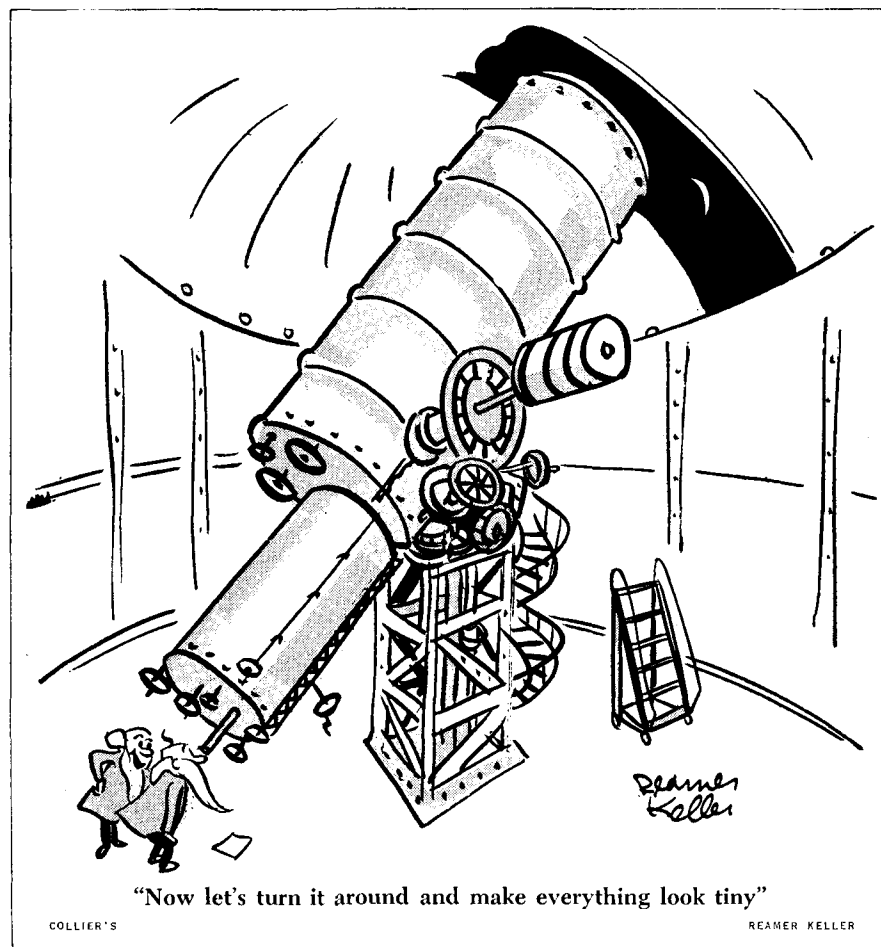
That made us pretty wet, so we thought it would be all right to play in the creek for a while. We went to the tunnel, where the water ran under the road. The iron bars that were loose had fallen down, and we went close as we could and tried to look in.

I don't know if Rex wanted to take the iron bars home, or if he thought it was a big gopher hole, or what, but he jumped into the creek, and the water ran so fast it rolled him over and into the tunnel. We yelled at him, but he didn't answer and we couldn't see him, so we ran across the road to the other side, and there he was. Rex was too big to get through the bars, and he was trying to swim, but his head kept going under.

Mitch hollered, "He's drowning!"

I thought so, too, the way Rex kind of choked instead of barking, and I felt scared and funny inside. We ran back over the road and I told Mitch to wait and I would get Rex out.

I tried to wade into the tunnel, but the water was too fast and I fell down. I thought I never would come up, and I scraped my face on the bottom, and then I hit the bars at the end with a bump and grabbed them and stood up. I was full of water, even in my eyes. Rex was glad to see me and tried to climb on me, and I held his head up so he



"We're watching these ants," Mitch told her.

Mr. Banks said, "We are a bunch of sluggards, learning how not to waste energy."

"Come over here where you belong," Cousin Jane said. She did not even know Mr. Banks was there.

"We have to see what these ants are going to do," Mitch told her.

"Don't be stubborn," Cousin Jane said. "Though if it's catching I could understand it."

"Mr. Banks kind of groaned. "Oh, God! Now I am stubborn."

"He's not married, either," Mitch said.

"That doesn't surprise me," Cousin Jane said. "Are you coming, or must I use force?"

So we went in the house. Cousin Jane got a hammer and was going to fix the fence, but Rex wanted one of the boards to chew on, and he growled at her when she tried to take it. Rex scares people because he is big, but he hardly ever bites anybody unless he gets excited.

Cousin Jane and Mr. Banks started to holler at each other and when she came

needed, to have it rain so we couldn't get out of the house. After breakfast we went out in the back yard and Mitch gave Rex his poached egg. It was kind of gooey and he had to let Rex lick it off his fingers a little at a time, but he almost had his pouches cleaned out when Mr. Banks looked over the fence and said good morning.

"We're not supposed to talk to you," I said. "But I guess you can talk to us."

"You're a bad influence," Mitch told him. "Why don't you get married?"

"You should know," Mr. Banks said. Mitch thought for a minute and then asked, "Is it because you are shiftless?"

"I am free, white and twenty-six," Mr. Banks said. "A man is as old as he feels and the race is not always to the Aryan, but I insist on freedom. Does that answer the question?"

"I don't know," Mitch said. "What's Aryan?"

"A myth I helped explode," Mr. Banks said. "In so doing, I took all the orders I plan to take for some time. Also I was pretty busy, and I earned a rest. Work is a curse."

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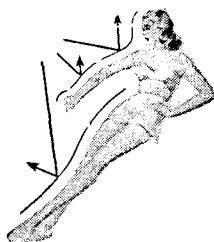
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could breathe. I could hear Mitch yelling, but Rex kept kissing me, so I couldn't answer.

Mitch ran over the road again and looked in the bars and told me, "You better get out of there. She told us not to play in the water and she'll be mad."

I knew she would be mad, but I couldn't get out. The water was too fast.

"What'll we do?" Mitch asked. "She'll be awful mad, like Father was the time Rex jumped in the manhole and the firemen had to get him out."

I didn't know what to do, and then I thought about Mr. Banks. I said maybe he'd get us out, if he wasn't busy, and Mitch ran to ask him if he was busy.

It seemed like a long time, and the water was cold. Instead of Mr. Banks, Cousin Jane came. She looked through the bars at me and said, "Edgar, what are you doing in there?"

"Holding up Rex's head," I said. "Get out of there this instant," she told me. "That water is filthy!"

I told her I couldn't get out, because the water was too fast, and she crossed over the road and came in after me. She didn't fall down the way I did, but she was wet and awful mad.

"Wait till I get you home," she said. But she couldn't, the water was too fast. She wouldn't go without me, and I wouldn't go without Rex, and when we tried we fell down and she got wet all over, like us.

Cousin Jane hollered for help and I hollered and Rex barked, but for a long time nobody came. Then Mr. Banks came and looked in the bars and asked Cousin Jane, "What are you doing in there?"

"We can't get out," Cousin Jane said. "Oh, Bill, get us out before we drown."

Mr. Banks pulled on the bars, but he couldn't budge them. Then he ran across the road and came in the tunnel. He said, "Poor baby," and grabbed Cousin Jane, but she told him to take me first, and I said take Rex, so he did.

He carried me out and I sat down on the bank beside Rex. I guess Cousin Jane forgot Mr. Banks was a bad influence and about hating him, because when they came out she kissed him and said, "Oh, Bill. Oh, darling."

"Poor baby, she's shivering," Mr. Banks said. "My God, if anything happened to you! When I saw you in there, I *knew*! I'm a fool, Janey, and I'll go downtown tomorrow and I'll work twenty-four hours a day if you say so."

"No—I want you near me," Cousin Jane said. "I do—I'm just stubborn."

"You are not," Mr. Banks told her. "You're marvelous. I'll do anything you say, and I'll stop being shiftless."

"You aren't shiftless," Cousin Jane said. "I'm so cold!"

"Yes, I am," Mr. Banks said. "If a man wants a home and a family—I mean, there are responsibilities. I mean, you take when a man has someone like you to work for—"

"Oh, Bill," Cousin Jane said.

"Oh, baby," Mr. Banks said.

"Oh, darling," Cousin Jane said. "I'm freezing. Hold me closer."

I WENT up on the road. Mitch was there. He said, "She caught me and asked where you were. I didn't want to tell, but she made me. Is she awful mad?"

"I don't know," I said.

Mitch looked over the edge of the road and asked, "What's he kissing her for? Did she hurt herself?"

Mr. Banks carried Cousin Jane up to the road. He asked Mitch, "How does it feel to be married?"

"Okay, I guess," Mitch said. "I feel about the same."

"I'm going to try it," Mr. Banks said. "And we'll never quarrel again, will we, darling?"

"No, darling," Cousin Jane said. "I honestly didn't mean you were shiftless."

Mr. Banks started up the hill, carrying Cousin Jane and talking to her. I followed them, but Mitch stayed there, looking over the bank at the creek. When we were almost home he called me and I went back.

"I guess Rex is stubborn too," Mitch said. "Is there something in the tunnel he wants? He went back in."

We slid down the bank and looked through the bars at Rex. He was trying to swim and kind of choking again, and I told Mitch, "You go and get Mr. Banks and I'll hold Rex's head up again."

THE END





## Any Week

Continued from page 4

AMONG the cultural items that we have collected in wandering around the South is that Jerry Willis of Bogalusa, Louisiana, is directing a chorus of bullfrogs with a flashlight. Mr. Willis is sixteen years old. Near his home is a pond hugely populated by frogs. Young Mr. Willis has discovered that turning his flashlight full upon a frog will induce it to sing. There are frogs of all voices—bass and tenor and, Mr. Willis finds, coloratura soprano. He has not yet gotten his chorus to sing a complete composition but he has managed to draw from them the first sixteen bars of America. Or so we hear.

JUST as we were leaving New Orleans we met Mrs. Martha Brideling, who has decided to do something about the noise. We met her at an apropos moment, too. We got traffic-jammed in a wedding procession. The guests were beating drums, blowing trumpets and, between blasts, screaming. Cops were blowing whistles. Taxi horns were demanding to be let through. Crowds on the curbs were cheering. Mrs. Brideling told us at the top of her voice that this was nothing unusual. "There are a lot of people here who'd like to think," said she. "But how can they with this sort of thing going on night and day? It doesn't take a wedding,

either. I'm going to start a movement," she screamed.

IT WAS in Baytown, Texas, that we saw a sign in a liquor store: "Whisky Good and Bad." We happened to be in Baytown with Mr. Carl Stimson, engineer and naturalist, of Houston. And Mr. Stimson had taken us there to hear crayfish chuckle. He says that while it is well known to him that crayfish chuckle, shout and after heavy rains croon, they do it better and louder in Baytown than anywhere else. All we can report is that we heard a number of strange voices in pools where crayfish were lurking but when we suggested frogs Mr. Stimson seemed offended.

CONTRARY to opinion prevailing in one or two small places, we are not a popular hero. We've just got a letter from Mr. C. C. Tornstille of Lincoln, Nebraska, in which he says: "Everything you write reveals that you are a cowardly moron. You probably never owned a piece of property in your life or knew the feel of a cool ten-dollar bill. You came to this country as a stowaway and changed your name to cheat the government. I wrote this up for the paper but you are all alike in your racket. They wouldn't take it." . . . W. D.

## A Friend of Colin's

Continued from page 20

A circle of hearty young men in a far corner, one who stared at Stacie in the rudest possible way, and then Colin detaching himself and coming toward her.

With a gesture of her head Stacie made her way through the crowd to him. Her Colin. Tall, good-looking in a thin and wicked—a Mephistophelian—way, Colin was the mildest, the most humorous of men. And the rude man accompanying him was a little shorter, a little wider in the shoulders—Gunner Witlock.

"Hello, repulsive," said Colin.

Stacie would have answered in kind, but she was already steadying herself against the shock of clear angry gray eyes, a stubborn mouth which gave out with no pleasure at Colin's introduction.

Seldom had dislike boiled up so readily in Stacie. She kept her hand to herself, murmured a necessary word or two, and said they might as well sit here in the lounge for their cocktails.

Colin flagged a waiter.

"Well, Mr. Witlock," Stacie said, too politely, "how do you like our town?"

Mr. Witlock gave her an offended glance. "I've hardly seen it yet."

Their drinks arrived, and Stacie said, "We'll have to take you around."

"I don't have much time for that kind of stuff," said Gunner Witlock. "I usually stay at the factory pretty late."

Stacie stared dreamily out the window. She had not known that dislike could be a pleasant thing.

Waving to people she knew, accepting a cigarette and a light from Colin, she withdrew into a guarded silence. The talk was now about the optical company where Gunner had got the exact job he wanted, to work on a certain kind of lens. Very dull. Something about shadows being reduced to a minimum, and rocket experiments and split-second pictures.

"I wish you luck," said Colin. There was a table for them now, and he herded them into the dining room. "Personally, I've had enough of that business to last me the rest of my life. But if you want to get yourself blown up I don't see why you shouldn't be allowed to."

"The only time anyone gets blown up," said Gunner, "is when some damn fool is careless."

Her chair, her coat. Then her back was to the window where there might be a draft, so Colin made her change. Sitting down himself at last, he put his hand over Stacie's and told Gunner about the small farmhouse they had bought on the edge of town and were remodeling. And wasn't his girl a nice little thing, plain but wholesome? Gunner's look implied that this was too good for her.

BETWEEN the fish file and the desert Colin caught sight of the Sibley boy, who had just got back from China. Excusing himself, he dashed out after the Marine uniform.

This made it necessary for Gunner to turn his undesired attention on Stacie. First he finished his coffee and then he said, "What makes you bleach your hair in front?"

Smiling, Stacie was aware of sprightly stimulation. "Well," she said, "I thought I'd try it in front first—and then if it's successful I can do it all. What do you think?"

He looked at her face, at her beige wool dress, at the diamond on her left hand, and said, "You've got a nerve."

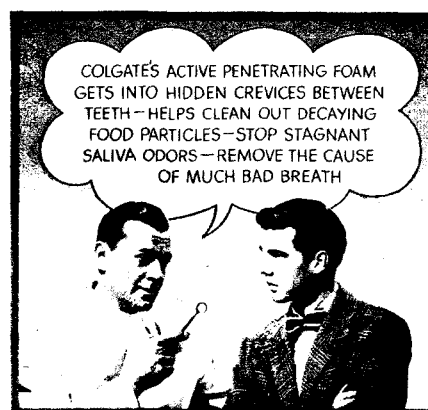
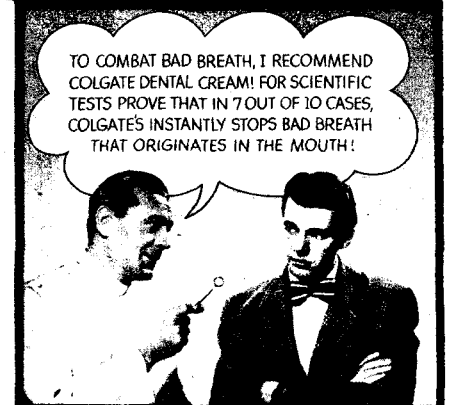
"No," said Stacie coldly. "You asked for it."

Without offering her one, he lighted a cigarette and spoke. If you could believe it, the words were: "It had to be this way," but you couldn't.

About to demand that he repeat whatever he had said, she saw with relief that Colin was coming back. In his masculine obtuseness Colin beamed on them, convinced that they had used this interval to begin a warm friendship.

Fifteen minutes later, although it seemed longer to Stacie, the two men stood beside her car in the parking lot of the club. Colin kissed her through the rolled-down window, and Stacie's next move was to offer some kind of hospitality to Gunner Witlock, the stranger in town. Colin said, "It's no use trying to get old Gunner to go out on the town

# I Hate Wimmin!





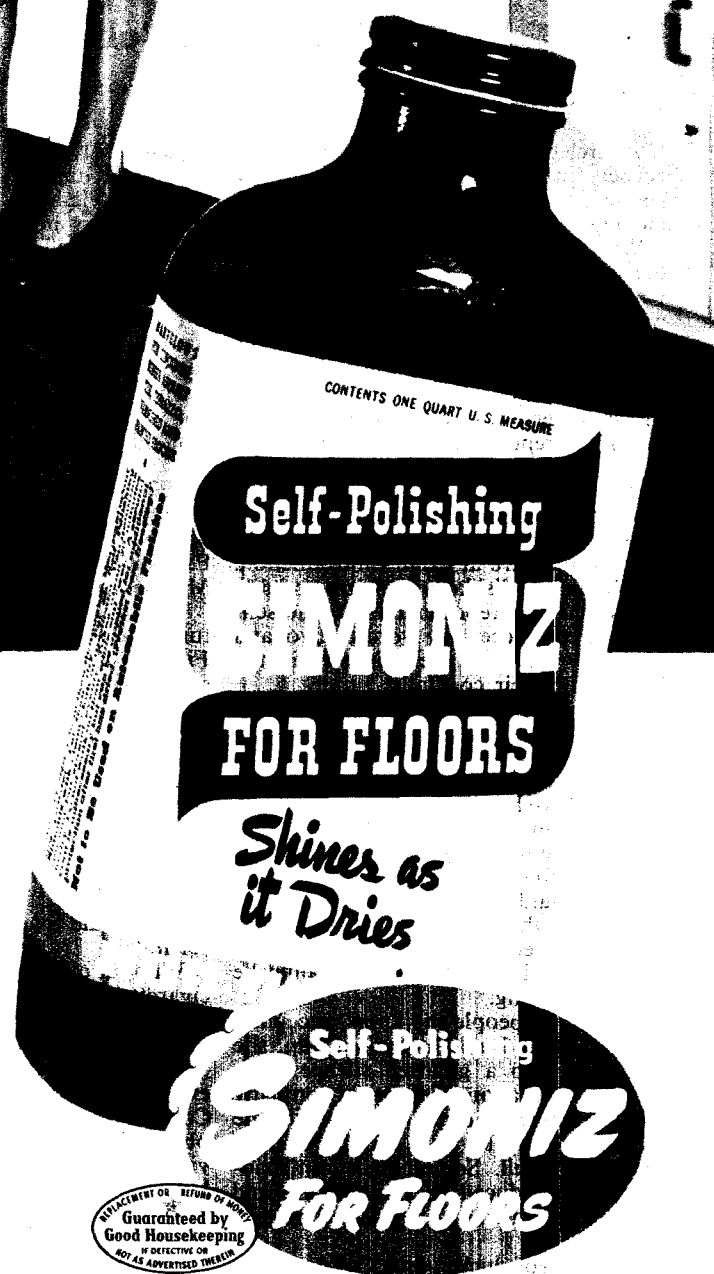
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with us during the week—we'll have to wait until Saturday night. There's a basketball game at the university. He likes basketball."

"All right," she said optimistically. "We'll show him the spots on Saturday. Goodbye please."

The optimism was for the time element. This was Tuesday, and the Gunner person might reasonably break a leg by Saturday.

At home she told her mother about him. "He doesn't care," she said. "Nothing would give him more pleasure than to ruin a formal wedding. He'll probably go barging around having private storms of his own, and he'll ask people where they got their awful hats—"

"Don't worry about it, darling," said her mother who was at the telephone in her own room. "Florists," she muttered, running her hand down a page of the phone book. "Jordan's have some white lilacs ready to open in their greenhouses, but they said I'd better see if I could round up more—hello, hello! The operators are having their naps, I guess. Darling, he must be all right if Colin likes him."

She gave the number to an unapologetic operator, got it immediately, persuaded a new florist that he could secure masses of white lilacs by the third of April, and hung up.

Her beaver coat still on, Stacie sat on the end of the chaise longue and looked without resignation at her mother.

"He scares me," she said. "He doesn't like me any better than I like him, and I have this feeling that he'd spoil things between Colin and me if he could."

Mrs. Hutton twisted around in her chair and smiled lovingly. "Dummy," she said. "How could he?"

Jumping up suddenly she came over and put her hand on Stacie's forehead. "I thought you looked feverish," she said. "But I guess not."

"I'm up to nine hundred probably, and no wonder. It's ages since I've hated anyone."

Her mother laughed. "You've never hated anyone. You've never had to . . . And look, darling," Mrs. Hutton went back to the desk, straightened things, put the telephone book away, "you and Colin have been engaged a long time, since before he went away, and you've been so darned patient. What I want to say—" she sat down—"is that if you two decide suddenly you don't want to wait till April—it'll be all right with me."

Stacie stood up, picked up her handbag and gloves. "You mean you don't want the big show?"

"Oh, I want it. As a matter of fact," her mother grinned, "I've planned it ever since the day you were born. But I just feel you and Colin are being too noble about the whole thing."

"Noble nothing," said Stacie and hugged her mother. "We want it this way too. No elopements for us."

**T**HE March storm, that had to come before the back of winter could be broken, blew in the next day, piling up snow and freezing it in layers. But Colin got through, with snow in his eyebrows and caked on his galoshes, leaving his car stalled two blocks away.

Sitting beside him on the couch, the wood fire snapping gently, Stacie was aware that now, at this moment, she was happy. His arm around her, Colin talked about the difficulties the leather-goods factory was having with help and material, but it would come out all right . . . This weather might hold up the remodeling work on the farmhouse, and they talked about that. And about a snag which had developed over their passage to Bermuda, where they hoped to spend their honeymoon. All unimportant. Contentment and security wrapped Stacie. If the storm kept up perhaps nobody would have any dates Saturday night.

Joyce called her the next morning.

"Who was the attractive man you and Colin had lunch with day before yesterday?" she asked at once.

"Attractive?" screamed Stacie.

"Oh. You don't like him?"

Hastily Stacie said, "He's a friend of Colin's. He's very nice."

"Ha!" said Joyce. "What don't you like about him?"

"As usual, darling, you have the wrong idea. I don't dislike Gunner Witlock. He was in the Navy with Colin. He's now in the research department at Bemish's. He's going to be Colin's best man. Anything else?"

"Not just now. And thank you very much. I was afraid you were trying to put one over on me."

Sweetly, for her, Joyce said goodbye and hung up. Stacie hung up with some force. If it were not for the fact that her mother and Mrs. Chalmers had been best friends since boarding-school days, Joyce would not be in her wedding party.

By Friday the sun was working over the snow like a silent vacuum cleaner, and only the highest banks remained. The sidewalks and streets were dark and wet, and all week-end dates in this small inland city could be kept.

Colin and Gunner arrived together to

Actually the only thing wrong that Gunner did was to stand with his back squarely to Stacie, so that she was cut off from the circle. She could easily have moved, but she did not. When she was sure that Colin was looking at her she smoothed her hair with an elegant gesture—where it was golden—and looked steadily at Gunner's shoulders.

Laughing, Colin moved around to her and asked in a low voice, "What are you playing?"

"A new game, and I'm afraid I don't know the rules."

"Huh?" said Colin, amazed. Her voice had been sharper than she meant it to be.

**P**EOPLE were going back, and they went up to their seats, climbing over galoshes and scarfs and overcoats. Morosely Stacie sat, her eyes following the ball with no idea of what the score was . . . She had been right when she told her mother she was afraid.

After the game, with planned doggedness, she agreed to Colin's suggestion that they go downtown to see if the town was still there. She'd stick this thing out if it killed her, which it probably would.

The best music was at one of the hotels, where in summer you danced on the

make anyone who didn't know better believe him to be warm-hearted, sincere, responsive.

The Morrow kid came back with a promise of chairs, so that they could all sit here. And as the music started up, Joyce and Gunner were on their way to the middle of the floor.

"Joyce is wonderful," said Colin, holding Stacie close and dancing his smooth special steps which she loved. "She can get along with anyone."

Stacie could not. That was what Colin meant. She was inept and snooty and got along only with her own friends. She took burns unjustly and could not give a stranger a break. *Colin, darling, don't let him do this to us.*

She danced with the Morrow kid, who was marvelous, like all the kids his age. But at twenty-three Stacie was no longer a kid.

Then, "Dance," said Gunner, standing beside her chair. It was a threat. Proudly Stacie rose, and would not shrink when his arm went around her. Like an iron bar his arm was, just above her waistline, and all her senses seemed focused on it, watchfully. He said something: She thought his arm tightened but could not be sure. In despair she looked up at him.

"I said relax," said Gunner. "I've danced before."

She wanted to hit him. Instead, she stood still in the middle of the floor, while the other dancers bumped into them. His arm released her slowly.

"You don't have to hold me so tight," she said in a low, fierce voice. "Nor push me. I can follow you without that. If I find I can't, we can always give the whole thing up."

"Let's give it up now," said Gunner.

**T**HE next day, Sunday, Colin came over in the afternoon the way he always did. He kissed Stacie the way he always did. Either he had forgotten, or he knew it to be unimportant, that she and Gunner Witlock would never be friends.

"We could go out to the house," said Stacie. "They promised to have the floors laid in the old rooms this week—and probably the storm only held them up for one day."

"Swell," said Colin.

"Yes, get her out of here," said her mother. "She's as restless as a cat."

"I am not," said Stacie. "Let's walk out."

"Walk!" cried Colin in agony. "It's three miles!"

"Nobody gets enough exercise."

"I do," said Colin. "Did you say she's only restless?"

"Well, I hope that's all it is," said her mother.

"Oh, you two," said Stacie. "Everyone's always yipping about exercise and when I suggest a walk you act as though I'd gone out of my mind."

It was a cold day with a sharp, high wind and the sidewalks were dry. They walked fast, hand in hand. When Colin would have loosened his, Stacie clung.

"Hello," he said.

"Hi," said Stacie.

"This was a good idea—better than sitting in a stuffy movie."

"I hate movies," said Stacie to her surprise. They had sat through hundreds of movies, most of which she had enjoyed. Today she would definitely have gone crazy if she had had to sit for three hours.

Beyond the city line there were no more sidewalks, but the roads were dry and traffic was light. They passed the little stand of trees which hid their house, and there it was. They stood and looked at it long and sentimentally. The new ell, stark on the weathered old farmhouse, was not yet painted and the boards were golden in the sun. Little dots of white paper marked the center of each small pane of glass. These, Colin said, were to keep carpenters and masons from thrust-



"These home remedies are no good. Call the witch doctor"

take Stacie to the basketball game. Stacie thought: Pooh, he's nothing in my life, and said brightly, "Hello, Gunner." Gunner looked intensely surprised.

"We can all get in the front seat," said Colin. Stacie slid in, sitting as close to Colin as possible. No doubt she imagined that Gunner squeezed himself up against the door, but there were certainly a good six inches between them. With Colin's arm around her as he drove, she could be kind to his friend. She was, with questions and light remarks. Gunner smoked, and answered in monosyllables, if at all.

But once inside the gymnasium, Gunner was no trouble at all. From the moment the whistle blew he sat hunched forward, his eyes following the fast and skillful game in a strictly critical way.

At the half he tramped with them down into the stone corridor below the stands for cigarettes and Cokes. This was where Colin had gone to school. There were people here they knew, and they were soon the center of a small group.

roof and in winter in a cleared space in the dining room. They stood in the doorway of the dining room, looked over the filled tables, and at once Stacie saw a high leopardskin hat that she recognized. Oh, well, Joyce was bound to be here.

Joyce saw them and waved, with a clank of bracelets. No other table was available, and Stacie, followed by the two men, made her way sideways through the narrow spaces. The Morrow kid, back from the war, was Joyce's young and unimportant date.

Everyone said hello, and she smiled straight at Gunner until someone got around to introducing him. Then she shook his hand with unnecessary fervor, saying, "Hello, Gunner. Stacie has told me all about you."

Of course Joyce was attractive, with great black eyes and an almost sinful way of wearing clothes, but Stacie had not known that Joyce was that good: Gunner was actually smiling. Stacie stared at him. It was the first time she had seen him smile, a deceptive thing that would

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ing ladders or elbows through the glass. If they couldn't see the panes Stacie wondered how they could see the little dots.

He turned the key in the new lock. A ghost's embrace could not have been chillier than the dead cold air inside the house. As they had half expected, the rough old floors downstairs had not been touched, but back in the kitchen, handsome bathroom equipment was strewn about.

"Such a lovely color," said Stacie turning her back on the raspberry-tinted porcelain.

"And so becoming," said Colin.

"You," said Stacie.

Huddled in their coats they stood looking into the long new living room made by the ell. Over it was their bedroom which they had agreed might some day have to be turned into a dormitory for a very large family. Home, where they were to live in love and contentment for all their days. It was why Stacie had wanted to come out here today. She needed the feeling of security that the sound little house would give her.

**B**UT nothing happened. It was only a house, and the ell was too big for the rest of it, and the neat pile of debris swept into a corner had an abandoned look, as though the workmen would never come back to finish. Colin seemed to feel it too.

Whistling tunelessly between his teeth he walked about with a disapproving air. He shook the winding banister of the stairway, only half mollified to find that it was solid. He paced the new living room as though for a prospective purchaser, and peered critically through the triple window from which a view of low hills had filled them with delight.

Then he stood beside Stacie and put a sympathetic arm around her. All in silence. She turned and, with her face against his shoulder, said, "Let's skip it—the big wedding—and go off by ourselves and get married next week."

"Gee, baby—" After a moment he said, "We went over all that when I got out in January. Remember? You held out for the works, and we can't foul things up now."

Abruptly she withdrew from him, laughing a little. "I know—I just feel, oh, I don't know—funny, today. Depressed or something."

"It's all this walking," said Colin sensibly. "And don't forget we have to go over to Joyce's tonight. Gunner was there for dinner, you know."

Stacie knew. And now was the moment when she must tell Colin that she was sorry, she had done her best, but she would have to see as little of his friend Gunner Witlock as possible. Civilization itself was not enough to keep the peace between them. But, somehow, the leaden words sank in her throat. Scuffling

her galoshes on the old pine floors she moved toward the door.

Later, in Joyce's huge, rich interior-decorated house, Stacie was conscious of a sudden and giddy reaction. She felt it as soon as they entered the warm hall.

"Hubba!" said Colin at the sight of Joyce's green slacks, lemon-yellow blouse and wide blinding fuchsia sash. "On you it looks good."

"Some pants," agreed Gunner who opened the door for them as though he and Joyce were host and hostess. Joyce's parents had gone out and there were just the four of them.

Stacie laughed, and cast about for more things to laugh at. That's what exercise did for you. She heard her flighty voice telling them about the wonderful walk she and Colin had had, about the house and the ell which simply made it, and how it would be finished any day now, and turned her back gaily on Colin's look of astonishment. Gunner's acid half-smile was a weapon pointed at her and, as such, amusing.

"She doesn't need a drink," said Joyce to the others when they were all sitting around the fire in the library, "and it's too bad because I planned on us having one."

"She's gone temperamental," said Colin. "This afternoon she was two feet lower than a snake and now she's up above the safety zone."

Stacie laughed at that too and felt more charming than usual.

"Gunner was being so interesting when you two arrived," said Joyce. "Do you realize that he used to drive through this town every week at some ungodly hour in the morning a few years ago. He had a truck-run from New York to Buffalo and he always remembered it because the town was sound asleep."

They bemoaned the fact that their city had almost no night life, and Stacie looked admiringly at Gunner.

"A truck driver, too," she said. "And then you entered the Navy," she smiled at him, "didn't you, Gunner, and became a gentleman?"

It was inexcusable. Stacie knew it and was glad.

In the stunned silence Gunner regarded her with his acid half-smile. Then he said reasonably, "It would take more than the United States Navy to make a gentleman out of me."

Colin stood up. He took a cigarette from the table and went to stand by Stacie's chair. She loved him for it. Right or wrong she was his girl.

"As heaven is my witness," said Colin lighting his cigarette, "we have a changing here. What in hell is the matter with you, Stacie?"

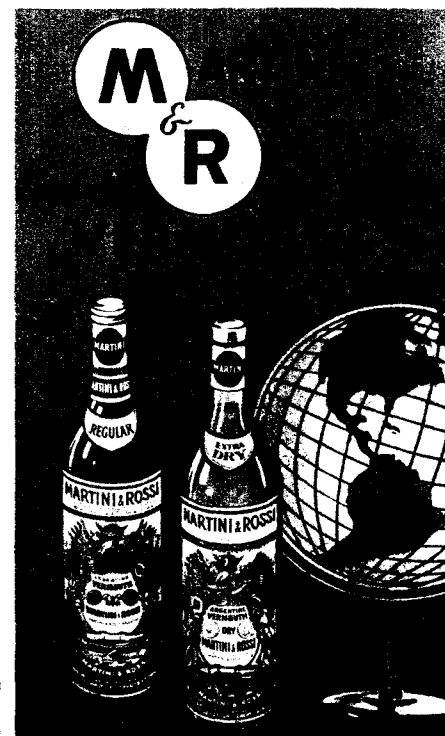
"Me?" She smiled up at him, her blue eyes wide. "Not a thing, darling."

Colin would come to stand beside her, but his thin dark face was furious. And

*Flavor Secret for a  
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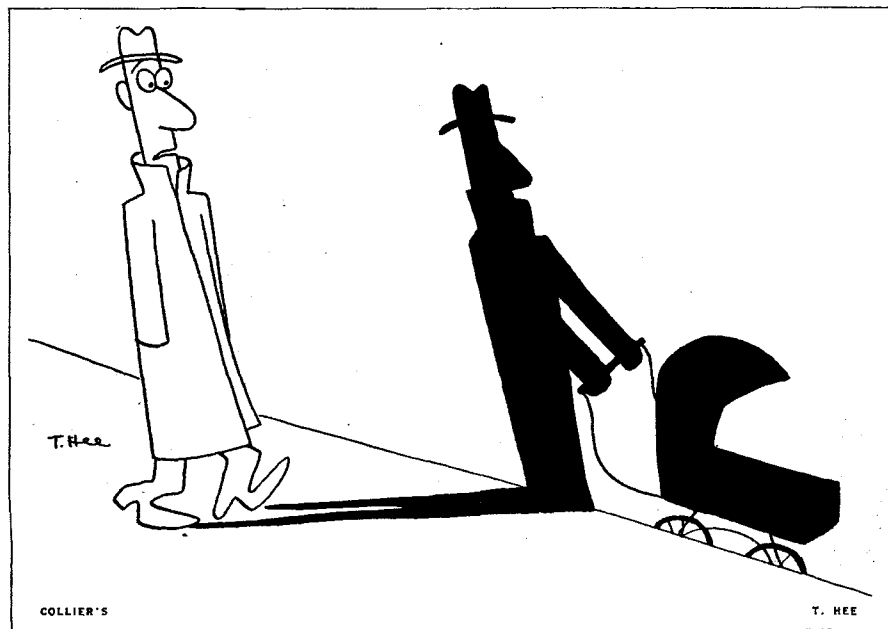
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Collier's for June 29, 1946





Joyce, rising and throwing Stacie a dirty look, said she'd get the drinks.

An outcast, Stacie sat defiantly on her feet in the deep chair and told herself, as outcasts always do, that she did not care.

Alone, as far as they were concerned, Colin and Gunner talked with bursts of laughter. It was very peculiar, thought Stacie severely, that in the worst war that this world had ever seen, almost everything that happened seemed to have been funny. She hummed.

Then from the kitchen Joyce called to Colin to come and help her. He went. Gunner sat on his spine, a cigarette sticking up from his square, scrubbed-looking hand. The fire crackled, and Stacie hummed.

"Shut up," said Gunner. She jumped. He threw his cigarette into the fire and stood up. In two strides he was beside her chair, and his hand closed on the thick mass of her hair in back. Relentlessly her face was forced back until her neck hurt. He's going to kill me, she thought, with absolute conviction as she saw his implacable eyes. They'll find me dead on the floor when they come back.

"I ought to snatch you bald-headed," said Gunner. "If you wanted to"—she would not struggle—"nothing would stop you." "Nothing," said Gunner. His hand tightening, he shook her head until every hair pulled. Then he let go and walked away. There was the tinkle of trays in the hall.

He kicked an andiron crooked, and stooped to straighten it. "I warned Colin," he said in a low voice.

You warned Colin, thought Stacie bitterly. It made no sense, but then so many things made no sense lately.

"Guess what," said Joyce in a kindly way to Stacie as she relinquished the tray to Gunner, "we're going to the civic concert—Mother and Dad aren't using their tickets tonight and they rounded up two others for us. Gunner wants to hear our orchestra."

"The civic concert," laughed Stacie, still a little high with rage. "You and I never got past The Pixies' Waltz, did we?"

No one answered. Colin put a tray of drinks down beside the tray of sandwiches.

"Have one of the chicken—you'll like them," said Joyce in her best social-service voice.

After Joyce had changed from slacks to something sleek and notable, they went to the concert, and they took Stacie along because they did not know what else to do with her. She was helped into the car, and out of it, but she was scarcely one of the party.

It would be all right when Colin was sitting beside her, she thought, just the two of them, in the darkness of the auditorium. She would explain it all, and he would see that it was not her fault. Thank goodness, the seats were in pairs and not the four of them together.

The lights had just been lowered when they arrived. Stacie filed past a row of knees, whispering her excuses. Sitting thankfully down she looked up to smile at Colin. But the outline of those wide shoulders, that rock-hewn head coming toward her in the darkness, were not Colin's. She shivered as Gunner slipped out of his overcoat and sat silently beside her. Whatever unidentified disaster was hovering over her was inevitable. She was not to be allowed to escape, not until her life lay around her in little pieces. Or else she was crazy.

SHE made a stealthy attempt to remove one arm from the sleeve of her coat and found she was not stealthy enough. Gunner's hand was on the back of her neck, helping her, his arm around her. With an impatient gesture she let him take the coat.

"All right?" he whispered. Stacie turned on him a glance of undying hatred. Gunner smiled at her. Not the acid half-smile he had always given her, but a warm, amused, forgiving, understanding, friendly smile.

Yes, she must be crazy. . . . Sadly Stacie gazed at the musicians, who were beginning, with the spasmodic, controlled movements peculiar to their kind. It was a relief to surrender her bruised spirit to the wave of sound. And not until the music, with a final mighty crescendo, ceased did they speak again.

"Bach Brandenburg 5," said Gunner. "I heard it last in Denver, but I think I like this arrangement better."

Hypnotized and resigned Stacie said dully, "Do you always go to concerts, whatever cities you're in?"

"Always. I've found them the cheapest and best form of entertainment. There's a lot of good music in this country."

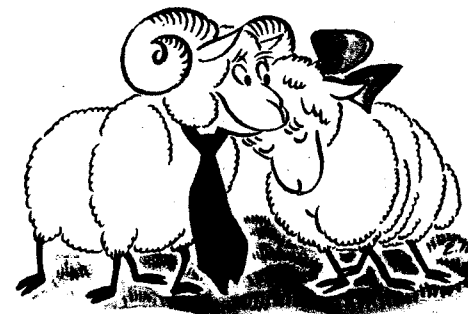
"What cities have you liked?" she asked. She smiled timidly at him. "This one?"

"Yes, but it's smug. I like the big cities better, the ones with a rugged American flavor, Seattle, Chicago, San Antonio—"

As though he had forgotten something, the conductor rushed back onto the stage, turned his back to the audience and spread his arms. Little staccato notes began.

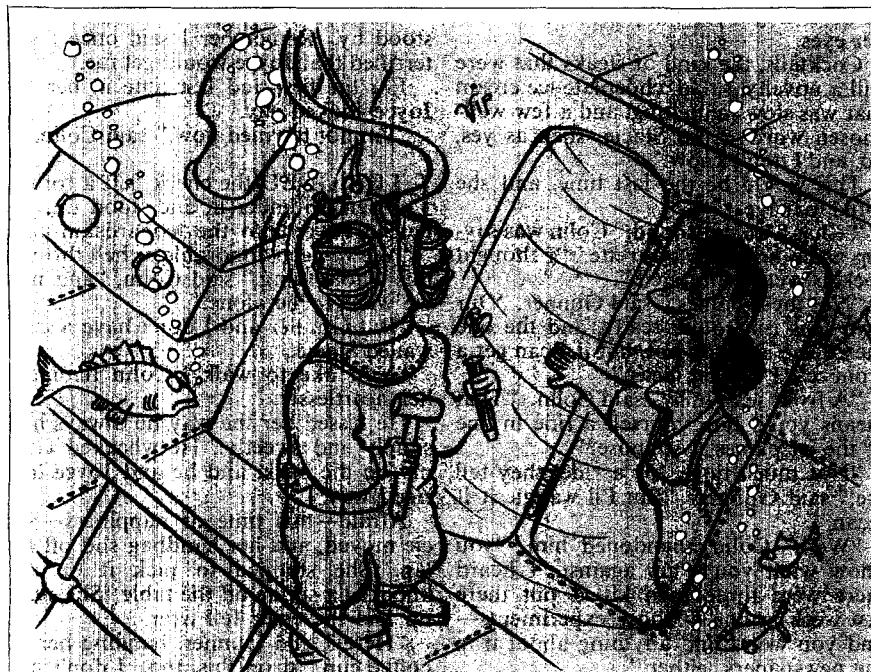
And when the lights went up after somebody's symphony in B-flat major, they inched past the row of knees again

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to join Colin and Joyce in the marble corridor. Apparently not eager to be joined, Colin and Joyce gave over their absorbed conversation and said, "Hi!" Stacie would not look at them with suspicion. But that's the way it was. Colin and Joyce. Joyce who never gave up.

Smiling at her, Gunner was offering her a cigarette. He was going to light it for her, too. Perhaps it was not too late. Colin would see for himself. It had been tough, but she had made it, and she and Gunner were now friends.

All sweetness and light for the moment the four of them leaned against the pink marble wall and smoked, talking a little, until the people began to stream back into the auditorium.

Gunner threw his cigarette into a sand-filled urn and said, "Let's switch. I've had enough of Stacie and she's had enough of me."

That did it. Not caring what happened to her now, Stacie walked ahead of Colin down the aisle, too far, so that he had to come after her and pull her back. Meekly she slid into the row indicated and sat down. Colin sat down, folded his arms, and let her arrange her own coat. The conductor was already waving the musicians into action.

THE next morning Stacie was still in a house coat when Joyce chose to stop in. Joyce announced at once that the four of them were going to have dinner together Wednesday night at the club.

"What four?" asked Stacie, folding the morning paper.

"Don't be dumb, darling. Not any dumber than you've elected to be, anyway. Gunner has to go out of town the end of the week."

"A long and hazardous trip, I trust," said Stacie.

Wandering about the room in her leopardskin coat and hat, Joyce picked up little objects she had seen a hundred times, examined them, and put them down again.

She said idly, "You don't like Gunner Witlock, do you?"

"Oh, think nothing of that," Stacie laughed. "I'm just narrow-minded and prejudiced. Of course, I've always hated sandy eyebrows—and diamonds-in-the-rough, which no one ever stops to think have no value while they're in the rough. And the kind of rudeness that leaves you stumped. Why," she burst out passionately, "I can't even stand the way he holds a cigarette."

"Uh-huh," said Joyce. "The little things." She swung her handbag by its long strap. "The little things that are supposed to be so important." She fastened the big hook of her coat. "As a matter of fact," she said from the doorway, "when the dam bursts, nothing matters. You can grab at the little things, but in the end they get washed away."

"Are you sure you feel well, dear?" Stacie called after her.

"I feel wonderful." Grinning, Joyce came back for a moment. "You will too, darling, as soon as you stop running." The front door closed on her.

When she had time, Stacie told herself, she would figure out the double-talk. Right now she had a million other things to do. Rushing upstairs she dashed into the shower, plunged into her street clothes, scribbled additional things on an already lengthy list, and sped to her mother's room.

"Give me your list," she demanded. "I'm going to be downtown all day and I can do a few of them, anyway."

"Yes, darling." Her mother pawed through the papers on her desk. "The hats are what are bothering me—you know how Jessica is. She'll promise and promise, and then at the last minute—"

"Everything," said Stacie recklessly. "I'll tend to everything."

Halfway down the stairs she turned as her mother called to her.

"Stacie," said her mother wistfully

over the banister, "I just want you to be happy. You know that."

Stacie sped up the stairs, kissed her mother twice more, and sped down.

It was not until Wednesday morning that Colin called her. She said, "Hello, darling," in a dignified way. He was a little apologetic, but not much, and said he had been busy.

Yes, Stacie said, she knew the four of them were going to the club for dinner. Joyce had told her, she added. Fine, said Colin, he'd call for her at seven.

BOTH of them were nervous when Colin stepped into the front hall at two minutes of seven. Colin forgot to kiss her, and Stacie forgot to say goodbye to her mother. And the silence in the car was suffocating. But only until they stopped in the Chalmers' driveway to pick up Joyce and Gunner. Then the talk bubbled.

Her eyes on the street as they drove toward the club, Stacie let the talk flow past her. Nothing mattered now. Not the bridesmaids' hats, nor the masses of white lilacs, nor the little white boxes for

"You're a damn' fool," said Colin, "and I suppose I envy you."

"No!"

They turned to Stacie. She knew her face was white, that it was all written there for them to see, and that she had only a moment in which to save herself. But she had stopped running.

"You can't go," she said in a low, distinct voice.

Gunner was smiling at her, a warm and tender, a *welcoming* smile.

"Sweetheart," he leaned toward her, "I have to go. It's my job."

"Then I'll go with you."

"Will you? There's time—if you'll come with me."

"No one will ever understand," said Stacie. "I didn't myself for so long—"

"I've been understanding all over the place," said Colin cheerfully. "Baby, as soon as I came home I began to understand. You just weren't *anxious* enough. I began to suspect that we'd missed the boat. You rating, you," he grinned at Gunner, "I thought at first you were kidding—but one had but to observe. The two of you sparring and wrangling



the wedding cake. She clenched her teeth together, a little sickened that one of them might see the tears that burned her eyes.

Cocktails, the kind of steaks that were still a novelty, salad, chocolate ice cream that was slow in melting, and a few well-chosen words from Stacie, such as yes, no, and I don't know.

This would be the last time, and she could manage.

"—has a quaint sound," Colin was saying as he lighted a cigarette. "I thought rockets were outmoded."

"Not these babies," said Gunner. "Our own lens isn't quite ready, and the one they'll use isn't too hot, but if I can get a front seat I can get ideas."

"A front seat, huh?" said Colin. "That means you'll hop yourself a ride in one of the jet planes, I suppose?"

"Not much hope for a ride, they tell me," said Gunner. "But I'll wangle it if I can."

"Well," Colin abandoned him, "you know what you're up against. I heard there were three men killed out there last week in one of those experiments—and you won't find anything about it in the newspapers, either."

"Sure," said Gunner. "It doesn't happen often, but it does happen."

—you couldn't leave each other alone!"

"But—"

"Such a business, while Joyce and I stood by. Remember I said once I was terrified that Joyce would get me."

For the first and last time in her life Joyce looked shy.

"I'm not terrified now," said Colin.

HE SIGNED the check, left a forbidden tip under it, and stood up. He helped Joyce into the leopardskin coat.

"We've been honorable as hell through this whole thing," said Colin, "and now we want to be alone."

"But Gunner and I don't have a car," wailed Stacie.

"You like to walk," Colin reminded her heartlessly.

He kissed her the way he always had, simply and sweetly. He whacked Gunner on the back, and he and Joyce hurried away.

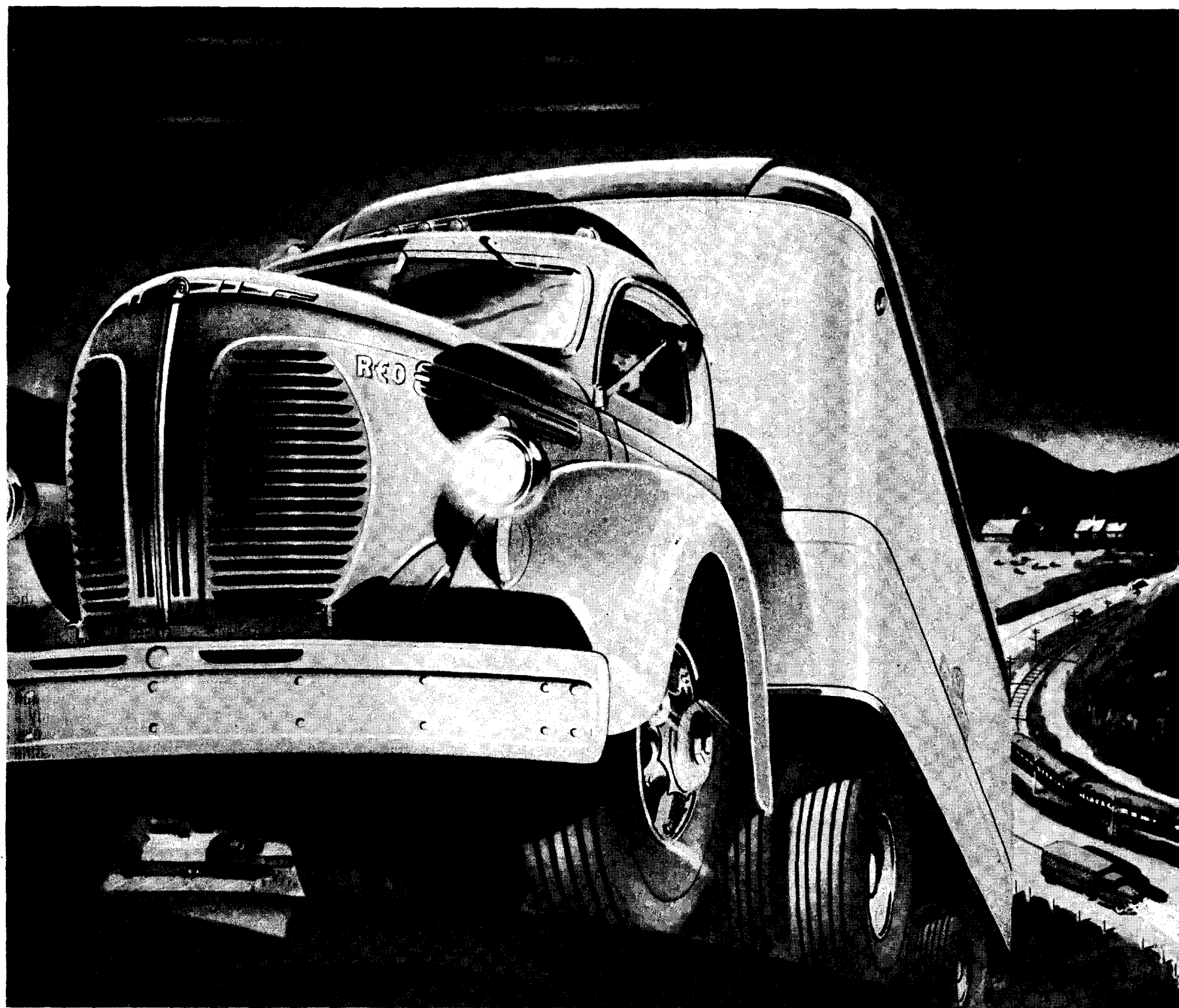
Afraid—this time of happiness—Stacie moved, and her handbag slid off her lap. She stooped to pick it up and knocked a spoon off the table. She stood up and the chair fell over.

"Here," said Gunner, handing her his coffee cup, "drop this, too. I don't care what you do. I love you."

THE END

Collier's for June 29, 1946





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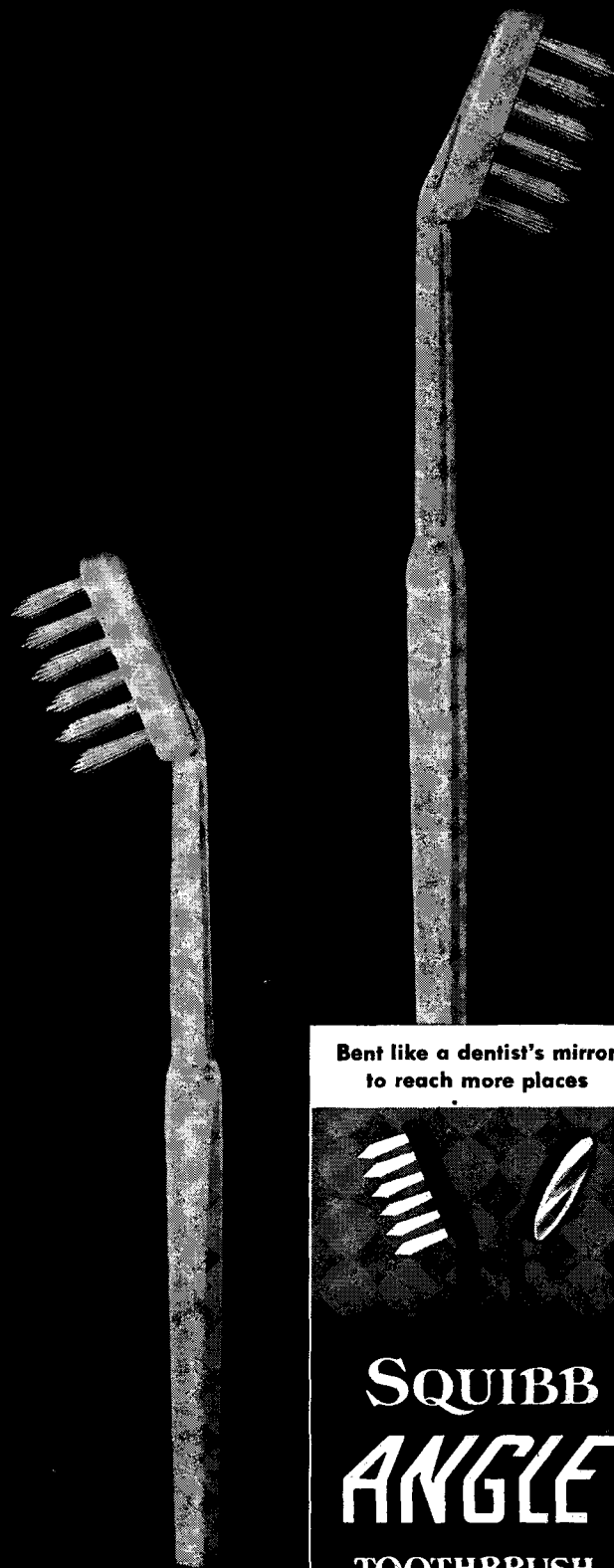
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## Slug It Slay!

Continued from page 13

shrugged his shoulders. "Financial troubles, Arty. As usual. I had a garnishee on my salary," he explained softly, "and the Old Man hit the ceiling. Had me up on the carpet. He won't stand for garnishees. You know how he is."

"Yeah," Arthur said.

Sue returned, adjusting her hat. "The Old Man's a terror tonight, isn't he?" she said softly, and her glance shifted to Jack Morton, who stood just outside the door of his office. Arthur saw Morton shrug his shoulders slightly and turn back into the office.

"Let's get out of here," Arthur said. "I need that drink, and Joe Beckett's down there, waiting. I'm going to hire him back, Willshire or no Willshire."

But Joe Beckett was not in the bar across the street. Otto came forward, smiling, and said, "Hello, Miss Wharton. What will it be, Arty?"

"Rye gag for me," Arthur said.

"Two," said Sue.

Arthur sipped his rye, and Sue said warmly, "You handled the Old Man very well, Arthur. And everybody's behind you. Don't forget it."

Arthur grinned, and the anger he had felt began to go away. He called to Otto, "Have you seen Joe Beckett?"

"He was here for just a minute," Otto said. "Tossed off a quick one and beat it."

"Say where he was going?"

"Nope."

Arthur frowned and said to Sue, "It's important to find Joe tonight. I want to straighten things out before he *really* ties one on."

"He probably went down to Vincent's, in the Village," Sue said. "Isn't that where he hangs out?"

Arthur nodded and ordered another round.

**AS OTTO** was pouring the drinks Jack Morton came in. He waved a hand lightly to Arthur and smiled at Sue. It was a charming, boyish smile. Jack was always well dressed, his small black mustache carefully groomed, his black hair neatly brushed. He could be anywhere from thirty to fifty years old, but he always looked boyish when he grinned, and the mustache seemed out of place. He said, "Hello, Sue," and moved on down the bar. As soon as he had given Otto his order he stepped into the telephone booth.

"I think Jack had a little run-in with the Old Man, too," Arthur said.

"Yes?" Sue's voice was toneless.

"Jack is the one man who knows how to handle him, at least," Arthur said. "Not that I envy him the job, or the talent."

"He's no Percy Chambron," Sue said.

"He's no flunky."

Arthur considered a moment. "No," he said. "He's nobody's flunky."

Jack Morton came out of the telephone booth, looked toward Sue and Arthur, then went to the bar. He stood staring at his glass, and Arthur thought that whatever the Old Man had been talking to Morton about, it had left Morton disturbed. He supposed that Jack was feeling as he himself was, ready to call the whole thing off.

"Sue, let's go," Arthur said. "I want to pick up Joe down at Vincent's and straighten this out."

"All right." She turned, as Arthur was paying Otto for the drinks and looked along the bar at Jack Morton. Jack smiled, and Arthur saw his shoulders move in the slightest shrug.

On the sidewalk outside, as Arthur was looking for a taxi, Sue said hesitantly, "Oh, Arthur, I forgot—I've got to run up to the office for a minute."

"Okay, I'll wait," Arthur said.

"It may take a little time." Her voice was apologetic. "I forgot to look up the clips for—"

"Oh, Lord!" Arthur said. "That conscience again."

She smiled faintly. "You go on and find Joe, Arthur. And thanks for the drinks."

"All right," he said. "Good night, Sue."

Arthur found a taxicab at the corner and gave the address of Vincent's Bar, on a back street in an out-of-the-way corner of Greenwich Village.

**VINCENT'S** had been a speak-easy, and the old speak-easy entrance was still in use and generally favored by sentimentalists among the customers. The main entrance was around the corner. The speak-easy entrance was reached through a courtyard to an unlighted door, in which the peephole remained. The door was locked, and Arthur knocked. Vincent, the proprietor, came quickly to the door and opened it.

"Arthur, can't you get it through your head we lock this door at ten o'clock?" he said. "The neighbors complain of the noise. Well, come on in."

Vincent's was a dimly lighted bar with mustard-colored walls that looked as if they had not been refinished since the doors were first opened in prohibition days. Arthur went to the end of the bar and spoke to Ray, the barman: "Joe Beckett been in yet?"

"Not tonight, Mr. Leslie."

Arthur slid onto a bar stool and ordered a bourbon. There were only a few drinkers at the bar, and Arthur knew most of them. Vincent's was a meeting place in the Village for those who liked a quiet drink and a game of chess, cribbage or gin rummy.

"Feel like a game, Arty?" Dr. Ruiz, a physician who was always called at Vincent's before the hospital tried his home, moved up the bar beside Arty. He was pink as a cherub, cheerfully vague, and never so erratic as his chess game.

Arthur nodded to Ray, and the barman brought up a chessboard from under the bar. They went to a table to play. Nearly every night Arthur played chess in Vincent's, usually with Dr. Ruiz, before going home to his apartment on near-by Christopher Street.

Dr. Ruiz used the Ruy Lopez opening and later forced an exchange of queens. He won control of the center with his rooks, and from then on it was only a matter of time. Arthur's end game was generally good, but he thought that Dr. Ruiz's position was very strong, and he was still concerned about Joe Beckett. He glanced at the clock. Half past twelve now.

"Think I'll resign," he said. "Good work."

Dr. Ruiz began dumping the chessmen back into the box, and Arthur walked over to a table where Vincent was playing cribbage for a nickel a hole.

"If Joe Beckett comes in, will you tell him to wait," Arthur said. "Tell him it's important."

Arthur found a cab. Back in the bar uptown, Otto shook his head. "No, I haven't seen Joe, Arty. He ain't been back."

Arthur frowned. Definitely Joe Beckett was launched on a classic bender. Arthur was sorry he had not talked to him first. A bender in Joe's frame of mind could be a nasty thing. There was just a chance, he thought, that Joe had returned to the office, or at least had called in.

He went across the street to the Courier building and took the elevator to the fourth floor. He arrived in time to see the nightly ritual that showed it was 1 A.M. Ralph Smith, the head of the copy



desk, rapped his pencil sharply on the desk, and the copyreaders got up in unison to go home, as if a factory whistle had blown, leaving only two men on duty.

There was a hearts game in progress near the city desk, and it irritated Arthur to see the quick, rather guilty glances that were turned his way.

Harry Whiteside grinned and called out, "Want to sit in, Arty?"

Arthur approached the table. Besides Harry Whiteside, the other players were Bob Farley, the night city editor; and Carl Rome, his assistant; Roger Jay, the other rewrite man on duty; and Mark Titus, the church editor, whose long face in sixty-odd years had become as solemn as a cathedral.

"Anybody seen Joe Beckett?" Arthur asked.

There was a moment's silence, then Harry Whiteside said, "Not again."

"If you do hear from him," Arthur said, "tell him I want to talk to him."

"Okay," Bob Farley said.

"Present for you, Mr. Titus," Roger Jay said, and tossed the queen of spades on a trick the church editor had taken. Roger was a thin man who had an air of vulnerable jauntiness, vulnerable because he seemed to be unaware of the bald spot beginning to show in his black hair. His brown eyes were slightly protuberant in a face the color of unbleached paper. He was an excellent rewrite man, noted for a sarcastic turn of phrase; and he was a vindictive hearts player.

Arthur grinned, watching the angry color come into Mark Titus' otherwise impassive face, watching the frosty shine come in his blue eyes as he picked up the queen of spades. He was as fine and friendly an old gentleman as ever paraphrased a sermon for the church page, but he had a temper; in a hearts game he had a terrible temper.

Most of the lights had been extinguished in the city room, and the shadows hung close around the city desk. It was so quiet that the ringing of the telephone was startlingly loud. Bob Farley stretched out a languid hand for the receiver, and Harry Whiteside and Roger Jay stared at their cards.

"City desk?" Bob Farley said, and the grin faded. "Yes. What? What?"

There was a breathless compulsion in his tone. Bob Farley dropped the receiver on the hook, and said in a whisper, "The

Old Man is dead." His face was pale. He jumped to his feet and suddenly found his voice in a tremendous shout, "Forrest C. Willshire is dead!"

The shout penetrated to the office of the managing editor, and Jack Morton came bounding through the door. "What's that you said?"

Arthur was already on the job, saying to Harry Whiteside, "Hop into the library and get the prepared obituary."

"The butler just called," Bob Farley told Jack Morton. "Found him dead in his study just a minute ago."

"There's a prepared obit in the files," Jack Morton said crisply. His eyes darted about the office. "Get pictures. Who's going to write it?"

"Harry Whiteside," Arthur said.

"Does Mrs. Willshire know he's dead?"

"I suppose she's in the country," Arthur said. He turned to Roger Jay: "Run up to the penthouse and get all you can from the butler. Step on it."

"Where the hell is Percy Chambron?" the managing editor asked. He went to the make-up desk and snatched up an interoffice telephone. He ordered the presses stopped.

Harry Whiteside appeared in the door of the library and waved frantically to Arthur.

"The dope of a librarian is out for a drink," Harry said. "As usual."

ARTHUR went to the prepared obituary filing case, pulled out the W drawer, and slid his thumb along the folders. *Willshire, Forrest Chandler*. He pulled it out and opened it as he hurried back to the city desk. Inside the folder he found a manila envelope. Written on it in longhand was: *To be opened only on the occasion of the death of Forrest C. Willshire.*

"Look at this," Arthur said. "Isn't that the Old Man's handwriting?" He ripped open the envelope and took out a sheaf of foolscap pages, neatly folded, and closely covered with the strong, looping handwriting of Forrest C. Willshire.

"Jack," Arthur said. "He wrote his own obit. Here it is, in longhand. Pages of it."

"I knew we had something," the managing editor said. "I remember when he filed it, but I never knew he wrote it himself." He took the pages from Arthur, glanced at them. "We'll run it in full. Whiteside, you write a lead about



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his death. Survivors and all that, then a 3-em dash and pick up this stuff." He sat down, spread the pages on the city desk and began reading, passing each page to Arthur as he finished it.

Forrest C. Willshire was born in Nashville, Tenn., on October 20, 1873, the son of Allison Fordyce Willshire, major in the Army of the Confederate States of America, and Mrs. Virginia Chandler Willshire.

"He was a newspaperman, first and last," Jack Morton said. "We'll run it in full, of course, with a black border around it, and a black border on page one, too."

"I don't believe the Old Man would have liked that," Bob Farley said.

Jack Morton grinned. "But the widow will." He passed the obit to Arthur and said, "Read copy on it, Arty. I'd better call Mrs. Willshire right away." He walked off toward his office.

ARTHUR picked up a pencil and sat at the city desk. As he read each page he passed it on to Harry Whiteside to look over for his story. It was interesting reading, aside from the flowery style of the writing, and it was the first Arthur had known that the Old Man had made the Run into the Cherokee Outlet in 1893.

On reading of the proposed Run into the Cherokee Outlet, he was struck with a fancy to see this unique experiment in civilization. Being young, and of a romantic disposition that persisted throughout his life—Arthur's eyebrows went up—the thought appealed to him that he was given the opportunity to see the germination of a new plant of Western culture and to watch it grow. He determined to be a citizen of some new and historyless community, and to journey westward with the one resolution in his mind to remain at all times objective, not to let his own interests and desires turn him into that selfish rut which is the common lot of humanity.

If he was able at all times to preserve an entirely objective viewpoint, young Willshire decided he would live the lives of all these people in this new town. He would watch them, study them, observe the growth of a community from seed to fruit.

Harry Whiteside was shaking his head. "What corn, Arty!"

There was a paragraph about the Run, and then the obituary related how Mr. Willshire had founded a weekly newspaper in a little town in the Indian Territory.

Jack Morton returned from his office. "Got a start on the story yet?"

"I'm waiting for Roger Jay," Harry explained. "Don't know what the Old Man died of yet."

"Leave it blank," Jack Morton said. "They can write it in on the copy desk. Got the survivors?"

"Not yet."

"Well, there's the widow," Jack Morton said. "And his daughter-in-law, Mrs. F. C. Willshire, Jr. She's down in Florida somewhere. And then there's the new owner of the paper."

Every head was turned toward the managing editor. "His granddaughter Emily," Jack said. "I happen to know he left the paper to her."

"Never heard of her," Arthur said.

"She's just a kid, Arty. Twenty-four or -five."

"Good Lord!" said Harry Whiteside. "For a minute it looked like we were getting a break. Polish up your adjectives, boys, we got a woman owner."

"It could be worse," Jack Morton said. "It could be the widow, you know."

Mark Titus, the church editor, gave his head a solemn shake. "You iconoclastic boys," he said with a shocked air.

Jack Morton grinned and said to Arthur, "How does the obit read, Arty?"

"Complete, at least," Arthur said. "I'm

reading now how he made his money."

"Oil business," Jack Morton said.

"That's right. He had a weekly paper in Euclid, Oklahoma, and while he was wandering around being objective he came across a creek so oily his horse wouldn't drink the water. He drilled a well and struck it big back in 1909."

"Does it say how much he got for the Willshire Petroleum Company when he sold out?" Jack Morton asked.

Arthur shook his head. "I don't see it."

"It was eighteen million dollars," Jack Morton said. "Put that in."

"It was nearer nineteen," Harry Whiteside said. "I come from the oil country, and that's history."

Roger Jay appeared from the direction of the elevators, walking very fast. Harry Whiteside called out, "Hurry up, Roger, we've got to get this cleaned up. What did he die of? Heart?"

"No," Roger said. "Head."

"Head?" Jack Morton stared at him.

"Head is right," Roger said, and added the remark he had obviously treasured all the way down from the penthouse. "There was a bullet in it."

There was complete silence. Roger shrugged his shoulders and said, "I think we'd better call the cops."

Jack Morton cleared his throat. "You mean he was shot, Roger?"

"Suicide, I guess," Roger said. "The gun was on the floor beside him."

Jack Morton looked at Bob Farley. "Better call Police Headquarters. No, wait a minute. Call Homicide, and let me talk to Bill Madigan. We've got to keep this out of the papers, if we can." He pointed at Harry Whiteside. "Soon as you finish your story, call up the Record-Star and read it to them. If they ask what he died of, just say you don't know. Say he dropped dead."

"Well, what do you know about that?" Mark Titus said. He still had a shocked look. "The Old Man is the last one in the world . . ." His voice trailed off.

"Yes," Arthur said. "Still, he's the last one I'd ever take for a sentimentalist. Read his obit when the paper comes up."

The managing editor carried on a low-voiced conversation with Lieutenant Madigan and said to Arthur after he had hung up, "He'll be right up. Send somebody up to the penthouse, Arty."

Arthur nodded to the assistant city editor, and Carl Rome started for the elevator. "Jack," Arthur said, "how do you think you can keep this out of the papers?"

"Well, maybe we can get it reported accidental," Jack Morton said. "At least we can hold it off tonight, I hope. Hurry that copy along, Arty." He strode abruptly away toward the stairs leading down to the composing room.

"Arty," Harry Whiteside said, "let me have a look at the rest of that obit."

Arthur passed over the other pages and said, "Look them over and shoot them down, Harry. You read copy, Bob, will you?"

THE copy moved fast. By 1:45 the page forms had been locked, and Jack Morton returned with Percy Chambron, the night managing editor. Wherever Percy had been, the mysterious instinct which guided him and usually showed him which way to jump a split second ahead of his fellows apparently had served him again, for he had gone straight to the composing room instead of returning to the city room, and had not reappeared until the new front page, black-bordered, had been made up.

"I think it will look all right," Jack Morton said. "Heard anything from the cops, Arty?"

"They're upstairs," Bob Farley said. "Carl Rome just called."

"I'm going up," Jack said. "You want to give that obit a careful check when the paper comes up, Arty?"

"Things are going to be different



around here," Percy Chambron said. "He was a great man, a great man."

"He was," Mark Titus said gravely.

He had been, at least, an interesting man. It was hard to reconcile the young idealist of the earlier part of the prepared obituary with the owner of the Courier, a man who had used power ruthlessly, and yet Arthur believed the obit had been honestly written. Somewhere along the line Forrest C. Willshire had changed his basic attitude, and perhaps the reason for it was money—more than eighteen million paid for the company he had built up from one wildcat lease in unproved oil territory.

Copy boys brought up bundles of papers and distributed them quickly about the office. Arthur read the story over; it looked all right. For the next day or so, until after the funeral, news not concerned with the death of Forrest C. Willshire would be closely budgeted for space. Arthur thought that probably the Old Man would have wanted full coverage on the trial of Sam Clymer, the bookie, and he left a memo for Joe Beckett to be assigned to it. That reminded him that there had been no word from Joe.

**JACK MORTON** returned to the city room with a big, round-faced, pug-nosed man, who carried himself awkwardly and smiled always a little sheepishly. He looked dumb, but Arthur knew he was not. He was Lieutenant William Madigan of Homicide, a friendly drinker who was often at the bar at Gilligan's, across the street.

"Hi, Arty," the detective said. "What did the old guy conk himself off for?"

"It was suicide, was it?" Arthur asked. "Could be."

"An old Smith & Wesson he carried back in the oil-field days," Jack Morton said. "I've seen that gun before. I think he was oiling it and it went off."

"Yeah?" Lieutenant Madigan said.

"You going to report it that way, Bill?" Jack Morton looked steadily at the detective. "Can't you hold it open for a day or so, until after the funeral? I'll talk to the widow. The funeral can be held tomorrow afternoon."

"Got to have an autopsy first," Lieutenant Madigan said. "And you know, reporters are waiting downstairs now, to see why there was a police call to the Courier building. What do you expect me to tell 'em?"

"Tell 'em you're holding it open," Jack

said. "Tell 'em it may have been accidental."

"I'll see about it," Lieutenant Madigan said. He grinned at Arthur. "Mind if I take one of the papers?"

"Help yourself, Bill."

"I'll just take it along," Lieutenant Madigan said. "So long, guys."

Jack Morton watched Arthur put on his coat and hat. "Going home?" he asked.

"I think so."

"Been quite a night," Jack's eyes had a watchful expression, Arthur thought. "Hold down the local stuff tomorrow, Arty, much as you can."

"Yeah," Arthur said. "Except for the Sam Clymer story. I'll have Joe Beckett keep after that."

"Joe Beckett?" Jack Morton said. "Thought you fired him."

"I rehired him," Arthur said. "Jack, just what was the layout upstairs?"

Jack frowned, lighted a cigarette. "You've never been up to the penthouse?"

"No."

"Well, it's pretty small: two bedrooms, dining room and living room, and the Old Man's study. The butler had been out to the movies or something, and he came back and found all the lights on. The Old Man was on the floor in his study, in front of his desk. Typical case, the medical examiner said. Powder burns and all that. Gun beside him. Dead about an hour. That is, he shot himself about half past twelve."

"It was suicide then?" Arthur asked.

"I guess so. There was some sort of note, Arty."

"Oh?"

"If I'd gone up right away, before the cops came, I'd have swiped that note," Jack said.

"What did it say?"

"Not much, Arty. It was kind of confused. Ambiguous. A little philosophizing about life and death and failure. In the Old Man's handwriting, but I didn't admit that to the cops." The managing editor's sentences were short and nervous. "Madigan's got his boys at work. Grilling the elevator operators, taking fingerprints, all that stuff. He's a thorough dick."

"Yes," Arthur said. "Did you get in touch with Mrs. Willshire, Jack?"

"Sure. She was out at her home on Long Island. Took it all right, considering. She's in her seventies, herself." He slapped Arthur's shoulder lightly. "Well,

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get some sleep. And, Arty, we might as well let Sam Clymer go for the time being. Without the Old Man in there writing editorials, the sting has gone out of that. What's more, what's so terrible about bookies? What would we do without them?"

Arthur did not answer. The managing editor was not going to dictate what local stories he would cover. Morton could throw them out of the paper if he liked, but Arthur would decide what to cover. He folded two of the papers and tucked them under his arm. "Good night, Jack."

ARTHUR realized, as he went out to the street, that he was weary. He was too tired to go on searching for Joe Beckett. Joe would see the paper, and that would be explanation enough.

He took a cab to his place on Christopher Street. As he got out of the elevator he heard the telephone ringing. Since he had become city editor, he missed the luxury of allowing a telephone to ring unanswered. He must answer every call now. He hurriedly unlocked the door and raced to the phone. He snatched up the receiver and said, "Hello."

Joe Beckett's voice said, "I heard you were looking for me."

"Listen, I was trying to find you to tell you I never intended to fire you. Permanently, I mean. I was just going to put you back on the pay roll day after tomorrow, and he'd never know you from Adam."

"He will now," Joe said somberly. "I was up to see him tonight."

"You were what?"

"I was drunk, Arty."

"You said you were up to see him. You mean Forrest C. Willshire?"

"Yeah. I was a damn fool, Arty, I guess. I was pretty tight and I was pretty sore so I decided I'd take him a present."

"What time was that?" Arthur asked quickly.

"Oh, I don't know. I bought him an ash tray for a present, Arty, a nice chromium job, and I stopped in a late jeweler's and had a little inscription engraved on it, and then I took it up and gave it to the Old Man."

"Oh, well, forget it," Arthur said.

Joe chuckled. "He won't forget it, Arty. I made a little speech about brass checks and so forth, and—"

"Joe," Arthur said steadily. "The Old Man is dead."

"Dead, Arty? You kidding? Why, I saw him just a . . ." Joe's voice stopped uncertainly.

"He was found tonight with a bullet in his head," Arthur said.

"A bullet? Shot? You mean shot, Arty?"

"I mean shot," Arthur said.

"Good God!" Joe Beckett said. "Good God, Arty! I didn't shoot him!"

"He shot himself," Arthur said.

"Oh."

"So you've got your job back," Arthur said. "I want you to cover Sam Clymer's trial tomorrow."

"Okay, Arty."

"Meanwhile, you'd better get some sleep."

As he hung up the receiver, Arthur felt depressed; he did not at once know why. He took a bottle of beer from the refrigerator and carried it to a table in the living room, where he opened out the newspaper and looked once again at the obituary of Forrest C. Willshire. The thing that interested him was that the old man should have written his obituary in the first place; he was the sort of executive who might be expected to delegate death itself to a subordinate. And it was surprising that, in writing it, he had remembered the ideals of his youth at all.

He finished the bottle of beer and undressed, and as he lay in bed with the light out, his thoughts returned to For-

rest C. Willshire and to the visit Joe Beckett had made to the penthouse just before the Old Man shot himself.

When Arthur reached the city room of the Courier at noon the next day it was plain that the suicide of the owner of the newspaper would not be a secret for long. Printers were talking about it in the elevator, and members of the staff formed busy groups in the city room.

Arthur went at once into conference with Steve Bell, the day city editor, who quickly summarized the day's assignments for him. The funeral had been arranged for that afternoon, to get Mr. Willshire buried before his name became police news.

Arthur sent a copy boy to call Sue Wharton.

"You're going to cover the funeral," he told her.

"Arthur, funerals depress me," Sue said. "I mean I've got a terrible headache already, and . . ."

He looked up at her; she had never tried to beg off an assignment before. He saw that her hands were clasped nervously together.

"That's your assignment, Sue."

He passed out the other assignments. Three other reporters were covering the funeral, and the rest of the assignment

"What do you mean by that?"

"Well, as Mark Titus said, he never was a careless man."

Jack Morton shrugged his shoulders. "It was suicide, all right."

"That's pretty careless," Arthur said. "Shooting himself."

"He left a note, didn't he?" Jack looked steadily at Arthur for a moment, then he grinned his casual, boyish grin. "You'd better save your speculation for the future," he said. "All of our futures. We've got a new owner now. What I'm speculating about is Miss Emily Willshire."

"What do you know about her, Jack?" Arthur asked.

"I never saw the girl, Arty. She's been living down in Florida with her mother. Her father died years ago."

"And she's twenty-five years old?"

"Thereabouts." Jack Morton lighted a cigarette. "The chances are she won't have the slightest interest in the Courier. The chances are that things will go on as they always have, but you never can tell, Arty. She's a Willshire."

It was something to speculate about, and the whole staff of the Courier was speculating. Sue Wharton reported when she returned from the funeral that Emily Willshire had not been among the



schedule had been cut to a minimum. Arthur reached for the afternoon papers, piled on a corner of his desk. They had the news in their first editions that Forrest C. Willshire had been found dead at midnight in his penthouse on top of the Courier building, a bullet through his head. They quoted police as saying that the death was "apparently accidental."

Mark Titus, the religious editor, brought a copy of the Evening Globe to the city desk and said to Arthur, "I hate to see it all brought out. He was a fine man, Arty. I know he was a little crotchety, but he was a fine man. If he shot himself there was a good reason for it."

"Maybe it was an accident."

Mark Titus shook his head. "Forrest C. Willshire was never a careless man, Arthur."

JACK MORTON returned from the funeral at four o'clock and called Arthur into his office. He had talked with the widow, he said, and the story was to be treated like any other story. That is, he said with a grin, somewhere in the story, say about the next to last paragraph, it could be inserted that Mr. Willshire had met his death accidentally.

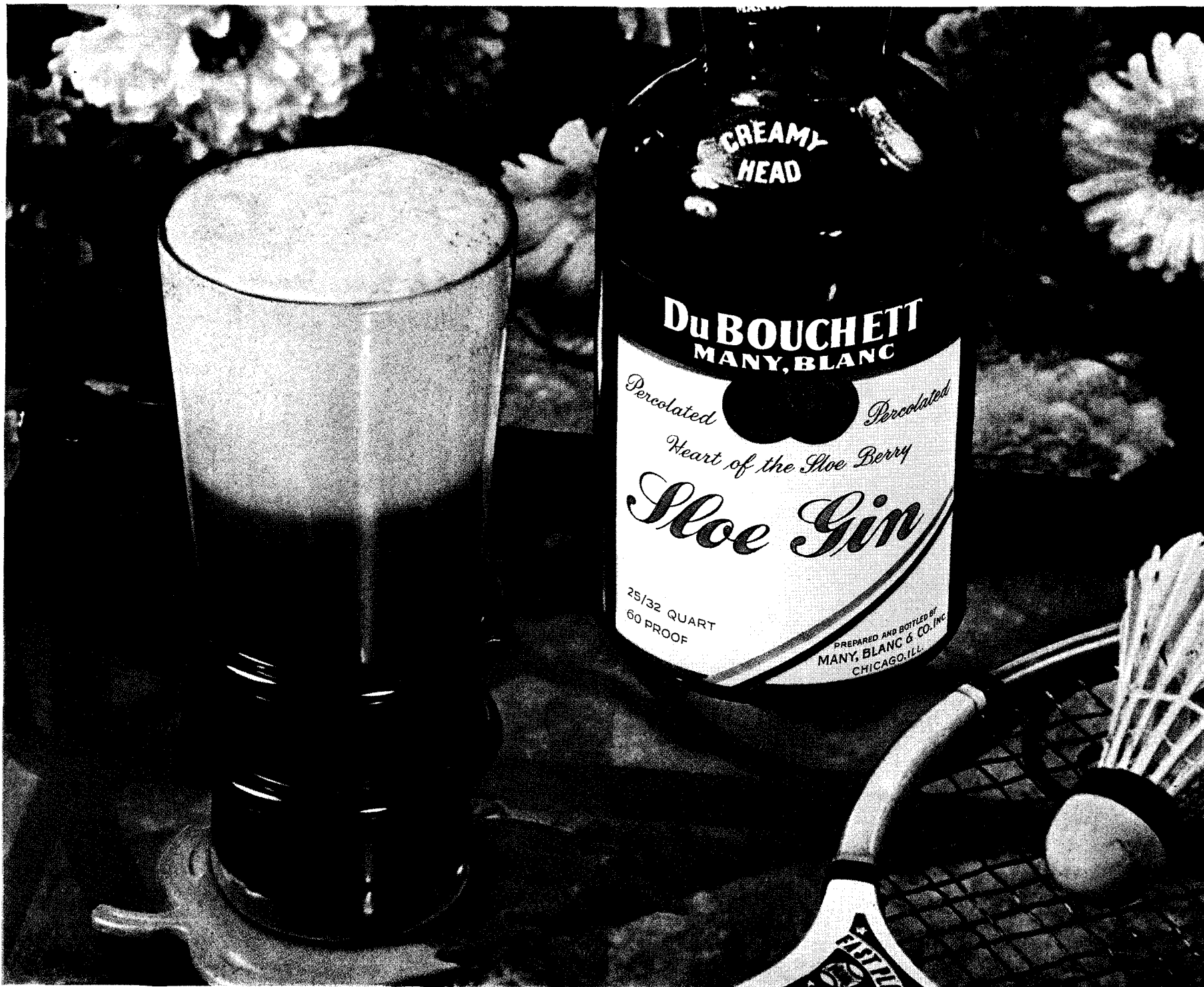
"Jack," Arthur said. "I wonder if there's more here than meets the eye."

mourners, nor had her mother. Their plane from Florida had been delayed by bad weather, she said. . . .

Most of the funeral copy had been sent along when Joe Beckett came up to report on the Sam Clymer case. Joe was pale and had the subdued look of a man obviously badly hung over. Sam Clymer was in trouble because of the unrelenting campaign Forrest C. Willshire had carried on against bookmakers in the news and editorial columns of the Courier—a campaign so uncompromising that he had even called in police to put a stop to the printers' pool at the Courier. The immediate result had been that Jack Morton had gone to bat to keep Ned Meyer, who operated the printers' pool, out of magistrates court; and the end result had been that Sam Clymer was now engaged in proving that he had no connection with a Forty-fifth Street office, where police had found seventeen telephones, two tickers, and various other paraphernalia of the betting rooms. Sam Clymer had been on the stand that day, and Arthur told Joe to write the best story he could inside a column. . . .

At half past seven Sue Wharton had finished her work, and Arthur went to dinner with her in the cafeteria on the twelfth floor. She was pale and seemed



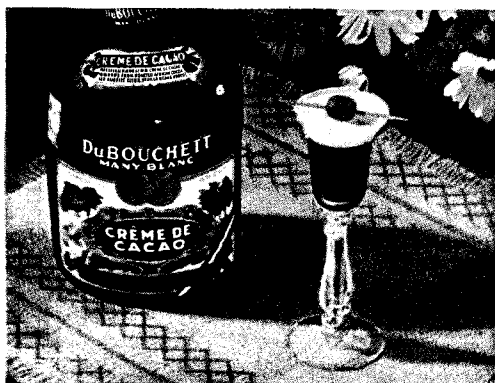


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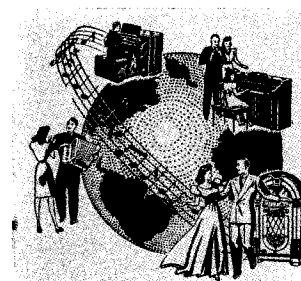
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tired. Arthur got them each a bottle of beer.

"Was my copy pretty bad, Arthur?" "No, it was fine. You always do a competent job, Sue. You shouldn't be devil yourself so much."

"I have to have plenty of sleep to be any good," she said.

"You did all right. Drink your beer." He raised his glass. "Well, here's to Forrest C. Willshire."

"Better make it Emily Willshire," Sue said. "In other words, here's to trouble."

"You talk as if you know her."

Sue seemed to hesitate an instant before she shook her head. "I know my sex," she said, and finished her beer.

Later, as they were having coffee, she asked, "Did you find Joe Beckett last night, Arthur?"

"I didn't need to," Arthur said. "In view of what happened."

"I suppose not." Her blue eyes met his. "Did you find him, though?"

"Sure, I found him," Arthur said. "You notice he was on the job today."

Arthur glanced at his watch; he had no wish to discuss Joe Beckett's activities of the night before. "Got to get back downstairs, Sue," he said. "Coming?"

"You go ahead, Arthur. When I finish my coffee I think I'll go on home."

Arthur picked up her check and paid

"A couple of sticks! The story runs a column, Jack."

"Better have it cut down then, if you want to get it in the paper."

Arthur met Jack's eyes, nodded, and turned away. Jack Morton was managing editor, and it was his province to decide what news play a story should have. Arthur walked glumly back to the city desk.

Herby, the head copy boy, was waiting for him. "Somebody outside to see you, Mr. Leslie. A Miss Carter."

"I don't know any Miss Carter. What does she want?"

"Wants a job, I guess."

Arthur groaned and glanced around. His eye fell on Harry Whiteside. "Somebody outside wants a job," Arthur said. "Go out and interview her, will you, Harry? Just tell her to leave her name. Brush her off."

Harry put on his coat and started out to the reception desk, and Arthur picked up the story slugged bookie. He carried it over to Joe Beckett's desk and dropped it in front of Joe. "Cut it to three paragraphs, Joe," he said.

"Huh?"

"That's orders," Arthur said, and walked gloomily away. He sat down again and lighted a cigarette, but he had not yet smoked it through when he felt

devil and the deep blue sea, the devil being the front office. He crumpled the note and dropped it in the wastebasket.

"Sorry," he said. "I have no opening on the staff now, Miss Carter. If you'll leave your name..."

Harry Whiteside raised his eyebrows, gave his head an admiring shake, and walked away. Arthur became aware that the girl was standing very still, and he turned and met her eyes. "But Miss Willshire said I was to have a job."

They faced each other and for a moment neither spoke, then she spread her hands slightly. "At least," she said, "I think you ought to listen to my qualifications, don't you?"

"Of course I'll listen," Arthur said. "But I simply can't take anyone on now. I operate on a budget, you understand, and it allows for just so many reporters, and no more."

The lifting of her head brought her chin up in a firm, defiant line. She had a good deal of chin, Arthur noticed. Not that she wasn't good-looking, but she definitely had a good deal of chin, even if there was a dimple in it.

"I'm a graduate of journalism school," she said. "It's true that I haven't had experience on a metropolitan paper, but I'm willing to work for very little while I'm learning. I think I have ideas, and—"

"Have you had any experience on any paper?" Arthur demanded.

"I was editor of my college paper, Mr. Leslie, and—"

"No experience at all, is that it? Now listen, Miss Carter, don't you know that some men work for years to get the experience that will take them to a New York paper? This is tops in journalism, and there isn't any short cut. My advice to you is to get a job out of town, get a couple of years' experience, and then come in and see me."

She met his hostile eyes, and suddenly turned away.

ARTHUR sat down at his desk. It had begun already. Forrest C. Willshire had hardly been decently buried before his granddaughter began moving in to take control. Almost the moment she got off the plane from Florida she must have sat herself down and dashed off her imperial command to the city editor. He'd better start looking for another job, he decided; he couldn't stick it out here very long.

"Hey, look!" Bob Farley said, his red lips grinning.

Arthur glanced up and Bob whistled softly. "Straight into the managing editor's office," he said. "She asked me where it was and made a beeline for it."

Arthur swung his chair around slightly, so that he could see the door of the managing editor's office. In about five minutes the girl came out and walked quickly across the city room, without glancing at Arthur. Jack Morton came to the doorway and watched her go, then he approached the city desk, shaking his head.

"Come in my office, will you, Arty?" "You want me to take her on, I suppose?"

"You got a note from Miss Willshire, didn't you, Arty?"

Arthur pointed to the wastebasket. Jack Morton smoothed his mustache.

"Well, I just had a call from her, while I was talking to the girl. She means it, Arty, and we'll have to put her on."

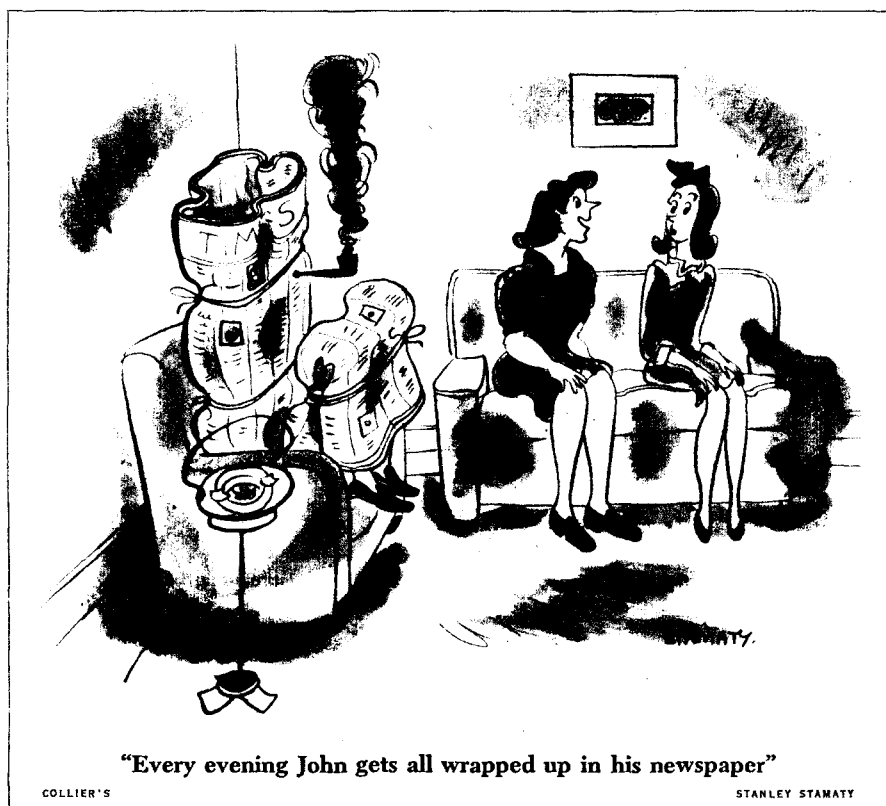
"Want me to fire somebody to make room?" Arthur asked. "Is that it? Well, like hell I will."

"Miss Willshire increased your budget to take care of it, Arty," Jack Morton said. "I told the girl to report tomorrow morning."

"I see."

"Sorry to go over your head," Jack said. "It's over my head, too."

"I see," Arthur said. "Now take it easy, Arty," Jack said. "Give her a chance. After all, it's Miss



it with his at the cashier's desk. He took the elevator down to the fourth floor. On his desk he found the layout which showed the make-up of the front page. The Willshire funeral was the only local story on page one. He glanced over at Bob Farley, who had attended the seventieth conference with Jack Morton and Percy Chambrion at which the day's news was discussed and the news play decided.

"Didn't you speak up for the Clymer story, Bob?"

"Sure," Bob said. "I spoke up. Mr. Morton said to hell with it, and of course Percy played along."

Arthur turned and walked quickly to the managing editor's office.

"Say, Jack, what's the matter with the Clymer story?"

"No room," Jack said.

"The Old Man had an interest in that story," Arthur said. "He'd have liked to see it on page one."

"It was the Old Man's personal campaign. Who's going to carry it on now?"

"It's still a good news story," Arthur said. "Sam Clymer was on the stand today."

"We'll use a couple of sticks inside somewhere," Jack Morton said casually.

a light tap on his shoulder. Harry Whiteside was there, with a young woman in a hat as tall as Abraham Lincoln's.

"Arty, this is Miss Carter," Harry said. "Marilyn Carter."

"Harry..." Arthur began, fixing a venomous look on the rewrite man.

"She's got a letter for you, Arty," Harry said.

"I can't help that," Arthur said. "I'm busy."

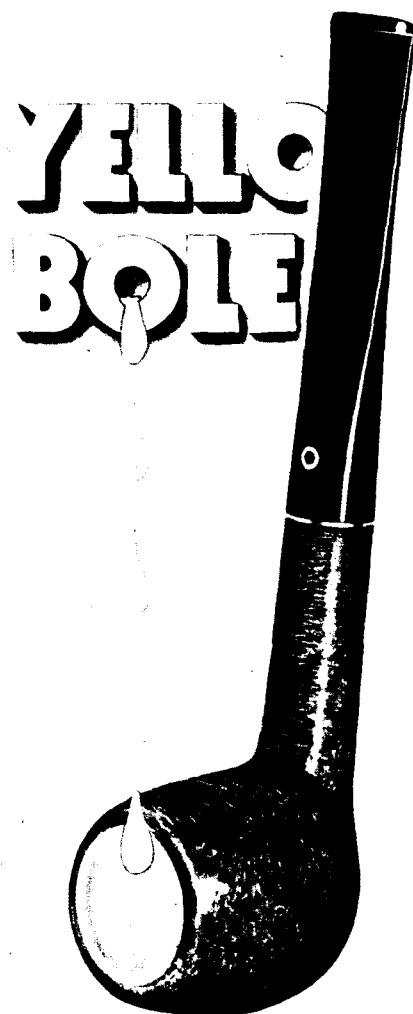
"A letter from Miss Emily Willshire," Harry said. "The new owner of the paper. Remember?"

The girl came a step forward, smiling faintly, and said, "How do you do, Mr. Leslie?"

Arthur got slowly to his feet. She was holding out an envelope, and he took it from her hand and broke the seal. He gave her a quick, unfriendly glance as he opened out the letter. The brief note said: *Dear Mr. Leslie: The bearer is my friend and classmate, Marilyn Carter. Will you please find a place for her as a reporter on the staff? Sincerely, Emily Willshire.*

Arthur stared at the note and felt the color rising in his face. He remembered what Joe Beckett had said about the

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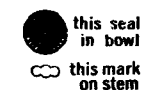
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Willshire's newspaper. I suppose she can hire anybody she likes."

"Okay," Arthur said, and shrugged his shoulders. "I'll give her a chance. But if she's no good, she's fired."

He walked slowly to Joe Beckett's desk, where Joe was cutting the Clymer story down. He shook his head thoughtfully and said, "You were right, Joe. The devil's on my tail. Let's go have us a drink."

They went to the bar across the street. Arthur was depressed, and after the second highball he said glumly, "There'll be a new city editor pretty soon. I can see what's coming, Joe."

"It's a living, don't forget."

Arthur signaled to Otto for another round. Joe poured his jigger of bourbon into the soda, stirred it, and scowled at his glass. "Arty," he said slowly. "I was a damned fool."

"Yes," Arthur said.

"Last night, I mean."

"I know what you mean."

Joe's speculative eyes turned toward Arthur's. "You mention it to anybody?"

"No."

"I'd just as soon forget it," Joe said. "I'm a little ashamed of that, Arty."

"All right," Arthur said. "It's forgotten."

"I was drunk," Joe said.

"I know."

"And it burned me up," Joe said. "When a twenty-dollar office desk out-raises a trained reporter, I—"

"Forget it, Joe."

The first edition usually started coming off the presses at about twenty-five minutes past ten. At half past, Arthur went upstairs to get a paper. He checked over the funeral story, found a misspelled name—Sue Wharton's weakness—and sent a correction. Then he went home. He had not had enough sleep the night before, and he was tired, but he stopped at Vincent's for a nightcap and played two games of chess with Dr. Ruiz.

Later he walked to Sheridan Square and bought a copy of the Record-Star. He did not open it until he was in the elevator, on the way up to his apartment, and the two-column head that led the paper jumped out at him. WILLSHIRE A SUICIDE. The bank of the headline said *Publisher Left Note*.

Arthur went into his apartment and spread the paper out on the table, and his

eyes skimmed along the column of type until he found the text of the note.

*Death has a thousand doors for men to take their exit, and life as many corridors. It is when death is at hand and the door is opening that a man sums up the achievements of his life, and strikes a balance, and asks himself, "Have I or have I not failed?" Each man must make the answer for himself.*

The note was unsigned, but it was in Forrest Willshire's hand, the Record-Star reported. It was written on a slip of legal foolscap, about four inches by nine, and was found tucked in the leather corner of the blotter on his desk. Police withheld the note, the Record-Star said, pending authentication of the handwriting, but the case was now listed as suicide.

Arthur had no doubt that Forrest C. Willshire was the author of the note. It had the pretentious, rather literary style of the obituary he had written. But still the note gave no clear reason for the Old Man's act, and the motive of it fascinated Arthur. Here was a man who had embarked somewhat quixotically upon his career, and had the perception to remember and appraise more than fifty years later. Here was a man who could remember the ideals of youth long after they had been abandoned. Here was a man who had turned somewhere along the line and sought power, acquired power, used it ruthlessly. Arthur would have liked a better explanation of why Mr. Willshire had taken his own life.

WHEN Marilyn Carter came into the office the next day, she was not wearing the Abraham Lincoln number, but a hat that looked equally as smart. Arthur examined her more carefully than he had the night before. She was quite small, just tiptoes over five feet, and her figure was the compact, well-rounded figure that small women often have. What Arthur did not like about her was the confident way she moved, her air of assurance as she approached the city desk. Her hazel eyes were bright, and her smile was quite guileless as she said, "Good afternoon, Mr. Leslie."

Arthur nodded. He did not get up from his chair. He pointed across the room. "Over there is a row of mail-boxes. Your number is 124. Look often in your box for assignments, wire copy,



telephone messages, and so forth." He turned his head. "Boy!"

A copy boy hurried over and Arthur said, "This is Miss Carter, a new reporter. Show her where desk number 63 is." He met the hazel eyes. "When you're settled, come over and see me."

"Thank you," Marilyn Carter said, and followed the copy boy to her desk.

Steve Bell, the day city editor, said, "Not bad, Arty. Where did you find her?"

"Let me see the assignment sheet," Arthur said. He glanced down the row of entries. "How about the dedication of this statue in Central Park?" He looked out the window. "Looks like rain, doesn't it?"

"Or snow," Steve Bell said.

"Okay, send her out to Central Park."

Steve grinned. "What have you got against her, Arty?"

"Why nothing at all," Arthur said blandly, and raised his eyebrows. "She wants to learn the newspaper business, that's why she's here. By the way, Steve, Emily Willshire hired her."

"Oh-oh," Steve said. "It begins."

Marilyn Carter was on her way toward his desk, and Arthur took from the assignment basket a press release on the Central Park exercises and gave it to her. "This is your assignment, Miss Carter."

"Thank you. What do I do, Mr. Leslie? Do I telephone in when it's over?"

"No hurry," Arthur said. "Just come back in and write it."

She sat down in the chair beside his. "May I speak to you for a moment?"

"Sure."

"I hope you're not going to hold this against me, Mr. Leslie."

"Hold what against you?"

"Well, I wanted this job, and I was determined to get it any way I could. Do you blame me, Mr. Leslie?"

"You're on the staff now," Arthur said. "Just do your work."

Arthur lighted a cigarette after she had gone, and leaned back in his chair. His thoughts kept returning to the note Forrest C. Willshire had written, and the more he thought about it, the stranger the note seemed. No explanation, no apology; only a rather literary paragraph

about death and failure. He got suddenly to his feet and walked out to the library. He signaled to Bob Kindel, the head librarian, and walked back among the rows of filing cases. Bob followed him.

"Bob, I'm curious about the Old Man's obit," Arthur said. "When was it filed?"

"Just a minute, Arty. I'll look it up. No, wait. I remember." Bob fixed his eyes on the ceiling. "It was just about a year ago. Remember when the Old Man was sick? That's when he wrote it, I guess. Anyhow, he brought it in himself on his first day back at work and asked me to file it."

Arthur went back to his desk and sat staring blankly at a calendar on the wall. Suddenly he turned and signaled to Herby, the head copy boy.

"Go downstairs and get me the copy—the original—on Forrest C. Willshire's obituary," he said.

ARTHUR leaned over and pulled a copy of yesterday's paper toward him. He glanced at the Willshire obituary. He knew it almost by heart now. It ended with his appointment, a few months ago, as library trustee, followed by a list of his directorships, clubs, and honorary degrees. He frowned, trying to remember the original obituary as he had read it, page by page. There had been frequent interruptions, and the latter part of it had been tacked on by Harry Whiteside, to bring it up to date. He could not remember where Willshire's obit had ended and Harry's material begun.

Herby returned. "Say, Mr. Leslie, I can't find the copy."

Arthur frowned. "Why not?"

"Well, I asked down in the composing room. The fella didn't know where it was. He said he didn't know what happened to copy once it was set."

"It goes to the proofreaders, along with the proofs," Arthur said. "Wait a minute, I'll go with you."

They went down one flight to the proofroom, and Arthur said to an old man in an eyeshade, "I'm looking for some day-old copy."

The old man shook his head. "Not here."

"Where will I find it, then?" Arthur was somewhat embarrassed to admit



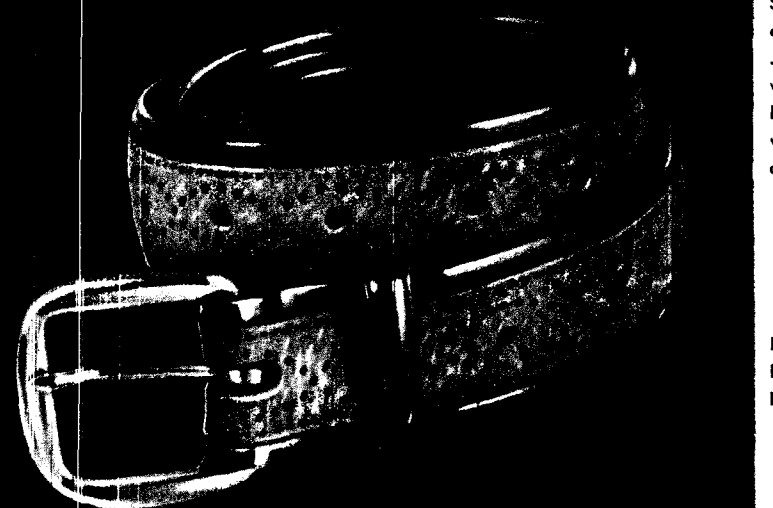
"Waddaya mean Joe is nobody's fool? He's mine!"

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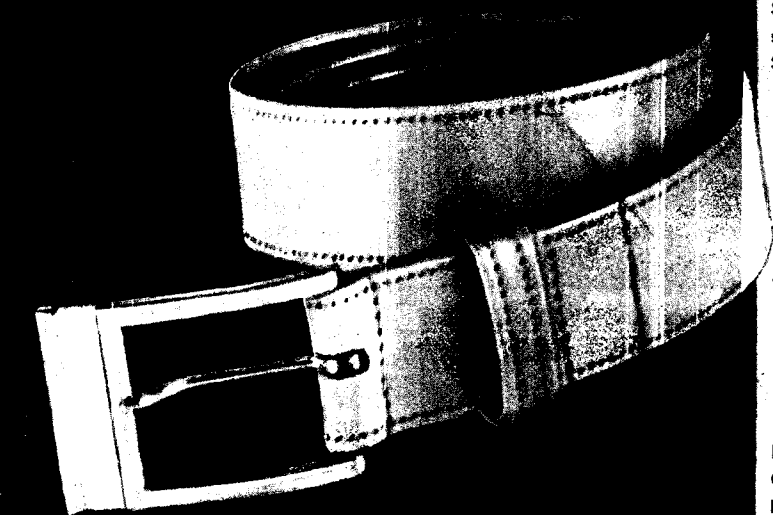


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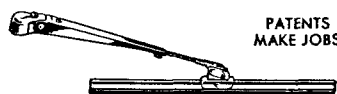


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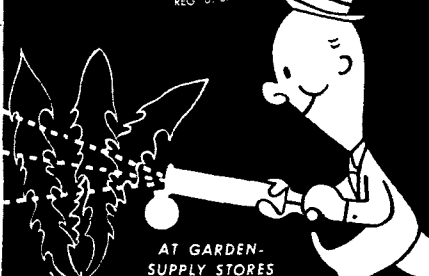
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# WEEDONE

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.



AT GARDEN-  
SUPPLY STORES  
American Chemical Paint Co., Ambler, Pa.

that, although he was city editor of the Courier, he didn't know.

"In the bin," the old man said.

"The bin?"

"Down at the end of the corridor," the old man said impatiently, "you'll find a room with thirty-one bins in it, numbered from one to thirty-one, one for each day of the month. Let's see now, what did you want?"

"The copy on the Willshire obit," Arthur said.

"Well, that was yesterday's paper, the sixteenth of the month. Look in bin sixteen."

The thirty-one bins were huge steel affairs. Number sixteen was filled to the brim with galley proof and pages of copy cut up in short takes for the linotype operators.

"Take all day to find it in that mess," Herby said. "Want me to look?"

"It will keep," Arthur said. "It will be there for a month. Let it go for now."

He climbed the stairs thoughtfully to the city room. It was only a vague idea, a hunch, that had set him looking for the original copy. It was the phraseology of the suicide note and it was the fact that the note had been written on legal foolscap. The obituary had also been written on foolscap. What in hell was he looking for? Arthur thought. Was he trying to convince himself that Forrest C. Willshire had been murdered, and that the suicide note had been cut from the text of the Willshire obituary?

He spun around and called the copy boy back. "I've changed my mind," he said. "Go on down there and find that copy."

He saw Harry Whiteside and walked over to speak to him.

"What did that Willshire obit end up with, Harry? Was it his appointment as a library trustee?"

"Oh, no, I tacked that stuff on. He didn't have any of that. The last item in it was about five years back, Arty, when he was mixed up in civilian defense."

"But he wrote it only last year," Arthur said. "Harry, did it seem to end kind of suddenly?"

"Suddenly?" Harry Whiteside said. His eyes looked huge behind the spectacles.

"Not entirely packaged up, I mean," Arthur said. "I mean, did it seem that it didn't quite end?"

"Yeah," Harry said. "Now that you mention it, I believe it did."

"As if a page were missing, maybe?" "Maybe."

"Okay," Arthur said. "Thanks."

If the suicide note had been cut from a page of Forrest C. Willshire's obituary, naturally the whole page would be missing. The cut page would not have been left with the rest of the copy in the manila envelope. Arthur was excited: he felt as he had often felt when a big story was breaking.

HE SAW Marilyn Carter coming in from the elevators. She went to her desk, took off her hat, and sat down, then began looking in a drawer for paper. Arthur got up and walked over to her desk.

"We write out copy on what we call books," he said patiently. "Paper and carbon and flimsies already made up. Just call a copy boy and ask him to bring you some books."

"Thank you, Mr. Leslie."

"How did your assignment turn out?"

"There were a lot of speeches."

"Anybody say anything?"

"Well, the borough president was there. He made a speech about controlling atomic power, and—"

"The borough president's job is to keep Manhattan streets in repair," Arthur said. "How much do you think it's all worth?"

She looked at him expectantly, and her eager smile made Arthur realize that she was a very pretty girl, and very young. "Say a column?"

"Say fifteen lines," Arthur said.

Arthur walked on to the stairs and down again to the big bins where the old copy was stored. The floor was littered with old galley proofs and red-marked copy. Herby looked up and shook his head. "Haven't found it yet, Mr. Leslie."

"Well, keep looking."

Arthur returned to his desk. Reporters were coming in from their assignments, and copy was beginning to move. The night desk was taking over and Steve Bell was explaining the day's work, assignment by assignment, to Bob Farley.

"We've got a new reporter, Bob," Arthur said. "Miss Marilyn Carter. When her copy comes in, pass it over to me."

Arthur settled down to read the final editions of the evening newspapers. Jack Morton walked by, and Arthur called, "See who won the fourth? Paid fifty-nine sixty."

"I had that horse," Jack Morton said. "Just a small bet, though."

"One of your small bets would cover my year's budget for the bangtails," Arthur said.

Steve Bell laughed. "Fine example you guys are setting, with the paper out to get Sam Clymer's scalp."

Jack Morton stopped and glanced back over his shoulder. "We got a Clymer story today?"

"Joe Beckett's covering it. Hasn't come in yet."

"Hold it to twenty-five lines," Jack said, and walked on.

"Twenty-five lines!" Bob Farley said. "Can't even get his aliases into twenty-five lines."

Arthur did not speak; but he was wondering why the Courier had laid off the Clymer story from the moment the Old Man died.

Bob Farley said, "Here's what you wanted, Arty," and tossed over a folded take of copy. Arthur opened it out and read Marilyn Carter's story, aware that she was sitting at her desk, anxiously watching him. He called her over.

"You didn't mention where all this happened, Miss Carter."

"Oh, my goodness. Who, what, when, where. I forgot the where."

Her copy was not too bad, although facts were crowded into the lead like potatoes into a sack, the usual fault of beginners. Arthur went to work with his pencil. He cut the story to a single paragraph, and tossed it into the basket. She looked depressed. "Was it that bad?"

Arthur remembered when he had been a cub. "It was all right," he said. "It

isn't your fault if there wasn't any news in it."

"Then it's going in the paper?"

"Unless Mr. Chambrion throws it out."

As she glanced toward the night managing editor, her head was turned almost in profile to Arthur, but he could still see her eyes. He saw a frozen look that came into them, and he saw how her chin had stiffened. He looked up, and saw Sue Wharton standing fifteen feet away. The two girls stared at each other for a long moment before Marilyn Carter jumped to her feet and cried, "Why, Sue, do you work here, too?"

She moved away quickly, her heels clicking on the floor. Sue gave Arthur a puzzled glance, then Marilyn was upon her and there was an embrace that appeared to startle Sue.

THE two girls moved away together, and Arthur saw them talking a few moments later, Marilyn perched on the edge of a desk. Sue met his glance and approached the city desk.

"Is it all right if I sign out now, Arthur?"

"I think so."

"And how about Miss Carter?" Sue said. "I want to buy her a drink."

"Old pals or something?"

"Yes, I used to know her," Sue smiled. "Be nice to her, Arthur."

He shrugged his shoulders. "Sure, I'll be nice."

"I mean it," Sue said. "Really, I mean it."

He gave her a long look. "So do I."

"Arthur," Sue began, then stopped. "Well, never mind. Good night."

"Good night," Arthur said, and frowned as he watched the girls walk together toward the elevators. He did not like this Marilyn Carter's assurance, he thought, nor the way she had obtained her job, nor the way she was becoming so quickly chummy about the office. In fact, he did not like this girl at all.

"Oh, Mr. Leslie."

He turned and saw Herby standing apologetically behind him.

"I went all through that bin, Mr. Leslie," Herby said. "I looked at every scrap of paper, and it wasn't there. Not a single take of it, Mr. Leslie."

The bin was the one place the original copy of the obituary of Forrest C. Willshire should be, unless it had been lifted somewhere along the line. And if it had been lifted along the line, Arthur thought, it meant that Forrest C. Willshire had been murdered, and that the proof of the murder had been destroyed.

(To be continued next week)



"You can't say I'm marrying him for his money, because it's all in stocks, bonds and securities"

COLLIER'S

JEFFERSON MACHAMER



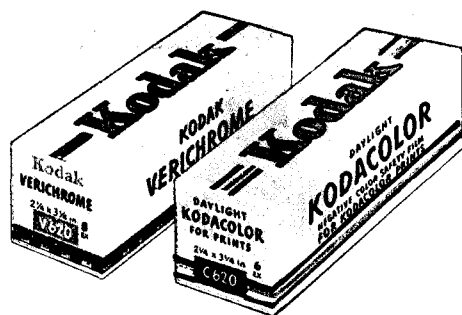
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# JOLLIER'S

WILLIAM L. CHENERY

Publisher

HENRY LA CASSITT

Editor

JOE ALEX MORRIS

Managing Editor



## THE DRYS HAVE HOPES

AS HAPPENED during and after World War I, American Drys are having a field day in this early postwar period following World War II. The Methodist Board of Temperance, Prohibition and Public Morals has revived its old-time prohibition propaganda sheet. Fanatics are showering magazines and newspapers with "Liquor advertising must go" post cards. Liquor ads aren't going. The government, unwittingly doubtless, has given the Drys a helping hand by cutting brewers' grain and distillers' working days per month far out of proportion to the amount of used by these industries.

Public opinion polls indicate that the great majority of Americans do not want to go back to the crime, corruption and bad liquor which cursed the nation throughout the 13 years of the federal prohibition experiment.

There is only one way for this majority to defeat the Drys. That way is to stand up and fight. Being a tightly organized minority of fanatics, the Drys have an initial advantage over the unorganized, easy-going majority. But they can be defeated, as was demonstrated when the 18th Amendment was repealed in 1933. Just let your congressman and sena-

tors, and the White House, know how you feel on this subject, and keep on letting them know.

We would especially urge the brewers and distillers to join this fight even more heartily than they have thus far done. They have nothing to apologize for in the conduct of their affairs since repeal, and they are in all ways entitled to stand up and fight for their right to stay in business. It is that right which the Drys are out to destroy once again if they can.

Let's prove, for once, that we are capable of learning from sad experience, by steadfastly refusing to have a second helping of federal prohibition.

## AMONG US ELIZABETHANS

JOLLIER'S a few issues ago had the pleasure of publishing an au revoir message to the American from Lord Halifax, on the occasion of his departure as British Ambassador to the United States.

Halifax's best paragraph, we thought, was:

"England we are proud of what we call the Elizabethan Age and of the Elizabethans themselves, with their high spirit of adventure, their confidence in themselves, their country and their purpose. I have often thought of Americans as having entered on their Elizabethan Age, with all that the term implies. Over and over again in these last years we have seen the signs of it; in the landings on Pacific islands, and in General Patton's ordinary drive from the coast of Normandy to the

Rhine, and in the astonishing exploits of your young airmen over Germany and Japan. The forefathers of the men who did these things came from every country in Europe, but the men themselves were Americans of the Elizabethan breed; and they will make the future of their country.

To that gratifying assessment of present-day Americans, we'd like to add only the suggestion that more of us take to acting like Elizabethans than are doing so at this time.

Among those Americans who are distinctly not being Elizabethan in attitude or action, we would list people who fear inflation and are determined to get theirs in time, regardless of the general welfare . . . people who strive to increase and perpetuate government controls over free-born Americans . . . people

who apologize for the United States . . . people who waste time and energy in hating minority groups.

The list could be extended, but you get the idea. Being a 20-carat Elizabethan American yourself, you'll know non-Elizabethans on sight. They are simply Americans who lack what Lord Halifax calls the original Elizabethans' "high spirit of adventure, their confidence in themselves, their confidence in their purpose."

The better we live up to our conception of us, the more we are like Elizabethans.

The whole world, incidentally, is full of innumerable ways from Shakespeare, Morgan, and fellow Elizabethans once

Halifax many

ing in icon, he-

## JUST GIVE US FOOD FACTS

President Herbert Hoover completed his 22nd hunger-stricken Truman the most

But vigorous voluntary food conservation till the end of September is a necessity, according to this analysis of the situation, if the United States is to hold up its end in the famine-fighting endeavor.

Holding up our end consists in exporting to hungry areas abroad, in Europe and Asia, about 800,000 tons of grain a month during this five-month crisis period, plus what fats we can round up for export.

If we can meet this quota, and if other grain-surplus nations do their share, mass starvation in various parts of the world should be averted for this year, at least. The other nations that can spare some grain are Argentina, Australia, Brazil, Burma, Canada, Russia, Siam, and the United Kingdom.

Our own conviction can be relied on to in any food conservation convinced is sensible American general little grumbling demonstrate

So, down facts —m: port J hys'





# The Week's Work

Major General  
Norman T. Kirk

© HARRIS & EWING

**T**HE Norman T. Kirk-J. D. Ratcliff article on vivisection (p. 16) comes at a moment when the antivivisectionists are beating their drums with renewed energy. Right now the press is giving support to a nationwide campaign against the use of animals in medical research. The antivivisectionists have come close to winning on several occasions. Last year they jammed an antivivisection bill through the New York Senate by an overwhelming vote—39 to 9. Organized medicine came back from this near-knockout blow and managed to get the bill bottled up in the House. A similar bill missed passage in the Massachusetts legislature by a single vote. The issue still is a live one in both of these states, and in Illinois and California as well.

Recently, as a part of the campaign, antivivisectionist Irene Castle McLaughlin, the former dancer, challenged Dr. Maurice Visscher, head of the University of Minnesota's physiology department, to a debate.

Mrs. McLaughlin swept onto the stage, followed by several beautifully groomed, affectionate wolfhounds. The implication was obvious. It was a move to put any debater in an awkward spot. Dr. Visscher was ready for it. Planted in the front row was a handsome 3-year-old child, son of a friend. At a hop on the stag dog



Czenzi Ormonde

**NORMAN T.** ent in June, 1 of the U.S. n of his long as an Army ed his M.D. Maryland, he rps in 1910 d in Field Mexico, in in Stern- nan Gen- sco; and hington. terson is war best

a record as we had in the last war. Deaths from disease were reduced to less than one per cent, as compared to 16 per cent in the last war. General Kirk speaks from his heart against the antivivisectionists.

**KYLE CRICHTON**, back from his tour of the Hot Tamale Circuit (p. 27), reports that a loud noise describes Mexico: "Boom!!"

Houses and apartment buildings and prices are going up with amazing rapidity. The late-lamented Florida boon was nothing compared to this. The rich are getting richer and the poor poorer, and the end is not in sight.

Crichton reports further, and at the risk of getting in bad with our local New York cabmen, that the taxi drivers in Mexico City are the best in the world. "A cabby there will go into a

space so minute it would bring sweat to the brow of a New Yorker. And when they cannot go around the car in front they leap over it."

Crichton, unlike most of our traveling journalists, prefers leisurely train travel to flying, especially at mealtime. "On a plane," he says, "you eat at your own risk. They have not yet found a way to prevent peas from flying up into your face when you hit an air pocket."

## AUTHOR CZENZI ORMONDE

A pretty girl who wrote the short story Cipriano (p. 62), writes us about herself as follows: "A widow with a family to support really has no business turning her back on a moderately successful job as a fashion designer. But one day I cast a very tired eye on the sketch I was drawing—an ermine coat destined to cover the ample proportions of a very rich lady with three moist pink chins—and I never finished it. I drew a mustache on the sketch, and turned to the uncertain future of writing for a living. It didn't turn out too well—not at first. I had to take a job and pay the rent and the gas bill, but I continued to write stories at night. A solid year or two of this routine resulted in a short story every two weeks and a hitch in the hospital from overwork.

"But the stories began to sell. Hollywood waved a beautiful writing contract. I picked up my writing board and a very profitable year—waiting to rack to fiction writing.

The most inconvenient thing about going for a studio is that you have to do so."

A. P.

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prohibiting medical schools from using animals sentenced to death in city pounds. As a result, 33,000 animals are killed in Boston each year and rendered into soap and fertilizer, while medical schools waste money sending out of the state for animals necessary in teaching and research.

In one case, antivivisectionists all but stopped the work of one of the nation's top research men. Out of courtesy to him—and to keep the antivivisectionists from making his life miserable—his name won't be mentioned. Suffice to say that he was doing research on diseases of the heart and arteries—which rank as the top killer of human beings.

The city where he worked had permitted antivivisectionists to jam through an ordinance denying research men the right to use homeless animals collected on city streets. As a result, this researcher had to send out of the state for animals—paying for crating and shipping. It strained his meager budget to the breaking point. In order to get funds to keep working, he had to perform autopsies at night for the county coroner's office.

In the end, he succeeded in finding one of the basic causes of high blood pressure—a piece of work that merits the highest recognition. This is the type of man the antivivisectionists have declared war on.

In any discussion on this subject one point stands out. These people aren't at war with cruelty to animals. They are at war with science. They don't lift voices against gelding of cattle to make tender beef, against trapping, hunting or the branding of steers. The antivivisectionist lady sees no incongruity in wearing a mink coat—although dozens of animals were bitten by steel traps and froze to death in the Canadian wastelands to make that coat. They don't object to wearing feathers on their hats although those feathers were plucked from the tails of live birds. And they don't object to eating roast capon—although the chicken underwent painful surgery in order to provide a tender mouthful of food.

#### Patient Recovers. Story Killed

The next point made by the antivivisectionists is that nothing of benefit has come from animal experimentation. They blindly ignore facts—until they get sick. Not long ago one of the most vocal opponents of animal experimentation was gravely ill in a Chicago hospital. Plasma, sulfa and other drugs—all proved through animal experimentation—pulled the patient through. An alert newspaper wanted to print the story, giving the historical background of every drug that had been used. On ethical grounds the physician refused. He would not violate the privacy of his patient.

To a great degree, it is because of such ethical considerations that the medical profession is handicapped in fighting these people. The physician can state only facts. The other side can use any near truths or distortions it chooses.

Let's look at a few research accomplishments that trace to animal experimentation.

Twenty-five years ago diabetes was a sentence of death. When a baby got this disease, its life could be measured in days. Then that pair of medical immortals, the late Sir Frederick Banting and Dr. Charles Best, found how to extract insulin from the pancreas of slaughterhouse animals. Millions of diabetics are alive today only because of this work, which cost the lives of 30 dogs.

The diabetic who knows what happens to him when he misses a shot of insulin is in a better position to judge the value of this work than the glossy secretary of an antivivisection league.

Without the aid of dogs, Dr. George H. Whipple would never have been able to work out the liver extract treatment for

## Mice—Or Men?

Continued from page 16

pernicious anemia. He painlessly bled a number of dogs until they were anemic—then sought and found the magic fraction in liver which would keep them alive. Until this piece of work was done, this disease was universally fatal. Ask the man who is alive only because of this work what he thinks of medical research. His words will be more convincing than the lurid language used in antivivisectionist literature.

But for animal experimentation—conducted mostly on mice—we could never have had the sulfa drugs. The same is true of penicillin, and that brilliant newcomer, streptomycin. At the turn of the century 60,000 babies were strangled to death each year in the United States by diphtheria. Then animal experimentation led to diphtheria antitoxin, and the ghastly slaughter stopped.

#### A Challenge to the Doubters

To people who doubt the value of serums and vaccines derived from animal experimentation, the late Sir William Osler issued a ringing challenge:

"I will go into the next severe epidemic of smallpox with ten selected vaccinated persons and ten unvaccinated persons. I will make the promise not to jeer or gibe when the unvaccinated people catch the disease, but to look after them as brothers, and for the four or five who are certain to die I will try to arrange the funerals without the pomp and ceremony of an antivaccination demonstration."

Without animal experimentation, surgery would be a bloody butchery. Antivivisectionists delight in showing pictures of dogs on operating tables in medical schools. These pictures aren't pretty—but neither is a man undergoing abdominal surgery. The animals get the same anesthetics, the same consideration that the human patient does. We don't regard the surgeon who removes our appendix or our gall bladder as a cruel monster—but the antivivisectionists regard him as such if he happens to be working on a dog.

Denied the use of animals, medical students would of necessity have to learn the techniques of surgery on human patients. The idea isn't pleasant. But that would be the only way of learning.

Antivivisectionists contend that experimental surgery isn't necessary. Here again, they have difficulty in supporting their case. Harvey Cushing developed his delicate brain surgery by work on dogs. Until then, a penetrating wound of the brain was universally fatal. The technique became so perfected that a scant 15 per cent of the men thus wounded died in the war just finished. Similarly with abdominal wounds: In the Civil War, 100 per cent of the soldiers with bullet wounds in the abdomen died. Then a research man shot thirty anesthetized dogs through the bowels.

From this experiment he showed that it is possible to suture severed intestines under the circumstances of war just as in civilian practice. The fact that only one in five men thus injured in the second World War died of their wounds can be traced at least in part to this experiment.

To enumerate all medical progress that traces directly to animal experimentation is impossible—for the reason that virtually every medical advance roots from such work. Vitamins could never have been discovered without animal work. A few puppies starved of vitamin D led to the discovery that this vitamin prevents rickets in children. Millions of children have straight legs, strong backs because of this work.

The method of removing a diseased kidney was worked out on dogs before it

was tried on man; and so was the procedure for removing portions of the stomach—as is done in the case of gastric ulcers. It cost the lives of 24 cats to develop the iron lung. If the price seems high, look in some day at the infantile paralysis ward of a children's hospital. See the faces of children who are alive only because of the iron lung, and remember the look on those faces the next time an antivivisectionist goes into his routine.

Surgical asepsis would never have been discovered but for animal experimentation, nor would most of the anesthetics which make surgery painless both for man and animals.

The antivivisectionists never mention that animals themselves derive enormous benefit from research work. Without this work, there would be no protection against rabies, distemper, hog cholera, Bang's disease and a host of other illnesses which beset the animal world.

A basic point made by all antivivisectionists is that unnecessary cruelty attends animal experimentation. This is utterly without foundation. Anyone who has ever tried even to remove a burr from a dog's paw will realize the difficulty. To operate on a dog or other animal without anesthesia would be impossible.

As a physician, I have visited scores of medical research laboratories. I have yet to see a single example of cruelty. On the contrary, animals are better fed, better housed, treated with more consideration than they are in most households.

The fact is that of all animals used, 95 per cent undergo no greater pain than the diabetic does when he takes a shot of insulin; than the school child getting a shot of diphtheria vaccine. In other words, most animals are used for purposes of injection to test new drugs and vitamins, and to standardize serums and vaccines.

Would you like a shot of typhoid vaccine of unknown strength? Or smallpox vaccine that might be contaminated? Unless animals were available for tests, a large part of the biological products used to protect our health would disappear.

#### The Offer That Had No Takers

Dr. Victor Heiser dramatized this point before a Senate Committee hearing on an antivivisection bill.

"The bottle I hold in my hand," he said, "contains a new remedy for hookworm. Hundreds of thousands of human beings throughout the world die each year of this scourge. Hundreds of thousands of dogs also die. This drug may be the basis of saving them. Nobody knows how much it will take to kill hookworms without killing the patient also. The ordinary procedure would be to find out all about it by testing it on dogs before releasing it for general use on man. But if we are forbidden to test it on dogs, what recourse is there but to test it on human beings?"

"Now I have a suggestion to make." Heiser glanced at the most vocal antivivisectionists seated in the front row. "Here is your chance to perhaps save the lives of innumerable human beings—and dogs as well. We'll try the experiment on you. I'll give you one teaspoonful. I'll give you two and you three." He pointed to the people sitting next to the first man. "Then we'll see what happens. Of course, you may be terribly sick, but I don't think you'll die, and you'll have the satisfaction of knowing that you've served the cause of your 'best friend.'"

Heiser started pouring and the seats cleared.

As we have indicated, of all animals used, 95 per cent are used for such tests.

The other 5 per cent are used by students for teaching purposes. These animals get the same anesthetics as are used on human patients. If undue damage is done them, or if there is likelihood of any severe postoperative pain, they are put to death.

In other words, there is no more cruelty practiced here than there is in the average appendectomy. There is considerably less pain than there is when a child has his tonsils removed.

Dr. Anton J. Carlson, outstanding physiologist at the University of Chicago, sums up: "If a man is not worth more than a dog, then our efforts to improve man are in error. We had better start raising more dogs and destroying more men, women and children for the good of the dog, so that the canine species may inherit the earth."

If we knew that ten more years of animal work would solve the cancer problem, should such work take place? From the antivivisectionists, the answer will be no—let 160,000 Americans continue to perish of this disease each year in order that a fraction of that many mice may live. One of this misguided group states frankly: "I would not have one mouse painfully vivisectioned to save the greatest of human beings." The mentality that would not trade a mouse for an Einstein, a Toscanini, a Thomas Benton!

Tears of the antivivisectionists might better be spent on that valiant band of medical martyrs that grows longer each year: Hideyo Noguchi and Adrian Stokes, who died on Africa's torrid west coast in an attempt to solve the yellow fever riddle; Howard Taylor Ricketts, who perished in Mexico of the typhus he was trying to conquer; Alexander Yersin, the Swiss hero who discovered the bacillus of bubonic plague, then died at the hands of that monstrous microbe; T. B. McClintic, one of the six who perished of Rocky Mountain spotted fever before a preventive vaccine was found.

#### Antis Specialize in Timing

Justly fearful, the antivivisectionists never turn up in the terror of an infantile paralysis epidemic. They know, as all thoughtful people know, that the only hope of eventual prevention and cure of this fearful sickness rests in continued animal experimentation. But in off seasons they become braver. Thus, California antivivisectionists opposed the March of Dimes campaign. This campaign is carried on in the winter—when polio is asleep.

This whole fight is just another case of the righteous and intelligent being victimized by the misguided. Let's set up rules for facing the situation.

Everyone is for kindness to animals, that being a basic tenet of human decency. But before donating a dime to any kindness-to-animals association, first determine that association's stand on the vivisection question. Better still, if you have money to donate, send it to one of the new organizations formed to combat the antivivisectionists: the National Society for Medical Research, or its related society, the Friends of Medical Research. These organizations, medicine's first attempt to defend its good name, both have offices in Chicago.

Enlightened people should fight for positive legislation—such as Chicago has. This ordinance says that recognized medical schools shall have free access to animals sentenced to death at the city pound. Women's clubs, civic organizations and veterans—the most recent beneficiaries of medical progress—can join this fight. If such ordinances were generally adopted it would stop the needless expenditure of thousands of dollars a year the laboratories pay out for animals. This money would then be available for increased work, increased human progress.

THE END



# Cipriano

BY CZENZI ORMONDE

ILLUSTRATED BY GILBERT DARLING

Carrie Benson thought she could insulate herself from life. Perhaps it was the aftermath of war that made her realize that merely to be comfortable is not enough

ON THE way home from the garden club meeting, Carrie Benson stopped at Shane's to buy the rice she'd forgotten to order. Cipriano loved rice. She told Mr. Shane it did seem odd shopping to please someone's appetite other than your husband's and particularly odd when that someone had once been your Filipino houseboy. "He's been in the Army for such a long time. And now he's being—let's see, what did Frank say he was...?"

"Separated? Discharged?" Mr. Shane smiled. "Well. If you don't mind, Mrs. Benson, my wife and I will mosey over to your house later and say hello to the boy. Sure did like that little fellow. It'll be nice for your husband, too, seeing Cipriano again, safe and sound..."

She left the store a little hurriedly. Nice for Frank indeed! How about her? No one, unless it was discerning Jane Eberle, president of the garden club, would possibly know that inviting Cipriano to dinner could have perilous results. Frank shouldn't have done it, that's all. Carrie Benson hadn't told her unsmiling cook that the dinner guest tonight was her slant-eyed predecessor. Carrie rebuked herself as she walked down the street for being grateful for fine cooking but neglecting to probe into Katie's capacity for understanding. She might very well slap on that awful hat of hers, pick up her cookbook and march straight over to Jane Eberle.

I'm too afraid of hurting people's feelings, she thought. I should have told Frank right out what a risk it was inviting Cipriano, considering Katie's temperament and all. That's what Jane would have done. But Jane was a strong-willed widow; ought to have been a general in the Army, Frank always said. She didn't have a husband to put his hand over yours as Frank did and smile at you when you felt like scolding, smile so wonderfully even after all these years that you just had to smile back.

She looked wistfully at a dress in McDonald's window, and walked on. It was too small and much too young for her. . . . Funny thing about Cipriano. He was ageless, sort of. She wondered vaguely if the war had made a great change in him. He could be twenty-five, forty, or anywhere in between—and why couldn't Frank have taken him to some Chinese place downtown for dinner? She could have spoken to him over the telephone and said: "Well, Cipriano, it's wonderful to know you're back. I'm so sorry you haven't time to come out before you take the train to Detroit..."

And Cipriano would have laughed like a girl over the phone and said proudly, "Yes, *ma'am*. I go 'way house-boy. I come back vet'ran Number Two World War." And that would be all. A nice genial goodbye.

She'd always made an effort to be genial, although she hadn't allowed herself ever—not since that tearless interlude years ago—to become more than remotely interested in anyone's personal life. It had been a period when both she and Frank had forced themselves to read and chat, eventually to laugh, in a room that had for a very short while been a nursery. That was the last hurt. If you didn't become too attached to people you lost the capacity to suffer over their misfortunes or be envious of their successes. It was a comfortable way to live.

She hadn't approved when Frank brought a Filipino home from the agency but it had become her habit to wait—just wait until Frank discovered his own error. But he hadn't. He never did. He was enchanted by Cipriano's laughter, his bland face and his incomparable cooking. He overlooked Cipriano's habit of standing on one foot and holding the other ankle in his hand every time he talked about his girl friends. Cipriano soon got over his embarrassment. Frank put him at his ease—and Cipriano stayed for four years.

Carrie's annoyance with Frank was cumulative. It went back those four years (Continued on page 67)

They were taking Cipriano's picture for the paper and he was saying: "Uncle Sam take good care his soldiers . . ." Everybody was talking, and Frank was bringing in wine

Carrie had caught a glimpse of Ordonio and his expensive monogrammed suitcase vaulting nimbly over the fence. She never saw him again but he sent a card from Hawaii

"He tells me," Cipriano interpreted to Carrie and Frank, "on this fatal night for the first time he win. This so intelligent gentleman, my friend, Ordonio, is innocent baby"

