



Dr. Alexander Wetmore, Smithsonian's top boss

SMITHSON'S House Of Wonders

Were the bedbugs who nipped Solomon out of his 10th century B.C. dreams of gazelle-eyed maidens the same as those in the Casbah today? Who was the most-favored Nature Boy, Predmost Male or Tepexpan Man? Anything else you'd like to know? Just ask at the Smithsonian Institution. The answer is probably there

By FRANK GERVASI

SIXTY-FOUR-DOLLAR questions tough enough to kayo the knowledgeable John Kieran arrive daily by the hundreds in a truckload of mail dumped on the desks of the patient professors of the Smithsonian Institution. They include puzzlers about the origins of man and his earth, the love life of the turtle, the mysteries of flight, the breeding and feeding habits of the trihorned dinosaur, the length of Dolly Madison's White House dress or the manufacture of vitamins.

The profs are seldom stumped, even when asked to identify a foreign country whose name means "the sting of a bee" and sounds in English like "um-tum-twee-nee." The institution's language expert, John P. Harrington, had the answer quicker than Kieran could cough. "Umtumtweenee," Harrington replied, "is South Nyasaland Bantu dialect for Natal, a province of the Union of South Africa and does, indeed, mean the sting of a bee."

But recently the institution's mature quiz kids came a cropper. A doctor wrote in to inquire about the therapeutic value of gorilla milk. Anthropologists, biologists and physicians held a huddle. Documents were pulled down from dusty shelves and searched. Nobody, apparently, knew anything about gorilla milk for the very excellent reason that nobody had ever milked a gorilla. Somewhat indignantly, the frustrated researchers replied:

"Sir: If you ever feel inclined to climb into a cage with a female gorilla and manage to obtain a sample of her milk, please send the specimen to us. We will be glad to analyze it for you. We suggest, however, that you learn jujitsu first."

Answering the serious and occasionally foolish questions of Americans is, however, only a part of the work of the Smithsonian's staff of about 150 scientists. They also run what is undoubtedly the greatest show on earth, although it doesn't winter in Florida. Their show is permanently housed in half a dozen staid buildings in the nation's capital and, including attendance at its affiliated National Zoological Park, annually entertains 5,000,000 spectators, a gate big enough to make P. T. Barnum drool in his grave.

But Barnum would be disappointed in the Smithsonian's collection of about 2,000,000 glass-encased, hung or otherwise publicly displayed items. The nearest thing to a freak in any of the exhibits is the fossil remains of a gigantic Mesozoic fish which tried to swallow a slightly smaller fish and died of acute indigestion and/or drowning in the attempt.

What the public sees—a hodgepodge of paintings, statues, fossils, airplanes, harpsichords, clay Indians in war regalia, effigies of first ladies in inaugural gowns, working models of coal mines and pasteurization plants—is only a fraction of the Smithsonian's collection. The bulk of the institution's specimens, gathered in 102 years of international scientific scrounging and including 20,000,000 catalogued, cross-indexed items, are stored in trays and compartments which line the buildings' upper halls, laboratories and offices from floors to ceilings.

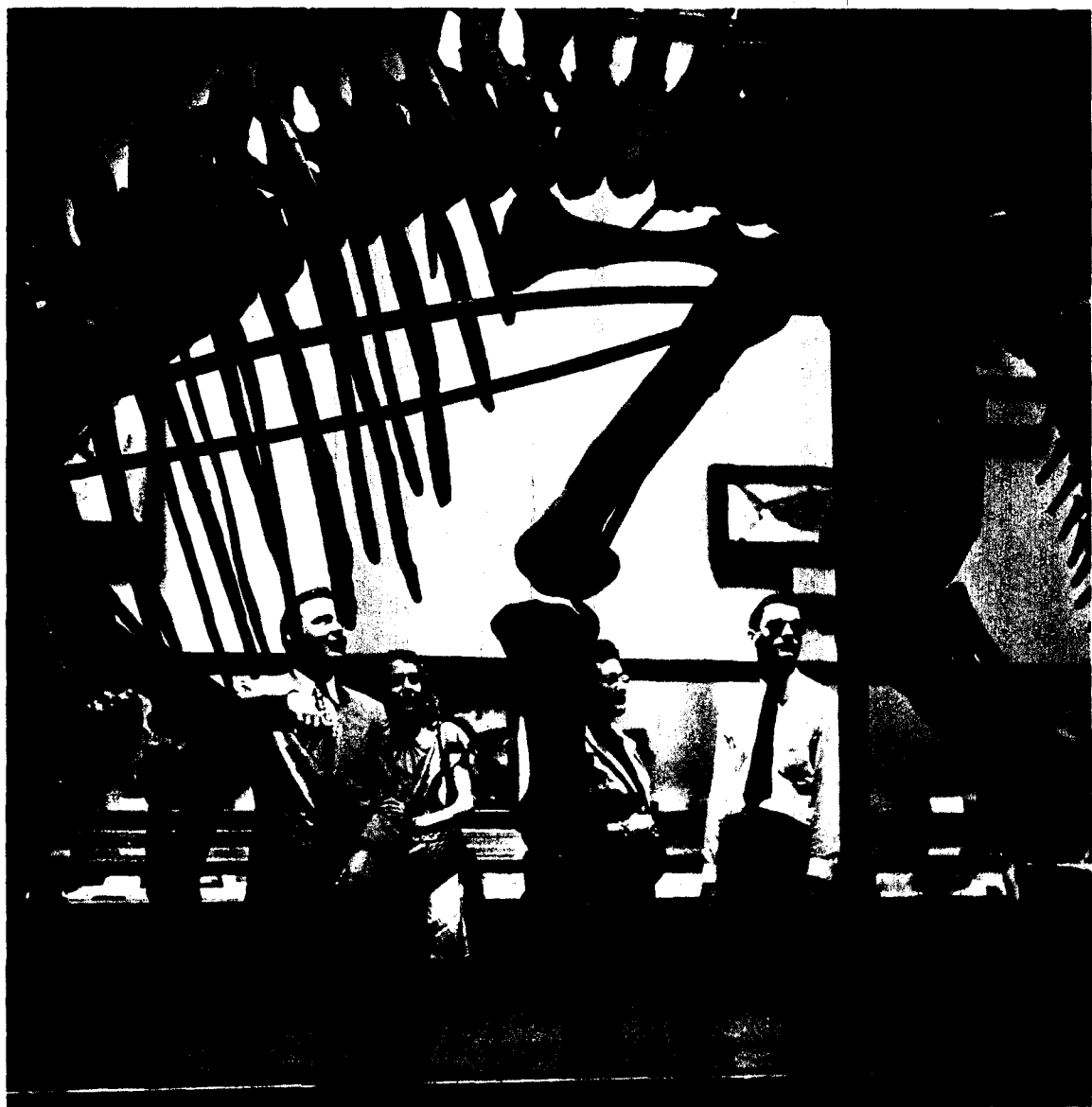
This collection, available to scientists and qualified students, constitutes a library of life document-

ing earth's and man's developments for aeons. It contains, for example, a section of a sea beach which, scientists have established from a study of the fossilized plant and animal life imbedded in it, is at least 500,000,000 years old—providing an important clue to this planet's age.

The collection includes plaster casts of the jawbones and cranial structures of the earliest known men. One of these, Peking man, lived 400,000 years ago. He was found in China, and just before Pearl Harbor his remains were boxed and shipped to the United States for safekeeping. But the packing case

was lost on a Manila dock, and is probably at the bottom of Manila Bay. The Smithsonian's scientists, however, had long before made accurate plaster impressions of Peking man's brain box and thus saved an important piece of evidence in the scientific jigsaw puzzle of man's evolution.

Anthropologists from all over the world come to the Smithsonian to compare Peking man's skull with those of other prehistorians like Cro-Magnon man, the Predmost male, Java man and Rhodesian man. Neanderthal man, the oldest known inhabitant of the globe who was (Continued on page 50)



You might have had to chase this Triceratops out of your corn patch, if you had lived in Montana, Wyoming or Colorado thirty million years ago. Today, he graces Smithsonian's Natural History Building

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY EDWARD BURKS



"I was curious..."



I tasted it...



Now I know why Schlitz is...

The Beer that made Milwaukee Famous!"





See the General Electric Automatic Toaster at your dealer's—\$19.95*

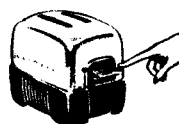
Now... A TOASTER YOU CAN TRUST TO SUIT YOUR TASTE!

Every slice the way you like it!



Light? . . . Dark? . . . Medium, maybe? Just set the knob of this General Electric. You'll have each slice the way you like it—whether it's the first slice or the twenty-first!

Toast pops up or stays warm!



Set the little knob on your General Electric Automatic Toaster. And you can have your toast "pop up" or stay warm inside. Here's a toaster that'll wait for the eggs!

What a snap to clean!



You can clean this toaster in about ten seconds! Snap-in Crumb Tray whisks in and out in a jiffy. Never do you have to turn this toaster upside down to shake out crumbs! General Electric Company, Bridgeport 2, Conn.

*Price subject to change without notice.

Toast to your taste—every time!

GENERAL ELECTRIC

GODMOTHER TO LITTLE YANKS

Continued from page 24

have intimated that the whole business is distinctly unsavory, and that the government would prefer to steer clear of it. It has even been impossible to get estimates of the number of these children from the Army, the Navy and the Marine Corps, although all of the services admit that "thousands upon thousands" of dependency allotments were paid to unmarried mothers abroad when the servicemen so stipulated. But these payments stopped when a man was discharged. After that, unless he married the girl or otherwise arranged to provide for his child, the mother was left without support or hope.

Thousands of these girls are destitute; many are suffering the added disgrace of having been cast off by their families. Even greater tragedies have occurred.

"Terrible things have happened in cases like mine," wrote a girl from the American zone of Germany. "In a neighboring town a girl of twenty cut her baby's arteries with a razor. The father had been an American soldier who went home."

A Sicilian girl wrote that "even my family has turned aside, leaving me without hope."

Others have become embittered by their experience. "I see now," wrote a nineteen-year-old Hawaiian girl, "that I was just a play toy to him."

Occasionally one of these unfortunate girls, while appealing aid, will show courage and great depth of sympathy and understanding. "When I found out he was already married," one wrote, "after the first few moments of discouragement I realized I had no right to break up a home."

The first thing that Miss Rizzotto does when she receives a letter from an unmarried mother overseas is to write to the girl, offering helpful advice and reassurance.

"I am sorry to hear of your difficulties," she will write, "and it is heart-breaking that the little one must suffer. Many letters like yours reach me, for these situations continue despite the war's end. Try not to think of your child without a name, for surely God loves it, and it is fortunate that it has such a fine mother. With faith and perseverance events adjust themselves, and if no response comes from the letter I am writing to the soldier, then a much more worthy young man will come along. Do not despair, my dear."

Attempts Made to Help

In none of these letters does Miss Rizzotto attempt to censure the girl or to place the blame for what has happened. She doesn't scold and she doesn't preach; she just accepts the situation and tries to do whatever she can to remedy it. Nor is the word "illegitimate" ever used, either in the foundation's literature or in Miss Rizzotto's correspondence.

"It would make things worse," she says. "The problem of unmarried mothers is already complicated by a feeling of shame. These poor girls must be reassured that they are not social outcasts."

Nobody knows better than Miss Rizzotto that even the kindest letter, while comforting, will not feed hungry mouths or clothe naked bodies. So she immediately attempts to enlist concrete aid for the girl through friendly sponsors of the foundation's work—food, clothing, toys, or, if these things can't be had at once, friendly letters of encouragement.

More than 2,000 persons who have heard of the foundation's activities, mostly by word of mouth, have been placed in touch with the girls overseas who most urgently require comfort and aid. These people send cast-off and outgrown clothing, and food parcels through the facilities of CARE. Miss Rizzotto emphasizes that while money contributions to the foundation are not refused, they are not encouraged.

Almost every girl who asks for aid gives the name of her child's father, and Miss Rizzotto says that the most difficult part of her job is to arouse his conscience. That is, if she can locate him, which is seldom easy. The armed services will not divulge the address of a former soldier, sailor or Marine. However, letters sent to his last-known military address will be forwarded, and Miss Rizzotto generally manages, eventually, to find him. She addresses him in this vein:

"It is with a sincere desire to help in a difficult situation that I write to you about a friend of yours in —, with whom I have been in touch. I am sure that, like many of our fine soldiers over-

CLOSE HARMONY

You didn't sleep a wink, you say,
From 1 A.M. 'til break of day?

Would you be comforted, my lord,
If I should tell you that you snored?

Or would that vex you so, that you
Would claim that I was snoring too?

—Margaret Fishback

seas whom I saw during the war while I was in the service myself, you are a man of honor and integrity. The American soldier has always been touchingly kind to the unfortunate victims of war, desperate and homeless. Therefore I write to you in behalf of Miss —, residing at —, who would be grateful to hear from you as she is having a difficult struggle. If in some way you would like to help her through our foundation (circular enclosed), please let me hear from you. The work is all done prayerfully, in the spirit of kindness, without malice and with compassion."

Miss Rizzotto says that about one third of the men with whom she gets in touch eventually reply, either to the foundation or directly to the girl. More often than not they arrange to send funds to their dependents. Sometimes the first knowledge that he is a parent comes to an ex-G.I. through a letter from the foundation, and an encouraging number at once express a desire to marry the girl and bring her to the United States.

One Kentucky boy apprised of his parenthood by the W.C.F., made a transatlantic telephone call to Italy and arranged for his former sweetheart to come to this country immediately. Their romance had been rudely interrupted when he was transferred to a combat area, and matters had proceeded so rapidly that he had never learned her last name. And she had lost the page, torn from a notebook, on which he had hastily scribbled his name and address.

When a former serviceman expresses a desire to marry the girl who has become the mother of his child, the W.C.F. expedites visas and passports and arranges transportation details. Once when a Texas boy wished to marry his sweetheart, but had no money, Miss Rizzotto prevailed upon a local banker to make the boy a loan. With this he was able to bring his child and its mother from

Collier's for October 2, 1948

Holland. When last heard from the young Texan had a profitable roadside hamburger stand, was happily married, and was making regular payments on the loan.

Occasionally a conscience-ridden former soldier will remit money anonymously to the foundation. Not long ago Miss Rizzotto received a soiled one-dollar bill, accompanied by this terse note, "I served overseas myself, so I know how it was."

A student of architecture in Illinois wrote, "During the winter of 1946 in Marseille, I was friendly with a young girl named—, from a good family. I am now engaged to be married in Chicago, and am also preparing for a professional career, but I feel that I cannot make my permanent plans until I learn whether the girl in France had a baby—my baby. I know there are others like me who are upset in this way. It is surely our responsibility—none other's."

A Philadelphia psychiatrist asked Miss Rizzotto only a few months ago to investigate the status and condition of an unmarried mother in Austria.

"Under my care," he wrote, "is a patient suffering unresolved anxiety over the possibility of a child having been born as the result of an alliance with a Viennese girl in 1947. If you will attempt to learn discreetly whether the young woman is in good health and well provided for it may do much to relieve the patient's mind."

The woman who has taken upon herself the task of being godmother to the hundreds of thousands of American war babies overseas, and who has tackled a problem which other social agencies consider "too hot to handle," is slim, dark-haired, spiritual-looking, and not a great deal older than the girls she is trying to help. Reared in Hingham, Massachusetts, and later a city librarian in Boston, Miss Rizzotto spent two years of her own childhood in an orphanage, so that she knows at firsthand how children may be scarred by the experience of being unwanted.

In 1944, Miss Rizzotto was sent to Oran by the American Red Cross, and

was placed as manager of the Headquarters Office for North Africa. It was there that she became familiar with the problem which forms her main interest today; it was there, too, that she first came up against the government's policy of "no policy" so far as American-sired illegitimate children were concerned. In Rome a year later she conceived the idea of the foundation, and there issued her first prospectus.

For a year or so Miss Rizzotto assiduously avoided publicity. But when the overseas edition of Stars and Stripes carried a short article about her work, which was subsequently reprinted in newspapers all over the world, the contributions began to come in.

Those who help the foundation form a complete cross section of American life, with a rather high percentage of married and unmarried World War II veterans. A retired brigadier general, from his own funds, paid the foundation's running expenses for the first year. A well-known New Englander organized a fund-raising campaign among his friends. A club-woman in Tarrytown, New York, set up a booth outside a local supermarket, and urged her neighbors to contribute a can of milk or a box of cereal every time they shopped for their own children.

It has not been very long since Miss Rizzotto was scorned as a visionary trying to manage an unworkable program. But today, the foundation is fully sanctioned by other social service organizations. Cases are referred to the foundation by an impressive list of American and foreign organizations, all of which have expressed their full confidence in Miss Rizzotto and her work.

The Church of England, for example, through its Moral Welfare Council, makes referrals to the foundation by means of workers in every diocese in England. Recently a professional fund raiser wanted to run a high-pressure campaign for money for the foundation. Miss Rizzotto's answer was a firm but polite negative. She prefers to work quietly, and stay away from commercialized philanthropy.

THE END



COLLIER'S

WILLIAM VON RIEGEN

Collier's for October 2, 1948



HOW GRACIOUSLY HE LIGHTS HER CIGARETTE!
"Adonis" (above)—for men and women, slim-as-a-fine-watch. In chromium finish, beautifully engine-turned—\$10.00. Also handsomely enameled, or in genuine lizard, and in 14K gold or sterling silver.

Why RONSON means World's Greatest Lighter

Whether you choose a model at \$200* in 14 karat gold—or a chromium-plated model for \$6, every Ronson has the famous, patented, one-finger, one-motion Ronson safety-action. Every Ronson is styled to fine jewelry standards . . . and precision-built for years of enduring service. So, in buying a Ronson—any Ronson—you're sure of a lighter that's outstanding in appearance, performance and durability. And, owning it, you'll know at once why Ronson means World's Greatest Lighter.

*plus tax

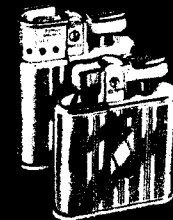
FOR CIGARETTES, CIGARS OR PIPES
Always ask for RONSON by name . . . to be sure it's really a Ronson you buy, and not just an imitation. See the models shown here and other handsome Ronsons at your favorite dealer.

FUN . . . EXCITEMENT . . . Tune in to Ronson's "20 Questions" Sat. nights (Pacific Coast, Sun. nights), Mutual Network.

RONSON now on TELEVISION in many principal cities.

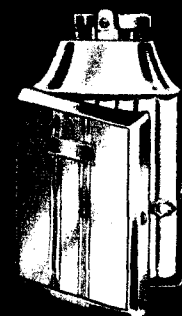
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"STANDARD"—for pocket or handbag—\$6.50. Others from \$6.00.

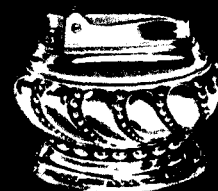


"WHIRLWIND"—with disappearing windshield—\$8.25.

"PRINCESS"—dainty lighter for ladies—\$7.50. Others from \$6.00.



"MASTERCASE"—all-in-one combination of cigarette case and lighter—\$12.50.



"CROWN"—for desk and table in heavy silver plate—\$11.00 (plus tax).

Newark, N. J., Toronto, Ont.,
London, Eng.



YOU WANT GREATEST SAFETY AND MOST MILES PER DOLLAR Firestone Gives You Both . . . Here's How:

YOUR SAFETY has been our business ever since the Firestone organization was founded, nearly half a century ago. Harvey S. Firestone established the Company on the fundamental principle of building extra quality and extra value into its products and selling them at no extra cost.

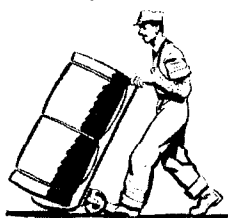
In tires, these extras took the form of greater safety and longer mileage. Soon Firestone Tires became famous throughout the world as the tires that provide the utmost in protection

and deliver most miles per dollar. As a result, now that tires are no longer in short supply, now that car owners can get immediate delivery of any make of tire they want, millions of motorists are buying Firestone Tires in preference to any other kind.

Shown below are just a few of the many precautions which Firestone takes to assure the safety of its tires. Similar precautions are taken with every product Firestone sells.

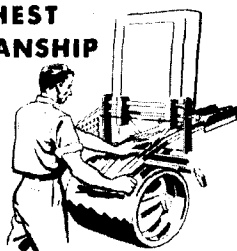
SAFETY BEGINS WITH HIGHEST QUALITY RAW MATERIALS

Uniform high quality of all raw materials is assured because Firestone has its own rubber plantations and textile plants and specifies highest quality for all materials it buys.



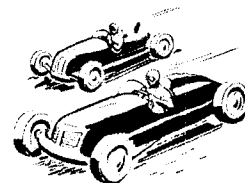
SAFETY DEMANDS HIGHEST STANDARDS OF WORKMANSHIP

In every Firestone factory are skilled craftsmen who take pride in their work and know that your life may depend on their vigilance. Many have more than 20 years of experience.



SAFETY-PROVED ON THE SPEEDWAY FOR YOUR PROTECTION ON THE HIGHWAY

For 25 consecutive years, the winning cars in the 500-mile annual Indianapolis Race and in many other classics of endurance and speed have won on Firestone Tires.



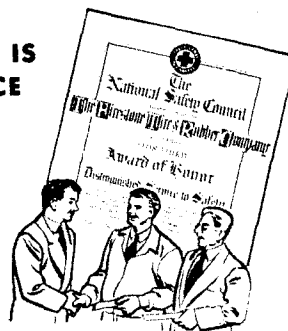
SAFETY INCLUDES RIGID CONTROL OF QUALITY

Raw materials are tested when received to make sure they meet rigid Firestone specifications, then tested again and again at many steps in the manufacturing process to maintain highest quality.



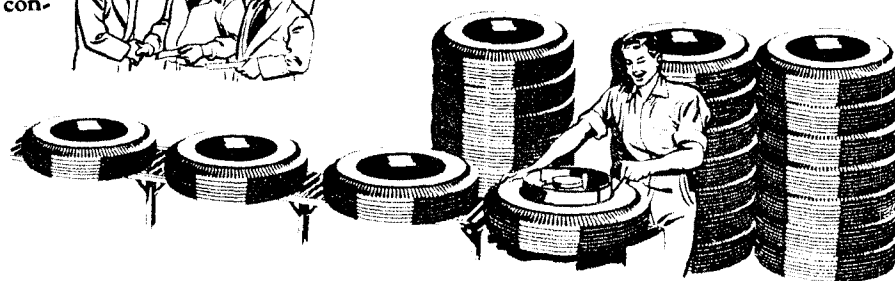
SAFETY OF WORKERS IS OF VITAL IMPORTANCE

Firestone is the only company in the industry to win National Safety Council's Distinguished Service to Safety Award on a company-wide basis for three consecutive years.



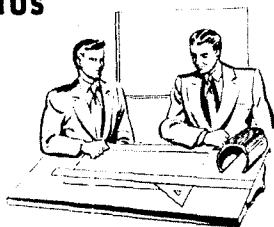
SAFETY OF EVERY TIRE IS GUARANTEED BY FIRESTONE

Every tire which bears the Firestone name is unconditionally guaranteed for life against any and all defects in workmanship and materials, without regard to time or mileage. Careful inspections prevent defective tires from reaching the car owners.



SAFETY REQUIRES GENIUS IN DESIGNING TIRES

Firestone leadership in tire design is proved by its many notable contributions such as first non-skid tread, first low-pressure balloon tire, first pneumatic tractor tire.



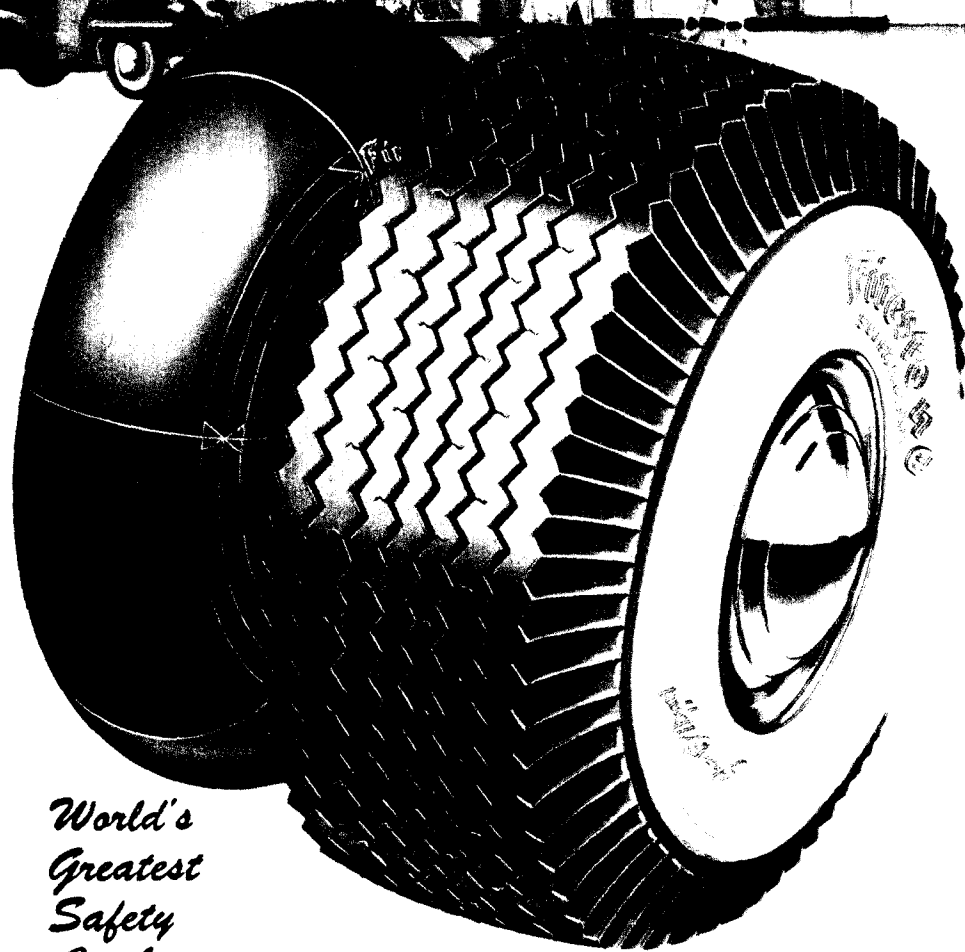
Copyright, 1948, The Firestone Tire & Rubber Co.

OUR B ne



YOUR SAFETY IS ALSO THE BUSINESS OF FIRESTONE DEALERS AND STORES

World War II taught car owners the value of having their tires inspected periodically. Firestone Dealers and Stores perform this service without cost or obligation. They know that it is to their advantage to make the Firestone Tires you buy from them deliver outstanding service so that they will continue to count you as a valued customer and friend. For quick, courteous and expert tire service, rely on the men who know tires best... your Firestone Dealer or Store.



SAFETY CALLS FOR REGULAR SCIENTIFIC INSPECTIONS

You can get longer mileage from your tires and better service from your brakes, horn, battery, spark plugs, lights, windshield wipers, radiator hose, fan belt, heater, radio and other parts and accessories if you have them inspected regularly by the experts at your Firestone Dealer or Store.

SAFETY REQUIRES EXPERT TIRE AND TUBE REPAIRING

Your nearby Firestone Dealer or Store has men who have been carefully trained in the care and repair of tires and tubes and all of the other products sold there. Expert tire repairs are vital to your safety; a careless job may result in an accident. Rely on Firestone for safe repair work.

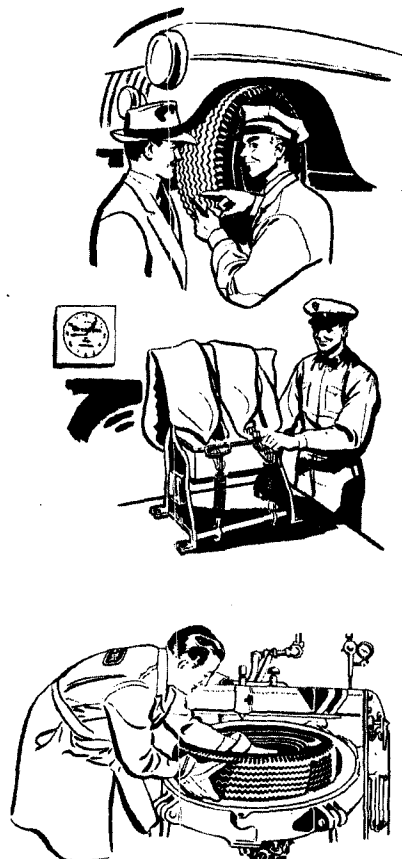
SAFETY ALSO MEANS GUARANTEED RETREADING

The famous Firestone Factory Method of retreading proved its superiority during the war. It is unconditionally guaranteed against defects in workmanship or materials and it saves you money by adding thousands of miles to the life of your tires.

*World's
Greatest
Safety
Combination*

Firestone Super-Balloon Tires and Firestone Life Protector Tubes

You are safe on any road in any weather with Firestone Super-Balloon Tires and Firestone Life Protector Tubes on your car. The new Firestone Super-Balloons are as much superior to ordinary tires as the first balloon tires, which Firestone originated in 1922, were to the old-fashioned high-pressure tires. You get "Magic Carpet" riding comfort; and the greatest non-skid ever built into a tire because of scientifically-designed Skid-Resistors in the tread and more area of contact with the road. Firestone Life Protectors make a blowout as harmless as a slow leak. In case of a blowout, you can bring your car to a safe, straight stop. For year-'round safety, put a set of Firestone Super-Balloon Tires and Firestone Life Protector Tubes on your car today!



Working Out with Ben Hogan

'48 U. S. Open, P.G.A., and
Western Open Golf Champion



My hair's in "tournament" shape after the Vitalis "60-Second Workout!" Home or locker room, I never miss taking...



"50 seconds to massage." Feel that invigorating tingle! Vitalis' special formula stimulates, refreshes your scalp as no non-alcoholic dressing does. And massaging with Vitalis routs loose dandruff, helps check excessive falling hair.



"10 seconds to comb." Now there is hair that looks naturally well-groomed. No greasy "patent-leather" shine—Vitalis contains no mineral oil. Just pure vegetable oil that prevents dryness, keeps hair in place.



Product of
Bristol-Myers

the **Vitalis**
"60-Second
Workout"
for handsomer,
healthier-looking hair

BILLIE BURKE—HER STORY

Continued from page 19

College girls being near by—but I dare suggest that this was the first time that a producer and the star of a Broadway play ever had to meet there. I would drive down from Hastings in the late afternoon and there would be Flo, impatiently stomping up and down inside this chilly rendezvous, glaring because he was sure Frohman's henchmen were lurking in the bushes.

Charles Frohman muttered every invidious thing he could think of about Flo, but although Ziegfeld despised Frohman just as bitterly, I recall only one thing he ever said about him.

"Ha," he said, "did you ever see Frohman eat oysters?"

One Evening at Sherry's . . .

Harassed as we were, trying to escape newspaper reporters, detectives and Charles Frohman, Flo and I finally found that Sherry's was almost deserted late at night and that we could meet there unmolested. I hadn't decided to marry him, but I had about made up my mind. We were having champagne cocktails and pheasant one evening when we were interrupted by a Philadelphia publisher, an old friend of Flo's, who was feeling no inhibitions. He staggered over to our table, Flo courteously introduced us, and this wretched creature said:

"Man, oh, man, Flo, I gotta say this: You certainly can pick 'em, and, boy, do you know how to dress 'em!"

I never felt so ashamed and so embarrassed in my life. I ran from the restaurant to my car, leaving Flo without a word, hurried home and refused to talk to Ziegfeld for a month.

"You must never see me again," I wrote him. "I have my work to do."

He came backstage one night, bribing his way in, and waited until I consented, prim and angry, to sit straight-backed in a gilt chair and listen to what he had to say. Oh, that man Ziegfeld knew what he was doing.

"Here are my steamship tickets," he said calmly. "I'm sailing for Europe Saturday. I am going to stay there." And he went away, leaving me to come to my senses.

He returned on Friday night and all he said was, "I would like to get married tomorrow."

I fluttered and made the usual objections. I said I had no clothes, and I said I would have to ask my mother. So we drove up to Hastings after the performance, his car behind mine, and awakened my patient Mummy.

That remarkable woman regarded us both as a couple of children.

"Now what is it?" she demanded. "We want to be married," I squeaked. "I was hoping you'd make that decision. I think it would be the best thing for you," was all she said.

I was frantic and frightened next day. We had agreed to meet at Sherry's and drive over to Hoboken after the matinee for the ceremony, all with great secrecy. We were eloping, actually eloping along with my mother—from Charles Frohman!

Between every scene of that Saturday matinee I tried on dresses from Lichtenstein's while my two maids fumbled and squealed. I attempted to get Flo on the telephone to call it all off, but I kept right on trying on dresses. That wily person hid himself so successfully that I never could reach him to cancel the wedding.

And so we were married in Hoboken on Saturday after my matinee, April 11, 1914, and I played the evening performance without knowing I was on stage. The story did not break in the papers until Monday morning. We shared the front page with the execution at Sing

Sing of Lefty Louie, Gyp the Blood, Dago Frank and Whitey Louis, who had murdered the gambler, Rosenthal.

"You see what an important man you are married to," Flo said. "Not even gangsters keep me off the front page."

A few weeks before my marriage Charles Frohman had come to my dressing room and hung his soft gray hat on a hook. It was a funny, wrinkled little hat which he liked to fold up and carry in his pocket.

"I am going to leave this to remind you not to get married," he said. "Don't be foolish while I am gone."

Then he sailed for Europe—and spring arrived—and there was Flo—and a terrible yearning in my heart to be his wife.

Frohman heard about the marriage at once. He sent me a cable, and this is the last word I ever had from him. His cable said: SEND ME MY HAT.

I never saw him again because I was on tour when he returned from that trip. Frohman died on another European trip. With the icy water only a few moments away, he quoted the great line that his old friend Barrie wrote into Peter Pan for Maude Adams to say: "To die will be an awfully big adventure."

Frohman was on the Lusitania.

A Man Afraid of Marriage

My first year as Mrs. Florenz Ziegfeld, Jr., was extremely difficult. I think that Flo was actually frightened at being married to a woman half his age, and abashed by the idea of marriage itself. He had been married to Anna Held, of course, whom he discovered and brought from Paris, and she was fascinating, but it was never my belief that Flo was in love with her. I shall always regard that affair as an arrangement which suited Flo for the time, while poor Anna was, and remained, desperately in love with him. Flo was bewitching, delicacy itself, a marvelous lover, but from the first I had the feeling that I should never be motivated by my own free will again.

Of course, it was fun to discover a man. It was fun to discover that Flo Ziegfeld, of all persons in the world, wore long woolen underwear. Oh, with silk, to be sure, and of a delicate shade of peach, which he thought was a charming notion for a bridegroom, and he grieved when I threw them away. In-

stead, I ordered fashionable shorts with initials and changed his tailor. After weeks of coaxing, I induced him to discard his madras stocks, of various hues, in favor of white linen monogrammed shirts with soft, fashionable collars. From then on he wore handsome tweeds instead of the raucous Broadway clothes he formerly delighted in.

But we were together very little. Jerry closed in Chicago in June and I went on tour with it in August, with Flo meeting me when he could, at Galveston or San Antonio. In Chicago it was a delight to know Dr. and Mrs. Florenz Ziegfeld, Sr., Flo's mother and father. The doctor was striking and handsome. Mrs. Ziegfeld was tiny, pompadoured and marcelled, and took me sweetly into her family, offering me, who couldn't boil an egg, exotic recipes to please her son.

So on I went, in Jerry, with a Highland terrier called "Zieggy," because the Follies girls all called Flo by that name and I didn't like it.

Uxorious Reactions

Flo's reaction to my part in this play was, to say the least, unusual. He liked to watch me act, chuckling especially at a bit of business I had about getting into bed—I would pull out the covers at the foot of the bed, pop my head in, and emerge among the pillows—but he didn't like an undressing scene in which I stood behind a screen and tossed my pajamas to a sweetheart.

"I don't think a nice girl would do that," said the producer of the Follies.

The excitement of motion pictures was in the air then. When Jerry closed in Los Angeles, Jesse Lasky and Cecil B. de Mille urged me to stay in California, where I could earn \$300,000 a year. In the end, I listened to Thomas H. Ince and made my first picture, Peggy, for him.

Before that was half over, my closest friends were telling me things. They wired me the name of Olive Thomas. They asked me point-blank when I would divorce Flo.

Olive Thomas, whom Flo had featured on his roof garden, had a beautiful little face—a heart-shaped Irish face, with shadowy dark hair and deep blue eyes. She was one of the girls he rolled twenty-dollar gold pieces with on the roof. The girls always won.

There were interesting stories about



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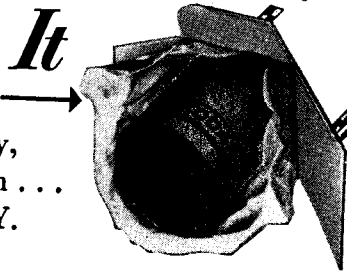
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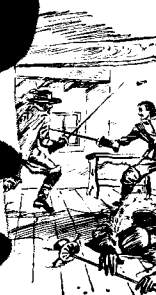


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A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

yachting parties, all whispered to me by intimate well-wishers for my own good. Under the impetus of these dispatches, my character began to develop rather surprisingly. At least, I found enough unexpected salt in my make-up to enjoy a thoroughgoing fit of blazing, red-headed jealousy. I sulked, wept and wailed. Part of my distress, of course, was sheer curiosity. This inspired me to do something which I am embarrassed to relate: I employed detectives to follow Flo.

But when they sent me their reports, I tore up their miserable little papers, dismissed the detectives, and fled to San Francisco to hide my head. Finally, I wired Flo to come out and talk things over.

I was sort of spunky and dramatic, I guess. I played the scene big, with gestures, and covered a lot of territory.

Flo sat quietly, smoking. Finally he said, "Look, Billie, you can't believe all you hear about me and girls. You will always hear that kind of thing. I have trusted you. Now you have to give me the benefit of the doubt." I quarreled at him for two days. He sat there puffing his long cigars. Then, one afternoon, he said:

"The trouble with you, Billie, is that when you accuse me, you always pick the wrong girl."

This was my cue to tear the draperies off the windows and throw the china-ware, all of which I did energetically, bringing down the curtain to that scene in a tantrum. But there was no applause.

Next Stop—Florida

I returned to New York—it seems such a curious thing now—largely on account of business. At least, that was my excuse. Flo had made a deal for me to star in Gloria's Romance, a Rupert Hughes picture. We were to go to Florida, and there was \$300,000 in it for the Ziegfelds.

Flo never said he was sorry, never begged for another chance. Certainly, he never admitted anything. He simply told me calmly one day that everything was now straightened out, that I would have no more to worry about. The little telltale quirks at the corners of his mouth, which always announced when Flo was being cavalier with the truth, were absent this time, and I felt safe in my marriage for a little while.

The facts of life with Ziegfeld had dawned on me quite plainly now. I was destined to be jealous of the entire Follies chorus and star list for the rest of my married life. I primed my curls and set myself to the chore, a rather staggering assignment, but I was young. One of the first things I did was to discover a brand-new girl:

I first became aware of this one during

Gloria's Romance, in Florida, but I didn't meet her until October 23, 1916, at the Ansonia, in New York. She had a thatch of red hair, a beautiful body, and blue eyes—a real Ziegfeld girl. She weighed nine and a half pounds and we named her Patricia.

At this time, Flo and Charlie Dillingham had just taken over their new theater and put on a ginormous production called The Century Girl, with May Leslie and Leon Errol.

Flo was busy, and when I could leave Patricia, I sometimes went to the theater with small parties of friends.

A Winter Garden "Find"

One evening we went to the Winter Garden to see The Show of Wonders, which had music by Sigmund Romberg, and there danced onto the stage the most refreshing, smiling, delightful child I had ever clapped wide eyes upon.

"Used to be known as 'Miss Sugarplum,'" one of my friends whispered. "Real name's Mary Ellen Reynolds. Comes from Louisville, I think. Been in vaudeville all over the world with her sisters. Known now as Marilyn Miller."

I was so charmed with this confection of a girl that I enthusiastically told Flo about her at once.

"She does her hair all wrong," I said. "She isn't costumed properly." She has a sweet voice but not much of it, and I've seen better dancing—but she makes the most enchanting effect. You ought to have her in the Follies."

Flo would never walk three blocks to discover a new star. He would wait until the player had been made famous by someone else, or had moved closer to the New Amsterdam Theater. Then he would cheerfully pay a thousand dollars more a week to get what he wanted. He put me off about Marilyn Miller for almost two years. She appeared first in the Follies of 1918.

I had learned by now to pigeonhole the Ziegfeld girls. In some cases I had nothing to worry about. There were society women with pale, beautiful hands, lovely houses, and Indian servants to hand around the coffee—with whom he liked to play bridge all day, and I was actually more jealous of those than of some of the cutie-pies. But Olive Thomas and Marilyn Miller were bombshells.

Actually, I think Marilyn was the vision of perfection that represented, in beautiful flesh, all the things that Flo had all his life been seeking to dramatize. More than that, she would work 18 hours a day to keep that perfection perfect. She was—as every male with good eyesight knew—*special*. So special to Flo that he provided a brand-new ballet costume for her for every performance at \$175 per costume. He had her dressing room done over by the same deco-

rator who did my home, only the entire dressing room was in satin, and over that point d'esprit. This cost \$30,000. I would prefer to think that Flo was merely fascinated by Marilyn Miller, but something else was the case: He idolized her.

Flo sailed for Europe in the summer of 1922, Marilyn went on tour, and I returned from a tour of The Intimate Strangers with Alfred Lunt, to find my front lawn swarming with reporters.

"What about the divorce?" they said. "Did you see Miss Miller's statement?"

Marilyn had given out an interview in Boston. She said that she had to keep her dressing-room door locked at all times to keep Flo out. She said that he was desperately in love with her and would marry her if I would step aside. She claimed that all that held him was our daughter, Patricia Ziegfeld, who was born in 1916.

"She waves her baby at him like George M. Cohan waves the American flag," they quoted Marilyn.

Now that was a smart line, but I never believed Marilyn thought it up herself.

Booth Tarkington, in whose Rose Briar and The Intimate Strangers I had played several seasons, stood by me in Kennebunkport, Maine, that summer while everyone waited for me to divorce Flo. Booth steadied me, and I made up my mind—in spite of the newspaper reporters and hundreds of advisers who at once set themselves up as domestic relations experts. I did not divorce Flo.

I hope I can make myself clear. There were several things I knew for certain then, and I have not since changed my mind. In spite of everything, I knew that Flo loved me. I knew he did not love Marilyn Miller. In her, he adored a perfect actress. Ziegfeld was primarily a great lover; any woman he wanted to fall in love with him, would. He was charming and compelling. And theater people have an odd way of thinking: I knew what a valuable asset Marilyn Miller was to Ziegfeld as a showman. I loved Ziegfeld.

That is why I did not leave him because of Marilyn Miller.

I cabled him and he returned. I said, "Flo, let's not try to make this thing up if there is only a slim chance. Unless you know in your heart that you are through, don't do this to me."

Peace Offering Spurned

Flo reached in his pocket and handed me a bracelet. He never fetched you Tiffany presents beautifully wrapped, never presented them with an air. He always had to unwrap them on the way home to look at them. This was a diamond bracelet, which must have cost \$20,000. I snatched it from him and flung it into a corner. Flo didn't flick an eye to see where it went, but I did, and Patricia Ziegfeld still wears it on very formal occasions.

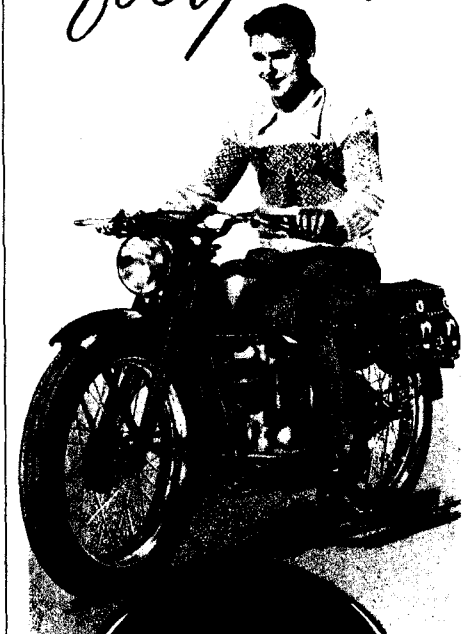
This was not the first time I was a violent woman. Once before, when Flo came in at 5:00 A.M., after seeing Olive Thomas, I suppose, I crept downstairs to find him raiding the icebox. Near by was an enormous silver soup tureen and ladle. I seized the ladle and belabored him about the head and shoulders with it. Flo merely laughed, took the ladle away from me and carried me upstairs in his arms.

I think he rather liked being hit with a jealous soup ladle.

It was not my cunning or my charm that ended the Marilyn Miller episode. I suppose everyone knows the closing story of her tragic life. After her marriage and divorce from Jack Pickford, Marilyn went to pieces. She missed important rehearsals for Smiles, which should have been a smash in 1930, and was highly regarded by the first-night critics. The show steadily lost money—Marilyn's fault, I always thought, be-

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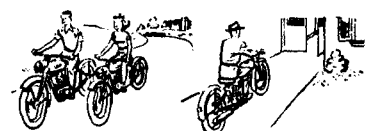


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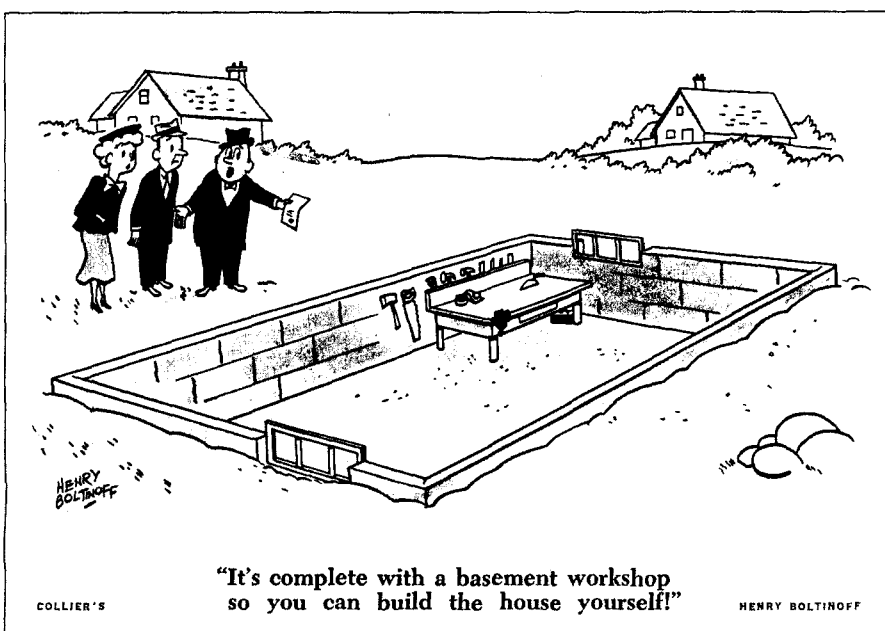
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cause she would not behave—and that was the end of *that* affair.

It was one of those times, and it was a crisis. Fred and Adele Astaire, I remember so gratefully, did everything possible to save the show. If Marilyn Miller had come through for Ziegfeld in Smiles, well, there is no telling, no telling at all, how things would have turned out for Flo, for her, or for me.

I never once met Marilyn Miller, and that was because I planned it that way. Once Flo tried to invite her to a party in Palm Beach, but I blocked that with an ultimatum. I never spoke to Olive Thomas or to Anna Held or to Lilian Lorraine for most obvious reasons. But they were beautiful women, no man could be blamed for desiring them, and certainly I bear them no grudge now.

I suppose Flo loved Lorraine as much as any of them. On the day that Patricia Ziegfeld was born at the Ansonia, Irving Berlin was my first caller and Flo was late. He wandered in, looking sad.

"What do you know!" he said. "They tell me Lorraine is going to get married. Imagine that!"

That man could be so obtuse at times. Living with Ziegfeld was an experience in fantasy. I thought I had known luxury on my tours. My car—a Rolls Royce—always went ahead to meet me at the train wherever we played. My cook and maids took a house and had it ready when we were playing cities for only a week. My theater dressing rooms on tour were always freshly done over, with new hangings, and my own special furniture installed. I traveled with my flock of little pink pillows invariably, to say nothing of my three dogs.

But Ziegfeld showed me what epicurean living was really like. I see by an old account book that our household expenses for the place in Hastings were between eight and ten thousand dollars a month, and this did not count trips to Florida or the fancy-dress parties Flo loved to give.

Home Like a Menagerie

On Patty's sixth birthday, Flo gave her a 250-pound elephant. The cute fellow constantly invaded the kitchen and annoyed the cook and finally wound up with Singer's Midgets. We had two bears, two lion cubs, partridges, pheasants, six ponies, and a herd of deer. The Follies, with such stars as Eddie Cantor, W. C. Fields, Miss Miller, Will Rogers and Fannie Brice, were flourishing. All of our servants were invariably brought in to occupy the whole first row of the mezzanine for a Ziegfeld opening, and when a new show had been set, the entire orchestra was sent up to Hastings to play for us. On trips out of town, each servant had his private stateroom, and the Ziegfelds their private car, at any cost. Patricia's playhouse was a replica of Mount Vernon, with white cockatoos on the lawn. Once Flo borrowed \$10,000 from Ed Wynn, who happily rushed to his old friend's aid; but Flo merely wanted the money to help pay for a pleasure trip to Hollywood.

Flo paid Cantor \$5,000 a week, Rogers \$3,500, Fannie Brice \$2,500, Ed Wynn \$5,250 in those days. In 1917, I recall, he had Rogers, Cantor, Fields, Walter Catlett and Fannie Brice in the same show—which would be comparable to having Bob Hope, Bing Crosby, Fred Allen, Red Skelton and Bea Lillie today. And yet people said he hated comedians!

Eddie Cantor was one of his great favorites, as everybody knows. He pretended to be Eddie's father, but with a perfectly straight face, never realizing the humor of it, he could send him telegrams like this: MERRY CHRISTMAS TO YOU AND YOURS. MAY WE REMAIN TOGETHER AS LONG AS BOTH REMAIN IN SHOW BUSINESS ALTHOUGH PROFITS ON KID

BOOTS HAVE BEEN FAR LESS THAN ON SALLY.

Anna Held fell ill in 1918, of a strange, withering disease called multiple myeloma. As she lay ill at the Savoy, now the Savoy-Plaza, Flo came to me with troubled eyes. "I have to help her," he said. "I want you to send her things—eggs and butter and milk from the farm. You will, won't you?" I did, of course. I sent my own doctor and a specialist, but she died on August 12th, the only woman in Ziegfeld's life I suppose I had no reason to be jealous of. Surely you remember her two wonderful songs, *Won't You Come An' Play Wiz Me?* and *I Just Can't Make My Eyes Behave*. She loved Flo, and was actually his inspiration for his first Follies.

Gambling for Big Stakes

Flo gambled constantly, for outrageous stakes. At Bradley's in Palm Beach he would sit at the roulette wheel hours after everyone had left, dour-faced, winning or losing \$50,000 in an evening.

I would appear to fetch him home for dinner, especially when we had guests. I would ride down from our house on my little bicycle, stand timidly in the door, catch his attention, then tiptoe in to plead with him in whispers.

"Go away, dear," he would say. "I'm busy, I'll come later."

Usually, he didn't come home. Often, I trundled back pedaling shakily, tears dropping, lurching from side to side, running into ditches as I sobbed lugubriously. It seemed too much, having survived Marilyn Miller, Anna Held and Olive Thomas (and a score of other pretty ladies who will thank me for not mentioning them), to lose my husband to a roulette wheel.

By 1929, everything seemed peaceful and wonderful. Flo loved his home. His great shows, Sally, Rosalie, The Three Musketeers, Rio Rita, and notably Show Boat, and his magnificent Follies, had all made fortunes. I never knew how much he had, but in the summer of that year I counted my careful portfolio of stocks and bonds with the smug realization that I was worth more than half a million dollars in my own name.

As 1930 wore on, Eddie Cantor, Flo's big star then, left for Hollywood. William Randolph Hearst understandably wanted a certain large loan repaid, Smiles failed to make money. Marilyn Miller was gone, Ziegfeld was overextended, and nothing in Wall Street seemed safe or reasonable.

I always waited up for Flo when he had been working late at the theater. One night he came in extremely late and sat on the edge of my bed looking utterly wretched and weary.

I pulled his head down and took him in my arms.

"Well, poor old darling, what is it?" I said.

Flo began to sob—great, frightening sobs.

"I am through," he said. "Nothing can save me."

The next day I watched him walking in his garden, where he had planted the tallest and most expensive roses he could buy. His shoulders sagged and his step was uncertain. I knew that the next move was up to me. I must find another play and get back to work.

There often comes a time, of course, when the best use a woman has for money is to give it to a man. I gave all mine to Flo.

Next Week: To watch, helpless, while a great man dies and his empire crumbles, is a terrible thing. Flo Ziegfeld was a giant, vital and passionate. Billie Burke threw her fortune, her strength and her heart into his hopeless fight against illness and financial ruin—and never regretted the cost. Don't miss the final article on Miss Burke's life next week.

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Man-Eater from Snohomish

By WARREN ANDERSON

She pitched her tent in his back yard, and
told him she was looking for a husband.
In a situation like that, what could he do?



KELLY ROGERS, who wrote light and sophisticated novels for large sums of money, was typing along at a giddy pace in his knotty-pine den. He had been doing this for twenty-four hours. His chin was be-stubbed and he needed a cup of coffee; but he dare not stop. It might take him a year to get started again.

An urgent knock at the knotty-pine door made him miss a key, throwing him off his stride. He stopped. "Go away," he growled.

Tyrone's sleek dark head poked in and peered through the cigarette smoke. "Excuse, Kelly, sir." Tyrone Gomez was a very polite houseboy. "A woman is here."

"Send her away," Kelly said.

Tyrone looked worried. "She carried a trunk. She—"

The door opened wide, and a girl strode into the den. She was a tall, blue-eyed girl, only a little under his six two. Not plump, but full-bodied and obviously firm, with a nice slimness in the waist and knee and ankle. Her print dress was too tight and too short, her blond hair was drawn back and up in a severe knot, and she wore no make-up. She was like nothing Kellogg Hilary Rogers had ever seen or thought about in his twenty-nine years of looking and thinking.

Kelly, an excellent host, no matter what, stood up and said, "How do you do? May I ask you who you are?"

"Liz," the girl said. "Chester's girl. I came to live with you."

Kelly staggered a little and sat down. His older brother Chester had stalked off to the logging camp of the Northwest fourteen years ago, when Mother Rogers had taken legal steps to be rid of Father Rogers. Correspondence between the brothers had since been composed of brief and infrequent queries as to the whereabouts of their wandering socialite parents.

Kelly shuddered. "Chet never told me he had a daughter!"

"He hadn't," Liz said. "He married a lady who already had one. Aren't you glad to see me, Uncle Kellogg? I drove clear through from Snohomish, Washington. Made it in forty-six hours."

"Look," Kelly rose and groped for some gentle word. "Look, my child. I'm sorry, but I'm a bachelor, a busy bachelor—"

"Your child, my eye," Liz said coolly. "I'm twenty-one. Big Bess—that's Ma—died last month. I was tired of the big sticks, and Chester and I figured it was time I got married anyway so I came to stay with you until I found myself a civilized husband. I'll stay out of your way. But I'm not going back."

Kelly sighed, and gave up. At heart, he was a hospitable fellow. "In that case, it's all right. Nice to—have you with us. . . . Tyrone!"

Tyrone appeared instantly.

"This is my niece, Liz—what's the last name, honey?"

"I go by Swenson," Liz said.

"Liz has come to stay with us," Kelly said to Tyrone. "She'll have my room, and I'll move in here. Then we'll hire a nice old-lady chaperon and she can have your room, and we'll put you in the living—"

"Hey, wait," Liz said. "I got a tent. I knew you were a bachelor."

"Huh?"

"Sure," Liz said cheerily. "I saw your back yard when I drove in and it's real nice. I'll get along fine. Well, I'm going to get things set up and hit the hay. I'm tuckered."

"Oh, no!" Kelly said, profoundly shocked. "No, no, no! We got room, plenty of room! Now you just leave everything to your Uncle Kelly. Even the husband," he added.

"You're sweet," Liz said softly, her eyes solemn and warm. "But the tent's fine. Don't wake me up for dinner—I'll see you at breakfast."

"AIEE-EE! Look how she toss those stuff around!" Tyrone whispered. They stood at a window, staring across the lawn to the weedy patch

in back where Liz was setting up camp. From a dilapidated station wagon she had taken boxes and bundles and objects, and from these she had constructed, in no time at all, a large, brown wall tent. Into the tent she stowed the remainder of the paraphernalia.

"This is awful," Kelly muttered. "My niece, out in the weeds."

"Maybe she like those tent," Tyrone said. "What about the nice old chaperon lady?"

"Forget her!" said Kelly. "But that husband angle!" he groaned. "Why do I make such silly promises? She'd eat any of the bachelors I know for breakfast."

"I dunno," Tyrone said thoughtfully. "She got a nice built."

"She has a certain animal appeal," Kelly snapped. "But she's just a big, rustic amazon. No refinement, no sophistication."

"Give her some," Tyrone said brightly.

"Think I have time to run a charm school?" Kelly ruined three matches lighting a cigarette. He prowled unhappily around the room. "All right," he said finally. "I guess I'd better work it in. If we don't fix her up she'll be here forever. Now clear out—I'm wasting time."

Tyrone hesitated. "How about a couple snifters before the party come?"

Kelly looked sadly at his typewriter, then sighed. "Yeah, okay."

After a few rum juleps, a sandwich or two, a shower and shave and change of T-shirts, it was time to greet the usual Friday-evening herd. By eight, Kelly's big front room swarmed with the gaudy, the garrulous and the thirsty. And, as usual, Micki Moore was soon clinging to Kelly's non-drinking arm. Micki, a sleek brunette, entertained a delusion that Kelly was going to be her third husband, just as soon as she divorced her second.

But Kelly could not enjoy himself. The thought of the tent and its incredible occupant shattered his spirits, and sent him frequently to the bamboo bar. At ten, he tottered off to (Continued on page 58)

ILLUSTRATED BY FREDERICK VARADY