


Duffy Takes A Hand

By JEROME
BRONDFIELD

 DUFFY, the doorman at Eight Eighty One, touched his cap respectfully as Mrs. Roland Gardner approached. "I'd like to talk to you for a moment, Duffy," she said.

"Yes, ma'am," Duffy answered politely. A tall man, he inclined his head slightly as she spoke.

"I have a request to make of you," she began. "It may surprise you, but it's important, and I want you to treat it with strictest confidence—"

"Of course, ma'am."

She shifted the mink scarf on her shoulder. "I'm afraid Ginny has been seeing too much of a certain young man. I've taken steps to put an end to the situation but it's going to take a little time. I'm quite sure you know who I mean."

"I believe I do, ma'am."

"Good. Now, whenever possible I want to know when she is seeing him. I don't think he'll be calling for her but he'll probably be bringing her home. That's where you come in, Duffy. I want you to let me know whenever you see him here." She flashed a quick, frozen smile. "I'm going to count on you, Duffy."

"I understand, ma'am," he said easily.

"That's fine." She stepped into the foyer.

Duffy resumed his post, watching the cars and the taxis stream past on Park Avenue. He wasn't the least bit surprised. After twenty-five years on the job there was little he didn't know about the eddying human currents of Eight Eighty One, nor was there anything that could startle him. It wasn't the first time someone had dragged him into a personal intrigue.

Usually Duffy could roll with the punch but this time he felt it where it hurt. He lifted his cap and ran his fingers contemplatively through his curly gray hair. A wonderful kid, Ginny Gardner. He wondered how someone like Mrs. Roland Gardner rated a daughter like that.

Duffy could remember when they'd brought her home from the hospital twenty years ago. He'd watched her grow—take her first steps—ride off to Central Park on her first bike. He'd given her pennies for her bank. Yes, there'd even been a time when he'd spanked her for sticking chewing gum all over the elevator.

She'd grown up fast, all right, and first thing he knew she was introducing him to friends from finishing school, and to her dates. Duffy liked to imagine he could see outright affection in her lovely blue eyes when she'd present him as "one of the swellest guys in the world," or her "favorite Dutch uncle."

The night she made her debut she had planted a kiss on his cheek as she swept out, a vision in white and ice blue. His Ginny—and now her mother was doing her best to keep her from being happy. Not only that but she expected him to help—

Knowing Laura Gardner, Duffy could understand why young Tom Kellogg wasn't very eligible as a prospective son-in-law. He had no family pedigree, no money, no entree to the better circles. And a middle-rung job with an air line, so far as Laura Gardner was concerned, wasn't an acceptable substitute for any of them.

But they were wonderful kids, those two, and

Duffy could understand why young
Tom Kellogg wasn't very eligible
as a prospective son-in-law

Duffy got a great kick out of watching them walk over to Madison or Lexington for a bus or subway on their way to the movies or theater. (Balcony seats.) Seldom a cab. Once in a while he was able to borrow his brother's venerable convertible for something special like a drive in the country.

No, Duffy wouldn't worry about them making a go of it. A burning resentment began to build up within him as he considered Laura Gardner's request. It was all wrong, shamefully wrong, and he wished he could somehow take a silent hand in protest.

Two weeks later, shortly after noon on a Saturday, she approached him again. "Anything, Duffy?"

He shook his head. "Nothing, ma'am."

"She's been seeing him. I know she has."

"Perhaps they've been meeting someplace."

"Quite likely." She opened her purse. "You'll report to me, however," she said, handing him a folded bill.

With his infallible manners he did not look at it, putting it immediately into his pocket. "Of course, ma'am. Thank you."

After she had stepped into her taxi Duffy took a look at the twice-folded bill. It was a twenty. He smiled faintly. She really wanted to be sure of his co-operation.

IT WAS perhaps a half hour later when Duffy saw the convertible pull around the corner and park at the end of the building. Tom Kellogg was alone. Then Duffy saw Ginny coming out of the building. She had a large suitcase in one hand and a hatbox in the other. Duffy sprang forward to help her, but she smiled and shook her head, and Duffy immediately realized why.

"I'll get 'em, Duffy," Tom was saying as he got out of the car.

"So—" Duffy said, looking at them sharply.

"We're eloping, Duffy," Ginny said simply, "but you haven't seen us at all." Then with a quick shake of her head she said, "You don't think it's wrong, do you?"

"You're asking me?" Duffy said softly.

She nodded. Tom had slipped his hand through her arm, as though he wanted to get going.

Duffy didn't have to think very long or hard. "It's wonderful," he said. "You can't miss."

She gave a tiny chirp of delight and Kellogg grinned. "Thanks, Duffy," she said.

"You won't have any trouble?" he blurted.

"Trouble?" Her voice rose on the word. "Getting married—or with Mother?"

"Both, now that you mention it."

"I think I'm old enough and wise enough to know what I'm doing," she said. "And we don't need a waiting period where we're going to be married." She looked up at Tom. "We're sorry if Mother is hurt by this but there'll be nothing she can do about it. Nothing." There was a finality about it that told Duffy all he needed to know.

"Bless you both," he said. And then, in a burst of inspiration that left him tingling slightly, Duffy thought of something. "Ginny, darling," he said, "I'd feel very proud and pleased if"—he smiled broadly—"if you'll let me be the first to give you a wedding present."

"Oh, Duffy," she began. But he'd already reached for the twenty-dollar bill. "Get something real nice—something you'll have around for a long time to remember me, sorta." He took her hand and pressed the folded bill into it. For one bad second Duffy thought she might refuse it, but she was too genuinely decent and considerate.

"Thanks, so much, Duffy," she said softly. "It's so sweet of you."

Then they were gone and Duffy watched the car travel south on Park. Before it got out of sight he began to smile to himself. So Laura Gardner wanted him to turn them in, did she? Slipped him a twenty to make sure. Duffy chuckled as he began to look forward to the whopping big lie he'd be telling. ★★★

ILLUSTRATED BY STANLEY KLIMLEY

Stanley Klimley

Whether you
run a farm...



Run for the 8:15...



Or take the kids to school...



use less oil...use less gasoline...get more power

With Premium Sinclair Opaline, you use less OIL ... because Opaline's special chemicals provide better piston seal. Better piston seal means stepped-up engine efficiency

... less wasted OIL, less wasted GASOLINE— and MORE POWER for smoother performance. Stop at the Sinclair H-C Gasoline sign for Premium Sinclair Opaline Motor Oil.



**PREMIUM
SINCLAIR OPALINE MOTOR OIL**

Keeps your motor clean as a whistle



Sinclair Refining Company

*Preferred...
for mellow moments*



*Hamm's
Beer*

Smooth and Mellow

Theo. Hamm Brewing Co.,
St. Paul 1, Minn.

THE WEDDING PRESENT

Continued from page 17

have been, too, because the farm he's on—not that anyone ever farmed it—is called Baviaansfontein—baboon spring.

"The spring's just near his hut, that's where he gets his water. The farm behind is called Baviaansberg. Baboon Mountain is a good name for it, too, because most of it is in the vertical plane and fine for baboons and rock rabbits, and a few klipspringer and the like. A wild place, indeed, but beautiful with protea shrubs and ferns, with flowers and wild birds."

"Birds," Mr. Herbert said, "birds."

"Some people like them," the third man said.

"I do," Herbert said. "A nice plump partridge, now that takes some beating." He made a little tight, round gesture in front of his stomach to describe a partridge's breast, and said, "And hung just right. Not too high and not too fresh. An' brown with a strip of bacon over it, and nice fresh water cress and mashed potato."

THE barman said, "Baboons, nothing but talk of baboons in here now. Baboons, bavians, bobbejuans—English, Afrikaans—it's the same every night and I'm sick of it. Just because a man goes to live in the berg."

"There's lots of men living in caves in Table Mountain. Bergies, they call 'em. And women too." Mr. Herbert turned to the third man. "My name's 'Erbert," he said.

"And mine is Clarke," said the other.

"Clarke? Any relation—?"

"Yes. That's why I'm here. I'm his uncle."

"Very tragic," I said. "I mean it must be terrible for the family."

"I don't know," Mr. Clarke said. "I really don't know. It might be worse, you know. No real harm in it, after all—"

"Harm," Herbert snorted, "maybe there is no harm in it, but if he was my nephew—"

"You're from these parts yourself?" Mr. Clarke inquired.

"Me?" said Mr. Herbert. "Certainly not. I couldn't live in a dead-and-alive hole like this. No lights, no pictures, no young ladies. No," he said, "I come through here once every six weeks. I'm a traveler, I am, a salesman." He produced cards and handed them around. "Keep them," he said. "Mr. Alfred Herbert. Representing Steeger and Company, 52 Bond Street, Cape Town. Old firm. Soft goods. Nothing but the best. 'Bestest and softest,' that's what I say—soft goods for soft limbs—and I like the business. Plenty of young ladies, my line," he said. "Plenty; and they like the things I've got to sell." He held invisible panties up in front of his paunch and simpered.

Mr. Clarke said, "He might have gone to prison, for instance—been a criminal, or taken to drink, or got some girl into trouble. No," he said, "that's what I told his mother. It might be much worse. It's just a revulsion from people. He wants to be alone. Pamela understands it."

"Who's she?" I said.

"Girl he's engaged to. Beautiful girl, beautiful."

"Well if I was engaged to a beautiful girl—" Mr. Herbert said.

"Quite, Mr. Herbert," Clarke said. "Quite. But then it takes all sorts to make a world, does it not?"

"Not monkey lovers, it doesn't," Herbert said. "And give me another brandy, Willy."

"I'm a journalist, Mr. Clarke," I said. "I wonder if you'd tell me—"

"We don't want any more publicity," he said.

"All right," I said. "Off the record,

then. I'm interested—curious—and curiosity is the basis of knowledge—it all boils down to curiosity in the end. But how did it all begin, Mr. Clarke? I mean was there anything in his childhood—?"

"That is what we have all been thinking about. Things that might explain it."

"And?"

"And there are certain factors which seem to add up. I'm even responsible for it, anyway, which is why I've come to talk to him. Not an easy job."

"Talk to him?" I said. "Where?"

"Here. He comes here every Friday for provisions. And so I said I'd come and bring Pam."

"Where is she?" Herbert said. "I'd like to see her."

"Out in the car. Ladies aren't allowed at the bar in South Africa, you know."

"You were saying it was your fault," I said.

"Only in a way," Mr. Clarke said. "But when he was about six I was in Namaqualand and just as I was on my way back I met a Boer with a baby baboon. 'Want to buy the klein bobbejaan?' he said. And I said, 'No, what would I do with it?' And he said, 'Fine for the kids, Mister,' and then I thought of Nobby. He always expected me to bring him something strange, when I went on a trip."

"So you called him Nobby even when he was a kid," Herbert said. "We were all called Nobby," Mr. Clarke said. "His dad, me and my other brother. All Clarkes seem to be. Very confusing sometimes."

"See?" Herbert said to me. "Just what I said, like redheads being called Red in America."

"Yes," I said.

MR. CLARKE went on, "I thought Nobby'd like him. Mad about animals, he was. So I bought him for ten bob. Well, he did like him. They were as thick as thieves, those two, never left each other. Find 'em in bed together unless they were watched. Frightened his mother out of her life—"

"Treacherous, eh?" Mr. Herbert said.

"Treacherous? Certainly not, Mr. Herbert. But the baboon would take him climbing. Led him up the big gum tree at the back of the house and the two of them sat there, sixty foot up, with their arms about each other, and Ella—that's my sister-in-law, his mother—wept and wrung her hands. 'All your fault,' she said and I said, 'Don't let him see you're frightened. Make him nervous.'"

"Frightened, you silly fool," she said, and then she slapped my face. Just nerves. Very nervous women are about their children."

"Bachelor," I said.

"Yes," he said. "Anyway when they did come down—and they only came because they were hungry—Nobby said, 'It's nice up there, swaying and looking out over the hills.' His mother covered her face with her hands and began to cry. He wanted us all to come up with him and Bobby—that was the baboon's name—and see how nice it was. But what was I saying?"

"About what his mother wanted when they did come down."

"Oh, yes, she wanted Bobby shot. I said, 'You couldn't do that,' and his father agreed with me. 'You see,' I said, 'if you did that it would be murder to the boy and he'd never forgive us.'"

"He's only six," his mother said, 'he's just a little boy, he'd forget.'"

"That's just it," I said, 'he's a boy. Kill that baboon,' I said, 'and you'll kill something in your son.'"

"Then what shall I do?"

"Tell him it's all right. That it must

Collier's for September 18, 1948

be wonderful up there but that you don't like heights. And ask him not to go too high. But you'll never keep those two on the ground."

"So she did what we said, and they compromised. There was a sort of arrangement between Ella and Nobby and the baboon not to go too high—only as high as the roof, and that was bad enough. Of course, afterward he joined the Alpine Club and became quite well known as a climber. So there you have it," he said. "The baboon's my fault, and because of him he learnt to like climbing; and because he liked climbing and being high up, he grew to love nature—the birds and the flowers, the buck and the rock rabbits. There's only one animal he doesn't like," Clarke said.

"What's that?" I asked.

"Dogs," he said.

"Something wrong with a man who does not like dogs," Herbert said.

"Why doesn't he?" I said. "Bitten as a child?"

"No," Mr. Clarke said. "He says they are too slavish, for one thing. That they aren't real animals; been selected by man for too long. And they chase things. He doesn't like things to be chased."

"Had a wonderful rather once," Herbert said. "Fox terrier called Tiger. All white with a spot over one eye. Everybody said, well, why didn't you call him Spot? And I said no originality in it, that's why. I'm an original, I am—"

"Nobby's all right," the barman interrupted, "even if he is a little touched in the head. So might anybody be, after what he's done and what's been done to him. But I'm sick of baboons. Today Nobby, yesterday it was the trap man."

"Who's he?" Herbert asked.

"Man who's been making traps to catch baboons for the farmers round about. Quite an argument, there was, about them being humane or not."

"I hope he doesn't come tonight," Mr. Clarke said. "Might be trouble. Nobby's against traps and all that."

"I told him not to come," the barman said. "I said, 'The baboon man's coming'—that's what we call Nobby. 'Comes to fetch his groceries, so you'd better not be around. Might be trouble.' Those were my very words. And he said, 'Baboon man, who's he? Like to meet him.' So I told him the story and all he said was, 'Must be crackers, that chap—nuts.' And I said, 'Most of us is nuts about something—fishing, or golf or girls—'"

"Girls," Herbert said. "Mad about the girls, that's me. And they're mad about me."

"That's right," the barman said. "Always letters from girls waiting for him here."

"Waiting for me everywhere," Mr. Herbert said. He turned as the door opened.

"Scented," the barman said. "That's how I know. I smell 'em." He looked up at the newcomer and said, "Well, gentlemen, there he is."

THE man came up to the bar, and the barman said to him, "I thought I told you not to come. We don't want trouble here and this is Mr. Nobby's night. We like him in these parts and don't want 'im upset."

"Very kind of you," Mr. Clarke said.

"Nothing at all," the barman said. "We like him and he likes us."

"And the baboon?" Mr. Herbert said.

"Likes everybody," the barman said.

"That shows 'e's off 'is 'ead," Herbert said. "Proves it."

"My name's Fenton," the stranger said, looking from Herbert to Clarke. "I'm here trapping baboons. I've invented a simple trap. I put one up for a farmer and he pays me for doing it and gives me a reward for the first ten baboons I catch. That's as well as the government reward."

"What sort of trap is it?" Mr. Clarke asked.

"Just a strong wire cage with two or more compartments, each six by six by four. I bait it with oranges or mealies."

"We call that corn in the States," Herbert said, "and very nice it is, too—green, with plenty of butter and salt."

"When they eat the bait," Fenton went on, "the door falls and they're caught."

"Then what do you do?"

"Shoot 'em with a two two."

"Must be fun," Herbert said.

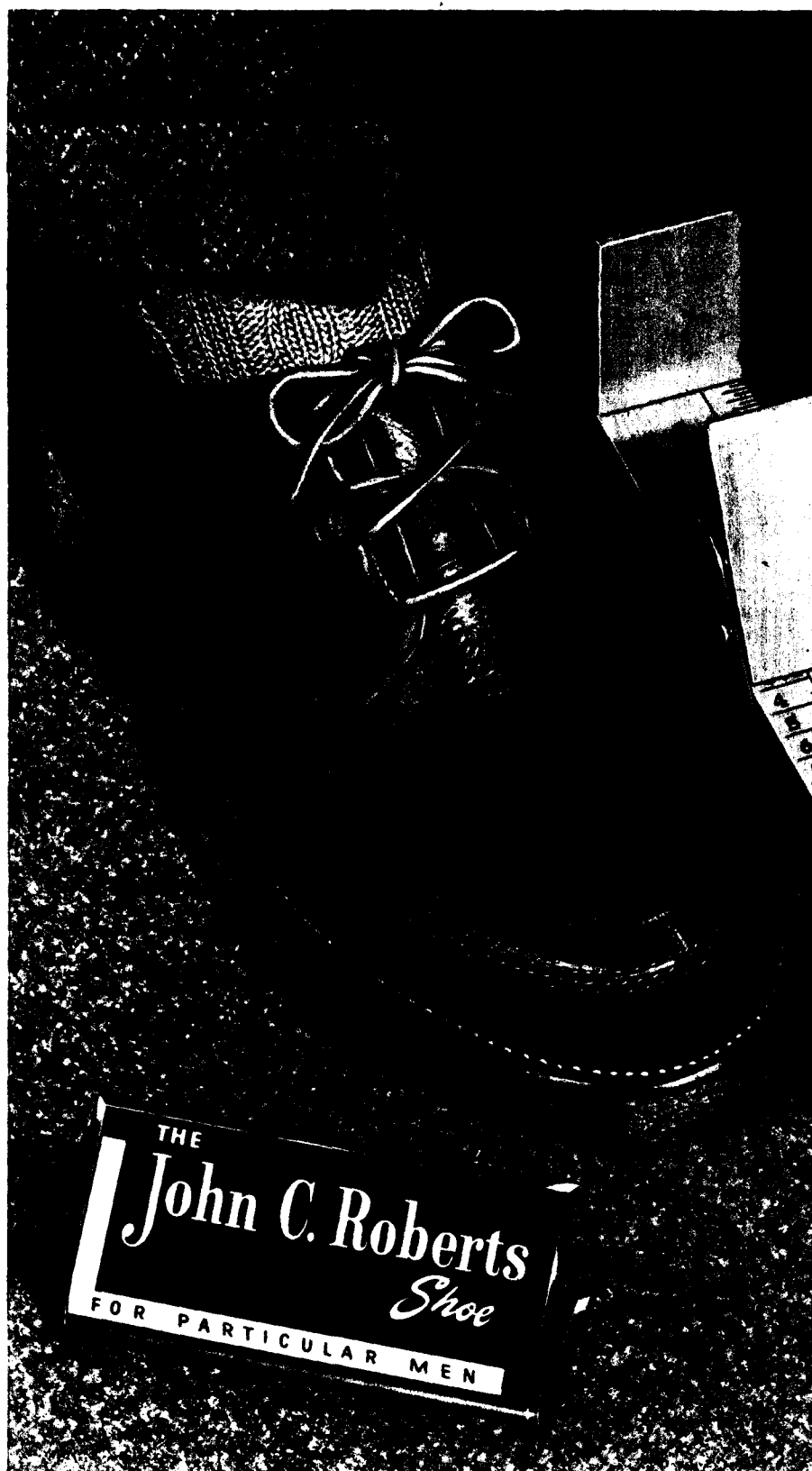
"The argument," Fenton went on, "was that it was cruel because they might be left to starve in the trap. But if you leave them overnight the other baboons will clear out, and you won't catch another for weeks. And shooting them that way seems better to me than wounding them at long range."

"Quite," Mr. Clarke said. "It does seem better. But on the other hand I believe in living and letting things live."

"Not vermin," Mr. Herbert said.

"Who defines vermin?" Clarke said.

"Does God say these animals are vermin?"



Style 63094

foot comfort
...unlimited!

Yes, sir, with every pair of John C. Roberts Shoes you get comfort that lasts and lasts. The fine leathers, expert design and honest craftsmanship for better value and appearance assure that *lasting* comfort. Smart style, too—just look—and they're every bit as good as they look!

See the classified section of your phone book or write us for the name of your John C. Roberts dealer. Then step in and step into the value-wise comfort of the John C. Roberts Shoe with Mello-Stride Feature.

Also Robertson Shoes at somewhat lower prices

JOHN C. ROBERTS SHOES • Friedman-Shelby DIVISION

International Shoe Company • St. Louis 3, Missouri

World's Largest Shoemakers



Ask about
John C. Roberts
Mello-Stride Feature Shoes



She was
courted by
CARUSO

Read BILLIE BURKE—
HER STORY, beginning
next week.

Go backstage to meet Flo Ziegfeld and the most fabulous stars in all show history.

And don't miss THE TREE OF HEAVEN, by Elizabeth Enright, Collier's Star Story, winner of the \$1,000 Fiction Award.

Collier's for September 18, 1948



**THE NEW
MONARK**
Super Deluxe

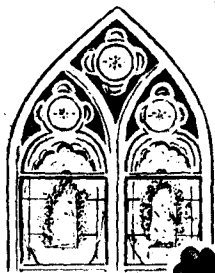
America's Most Beautiful Bicycle!

Super streamlined all-new design. New "Air-Wing" headlight. New "Kromegard" seat. New sponge rubber padded saddle. New weather-resistant plastic type cover. New mar-proof and chip-resistant finish. And dozens of other exciting new features. Boy's and girl's models. Regular and junior sizes. For sale by better stores everywhere.

DEPARTMENT 8-64
MONARK SILVER KING, INC.
6501 W. Grand Ave., Chicago 35, Ill.
Send free folder showing the complete line of new Monark Bicycles in full color.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____

What A Blessing To Hear Again...



WITH THE
NEW TYPE

Beltone

ONE-UNIT HEARING AID

Forget old-style hearing aids. The One-Unit Beltone banishes all their familiar discomforts. No more big, bulky, separate battery packs... dangling battery wires. No painful harsh noises, hollow undertones, "static". Learn today how much better, more clearly, happily, you can now *really hear!*

SEND NOW FOR FREE BOOK ON HEARING

BELTONE HEARING AID CO., Dept. C-9
1450 West 19th Street, Chicago 8, Illinois
Please send me, without cost or obligation, the new FREE booklet of interesting facts about DEAFNESS AND HOW TO OVERCOME IT.

Name _____
Address _____
Town _____ State _____

and those are not? It's a dangerous thing to define vermin, Mr. Herbert. You see, people get the habit of judging first animals and then their own kind. According to the way some people see it, Jews and Negroes are vermin. According to others, rich men, gentlemen—even businessmen like yourself—are vermin. You see what I mean, I trust. It's just the point of view."

Herbert snorted, "And what's that got to do with a pack of monkeys except that they're Communists, too, just like I said?"

WHILE he was talking, a tall thin man who looked like a gypsy had come in and stood staring around. That's Nobby, I'll bet, I thought.

Only the barman and I saw him. The bar faced the door and I had turned to look back for a moment without knowing why. He was a striking-looking boy of about twenty-four, dark with black eyes; very sunburned and thin, but not thin from lack of food—it was just that there was no fat on him. He had come in softly like a cat: One minute he had not been there, and the next he was.

Fenton said, "Well, it's none of my affair. They're classified as vermin and a reward is paid on them, and farmers want to get rid of them so I trap 'em and sell my traps. It's my way of making a living and it keeps me in the open air. It's a nice life; bit of sport and change."

"Nice girls on the farms," Herbert said. "Corn-fed, as they say in the States, fine big girls."

"I wish they paid on size, though," Fenton said. "I got a big one today. One of the biggest I've ever seen. Old male, he was, and he looked me right in the eyes when I shot him. Wasn't more than five yards away from him."

No one else had seen young Nobby yet. I looked at him quickly. He was standing still and he was quite pale and his black eyes looked bigger and blacker. They made two holes in his skull. As I looked, he took hold of himself and came forward.

"Evening," he said. "You shot a big baboon, did you, Mr.—?"

"Fenton's the name."

"Mr. Fenton?"

"Yes I did. One of the biggest I've ever killed. Hard to get the big ones, you know. They're wily. But this one, why you'd have thought he was tame."

"Did you notice, by any chance, if he had lost the outside finger—the little finger—of his left hand?"

"Funny you should ask that," Fenton said, "because he had. Had he caused you any trouble?"

"No more trouble than one's friends usually cause one, Mr. Fenton," Nobby said. "His face was white now under the tan. 'Trouble, for instance, when you hear they have been murdered.'"

"What are you talking about?"

"You shot my friend, Fenton. That was Bobby, my friend. He lost that finger rescuing his wife when she was trapped by a big *perlemoen* and drowning. And you only caught him because his baby had got into your damn' trap and he was trying to get him out when the door fell behind him. The little chap was too light to spring it. But Bobby knew what it was all right, and that's how you got him."

"Well, I'm damned," Fenton said. "And I certainly never guessed he belonged to anyone."

"He didn't," Nobby said. "He wasn't my baboon."

"Then what's the trouble if he wasn't yours? I thought you said he was tame."

"He was," Nobby said.

"But he wasn't yours. I mean he didn't belong to you."

"He didn't belong to anyone. He was wild."

"Then you've got no case," Fenton said. "I mean if he'd belonged to you—was a tame one—it would be different."

But he was just a wild one, belonged to no one."

"So something has to belong to someone?"

"Certainly, it has."

"An animal, a baboon, or a buck, or even a tree, has no rights of its own, eh? It can't be free. It has to have a contract of some kind before it has legal status and the right to live."

"You're crazy," Fenton said. "I don't understand what you're talking about. But just to put things right I'll give you the reward. I don't want any trouble." He put his hand in his pocket.

Nobby was getting a queer look in his eyes and his lip was twitching, so that I pushed in front of Fenton and said, "I'm very interested in all this, Mr. Clarke. I wonder if you'd tell me how it all began. I mean your association with the baboons."

"Drink this," his uncle said and pushed a whisky and soda into his hand.

"Highball," Herbert said. "Nothing like a highball—that's what we called them in the States—bourbon, rye—"

"Began," Nobby said vaguely. "It began when I was at the cottage. I went there when I got out of the Army. Very nervous state I was in, like lots of the chaps. You know, had to be alone. The war was a terrible thing," he said. "Terrible. The fires and flying through the night, and the loss of your friends and then shot down and a prisoner. Trapped," he said, "caged like an animal. So when I got out I went to our cottage by the sea. It was winter and no one was living near by. It's very isolated anyway, but in winter it's practically cut off after every big rain."

"Anyway, there I was all alone with some books and things. I read, I did a bit of painting, collected shells—I have a fine collection of shells—and watched the baboons. A big troop near there and in the evening if the tide was low they'd be down among the rocks getting shellfish—winkles, clams, limpets and the like. The *strandloopers*, I called them. Like children they were, scampering over the rocks, looking in the pools, and the baby baboons splashing each other like kids. "Well, that's the way it was."

THEN one night it was bright moonlight—I had been for a walk and just turned in when I heard screaming down by the sea. Terrible screams of horror they were, and terror. Like a woman," he said. "Frightful. I put on some clothes and ran to the sea. As I ran some big baboons passed me running my way. Baboons, I thought, that's what it is. One of them's in trouble and the big boys are going down to see. That's what I called the big old males—the big boys. There were five of them and one extra—the big leader—six in all."

"They passed me, naturally, and when I got there they were squatted on the rocks round two baboons that were in the water. One had its hand caught by a shell—like a damn' big round limpet—it had been trying to get off a rock. The other one of the big boys—the sixth—was trying to help it. His left hand was bleeding badly by now—that's when he lost his finger. Then he put it up to his mouth and sucked it."

"So it's a female, I thought, and her mate. That accounted for the other males coming. When he'd failed to rescue her himself he'd called them down from the cliffs where they lived more than a mile away. Very rarely do baboons leave their sleeping places at night, but of course it was nearly as light as day with the big round moon cutting a wide silver path across the ocean. But the tide was coming in and it wouldn't be long before the baboon was drowned, unless someone did something, so I shouted, 'It's all right, Bobby, I'll get her out for you.'"

"He always called them Bobby," Mr. Clarke said, "I mean, after that first one



**Is it raining
tonight in
BOSTON?**

● Nearly one million Trico Wiper Blades on cars in the Boston area keep driving vision safe in stormy weather... If your windshield blurs when it rains, new Trico replacement blades will clear up the view ahead... And between rains, Trico's "Two Little Squirts" can wash away eye-straining dust, grime and road splash.



TRICO STANDARD 50¢
TRICO "WRIST ACTION" 60¢

Trico Products Corporation, Buffalo 3, N. Y.

MOTHER!

**Your child will
enjoy this
tasty Laxative**

You don't have to coax your child to take Ex-Lax. Children actually *love* its delicious chocolate taste!

Gentle and Effective

Mother, you'll be delighted to discover how well Ex-Lax works. It is both effective and gentle. Ex-Lax gives your child thorough relief without upsetting him. Many doctors use this *dependable* laxative in their practice.

Trusted by Millions

Mothers really have confidence in Ex-Lax—it's America's Favorite Family Laxative. So, when you or your youngster need relief, take Ex-Lax. *Still only 10¢.* There is no better laxative at *any* price.

**When Nature "forgets"...
remember**

EX-LAX
THE CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

Collier's for September 18, 1948

I got him. He called him Bobby because it was short for *bobbejaan*."

"I always call them that," Nobby said. "I mean when I see one I say, 'There goes a Bobby.' Somehow I always felt I might come across him again one day. But anyway I said, 'It's okay, Bobby, it's okay, don't you worry.' But he was worrying—barking and coughing, almost wringing his bloody hands. He was wet, too—soaked, and trembling. Must have been in the water pulling at her a long time. He'd even smashed one of his teeth biting at the shell. You know the things—conical shell nearly a foot across, very pretty inside, all colors, green, pink, blue, mother-of-pearl—that's why they call them *perlemoen*."

"Abalone," I said. "Abalone, they call them in America. Get 'em on the West Coast, make nice ash trays and things." I wanted Herbert to know that I'd been in America too.

"That's it," he said, "same thing, I suppose. But a man can get caught by them. The whole thing is just one great muscle clinging to the rock. You've got to catch them unawares to get them loose. They're very good to eat. But this one was aware, all right. There it was clamped on the bobby's wrist and she was pulling and struggling. She had stopped screaming now I had come, but still pulled and every now and then a wave would come and lap at her.

"The water was well over her belly by now and a big wave, if one came in, would have gone over her head. Lucky it was calm, but you get big waves here sometimes even when it's calm. They just come up for no reason. Anyway, it wasn't far to the cottage, so I ran back. As I ran I wondered what I'd got I could use. I didn't have many tools. Just the car tools with a hammer among them, luckily. And that's what I brought back, the hammer and two tire levers.

"When I got to the rocks again the big baboon was beside her again with his arms around her. I wondered if he would let me near. I wondered if she would bite. As I came up he coughed, showing his big dogteeth about the size of a great Dane's. I said, 'It's okay, Bobby, it's okay,' but I wasn't so sure. And even if he didn't go for me, she might bite me. The other baboons on the rocks came nearer till they were all round me. The biggest one of all, the chief baboon leader, was nearest to me. The other five were a little behind. They were big too, but not as big as the leader, who was enormous; but all were very big old-dog baboons—old men.

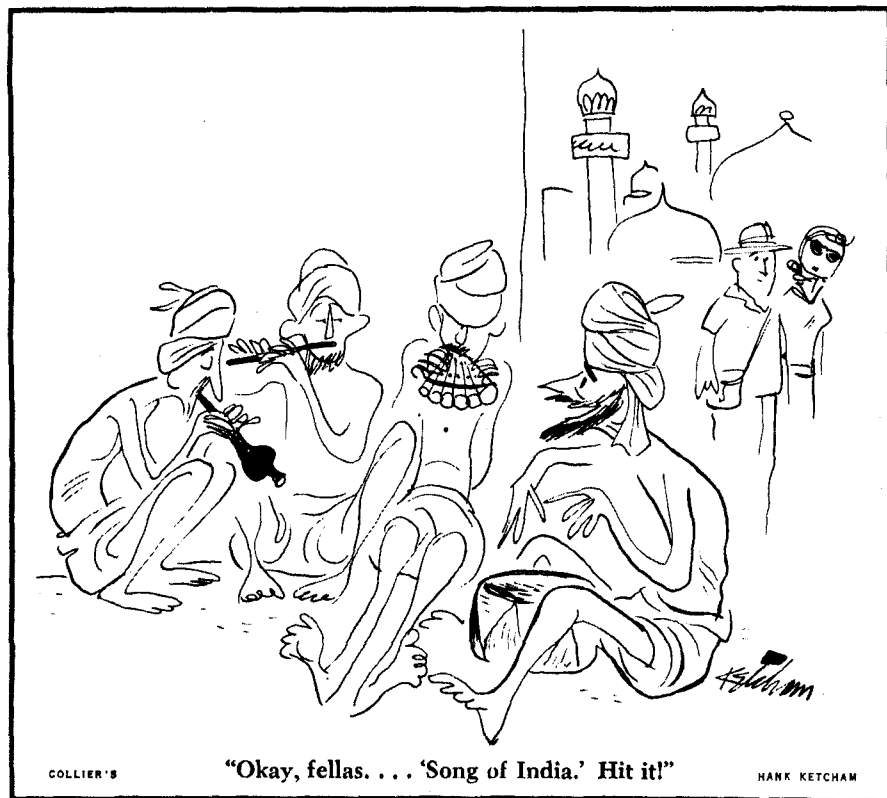
"When I went nearer still they all barked and then the leader gave a louder bark. Like an order, almost, and they were still and silent watching me in the moonlight. Except for the husband—he was muttering, growling, making little choking noises, which were meant to console and encourage her.

"It all came back to me then," he said. "I recognized what he was saying. He was saying in baboon language, it was okay. I began to talk to him the way I talked to Bobby when I was a kid. Instead of saying okay in English I said it in baboon. That's what Mother always called it. 'That child will talk baboon,' she'd say. Anyway as soon as I did the other baboons all barked. I barked back at them and then they all closed in. I wasn't at all afraid because they were talking as they came, and I talked back.

"THEY said, *What is it all about? What are you going to do?* I said, *I'm going to fix it up, I'm going to get her out.* I raised the hammer for them to see. The husband put out his hand to touch it. I let him. Then I tapped the shell so that they could see what I was going to do. I was afraid that when I raised the hammer they might think I was going to hit her on the head. So I raised it again and brought it slowly down onto the shell. They all watched. Their heads went up as I raised the hammer again, and followed it down—like people watching the ball at a tennis match. Then I gave the shell a big crack. It took three to break it.

"I was standing in the water beside the trapped baboon while I worked. She flinched like a man when I struck, but said nothing, did not even struggle. But she could feel the *perlemoen* weakening its hold, because after the second blow she talked. She said, *That's better. That's good.* And the men talked. They said, *Stay quiet. He'll get you out.* Then I used the tire lever, and in another minute she was free.

"I took the *perlemoen* home with me. Eat it, I thought. Eat it for lunch tomorrow; and it wasn't till afterward I thought any of it at all odd. I mean funny that I'd got out of bed to rescue a baboon trapped by a shell and had been talking baboon to them the way I'd talked to Bobby when I was a kid. I'd thought he and I just had a way of getting on together, understanding the sounds we made to each other, but he'd taught me baboon talk. Not advanced, of course. Not the way I know it now. But baby baboon talk, which may be



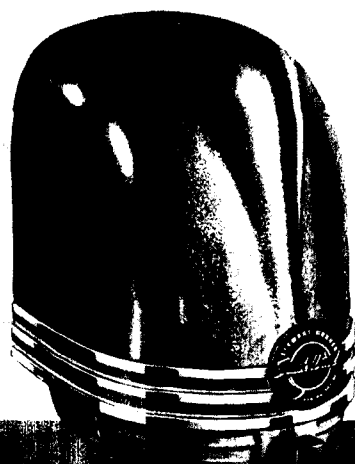
Collier's for September 18, 1948

"Talk about quick comfort... my South Wind starts giving Hot Heat before I'm scarcely away from the curb!"



The ONLY Type Car Heater that Gives You Hot Heat Almost Instantly! No Wait for Engine Warm-Up!

Even in coldest weather South Wind brings you hot heat in 90 seconds flat . . . an advantage made possible by South Wind's new, scientifically proved, gasoline-burning principle. Only a car heater that works on this proven principle can give you hot heat so speedily. That's why today, over 3,000,000 car owners are enthusiastic South Wind boosters. Easy to install. Fits any make or model. Sold with or without defroster. Always ready for use . . . even on chilly summer nights. Get your South Wind today! For name of South Wind dealer nearest you, consult your classified telephone directory. South Wind Division, Stewart-Warner Corporation, Indianapolis 7, Indiana.



America's Greatest Car Heater Value!

Only \$29.95 PLUS INSTALLATION



SOUTH WIND'S safety won for it the coveted Underwriters' Laboratories Seal.

South Wind

WALK-OVER Rubber Rafts



Walk-Over prices from \$12.95

Man the Rafts, men! It's Walk-Over's wonderful new "buoyant bounce" for your feet. Springy crepe soles cushioned in crepe. WALK-OVER RUBBER RAFTS. Brown or Blue Suede. Get into a pair today.

Geo. E. Keith Company, Brockton 63, Mass.

Town Brown suede with soles of crepe cushioned in crepe!

MUST YOU FOREGO
MANY SOCIAL PLEASURES
BECAUSE OF . . .

PSORIASIS



SIROIL has been an inestimable boon to many people who had hesitated to dress becomingly because of embarrassing psoriasis lesions. Perhaps **SIROIL** can help **YOU** as it has helped in thousands of other cases. **SIROIL** tends to remove the crusts and scales of psoriasis which are external in character and located on the outer layer of the skin. If or when your psoriasis lesions recur, light applications of **SIROIL** will help keep them under control. Applied externally, **SIROIL** does not stain clothing or bed linens, nor does it interfere in any way with your daily routine. Try it. Certainly it's worth a trial, particularly since it's offered to you on a two-weeks'-satisfaction-or-money-refunded basis.

Write today for booklet on Psoriasis, using coupon—

Siroil Laboratories, Inc. Dept. C-61, Detroit 26, Mich.
Siroil of Canada, Ltd., Box 488, Windsor, Ont.
Please send me your free booklet on Psoriasis.

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____

SIROIL
AT ALL DRUG STORES

why the baboon I rescued was not afraid of me. Bit of luck, hey? She couldn't believe a man who talked like a baby baboon could do her harm. And he was the same, Bobby was—her husband. After a bit I could do anything with him."

"He certainly didn't seem afraid," Fenton, the trap man, said. "Cheeky. A cheeky one, he is, I thought. Looked right at me till I put up the two two and then he covered his face with his hands. That's when I noticed his finger had gone."

The man did not know when to keep his mouth shut. Put your foot in properly, you have, I thought.

"And then you shot him," Nobby said, "in a cage. Shot my friend where he couldn't do anything. Outside and without a gun you'd have been afraid of him. He could have killed you. Just torn you to pieces. But you had him behind wire, so you could torture him."

"Only took two shots—"

"Torture him the way men torture each other now, and murder each other." Nobby was trembling with rage and moving forward very quietly.

I don't even know, if anyone else noticed him moving. But I'm a very observant man and while he spoke he had come two feet nearer to Fenton. I noticed, too, that his uncle had left the bar. Nice time to go, I thought. Wish I'd gone too. There's going to be trouble.

"Two shots," Nobby said. "There was another friend of mine. An American pilot, and they took six to kill him, but they were just using him as a target. They said he'd attempted to escape so they let him run. More sporting as it were. And he's only one. No end to it all—shooting, killing. So one more won't matter, will it, Mr.—?"

"Fenton."

"—Mr. Fenton? Not one more. Because I'm going to kill you. I'm going to tear you to little pieces like Bobby would've done."

He lowered his body by bending his knees. His hands hung low. If he hadn't been a man I'd have said he was going to spring. I believe he was going to spring. All that climbing with the baboons had changed his muscular development, brought new muscles—muscles that are almost atrophied in man—back into play.

BUT as he crouched a girl stepped in front of him. She was a little thing not more than five feet high with greeny-gray eyes and brown hair; brown face too; brown as a gypsy she was. He straightened up when he saw her. Mr. Clarke was back too. So you fetched the dame, I thought. Pretty intelligent of you, Mr. Clarke, I thought, because the boy's going crackers. Something was just going to snap when she came in and took the tension off.

"A good thing you got her, Mr. Clarke," I said.

He said, "Yes, Pam understands him. I wish he'd marry her."

"She—you mean she wants to marry him?" Herbert asked. "Why, he's nuts. A pretty little thing like that—"

"No gentleness, no peace, Pam," Nobby said, "no rest, no quiet, just cages and traps and murder!"

The barman said, "Ladies aren't allowed here. I could lose my license. No ladies. That's the law."

"Then get a policeman," Herbert said. "If it wasn't for 'er you'd need one, to my way of thinking, to pick up the corpse. Pretty corpse Mr. Fenton would have made."

"Come with me," Pam said. She took Nobby by the arm.

"With you?" Nobby said. "Not to town. I couldn't do that. My friend," he said, "they'll need me more than ever now—to get them out of the traps, to break the traps, to—" His voice rose.

"Who said to town, Nobby?" the girl

broke in. "We'll go to the shack. I brought my things. I'm coming up to the shack with you."

"With the baboons all round? You won't be afraid?"

"When a woman marries, Nobby, her husband's friends are her friends."

"Baboons," Herbert said. "A girl like her—why anybody—Baboons. . ."

The girl said, "Come, Nobby." She put out her hand. He took it.

"I'll bring the stuff," his uncle said. He picked up the box of groceries.

I got hold of half a bag of mealies. He bought a bag each week but divided it into two parts to make it easier to handle on the mountain path. I was pretty proud at the way I managed it on the flat. We came back for the rest of the stuff.

Herbert said, "She's going with him?"

"Yes," I said.

He said, "I thought maybe it was just a trick to let Fenton get away. Scared the daylight out of him, young Nobby did."

"No," I said. "She's going, isn't she?" I asked Mr. Clarke.

"Yes," he said, "and she'll save him. Wonderful girl, that—"

"To the bloody monkeys," Herbert said. "That girl. Why," he said, "why, they aren't even married."

PAM had come back into the bar. The barman said again, "Ladies aren't allowed in the bar."

"I know," Pam said. Then she turned to Herbert and said, "You're quite right about us not being married, Mr. Herbert, but we will be. Tomorrow. Would you like to come to the wedding?"

"I could be a witness," Herbert said. "You could indeed," Clarke said, "you and me."

"And me," I said, "I want to come."

"Of course," Pam said.

Herbert picked up his suitcase. "Presents," he said, "presents." He opened the case. "Silk," he said. He held the things up against himself. "Silk," he said again, "nothing but the best at Steegers. And I tell you what I'll do, I'll give her the bloody samples, that's what I'll do. Silk to wear on 'er 'oney-moon with the baboons in the mountain—"

"Thank you, Mr. Herbert," Pam said.

"And I can kiss the bride?"

"Of course," she said, "everyone kisses the bride." She put up her face.

He kissed her and she said, "Nobby says they'll be waiting for us."

"Who will?" Herbert said.

"The baboons, Mr. Herbert. He says they come to help carry things up from the car."

"Well, I'm damned," Herbert said. "Do you believe that, Mr. Clarke?"

"I don't know," Clarke said. "It's not natural, but he has a way with animals."

"And girls," Herbert said. "Fancy a girl going—"

"The mealies are for them," Pam said. "It's been a bad year, you know, very dry, and even a bag a week doesn't go very far among so many."

"I'll make the arrangements," Mr. Clarke said.

"Yes," she said, "please do." Then she smiled at us all and said, "Good night."

She said a special good night to the barman and he said, "Good night, Miss," and added, "But ladies aren't allowed in here, you know."

She said, "I know and I'm going."

She said good night and smiled again. I've never seen a girl look so happy.

"She's 'appy," Herbert said.

"Going to the baboons," I said. "Straight up the uphill path"—which I thought pretty good. But they were all too busy thinking their own thoughts to notice. Thinking about tomorrow, no doubt. I was. And about the baboons coming down to meet the car.

THE END



Amazing but true . . . today's modern trailer coaches have beautiful, completely furnished living rooms . . . home comfort that will amaze you.

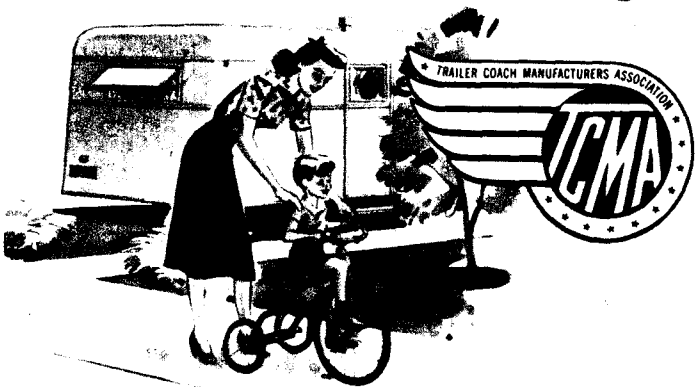


At fine trailer parks—approved by T.C.M.A., you'll meet nice people like Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Matthews, who prefer the trailer coach life.



What woman wouldn't be thrilled by the convenience of an apartment-type kitchen like this . . . with built-in range, refrigerator, sink . . . Plenty of storage space.

Good Living...AT THE SIGN OF THE WINGED WHEEL



● For wonderful living freedom—marvelous home convenience, privacy, AND GREATER ECONOMY, you can't beat trailer coach life. Already, more than a million Americans have chosen it . . . Every day—every week—MORE thousands discover the many advantages of trailer coach living.

In a modern trailer coach, especially one built to the standards of the Trailer Coach Manufacturers Association, you get today's greatest value in year 'round living and travel accommodations.

SEE the smart styling of the completely furnished living rooms; the ultra-modern equipped kitchens with range, refrigerator, sink and cabinets; the separate bedrooms that have built-in furniture and ample wardrobe space;

toilet and shower facilities are optional.

FIND OUT for yourself about the quality construction, the engineered insulation and efficient heating system that make a T.C.M.A. approved trailer coach ideal for gracious living, regardless of climate.

Trailer coaches bearing the winged wheel emblem of T.C.M.A. are made by the nation's leading manufacturers. Their manufacturing knowledge and experience assure you a product that offers *everything you need for good living*.

WRITE today for the *free*, 72-page official book with specifications and details of America's *finest* trailer coaches. Address Dept. 920, Trailer Coach Manufacturers Association, Civic Opera Building, Chicago 6, Ill.

Write...YOU CAN OWN A PROFITABLE TRAILER PARK

There is an excellent profit opportunity for a trailer park in your community. T.C.M.A. can give you valuable facts and guidance in starting or improving a park, even to valuable free architect's plans and the specific advice of experts retained by the Association.

As a first step, ask for "Planning A Profitable Trailer Park," containing pictures, diagrams and cost data. Write to Trailer Parks, Dept. 920, T.C.M.A., Civic Opera Bldg., Chicago 6, Illinois.



BUY A TRAILER COACH BEARING THE EMBLEM OF T.C.M.A. . . . BUILT TO BASIC STANDARDS BY MANUFACTURERS WORKING TOGETHER TO GIVE YOU BETTER TRAILER COACHES AND PARKS

VAGABOND • VINDALE • WALCO • WHITLEY • ZIMMER • ADAMS • ALL-STATES • AMERICAN • CASTLE • CLIPPER • COLUMBIA
CONTINENTAL • DREXLER • DUO • ELCAR • EMPIRE • GENERAL • GLIDER • HOOSIER RAMBLER • HOWARD • INDIAN
INGLIS-SCHULT • INTERNATIONAL • IRONWOOD • KIT • KOZY COACH • LA SALLE • LIBERTY • LIGHTHOUSE • LUXOR • MACOMB
MAIN-LINE • MAJESTIC • MODERN • NATIONAL • OVERLAND • PACEMAKER • PALACE • PAN AMERICAN • PLATT
PRAIRIE SCHOONER • RICHARDSON • ROYCRAFT • SCHULT • SILVER DOME • SPARTAN • SPORTSMAN-COLONIAL • STEWART • STREAMLITE
SUPERIOR • SUPREME • TERRA CRUISER • TRANSCONTINENTAL • TRAVELITE • TRAVELMASTER • TRAVELO • TROTWOOD • UNIVERSAL

**TRAILER COACH
MFRS. ASSN.**



Collier's believes...



IN THIS DAY AND AGE

THE WORLD IS at the moment more than commonly grim. Political problems, particularly world political problems, are exceedingly difficult. The Russians are disagreeable and threatening. Some of our own people, Henry Agard Wallace, for instance, seems to be much more of a dupe of the Communists than you would expect a healthy Iowa boy to have turned out to be.

We can't, however, blame all of our troubles on the Russians or the chuckleheaded Americans who try to kiss the Communists into submission. Many other types are making mischief after their own fashion.

Many like to fish in troubled waters. Many hope to profit by muddying the waters. There are hell-raisers North and hell-raisers South who hope to get something for themselves out of embittering race relations. There are selfish arrogant men in business, in labor unions, even some in farm organizations, willing to make any amount of trouble for others in order to get mean advantages for themselves.

Collier's thinks the time has come to heed the normal rather than the abnormal. Collier's thinks that the American people have no problems that cannot be solved by patience, intelligence, good will and courage. Collier's thinks that instead of being on the verge of catastrophe the United States

In this editorial Collier's restates for this new era and a new generation its faith in the enduring American principles that made the United States the promised land to so many millions of immigrants and that offers hope now more than ever to the oppressed around the world.—Ed.

and all the world may be at the beginning of one of the truly golden ages of mankind. In cherishing these beliefs we do not think we are ignoring reality or committing the fallacy of wishful thinking.

The number one fact is that for the first time in history Americans, in particular, and the world in general, know how to produce enough so that honest, industrious, reasonable people everywhere can earn for themselves the essentials of a good life. There is no settled spot on the globe at which it is not now possible, granted peace, for busy intelligent men and women to sustain themselves decently.

This has not always been true. It is emphatically now true, and very especially in the United States, that the means exist whereby we can produce and

distribute enough so that all races and classes may live decently and well and develop whatever capacities they possess.

Collier's thinks to live at such a time of infinite promise is a very great privilege for citizens and institutions, including magazines. Collier's looks forward to aiding all that it can in making available these new opportunities for a good life for all.

Moreover, we don't despair about peace. We know that one nation can inflict war on other nations or upon the world if it pleases. We know that a few fanatic men in Moscow can or could attack the United States or any European country. We hope Russia will not embark upon any such adventure.

We are sure that great skill, great patience, great good will must be used if we are not to blunder into war. We think that the chances are good that our leaders will have the wisdom and the character so to manage our affairs that war will be avoided and a peace of good will gradually won.

Collier's aims to aid in every sound measure to preserve the peace and to safeguard the free life that is the crowning glory of mankind. So in spite of the tumult and confusion of the day, Collier's looks ahead to that better time we hope not far away when the energies of all, their imagination, and their skill will be used to create more and more good things to feed the bodies and souls of men.

Such is our faith. Such is our purpose. . . . W.L.C.

"It is the aim of Collier's to reflect impartially the best contemporary thought and on its own behalf to speak fearlessly without partisanship on all questions affecting the nation's welfare. It aims furthermore to keep always before its readers a high, sane, and cheerful ideal of American citizenship."

★ ★ ★

. . . ROBERT J. COLLIER

★ ★ ★