

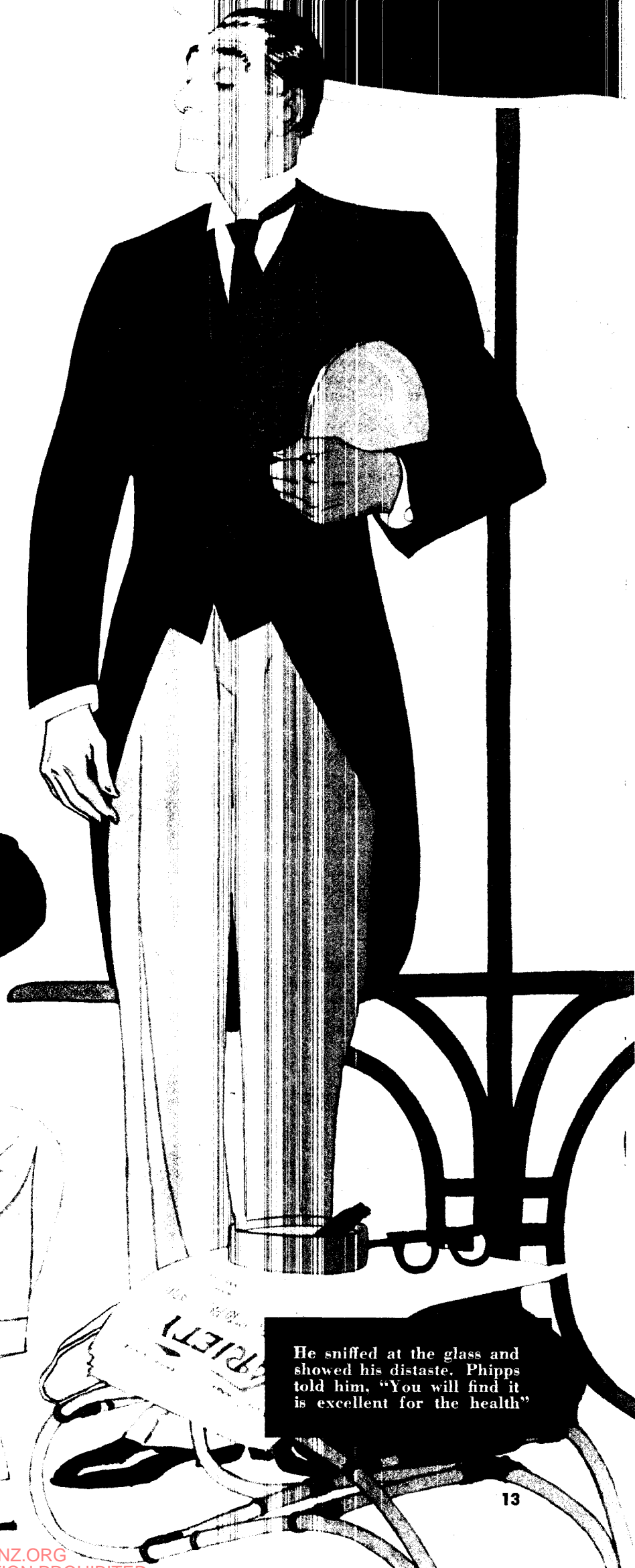
PHIPPS *to the Rescue*

A NEW SERIAL

By P. G. WODEHOUSE

THE sunshine which is such an agreeable feature of life in and around Hollywood, when the weather is not unusual, blazed down from a sky of turquoise blue on the spacious grounds of what, though that tempestuous Mexican star had ceased for nearly a year to be its owner and it was now the property of Mrs. Adela Shannon Cork, was still known locally as the Carmen Flores place. The month was June, the hour noon.

The Carmen Flores place stood high up in the mountains at the point where Alamo Drive peters out into a mere dirt track fringed with cactus and rattlesnakes, and the rays of the sun illumined its swimming pool, its rose garden, its orange trees, its lemon trees, its jacaranda trees and its stone-flagged terrace. Sunshine, one might say, was everywhere,



He sniffed at the glass and showed his distaste. Phipps told him, "You will find it is excellent for the health"

The movie queen's spicy diary was worth its weight in Goldwyns, and a merry lot of rascals were out to steal it. Smedley wanted the money. Jane wanted Smedley. Kay and Joe wanted each other. As for Phipps, the flawless English butler—his ways were inscrutable, and his left hand knew only too well what his right hand was doing

excepting only in the heart of the large, stout elderly gentleman seated on the terrace, who looked like a Roman emperor who had been doing himself too well on starchy foods and forgetting to watch his calories. His name was Smedley Cork, he was the brother of Mrs. Adela Cork's late husband, and he was gazing in a sullen, trapped sort of way at an object which had just appeared on the sky line.

This was a butler, an unmistakably English butler, tall, decorous and dignified, who was advancing toward him carrying on a salver a brimming glass that contained a white liquid. Everything in Mrs. Cork's domain spoke eloquently of wealth and luxury, but nothing more eloquently than the presence on the premises of this Phipps. In Beverly Hills, as a general thing, the householder employs a "couple," who prove totally incompetent and leave the following week, to be succeeded by another couple, equally subhuman. A Filipino butler indicates a certain modest degree of stepping out. An English butler means magnificence. Nobody can go higher than that.

"Your yoghurt, sir," said Phipps, like a benevolent uncle bestowing a gift on a deserving child.

LOST in daydreams, as he so often was when he sat on the terrace in the sunshine, Smedley had forgotten all about the yoghurt which his sister-in-law compelled him to drink at this time of the day in place of the more conventional cocktail. He sniffed at the glass with a shrinking distaste, and gave it as his opinion that it smelled like a motor-man's glove.

The butler's manner, respectful and sympathetic, seemed to suggest that he agreed that there existed certain points of resemblance.

"It is, however, excellent for the health, I believe, sir. Bulgarian peasants drink it in large quantities. It makes them rosy."

"Well, who wants a rosy Bulgarian peasant?"

"There is that, of course, sir."

"You find a rosy Bulgarian peasant, you can keep him, see?"

"Thank you very much, sir."

With a powerful effort Smedley forced himself to swallow a portion of the unpleasant stuff. Coming up for breath, he gave the campus of the University of California at Los Angeles, which lay beneath him in the valley, a nasty look.

"What a life!" he said.

"Yes, sir. The world is full of sadness, sir," sighed Phipps.

Smedley resented this remark, helpful though he realized it was intended to be.

"A fat lot you know about sadness," he said hotly. "You're a carefree butler. If you don't like it here, you can go elsewhere, see what I mean? I can't, see what I mean? You ever been in prison, Phipps?"

The butler started. "Sir?"

"No, of course you haven't. Then you wouldn't understand."

Smedley finished the yoghurt and fell into a moody silence. He was thinking of the will of the late Alfred Cork and feeling how strange and tragic it was that different people should so differently interpret a testator's wishes.

That clause which Al had inserted, enjoining his widow to "support" his brother Smedley. There you had a typical instance of the way confusion and misunderstanding could arise. As Smedley saw it, when you instruct a woman to support somebody, you mean that you expect her to set him up in an apartment on Park Avenue with an income suffi-

cient to enable him to maintain the same and run a car and belong to a few good clubs and take that annual trip to Paris or Rome or Bermuda or wherever it may be, and so on and so forth.

Adela, more frugal in her views, had understood the bequest as limiting her obligations to the provision of a bed, three meals a day and the run of the house; and it was on these lines that her brother-in-law's life had proceeded. The unfortunate man ate well and slept well and had all the yoghurt he wanted. But apart from that his lot these last few years had been substantially that of a convict serving a sentence in a penitentiary.

He came out of his reverie with a grunt. There swept over him an urge to take this kindly butler into his confidence, concealing nothing.

"You know what I am, Phipps?"

"Sir?"

"I'm a bird in a gilded cage."

"Indeed, sir?"

"I'm a worm."

"You are getting me confused, sir. I understood you to say that you were a bird."

"A worm, too. A miserable, downtrodden hey-you of a worm on whose horizon there is no ray of light. What are those things they have in Mexico?"

"Tamales, sir?"

"Peons. I'm just a peon. Ordered hither, ordered thither, ground beneath the iron heel, treated like a dog. And the bitter part is that I used to have a lot of money once. A pot of money. All gone now."

"Indeed, sir?"

"Yes, all gone. Ran through it. Wasted my substance. What a lesson this should be to all of us, Phipps, not to waste our substance."

"Yes, sir."

"A fool's game, wasting your substance. No percentage in it. If you don't have substance, where are you?"

"Precisely, sir."

"Precisely, sir, is right. Can you lend me a hundred dollars?"

"No, sir."

Smedley had not really hoped. But the sudden desire which had come to him for just one night out in the brighter spots of Los Angeles and district had been so imperious that he had thought it worth while to bring the subject up. Butlers, he knew, salted their cash away, and he was a great believer in sharing the wealth.

"How about fifty?"

"No, sir."

"I'd settle for fifty," said Smedley, who was not an unreasonable man and knew that there are times when one must make concessions.

"No, sir."

SMEDLEY gave it up. He saw too late that it had been a mistake to dish out that stuff about wasting one's substance. Simply putting ideas into the fellow's head. He sat for a moment scowling darkly, then suddenly brightened. He had just remembered that good old Jane had arrived in this ghastly house yesterday. It altered the whole aspect of affairs. How he had come to overlook such a promising source of revenue, he could not imagine. Jane Shannon was Adela's sister and consequently his sister-in-law by marriage, and if there was anything in the theory that blood is thicker than water, she should surely be good for a trifling sum like a hundred dollars. Besides, he had known dear old Jane since he was so high.

"Where's Miss Shannon?" he asked.



"In the Garden Room, sir. I believe she is working on Mrs. Cork's Memoirs."

"Right. Thank you, Phipps."

"Thank you, sir."

The butler made a stately exit, and Smedley, feeling a little drowsy, decided that later on would be time enough for going into committee of supply with Jane. He closed his eyes, and presently soft snores began to blend with the humming of the local insects and the rustle of the leaves in the tree above him.

The good man taking his rest. . . .

Phipps, back in his pantry, was restoring his tissues with an iced lemonade. He frowned as he sipped the wholesome beverage, and his air was tense and preoccupied. The household cat brushed itself insinuatingly against his legs, but he remained unresponsive to its overtures. There is a time for tickling cats under the ear and a time for not tickling cats under the ear.

When Smedley Cork in their conversation on the

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They watched the man who might have been a surrealist painter quarreling with the girl who looked as if she did beadwork

terrace had described James Phipps as carefree, he had been misled, as casual observers are so apt to be misled, by the fact that butlers, like oysters, wear the mask and do not show their emotions. Carefree was the last adjective that could fittingly have been applied to the somber man as he sat there in his pantry, brooding, brooding.

If he had had his elbow on his knee and his chin in his hand, he might have been posing for Rodin's *Penseur*.

It was on Jane Shannon that he was brooding, as he had been doing almost incessantly since he had admitted her at the front door on the previous afternoon. He was cursing the malignant fate that had brought her to this house and asking himself for the hundredth time what, now that she was here, the harvest would be. It was the old, old story. The woman knew too much. His future hung on her silence, and the question that was agitating James Phipps was: Were women ever silent? True, the balloon had not yet gone up, which argued that his

secret was still unrevealed, but could this happy state of things persist?

A bell rang, and he saw that it was that of the Garden Room. Phipps made his way thither.

The Garden Room of the Carmen Flores place was the one next to the library and immediately below the projection room, a cheerful apartment with a large desk beside the French windows that looked on the swimming pool. It caught the morning sun, and for those who liked it there was a fine view of the oil wells over by the coast. Jane Shannon, seated at the desk with the tube of a Dictaphone in her hand, was too busy at the moment to look at oil wells. As Phipps had indicated, she was forcing herself to concentrate on the exacting task of composing her sister Adela's Memoirs.

Jane Shannon was a breezy, hearty, genial woman in the early forties, built on generous lines and clad in comfortable slacks. Rugged was a term that might have been applied to her face, with its high cheekbones and masterful chin; but large, hu-

morous eyes of a bright blue relieved this ruggedness and rendered her, if not spectacularly beautiful like her sister Adela, definitely attractive. Her disposition was amiable, and as a mixer she was second to none. Everybody liked Jane Shannon, even in Hollywood, where nobody likes anybody.

She raised the mouthpiece of the Dictaphone and began to speak into it, if "speak" is not too weak a word. Her voice was a very powerful contralto, and Joe Davenport, a young friend of hers with whom she had worked on the Superba-Llewellyn lot, had often told her that, if all other sources of income failed, she could always make a good living calling hogs in one of the Western states.

"Hollywood!" boomed Jane. "How shall I describe the emotions which filled me on that morning when I first came to Hollywood, an eager wide-eyed girl of sixteen. Liar! You were nearly twenty. So young, so unsophisticated. Just a—"

The door opened. Phipps appeared. Jane held up a hand.

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ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY BECKHOFF

EVERYMAN'S MEAT:

The Heart of an Industry

IT IS almost certain that human beings have been eating meat since time began, but it is the strange fact that meat has been the subject of more debates concerning its benefits, or lack thereof, or its downright dangers to the human system than any other food.

Izaak Walton once said that "meat is too good for any but anglers, or very honest men," and that was high praise indeed, coming from him; but others have differed. George Bernard Shaw is one who dissents to this day, remaining a staunch vegetarian, but aside from Mr. Shaw and a few other die-hards and faddists, it is rather generally conceded today that meat is the best food we have and that we ought to eat as much of it as we conveniently can.

This opinion has always been held by primitive peoples, who seem instinctively to take to the most nourishing diet. Vilhjalmur Stefansson, the arctic explorer, once wrote that "the Mackenzie Eskimos . . . believe that what is good for grown people is good for children." Therefore, Dr. Stefansson said, the Mackenzie Eskimos feed their small children raw fish, rotten or otherwise, sometimes sauced over with rancid whale oil, which oil is prized highly in the igloos of all Eskimos who pretend to be gourmets.

The children are given this food as soon as they are able to chew. Raw fish, rotten or otherwise, sometimes flavored with rancid whale oil, is all the Eskimos eat. Literally all, and despite the fact that it's a revolting mess to you and to me, the Eskimos and their children thrive on it and enjoy it.

So, for that matter, did Dr. Stefansson, who lived with the Eskimos and on their diet to prove that man could eat nothing but meat and flourish on it. By so doing, he destroyed forever the archaic belief that a diet of meats alone had horrible consequences, one of them scurvy.

Dr. Stefansson ate the whole fish: bones, entrails,

Man is finally learning how to eat, after thousands of years, and meat researchers are showing him how. Their new discoveries, as we enter the Protein Age, point to an early life expectancy of 85

scales, everything—which gave him a balanced diet, as it does the Eskimos. This philosophy of "what's good for the grownups is good for the kids" may also have led Southern share croppers to a unique method of keeping their children happy while teething. Bacon or other pork side meat obviously is good for grownup share croppers; since they lack funds to buy rings or other equipment for teething, they tie a piece of side meat to the leg of a table with a string and let baby bite down on it to heart's content. The string is to yank the meat back out of Junior's tender little tummy if he happens to swallow it.

This, also, is not likely to be attractive to your tastes or sensibilities, but the share croppers' children who are fortunate enough to cut their teeth on bacon are less apt to be afflicted with diseases of

This Is the First of Several Articles

deficiency. You will probably be surprised, moreover, that these underprivileged share croppers, as well as the Eskimo primitives, were, in one way, more advanced in their ideas of infant feeding than you were only a few years ago. This is because their children were getting meat.

Fish is the equivalent of meat in the case of the Eskimos. It gives the children a rich supply of protein, and the protein needs of an infant, pound for pound of body weight, are three to four times that of an adult, because of growth requirements. In the case of the share croppers' children, they at least derive some protein from sucking and chewing the meat and getting the juices out of it, although the grownups pay tribute to the ancient fear that meat is bad for children by jerking the stuff from their stomachs when they swallow it.

It is true, of course, that some of the more rugged cuts of pork might put a strain on baby's delicate innards, but this is not primarily the reason for the enforced regurgitation. It is, rather, the old, entrenched belief that meat—any meat—is bad for small children.

This belief, doctors now think, was simply a superstition surviving from the remote past, for there was, until the last five years or so, practically no medical literature on meat as a food for infants. The superstition had its origin, probably, when uncooked or spoiled pork or veal made a child sick, as indeed it would an adult; in any event, until early in 1945, it was generally believed that meat was dangerous for children under the age of a year and a half. That this belief has been proved false is due largely to the efforts of a young nutritionist at Swift & Company's research laboratories in the heart of Chicago's stockyards.

Dr. H. W. Schultz is a tall young man of athletic build with dark hair who comes from Iowa and who was educated at the Colorado College and the University of Iowa. He is still carrying on his



ALL MEAT PACKERS ultimately benefit from one company's research, says F. W. Hoffman, president of Cudahy Packing Company



PROOF THAT BABIES will thrive on steak resulted from studies begun six years ago by Dr. H. W. Schultz of Swift & Company



STUDYING THE BUSINESS as he went along, Edward F. Wilson began as a stockyard worker, is now president of Wilson & Company

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