

# The Last Word on Holmes

MY NAME is Dr. Watson, and for more than 50 years I have been hanging about the Baker Street lodgings of my friend Sherlock Holmes, taking his guff and all that. Back at the turn of the century when Holmes was at his peak, he could size up any client in a trice. "You, sir," he used to say, "had bloater for breakfast: I know because your cravat still smells like Brighton Beach. No, no, don't tell me your name. I am quite aware I am addressing Ludwig Tadpole Tophaven, fifth Duke of Wassail-Pippin." He has slowed up a lot since then.

Modern man has become so difficult to figure out that today even a trained psychiatrist must prod for hours just to find out a patient's home address so he knows where to send the bill. In our vague new world, Holmes has need of greater stimulants than needle candy and violin concertos to keep with deducing. He finally has lost his grip, and I shall endeavor to recount the events in what I purpose to call The Singular Case of the Plural Twosome.

Our visitors had taken their leave so rapidly that on the way out they bowled over Mrs. Hudson, our landlady. Holmes watched them off from our picture window. Then quietly plunging himself full of Benzedrine, the great man turned to me.

"Well, Watson," he said, "what do you make of them?"

"Really, Holmes," I sputtered, "the woman was magnificent. Didn't think much of him though. Blighter looked like something won in a raffle."

"You have eyes, but you see not, Watson," Holmes said. (That Holmes! He thinks he knows everything. Well, just wait till those liver spots catch up with him. Then we'll see who's the straight man in this act!)

"Obviously," he continued, "the man is the owner of a television set."

"Amazing!" I responded. "However did you know?"

"By the way he answered my questions without once turning his head. People who watch television a lot acquire this habit. It comes from being forced into conversation by a guest at the very moment one must keep one's eyes glued to the screen so as not to miss a bit of Kukla, Fran and Ollie. I might also add his place of business is many miles from his home."

"You mean the man is a commuter?" I asked.

"Yes. And an unsociable fellow to boot."

"Come, come, Holmes," I cried. "Now you are twitting me!"

"I was never more serious, my dear Watson," Holmes tugged at his long white fingers. "Did you notice how our man sat down directly in the center of the sofa, taking up all the room? That is a typical commuter's trick, squatting oneself in the middle of a carriage seat so as to have space to open up one's newspaper."

"But why brand him unsociable?" I demanded.

"Had he been a sociable chap, he would have turned the sofa around and sat with his back to us."

"But why on earth why?"

"So that he could ride backwards and enjoy a rubber of bridge with the chaps in the seat opposite. Another thing I deduced is that both the man and the woman go shopping together at the supermarket." Holmes smiled so patronizingly that I could stand it no longer.

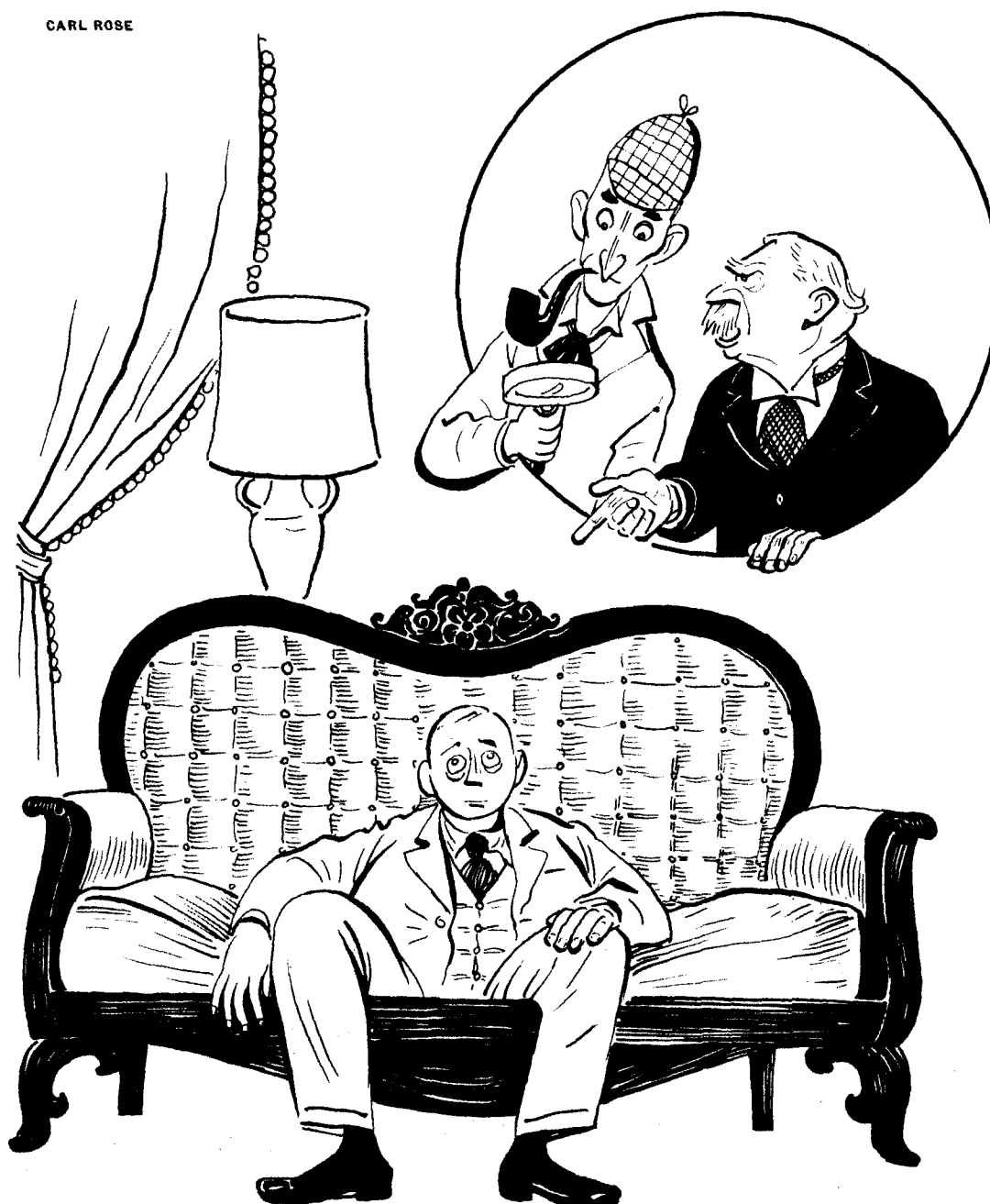
"I gather you gathered that," I began, "from their entrance when they so carefully skirted your end tables as if fearful of tipping over a pyramid of Canned Corn Specials? Or possibly because the lady kept picking up and examining your bric-a-brac in the manner of one accustomed to reading the labels on tapioca boxes so that she doesn't get laundry starch by mistake? Or was it because the gentleman walked about with his arms extended, unconsciously slipping into the behavior pattern of a husband long addicted to pushing basket carts?"

"Precisely!" Holmes exclaimed, clapping me on the shoulder so smartly that I slipped a pectoral. "You are improving, Watson!"

"Not only am I improving, Holmes," I said, "but you are getting lousier. While you sat over there fingering your violin and deducing away like mad, I engaged the young lady in conversation, thereby

Collier's for February 10, 1951

CARL ROSE



The sofa springs are broken down in the middle, so he winds up in the cave-in

By W. F. MIKSCH

getting the facts firsthand, just as Michael Shayne or Sam Spade would do it. The truth is, you were wrong on every count!"

Holmes pooh-poohed the idea, but I out-poohed him.

"The man is not a commuter," I pointed out, "they do not own a video, and whether or not they shop at the supermarket has no bearing whatever on their actions. They simply are a couple who for long months have been trying to build a home. His habit of staring into space results from weeks of peering through open studding, searching for some sign of the contractor who had promised to be around with the window sashes the first week of January if not sooner. Tiring of this lonely vigil in his half-finished house, our gentleman went out and rented a floor-sanding machine just for something to do. He has been running it all today, which accounts for the peculiar way he holds his arms."

During my recital, Holmes's chagrin was touching, but I went doggedly on, destroying our beautiful friendship and enjoying every minute of it.

"The reason the woman pounced upon your bric-a-brac, Holmes, is quite rudimentary. She is searching for something she can give the painters, some bit of color sample that is just the exact shade she wants for the dining room. Naturally, being a lady, she hasn't yet found it."

"But how about the way he sat on the sofa?" Holmes gasped.

"Elementary, my dear Holmes. While waiting for their house to be completed, they've taken up residence in a furnished room. The sofa there is broken down in the middle—springs, you know—so that no matter which end he starts out sitting down on, he eventually winds up in the cave-in anyway. Hence the poor chap has conditioned himself to sitting in the center of seats to begin with."

Holmes clapped an artistic hand to his high forehead. Since I had awaited this moment for fifty years, I admit I gloated.

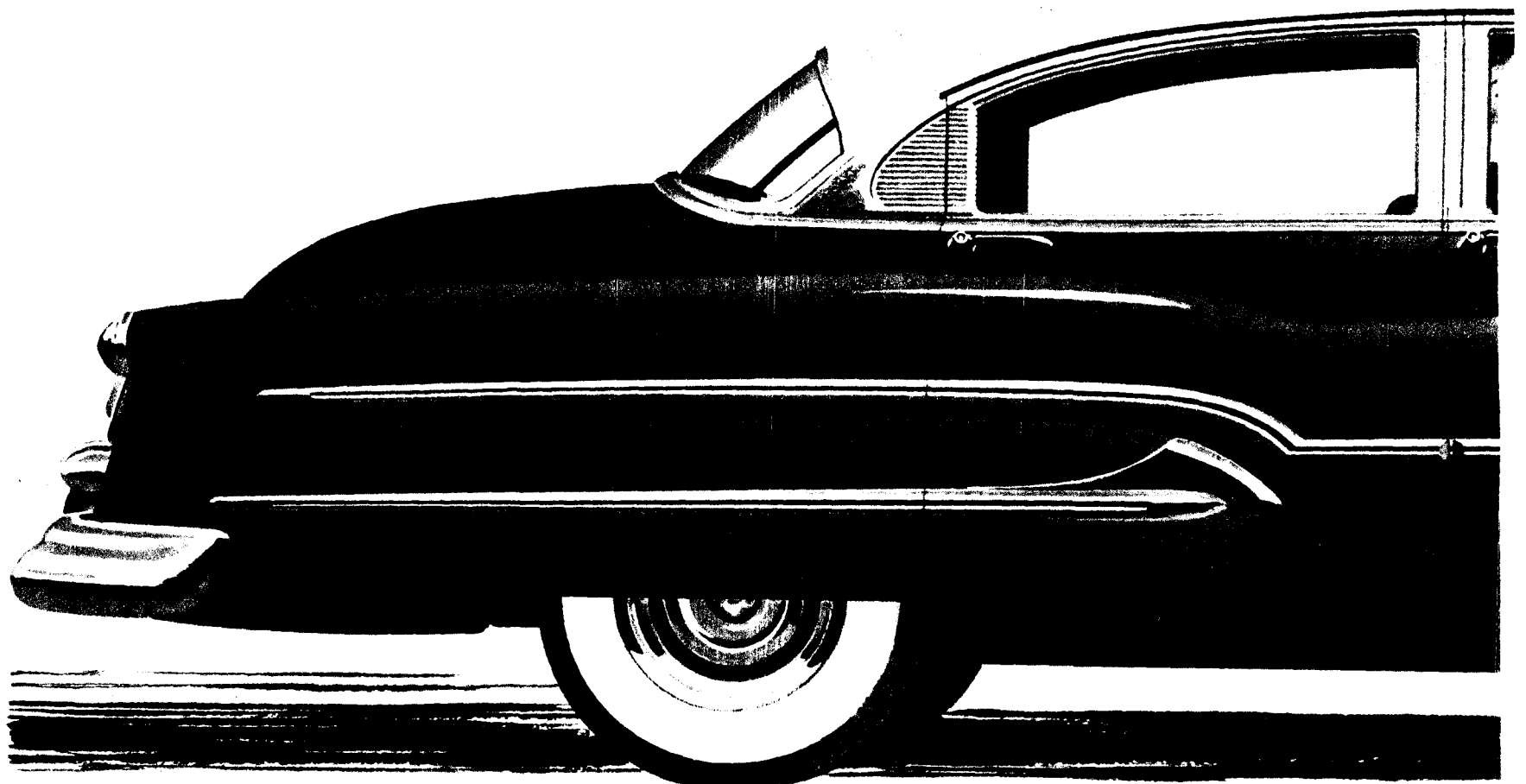
"Ah, I must be getting old!" Holmes cried.

"Yes, Holmes—and too small for your britches," said I.

THE END

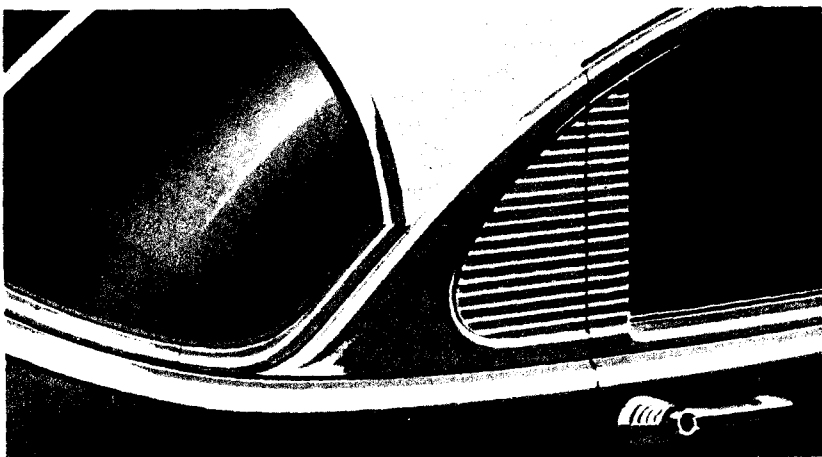
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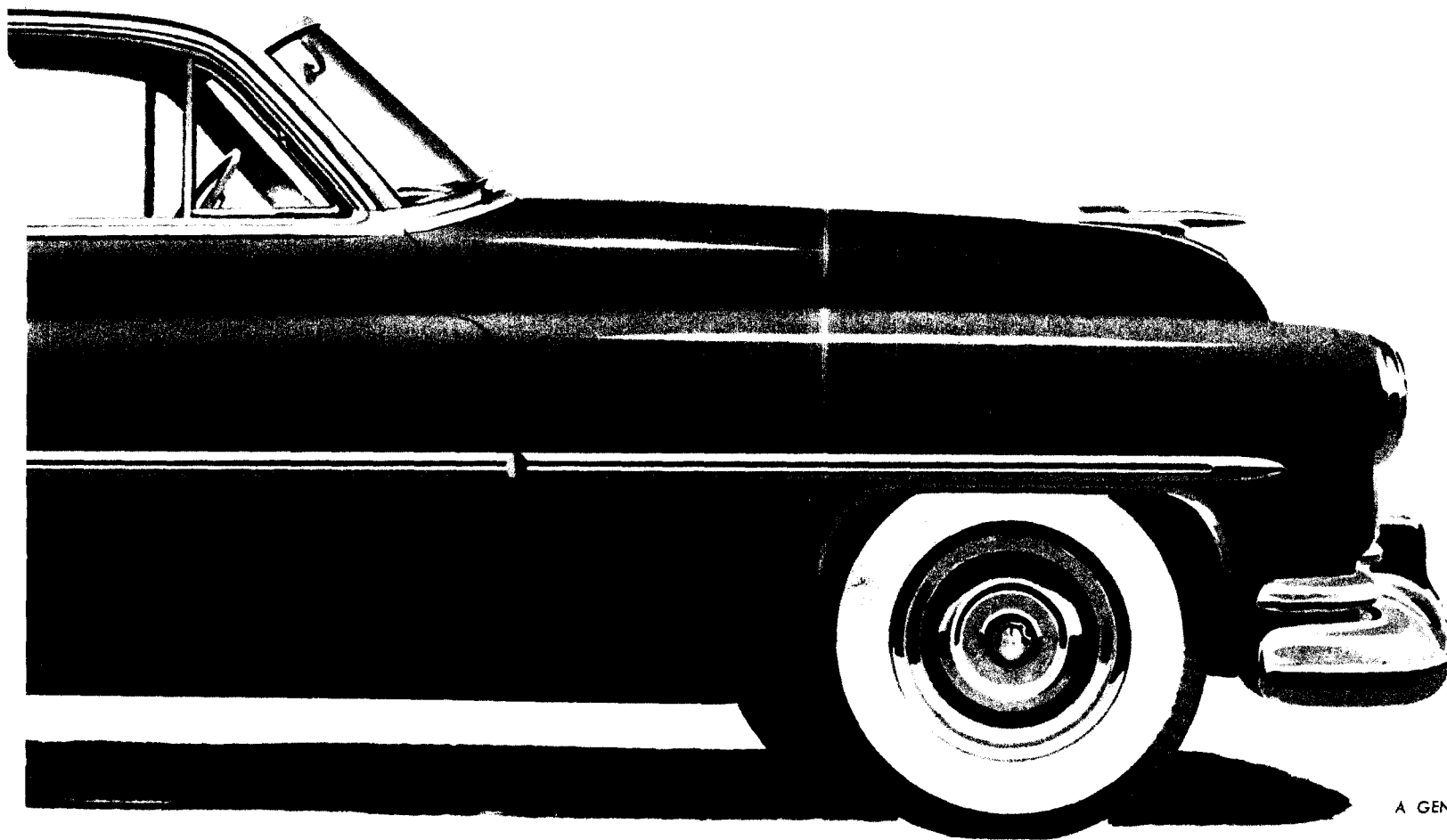
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## You Want to Watch a Tourist Every Minute

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 22

The count gazed at Milly with sad, adoring eyes. "I can't do anything," he said.

"I guess you're right," Milly said. "Somebody's got to do something," I said, looking at Charley. "We've got a buck eighty-five in the kitty." I forgot about Charley for the moment. "This certainly is a lousy time for you to lose your allowance for a month, Wesley!"

"You can't make me feel any worse," Wesley said.

Wesley was a tall, stooped, leathery-faced old man. He had been a barber back in Social Center, Georgia, before his daughter Adele Langley had become one of the highest-paid actresses in Hollywood. Adele had done her best to train him, but the old man was always getting out of line. Adele's punishment was always the same: no allowance for a month. Wesley spent a good deal of time with us at the Mountain Vista. He seemed to feel at home there. He loved to play pinocle with me and he loved to argue with the count. When we were working—any of us—it did not matter whether or not he was on his allowance. And when he was on his allowance it didn't matter whether or not any of us were working. This time, it was serious. Wesley couldn't have appealed to Adele for mercy, even if he'd wanted to. She had closed her Beverly Hills house and had gone East for a month.

"You're sure there's no more food at Adele's?" I asked Wesley.

"Positive. The count and I cleaned the cupboard bare."

WESLEY had a key—he had the run of the house when Adele wasn't mad at him—and he and the count had moved into Adele's pantry with gunny sacks the first week she'd been gone. We had eaten high on the hog for a while.

"Then it comes right back to you, Charley. You've got to hit this old babe Zoe for that loan. Say maybe a couple of hundred. We can pay her back later out of Wesley's allowance."

"But there's my pride," Charley said. "Like I told you."

"Pride, my friend," the count said, "is an insidious thing."

"Shut up, Count," I said.

"How far gone is she?" I asked Charley. "What'd you do yesterday afternoon?"

"Well, we ride around town in this car she's rented. Her and me and a big feisty dog named D. H. Lawrence. Along about drink time she takes me up to her suite at the Knickerbocker. She orders up ice for drinks and two pounds of rare roast beef out of the kitchen for D.H.'s supper. Then she goes in her bedroom to change clothes. The roast beef comes and I eat half of it and give the other half to D.H., just to keep him quiet. Zoe comes out of her bedroom wearing a dressing gown looks like a feed sack. I have a couple of drinks and I leave."

The count butted in again. "About pride," he said. "I, for instance, have no pride. I'm in love with Milly and I don't care who knows it. I know she doesn't love me. But she can't hurt my feelings. Watch this, Charley. Go on and try it, Milly, darling. Try and hurt my feelings!"

"I don't want to hurt your feelings," Milly said. "Not now, anyhow."

"I challenge you!"

"Okay, if you're going to insist. Maybe it'll keep you quiet, anyhow." Milly thought for a moment. Then she said, "I don't think you're a count at all. I think you're a bum. I wish to hell you'd get out of my sight, you bum!"

The count smiled eagerly. "You see, Charley! I'm smiling. I'm happy. I have no pride at all. Isn't that wonderful?"

"This isn't getting us anywhere at all," I said. "What about it, Charley? You wouldn't leave your friends go hungry, would you?"

Charley squirmed uncomfortably. He was on the defensive, now. "Well, I don't think it would work, is all," he said.

I moved in for the kill. "Here's the pitch," I said. "When she picks you up, ride her around. Give it a Jimmy Stewart treatment. Be boyish and charming. I know you can do it, kid!"

"Show her the movie stars' homes," Milly said.

"I don't know where any movie stars live," Charley said. "Except Johnny Mack Brown. And Adele, naturally."

"Say, that gives me a money-making idea!" Wesley said.

"I have an idea, too," the count said. "Huh!" Milly said.

"Hold off, you guys," I said to Wesley and the count. I spoke to Charley again. "That's a fine idea, kid. It doesn't make any difference whether you know where any stars live or not. Every time you pass some big, expensive load tell her Crosby or Grant or Colbert or somebody important lives there. Tell her little anecdotes of the 'So I said to Claudette' type. That'll impress her!"

"Kiss her hand," the count said. "Tell her how much you hate southern California," Milly said.

"Yeah," I said. "Tell her you're dying to get out of this intellectual vacuum and back to the Big Town. Tell her you'd love to get back to the theater, but, in spite of all the irons you have in the fire, you're broke. Grin a little, bravely..."

He was on the ropes. I could see it in his eyes. "Then take her hand. Maybe kiss her ear, if you can bring yourself to do it. Then sit back and wait for her to offer you a loan!"

Charley groaned. "All right, all right. I'll give it a trial."

"Atta boy!" I said. "About my plan," Wesley said. "As insurance, like—"

"Mine, too!" the count said. "Don't forget my plan!"

"Go ahead, Count," I said, mostly to shut him up.

The count was looking at Milly. His eyes seemed to melt with tenderness. He sighed. "Have you ever eaten a swan, my friends? There are swans in Griffith Park. A man fast on his feet should have no trouble catching a swan."

"You crazy?" Milly said. "All that neck?"

"Like duck," the count said. "Only better."

"That's not a bad idea, Count," Wesley

said, "except that a man can't get much of a balanced diet off a swan. And, like Milly says, there's all that neck. Now you folks stand by until I get back. If this thing goes through we'll need you, too. Charley, when you can get away. If we're not here call us at Adele's."

The old man left us.

Charley dressed. He was knotting my best tie when I heard a car pull up to the curb. I looked out the window. A large and aggressive-looking middle-aged woman was steaming up the front walk. I felt like a commuter watching the Weehawken ferry nose into its slip. Charley came to the window.

"Zoe," he said through tightened lips.

I shook his hand and tried to make honest commiseration seem like a casual farewell.

IT WAS almost dark when Wesley returned. I heard him yelling at me from out in front of the Mountain Vista. "Hey, Slim!" he called. "Y'all come on. Bring clothes and stuff to spend the night and all day tomorrow and come on!" He was standing by a long blue bus. Big white letters on the side of the bus said SEE THE HOMES OF YOUR FAVORITE STARS. Milly, the count and I packed an overnight bag each and went out to the bus. Wesley introduced us to Greggs, owner and operator of the bus. Greggs was a sour-looking, elderly party.

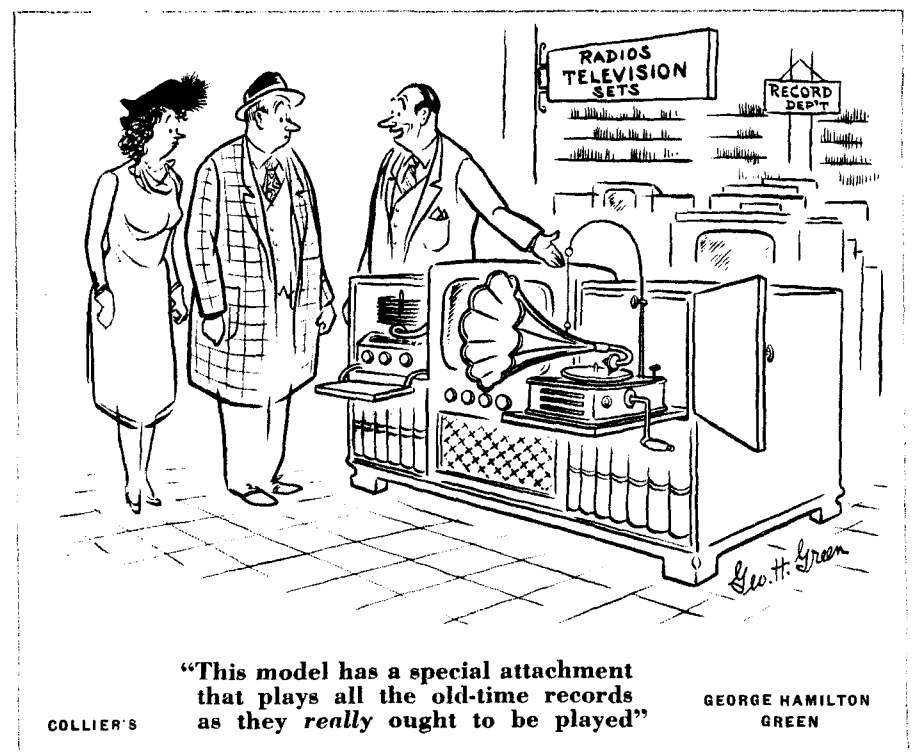
"Get in," Wesley told us.

We all got in the bus and Greggs started driving west. "Here's my plan and I think she's a lulu!" Wesley told us. "Come to me when you was advising Charley what to do with his girl friend. I reckon you've gathered the purpose of this here bus. Greggs says a tourist would rather see a movie star's home than eat when he's hungry."

Greggs muttered, "You might say I was biting the hand that feeds me, but if there's one thing I really do hate, it's a tourist."

"Now, don't be bitter, Greggs," Wesley said. He turned to us. "Greggs says, as far as he knows, nobody's ever offered a conducted tour through a movie star's home. And that's just what we're fixing to offer! Through Adele's house! For fifty cents a head—thirty for us and twenty for Greggs. Six loads a day, Greggs figures, with fifty head a load. That figures down to around ninety dollars a day for us. And all we got to do is show folks the house and watch out they don't mess up anything."

"You want to watch them close," Greggs



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COLLIER'S

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said. "You want to watch a tourist every minute!"

Well, it looked like things were picking up for us. What with Charley's deal with Zoe plus this conducted tour pitch, it looked like no more corned-beef hash for us!

Greggs said he'd be around with a load of tourists the first thing in the morning. Wesley, Milly, the count and I opened doors and windows and got the house ready for display. Then we gathered together in the big front room. The count stretched out on a couch and went to sleep.

"Slim," Wesley said, "you meet the tourists at the front door. Give 'em some kind of a little lecture—I don't care what you say. Milly, you work the outside—the gardens, and such. I'll take the upstairs. Slim, I'll leave the count down here to help you." He looked at the count. "What's the matter with him?" he asked.

"Just tired, I guess," I said.

The count woke up. He lay on the couch and looked at Milly with spaniel-like eyes.

"He's always tired," Milly said. "I don't know why. He never does anything but eat and sleep."

The count smiled. "You'll never hurt

when it comes to furthering your career. What would Bogart do? Ladd?"

"Yeah," Charley said. "You got something there."

"You'll try it?"

"I'll try."

"We're over the hump, kid," I said. "We can't miss."

THE count and I were downstairs early next morning waiting for Greggs and his tourists. Wesley was upstairs and Milly was outside. I started investigating the bar at one end of the living room. I was delighted to discover, in a cabinet beneath the bar, two cases of Scotch and two of bourbon. The Scotch was twelve-year-old stuff. I sampled it. It was delicious. I poured the count a sample, then had another myself. I hadn't been exposed to twelve-year-old Scotch for a long time. The count and I heard the bus stop outside and quickly tossed off a couple more samples.

Then I went to the front door. There were men, women, a few teen-agers and several children piling out of the bus. I counted the house with an experienced eye. Greggs had furnished a capacity crowd. The Scotch was buzzing. I felt fine. I loved these wonderful tourists, these plain people from the heart of our wonderful country.

"Welcome, friends," I said.

"Welcome to the Manor Langley. And now, folks—"

"Where's she sleep?" a young woman with braces on her teeth wanted to know. "Aren't you going to show us where Adele sleeps? Her bed?"

"Later. You know, folks, we of the picture world—"

"You an actor, mister?" a teen-ager asked.

I chuckled. "Why, yes."

"Gee! Sign my book, will yuh, huh, mister?"

A large woman said, "I never seen you in movies. I've seen just about every movie come to the city of Opp, Alabama, but I sure haven't seen you. What's your name, mister?"

As I signed the kid's autograph book, I told her.

"Never heard of you," the woman declared.

I laughed. "Jack will get a kick out of that!"

"Jack who?"

"Jack Warner," I said.

Milly came to the door behind me. Three or four of the men in the crowd whistled. Milly glared at them. She stepped aside as I led the group into the living room. It was here that I had what I considered at the time a wonderful inspiration.

"Ladies and gentlemen," I said. "As you might have been told, Miss Langley has thrown her home open to the public in the interest of her favorite charity—aid for destitute actors and actresses. She has also agreed to sell drinks—all profits, of course, to go into the fund. My assistants shall conduct the tour. I shall be behind the bar. Drinks are half a dollar. No mixed drinks. They're all neat."

"That's the way we drink 'em in my section of the country," a fat man with a cigar in his mouth said. He and four or five of the men and two of the women followed me to the bar. I took in four bucks on the first round I served.

The rest of the guests were spreading, like a swarm of noisy locusts, throughout the house and grounds. The large family of a man in shirt sleeves took over the patio. His wife opened a picnic basket. His children commenced unwrapping sandwiches and hard-boiled eggs. They threw the wrappings on the stone floor of the patio. I took in three fifty on the second round of drinks. Then I poured myself another sample.

Wesley, I heard later, had trouble up



"Would you care for a nip?"

COLLIER'S

VIRGIL PARTCH

my feelings, darling," he said. "You'll see!"

The phone rang. I answered it: Charley. He sounded pretty excited. "A terrible thing has happened! I did just like you said to do and she offered me a job! As her secretary! Right after I kissed her ear, like you said! 'Can you take dictation?' she asks me. 'No,' I say. 'Type?' she says. 'No,' I say. 'Then you can read to me,' she says, 'when my eyes are tired!' She has me there. 'I can read, all right,' I have to admit. A job! This is terrible!"

I WAS doing some fast thinking. "Now, I don't run a hotbox, kid," I said. "Where are you?" He told me he was in Zoe's suite; that Zoe had gone down to the corner drugstore and would be right back. "What'd she offer you?" I asked him. He told me a hundred a week. "She wants to take you to New York with her tonight?" I asked him. He said that was the general idea. Reservations on the same train.

"Ask her for a month's advance," I said. "You got her hooked, but good! Start out for New York with her. Quit your job in Chicago and fly back to Hollywood. We ought to be able to salvage a couple of hundred for the kitty."

It sounded like a fine idea. As long as I didn't have to do it.

"I can't leave town now," he said. "Not with all the irons I got in the fire. There's that RKO thing, just for instance."

I almost groaned. He'd been talking about the RKO thing for three months. "Listen, kid," I said, "you know how it goes. Let it get around town an actor is heading East, and right away these studio jerks get on the ball. You've seen it happen. You got to be unscrupulous, kid."

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stairs almost from the start. The girl with the teeth braces insisted upon lying on Adele's bed.

"Hey," Wesley said, "you can't do that!"

The girl with the braces didn't move. "Wait'll I tell them back home," she said. "They'll never believe me!"

Then Wesley saw an older woman open a drawer of Adele's dressing table. She shot a furtive glance over her shoulder. She decided no one was watching her. So she stuffed something black and lacy into a large handbag.

"Hey!" Wesley shouted. "Put that back!"

"Don't you dare shout at me like that!" the woman told Wesley. "I'll have my husband speak to you, you shouting at me like I'm a common thief or something!"

"You were stealing," Wesley said.

"Joe!" the woman shouted. "Joe!"

A man stuck his head through the door of the bedroom. "Joe," the woman said, "this miserable old man is accusing me of stealing and all I was doing was just getting a souvenir, like anybody else would try and get."

"What you got to say for yourself, mister?" the man asked Wesley.

"Your wife was stealing. I saw her."

Another woman said, "These stuck-up movie stars! They'd ought to be grateful the public wants some kind of souvenir off them. Where would a movie star be without their public?"

This woman joined the large woman at the dressing table. She snatched a silver-mounted comb from the surface of the dressing table and put it in her handbag.

Wesley shouted, "You put that back where you got it!"

"Just wait'll I tell them!" the girl on Adele's bed said.

The first woman's husband moved in on Wesley. "Back home we got ways of taking care of dirty old men like you!"

**D**OWNSTAIRS. I was still pouring drinks for my customers and myself. The teen-agers had put an album of Jimmy Dorsey recordings on Adele's juke. They had rolled back a section of rug. They were jitterbugging.

The fat man with the cigar was on his sixth bourbon. "What I can't understand is this," he said to me. "You're one of these movie fellas, you ought to know a lot about women, maybe you can help me. Now I run the biggest retail electrical appliance store in Bradley Junction, Oklahoma. I built my wife a new home not long ago. I built her the biggest kitchen in Bradley Junction. In that kitchen I put every sort of a modern electrical kitchen appliance on the market. Range, grills, washing machine—everything! All she's got to do is press buttons! And all the time she'd say she was tired. 'Housework,' she'd say, 'drudge, drudge, drudge! You haven't taken me away on a vacation in twelve years!'

"I said, 'Honey,'" the fat man continued, "I just can't understand you. You got the finest kitchen in Bradley Junction, maybe even in the whole state. I can't understand why you're always so tired. All you got to do is press buttons. What more can a woman expect?"

"So what'd she do, pal?" I asked him.

"Threw an electric clock with *chimes*—newest thing on the market, thirty-two seventy-five *wholesale*—at me, and left me."

"I can't understand that, pal," I said. "All those buttons..."

Just then Milly walked past the bar. The count faithfully trailed her. The fat man stopped Milly. "Say, honey," he said, "let's you and me show these kids how to dance!"

Milly started to speak. "I—"

"You don't have to worry about me, honey. I run the biggest retail electrical appliance store in Bradley Junction, Oklahoma. I belong to thirteen different organizations. I was chairman of the Bradley Junction Alf Landon for President Club. Come on, honey, let's dance!" He grabbed Milly's arm.

Milly hit him.

Just then Wesley came hurtling down the stairs. Three women and a man were after him. "Help!" Wesley shouted.

The fat man recoiled from Milly's blow. He started for her again. The count reached for a half-full bottle on the bar. I snatched it away and handed him an empty bottle. The count tapped the fat man on the top of his head with the bottle—not hard, but hard enough—and the fat man groaned once and sank to the floor.

The Jimmy Dorsey records were screaming. The children who had been picnicking in the patio were screaming. The woman who had stolen Adele's underthings had gotten Wesley hemmed up in a corner. She was belaboring him across the shoulders with her handbag. She and Wesley were screaming also.

**W**E NEVER discovered who had called the police. Must have been a neighbor, sometime earlier. Anyhow the cops—a whole riot squad—showed up just then. The rioting stopped immediately.

Wesley figured the truth was his best bet. He explained the situation. The cop sergeant was pretty skeptical. However, he helped us round up the tourists and get them into Greggs's bus. The fat man was on his feet then, a little groggy, but well cooled out. Greggs had been napping in his bus. He was pretty well upset when Wesley terminated the partnership. He was even more upset, as we all were, when the sergeant confiscated the take and said he was holding it until he got word from Miss Langley. Then he told Greggs to beat it with his tourists, and told us he was going to run us in—until the matter was settled—for disturbing the peace, trespassing and maybe a few more things.

Wesley sighed. "I got you all into this thing," he told us, "and I'll get you out. I hate to do it, but I'll call Adele's agent and make a clean breast of it."

He got Adele's agent on the phone. He told him the whole story. The agent talked to the sergeant. This was a very stubborn cop. He wanted word directly from Adele before he would clear us. The agent said he'd call Adele in New York and have her call right back.

We all sat around waiting for Adele to call. I poured drinks for everybody—including the cops.

The count looked at Milly with adoring

eyes. "Did you see me, darling? Did you see me pulverize that man when he started after you?"

"Oh, nuts," Milly said.

The count smiled. "Just keep on trying," he said. "You'll see!"

Just at that moment we heard the front door swing open, and in came Charley. Dirty, unshaven, in his shirt sleeves. There was a wild look in his eyes. He saw the cops and shied. "What's going on here?" he wanted to know.

"Never mind," I said. "It's going to be all right. The advance," I said. "Did you get the advance?"

"Yeah," he said. "Yeah, I got it."

"Charley," I said. "My boy Charley!"

"Wait a minute," he said. He sounded as if he were about to cry. "I been through hell. I want to tell you!"

"Never mind, kid," I said. "You got the advance. That's all that matters."

Charley spoke like a man in a daze. "Let me tell you. We got on this train, see. We both got a compartment, same car. I'm sitting in my compartment. I'm feeling sort of nervous, wondering whether I've done the right thing. Zoe hammers on my door. I jump. I open the door for her and she comes in and she's wearing that same dressing gown looks like the feed sack. She's got a bottle of Scotch in one hand. 'You want me to read to you?' I ask her. 'No, silly,' she says. 'I just thought we might have a nightcap together.'"

Charley put his head in his hands and groaned.

The girl with the braces on her teeth came downstairs. Somehow, she had been overlooked. "Where'd they all go?" she asked.

"The tour's over," Wesley said. "The bus has gone."

"I don't care," the girl said. "Just wait'll I tell them, the Adele Langley Fan Club back home. I don't care if I have to walk all the way back to Ottumwa, Iowa!" She stumbled through the front door.

Charley went on. "So I make us a drink," he said, "and then another. Zoe's voice sounds shrill. It scares me. 'My,' she says. 'Sleepy-eyes. I'm a silly girl! I'm just an old silly!' I tell her I'm sleepy, too. I yawn to prove it. I say quickly, 'Why don't you get a little sleep? Little sleep would do you a world of good. Tired myself,' I say. 'Got a headache, too. Yeah, head's killing me. Been worrying too much, I guess. Mi-

graine. Have them often. They kill me!"

Charley slumped in his chair. I made him a big drink and handed it to him. He gulped it and gasped. "So she says, 'I'll give you some pills, darling,' she says to me. 'Three of these pills and another stiff drink. That'll shoo the old headache right out of your pretty head!' I can feel my hand trembling. 'Can't take them,' I say. 'Afraid of my heart. I got a racing heart! Yeah, it races!'

"Let Zoe feel it race," she tells me.

"Excuse me," I say. "One thing I got to do when my heart starts racing, and that's lie down!" I take off my coat, toss it across the upper berth, and flop out on the lower."

Charley's voice was hoarse with fear even now. "She sways toward me. 'Charley,' she says. 'Poor lamb.' She reaches a hand toward my chest. I can't stand it any longer. I sound off. I guess I scream. I jump from my berth and lunge for the door. She shrieks, '... but your heart!' I hightail down the corridor. I run the length of three cars. Then I realize the train's slowing down for a station. I open a door and I hit the cinders. Then—"

The phone rang and interrupted him. It was Adele, calling from the Waldorf in New York. Milly answered it. Adele didn't want to speak to Wesley. Just the police sergeant.

The sergeant yes-ma'amed her for a while. He came back grinning. "You're all clear, pop—you and your pals," he told Wesley. "Miss Langley won't press any charges."

"What'd she say about me?"

"I'm to hold the money you made on admissions today. Allowance discontinued for an extra month. Tough luck, pop."

Wesley groaned.

"Well, it could be worse," I said. "There's always Charley. Good old Charley and his four-hundred-dollar advance!"

Charley stared at the floor. "You didn't let me finish. I'm in San Bernardino. I'm hungry. I start for a restaurant and it comes to me that my coat is on the top berth of my compartment, now on its way to Chicago. In the coat pocket is my wallet. In the wallet is my four hundred bucks! So I stand on a corner and start waving my thumb at cars."

**T**HERE didn't seem to be much to do but go back to Mountain Vista Inn. Maybe the whisky I had sold had precipitated part of the brannigan, but at least I had seventeen dollars in my kick that the cops hadn't thought about. While the rest of the group went up to my room. I stopped off at the corner and bought a few groceries. When I got to my room they were all sitting around.

"I agree with Greggs," Milly was saying. "You want to watch a tourist every minute."

Charley was heating up my bathroom for another steam bath. He had recovered his bold, reckless look. "Where I get lost," he said, "is how come that old bag didn't know better than to throw a corny pitch like that at a type man like me—especially with all the important irons I got in the fire, and she knows it! Let me use your phone, pal," he said to me. "I got to let a few people know I'm available."

The count and Wesley were arguing, as usual. The count was looking at Milly as if she were the only person in the world. He was speaking, however, to Wesley.

"I can eat a whole pineapple," he said. "Skin and all. I've often done it."

"I'll be a suck-egg mule if you can do it," Wesley said.

It just so happened that I had bought a fresh pineapple when I had gotten the groceries. I dug it out of the sack and tossed it to the count. While Charley was telling his agent that RKO had a lot of brass, keeping a man hanging fire like that, the count ate the pineapple, skin and all.

"By golly, you can do something," Milly told him.

The count wriggled in his skin like a happy hound-dog, but Wesley pouted all evening.

THE END



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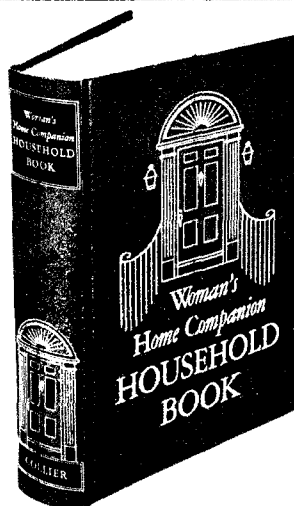
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COL-1

## The Red Czar Moves to Conquer Us

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16

behind an Iron Curtain at all. Lenin and Stalin have announced their purpose of conquest continually for all the world to hear.

So we live in a world of brute force. It is now all but useless to argue about how the present frightful situation came about, or to dream of the world as it might have been if some colossal blunders had not been made. I am not interested in political reprisals. The issue is too dreadful for that. I am interested in saving our country and in preserving freedom on this earth.

The world stands today at Armageddon. On one side is the totally disciplined, totally armed, Soviet-Communist Empire of 800,000,000 people.

Arrayed in opposition are the 150,000,000 people of the United States and the other free nations of the world, many of them weakened and devastated by two wars and by revolutionary Communist activities.

### On Timetable for Conquest

What the Russian timetable is no one knows. I am one of the last men in America to whom it would be confided, and probably the Kremlin itself is still of two minds. But some things are clear: Yugoslavia is on the timetable. There is good reason to believe that Russia plans either an internal coup or armed conquest of Yugoslavia through satellites this very year, 1951.

The Communist timetable also includes movements by satellite nations through Greece to gain command of the eastern Mediterranean. This would imperil and perhaps make useless our precious island bombing bases in that area.

Iran could be invaded any day. There the war of nerves has been going on for five and one half years, and Russian propaganda has been immensely successful. Through Iran the Russians could knife easily and swiftly through Iraq and down through Israel to the Mediterranean. The eastern Mediterranean would then be, in effect, a Red Sea.

By these two maneuvers Russia could isolate Turkey, with her 30 strong divisions, from the Western World. The Red Czar could then command the vital oil resources of the Near East. Without that oil many of the fires of Europe would not burn and her air force and fighting capacity would be dealt a body blow.

With control of the Mediterranean goes North Africa. Then who is to help the rest of Africa? With Africa goes our principal supply of uranium from the Belgian Congo. Without this uranium, our production of atom bombs would be reduced to a trickle.

Would a free Europe without oil and with few divisions any longer offer an obstacle to Soviet conquest? (No one knows the time schedule but the relentless plan is perfectly clear for all to see.)

With Western Europe and Africa under the gun, what about the remainder of Asia?

Tibet appears to be gone. A vast Russian-Chinese mass is pressing down India's flank on Tibet, Burma, Thailand and on Indochina where the fighting is now active and coming close to desperate. From there on through the Malay Peninsula to the British stronghold of Singapore seems to be the schedule.

Four times in the last year our government reversed itself on Formosa, where Chiang Kai-shek is making his last stand. In January, the government announced we would not defend Formosa. In June, we announced that we would. In August it was announced that we would defend Formosa only while Korea remained in doubt; and in December, after insulting Chiang for four long years, the government determined to renew arms aid to him. At long last we are on the right track in sending arms to Formosa, because if Formosa should fall, what chance would there then be for Japan?

At Cairo, President Roosevelt agreed to

take Formosa from Japan and give it to Chiang Kai-shek as part of the postwar settlement. The gift was never completed because the postwar settlements were never made.

So there is the great Island of Formosa, still legally owned by Japan, claimed by Red China and actually occupied by our wartime ally, Chiang Kai-shek. Formosa is another tinderbox of the Orient.

If Formosa fell, how long would the shaky new Indonesian Republic remain free? And, surrounded, how long would the Philippines last?

Do we Americans then withdraw into our shell at Hawaii? Or do we come all the way back to the coast of California?

The cold fact is that, stripped of defenses to Hawaii or California on the west and without a free Western Europe on the east, we would in truth become a beleaguered fortress.

Then how long would we survive? Let's look at one simple fact.

Incredible as it may be to many, there is something even more important than uranium and the atom bomb which it produces. The very existence of America and the free world depends on one product: manganese.

Without manganese we can make no steel and steel is the very cornerstone of our peacetime existence.

In war, without manganese, there would be no steel and therefore no guns, no tanks, no navy and no planes—and even no atom bombs.

And where has our manganese come from over the years? About half of it from Russia. Recently she has been turning the spigot on and off in a war of nerves. We can count on no manganese from Russia. So our businessmen have sought out new sources of this priceless essential. Today most of our manganese comes from Africa, with some coming around the world from India and some from Brazil. Only about 15 per cent is domestic, and that is low grade.

We also need iron ore. The end of the great Mesabi Range of high-grade iron ore in Minnesota is in sight. So now we look to Labrador and Venezuela for iron from which to make steel in future years. Would our iron ore—our copper, lead, bauxite, nitrate and other essentials from South America get through Russian submarines?

### Africa's Vital Role in War

We are short 50 critical materials. We could conceivably wage a war without tin or tungsten. We could possibly get along without natural rubber from Malaya or wool from Australia. But we cannot live in peace or war without manganese—and manganese today means primarily Africa.

The front line of defense for our national existence is Africa—and few, if any, believe we could hold Africa with Russia holding all Europe.

We cannot exist isolated and alone.

It is argued that we would have the whole Western Hemisphere. Yes—and how long? How long would South America be able to stand up against the wholesale Communist infiltration which has already taken place, creating uprisings and revolutions? How long would the will to resist continue in South America with her vast markets and ancient cultural ties to Western Europe all in Soviet hands?

No, we would be all alone, very soon. But would we really be defensible even if we had the critical materials we must import?

It would ultimately take at least 100 divisions to defend our thousands of miles of coast line.

Next, how about Alaska? From the mainland of Siberia to the Alaskan mainland it is 55 miles—a few minutes' flying time for modern bombers.

Collier's for February 10, 1951



Any substantial force dropped by parachutes could overwhelm the meager American forces in Alaska, and the Soviets would then have bombing bases on the North American continent.

An isolated America would of course be an America turned into an armed camp. Our living standards would be reduced to the level of the Russians or Chinese. Our resources would be poured into defense. And still bombers from Siberia and Alaska could strike the western part of the United States and return home.

If the Soviet gains the rest of the world, she could certainly increase her present superiority in the air to the point where she could bomb the entire United States.

### What Price Isolationism?

There are men among our top military command who think that if we should be forced to the desperate extreme of becoming an isolated, armed camp we still might build the strength to bomb Russia out and win a war against the Communist world. They concede that the odds would be staggering—150,000,000 people arrayed against 2,000,000,000 people. No one can say it is impossible. But the possibilities of success would certainly be dim, and the cost in blood would be beyond calculation.

If this longest gamble of history should ever be forced upon us, there is only one thing that would be certain. Even if we should win, against odds of 14 to 1, we should be so prostrate economically and spiritually that we would inevitably lose almost everything for which we fought.

Why is it necessary to present this picture, bleak and desperate as it is? It is necessary because our government is moving with faltering steps in the face of frightful danger. It is necessary because powerful sentiment exists in the United States for abandoning faraway places in Europe and Asia, and withdrawing to our own shores.

It is necessary because if the United States continues to follow either the present disorganized and leaden pace of preparation or if it turns coward and shrinks within itself, this nation and the whole concept of human freedom on earth are inevitably doomed to extinction.

With the deep conviction and confidence that flows from having forecast these grim events through all these recent years, I say that our very existence demands that we abandon every thought that we could remain alive in a Communist world.

I say this not to show that all is lost. I say it because we are in the most frightful crisis of all history; because we are divided in our councils, and because we are taking grossly inadequate steps for our own defense. And let no one seek refuge in the illusion that I am revealing any weaknesses to the Red Czar. He knows our weaknesses better than we do. Every single fact I refer to exists in public documents.

The Red Czar actually knows more about

us than we do. He alone knows the Communist plans and capacity for sabotage, bacteriological warfare, destruction of water supplies and disruption of industrial production in the event of attack.

Again I say all this, not to show that all is lost, but to show how vigorously we must act to be saved.

Certainly the Kremlin has no illusions. Those 14 brutal, remorseless men are waging all-out warfare of one kind or another in every nation and in every sensitive spot in the world. They are fighting for keeps.

They are devoting up to half of all of Russia's industrial production to war purposes. Wholly aside from concentration on the atom bomb, Russia maintains at least 200 full-strength combat divisions. She has the largest air force in the world. She has, or controls, more than 300 submarines—and some think it is 400—the largest undersea force in the world. It has just now leaked out that she has turned to the building of battleships and cruisers equipped for firing guided missiles and rockets.

Is anyone so innocent as to think this unequaled armed force, backed by 800,000,000 human beings, is designed merely for defense? If so, defense against whom—our handful of divisions or Western Europe's handful of divisions?

Are we going to continue living in a dream world while Russia picks off our friends one by one until she leaves us not only isolated and alone but stripped even of much of our capacity for self-defense?

It must be clear to all that the only thing which now restrains the Soviet from total war is the fear that America will retaliate with atom bombs. From our Mediterranean and British bases we could wreak havoc on the industrial capacity in the western part of Russia. We believe we could demolish her oil refineries. Stalin must think so too. But no one believes that such bombing would stop swift advances of land forces in the Near East and in Europe. And if we did not stop the swift advance of land armies our bombing bases might soon be gone.

Surely no one believes that the Soviet would fail to take North Africa and Great Britain if it were within its power, and surely no one contends that there are land forces to stop Russia's 200 divisions today.

So what do we do? It seems to me so clear as to be beyond argument. If we are not to be isolated and swiftly choked to death, we must help and encourage our friends in Europe and Asia to develop immensely powerful land forces, and immensely well-protected bombing bases from which even the Kremlin does not believe we can be driven.

Korea has doomed the last hope of those who would escape reality by relying on push-button warfare in a Buck Rogers dream. Korea has demonstrated conclusively that it is still generally true that land armies are necessary to hold or take bombing bases or land area.

The chips are down. We know the British will fight and we know that our friends on the Continent will fight—if they see a chance to win. But between them they could not muster 20 divisions, opposed to Russia's 200.

While Turkey is not in Europe her interests are bound inexorably to those of a free Europe. Turkey has 30 divisions of real fighting men.

Switzerland sees the handwriting on the wall. Her traditional neutrality would not help her remain as an island of freedom in a Red Eurasian Sea. She would have to fight this time. And she could mobilize 400,000 men, or perhaps 20 combat divisions of European size, with appropriate reserves. We know Norway would fight, and we might hope that Sweden would abandon her neutrality and join up with her army of 700,000 trained men, including reserves.

There are other divisions and there are other nations who will fight. But we have lost five precious years in making friends with them. And we are still moving at a snail's pace. When our country is in desperate peril we must seek friends and allies among those who have strength and the will to fight, even though we may disagree with their internal policies. What I want to know is: Will they fight on our side?

Spain has 22 divisions and they will fight. Yugoslavia has 30 divisions and they will fight—we have every reason to believe—on our side.

Added to the 20 divisions of the Atlantic Pact countries, these make a grand total of possibly 120 divisions. If Europe carries out her present commitments, the total would exceed 150 divisions with which General Eisenhower may mobilize a fighting force. It would be widely scattered and will need strong American help in arms, moral leadership and some divisions, but it would be tremendous power—perhaps overwhelming power.

Germany and Japan are the grand prize of Russian attack—before taking the world. At all costs and by whatever devices are necessary, we must stop haggling and arm Germany and Japan as rapidly as they are willing to be armed. Each can produce many divisions for their own defense. Integrated with the other armies of the free world, they may well provide the balance of power in this critical moment.

### The Hard Road to Freedom

Of course there are monumental difficulties ahead in turning this potential power into a single unified force for defense and counterattack. But freedom was never held or won by cowardice or by shrinking from difficulties. We will do one of two things: surrender Europe and Asia and then die like a tortoise which has drawn in its head awaiting to be smashed—or we will meet our problems head on and build the forces of freedom to overwhelming strength.

Surely the nations of Europe and of free Asia do not have the kind of fighting forces today we would like them to have. But with only a handful of divisions of our own, are we in a position to point the finger?

We have indeed spent \$30,000,000,000 on foreign aid since the end of World War II. Admittedly UNRRA was a botched job, and the use of Marshall Plan funds since then has been ineffective in some respects. A cardinal objective of the Marshall Plan law was a united Europe, militarily, economically and politically. Europe is far from unity today.

But has all of that \$30,000,000,000 been poured down a drain? Certainly not. Italy was saved from the Communists and so was France. Yugoslavia has been bolstered and is prepared to fight against invasion. All of western Europe is now on a sounder economic base than any dreamed possible after the devastation and slaughter of World War II.

Just because we have problems ahead, should we for one moment agree to write off Europe and the bombing bases we need

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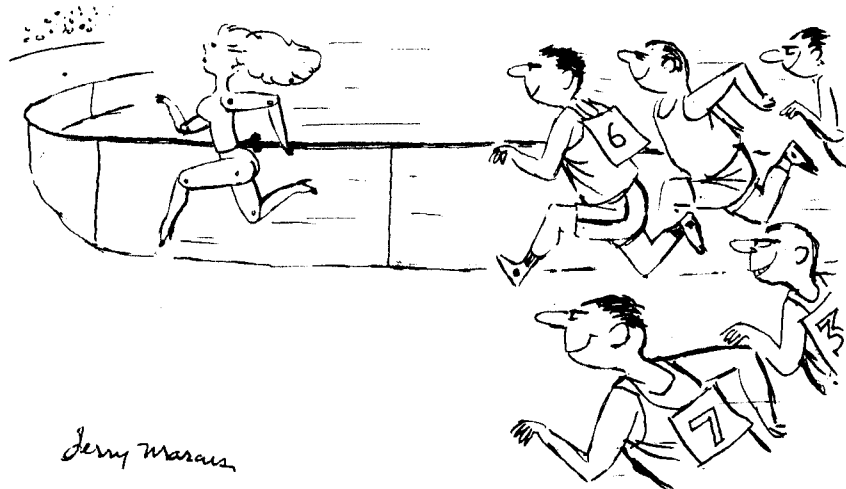
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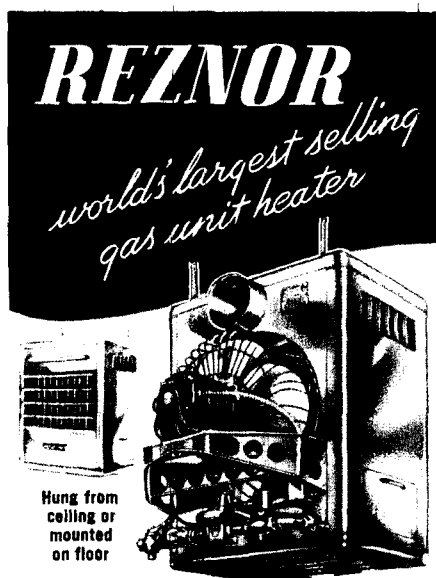
COLLIER'S

JERRY MARCUS

Collier's for February 10, 1951



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as much as they do for our own freedom? It would be our final act of folly. If we should do it, then all our sacrifice and toil have been in vain and we are indeed isolated, waiting to be suffocated to death.

The very idea of free nations sitting helplessly in a defenseless position waiting to surrender—the very idea of abandoning the bases from which to attack means ultimate defeat.

All this may be called warmongering. It surely will be by Pravda. They have called me a warmonger before. The very fact that the Soviet calls it warmongering is the clearest proof that it is not. When the Soviet says one thing we have learned from bitter experience that the opposite is true.

The only way to save the peace—I repeat, the only possible way to save the peace and our freedom—is to be ready to fight and to be ready to attack in overwhelming force.

Weakness is the guarantee of war and catastrophe.

Why did the Kaiser attack in 1914? Because he thought he could win.

Why did Hitler attack in 1939? Because he thought he could win.

When will Stalin launch the grand assault? When he thinks he can win.

### Two Who Made the Same Error

In the cases of World War I and II it was clearly established afterward that if they had known that America would and could fight, neither the Kaiser nor Hitler would have dared to attack.

Today, again, the only possible way to save the peace and our own freedom is to be overwhelmingly armed, with strong allies ready to attack, so Stalin will know he cannot win.

Instead of being strong today we are desperately weak—and Stalin knows it. We have a good Air Force but much smaller than Russia's. We have a good Navy but a large share of it is in moth balls. Eight months after Korea we still have the same 10 divisions we had last June. Two are in Germany. Seven have suffered heavily in Korea. There is exactly one ready combat division to defend the whole United States with three more almost ready. The main body of the National Guard has not even now been called to duty.

As I write this article in the first week of January our enormous industrial power is still being used almost wholly to make peacetime goods. It takes 18 months to three years from the date of a contract before industry can start turning out heavy tanks and bombers in mass production.

We can outproduce Russia five to one if we will only start producing. With Western Europe and Japan free, we can increase that ratio enormously and guarantee the overwhelming superiority which would keep the peace.

The Red Czar knows this. It's time the American people knew it, realized it and demanded swift and tremendous action. Our country is in desperate danger. We are faced with three simple choices:

1. Abandon all our effort to contain the Soviet. Surrender Japan, the Philippines, Formosa, Burma, Thailand, Indochina, Malaya, Indonesia and India itself. Abandon all Europe, shrink within our own borders and wait to be strangled to death.
2. Immediately convert to large-scale war production and speedily develop overwhelming armed forces of our own. Meanwhile, make a valiant effort to shore up free Asia and use our European aid, as I urged three years ago, as "the means for pushing, prodding and encouraging the nations of Western Europe toward the goal of European union—and great military strength."
3. Push resources and man power at a maximum speed into Europe and Asia, but without proof that they will develop the strength to defend themselves.

I reject the soft and easy first proposal of voluntary isolation. It would be national suicide.

I reject the third course as fatuous con-

tinuance of many of the policies which have brought us to our present brink of ruin. We should not weaken America without assurance that we are not merely fattening the European duck for Stalin to kill.

It is monstrous to think that there is no choice except an ignoble surrender or fatuous squandering.

I passionately urge that we follow the hard, sacrificial, second course, shunning isolationism like the plague, and equally shunning the witless, aimless giveaway route to bankruptcy.

I do not know how late the hour is. Sources of information which have been excellent in the past say that following the attack on Yugoslavia this summer the Soviet will launch the grand assault on Europe when the ground is hard in the fall and the crops have been gathered.

Others say the Soviet does not plan to attack until 1952.

Until recently all our government planning has been based on Soviet attack in 1954. I believe that thesis has been finally abandoned and there is now a general belief



that the attack may come in 1951 or at latest in 1952.

Speed—great speed can be demanded of Europe at the price of continued American economic aid and flow of arms. Top speed is necessary, and, with it, there can be built up in Europe a real fighting force of at least 120 divisions. It can be done if we will only move and produce—if we will only cut down on manufacturing the luxuries we can get along without for a while, in order to enjoy them fully later, unless war or isolationism is thrust upon us.

### Russia Would Not Dare Attack

A united and powerful Europe would draw Turkey and the Near East into a firm and close alliance. Europe's oil must be made secure, and Russia's southern flank will be placed in such danger that she dare not attack in the west.

Africa would then be more secure, with her priceless manganese, uranium and copper. But speed is necessary!

In Asia the problem is even more complex but the possibilities are even greater. We must stop wobbling and vacillating and announce as a nation, for good, that we will defend Formosa, Japan and the Philippines, and provide arms to the British and French in southeast Asia. If we do, a thrill of hope will go all over the Orient and resistance will be stiffened everywhere. This we must do unless we are prepared to shrink all the way to Hawaii or California and leave ourselves naked from Alaska to southern California.

Our friends in Asia have not been idle. The British are fighting valiantly to save Malaya from Communist forces. The French are fighting in Indochina and are losing more officers than they are gradu-

ating every year. Our friends are not afraid to fight and they are dying for this cause in critical places in the world.

Chiang still has some 500,000 men on Formosa, many of them well trained and loyal. On the mainland of China there are at least a million guerrillas, and probably more. There should be right now scores of skilled American agents, with millions of dollars at their disposal, encouraging and aiding the guerrillas.

But in the long run nothing will turn the tide except a clear statement of national policy by the United States. We are the central core of resistance to World Communism. The statement must be so plain that everyone, including the Red Czar, can understand that it will be backed up with mighty and instant action in every field.

### Reds' Lies Must Be Disproved

As a minimum that statement must call for a united defense of Europe with the large forces which General Eisenhower is now engaged in building. We must continue to do our share so Europeans will not believe the Communist propaganda that we are merely arming them for an American imperialist war in which they are the pawns.

We can never win by sitting still in a defensive posture. By this I do not mean we should wage a preventive war. But I do mean that we should not sit helplessly by, allowing Russia to pick off one nation after another.

We have the colossal opportunity of waging an effective propaganda campaign, which we have never yet done. For 150 years America was the hope of the world but today Communism has captured the imagination of countless people all over the world. If we will go on a propaganda offensive the free people will more swiftly relearn the ultimate truth that their only hope lies in human and economic freedom as against Communism and Marxian slavery.

Where the Russians send one organizer we should send 10.

Where the Russians send one lying movie we should send 10 truthful movies.

Where the Russians spend \$1,000,000 for sabotage we should spend \$10,000,000 for sabotage.

Where the Russians now have the best spy system in the world, we should beat them at their own game with twice as good a spy system.

We can outproduce, outthink, outorganize and outfight the Red slavemaster. We can beat him down to earth if we will only stop dawdling and get going. We can become so strong that the men in the Kremlin will know they will die if they attack the free world.

Then we can leave them to be dealt with by their own people in the inexorable course of human events.

Every dictatorship looks tough, implacable and irresistible from without. Inside they have fanatic followers but they develop also fanatic opponents. Every dictatorship is rotten at the core.

There are millions of people all over the Red Empire who would rise to fight and die on the bare chance that they might overthrow the despotism of the Red Czar. All they ask is a call to arms and a chance of success.

God has put the hope of freedom in the breast of every human being, and this spirit has risen triumphant through many centuries. It inspires free men to do what slaves can never achieve. But free men need arms and unity and a cause around which to rally.

The cause of freedom can be saved but surely this is the last call for action. It can be saved only by strong American moral leadership and a clear understanding that we are brave enough and honest enough to know that we cannot live alone in a Communist world.

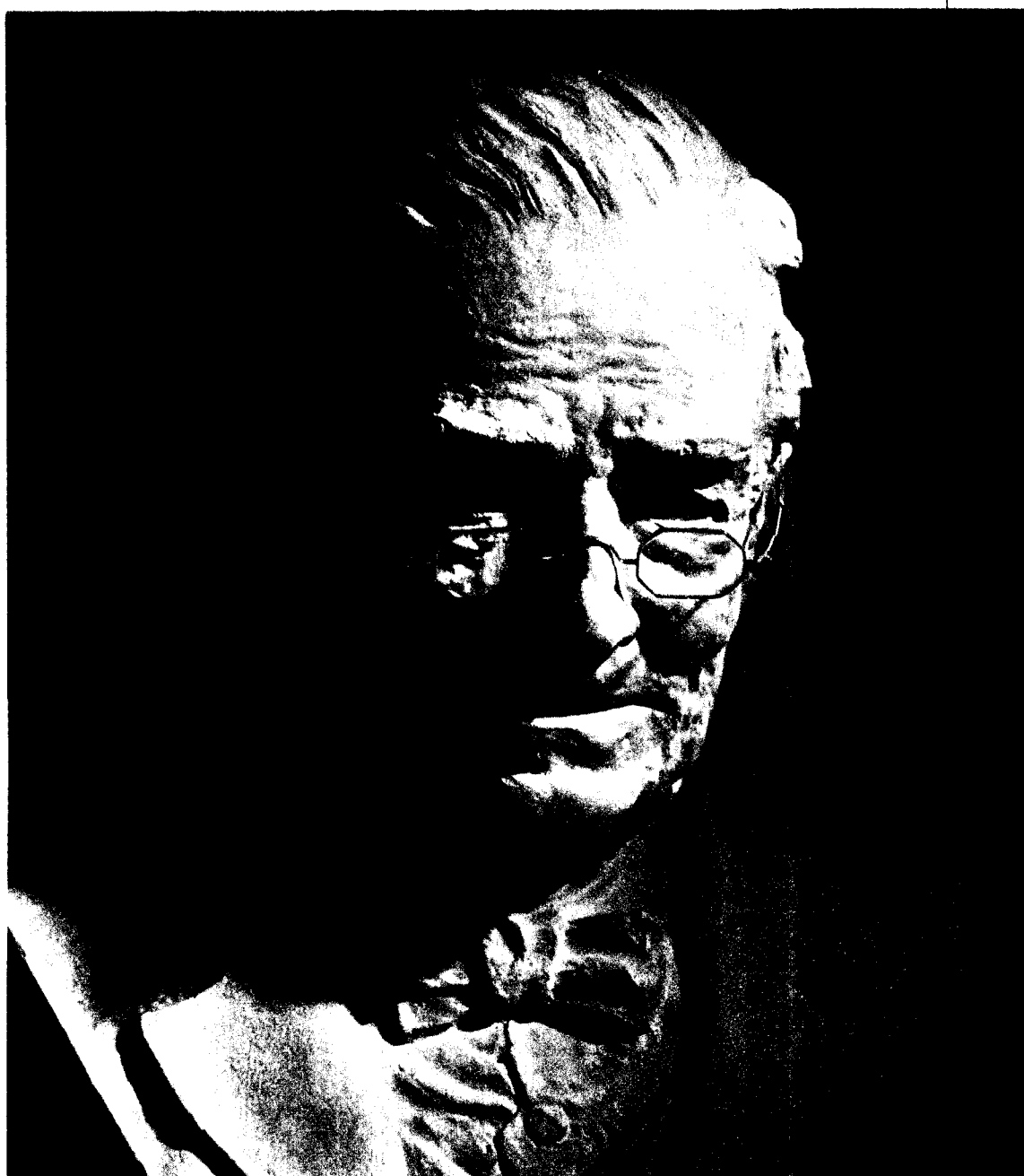
There is still time to win. Six months from now it may be too late. Only the home of the brave can be the Land of the Free.

THE END

Collier's for February 10, 1951



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## No Dogs

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25

neither silence nor short answers discouraged Mackay, who talked steadily as he worked. Between us, we put the grave down five feet, when water began seeping in, and Mackay said that was deep enough; no use to dig a well.

When I drove Mackay home, he opened the car door but did not at once get out. There was something on his mind, and he said musingly, "You know, the old man's dog come right along home with me. Took to me right off."

"He thought you were someone to trust," I suggested.

"That's it," said Mackay, really pleased. "I expect you'd taken him and fed him dog food out of cans, too?"

"I'd have tried to keep things the same for the poor old brute. Not that I give a damn about the dog, but Baker asked me to take him, and it was the only favor he'd ever asked me. Or anyone else, probably."

"Uh-huh. But I was saying about the dog—"

"Well, be seeing you."

Mackay scrambled out of the car, in quite a hurry. His wife was on her way from the house.

At home, I had an unopened quart of whisky, and drank a third of it before I could sleep. Next morning I took it with me, to help me through the bad, blue day.

I WAS first at the cemetery, and sat in the car staring at the ugly yellow earth beside the new grave, feeling bad. Not because Baker was dead: all men come to that, and Baker had lived a long, full life. But he had died without a word from me, his friend, and the dog was dead, too, so I couldn't even do that for Baker. A hell of a friend.

The coroner brought a shabby, soft-bellied man with him to help carry the coffin. The coroner seemed in no hurry, and peered into the oblong hole and dropped a rock into the water at the bottom, and squatted to poke at a nest of ants. Before I grew really impatient, the Mackays appeared walking along the road from their farm. The coroner went smiling to greet them, and I understood that he had been waiting for them. No doubt Mrs. Mackay spared time for all the rare funerals here. She wouldn't go to a party, but she wouldn't miss a funeral.

The coroner had been cheerful, even frisky, but now he turned solemn. "Apparently there won't be anyone else. Shall we proceed?"

The coffin was light. Baker had weighed little over a hundred pounds. Mrs. Mackay and her husband had a look at the departed, and complimented the coroner on his work. In the trees beyond the fence, a blue jay scolded, and I looked for it. The coroner asked in a low voice if I'd care to say a few words.

"Ben Baker was a good man," I said, looking at Mrs. Mackay. "In the time I knew him, he never said or did a mean thing. He didn't want much, and got very little. He was kind and generous and proud, and he wasn't afraid of dying—or living. The world could use a lot more like him, and they ought to be very pleased with him up in heaven, if they have any sense."

The coroner nodded, poker-faced, but Mrs. Mackay was scandalized. What I had said sounded mighty like sacrilege to her. A man should be humble, not proud, and what did a homeless vagabond like Baker have to be proud of? And I had said nothing about man's burden of sin, or this vale of tears.

I was tempted to tell her Baker and I had invented a religion of our own, and did things differently. Baker would have enjoyed the joke, if he could, but I let it pass. Neither levity nor anger could get through her armor. She was all armor, grown from the inside out, and even her heart was of hard metal.

We lowered the coffin and it bobbed up and down in the shallow water like a boat. Mackay and I began filling the grave, and the coroner and Mrs. Mackay talked. This morning, Mackay had little to say, and I was glad of it. I was tired of being polite to him.

Mrs. Mackay said she had work to do and went away, after nodding at her husband as though to say: Don't waste all day on that. The coroner shook hands and drove off with his helper.

We worked in silence until the earth was heaped high above old man Baker. Then Mackay said abruptly, "Come out in the timber a minute. I'll show you something."

I wanted nothing more to do with him, but he insisted, and I followed him out of the cemetery and through the tall brush to an old, windowless log shack. The shakes on the roof were thin and ragged as old paper. With his hand on the door, Mackay looked at me.

"Hardly ever howled, like he knew enough to keep still. Heard him a couple times late at night is all."

He opened the door and Baker's black dog ran out, to dance around me. Perhaps he thought I had come to take him to Baker. Mackay stared uneasily in the direction of his own house.

"You better take him. Sooner or later she'd find out, if I kept him. And it's pretty hard to sneak out the food. She already noticed I was eating more."

"Man, you're all right," I said, meaning it. "I'll get you a stock dog, the best—the best I can find."

"No—she won't stand for no dog."

"Then something else. I owe you something, on Baker's account."

"That's all right. I never knew you wanted him, and I kind of thought . . . But it wouldn't never work out. Let's get him in your car."

The dog led the way through the trees with its head up, sniffing the breeze.

"Might be a good hunter," Mackay said, watching the dog. He kicked at a root and muttered, "Well, I wouldn't get time to hunt, anyhow. Kind of smart dog, though, and I just thought maybe I could figure out how to keep him."

MACKAY was nervous until the dog was in my car. I wanted to do something for him, but if I offered money, either he'd spit in my face and I'd feel mean, or he'd take it and we'd both feel mean. He looked over his shoulder.

"Well, guess I better be—"

"Wait!" I remembered the whisky, and brought it out, watching his face. I couldn't have thought of anything better if I'd tried for a week. We each had a drink, the dog watching with sad, gentle, wise eyes.

Mackay, turning the bottle over and over in his hands, spoke without looking at me. "The old lady ain't really mean. But she's always had a hard row."

"Afraid of being old and poor and friendless," I said, and he nodded, but I thought of Baker, who had never felt he couldn't afford love and kindness. Baker had given, she grasped, but if she could have grasped the whole world she wouldn't have had anything, she would have lost what counted. And I said, "Baker was poor and old."

"That's it." There was more, but Mackay couldn't find the words, and at last said bewilderedly, "Why, she was the prettiest, laughingest girl! I don't see how—"

He gave it up, shaking his head. I refused another drink and drove off. Mackay would drink the whisky slyly, a sip at a time. I wished he'd down it all at once and start a revolution, but it had been too late for that a long time ago. . . .

Baker's dog seems contented with me and doesn't appear to grieve, but perhaps he is like the old man in that way, too, and knows whimpering won't help matters. THE END

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## Anything for a Laugh

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31

aristocracy was a recent Martin-Lewis appearance on Tallulah Bankhead's NBC radio program, The Big Show, along with Bob Hope, Deborah Kerr, Frankie Laine, Louis Armstrong, Dorothy McGuire and several other top names in the entertainment world. During the rehearsal, Martin sang ditties like "I was walking along counting my nostrils," and Lewis kept screaming at the lordly Tallulah, "Wash up, collect your money and get out!" When she surged in to sputter back at him, he wiped off an imaginary pair of eyeglasses and cried, "I'll have to ask you to watch it, lady."

Martin insidiously led the choir into bebop rhythms and Lewis placed Deborah Kerr's sack-type handbag on his head like an ice pack and moaned, "Oh, what a party that was last night!" It is because of episodes like this that their business manager, Music Corporation of America executive Herman Citron, goes off by himself every few months, in order, as he puts it, "to rest up from Martin and Lewis."

To a reserved eye, all these off-stage capers might indicate that the two new stars are widely low-rated by their acquaintances for what might be considered rather obnoxious behavior.

Actually, this is not so. For one thing, their biggest boosters are the people who suffer most at their hands.

### Seven Tuxedos in Tatters

No one, for example, takes a worse beating than their music director Dick Stabile, who has had seven expensive tuxedos torn to tatters in the last three years; yet Stabile refers to them as "the most wonderful, the most considerate, most talented guys in the world," and he proudly shows off a handsome watch engraved, "Dick. We're more grateful than you can imagine. We love you. Dean and Jerry." Martin and Lewis insist that Stabile be included in every job they do, and when Stabile's mother was critically ill last year, Lewis helped save her life by bringing her to Los Angeles from New York to be treated by a noted specialist.

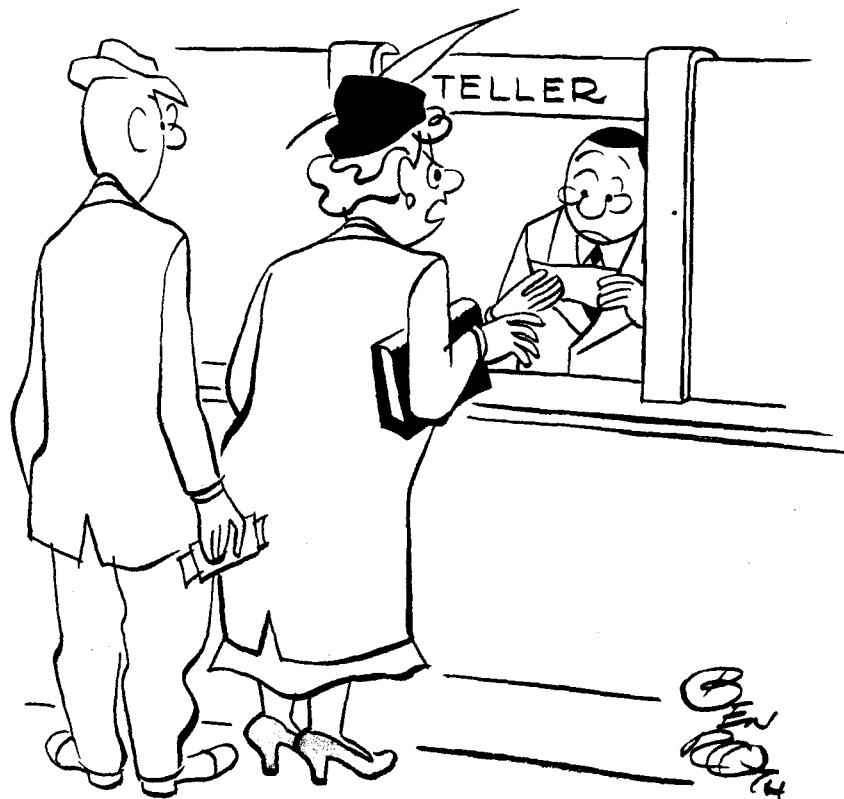
This pattern repeats itself time and time

again, with Martin-Lewis gifts, favors, loans and engraved watches scattered all over the country. According to their road secretary Irving Kaye (another eminent victim who has a watch engraved: "To Irving—I owe my success to you. Jerry Lewis"), Lewis spent in the neighborhood of \$35,000 last year in gifts and touches alone. Glucksman, Moore and all the others maintain that they don't mind the Martin-Lewis pranks because at all other times the two young men are kind and co-operative, and never allow the clowning to interfere with the serious business of getting the show on the air.

### Masters of Ad-Libbing Arts

And this is perhaps the most curious thing about this curious pair—the fact that, despite the outside clowning, their act so far has maintained its high level of slapstick excellence. It is difficult to record just exactly what their act is, for they rank among today's leading masters of the ad lib and the improvised business. Not even they themselves know exactly what they are going to do when they emerge on a night-club stage. Generally, the tall, good-looking Martin sings ballads in a rich voice that has been described as "Crosby out of Jolson"; and he functions, with subtle drollery, as the handsome, self-possessed oppressor of the Chaplinesque waif, Lewis.

Lewis is a gangling, six-foot 130-pounder, with a crew haircut, a squeaky adolescent voice, and a long rubber face that he can contort into an amazing variety of outrageous expressions. He winks, snarls, pouts, grimaces and makes cross-eyes—usually behind the backs of his oppressors. He is the misfit, the lout, the boy-with-10-thumbs, the wrongdoer. He is kicked about by Martin and by Fate, and he builds up such a store of pathos for himself that when he explodes into wild and tumultuous revenge all his impishness seems justified and doubly funny to the audience. This basically has been the formula of all the great Low Comedians since Shakespeare's time—and no one uses it more effectively than Lewis does today;



"It's my husband's signature all right! He wrote it left-handed. His right arm was behind him!"

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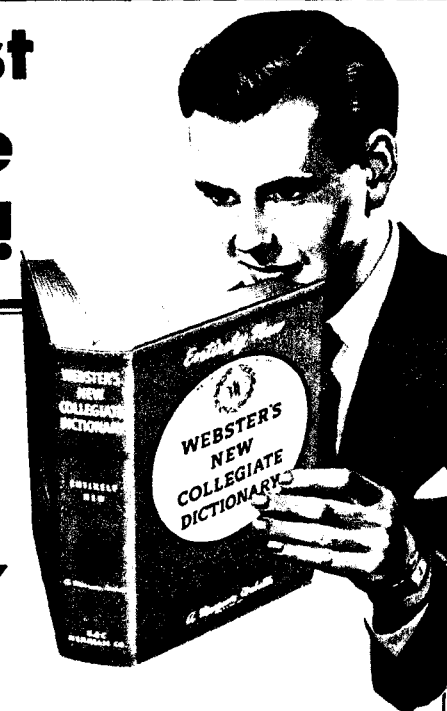
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proof of this is in their meteoric rise of the past few months. After just three appearances on the Colgate Comedy Hour, their NBC-TV audience rating reached 39.5, which put them in third place among the comedians, behind Milton Berle and Bob Hope.

The same thing happened after just three Martin-Lewis films, the latest of which, *At War with the Army*, currently is being shown around the country. Their first two pictures, *My Friend Irma* and *My Friend Irma Goes West*, were bonanzas for Paramount; and the movie exhibitors of the country went on to vote them Number One in Motion Picture Herald's tenth annual Stars of Tomorrow Poll. This is one of the most important honors in the film world; it means that several thousand movie-house proprietors rated them the trade's biggest box-office money-makers.

In addition to this, Martin and Lewis made a personal-appearance tour in which they shattered attendance records in nearly every place they performed, including a six-year mark at the huge Chicago Theater where Jack Benny had chalked up the top take during the booming war period.

### When the Movie Was Skipped

In two days at the State Theater in Hartford, Connecticut, last September 9th and 10th, they played to an incredible total of 28,540 people; on the last night the theater manager cleared the house and filled it again without showing a movie in order to accommodate some 3,000 people still waiting in line outside.

Shortly thereafter, the Chase Hotel in St. Louis filled two extra dining rooms during a Martin and Lewis appearance in the swank Chase Club. When it was time for the show to go on, the diners in the two extra rooms were herded into the Chase Club and interspersed among the tables and along the walls on folding chairs set up for the purpose.

Irving Kaye says, "The waiters marched them in like troops. I've been in show business for 30 years, but I've never seen a joint do anything like *that*."

All this mystifies the experts, who attempt to compare Martin and Lewis with comedy teams of the past. Walter Winchell, for example, says, "Martin and Lewis are the best two-man comedy act since Gallagher and Shean." Larry Wolters, radio and TV critic of the Chicago Tribune, wrote, "Martin and Lewis have emerged on television as the new Olsen and Johnson." Other critics have compared them with Laurel and Hardy, Abbott and Costello, Weber and Fields, Smith and Dale and just about every other pair of comics who ever stepped on a stage.

They are closest, perhaps, to the Marx Brothers of the early days, with Lewis, in his more explosive moments, approaching the wild ad-lib exuberance of Groucho and Harpo combined; and Martin resembling Chico and Zeppo.

In one of their recent TV scenes, for instance, Lewis turned on a tiny 79-cent fan, which then proceeded to blow them about as if they were in a wind tunnel. After this, a phone kept ringing long after they had smashed it to bits, and finally they pulled the telephone wire out of the wall until a stunning female operator came through the wall at the end of the cord, saying, "People generally *dial* when they want the operator." This is pure Marx Brothers, at their best, but it's also inimitably their own.

The story of how Martin and Lewis got together as a team is one of those minor miracles that seem to happen only in the entertainment world. Lewis comes from a show-business family. His father, Danny Lewis, still is a night-club and theater headliner whose act is labeled Songs Nostalgic. He sings ballads of the 1920s in a vaudeville-heyday baritone, and he concludes each performance with a parody entitled *I've Got a Million Dollar Baby*, in the middle of which he does a good imitation of his son, Jerry. At one time last year, Jerry was playing at the Paramount Theater in

New York and his father was on the vaudeville bill at the Palace Theater just across Broadway—a coincidence which led one reviewer to handle it like a maternity bulletin, saying, "Both father and son are doing fine."

Martin, on the other hand, is the son of a Steubenville, Ohio, barber. His real name is Dino Crocetti, and he didn't even dream of a show-business career until after he had dabbled in such diverse occupations as steel puddling and amateur boxing.

Of the two, Martin had the tougher life. His family had a difficult time making ends meet, and young Dino left school in the eleventh grade to work as a gas-station attendant. After this, his brother Bill (now his personal business manager) got him a job in a steel mill in Weirton, West Virginia, just across the Ohio River. He quit, however, after a four-ton coil of steel

dropped from a crane, narrowly missing him; and he drifted off into the seamier side of the life of the town.

He fell in with a gang of tough kids, five of whom now are in prison for crimes which they committed in later years. Dino played pool and basketball, swam in the Ohio River, and became a fair-to-middling welterweight boxer under the nom de pugilism "Kid Crotchett." Finally, he got a clerk's job at an establishment known as the Rex Cigar Store.

He did so well at selling punchboard chances over the cigar counter that the proprietor moved him into the back of the store, which was one of Steubenville's biggest gambling houses. Young Dino became a "stick man," raking money off the gambling tables, then a "wheel dealer," and eventually a full-fledged croupier. The youngster worked at this profession for

five years, becoming so adept at it that he was loaned out to other gambling houses in Florida and in Youngstown, Ohio. He was eventually earning \$125 a week.

While all this was going on, young Dino attended dances and parties at places like Reed's Mill and Walker's Night Club, at all of which he generally was asked by his friends to get up and sing—since even as a boy he had the same deep pleasant voice. One night, a Columbus, Ohio, band leader named Ernie McKay was playing at Walker's. He heard the youngster and offered him a job as a singer with the band at \$50 a week. Dino turned the job down because, he said, he preferred to earn \$125 a week as a croupier.

At this point, a strange council of war took place in the gambling house among Dino's friends—who even today are known only by the names "Dum-Dum," "Jiggs," "Roozi," "Mandy," "Slick" and "Smuggs." Jiggs said, "Dino is a good kid. He's the only one of us who has a chance to get away from here, and I think we ought to see that he does it." A course of action was decided on—and when Dino came to work the next morning, no one spoke to him. This silent treatment continued for two weeks, until the youngster cried in desperation, "What do you want me to do?"

"Take the singing job," said Jiggs. So the next day, Dino joined McKay's band in Columbus, billed somewhat fraudulently as "Dino Martini—Nino Martini's cousin." A week later, however, he was back at the gambling house asking for his old job. He got the job, but again no one spoke to him. A week later, Jiggs took pity on the boy and asked, "Why did you come back?"

"I can't live on \$50 a week."

"All right then," said Jiggs. "You go back, and we'll get up a pool and send you an extra hundred dollars a week."

Dino thereupon returned to Columbus, and this Damon Runyonish arrangement went on for a year and a half, with the hardened characters of the Rex Cigar Store contributing their own money so that at least one of them could have a chance to live a decent life.

### Hard Going for a Family Man

It was a long time, however, before their investment paid off. Their protégé shortened the Dino Martini to Dean Martin and went to work for Sammy Watkins' band in Cleveland—where he married his first wife, Betty McDonald. Two years later, he left Watkins and did a single singing act in night clubs all over the country. But he only worked about half of the time and things became tougher and tougher. He and his wife had four children, and most of the time the babies had to be cared for by Dean's parents in Steubenville, while he kicked around the country living in second-rate hotels. By 1946, things began to pick up and he was being booked into New York night clubs like the Havana-Madrid and the Glass Hat. It was then that he met Jerry Lewis.

Lewis was brought up in a middle-class Jewish background in Newark and Irvington, New Jersey (the family name had been changed from Levitch); but he was alone a good deal of the time when he was a child. His mother played the piano on radio station WOR. She also worked on music arrangements for her husband, Danny, who sang in burlesque houses (he once was teamed with stage and screen star Robert Alda at the Irving Place Burlesque in New York City), and functioned as master of ceremonies in Catskill Mountain hostelrys.

To attract attention, young Jerry began his antics at an early age, and he still is remembered at Irvington High School as one of the zaniest cheer leaders in that institution's history. His classmates called him "Id," which was short for "Idiot."

When he was eleven years old, Jerry got a job after school as a counterman in a drugstore. This employment lasted until a night when he jokingly jabbed a fork through a toasting English muffin with

## Starting Next Week!



## THE PERSONAL MEMOIRS OF HERBERT HOOVER

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Collier's for February 10, 1951



# Exciting!

## FRIDAY NIGHT ON ABC!



**7:30 pm.** For action, tune in *The Lone Ranger* on ABC every Friday. It's the most exciting night in radio! (General Mills, American Bakeries)



**8:30 pm.** *This Is Your FBI*—authentic crime-does-not-pay dramas, from FBI files! Jerry Devine is producer (*Equitable Life*).



**9 pm.** You'll laugh at *The Adventures of Ozzie and Harriet*; their domestic doings are so much like your own—only funnier! (H. J. Heinz)

**9:30 pm.** *The Sheriff* battles crime—with latest scientific methods! New thrills in the new West! (Pacific Coast Borax)



**9:55 pm.** Take 5 minutes for *Champion Roll Call*, a rapid roundup of sports news by Harry Wismer (*Champion Spark Plugs*).



**10 pm.** Fight night! *Cavalcade of Sports*, with Bill Corum and Don Dunphy, brings you the biggest bouts in boxing (*Gillette*).



### RICHARD DIAMOND, PRIVATE DETECTIVE, NOW ON ABC

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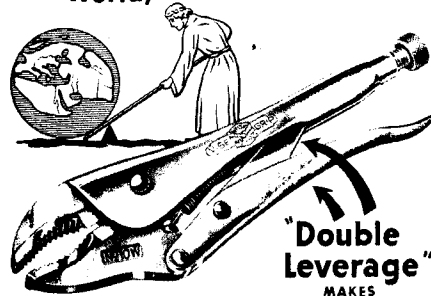
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such enthusiasm that he jammed it into an electric outlet and short-circuited the entire store—causing some 50 customers to flee to the street without paying their checks. When he was twelve, he worked as a shipping clerk in a hat factory, and at the age of thirteen he put in 10 months as an usher at Loew's State Theater in New York. His father then became a regular entertainer at Brown's Hotel in Loch Sheldrake, New York, in the summertime, and at the Hotel Arthur in Lakewood, New Jersey, a winter resort. At this point, Jerry's formal education, which had been haphazard at best, came to an end. He worked as a bus boy in these hotels, while his father sang and his mother played the piano.

### Records Did Singing for Him

When he was fifteen years old, Jerry developed an act of his own for the edification of the guests at Brown's. While a phonograph off stage played the records of operatic and popular singers, Jerry, attired in ridiculous costumes, mouthed the words and clowning for the audience, as if he actually were singing the numbers. He did Igor Gorin singing Figaro, for instance, wearing a moplike "fright wig" and a tattered frock coat. This act was so funny that ex-comedian Irving Kaye (then temporarily embarrassed and working as a bellhop at Brown's) helped the boy get theater bookings.

This enraged Danny Lewis, who didn't want his son in show business. It also enraged the management of Brown's Hotel, since good bus boys were hard to find in that war year of 1942. So Kaye was summarily fired. The fifteen-year-old boy then hired the mature Kaye as his traveling companion and road manager, a position Kaye has held ever since.

One of Lewis' first bookings was in a burlesque house called the Palace Theater in Buffalo, New York. When the youngster walked out on the stage, the audience kept shouting "Bring on the babes!", whereupon he burst into tears and fled to his dressing room to pack. "At that moment," Lewis says, "my show-business career was over. If I had walked out the door, I never would have come back." Just then, however, veteran burlesque comedian Max Coleman came in and said, "I thought you were Danny Lewis' son. You're not acting like it. In this business, when you've got a bad audience, you've just got to work harder. You don't quit."

Jerry went out for the next show and Coleman sat in the audience to get the laughs started. The act never was in trouble again, and Lewis has not forgotten Coleman to this day. He writes to him, sends him gifts, and during his most recent personal appearance at the Paramount Theater in Buffalo, spent all his time between shows with Max.

By 1946, when he was nineteen years old, Jerry Lewis had one of the best record acts in the country, and he had married pretty Patti Palmer, a vocalist with Jimmy Dorsey's orchestra. He still wasn't making too much money, however, and often his take-home pay was less than \$60 a week after he had paid all his fees out of a \$250-a-week salary.

In July, 1946, he was appearing at the 500 Club in Atlantic City, when one of the acts on the bill quit. Lewis had met Dean Martin when they both had worked at the Glass Hat in New York and they had had an interesting time kidding each other. Things were dull in Atlantic City, so Lewis said to the proprietor, Skinny D'Amato, "Why don't you hire this Dean Martin? He's a good friend of mine."

"I don't need singers," D'Amato said. "But this guy is a comedian, too," Lewis lied. "We've done a lot of routines together."

"If he's a comic, I can use him," said D'Amato. So Martin was summoned to Atlantic City.

When he arrived, however, he simply sang and Lewis did his usual record act. Nothing happened.

After a week, D'Amato said. "This is funny? If there's no comedy tonight, you're both fired." That was July 25, 1946, the night Sophie Tucker first saw them.

In desperation, the two young men began hurling ad-lib wisecracks at each other, interspersed with an occasional squirt of Seltzer or a bunch of celery. Lewis yelled wild things like, "If I go out with girls, I get pimples!"; and while Martin attempted to sing, he led the orchestra, waited on customers' tables, turned off the lights, and caused dining-room employees to drop whole trays of dishes.

Martin performed equal mayhem while Lewis tried to do his record act—and the audience loved it. D'Amato hired them for another week at \$350, and then they were booked into the Latin Casino in Philadelphia at \$750. From there they went to the Havana-Madrid in New York at \$1,500 a week, and early in 1947 they got their big break. Monte Proser, owner of the famous Copacabana in New York, saw them and signed them for his club. They were an instantaneous hit. In for two weeks, they remained for six. And their price went up to \$5,000 a week—a 1,600 per cent increase in less than eight months.

From this point on, their career snowballed. Movie producer Hal Wallis saw them at the Copacabana and said, "These are the first comedians in 25 years who have been able to break me up." He signed them to a long-term movie contract. NBC then grabbed them for their own radio program, which had only fair success, but later they were booked for a pair of historic appearances on Milton Berle's television show. Nothing much happened on the first program, but the aficionados still are talking about the second.

On this show, Berle made a pact in advance not to do any ad-libbing, and then proceeded to break the agreement the first minute they were on the air. The King of Television still hasn't recovered from what happened to him after that.

Martin and Lewis sent him out to buy cigarettes, mimicked him, outshouted him and stripped his clothes off. When Berle tried to vie with Lewis, Martin stepped in and took over. When he attempted the attention-winning trick of moving between his guests and the camera, Martin and Lewis were both there ahead of him—practically climbing into the camera itself. Every time Berle mugged, Lewis mugged funnier. When Berle tried to introduce an act, Martin would interrupt with some such thing as, "Just a minute. I'm talking to the band." In a fast dance routine, they ran the older Berle into the ground; and finally, for the first time in his career, Berle stood helplessly on stage, a sheepish grin on his face, as he lost control of his own show. The last thing the TV audience saw was Lewis' face popping right into the middle of the commercial, saying, "Milton Berle night! Big deal!"

### Hollywood Takes Notice

All this so enthralled the television executives that Martin and Lewis were asked to take over a monthly spot on the Colgate Comedy Hour. As already noted, the show drew almost universal raves from the critics. Then came a Capitol Records contract (Martin's recording of I'll Always Love You recently sold nearly a million copies); and finally a deep involvement in Hollywood, with three new films scheduled for production this year: That's My Boy, The Stooge, and Good Boy.

Today, Martin and Lewis are concentrating almost exclusively on movies. They are limiting themselves to just a handful of night-club appearances for the time being, and they will do just two more TV shows between now and September 1st.

They say television is the most back-breaking of all the media, and, as Martin puts it, "If television weren't the number-one showcase today, we'd like to just stay out here in the California sun and make movies." Both Martin and Lewis now have fine homes near Hollywood, with Lewis liv-

ing in a big house in Pacific Palisades with his wife and two sons, Gary and Ronald; and Martin inhabiting a villa in Beverly Hills with his second wife, Jeanne Biegers, a former magazine cover girl.

Martin plays golf with Bob Crosby in his limited spare time; while Lewis owns a camera shop in Hollywood. Photography is Jerry's hobby, and he makes home movies, with plots that generally involve someone squirting Seltzer into someone else's eye. As Martin once said, "A guy gave Jerry a box camera once and he ended up owning a photography shop. If I ever taught him to play golf, he'd probably go out and buy himself a country club."

Aside from this, their home lives are surprisingly quiet, with both wives keeping their effervescent mates well in check. Lewis, in fact, is the typical comedian at home—hypochondriac, worrier, tragedian and depressive.

The two families have little social life together—in accordance with one of the most interesting covenants in Hollywood. Two years ago, Martin, Lewis and Stabile held a formal conference and decided that the only way for the act to hold together was for the wives to stay apart.

This agreement has been scrupulously respected by all parties ever since, and the alliance is as firm as ever.

### Too Good a Team to Split Up

There has been much speculation in Hollywood and elsewhere as to what would happen if the team *did* split up. Their movie director Hal Walker (who also has worked with Bob Hope, Bing Crosby and Betty Hutton) says, "Martin has great sex appeal as a singer and he is becoming a good enough actor to emerge as a matinee idol on his own. Lewis, of course, is one of the finest natural comics of our era and he should have no trouble working by himself." TV producer Ernie Glucksman thinks differently, however. He says, "This is that perfect wedding of talents that comes along maybe once in 25 years. The act has both sex appeal and comedy. Also, few people realize it but Dean sets up 60 per cent of Jerry's gags and he functions like a colored spotlight to heighten Jerry's crazy humor."

To other observers, a split-up is the least of the dangers which beset the act. They point out that good slapstick comedy is the most difficult to come by—and that Martin and Lewis already are repeating themselves and sometimes losing freshness by delving into ancient burlesque routines. These critics also maintain that their riotous and irresponsible off-stage behavior eventually could render them famous, but as extinct as the Keystone Kops.

In addition to this, one of their closest friends claims that Lewis just does not have the stamina to perform 18 hours a day—which he apparently does as long as anyone is around to serve as an audience. This friend says, "Jerry is a frail kid, and he already has collapsed twice on the job. If he doesn't learn to confine his clowning to the act, he's going to be doing some of it in sanitariums and hospitals. It's only the natural vigor of a twenty-four-year-old that keeps him going now—and he isn't going to be twenty-four forever."

Meantime, however, few performers in show business are hotter than Martin and Lewis are today—and the probability is they could coast for years on their present momentum alone. As John Lund, one of Hollywood's most intelligent actors, put it, "These guys are stars in six media at the same time—and when they last appeared at Ciro's here in Hollywood, Cary Grant, Ann Sheridan, Gary Cooper, Clark Gable, Bob Hope, Jack Benny, Danny Thomas, Burns and Allen and Peter Lawford all turned out to see them. At Paramount, so many stars sneaked away from their own work to watch them clown at rehearsals that the studio had to close the set to outsiders. Anyone, outside of a strip-teaser, who can attract that much attention will be around for some time to come."

THE END

Collier's for February 10, 1951



## The Punchboard Racket

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13

prizes to operators. And recently he has added a sixth company, the Consolidated Container Corporation, in St. Louis, to distribute punchboards manufactured by Container.

(GAM is the only company into which Sax admitted his brothers as partners. In all others, though he placed relatives in titular positions, he himself retained complete control and almost total ownership.)

The six Sax Companies currently manufacture and distribute 35 per cent of the punchboards and their variants flooding the U.S. During the peak war and early post-war years (1939-'46), their sales volume reached over \$8,000,000 annually; at the retail end, their products extracted from the American public approximately \$475,000,000 a year. Even today, they drain from the annual national income probably three fourths of that figure.

Typical of Sax's companies is Superior Products, which owns and occupies a building covering virtually a square block, has 250 workers, and, during its last fiscal year, sold approximately \$1,200,000 worth of punchboards. (In 1946, nearly \$2,500,000!)

### Wage Earners Lose Heavily

The total sales volume of Sax's punchboard companies during his 19 years in business is approximately \$100,000,000. Hence, the money taken in by Sax's punchboards to date—tribute paid chiefly by small wage earners who could ill afford it—totals approximately \$6,000,000,000, an amount nearly twice the record U.S. loan to Great Britain made shortly after the last war.

"During the years he was expanding, Sax himself designed just about every punchboard his companies put out," a former sales manager of Superior Products told me. "And Superior alone turned out a new model almost every day! Sax's companies kept 12 artists busy dreaming up sexy illustrations."

For Sax brought sex to punchboards. And in this, as in each of his many "improvements," he was promptly imitated by rival manufacturers. Perhaps his most sensational coup was the invention of the jack-pot punchboard—for, from the viewpoint of the operator, the jack-pot board is as far su-

perior to the ordinary type as a bazooka to a bow and arrow.

A typical 5-cents-a-punch, 1,200-hole conventional board offers 30 prizes. As there are only three top prizes of \$5 each—the others being merely 15, 20 or 25 cents, except for one \$2 and a few \$1 ones—the odds against winning a top prize are 400 to 1.

On the other hand, while the jack-pot board, really either two or three boards combined, promises larger cash prizes—it simultaneously vastly decreases the player's already small chance of winning. Because, for a top prize he must select a winning number two, or three, *consecutive* times, out of hundreds of possibilities—an almost impossible feat.

(A typical Sax-built, 25-cents-a-punch jack-pot board of the "two-board type" offers two top prizes of \$15 and \$10, plus about 20 smaller ones, the majority no more than 25 cents. There are 240 holes in the first, or starting, section—the only one on which punches are sold—and 100 holes in the second. But in punching out the first section, I found only eight tickets entitling me to punch in the second, which holds the top prizes. None won me a top prize—so though the entire first board was punched out, both top prizes remained unwon. This is understandable. The odds against winning either prize are 1,500 to 1!)

(I also "autopsied" a Sax-produced, 25-cents-a-punch jack-pot board of the "three-board type"—with 200 holes in the first section, 100 in the second and 40 in the third, which last held two top prizes of \$25 each. The 100-hole second section was advertised as holding just two tickets granting a chance to punch in the third section. In the entire first section, I found only eight tickets entitling me to punch in the second section, and none of them won me a chance to punch in the third section. The two top prizes of \$25 each, if won, would cancel out the \$50 take of this board, and the operator further would be out whatever small prizes had been won on the first and second sections. But there is little risk that those two top prizes ever will be won. The odds against winning just *one* of them are 30,000 to 1!)

Sax also pushed the use of salesboards,



"He admires my mind—but I still think I can get him interested"

COLLIER'S

IRVING ROIR

Collier's for February 10, 1951

# Your guests know ROMA best... served more often

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# ROMA

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# WINE

# Eyes tired?

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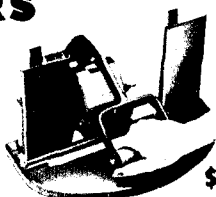
• Why put up with the dull, weary feeling of tired eyes? Murine quickly makes your eyes feel good—and then you'll probably feel better. Just put two drops of gentle Murine in each eye. Enjoy a fresh, rested feeling as Murine's 7 ingredients cleanse and soothe the delicate tissues of your eyes as gently as a tear. Use Murine for regular eye care.

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employing huge amounts of candy, peanuts and cheap jewelry as prizes. (The Federal Trade Commission considers salesboards unfair competition to legitimate merchants and is currently pushing cease-and-desist actions against the three of Sax's companies manufacturing them.) In one promotion, Sax used 10,000 cheap watches, each bearing a picture of a fierce African lion. For the king of the beasts was the trade-mark of the Sax punchboards.

Back in the 1920s when he was laying the groundwork for his punchboard empire, Sax had married a Peoria girl, had had two sons (one later died), and had been divorced. He then married a blond Chicago dancer, with whom he had three more sons. Before he was forty, Sax was a multimillionaire. And his profits kept piling up—until the gross personal income shown on copies of his personal income tax return for 1948 was \$868,475.25!

Years before, he had become known as "the Punchboard King." And this, while an accolade to his business acumen, wasn't exactly an entree to Chicago society. Therefore, his next move was predictable.

It, coincidentally, followed a pattern long established by the nation's most notorious gangsters—who, once having piled up a big enough bank account (many through Sax's punchboards), almost invariably develop a yearning to be considered "respectable businessmen." The behavior pattern is (1) to buy an eminently respectable business, as a "front," and (2) to try to convince the public all connections with rackets are permanently severed.

(A great many of the nation's toughest gangsters stage their phony "retirement act" at the lush vacation spot of Miami Beach. Dan Sullivan, operating director of the crusading Crime Committee of Greater Miami, recently made public a "partial list" of 17 Miami Beach hotels, restaurants and other businesses now owned by racketeers from all over the United States.)

### Retiring to Honest Business

It was during the war years—when Sax's punchboard factories were working overtime to supply gambling racketeers eager to cut into war workers' fat pay envelopes, and when Sax consequently was piling up his highest profits—that he decided to put on his own "retirement act." First, he announced he'd sold his punchboard factories and completely cut off all connections with the punchboard business. Second, finally satisfying his boyhood ambition, he bought a large stock interest in Chicago's Halsted Exchange National Bank, which was renamed the Exchange National Bank. Then he built the Saxony Hotel, the swankest ever erected in Miami Beach, and settled down there with his family, among people who knew nothing of how he'd made his money, to enjoy the eminently respectable role of wealthy banker and luxury-hotel owner.

(Previously, he'd bought into the small DuPage Trust Company, of Glen Ellyn, Illinois, but had sold his interest after buying into the larger bank. And in Florida, in partnership with J. B. Friedman, Chicago realtor, through the Casablanca Hotel & Villas, Inc., holding company, he'd first bought the El Morocco Hotel & Villas, a block of 65 rooms and 35 villas—then had sold his interests to build the Saxony. He'd also acquired interests in the Krest Building and the Dorian Hotel in Chicago. He still holds the latter.)

Sax paid a cool \$1,000,000 cash for his interest in the Exchange National Bank.

After Sax acquired his interest, the outlying nineteen-year-old institution, which had \$10,000,000 in deposits, was moved to impressive new quarters at 130 South La-Salle Street, in the heart of Chicago's financial district. It installed facilities that enabled patrons to drive in and make deposits and withdrawals from their cars. The institution was publicized as "The Nation's First Drive-in Bank." Deposits subsequently increased to \$50,000,000.

A professional banker, Edgar Heymann,

was named president. Sax became officially merely a member of the board of directors. But he took a suite of offices considerably more sumptuous than the president's. And its furnishings hint at his character: Above his enormous, expensive desk hangs a large portrait of that with which employees say he likes to compare himself—a huge African lion, its visage reflecting savage power in majestic repose. (This sharply recalls the lion's-head trade-mark of his punchboards.)

On the desk itself is a bronze statuette of another lion, grimly stalking its prey. On a handsome table nearby is yet another bronze lion, looking somnolently fierce. Also on the table are a framed commission from Florida's Governor Fuller Warren, appointing Sax an honorary lieutenant colonel on his personal staff, and a framed "At Home" invitation to the White House from President and Mrs. Truman, bearing the Presidential seal and dated January 25, 1947.

Sax poured money profligately into building his Saxony Hotel. He hired three shifts of workmen—a veritable army of 750 toward the end—to work the clock around, under huge floodlights at night, seven days a week. Some with overtime made \$450 a week. When the Saxony was completed in

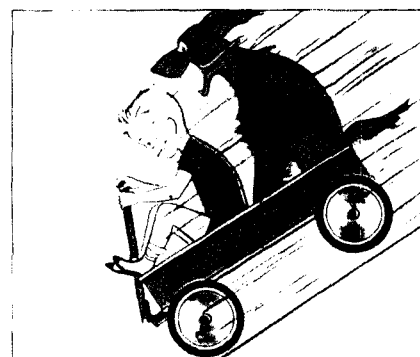
with pride, pausing now and then to gaze fondly on his "coat of arms," so conspicuous everywhere. For the lion's-head trade-mark on his punchboards by now had developed into a formal design—two lions rampant bearing a shield with impressive seigniorial markings, above the proud motto "The House of Sax," which Sax frankly says he expects to make as famous in the U.S. as the House of Rothschild in Europe.

### Lions, Lions Everywhere

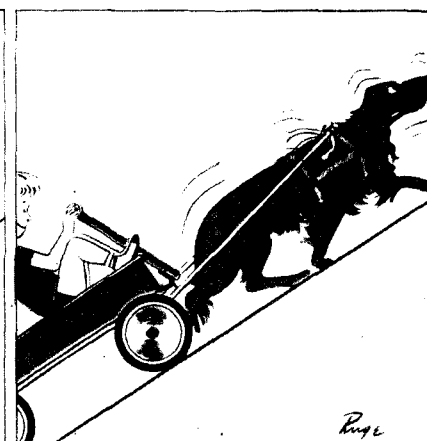
The Sax arms were emblazoned on the hotel's bronze elevator doors, on its matchbooks and stationery, on the silk bedspreads in every guest room, on the royal-blue-and-gold dinner plates—even on the pay checks of every chambermaid and dishwasher. And anyone who glanced across the street at the humbler El Morocco Hotel couldn't avoid noticing the two huge stone lions guarding its entrance, each flaunting the Sax shield—the addition of which, I was told, was the only "improvement" Sax made when he owned that hotel.

In Miami Beach, among "natives" unaware of his background, and visiting Hollywood and Broadway celebrities who stay at his hotel simply because it is the resort's swankest, Sax is 100 per cent successful in

## CLANCY



COLLIER'S



JOHN RUGE

a record six months, the block-long, 16-story, entirely air-conditioned, 246-room structure had cost \$5,000,000. And this, Sax pointed out proudly, broke down to \$21,000 per room—a cost far outstripping the resort's 370 other hotels.

Sax invited political big shots and Broadway and Hollywood celebrities to the gala opening on January 7, 1949. A Miami newsman described the huge, gold-pillared lobby as "fairly blinding with \$100,000,000 in guests' jewels, knee-deep in mink." And guests were fairly blinded by the splendors of the wide terraces, cantilevered balconies, heated pool and cabanas, and the cocktail lounges and dining rooms (with such purple names as the Shell-i-Mar Room, the Bamboo La Cocktail Lounge, and Ye Noshery), all executed in bold modern décor.

Sax moved his family into the swank penthouse. And, despite the sky-high rates—single rooms \$35 to \$50 a day; suites \$100 and up—the Saxony almost immediately was filled to capacity with a wealthy patronage from Northern cities. Guests were treated like royalty. Flowers greeted them on arrival. Within an hour they were given stationery and matchbooks printed with their names. On birthdays and anniversaries, men received gold cuff links and ladies orchids. Guests' home-town newspapers were bombarded with pictures and accounts of their doings. And, in one of the cabanas bordering the pool, a bookie was ensconced, with a loud-speaker and runners, so swimmers lolling about with iced drinks could place bets and hear the results of races at Hialeah or Tropical Park without stirring from their deck chairs.

Through it all strode Sax, fairly bursting

his clean-of-punchboards pose. Which may be why he spends most of his time, even hot summers, in Florida, although he owns a palatial Chicago home.

"Mr. Sax does not want an article written about him." "Mr. Sax cannot be reached." "Mr. Sax just left town unexpectedly."

This was the refrain chanted by a veritable cordon of Sax's employees whenever I attempted to contact him—in Miami Beach, in Chicago and in New York.

After weeks of verbal fencing, his legal counsel in New York, George M. Glassgold, finally suggested I submit a written list of the questions I wanted to ask Sax, which Glassgold himself "would consider" and to some of which he "might" later get the answers.

Sax's brothers and cousins, officers and managers of the six companies in his punchboard empire, all denied he now has any connection with punchboards. Philip and Maurice Sax, since 1931 his partners in GAM Sales Company, said flatly, in Peoria, that he has no interest in GAM. Max Sax, the fourth brother, president of the Superior, Container and Consolidated-Container companies, and Chester Sax, a cousin, president of Consolidated, similarly insisted that he has had no interest in any of the six companies since 1946.

"I own Superior and Container," Max added. "Chester, Irving (another cousin) and I together own Consolidated and Consolidated-Container."

Bernard Kahn, the Saxony public-relations man, Robert Greenfield, a vice-president and public-relations man for the Exchange National Bank, and Philip Wain, head of Philip Wain & Company, Chicago,

Collier's for February 10, 1951



tax consultants for the Sax companies, all also insisted George Sax no longer has the slightest financial interest in punchboards. Allan Baruck, a junior accountant, added, "We'll agree Sax made all his money in the punchboard business, but he's been clean of it for four years. He's in respectable businesses now."

Information was obtained on the last three years' sales volumes of Superior, Consolidated and Container, from file copies of these companies' corporation-tax returns.

Glassgold was asked if he had a financial interest in any of Sax's properties—punchboard companies, hotels or the bank. "No. Absolutely not," he said emphatically.

But on the official shareholders' list of the Exchange National Bank, there were registered in his name 407 shares—worth, at current market value, over \$100,000!

Kahn and Greenfield had tried to discourage my interest in seeing the bank's list of shareholders. Abandoning their many claims that Sax "is nothing but a banker and a hotel man," they protested Sax "actually has only a very small amount of bank stock and certainly doesn't own control." Edgar Heymann, the bank's president, repeated this. He insisted there was "absolutely no connection between the bank and any punchboard companies!" But, finally, he let me see the official list of shareholders—which I copied.

Only 540 shares of bank stock are entered in the name of George D. Sax, personally. However, his wife has 543 shares. And Sax, as trustee for his four sons, holds 840 more shares, 210 for each boy. Various relatives of his—the three brothers who manage his punchboard companies, a sister, two cousins (including Jerome Sax, a vice-president of the bank), and a brother-in-law, Meyer Friedman, managing director of the Saxony—have a total of 952 shares.

One of Sax's punchboard companies, Container, itself owns 350 shares of bank stock. The stock held by Sax and his relatives, plus that held by his lawyer and his punchboard company, adds up to 3,632 shares, a comfortable majority of the 7,000 issued by the bank.

The Kefauver Committee had subpoenaed the books of both the Superior and Consolidated companies, in preparation for an investigation of the punchboard racket, which it later dropped.

### Books Reveal Stockholders

W. D. Amis, a committee investigator, disclosed the subpoenaed books had included several recording minutes of stockholders' meetings in September, 1948, and September, 1949. Amis said these books listed the stockholders of both corporations, on those dates, as George D. Sax, Rhoda Sax (his wife), and George D. Sax as trustee for trusts for each of his four sons, Louis, Samuel, Edward and George, Jr.

When Max Sax, president of Superior, was confronted with this, he said that though he'd "bought all of George's stock in 1946" (including that registered for his wife and sons), he hadn't yet, on that date (October 23, 1950), paid for it! He agreed that George, therefore, actually still owned all the stock.

Max further admitted that the six persons (himself and five other employees) named in the corporate books of Superior and Consolidated (and Container) as the stockholders, were only "nominee" stockholders—bluntly, mere "fronts" for George Sax and his wife and children.

"The corporate books," he said, "are accessible to anybody in the bookkeeping department." (The minutes books are not.)

The ultimate in proof that George D. Sax is still Punchboard Manufacturing King, and did not sell out to his brothers in 1946, was revealed in subsequent conversations with members of his tax consultants' firm—and in perusal of their retained copies of his personal, corporation and partnership income tax returns:

The personal income shown for Sax in 1946 listed, among lesser items, \$111,662.46 from his punchboard companies; for 1947,

Collier's for February 10, 1951

\$52,150.18 from his punchboard companies; for 1948, \$41,575.15 from his punchboard companies; for 1949, \$46,192.36 from his punchboard companies!

(These totals, of course, represent only about one sixth of his punchboard factories' earnings, since his wife and the trusts for his four sons each own approximately equal amounts of stock in his principal companies.)

Sax has tried shifting the corporate structure of his punchboard companies to reduce his taxes. Ten years ago he dissolved the incorporated companies (all, that is, except GAM), and reorganized them as partnerships—with not only himself and his brother, Max, but also his wife and trusts set up for each of his small sons, as equal "partners" in his enterprises. It was a clever device—especially during boom war years, when a single company, Consolidated, reported 1947 net profits of \$452,380.03.

However, the Bureau of Internal Revenue finally re-examined his returns for 1941 through 1947, and disallowed them on grounds that trusts created for children cannot be considered as partners in a business. It demanded a "deficiency payment" of \$827,251.45, but gave Sax several years in which to pay and exacted no punishment except interest and a tiny "negligence" penalty. Foreseeing this "slap on the wrist," Sax shifted his companies back to their original corporate status in 1946.

The need to produce a first installment on that deficiency payment may have been why Sax sought a \$1,500,000 loan from the Reconstruction Finance Corporation on his brand-new Saxony Hotel. This was granted in May, 1949, according to Arthur Merritt of the RFC in Washington.

Sax usually has been "lucky." During the war, he was able to obtain from the War Production Board a paper allotment for his companies 65 per cent of normal. Merchants who supplied the public with wrapping paper, and manufacturers of books and stationery, were outraged. The WPB had rationed them to only 25 to 35 per cent of their normal needs—which, understandably, they considered more essential than punchboards.

And when Congress, at its last session, passed the Preston Bill to wipe out the slot-machine racket by banning interstate shipments, there was much speculation as to why punchboards hadn't been included. The lame excuse of the Department of Justice, which had helped frame the bill, was that punchboards were "difficult to define."

Actually, even without a federal law, the half-dozen punchboard factories in Chicago, including Sax's Superior and Consolidated companies, could be shut down today—under a state law passed in 1919, prohibiting manufacture of punchboards in any county "in which there is a United States Military Post, or a United States Naval Training Station of the first class." (Glenview Naval Air Station and Fifth Army Headquarters both are in Cook County.)

Sax's "luck" continued, too, when the Kefauver Committee recently dropped its intended punchboard investigation. He made quite a show of self-righteous anger when queried in Miami, last August 31st, about the report that the committee had issued a subpoena for him, and its announced intention to question him about a punchboard-manufacturing monopoly and to determine if gamblers had any interest in the company. Newsmen quoted Sax's indignant reply: "I wouldn't know a gangster if I met one on the street!"

However, while Sax customarily evaded unfavorable newspaper publicity, the Chicago Tribune, on November 15, 1943, published a signed story by its veteran crime reporter, James Doherty, revealing Cook County Highway Police had declared war on punchboards, "thereby ruining an extremely profitable racket in which Ed Vogel and George Sax enjoyed a monopoly in the country-town territory, where they represented the Guzik Gambling Syndicate." (Ed Vogel, one of the original Capone

gangsters, long has been identified as slot-machine czar of the Capone Syndicate—since Capone's death sometimes called the Guzik Syndicate, after Jack "Greasy Thumb" Guzik, Capone's business manager and later a mob leader.)

Furthermore, during 1947 and 1948, Sax had in his employ, as an officer of his Superior Company, one Robert R. Marcus. Marcus previously was a professional bondsman for Syndicate hoodlums, and a chief lieutenant to the late Billy Skidmore, who died in federal prison after long reigning as a top Chicago gambling boss.

### Quizzed About Shotgun Murder

In August, 1948, Marcus was questioned by Cook County State's Attorney's Investigator Gus Bartels, in connection with the shotgun slaying of Nathan Gumbin, wealthy Chicago paper-box manufacturer, when it was learned Gumbin's books showed more than \$30,000 of chip board had been sold to Superior Products. Bartels said Superior was the only local user of Gumbin's product. Marcus, identified as "an official" of Superior, was quoted as having "scoffed at the possibility of connecting Gumbin's death with the punchboard industry." Marcus now owns 47 shares of stock in Sax's Exchange National Bank, worth \$11,750.

One would have to be very naïve to believe Sax's assertion that he wouldn't know a gangster if he met one. When Tony Accardo, a top Capone mob lieutenant, made his annual trip to Miami last winter for a series of conferences with underworld boss Frank Costello, he stayed at the Saxony Hotel. (Accardo has been arrested and questioned by Chicago police in connection with a dozen gang murders, including that of James Ragen, racing-news-service head.) And not only did Costello repeatedly meet Accardo for long talks in the Saxony's bar, between January 15 and 26, 1950, but Sax was seen with them more than once.

When William H. "Big Bill" Johnston, who, according to the Kefauver Committee, "has had a long career of close association with Chicago racketeers of the Capone gang," went to Miami last August 14th, he, too, checked in at the Saxony. And he frequently was seen in long, intimate conversations with Sax. Johnston, who controls several lucrative Chicago and Florida race tracks, was in Miami to explain to the State Racing Commission the \$100,000 contribution he and others admitted making to Governor Fuller Warren's campaign fund and its alleged connection with the granting of race-track franchises.

Jack Arvey, Illinois's Democratic boss, and Arthur X. Elrod, his second in command, not only are regular visitors at the Saxony but, while there, spend much time with their old buddy, George Sax. (Arvey's daughter recently was married at the Saxony.) Elrod was once bondsman for the late Jack Zuta's gunmen, and financial "handy man" for Zuta—one of Chicago's most notorious brothel keepers.

Business was a little slow when I was in Miami Beach, in November. The "season" hadn't begun yet, of course. And, too, the Saxony's illegal bookie concession had been shut down. This had occurred, on May 17th, only after four raids by sheriff's deputies and police. Miami Beach Police Chief Albert Simpson told me he estimated Sax's revenue from leasing "the most lucrative bookie concession in town" as "no less than \$50,000 a year."

But Sax needn't worry if patronage slows down at the Saxony. For his punchboard companies will continue stacking up his millions. In fact, this last holiday season his Superior Company invaded the Christmas toy market with a brand-new item—a punchboard designed for children! It's not meant for gambling. The little tots punch out questions to answer—which, I presume, classifies it as a quiz contest. But it closely duplicates professional punchboards.

And Sax couldn't have thought of a better way to convert the younger generation into punchboard addicts!

THE END

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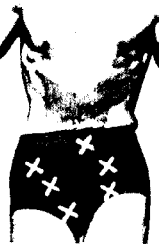
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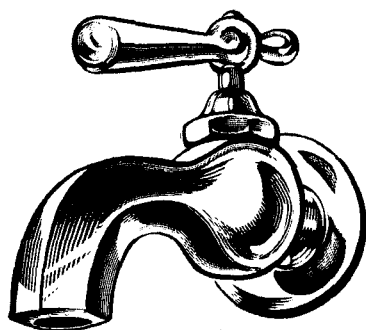
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## Scarlet Runner

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19

price was too high. But he didn't agree.

"Not Luke," he'd say. "Luke wasn't that way. No matter how much he disliked Kathy, he'd never hand over his money and property to her just to get rid of her. And that patched-up old brown suit he wore the day he was in here—Luke was sloppy, all right, but if he was going away he'd wear a better suit than that."

But for all Harvey's wondering, nothing came of it. Not, that is, until one day when Anson Walker strutted into the store.

Anse wasn't a regular customer by any means, not being a gardening man, but he had a bunch of red flowers in his hand.

"Say, Harve," he said in that kind of kidding tone he used, "you're a horticultural expert." You could tell he was proud of the big word. "What's the name of these flowers?"

Harvey told him. Then he asked, "Why do you want to know?"

Anse grinned. "Going to impress Kathy. She thinks I don't know anything about flowers. These are growing away over on the west side of the property, along the fence. Kathy don't even know they're there. I'm going to pick a bunch of 'em for her, and surprise her by telling her the name."

"Um," Harvey said. "Over to the west side, you say?"

"Yep. In the far corner of the lot, where it's mostly weeds. Can't even see it from the house. Well, thanks, Harve."

"Welcome," Harvey said.

A couple of the boys were in the store when Anson came in, and they remarked, later, how thoughtful Harvey's face grew. But he didn't say anything, just went on with his work.

It was the next Monday that he went to see Chet Hennessey. "Chief," he said, "will you do me a favor?"

"Will if I can, Harve," Chet replied. Chet was a stout, good-natured man, but he could be real tough when he had to—which wasn't very often.

"Will you come with me and dig up a piece of Kathy Manton's property?" Harvey asked.

Chet looked astonished. "Why, no, I won't, Harve," he said. "I got no right doin' things like that. What's it for, anyhow?"

"Can't tell you," Harvey said. "Maybe nothing, and I don't want to make trouble for innocent people. But I sure wish you'd do it, Chet."

Chet looked at him. Harvey was no jackass, and he didn't go off half-cocked, either. So finally Chet said, "All right, Harve. It's crazy, but I'll go with you. Tomorrow morning, early, before Kathy is up. I don't want her to see me makin' a damned fool of myself. You bring the shovels." . . .

Just after sunrise Harvey, in the store delivery truck, called for Chet at his house. He had shovels and a pick. "What part of

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### THE DEBUNKER

### THE DEBUNKING

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Weather  
Bureau

Clouds do not burst during a "cloudburst"—a current of air which was holding up the rain merely lets go suddenly.

Chemist,  
British War  
Office

The victims in the historic Black Hole of Calcutta horror did not die from lack of air, but from heat stroke.

Geologist,  
University of  
Toronto

If earthquakes stopped, man would be doomed, because the land would gradually be worn smooth by the erosive action of the sea.

Explorer,  
American Society  
of Mechanical  
Engineers

Blizzards at the North Pole are not as fierce as those regularly encountered in Montana and North Dakota winters.

Ornithologist,  
London

A nest is not a bird's home, as popularly taken for granted—it's merely a nursery.

Zoo Director,  
St. Louis

A person is really a glutton if he "eats like a hummingbird," which consumes four times its weight in food daily.

Researcher,  
Royal Baking In-  
stitute

The original Thanksgiving observance of the Pilgrims was not a feast day, but a fast day.

Physician,  
Atlanta

A hot bath just before going to bed does not make one sleep soundly—it has practically no effect.

Historian,  
Baltimore

1950 wasn't the first time that American soldiers have fought in Korea—a United States Navy landing force successfully stormed Korean forts in 1871.

—W. E. FARBSTAIN



## BUTCH



"The nice man gave me all these pretty knives and forks for a ride on my sled"

COLLIER'S

LARRY REYNOLDS

Kathy's property we going to spade up?" Chet wanted to know. "Pretty big parcel she's got. Not aimin' to dig the whole acreage, are you?"

Harvey just grinned, and said Chet would see soon enough.

They drove to the west corner of the lot, got out, and Harvey handed Chet a shovel. "Might as well earn your keep," he said.

They started to dig. They didn't have to dig long, because Luke Manton wasn't buried very deep. He still had on the old brown suit, only it was in worse condition than when Luke wore it around town.

CHET didn't say much. He bent down and turned the body over. Then he pointed. "Back of the skull," he said. "That dent. That's what killed him."

"Seems," Harvey said, "like it might have been done with a flatiron."

"Sure does."

"Chet," Harvey said, "what say you and me go over and sit on the fence for a few minutes and smoke a pipe?"

Chet was willing. He was calm enough outside, but inside he didn't feel so good. It's not nice to come like that on a body of a man you knew all your life, even if you didn't like him particularly.

So he and Harvey sat on the top rail of the fence and smoked. And finally Chet asked, "How did you know?"

Instead of answering, Harvey fingered some flowers that were growing along the fence. "Pretty, ain't they?" he said. "Know what kind they are?"

"Sure. Scarlet runners. But what—"

"The day Luke disappeared," Harvey said, "he gave me a list of things Kathy wanted him to buy. I got most of 'em for him. One item I had in my own store. I remembered it especially, because I didn't have 'em packaged, and gave them to him loose."

"But I still don't understand—"

"They were scarlet runner beans," Harvey said patiently. "Luke put 'em in his pocket, and I recall wondering whether he had a hole in that pocket, because Kathy never sewed anything for him. Maybe if she had . . ."

Light was beginning to break on the chief. "You mean that the scarlet runner beans you sold Luke—these flowers came from those beans?"

Harvey nodded. "That's it," he said slowly. "When Anson came into the store with a bunch of these flowers in his hand and wanted to know the name of 'em—said he was going to surprise Kathy by his knowledge of flowers—and told me they were growing here, in this wild spot, where scarlet runners would never grow unless they were planted, I had my notion. I came out here afterward, just to make sure. And here they were—right where Luke planted them."

"Luke planted 'em!"

"Yes. Only he was dead when he did it. Kathy must have killed him with the flatiron for his money—and for Anse Walker. Then at night she dragged his body all the way over here and buried it. She always was a strong girl. But she didn't bother to check the list of things Luke had brought home, so the scarlet runner beans stayed in his pocket. And the pocket *did* have a hole in it. The beans ran out when Kathy was planting Luke near the fence—and grew up into these flowers. Don't know when I've seen better-looking scarlet runners, either. Luke would have been proud of 'em."

Chet knocked out his pipe. "You don't think Anson could have had anything to do with it?"

Harvey shook his head. "He'd never have come to me wanting to know what the flowers were if he knew they were right over Luke's grave. No, Kathy did this alone."

"But what about that thousand dollars Luke took out of the bank? Maybe he really did intend to leave town after all—but Kathy beat him to the punch."

"Maybe. Not likely we'll ever know, for sure. One thing certain, Kathy's got the money now."

Then a sort of half-grin came over Harvey's face.

"What's that about?" Chet asked.

"I was just thinking," Harvey said, "that if Anse hadn't been such a loudmouth, wanting to show off in front of Kathy about the flowers, we might never have found Luke, and Anse and Kathy would have had all Luke's money—in seven years. Anson just talked himself out of a good deal. Well, it just goes to show that when you trade one man in for another, you never can be sure what kind you're getting. Now maybe we better go over to the house and wake up Kathy, hey, Chief?"

THE END

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HARRY DEVLIN

## It Doesn't Make Sense

THE EIGHTY-SECOND CONGRESS is faced with some urgent and momentous business. But we hope that current crises will not keep its members from doing something about the statute of limitations which applies to the prosecution of spies and *saboteurs*. For the sake of logic and the country's safety they should have acted months ago and why they haven't is hard to understand. But at this writing, things are where they were last March, when the House passed a bill extending the period of limitation from three years to 10. The Senate has yet to act.

The House bill is some improvement, we suppose. But why should there be any limitations? If one man kills another, the law can hound him to the ends of the earth and the end of his life. But if one man gives information to a foreign power which, directly or indirectly, can result in the killing of thousands in time of war, he can thumb his nose at the law after three years. That is the situation today.

It is ironic that Alger Hiss could only be tried for the minor offense of perjury because Whittaker Chambers' accusations came after the law had clothed Hiss in its armor of protection. The contemptible crime of espionage was the nub of the whole case, and it overshadowed the whole case. But it was still only a shadow with-

out legal substance. It is equally ironic, to those of us who think there was more to the Amerasia case than was ever made public, to see that investigation peter out in a vapor of half-concealment, and to know that even if indictable evidence had been produced, the statute of limitations again would have blocked proper action.

Surely the members of this Congress, or any Congress, would agree that there is no more despicable creature than the person who would betray his own country. So why do they encourage him in the hope that if he commits his betrayal in peacetime, and conceals it for three years or 10 years, all is forgiven? It doesn't make sense.

### General, We Thank You

THERE ARE SEVERAL THINGS about totalitarianism that dictators have never explained to our satisfaction, and two of them are these:

If Communism or Fascism is the ideal structure of society, as the top men of both systems have insisted, why does it have to be forced upon a population with ruthlessness and repression?

And if capitalism is as corrupt and cruel as the dictators say, why hasn't it either fallen apart of its own weakness or been destroyed by the

free people of such a country as ours, where capitalism flourishes?

We sought enlightenment the other day in an address by that eminent statesman and political philosopher, General Juan D. Perón, President of Argentina, without coming up with the answers. But we thought that our readers might possibly be interested, as we were, in some examples of the mishmash of Hitlerian Marxism that distinguished the general's discourse.

"The capitalist economy," said President Perón, "has undoubtedly been the evil of humanity in the nineteenth century and this much of the twentieth, with the exploitation of man by man and with the abuses to which capitalism has given rise—abuses of liberty, abuses of property, abuses of all kinds which have been the cause which has led the world to Communism.

"Communism is not a cause. Communism is in effect a reaction against the capitalists, so that if Communism is to disappear, capitalism has to disappear first."

We're not going to contradict the general with the flat statement that capitalism is a perfect system. But, speaking only of the United States as the world's leading capitalist country, we venture the opinion that it is more than coincidence that our freedom has flourished and our strength has grown for more than 150 years under that system. Furthermore, the system itself has grown in strength and justice through orderly improvements which have corrected many former abuses.

From what we can learn of Argentina today, we should say that the situation there is quite the opposite. The general has destroyed a part of the country's capitalist structure, but in doing so he has also destroyed a good many freedoms that formerly existed.

For instance, he has done a thorough, Soviet-type job on the country's labor unions, lumping them together under a government-controlled General Labor Confederation. He has all but done away with the free and independent press. But he has also met with some resistance. Railroad laborers and guards recently went out on strike and defied General Perón's order to return. And a couple of newspapers, notably *La Prensa*, have made a courageous stand in the face of the general's tireless campaign of intimidation and harassment.

We don't think that capitalism is going to disappear, in spite of the general's predictions. And we certainly don't think that Communism would disappear, again according to the general's prediction, if capitalism vanished from the face of the earth. Communism won't disappear while there are still men in power who believe that secret police, slave labor camps and firing squads are the proper instruments for impressing the populace with the blessings of Marx's Utopia.

If we had to pick the likeliest candidate for political oblivion, we'd have to go along with General Perón's own brand of state capitalism. Perónism, like Francoism, is still haunted by the ghosts of Hitler and Mussolini. But General Perón has neither *Wehrmacht* nor *Luftwaffe* to underscore his philosophy. Without them that philosophy has no chance of doing anything to hasten the disappearance of capitalism, "the evil of humanity" which the Argentine dictator despises.

At any rate, we may feel a reserved gratitude to General Perón for his contribution to our better understanding, if not to hemisphere solidarity. In troubled times it's always well to know who are your friends and who aren't.

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