



# NO TABLE for the Lady Plumber

You can get very tired of being suave. I had—and Cromwell knew it and disliked me for it. But I was good at my job and he'd never fire me

By JOE McCARTHY

THE Monaghans asked us over Saturday night to meet their week-end guests, a couple from New York named Fenton who were supposed to be a lot of fun. "You kids will love them," Evelyn Monaghan said. "They're a riot." No doubt the Fentons have a large personal following, but halfway through the first drink I decided that I'd rather listen to Sid Caesar and Imogene Coca.

Mrs. Fenton was doing the talking. She was letting us rubes on Long Island know how much time she spent in the smart Manhattan night spots.

"Ted and I were at the Côte d'Azur on Thursday," she announced. "Larry Cromwell sat at our table for a while. You've probably read in the columns about Larry Cromwell. He owns the Côte d'Azur. It's almost impossible to get in there unless they know you. I guess it's just about the most exclusive place in town, isn't it, Ted?"

Ted said it was, just about.

I felt like pointing out that 21, the Colony and the Stork Club had not yet resorted to barkers on their sidewalks to entice customers.

Ted mentioned the name of a well-known movie actor and said, "I understand he was turned away from the Côte d'Azur last year. That will give you some idea."

Ted had it wrong. The movie actor was not turned away last year. He was turned away in 1939. And Ted had left out the best part of it. Cromwell fired the doorman for two weeks and sent the movie actor apologies and gifts and begged him to come back. When the movie actor came back a week later, whoever was on the door didn't recognize him either and he was barred a second time.

"We were with Bill Westcott, a man who handles Ted's advertising," Mrs. Fenton said. "Bill is one of Larry Cromwell's best friends."

I knew Bill Westcott's type. I would give ten to one that Cromwell wouldn't know Bill Westcott if he fell over him. Before the Fentons arrived that night at the Côte d'Azur, Westcott grabbed Cromwell by the lapels and explained that he wanted to make an impression on a customer. He arranged with Cromwell to be greeted by his first name.

"Have you, Mr. Delessio?" Mrs. Fenton was saying to me. I had not been listening.

"Have I what, Mrs. Fenton?" I said.

"Please, folks," Evelyn Monaghan said. "A little less formality. In this house, you are Lillian and Ted and Maggie and Andy. After all, you're already becoming old friends."

Evelyn meant well.

"I was asking you if you've ever been to the Côte d'Azur," Mrs. Fenton—Lillian—said to me.

"Oh," I said. "No. Not recently."

"Now you stop it, Andy," Evelyn Monaghan said. "Lillian, I'm afraid Andy's being coy. Or he's trying to rib you. He's not only been at the Côte d'Azur, he worked there for ten years. He was Larry Cromwell's right-hand man."

"Really?" Mrs. Fenton said. "My, what a simply fascinating job that must have been. Why did you ever leave it?"

"Maggie made me a better offer," I said. "She said if I married her, she'd give me a job out here in her plumbing business."

It took Mrs. Fenton a moment to digest that one.

"You actually mean you left the Côte d'Azur to go into the plumbing business?" she said.

"Well, the plumbing-supply business. We don't fix leaks. We sell faucets and pipes and things to the plumbers who do fix them."

"But why, how, did you ever bring yourself to make such a change?" Mrs. Fenton said. "Good heavens. It must have been so interesting, so glamorous working with Larry Cromwell. He's such a charming person. After ten years with him, how could you possibly be contented in a small town like this?"

I flashed an SOS at Maggie and said, "It's a long and pretty dull story."

Maggie came to my rescue. "I don't want to interrupt," she said. "But, speaking of plumbers, did you hear the one about the plumber who wanted to buy his wife a mink coat?"

While she was telling it, I slipped out to the kitchen to help Hugh Monaghan fix another round of drinks. When I came back, they were talking about something else and nobody, thank Heaven, mentioned Larry Cromwell or the Côte d'Azur for the rest of the evening.

WE BROKE away from the Monaghans and the Fentons around midnight. When I came into the house after putting the car in the garage, Maggie was upstairs getting ready for bed. The cocker spaniel jumped all over me and I let him out the back door. I took a couple of bottles of beer out of the refrigerator and poured them for Maggie and myself and waited in the kitchen for the dog to return from his tour of inspection so I could lock up for the night.

I looked at the clean, comfortable kitchen and listened to Maggie moving around upstairs and I thought how happy I had been in the two years I had lived in this house. I thought about the afternoons lying in the sun with Maggie at (Continued on page 72)

ILLUSTRATED BY FREDRIC VARADY



Cromwell had briefed everybody at the Côte d'Azur about her, and she was welcomed like somebody from Hollywood who was celebrating her third divorce



# CANCER QUACKS

By BILL FAY

*Medical fakers with fantastic "cures" find it conveniently easy to prey on the desperate victims of the dread disease. Here's the low-down on how they squeeze \$8,000,000 a year from hapless Americans*

**A**N ESTIMATED 4,000 cancer quacks are trading in human misery in this country today. At Detroit, Michigan, the Christian Medical Research League grosses approximately \$500,000 a year distributing thimble-sized ampoules of Glyoxylide, a so-called cancer remedy which government chemists have testified cannot be distinguished from distilled water. Price: \$25 per ampoule, F.O.B., Detroit.

In Chicago, the notorious Dr. George Franklin Smith, who surrendered his Indiana license in 1948 to avoid charges of gross immorality in the practice of medicine, occupies plush downtown offices and has been retailing Glyoxylide at \$325 per treatment.

As Dr. Smith's fees would indicate, cancer quackery is big business. A nation-wide survey recently completed by Collier's reveals that get-rich-quick charlatans such as Smith are peddling their worthless salves and secret serums in every state and in virtually every city with a population of 100,000 or above.

According to information furnished by the Damon Runyon Memorial Fund for Cancer Research, the total amount of money which these heartless quacks squeezed out of their desperate victims last year was \$8,000,000.

Each year, more than 200,000 Americans die as a result of cancer. No one can say with certainty how many of these unfortunate victims are hoodwinked into using quack nostrums.

For example, witnesses in Federal District Court at Dallas, Texas, testified during the course of a civil action for libel and slander in 1949 that Harry M. Hoxsey operated upon the breast of a woman, using a razor blade, and packed the incision with an arsenic compound. According to medical authorities, the use of arsenic on external

lesions is both dangerous and outmoded. Hoxsey's patient, treated in his nationally advertised cancer sanatorium at Dallas, died of heavy metals poisoning within 10 days.

Incredible as it may seem, Harry M. Hoxsey is not a doctor. His formal education ended in the eighth grade. He is under permanent injunction in Iowa for unauthorized practice of medicine. He once admitted under oath that he has been arrested "several hundred times, I imagine" for practicing medicine without a license. When he attempted to operate a "cancer clinic" at Taylorville, Illinois, the local obituary columns carried such headlines as "Death-a-Day Week's Record at the Hoxide." His subsequent attempts to establish "clinics" at Wheeling, West Virginia, and Detroit, Michigan, were frustrated by alert medical licensing boards. Yet the income from the cancer sanatorium which Hoxsey is currently operating in Dallas has exceeded \$200,000 a year!

No one is absolutely safe from cancer quacks. A list of their dupes would include a wealthy Pennsylvania industrialist, a distinguished United States senator, a prominent Southern clergyman, the mother of a famous male film star and the wife of a trustee of an outstanding Midwestern university.

A clever quack might fool anybody—even *you*. Perhaps that statement sounds fantastic, but it is tragically true. When suddenly confronted with the fear of cancer, the most intelligent person may become panic-stricken and grasp at medical straws. Here is a typical case which illustrates how even a *scientifically trained* person can be fooled by a clever quack.

In November, 1948, a registered nurse employed by a hospital in a large Southern city discovered a

lump in her right breast. Biopsy revealed the tumor was malignant. Diagnosis: cancer.

In February, 1949, the nurse underwent surgery. Her right breast was removed. A month later, she received supporting X-ray therapy.

The surgeon who performed the operation told her bluntly: "I think we got it all out, but we can't be sure in these cancer cases—you know that as well as I do. If you don't have a recurrence within five years, you can consider yourself cured."

Late in March, the nurse went home to convalesce. She was weak, underweight and experiencing severe attacks of nausea. Mentally, she was tortured by the fear that malignant cancer cells—which might have escaped the surgeon's knife—were spreading throughout her body.

On April 9th, she described her condition in a letter to Dr. John E. Hett, a Canadian physician who advertises that cancer can be diagnosed with 95 per cent accuracy by microscopical examination of a drop of blood. In reply, she received from Dr. Hett a small cardboard box containing a glass slide.

Following instructions, the nurse daubed three drops of blood on the slide and returned it to the Hett Cancer Treatment and Research Foundation, 1441 Sandwich Street, E., Windsor, Ontario, Canada. Three weeks later, she was informed that her test was positive (indicating cancer).

In May, the nurse entered the Hett clinic at Windsor for a series of injections with a secret serum which Dr. Hett allegedly discovered in 1931. The brownish liquid, injected directly into the vein, induced a chill followed by a high fever with temperatures ranging from 100 to 103 degrees.

Gradually, the nurse regained weight and strength. Within a year, (Continued on page 48)

Harry M. Hoxsey (inset) runs this Dallas cancer clinic. He once admitted under oath he has been arrested "several hundred times" for practicing medicine without license



In Pittsburgh, Mrs. Lillian Lazenby and Philip Drosnes sell "cure" containing insects' wings, fungi and mites

