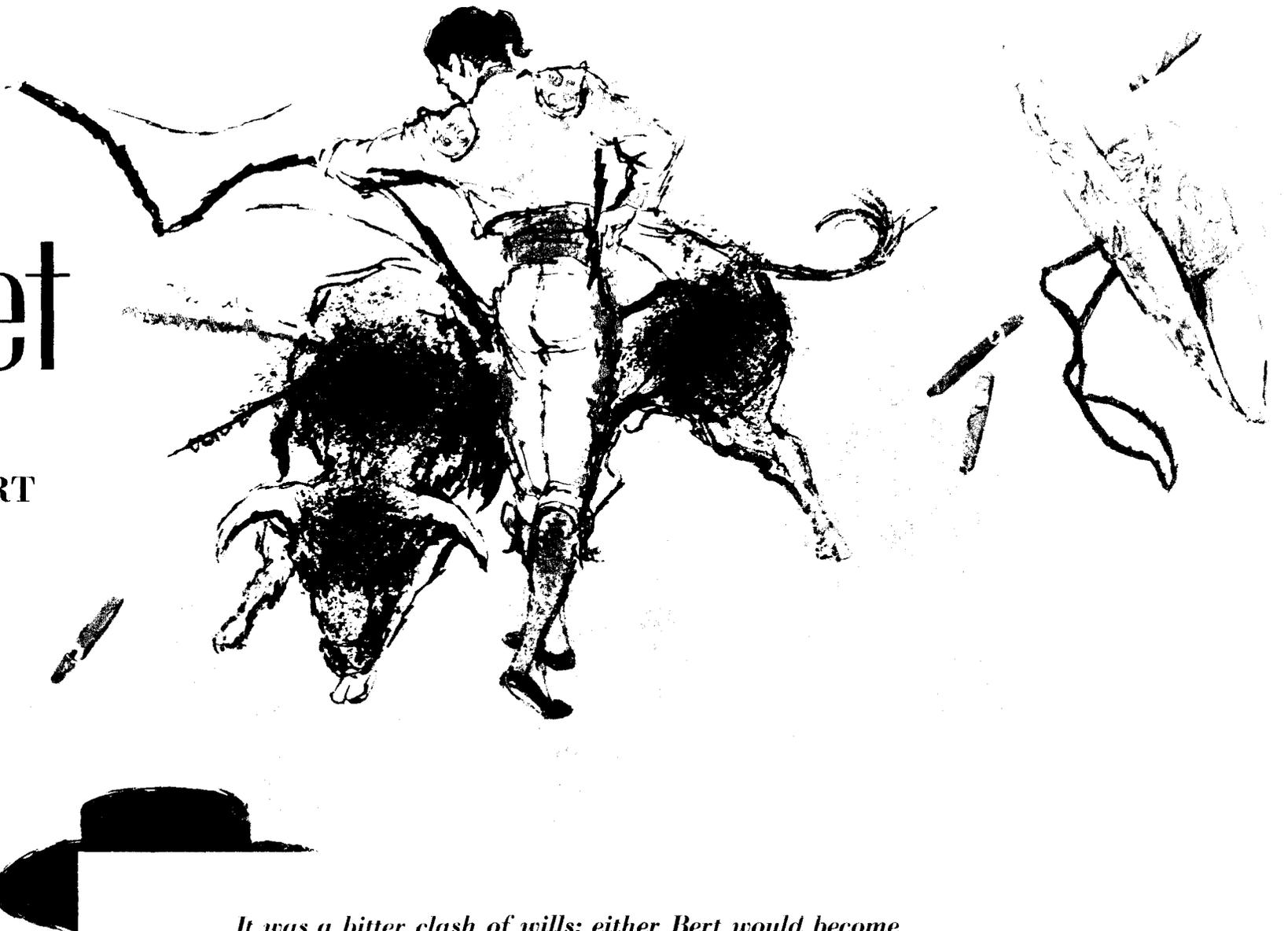


A Girl to



Forget

By VAN CORT



*It was a bitter clash of wills: either Bert would become
a star's husband or Helen would become merely his wife.
But both were proud—and more than pride was at stake*

BERT REYNOLDS was fed to the teeth with bullfighting. He had talked, eaten and slept bullfighting till it was coming out his ears; back at the studio he had sat in a projection room for days looking at nothing but bullfight pictures—and yet he had never actually seen a bull killed. He was going to see that now, but he did not care. So far as he was concerned they could kill all the bulls in Mexico and be done with it.

John Harrison, who was to direct the picture Reynolds was writing, leaned across Reynolds' wife, Helen Winsor, and said, "Pinto bulls are no good. The last one I saw—that was at Tijuana—they had to lead it out with the steers. Don't expect anything."

Reynolds said nothing. He stared angrily down into the ring, thinking only of his steadily growing hatred for Harrison and of his disgust with himself.

The pinto circled the ring, carefully avoiding the mounted picador and his lance, and then returned to the door of the *toril* through which it had entered. It took up its stand there. The two *banderilleros* flicked their capes at its nose. The crowd hooted as the animal made a halfhearted thrust at one of the men and then stopped.

Harrison got out a flask of rum and drank from it. He did it with an affected little mannerism that somehow angered Reynolds. And then he saw that Helen was watching Harrison too. She had a way of watching people, what they did, how they spoke. She could make a man self-conscious merely by looking at him. Yet you could never tell what was going on in her mind; you could not guess even when you were telling her you loved her.

Dorothy Baker, Harrison's secretary, was staring morbidly at the bull, clinically interested in seeing it die. She was sleek and small, and she tittered nerv-

ously when she got excited. The bull, standing near the door to the *toril*, refused to move.

"So this is how it looks before the bum takes are cut out," Reynolds said. "Great sport."

"Who said it was a sport?" Harrison asked. "This is a ceremony. This is life and death presented symbolically. I want you to look at it that way. You've got to understand that watching this is the peak of vicarious thrills."

Helen moved her eyes slowly from Harrison down to the ring. Reynolds grimaced. The Baker girl giggled nervously.

Fuentes, the matador, had come across the ring now and by violent citing had lured the bull away from the *toril* gate. It was a clumsy-looking, short-coupled animal, and it was halfway across the ring before it made anything that could be called a charge. Then suddenly the *banderilleros* ran and the man on horseback stood before the bull.

While the bull was trying to make up its mind, the picador left-spurred the horse so that he could plant the lance. The operation was pitifully undramatic; the bull snorted and backed away from the point.

"That was to tire the neck muscles," Harrison explained unnecessarily.

"Unfair," Reynolds said flatly.

"Nonsense. You don't expect the man to kill the bull when its head is up."

Without looking at Harrison, Reynolds said, "I'd like to see that sometime."

Harrison looked at him and said, "The bull will get killed, but only when he gets mad enough. They have to fix him first; but he'll die in the heat of anger, when he is living the most. That's the beauty of it."

Reynolds said, "Yes, but they have to fix him first."

"Look, look!" The Baker girl was halfway out



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of her seat. The bull had finally become annoyed and was charging the horse; the lance point was rammed into the neck muscle; the picador put his weight on it and the wood shaft splintered. Enraged, the bull caught the horse under the belly and lifted the animal and rider into the air. They hit the ground with a thud.

FUENTES stepped in and made the *quite*, working the bull into the middle of the ring while two attendants pulled the picador to safety behind a *burladero*.

The horse was done for and had to be dragged from the ring. "Here," Harrison said, getting out the flask again and pouring a drink for Helen. "Take this, and don't worry about the horse."

She took the metal cup and drank quickly. Reynolds said, "Enjoying yourself?" He tried to keep the sarcasm from his voice.

She was looking at the bull which had returned to its *querencia*. "I don't know. Give me a cigarette, please."

The second picador rode over toward the *toril* gate and threw his hat at the bull. The pinto, remembering the easy victory and forgetting the lance, ran forward at a sharp trot, lowering its horns; but this picador planted the pike pole far back of the withers and stopped the charge.

"Beautiful," Harrison said. "Beautiful. Now watch!"

Angry, the bull turned away, and then galloped back in a new charge and took the lance again. This time the point was placed in the neck muscle, and the bull shook its head in pain and gave up.

"That's done it," Harrison said and uncapped the flask and drank with his affected flourish.

Reynolds lighted a cigarette. "What's beautiful about it? The bull hasn't got a chance."

"Oh, you miss the point entirely," Harrison's voice was insolent, as if he thought it useless to explain to Reynolds. "Have a drink; you need one," he said.

Okay, Reynolds thought as he took the flask, don't get me sore. I'm the nameless dialogue hack who happens to be married to your bright new star. The rum tasted good and did not burn. He looked at Helen and felt sick with love for her.

The second picador was placing the lance once more, jabbing it into the thick hump of neck muscle. The bull was furious now; it backed away and attacked the horse again and again, and each time the picador jabbed it with the lance.

Suddenly the trumpet blew, the *banderillos* distracted the bull's attention with their capes, and when the animal looked for the horse and rider again, they were gone.

"*Banderillas* now," said Harrison. "That was the best pic work I've seen in a long time. He's getting just tired enough."

"Every time the bull has a chance, it's confronted with a new angle," Reynolds said. "It seems they taunt the beast with each phase of the game—but only as long as there's no danger to the man."

Harrison did not bother to answer. The bull was now confronted by a solitary man, standing poised, as if waiting for death. With a snort, the bull lowered its head and charged.

But the man stepped aside and the bull trotted to a halt with two barbed shafts hanging from its bloodied withers. As it turned, another *banderillero* faced it, and it charged again.

"The bulls are not stupid," Harrison said. "You can never use the same bull twice. In the second *corrida* it would know all the tricks—"

A shout from the crowd interrupted him. The pinto had made a run at the second *banderillero*, who stepped aside with bloodstained pants and bowed his head to the crowd.

"You say there's no danger?" Harrison asked excitedly.

"I say the bull has no chance," Reynolds said, his breath coming a little faster. He realized then that he had hoped the man would get caught on the horn and he was surprised at himself. "Bullfighting looks very pretty on the screen, but in reality—well, we know the outcome. The bull gets killed. It's just a fancy, sadistic form of butchery."

Harrison turned, his handsome face flushed with personal resentment, but then he shrugged and gave a tolerant,

shouldered. He handled the bull elegantly, drawing steady *ole's* from the crowd as he went through the *verónica*, *pase de pecho*, and *pase de la muerte*. There was a hawklike assurance about him when he finally had the bull fixed and returned to the *burladero* for his sword. He nodded briefly to the crowd, showing his fine white teeth. At that moment Reynolds hated the lithe, virile Latin. Helen was applauding excitedly—she had always had a great capacity for admiring men other than himself.

The bull waited in the center of the arena. Fuentes tossed his black hat to Harrison, who gave it to Helen. And then the matador made a brief speech in Spanish, dedicating the bull to her. People clapped and stood up to look at their party when the name "Helen Winsor" was mentioned.

The matador turned and walked leisurely out toward the bull, carrying his wooden sword and muleta. The animal still stood there in the bright sunshine, waiting. It started to lift its head but stopped, the *banderillas* obviously hurting it; the coagulating blood made red blotches on the quivering black-and-white shoulders.

The slender, elegant man took his stance, sword on hip, raised his chin and shook the muleta. "Eh, toro! Eh!"

The bull lowered its head and came forward in a rush, *banderillas* clacking, and passed under the muleta.

Go ahead and run, Reynolds thought. No matter how you twist and turn, you'll end up dead. You're like some people I know; you make the same stupid mistakes over and over again, never learning. You're like me.

Fuentes had complete control of the bull; he passed it this way and that, seemingly without effort, working so close that his white shirt and trousers got smeared with blood and the sticks hit him in the face. The man and the animal made a brilliant picture in the dazzling sunlight. The bull never found the man, never learned that he was not behind the cape.

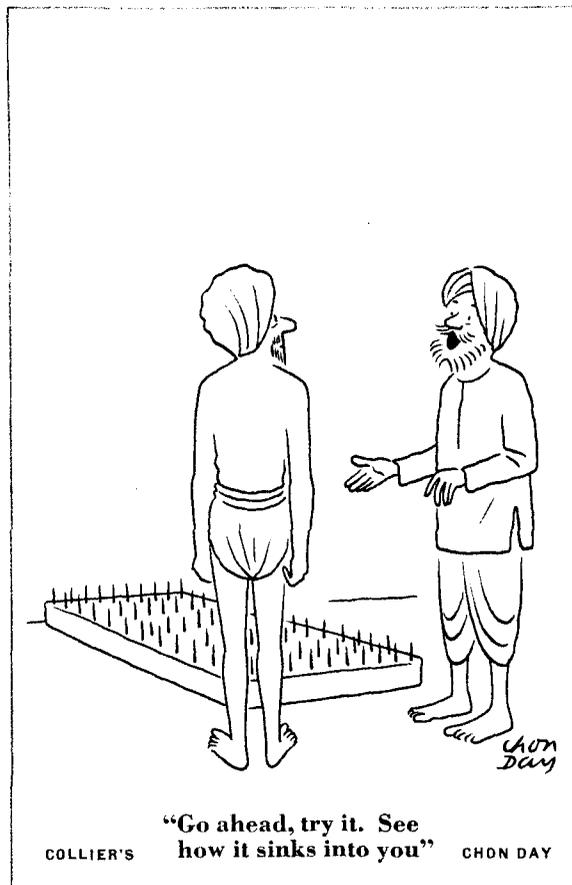
The sword handler ran out and gave Fuentes the steel *estoque* and took back the wooden sword. The bull, breathing hard and seemingly resigned, stood with its forefeet properly together, its head down. Reynolds

felt that the animal wanted just one more chance at the cape. Suddenly he had a great sympathy for the animal. It was a brave bull after all. It had fought. And then Fuentes raised the sword above the muleta and rose tentatively to his toes. He shook the cape gently.

REYNOLDS heard his pulse beating in his ears; his stomach muscles tightened involuntarily.

Fuentes took a step toward the animal; the bull moved forward suddenly, bowing to the red cloth with its last strength. The matador leaned over the horns, and then, pushed by the animal's movement, stepped nimbly aside and staggered a little before regaining his balance. The bull's forelegs collapsed and it rolled over on its side. The hind legs kicked; the head moved on the sand, the muzzle gushing bright blood from a pierced lung.

Fuentes, his back to the bull, was acknowledging the shouting crowd as the attendant came running to give the



"Go ahead, try it. See how it sinks into you" CHON DAY

half-amused smirk that angered Reynolds. "Maybe you better change your attitude, boy, if you're going to do the writing on this picture," Harrison said.

Reynolds wanted to say: Maybe you better get yourself another boy. He wanted to get up and leave, walk out, drive back to Los Angeles, pack his stuff and return to New York and his novel. He had started the novel long ago, and then he had talked it to death. If he were a man, that was what he would do.

He looked at Helen, who was concentrating self-consciously on the ring. How could he bring himself to leave her? He had tried once, and he had come crawling back. That was the worst part of love, he told himself; it made a beggar of you.

Fuentes, the matador, had just placed the last pair of *banderillas* himself and the crowd was cheering him. Helen was watching him intently, her eyes wide and her mouth slightly open.

The matador was dark and bony; he was like a dancer, hipless and broad-



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animal the *coup de grâce* with the *puntilla*. Reynolds felt emotion only for the huge animal out there on the sand.

He got up, feeling sick and angry. He took hold of Helen's arm. "Come on, let's get out of here."

She paid no attention to him. She sat and stared at Fuentes, who was walking around the ring while the crowd threw cigars and hats into the arena.

"It's a fraud," he said. "A butchery. Don't you want to go?"

Without looking up, she said, "He has another bull to kill."

Harrison turned to her in a way that struck Reynolds as offensively intimate. "You like it?" he asked.

She would not commit herself. "It's exciting."

Dorothy Baker dabbed at her face with a tiny handkerchief and looked at the three of them uneasily. Reynolds sat down and watched as a team of mules dragged the bull around the ring and out. By all the rules and past records his fate was as sealed as that of the bull. He thought glumly about the fact that he was a nameless writer while his wife was a rising star, away out of his salary bracket. He was an encumbrance; he was just someone Helen had once known who hadn't made the grade. He knew why they had assigned him the dialogue work on this picture. Get up this minute, he told himself, and walk out. You've lost already. . . .

THE sound of the trumpet roused him, and then the gate of the *toril* opened and a black, fast-legged bull galloped into the arena. This one did not hesitate; it ran after and attacked everything in sight. The *banderilleros* for Claveria, the second matador, worked it with their capes to see which way it hooked, and when it charged they barely escaped behind the *burladeros*. Claveria was in trouble from the moment he began passing the black bull, and once he was thrown to the ground. Fuentes, greeted by cheers, saved him with a daring *quite*.

It was a bad, unpredictable bull, but Claveria, trembling with exhaustion, finally managed to kill it awkwardly. It died hard and the *puntillero* had to jump from the horns as he stabbed it. Claveria, sweaty and with his head bowed in defeat, walked over to the *barrera*.

"It almost got him," the Baker girl said, giggling nervously.

Reynolds stared expectantly across the ring at the *toril*, waiting for the third bull. Maybe the bull did win sometimes after all.

But not this afternoon. Fuentes was a master, or at least he had the luck to draw good bulls. And then the white-clad matador was standing in the center of the ring, once more achieving a temporary triumph over death.

Reynolds felt sick and exhausted. When the mules came to take this bull away he turned to Helen and said, "Had enough?"

She would not take her eyes from Fuentes. "Well, I guess," she said.

"That's three," Harrison said. "Claveria has another to kill, and from the way he's going he'll probably need help from Fuentes, but I don't suppose you can take four bulls on your first afternoon. You were wonderful anyhow, darling. Let's go."

Gilson, the cameraman, who had been sitting on the other side of the Baker girl, said, "Why don't we see all four? Something might happen. What do you say, Miss Winsor?"

Helen stood up. "No, I think not,"

she said. Reynolds knew she had probably decided it was not nice for Miss Helen Winsor to see four bulls killed in one afternoon. There was no telling what the gossip columns might make of that.

Harrison went with them, leaving Gilson with the Baker girl. At the hotel they walked up to the second floor where their three rooms adjoined, Helen's in the middle. "Dinner at seven," Harrison said. "I've invited Fuentes and Rivera, the owner of the bull ring, and Patino, from the chamber of commerce. Claveria may come too. It'll probably be boring, but it'll help the picture. See you then."

"All right, John," she said in a confidential tone that Reynolds had come to hate, and went into her room.

Reynolds went on to his room. The connecting door was closed and he went over at once and opened it. Helen was taking off her shoes and she looked up at him. "If you don't mind, I want to take a bath—"

"What's stopping you?" he said and leaned against the door frame. "The big star. The big, big movie star."

She went on undressing, showing with every move that she resented his presence, and with every move fanning the dull hopeless anger in him. "Your sarcasm isn't funny," she said.

"Okay, it isn't funny," he said. Frustration in marriage is the worst kind, he thought. It was strange what a woman would do to her husband just because she had had a little success. Or had she done it because of his failure? "You know this is a lousy picture, don't you?" he asked.

"Then why are you working on it?"

"Only the dialogue. I had nothing to do with the story, and it's terrible."

"You're getting paid pretty well," she said and put on her robe.

"It's a lousy quickie nevertheless, and it's not going to do your career any good," he said.

She went into the bathroom and half shut the door. "If you don't mind, Bert," she called in her best tired voice.

The water was running softly and he could see her taking off her robe, could see a bare arm and hip. He stuck his hands in his pockets and walked over and shoved the door open with his shoulder, all very casually. She was

in the tub, sitting with her back to him. "We should have had children," Reynolds said.

She said, "Oh, not that one again."

He sighed wearily and looked up at the ceiling, leaning his head against the doorjamb. "I love you," he said.

"Why don't you go? Take a little walk. I want to lie down for a while when I've finished. I'm not sure I like what that bullfight did to me. And please close the door."

He wanted to laugh at her stilted remark about the bullfight, but said instead, "I'd hate to bother you when you're lying down."

SHE groaned softly, and he looked longingly at the smoothness of her shoulders, the damply curling hair on the nape of her neck. "What's happened to us?" he asked, knowing very well that it was Harrison who had come between them. He knew that he had been assigned to this dialogue job to make everything look proper.

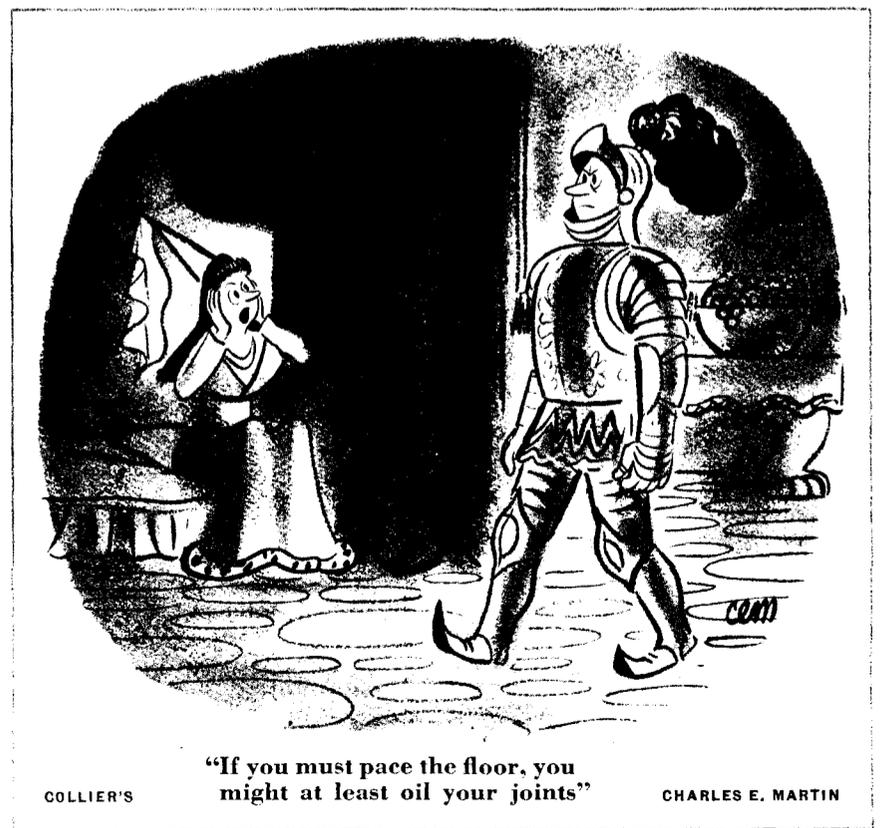
"What's got into you?" she asked, as if reading from a script. "What brought this on? Why don't you leave me alone awhile? You're acting like an idiot."

Why don't I play the part assigned me? he thought, and walked back into his own room, slamming the connecting door behind him.

He went to the window and stood looking down into the plaza. At the end of the street he could see the high, rounded wall of the bull ring; the shouts and *ole's* of the crowd came to him faintly. He did not know what to think about Helen. How could someone who had loved you suddenly turn cold and forget she had ever loved you at all? In New York the two of them had been equals, young and optimistic together and yet not expecting too much—

The faint roar from the *plaza de toros* was suddenly stilled. Then the band began to play frenziedly. Claveria must have had better luck with this bull than with the first. Reynolds closed his eyes and he saw the dead animal on the bloody sand, the man standing by it in triumph, the thousands of avid cheering *aficionados*. . . .

In the hotel dining room Nicanor Fuentes took his place at the end of the table after shaking hands with the



Americans. He wore a dark blue suit, and his long, dark face was solemn. Frederico Claveria, who had hoped to be called *El Vaquero* when he became famous, lay dead in the bull-ring infirmary. Fuentes had had to kill the last bull of the afternoon. Seated in his chair, he looked down at his hands for a moment as if praying, and then he raised his eyes. There was a suggestion of a shrug in the movement of his shoulders as he spread his napkin and began to eat.

No one was quite at ease. Harrison insisted on speaking Spanish, and since neither Helen nor the Baker girl knew the language, they were left out of his conversation. Reynolds watched Fuentes paying casual, almost amused attention to Helen. Clearly movie stars did not impress him. Once Reynolds heard him call her Mrs. Reynolds rather than Miss Winsor. He looked up and his glance met that of the matador. The man nodded slightly, lifted his glass of wine and said, "Señor."

Reynolds lifted his glass, said, "Señor," and they drank briefly. A feeling of friendship and understanding seemed to flow to Reynolds from this man. He kept watching the *torero's* quiet, unaffected manner of conducting himself, and he found it difficult to identify him with the glittering figure who had performed the symbolic ceremony of death in the arena this afternoon. Was this quiet, poised man the one who had strutted before the crowd?

Helen had been asking endless questions about bullfighting, and Fuentes, with his tolerant smile, said now, "Bullfighting is just a profession, señora—"

"It's much more than that," Harrison said. "It's theater, it's glory—a ceremony . . ."

Fuentes smiled patiently and said, "It is perhaps as you say—*quién sabe?*"

WHEN it came time to discuss the details of making the picture, the matador showed no particular enthusiasm. He was interested only in the bull-ring scenes being authentic. "It would be good for you to come to a *tienta*," he said. "On Tuesday, at the *hacienda de ganado* of Señor Aguilar del Avilo there will be a private *corrida* and a trial of bulls and cows. I am selecting a few bulls for the *corrida* in Hermosillo. Perhaps you should come. It would be valuable for Señor Reynolds, who is writing the script."

In every bullfight picture, Reynolds thought tiredly, there was the inevitable *tienta*, the testing of the calves. He was a little embarrassed by Fuentes' paying so much polite attention to him, as if the matador were trying to make up for the casual neglect by the others. Reynolds wondered bitterly if even Fuentes had heard why Harrison had hired him to do the dialogue on this picture.

As soon as it was decently possible, Fuentes made his apologies and left the dining room. Reynolds watched him go, and he knew that only courtesy had made the man join them for dinner while his colleague lay dead.

Shortly afterward Helen said she was tired, and Reynolds said he would go up with her; Harrison pretended not to notice their argument. But as soon as they got to her room, Helen said, "Bert, please, I really am tired—"

"All right, all right," he said and walked into his own room. The connecting door clicked shut with an awful sound of finality. When you were a movie star you didn't even sleep in the same room with your husband. You were a frail, highly insured, tenderly

Collier's for June 25, 1954

cared-for property; you required your own private room, bath and bed.

Had she locked the door? Reynolds remembered suddenly how, when Helen was upset or tired, she used to cling to him. He remembered the sweet, soft fragrance of her, and he had to know if she had locked him out. He went over to the door and stood there trembling like a criminal.

He reached out slowly, and gently turned the knob. When it would turn no farther he tried the door, first gently, and then with a firm shove. It was locked.

That night he dreamed that he was standing in the center of the ring with everyone laughing at him; Harrison, strutting and bowing, came from behind the *burladero* and was greeted with cheers.

THEY arrived at the Avilo *estancia* shortly after noon. There was an elaborate and festive standing luncheon served in the patio. Señor del Avilo had invited all his friends for the occasion, and everyone seemed excited over Helen Winsor's presence. Reynolds stayed in the background, wandering about the vast gardens and the patios with their Moorish arches. The private bull ring, where the trials were to be held, was in itself a place of simple beauty. It was built of stone that was covered with adobe.

The guests sat in a small terracelike stand on the west side of the ring. The *vaqueros* and house personnel stood behind the stone wall that served as the *barrera*. A man sitting in a wagon near the stand strummed a guitar idly and now and then a girl would sing a phrase of the song.

The ranch manager sat behind Señor del Avilo, making notations in the breeding book; Helen, Harrison and the Baker girl sat with Del Avilo and his guests. There was an atmosphere of *fiesta* as everyone talked, laughed and drank wine.

Fuentes had invited Gilson, the cameraman, and Reynolds to stand in the southern *burladero* with him so that they might get a close look at the proceedings. Reynolds, who had not wanted to come to this *tienta* at all, went reluctantly. Harrison had overridden his protests, saying it was his job to study bullfighting from all angles, to get the feel of it. Reynolds had given in—he'd had to; that was part of the system he was up against. It was also part of the system that Helen should want to get rid of him. His salary was far below hers; she had gone beyond him in income, importance and fame. Compared to her he was a failure. It was an insane set of rules, but he was supposed to face and accept them. To fight the system was as futile as pounding a cement wall with a rubber mallet.

He leaned on the top of the *burladero* and stared absent-mindedly at the corral gate opposite, through which the trial bulls and cows would enter. He heard Helen's and Harrison's laughter, easy and confident, mingle with that of the others. He looked up at them; no, he didn't belong up there with them—not under the system.

Gilson was saying, "Matador, could you maybe get a bull over in front of here? I'd like some shots from here."

Fuentes smiled, stepped into the ring and took a cape from the wall. A young bull that two horsemen had just hazed into the ring saw the matador at once and headed for him with a snort. Playing the bull left and right with the cape Fuentes practically tied him to the spot, giving very little ground and keeping

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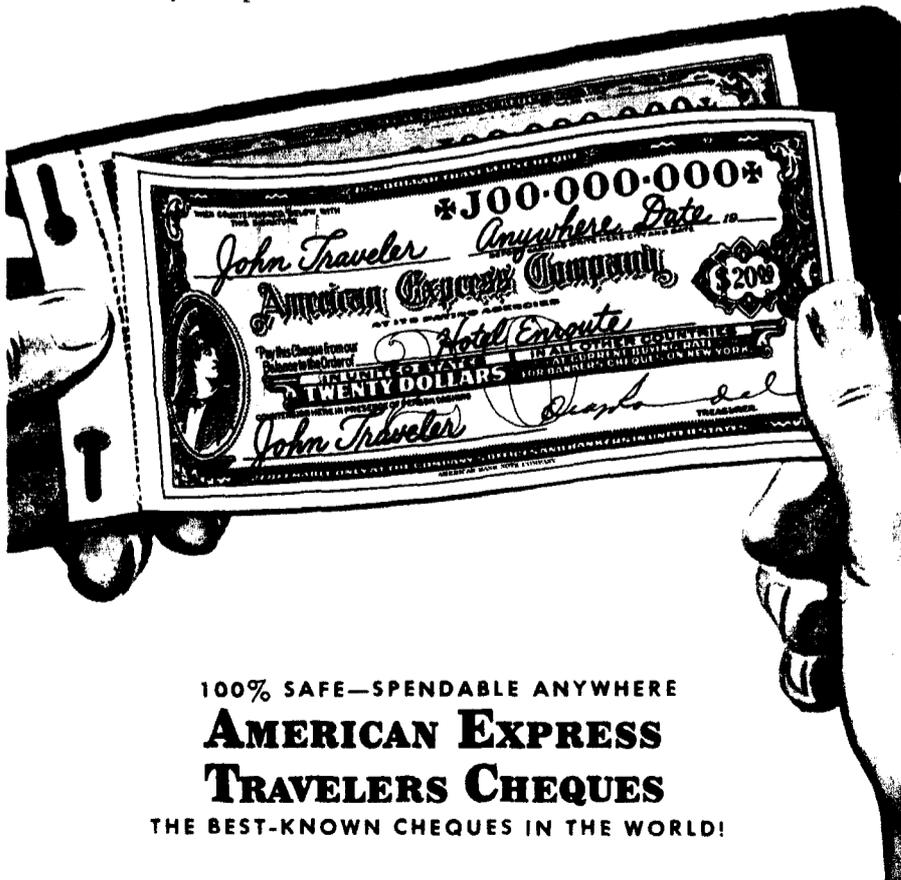
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him in front of the *burladero*. Gilson was delighted.

Reynolds scarcely noticed the activity in the ring. Back in New York, ages ago, he and Helen had planned to have children, a house, to become a solid, standard American family. She had had all the little homey attributes of a housewife then, and life had been sweet and silly—and a little bit dull. Now, with her picture success, all such dreams were gone. Or had she stored them, he wondered cynically, for someone else, for someone in a higher income bracket?

Fuentes folded the cape over his arm and walked back behind the *burladero*. The angry bull charged, slamming first one horn and then the other into the wood just below where Reynolds stood. The planks rattled, the thuds of the blows reverberated across the ring. Reynolds, preoccupied, did not stir. He had always tried to write about reality, he was reminding himself, to believe in the solid values. Now he was prostituting himself. He stared vacantly at the enraged bull.

Fuentes, at his side, said, "You have nerves of iron, *Señor*."

Reynolds, glancing briefly at Helen, said, "A bull is a simple matter."

The *torero* smiled. "It is so, perhaps; and so is death."

The gate was opened now and the horsemen came in with lances and chased the bull out. "We can try them only once," Fuentes said. "The second time they begin to understand."

Gilson asked, "How come he doesn't hook you, *matador*? Why does he go after the cloth only? I don't get it."

Fuentes spread the cape. "The cape moves, the man does not. If the man moves and the cape does not . . ." he shrugged and smiled. He demonstrated a few passes. "You notice I do not move till the bull has gone past. The man must have the faith and determination to stand still—not to move—"

"*Matador*," Gilson said, "I wouldn't be in your shoes for a million bucks."

Fuentes smiled. "How do you say in the States? It is a living."

THE riders hazed another bull through the gate. This one was bigger, though young, and stood turning in the center of the ring, tossing its head angrily, looking for trouble. White, foamy slobber drooled from its mouth.

Fuentes stepped from behind the *burladero*, spreading the cape. "The man," he said, "remains the same; he forces the bull to make the changes . . ."

The bull had seen him now and charged toward the *burladero* with its horns lowered. Perfectly still, Fuentes swung the cape wide, drawing the bull around him. Turning, the animal lost its footing and tumbled against the *burladero* with a crash. Fuentes still stood

in the same spot, shaking the cape a little and calling tauntingly, "*Eh, toro! Eh, toro!*"

The bull charged at the cape again, turning after the evasive folds of the cloth. The *matador* seemed to twine the beast around him with an invisible string as he performed a series of *verónicas*. Excited *ole's* and then a burst of applause came from the stand.

Suddenly the vitality of the contest between man and beast struck Reynolds like a physical blow. His hands clutched tensely at the edge of the *burladero*; he could smell the sweaty stench of the bull, hear its angry breathing and sense the power of its huge body each time it went past him. He knew he had never heard or seen so clearly as now; it seemed as if all his senses had been brought to focus on this moment.

FUENTES stepped behind the *burladero* and looked at the bull thoughtfully as it trotted across the ring. It halted, black and formidable in the center, pawing impatiently with a forefoot, searching for its adversary.

It trotted in a little circle, sniffed the air and bellowed. Its black flanks glistened with blue lights in the sun; the great neck muscles rippled. Reynolds could not take his eyes from it.

The ranch manager made a notation in his book, Fuentes looked up and exchanged a glance with him, and *Señor del Avilo* nodded appreciatively. In a moment the gates would open.

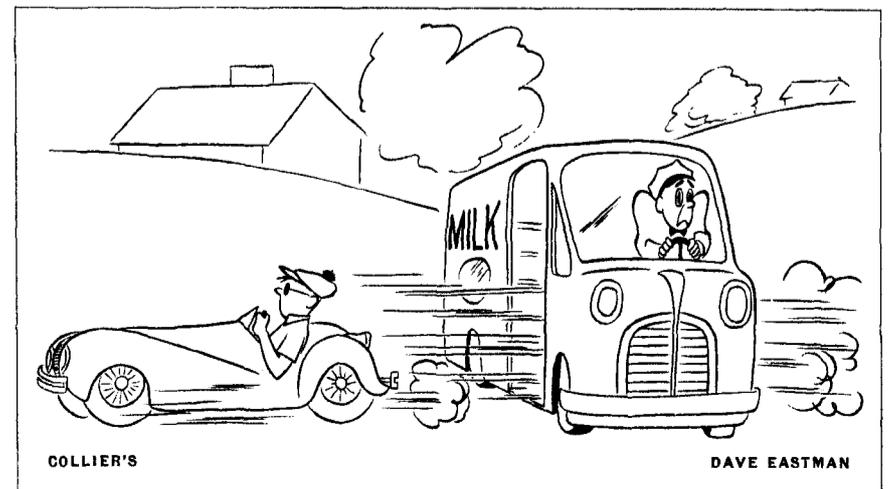
Reynolds quickly took off his hat and coat; he stepped from behind the wooden shield and grasped the cape that Fuentes had used. "*Con permiso, diestro . . .*"

The *matador* turned, saw the cape, and started to speak. Then he saw the look in Reynolds' eyes, the set of his jaw, and the self-possession with which he moved. As Reynolds, in slacks and shirt, walked out into the ring, the *matador* said softly, "Emilio, the other cape . . ."

Reynolds had always been a good imitator, a fast learner, but this was different. As he awaited the bull's charge, he knew exactly how the cape should be handled to perform the *verónicas* and the simpler passes. Above all, he knew he would not move from the spot.

He saw the bull coming toward him then, and he offered the cape and cited it. The onrushing horns, the heavy neck and the powerful black body filled him with fear and for a second he thought: Why move the cape? Why not take the charge? But his arms moved automatically, guiding the cape gracefully, forcing the beast out and away from his body. The infuriated animal rushed by him, following the billowing cape.

He had not moved more than two inches from the spot. He turned and



COLLIER'S

DAVE EASTMAN

Collier's for June 25, 1954

held the cape at his left side as the animal came at him in a fresh charge. Again it followed the cloth. From behind the *burladero*, someone said softly, "Ole, hombre!"

There was another charge and then another, the curve of the horn butting him in the thigh on the second, but he refused to move. A sound of clapping came from the stand, but he did not hear it. He was alone with the bull. He was waiting for the next charge, erect, calm, when a whistle sounded from the terrace and the riders galloped in through the gate to haze the bull out.

He was still holding the cape, thinking only of the bull, when Fuentes said, "Bravo, señor! I see you have fought bulls before."

Reynolds looked at him. "Es posible." He nodded toward the gate and said, "Another bull?"

The matador smiled, regarding him with half-closed eyes. "So you think this *tienta* is a *novillada*, señor." He glanced up at the stand where Helen Winsor, the movie star, was sitting between Harrison and Señor del Avilo. A sudden breeze made a small eddy in the sand at Reynolds' feet. Fuentes looked down at his own feet and said conversationally, "Women and bulls are the greatest killers—a deadly combination when you have them together."

Reynolds looked over at the gate where the horsemen had hazed up another bull. He settled the cape in his hands. "With your permission, *diestro*?" There was between them at this moment the same subtle feeling of kinship that Reynolds had felt at the dinner table.

The matador was staring at him with mingled curiosity, understanding and admiration. "I could not stop such ardor if I tried. You have tasted blood." He signaled to Del Avilo in the stands and then waved at the gateman. "Bueno, show us how this one runs."

"Eh! Toro! Toro!" It was Reynolds' voice that shouted, his foot stamping in the sand.

TO SOME men this moment came in a storm at sea, to some when they took part in a charge in war, or when they won their first fight. To Bert Reynolds it came when the bull charged at him at this moment: he was born again, buoyed by a strange feeling of both exultation and humility.

He passed the bull once, twice, three times, joyfully pitting his strength and cunning against it. Again and again man and beast seemed one as the bull followed the cape, hooking furiously but always missing. Reynolds held his body still, moving his arms and wrists, never releasing the power with which he controlled the animal. In his sense of power, he even had a brief moment of knowing how he would feel if he were to kill the bull with the sword, and of devoutly desiring to do so.

A gust of wind lifted the cape. He felt the horn under his thigh, ripping the cloth of his slacks, and lifting him. He felt himself raised up with a thrust of terrible power.

He landed, his shoulders crushed against the ground, and saw the huge black bulk whirl swiftly toward him. Now! he thought. Now, the horns! Now! And yet he felt no terror. He had not lost his calm.

A red cape swirled above him and covered the bull's head. He heard Fuentes' commanding, challenging voice as the *diestro* expertly made the *quite*, freeing him. He got to his feet then,

immediately picking up his cape and calling to the bull. But Fuentes was luring it across the ring, and then the horsemen came through the gate, and the bull was gone.

There was a thunder of applause and shouting from the stand and from all around the wall. Fuentes bowed toward Reynolds, who stood ready and waiting with the cape. Reynolds wondered what it would be like to stand in the *plaza de toros* with all the seats filled.

Fuentes walked over to him and they shook hands. "The wind," Fuentes said. "You did well, señor. Would you like to kill that one? I would take you along as my *sobresaliente* in Hermosillo Sunday after next. If all goes well, and with a little practice in between, I might let you kill . . ."

Reynolds said, "A thousand thanks; but I will be leaving today."

HE WALKED to the terrace where the guests were getting ready to return to the hacienda. Del Avilo and a few others came forward perfunctorily to congratulate him. He sensed their thinly concealed resentment of the for-eigner who dabbled in their national sport. Helen had not got up; Harrison stood behind her. She was slightly pale and at first he thought there was a strangeness about her, but then he realized that the strangeness was in himself. She said, and there was no mockery in her voice, "The matador."

Harrison said angrily, "What was the idea of all that? You aren't paid to play hero; you're supposed to write this picture."

Reynolds said flatly, without looking at the director, "I'm not writing this picture." He nodded to Helen, and said, "I'm leaving. You can have it all your own way."

"This is something new, isn't it?" she said. There was a worried, slightly curious look about her as if she did not know quite what to make of his sudden self-possession, was a little afraid of it.

"I'm saying good-by," he told her. "What will you do?"

"I'll go back to New York. Start over again. I got on the wrong-track out here," he said. He held out his hand to her and went on, "Well, there's no sense making this longer than necessary."

She took his hand and he saw the startled look in her eyes when he did not react to her touch. She had expected to get rid of him gradually, not to have him walk out on her. She was visibly upset.

"Make the most of your opportunities," he said. "They're supposed to knock but once or twice."

He turned and walked toward his car, parked in the yard before the main house. Now that it was over, now that he was free, he could only remember the two of them together at night. That was how it was when you finally fell out of love; you remembered that, and nothing else. And after a while that was gone too.

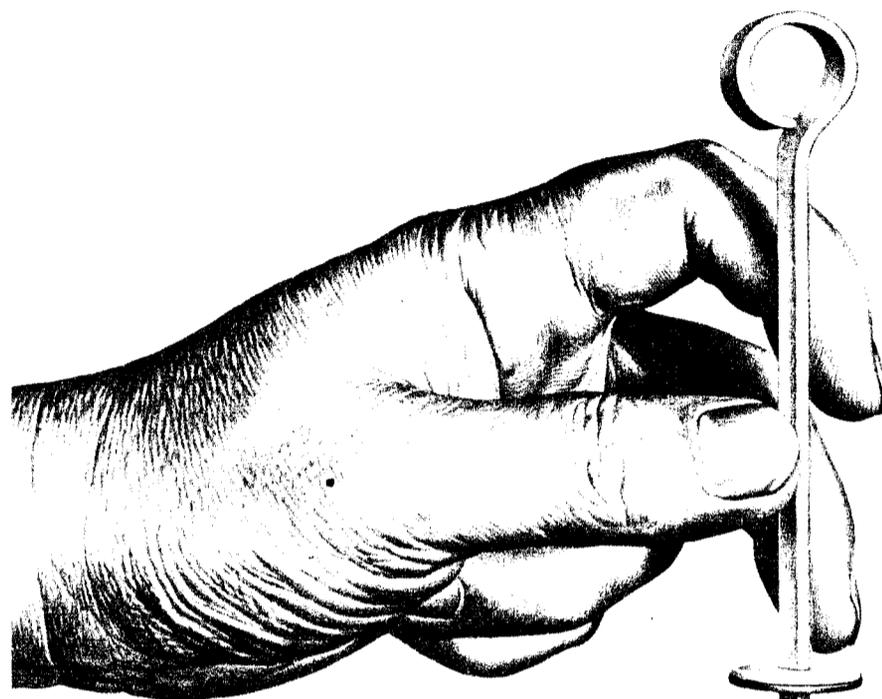
"Bert!" She had come running after him and when he turned, she stopped a short distance away. "Bert," she said. "Wait a moment. Bert, I don't like parting like this. Would you—would you wish me luck?"

She looked a little lost in spite of money and glamor and approaching fame, and he could feel sorry for her. She was riding some kind of tiger and she couldn't get off. "Sure," he said. "Sure. All the luck in the world." And he turned and got into his car.

—VAN CORT

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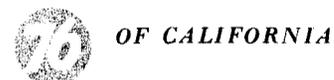
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When You Give - Are You

Many of the so-called charity drives cost Americans up to \$10,000,000 a year

PROBABLY few Americans know that the fourth largest business in the United States today is the business of charity. Fewer still, perhaps, know that over the country as a whole it is the least regulated, the least accountable and the most open to exploitation. Only manufacturing, agriculture and the wholesale-retail trade outrank philanthropy's \$64,000,000,000 in assets, and collections are estimated at almost \$5,000,000,000 a year. Yet the public has had less information, by far, about the raising and spending of these huge sums than about the operations of any other major enterprise in the country.

The result is that organized charity has long been a multimillion-dollar harvest for those who see in it first an excellent living for themselves—and only then, if ever, a means of serving those in need.

The problem is nation-wide. F. Emerson Andrews, in charge of philanthropic research for the Russell Sage Foundation, estimates that the American public is cheated out of \$100,000,000 to \$120,000,000 every year by outfits that trade on the noble precept that it is more blessed to give than to receive.

One organization, for example, puts on a national drive for the relief of children with respiratory diseases. Sitting at your desk in Seattle or Birmingham, you write out your check for \$10 and think nothing more of it except as a deduction on March 15th. The chances are you never learn that out of your \$10 only 11 cents went to the relief of

the children, \$9.89 having been swallowed up in fund raising, promotion, salaries and other such organizational items.

The Social Service Commission of Los Angeles, aroused by this sort of practice, recently imposed what amounted to a ban on telethons—those protracted television and radio programs on which pledges are solicited for some cause and announced as they come in over the telephone. What outraged the commission were cases like that of a local heart association that raised \$28,374 by telethon, then spent \$21,973 of it on administration and overhead.

New York State, with its concentrated wealth, presents the problem in its most aggravated form. What happens in New York is largely what happens in Iowa, Oregon and Mississippi, but the amounts involved have at last forced matters to a head and pointed the way, I think, to a nation-wide solution.

Contributions in New York State alone total close to \$900,000,000 a year. Yet up to a few weeks ago no law required a charitable organization to account for how it raised funds or what it did with the money. There was no official agency from which a puzzled citizen might find out whether an appeal on his desk came from an honest, efficient, worthy organization or from one that was bungling and wasteful at best, or, at worst, downright fraudulent.

The result was that, according to the most informed estimates, New Yorkers have been fleeced annually of more than \$25,000,000 by promoters of charity rackets. It can hardly be overemphasized that in this state, as elsewhere in the country, the

outright chiselers represent only a small fraction of those engaged in appealing to the public's generosity. Yet their activities are peculiarly vicious, not only for the harm they do in cheating donors, but, equally serious, for the funds they divert from legitimate and worth-while charities.

My own interest in protecting the public from those who would pervert this least selfish of all human activities goes back several years. Like most busy men and women, I made my donations to charities that I knew only by name, without any investigation of their claims, until one day a promoter of a fight-cancer organization called at my law office. He had been convicted of fraud and wanted me to represent him on his appeal. I was sufficiently impressed with the legal aspects of the case to agree. But I was dismayed to find that while his "charity" took in \$123,000 a year, \$116,000 of it went for administrative and fund-raising expenses, leaving only \$7,000 for the fight on cancer.

In all innocence I asked my client whether this gross disproportion did not affect his license to carry on. "License?" he repeated. "I don't need any license in this state."

"How about federal—or municipal?" I asked.

"Nope, I don't need any at all."

And he didn't. Nor would he have been required to have one in most other states. He had violated no specific law, and at his second trial—in which I did not represent him—he was acquitted.

The case haunted me, and I made further inquiries. I found that his was by no means an iso-

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