

THE SATURDAY EVENING  
**POST**

DECEMBER 27, 1947

15¢

**A TUGBOAT ANNIE  
NOVELETTE**

**THE DRUG THAT MAKES  
CRIMINALS TALK**








Norman  
Ruckwell



Just like looking through a show window! This clear transparent glass lets you see *exactly* what you're getting for your money!

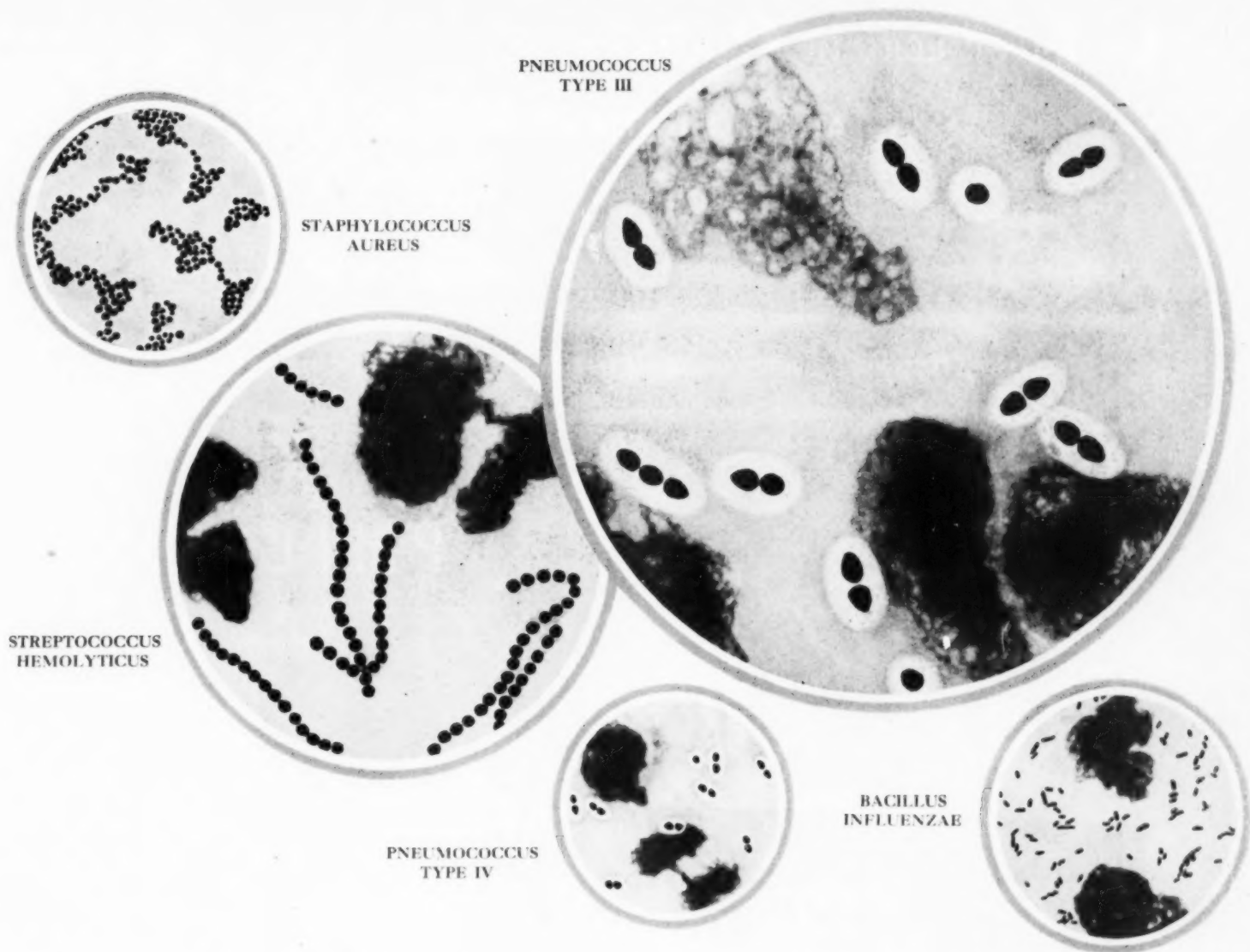
## 5 Facts this honest jar tells

1. *quality, and kind of vegetable* 
2. *its cut— (diced? sliced? or whole?)* 
3. *its rich fresh color* 
4. *how much juice* 
5. *how many servings* 

And unused portions go into the refrigerator right in the same safe glass jar—saves dishwashing.

Ask your grocer for vegetables in the thrifty Duraglas jars!

Owens-Illinois Glass Company, Toledo 1, Ohio



## MEET YOUR TENANTS —ALL UNDESIRABLE

*They are members of that evil and persistent family of germs called the "Secondary Invaders." When present in the mouth—and they often are—they can be responsible for much of the misery of a cold.*

**M**EDICAL MEN tell us that while some kind of a virus may frequently start a cold, the so-called "Secondary Invaders" are among the germs that so often complicate it, and are responsible for many of its most distressing symptoms.

Apparently these threatening little fellows can live harmlessly enough in your mouth and throat week in, week out. Then some day, when you're under par, over-tired, or with body resistance lowered by drafts, wet or cold feet or sudden changes in temperature, they can stage a "mass invasion" of the tissues. You're headed for trouble!

Your common sense tells you that if you can guard against such a "mass invasion" you have a better chance of heading off the trouble it so often stirs up.

### *Germs Killed on Throat Surfaces*

If you have been with people suffering from colds, better gargle with Listerine Antiseptic. Used frequently during the 12-to-36-hour period of "incubation", when a cold may be developing, this precaution may help head off the infection entirely or lessen its severity.

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Surely, when you feel a cold coming on, this germ-killing action is a wise precaution which warrants your serious consideration. But don't forget—gargle early!

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### THIS WEEK'S COVER

Norman Rockwell began work on his painting of the foot-weary toy-department salesgirl in the midst of last summer's heat, while in Chicago. In the big Marshall Field department store they obligingly set the stage for him with all manner of toys, but as the artist worked he felt he needed more dolls in the picture. So Rockwell went out buying dolls, feeling a little silly,

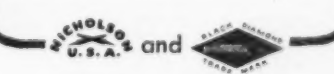
and at the end he owned forty-eight dollars' worth. He thinks he probably has more dollies than any other kid of fifty-three. His biggest trouble was shopping for a salesgirl. For several weeks, Rockwell visited department stores, peering at the help. He finally found just the girl, but not in a department store. As a matter of fact, she was a waitress in a tavern.



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## LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

### DRAFT EISENHOWER?

In the November 15th article by Kenneth G. Crawford under the title of EISENHOWER CAN BE DRAFTED, I find this statement: "So far as anybody knows, he never in his life has voted." That statement may be true, but on the first Tuesday after the first Monday in November in 1918 I went to the voting place in Camp Colt, Pa., to cast a vote in the Kansas election, and was told that there was but one Kansas ballot left and that Colonel Dwight D. Eisenhower wished to use that one. I was not refused the ballot, but was asked to retire without voting. Col. Eisenhower did not make that request—it was made by an officer on his Staff. As Col. Eisenhower was my commanding officer, I did retire and leave the ballot for him, and I believe he used it too.

I feel sure that either Eisenhower or MacArthur will be a Presidential candidate next year (it is hardly possible that both will be candidates), and though I am a lifelong Democrat, I will support either, regardless of what Party ticket they run on. . . .

HARRISON D. BURCHELL  
Clearwater, Kans.

So "Eisenhower can be drafted"! Who is surprised at that? I believe the so-called spontaneous "Eisenhower boom" is ominous and sickening, a most cleverly and craftily planted political scheme to foist a military dictatorship on the American people. . . .  
EMILY OSGOOD  
New Castle, N. H.

### WORLD-BEATERS

. . . . One might gather from THE WHOLE TOWN MADE THE TEAM [by Pete Martin, Nov. 22] that White Plains High had a world-beating team. . . . Harding High started to play White Plains in 1931, only a little



more than a year after Coach Watters took charge, and to date we have won 5 games and White Plains has won 4.

White Plains has a decided advantage in that it plays Postgraduates. . . . This is one reason why they have had such an unusually good team. . . . We find that White Plains is much easier than either Stamford, New Britain or Hillhouse schools, which are in our own state. . . .

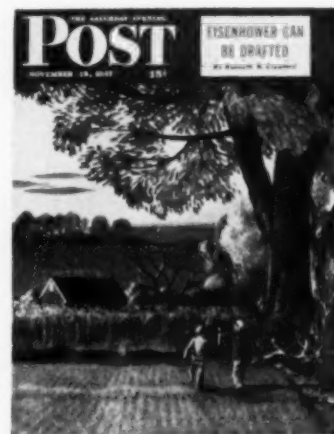
J. M. RICKER  
Director of Athletics  
Warren Harding High School  
Bridgeport, Conn.

► Needless to say, Harding High is only one of dozens of schools whose feathers were ruffled by our November twenty-second article singling out White Plains as an example of a red-

hot high-school-football town. We chose this particular letter for publication primarily because Harding is in White Plains' own back yard.—ED.

### THE BOY TRAPPERS

One of the pleasures of the subscribers and readers of your magazine is the enjoyment derived from your usually excellent covers. However, the one by John Falter in the November 15th issue is a disappointment



to me, because into an otherwise lovely scene, the artist has injected the cruel aspects of steel trapping. . . .

I trust that the Post will refrain from publicizing steel trapping, which can but encourage more of the cruel business.

ERIC H. HANSEN, President  
The Massachusetts Society for the  
Prevention of Cruelty to Animals  
Boston, Mass.

► This cover was intended not as propaganda but as Americana—a delineation of a scene which, regardless of the merits of trapping, is a familiar part of American rural life.—ED.

### NO, NO, 10,000 TIMES NO!

I suppose I should write a clever letter about the error which occurred in the illustration caption of Collie Small's article [BIGGEST MAN IN RADIO] in the November 22nd Saturday Evening Post.

[The caption read: "He makes 10,000 telephone calls a year, and radio's top councils plot their course by his charts."]

"10,000 calls" is as wrong as a figure of 140,000 describing the U. S. population or 4000 describing the Saturday Evening Post circulation. . . .

Of course, the correct figure, 10,000,000 homes called, appears in the text. But . . . lots of readers never get beyond the headlines and captions, including the many from whom I have already heard.

C. E. HOOPER  
Radio Audience Measurements  
New York, N. Y.

► We can't blame Mr. Hooper for not being amused. His organization makes 10,000,000 phone calls a year as we said in the text—not 10,000, as we erroneously stated in the caption.—ED.

(Continued on Page 51)

# CAN YOU *Guess* their real names?



Here's a double quiz. Do you know these famous stars by both their screen names and their real names?



It's a rare person who won't know the screen name of this famous beauty presently starring in Hunt Stromberg Productions. But do you know her real name . . . the name she used all through her school days? A hint—which probably won't help you much—is that her father was a director of the Bank of Vienna.

By way of interest, she likes dirndles, coffee ice cream, writing poetry, ice skating and driving her car. She always uses "Ethyl" gasoline because: "One of the first things I learned about America is that the best gasoline is in the pumps with 'Ethyl' emblems."

They love this man in St. Joe, and just about everywhere else. His sixteen years of comedy on NBC (Sundays, 7 p.m. EST) have made his professional name a byword. But chances are you can't recall his real name—under which he embarked in vaudeville at seventeen.

On the air he plays a squeaky fiddle and jokes about his broken-down Maxwell car. Actually, he is an accomplished violinist and drives a well-kept 1941 convertible. He always uses "Ethyl" gasoline. He says, "I wish the 'gas' in my scripts was always as good as the 'Ethyl' gasoline in my car!"

The screen name of this brown-haired, blue-eyed star—soon to appear in Samuel Goldwyn's "THE BISHOP'S WIFE"—has been up in electric lights so often that the chances are you know it almost as well as your own name. But do you know the name she was given when she was born in Salt Lake City—the name her old friends still prefer? Here are a few facts that might help your identification:

Her last picture was "THE FARMER'S DAUGHTER." She does a lot of automobile driving because her hobby is collecting antiques. She always uses "Ethyl" gasoline because: "I like old things—but I want my car to act young."



Check here to see how many you got right:

If you're really up on your screen stars, you undoubtedly know that their names are: 1. Hedwig Keisler (Hedy Lamarr) 2. Benny Kubelaky (Jack Benny) 3. Gretchen Young (Loretta Young).

These famous stars look for the "Ethyl" trade-mark on gasoline pumps for the same good reasons that millions of other car owners do. They know that the familiar yellow-and-black "Ethyl" emblem means that the oil refiner has improved his best gasoline with "Ethyl" antiknock compound. This is the famous ingredient that steps up power and performance—helps cars run their best. Ethyl Corporation, New York.



# KEEPING POSTED

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tonight in  
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Burlesque performers such as these were Dressler's subject; he attended an even 1000 shows.

## STUDENT OF THE GIRL SHOWS

IT is hard to think of anything less likely to get public attention than the thesis a scholar writes for his Ph.D. Normally, interest would be wider in a list of early Peruvian shoe sizes or a history of the tariff on powdered peach pits. But David Dressler, who is now executive secretary of the New York Division of Parole, charged with keeping an eye on a large collection of paroled convicts, wrote the once-in-a-blue-moon exception. He got his doctor's degree with a thesis so lively, timely and suitable for illustration that one New York paper ran the thing in thirteen installments. The Kentucky-born scholar was working as a parole officer by day—he has worked steadily upward as a career man in public service—and doing research by night. But it was distinctive research.

Dressler worked in no library, collecting dehydrated facts. He did his work beneath the runways of some of New York's gamiest theaters, amid happy morons staring with glassy-eyed delight at babes in G-strings and shouting the time-honored old battle cry, "Take it off!" Dressler's thesis was a 100,000-word study of burlesque—Burlesque as a Social Phenomenon. It won him a doctorate in sociology.

To find out what burlesque was all about, what it did to the spectators, what it does to the community, Dressler attended 1000 performances. While other scholars were studying the influence of laissez faire on Thorstein Veblen—it probably made him sore—or the relation of retail food prices to the grocer's need for a television set, Dressler, who already had a master's degree in psychology, was passing under the signs advertising "Hottest Show in Town," or "20 Red-Hot Mammies—20!"

Along with interviewing 200 regular patrons and some proprietors, he made friends with 250 performers, including comedians, straight men, strippers, teasers and chorines. (One reigning queen was called Sally the Sheba of Shimmy; Gypay Rose Lee was in burlesque then; so was Margie Hart.) He reported that burlesque performers lead pretty ordinary lives, don't like their jobs, and have a supreme contempt for the audience. As for its social effect, his conclusion was: not much.

Dressler is 40, and his interest in the so-called truth serum, about which he writes in this issue, is professional. Responsible for the good behavior of some very tough gents, he has helped

to break a good many of New York's biggest criminal cases.

## CHAT WITH THREE QUEENS

KERMIT ROOSEVELT (WILL THE KARABS FIGHT? page 20) first went to the Middle East for the State Department when he was a special assistant to Dean Acheson. During the war, he served in Egypt, Palestine, Syria, Lebanon, Iraq, Iran, Saudi Arabia, Trans-Jordan and Ethiopia, before OSS sent him to Italy. So he was an old Middle East hand when he took his wife Polly there, on her first trip, last summer. But the novice saw territory Roosevelt never could have entered. While her husband waited, Mrs. Roosevelt visited King Ibn Saud's harem, to chat with the queen and two associate queens.

The Roosevelts went boar hunting in the mountains of Iran, spent a night with the Bedouins, eating sheep and rice with their fingers, and were excellently entertained in Aleppo, where the mayor and his wife both turned out to be graduates of American colleges. It was a trip of sharp contrasts; when their car broke down in the desert, an Arab wandering past tinkered with the engine, fixed it, and then got on his camel and rode away.

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Dressler. His verdict was: So what?



The Roosevelts at home in Washington. He is T. R.'s grandson.



*Finest* way to be the  
*Queen of Hearts*  
 at Holiday Time



*Finest*

Recipe for Holiday Fruit Tarts

**Easy Way to Make Tarts:** Bake 15 tart shells, using packaged pastry mix. Fill with prepared vanilla pudding or custard. Add your choice of luscious, lustrous fruits... peaches, cherries, apricots, pears, pineapple or cranberry sauce... all Stokely's *Finest*, of course.

**To Make Glaze:** Blend 3 tablesp. cornstarch and 3 tablesp. cold water. Slowly add 1 1/2 cups syrup drained from fruits. Cook, stirring constantly, until thickened. Add 3/4 teasp. vanilla extract. While warm, pour over fruit in tarts. Makes enough to glaze 15 tarts... a happy ending for any holiday feast. All of these handsome, sun-bright fruits are fit for a queen's taste. For they're nourished and nurtured in rich soil of the choicest orchards in the land. Then, these mellow, deep-flavored fruits are picked and packed at once, to capture all the full, rich, fresh-tasting fruit goodness in nothing but the *finest*... Stokely's *Finest*.

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THE BRUSHLESS WONDER



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REPORT TO THE EDITORS



This communist demonstration took place in Paris in October.

Why Michel Didn't Vote Communist

By EDGAR SNOW

PARIS.

I HAD long supposed that Michel was a good communist, ready to see things through to the dictatorship of the proletariat. When I had asked a well-known French communist writer to find someone who could help me meet leaders of the youth movement, to study its activities, he had brought me to Michel. The Union of French Republican Youth is controlled by communists.

Therefore I was unprepared for Michel's remarks as we stood watching a parade of 60,000 children on Youth Day in Paris. "I used to be like that," he said. "I thought such demonstrations proved that democracy wasn't working. I believed true freedom could come only when youth had no more complaints to make. Now I have lived under two kinds of dictatorship and I know better. As long as people can demonstrate against the government, with police protection, liberty exists. What I don't want to see are demonstrations for the government, with police protection, to proclaim that we have liberty and everybody is satisfied. When that happens, freedom will be lost!"

"That's not spoken like a true party man," said I.

"I'm not in the party. I just happen to have many communist friends. My brother was a communist and fought on the Republican side in Spain. I fought under communists in the *maquis*."

"You vote communist, don't you?"

"I did in the last election and probably will in the next. But if they get too strong I'll vote for somebody else."

"But if communists are good enough to vote for now, why don't you want them in power?"

"I don't want any party able to rule France alone. The communists have some honest, capable men; I agree with many of their aims, and I help some of their activities. They are a good influence in preventing a government from becoming too reactionary. But I have seen them when they had all power, in the *maquis*, and I noticed that I had no more freedom to hold an opinion or express it under French communists than I had under the Nazis in Paris.

"For five years I was deprived of the freedom I had always taken for granted—two years in the French army, a year under the Nazis, two years under communists in the *maquis*. And I learned that freedom for the individual lies entirely in the existence of an opposition strong enough to force the government to give it police protection, but not strong enough to overthrow it. It doesn't matter whether the opposition is right or left."

Months later, I saw Michel again, soon after the October elections, which gave General de Gaulle and his French People's Rally such an impressive victory, and seemingly checked the rise of the political left. I expected to find him disheartened, but it turned out that he had voted for De Gaulle himself. "I'm not a Gaullist," he said, "but the communists were becoming a nuisance by their irresponsible use of the strike and their Belgrade propaganda line. We needed a political judgment that would sober them up. Now we have a strong right, a strong left, and a centrist government between, and that is good."

There are about 19,000,000 French ballots, but only one out of six represents membership in any political party. All the rest are "independent" voters, who acknowledge no permanent allegiances. The will-o'-the-wisp of French politics, they are the vacillating, elusive majority—against De Gaulle-in-office a year ago, with De Gaulle-out-of-office today, somewhere else tomorrow. Enough of them follow Michel's logic, with the freeman's instinct of self-preservation, to explain why Frenchmen have a "weak" government, but France remains a strong republic.

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"Knowing my skin, I was skeptical—but I decided to make the test anyway. My group reported to a leading Chicago skin specialist. We were all ages, from 15 to 50. Some had dry skins; some oily; some just so-so. After a careful examination, the doctor gave us the Palmolive Plan to use at home for 14 days.



"Here's all you do: Wash your face with Palmolive Soap. Then, for 60 seconds, massage with Palmolive's soft, lovely lather. Rinse! Do this 3 times a day for 14 days. This cleansing massage brings you Palmolive's full beautifying effect. After 14 days, my doctor agreed my complexion was less oily, smoother—brighter, too! See what the Palmolive Plan can do for you!"



**DOCTORS PROVE  
PALMOLIVE'S  
BEAUTY RESULTS!**

*You, too, may look for these Skin improvements in only 14 days!*

Regardless of your Age . . . Type of Skin or what Beauty Care you've used before!



**Less oily—clearer**

"My skin became less oily," reports Esther Matthews of Houston, Texas. Excessive oiliness often leaves skin blotchy-looking—robs it of that clear, lovely look. The Palmolive Plan brought definite gains to 89% of the women who had oily skin. See if it won't help your skin become less oily—clearer.



**Less coarse-looking—smoother**

"Skin less coarse-looking in just 14 days!" says Catharine Johnson of Atlanta, Georgia. The 36 doctors reported almost two-thirds of all the women tested had smoother—actually finer looking skin. Reason enough for every woman who longs for a younger looking complexion to start the Palmolive Plan today!



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Tiny blemishes—incipient blackheads, often caused by improper cleansing, respond in most cases to the 14-Day Palmolive Plan. "My skin improved a lot," says Maudie Sheets of Brownstown, Ind. The doctors found finer looking, clearer skins in more than half the cases tested. See what Palmolive can do for you!



**Fresher, brighter color**

"Skin brighter, actually less sallow!" says Dorothy Creighton of Jamaica, N. Y., after testing the 14-Day Palmolive Plan. The 36 examining doctors report this same important improvement for 2 skins out of 3 among the 1285 women. See if this Plan won't bring you fresher skin—and in only 14 days!

P.S. For Tub



For Shower



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Two-way charm session. Cerf turns it on for the girls of Salem College, Winston-Salem, after a lecture, and they turn it on for him. He's a contagious man.

## Supercharged Cerf

By JACK ALEXANDER

**B**ENNETT ALFRED CERF, one of the more blithe spirits of Manhattan and the most indefatigable literary pack rat since Aesop, is a heartening example of what the American system can do for an energetic and ambitious young man. Cerf emerged from journalism school in the early '20's, a barefoot boy meagerly equipped with a tart lip, a craving for excitement, a worship of people who wrote books, and an inheritance of \$100,000. He thrifly doubled the inheritance by gambling on the stock market and bought his way into book publishing. At the time he did this the book-publishing business was in the throes of a revolution. A kind of Young Turks' assault upon conservatism and aloofness was beginning, for better or worse, to upset ancient publishing traditions, and Cerf found all the excitement his glandular disposition demanded.

Today the now-middle-aged Young Turks pace the business, and Cerf, at forty-nine, is not only one of the most successful of book publishers but is, beyond cavil, the best-known. He is president of

the publishing firm, Random House, and of the Modern Library, a low-priced reprint enterprise which is generally credited with having done more to popularize the classics and semi-classics than any other venture in American publishing. He is also a director of Bantam Books, and is a part owner of Grosset and Dunlap, both of which specialize in reprint editions. But his fame, to give his national friendly prominence a name, stems, oddly, not from such solid accomplishments as these, but from a knack for keeping his name in print and from a mysterious compulsion to compile joke books, a gauche avocation which he has developed into a subindustry. The joke books have sold a total of more than 5,000,000 copies and are currently being syndicated piecemeal to newspapers like astrological tables and tips on etiquette.

The Cerf joke books have had such wide circulation that to the country at large the name Bennett Cerf connotes not his tastefully printed texts of Dostoevski and Flaubert, or of Sinclair Lewis and Eu-

**P**ublisher, lecturer, columnist, and bright boy of the high-pressure cocktail circuit, Bennett Cerf is best known for his collections of old jokes. They made him famous—and a target for such sharpshooters as Walter Winchell.

gene O'Neill—who are also in his stable—but the collected gags and stories of a modern Joe Miller. This sometimes worries Cerf, for he likes to think of himself primarily as a publisher of books, but it doesn't worry him much. "The time may come," he concedes, "when authors looking for a publisher will shun me because they think I am too busy frying my own eggs to sell their books. But," he adds happily, "that hasn't happened yet. When it does, I will drop the joke books."

Pending such an unlikely renunciation, he continues to receive royalties on the five joke books he has produced—of which *Try and Stop Me*, *Anything For a Laugh* and *Laughing Stock* are the best known—and is now at work on a sixth, which has been tentatively titled *Shake Well Before Using*.

No one, not even Cerf himself, knows where the corny whirl will end, but the likelihood is that it won't be soon. In his joke books, as in his Modern Library, Cerf has provided amply for his future by discovering the past, and the past, as he has richly demonstrated, is a fabulously lush storehouse that most people are too busy to rummage around in. Meanwhile, loving success both in himself and others, Cerf goes on having a great time, as he has always had, and taking a joyish delight in the impact he is making on the public mind and gizzard. The fact that his exhumed gags occasionally cause the sensitive to feel queasy doesn't bother him a bit.

Cerf, who is tall and well-tailored, and has a stooped posture like that of a retired polo player, is a talkative, friendly, eager extrovert with a kind of giddy urbanity. He seems to get an enormous thrill out of whatever he happens to be doing. He tells stories with a nearly perfect sense of timing and selection—qualities which are not always evident in his joke books—and his eyes bulge frighteningly behind his horn-rimmed glasses as he approaches his punch line. If a story arouses laughter, he joins in the chorus with a pleased, high-pitched giggle, and mentally pigeonholes it for a future joke book. If it doesn't, he moves on and tries out the same story on someone else, juggling the facts and their sequence until he gets the right audience reaction. This goes on and on, and in the process the story's original elements often become highly garbled. In the field of minstrelsy, Cerf thus contributes to what, in the scientific field, would be known as the standardization of error. Anything For a Laugh is as much a motto as a book title.

Cerf's range of activities appalls men of lower emotional wattage. He is, among other things, a serious anthropologist and he turns out "bedside" books of famous plays and of "great" short stories with the fecundity of a cavy in the employ of a medical laboratory. Besides publishing and compiling books, he rides faithfully on the high-pressure cocktail-party circuit and is often a radio guest speaker. He lectures to university classes all around the country and at the sales-promotion clambakes known as authors' luncheons; he writes a weekly column called Trade Winds for the Saturday Review of Literature, and contributes articles to other magazines. Somehow he also finds time to keep a long-hand diary, which is mostly a record of the people he meets, with the bona-fide celebrities listed in capital letters, and to paste his newspaper clippings in scrapbooks.

All Random House publicity is keyed closely to Cerf as a personality, and mounting stacks of scrapbooks prove the job is being carried out efficiently.

Excerpts from the magazine articles ultimately find their way into his collections of jokes. The process is one grand melting down of other people's metal and, in the case of the magazine articles, which themselves are mostly old anecdotes strung loosely together, Cerf is melting used metal which has already run through his melting oven once. If the steel industry had a comparable process, it could worry less about the depletion of the Mesabi Range.

Among those most deeply wounded by Cerf's joke books are Walter Winchell and Leonard Lyons, a couple of Broadway historians who operate successful anecdote-reduction factories themselves. Cerf used to feed them anecdotes regularly, but thoughtfully began hoarding them for himself after he found that he was good at the same trade. Neither columnist has ever quite forgiven him for this, and both periodically accuse him of pirating other men's original jokes, including their own. This gives Cerf, who makes no pretense at originality, a hollow laugh. Virtually all jokes, he holds with some justice, are in the public domain, and have been for centuries, although they may appear in different dress from one century to another.

The chief result of the bitter columnar criticism leveled at Cerf has been to step up the sale of his joke books. When the columnists neglect him for any length of time he

feels hurt, until he finds some indirect way of inciting them to further furies. Neither columnist seems to have caught on to Cerf's side-arm pitches.

Cerf uses his own Trade Winds column largely to set himself up as the gadfly of book publishing. He writes chattily and with an inspired tactlessness. The performance annoys many of his fellow publishers, who wish he would keep his mouth shut, but they are all outwardly cordial when they meet him, for fear he will dig his stinger deeper the next time he jabs them. As a result of his unsolicited criticism, Cerf has few abiding friends in his own business, and he knows it. "Some publishers," he says brightly, "would be delighted to cut my throat, but they all pretend to be glad to see me."

Book publishing itself is as wildly uneconomic a business as the theater, and is just as hysterical in its pursuit of the hit that will make up for a string of inevitable failures. The usual badge of the publisher is a stomach ulcer. Unlike most of his rivals, Cerf eats heartily, digests calmly and sleeps soundly. Despite outward signs of nervousness, such as chewing his handkerchief while dictating letters and pacing the floor while telephoning, he is a well-adjusted man who is never tormented by self-doubt. Apparently, he was born to live at a feverish pace.

His more admiring friends describe Cerf as a deep and serious man who, for some reason, makes a great outward show of being superficial. The illusion of superficiality, if it is an illusion, is a convincing one. In conversation and in his joke books Cerf seems to manifest an unerring instinct for the trivial. During a private discussion of him not long ago, a discerning author whose books Cerf has long published, said, with obvious puzzlement, "I have never been able to figure him out. He has a natural instinct for publishing, and he is generous and charming, but—I don't know how to put it exactly—I can't feel that there is any reality there. I feel a flutter of shadows and reflections, and that is all."

Cerf himself adds to the illusion whenever he gets a chance. "I have the kind of education," he will say, "that a fellow gets in journalism school; you know, you're taught the short cuts to erudition, and why study all the miscellaneous piffle when you know where to look for it when you want it? I do have a terrific memory, and I am a fast reader; I can go through a novel in a couple of hours. But look what happens when I try to wade through something profound like Tolstoy's War and Peace. It's sold around two hundred and twenty-three thousand copies of our Modern Library edition, but I've taken it on every vacation for the past ten years and have never been able to get beyond page two hundred and sixteen. Frankly, it bores me stiff."



With visible restraint, Cerf, the incurable minstrel, yields the spotlight to a lady writer at a literary gabfest in Richmond.

Some acquaintances who have observed Cerf in action think that he pretends to be superficial because the pretense happens to be good business; it makes the authors he meets feel important by contrast when he all but genuflects before them. Cerf spends hours disputing this thesis with those who advance it. "It may be a juvenile trait, but whenever I meet an author, I simply tremble with excitement, and there's no pose about it," he says. Cerf's capacity for trembling with excitement is unlimited. He trembles on meeting almost any kind of celebrity—literary, theatrical, athletic or political. Contact with the great and illustrious keeps him constantly steamed up. A few months ago a telephone call interrupted a chat Cerf was having in his office. Cerf picked up the instrument; he gulped a few times, then a beatific expression came over his face. When the conversation was over, Cerf set the instrument back in its cradle slowly and reverently, and said slowly in a hushed voice, "Would you believe it! That was Henry Mor-gen-thau and he is coming over to-night for cock-tails!"

"He sat there for several minutes, just licking his chops," his visitor said later, in telling of the incident.

Sometimes Cerf's worshipful approach to celebrities gets him into difficulties. His admiration for the late President Roosevelt, for example, propelled him into the worst debacle of his publishing career. When word got around in the late '30's that the President intended to publish a collection of his state papers, Cerf landed the job by frantically pulling strings in New York and Washington. Random House went ahead with plans for publishing the Public Papers and Addresses of Franklin D. Roosevelt in five volumes, at a retail price of fifteen dollars for the set.

Cerf's enthusiasm suffered a drop when, some time after the printing presses had begun to roll, he learned that a similar publishing venture, a collection of Herbert Hoover's writings, had sold only a few thousand copies. Armed with a letter from the firm which had published the Hoover opus, Cerf left for a week end at Hyde Park, hoping to convince the President that the print order should be greatly reduced. Roosevelt, after reading the letter, threw back his head and had a long laugh. "If Hoover sold a few thousand," he cried, "we'll sell a million!"

Quivering ecstatically with the celebrity shakes and half-sold on the President's optimism, Cerf returned to New York and tried to impart some of it to members of the Random House sales staff. The reports he got later on advance sales in the East were deflating. A bookseller in Boston, where Al Smith was still revered, said he would take on as many sets as were bound in the President's hide, but no more. One brash salesman braved the Wall Street bookstores and came back complaining that he had been thrown out bodily.

Cerf hopefully took along the sad statistics on advance sales when invited to a week end at the White House. The President wanted to know how many sets had been sold in Washington.

"Three hundred and thirty-five, Mr. President," Cerf replied, "but ——" Talking fast, he went on to explain that sales in the capital would naturally be disproportionately large.

"Three hundred and thirty-five!" Roosevelt repeated, ignoring his guest's wincing expression. "Gee, not bad at all!" He reached for a fountain pen and began jotting figures on a pad. Cerf paled, and asked what he was doing.

"Just a little calculating," the President said, without looking up. "Let's see, now. Washington, population 600,000, advance sales 335. Now, I factor 335 over 600,000 against the population of the United States."

Cerf protested feebly. "Mr. President," he said, "that isn't the way book sales work. Some states order books only during total solar eclipses. Why, we haven't sold a book in Mississippi for three years."



Cerf instructs his wife and sons in the technique of pool. Chances are he knows little about it but is, as usual, a glib and diverting lecturer.

LISA LARSEN

The President finished his calculations, and was apparently satisfied with them. Cerf didn't bring the subject up during the rest of the week end. He came home limp and full of misgivings. When the books were released, his direst fears were confirmed. The book-buying public displayed a remarkable apathy. Of 15,000 sets printed, only 3000 were bought and Cerf was stuck with the huge remainder. It took him many months to make up his mind to dispose of it, but the expense of storage space, which was plunging him further and further into the red, finally moved him to unload the surplus sets at a fraction of their cost, and they wound up on the secondhand counters.

"Those two week ends were the most expensive I ever spent, but I wouldn't have missed the experience," Cerf says loyally. "When I was waiting to see him at Hyde Park, I could hear that wonderful voice clear out in the anteroom. He was eating the tail out of the mayor of Poughkeepsie for something and it was worth the whole cost of the flop to hear him. I just sat there trembling with excitement."

Politically, Cerf describes himself as an unreconstructed New Dealer and an "honest liberal." Just after World War II had begun in Europe, and before the United States became an active participant, honest liberals trod on treacherous footing and often didn't realize, until too late, that they had been gulled into communist-front organizations. For the volatile Cerf, who had felt so deeply about the Spanish Loyalist cause that he had gone to Barcelona during the civil war to give what moral support he could, the footing was especially slippery. Early in 1940, when strikes, some of them communist-inspired, were delaying American armament production, the FBI raided the headquarters of the Veterans of the Abraham Lincoln Brigade. Not long after this, Cerf received a telegram from some "committee" with a humanitarian-sounding name, inviting him to join other "outstanding American writers, poets, playwrights, educators, judges, critics and public officials" in protesting the raid.

Cerf telegraphed his consent, and was acutely embarrassed when his name turned up in a Daily

Worker article along with those of assorted innocents and fellow travelers. What embarrassed him most was that the "protest" was directed not only at the FBI raid but at a current object of communist denunciation, "the war hysteria now being whipped up by the Roosevelt Administration." Cerf, praying that his favorite Random House author in Washington didn't read the Daily Worker, lay low for a while. Subsequently, although he has never yielded in his support of the Loyalist cause, he became convinced that the Veterans of the Abraham Lincoln Brigade had been taken over by the communists, and he broke off diplomatic relations with it. He has not been active politically lately. "You might say that Bennett is slightly left of center, but not left of the Polish border," an associate of his explained not long ago.

Although it is difficult, in surveying Cerf's career, to separate the facts from the gags, certain data appear to be reasonably incontestable. He grew up in upper Manhattan, the only child of Gustave Cerf, a lithographer who

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# Tugboat Annie Finds a Leaphole

By *NORMAN REILLY RAINÉ*

HER SPORTING BLOOD AROUSED BY ONE HORATIO BULLWINKLE, ANNIE BET HER VACATION MONEY THAT SHE COULD GET THE BETTER OF THE SALAMANDER'S CRAFTY OWNER BEFORE SHE LEFT. BUT FOR ONCE IT SEEMED THAT ANNIE HAD SLIPPED.

**T**HE GREASY SPOON, popular water-front restaurant in the Puget Sound port of Secoma, was a clubby place where every man knew his neighbor; where everything was on a positive note, from the rattle and clanging bells of the freight trains that chuffed along Water Street, to the gravel-voiced persiflage of the stevedores, tugboatmen and other nautical characters who formed its patrons.

And into this center of bustle and cheer, thick with tobacco smoke and the odors of hearty food, there rolled, one noonday, Tugboat Annie Brennan, senior skipper of the Deep-Sea Towing and Salvage Company fleet and master of the Narcissus, biggest of its tugs. Dressed in a heavy old woolen skirt and

faded red sweater coat and with a man's battered felt hat jammed on her blowzy head, Annie barged back toward the crowded booths, her blue eyes sweeping humorously about the room.

"Hi, John! . . . What say, Red?" she boomed to right and left; and grinning, friendly faces followed her waddling progress.

No booth was vacant, but seeing one occupied by only three men, Annie made room for herself, uninvited, by wedging her bulk genteelly into the seat, then, with a sudden bunt of her powerful stern, relegating its occupant to a few crowded inches against the inner partition.

ILLUSTRATED BY HAROLD VON SCHMIDT

"Excuse me averdoopoy, Smokestack," said Annie affably to her squirming victim; then greeted the other two across the table: "Hello, Joey! I see yer pimples is gettin' better . . . or did ye have a retread? . . . Hey, there, Dogface!"

"Hi, Annie," replied Dogface Jackson, a tugboat captain, the reason for whose nickname was obvious. "You're feeling pretty chipper today."

"Right off the old blockhead," agreed Annie happily. "Alec has promised me two weeks' furlong, end o' the month . . . an', brother, do I need it!" She tucked her napkin beneath her chins and picked up the menu. "I got me near three hundred dollars saved, an' like I telled the boss, I'm gonna have me a trip to California an' bask in the fat o' the land!"

"Who," pursued Mr. Bullwinkle, "is the biggest fool in Secoma?"





"That's great, Annie."

"Great?" said Annie complacently. "It's positively ignoble! Let's see, now." Briefly she consulted the menu. "What's good today? . . . Hey, Olive!" she boomed at the perspiring waitress. "Fetch me a bowl o' soup an' a coupla strangled eggs!"

Contentedly she relaxed, reaching for a slice of bread, to which, with expert larceny, she transferred half of Smokestack's dab of butter. Then, as she was about to spread it, a sickeningly familiar voice caused her to pause, head in air, like a charger scenting battle.

"Could I ask," inquired the voice with arch mockery, "just one teeny-weeny question?"

Annie turned, to meet the little black shoe-button eyes of her archenemy, Horatio Bullwinkle, as he stuck his grinning features over the partition of the neighboring booth.

"Ax away," said Annie shortly.

"Who," pursued Mr. Bullwinkle, "is the biggest fool in Secoma?"

"Quit yer braggin', hot-pot!" Annie advised him promptly.

"Very funny!" snapped Mr. Bullwinkle. "Ve-e-ry funny! Almost as funny as what we was saying about you just before you come in!"

"Sa-ay!" Annie bellowed, half rising. "You been spreadin' rumors about me again?"

"Waan't no rumors, was they, boys?" appealed Mr. Bullwinkle, and continued placatingly, "All we was saying was, if you wasn't born stupid, you got a real gift for it."

"Well," conceded Annie, subsiding, "long as ye didn't mean no offense —"

"No offense at all, Annie!" Mr. Bullwinkle said. "When you set your—heh-heh!—mind to bein' dumb, there's nobody in Secoma could be dumber. Not in the whole state, in fact!"

"That sounds like a crack to me," said Annie. "Prove it!"

"Now don't be unreasonable," protested Mr. Bullwinkle. "You don't have to prove you got a nose, do you? You know deep down, as well as we do, that, drunk or sober, you oughtn't to be in the tow-boat business. Least," he qualified modestly, "not while I'm around. That's all we was talking about. So go and have a nice holiday, Annie. With you away, the only change here'll be the air'll be a little fresher."

"An' you'll sleep more, if possible, because ye won't have to worry about me snatchin' jobs away from ye!" Annie snapped.

"Don't make me laugh!" giped Mr. Bullwinkle.

"Why? Afraid yer teeth'll fall out? Why, pshaw!" she exploded contemptuously. "I could beat you to business wid me hands blindfolded!"

"Just like that, eh?" inquired Mr. Bullwinkle softly, and winked at his companions.

"Jest like that!" rapped Annie, and to add emphasis, she brought her large hand down flat into the plate of soup which Olive, unnoticed, had just set before her.

It took a minute or two to placate her dripping neighbors; then, swabbing her own nutritiously decorated façade, she re-entered the fray.

"So ye think ye're a better tugboatman than me?" she demanded.

"I know it," replied Mr. Bullwinkle with infuriating complacency.

"And I s'pose," Annie rasped, "ye're willin' to back up yer braggin'?"

"Anythin' you want to bet!"

"Okey-dope! I'll bet ye the three hundred slappers I got saved for me trip that I'll get the better o' ye afore I go!"

"Make it two out of three?"

"Suits me," Annie agreed promptly. "In other verbs, whichever of us outsmarts the other twice to your once afore I've went to California wins. That it?"

"Ye couldn't have put it clearer if you had brains," said Mr. Bullwinkle approvingly. "Only one thing more: we gotta tell each other when jobs



Shielding the beam as she snapped it on, she briefly examined the end of the rope.

come up. That makes it a little harder for you to cheat."

"Fine!" said Annie. "An' after that it's fair means or fouled?"

"No holds barred," he said eagerly, while their audience, augmented by now from all the neighboring booths, howled with excited anticipation. "Want to start right now?"

"Afore now, if ye like!" conceded Annie generously, and looked around her. "Any o' you boys want to come in on this?"

Eager voices yelled agreement, and Annie grinned widely, her good humor completely restored. Wallets flashed into sight. Word spread rapidly and others flocked around from within the Greasy Spoon, from the street, from neighboring cafés and taverns.



Suspended in a bos'n's chair over her bow, he was earnestly trying to sever the tough steel wire.

And with both Annie and Mr. Bullwinkle spiritedly making book, and a half dozen heavily backed pools started, the contest was on.

Then suddenly, shouldering his way through the noisy betters, there appeared a tall, slope-shouldered man with a broad, doughy face, shifty eyes and a paunch. It was Jake, the mate of Mr. Bullwinkle's Salamander. He stared at the tumult, but it was apparent that something more important was on his mind, for, after whispering into his skipper's hairy ear, he drew him urgently aside, and after a further brief exchange of words and a quick glance at Tugboat Annie, they started for the door together.

"Hey!" cried Annie peremptorily, instantly observant. "Come back here, you cheat! If that's a job, ye gotta tell it! . . . That right, boys?"

"Annie's right!" a dozen voices chorused. "That was the deal!"

And reluctantly Mr. Bullwinkle returned. "Okay, okay! I was goin' to tell you anyways," he muttered. "Jake here just got a phone call down on the pier from Murdoch McArdle. There's one of his schooners, a four-master inbound from Dutch Harbor, got calced about a hundred mile nor'west o' Cape Flattery an' he wants me to tow her in. You wouldn't be interested in a corny little job like that, would you, Annie?"

"Go on," said Annie grimly. "What else?"

"Well, there's nothin' else, 'cept her master's unconscious with a brain fever of some kind, and there's nobody else with a navigator's ticket on board. Lucky the weather's good, and —"

"Salvage job, eh?" said Annie eagerly.

"It's a straight towin' job!" corrected Mr. Bullwinkle testily. "Ain't I just finished telling you McArdle's gave it to me?"

"Yeah," said Annie, and she seemed to be thinking. "That's right. What's her nme?"

"The Lillian Moore."

"What's her position?"

"Now look, Annie," said Mr. Bullwinkle uneasily, "there's no use you tryin' to horn in on this."

"Quit yer shilly-daddlin'. What's her position?"

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On their way to the death house Anthony and William Esposito had not uttered a word for a year. Sodium amytal made them both babble. INTERNATIONAL

# The Drug That Makes Criminals Talk

By **DAVID DRESSLER**

(See *Keeping Posted*, Page 6)

**A**MAN lay in the prison ward of a hospital. For days he steadfastly maintained he was innocent of a brutal murder. He challenged his questioners to use the lie detector, anything. He was injected with sodium pentothal, whereupon he confessed to the killing.

A young girl was found wandering the streets of Brooklyn, a victim of amnesia. She had no memory of her name, address or family, although she tried desperately to remember. A day later, after the administration of sodium amytal, her memory returned and she was restored to her family.

A combat plane dropped out of the North African skies and limped into the field. The door opened and the waiting ground force gently brought out the dead and wounded. Last, the pilot stepped out, tense, shaken and exhausted. Untouched by bullets, he was drenched from head to foot with the blood of his comrades. After a long sleep, he found he had lost the power of speech, and his legs seemed paralyzed. With the aid of a psychiatrist using sodium pentothal, he was restored to health.

What are these chemicals that produced such seeming miracles? They are hypnotic drugs, pop-

**Popularly called the "truth serums," the new hypnotics have proved a boon both to medicine and to criminology. Remember the Heirens case? The "Mad Dog" Espositos?**

ularly known as truth serums. Neither serums nor absolute guarantors of the truth, they nevertheless have proved a boon to medicine and criminology.

Their great value lies in the fact that they put the individual into a trancelike state, helping him to talk on subjects he would ordinarily be too fearful, pained or ashamed to discuss. His inhibitions are lowered; he no longer tries to withhold the truth.

The truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth is what the criminal investigator is after. The guilty suspect, of course, has the opposite goal. He

wants to tell lies, good lies, and nothing but consistent lies. In this battle of wits between criminal and law-enforcement officer, many devices have been used, not all of them pretty. They have included the rubber hose and the bare fist. These have a definite tendency to cause some suspects to confess, but, unfortunately, many of them confess to crimes they did not commit. The lie detector is much more scientific and humane, but not yet entirely accurate. Now comes the hypnotic drug, which may elicit the real truth without pain to the suspect and with great benefit to the court.

A businessman was found beaten almost to death. He named as his assailant a partner, whom we shall call Jones. The two had quarreled violently for weeks. At Jones' home, police found him in a curious condition. His right arm was pressed inflexibly against his chest, the fist clenched.

"How," he asked, "could I have assaulted anyone in this condition?"

He had, he explained, awakened one morning three weeks ago to find himself crippled. No, he had received no medical treatment. He kept hoping the arm would cure itself.

If he was crippled before the assault, he was bound to be innocent; if after the crime, he might have developed such a symptom as the result of shock following the assault, and still be guilty. Or he could be faking the condition and hoping to ride through to freedom on it.

Would he prove the truth of his story by undergoing a test? Certainly, he emphatically stated, he feared no examination. So Mr. Jones was placed in a semidarkened room on a comfortable couch. A doctor examined him to make sure he did not suffer from some condition which might make the hypnotic drug dangerous—a heart ailment, liver disease, hardening of the arteries.

The hypnotic, sodium pentothal, was administered in solution. It was slowly injected by needle into a vein. Mr. Jones was asked to count backwards from the number 100. He began: 100-99-98-97. Before long, his counting became confused. A pleasant feeling of sleepiness overcame him. He felt good. His face flushed, his blood pressure fell slightly and his pulse rate increased.

Deeper and deeper he went into the hypnotic state. Slowly the flexed arm relaxed. It fell limply to his side. He began to mutter, to writhe on the couch. He had entered what physicians call a delirious dream state.

### The Crime is Re-enacted

NOW the doctor set the stage, "You are in a home at twelve thirty-four X Street [the partner's]. There is a couch against one wall, two easy chairs and a drum table. The table has a large student lamp on it."

"Y-y-es! That's my partner's home."

"Go on from there."

The suspect opened his eyes wide. His pupils dilated. His skin became covered with fine perspiration. His breathing was rapid and shallow as the words poured out.

"That skunk! Why did he have to do it? He knows I have to live! Oh! Oh! My head! I feel like I'm dreaming! He can't do it to me! That skunk! He broke the contract, not me!"

Excitedly he described the dishonest acts of his partner. He screamed at him, berated him. He jumped off the couch and paced the floor. He swung his fists in the air and shouted, "You'll never get away with it!" He returned to the couch and lay back. Then he sat up straight and yelled, "I'll kill you! I'll kill you!" He collapsed back on the couch, sobbing. A long pause.

Then, deliberately, he sat up again and hissed, "I'm going to fix you and fix you right! You won't get out of this one! How ya like that?" He whipped his fist upward. "You skunk! Not so good, huh? Like it? Like it? There!" He fell back and seemed in a stupor for several minutes.

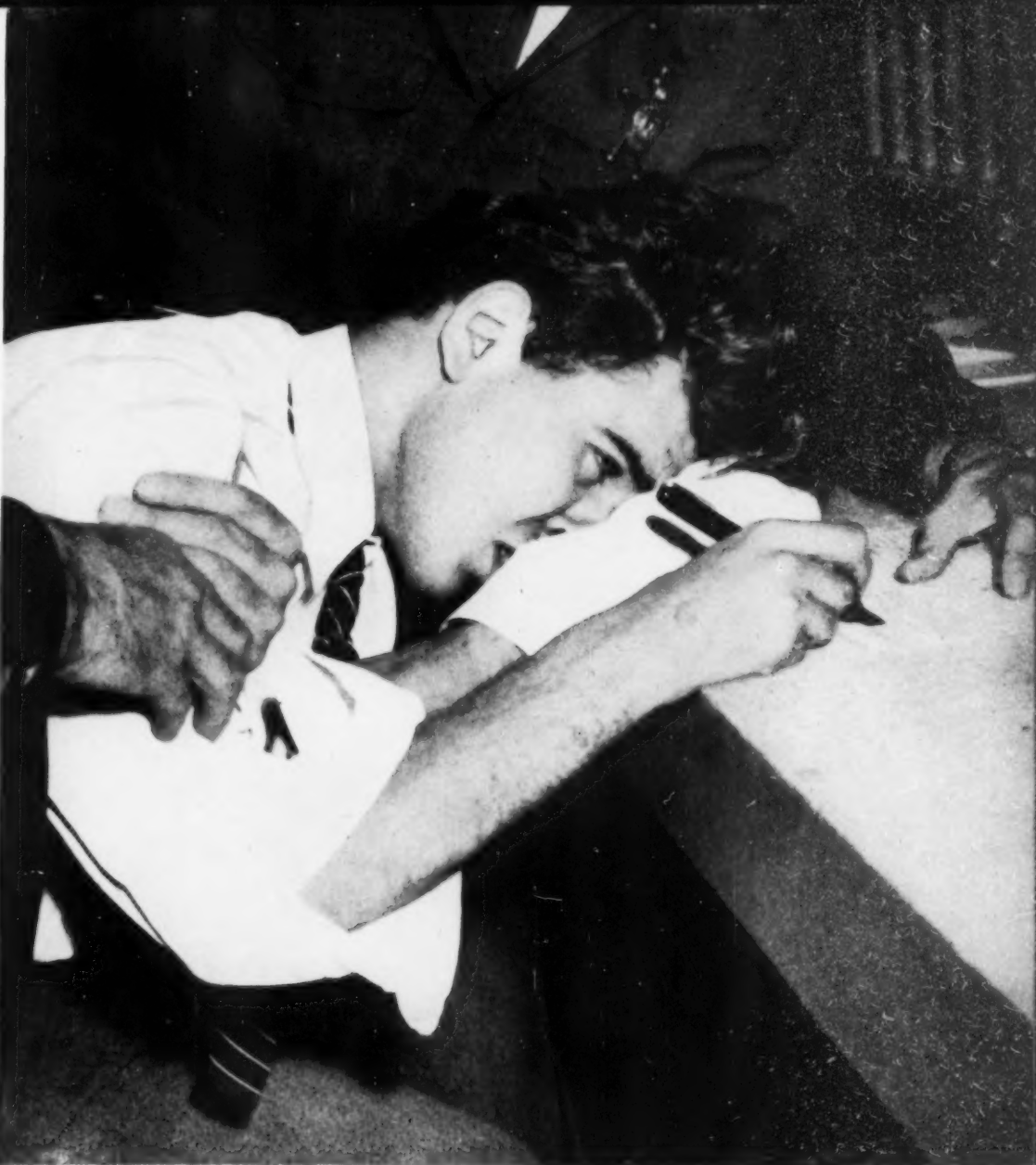
Then he began to rehearse how he would pretend he was crippled. He would fool the police. "They won't get me. He deserved it!"

Now the drug began to wear off. Jones awoke. The doctor told him what he had revealed. Tears formed in his eyes. A few questions from the police, and he had confessed.

Heirens, who kidnaped and murdered the little Degan girl, in Chicago, two years ago, steadfastly refused to confess. But, convinced he could outwit the detectives under any circumstances, he allowed himself to be put under the influence of sodium pentothal. He then gave full details of the killing and even described other crimes he had committed and of which he had not been suspected. After his story was supported by evidence secured through the clues he furnished, it made no difference that he later protested his innocence. The case was solved.

It illustrated, however, one of the several legal and medical limitations on the employment of hypnotics in criminal cases. Neither Heirens nor any other prisoner could have been given the drug unless he consented. To force it on a defendant violates his constitutional rights, for it places him in the position of being compelled to testify against himself. Only a small proportion of defendants give permission. When they do, it may be that they are not too clear on how they will be affected by the hypnotic, in spite of

(Continued on Page 43)



William Heirens, depraved murderer of little Suzanne Degan, at arraignment. Truth serum betrayed him, and he gave police details of his crime. Here he has not been beaten or drugged; he is just scared.

After the hypnotic is administered, inhibitions disappear. Dr. Ralph S. Banay (in dark coat), formerly psychiatrist at Sing Sing, believes any suspect not constitutionally immune to drug can be broken down.





"Like to get out in the country!" Pete yelled above the wind that pelted them. "Kind of a naturalist, you might say, in my spare time!"

## Tough Territory

By WILLARD H. TEMPLE

**J**C. CREAMY detested Pete Delaney before he had ever met him. A little man with a Napoleon complex, Mr. Creamy had ideas on how an office should be run, and it was apparent before Delaney ever showed up that he would not fit in.

Seventy-two hours after being made sales manager of the Bricker Machine Tools Division, Mr. Creamy had made progress. A giggling file clerk had been fired and a secretary of eight years' tenure had departed in tears. No longer did members of the office force linger at the soft-drink dispenser. The new blond steno was left severely alone, and from time to time Mr. Creamy popped out of his office to make sure that efficiency prevailed.

On one of these occasions when he emerged like a cork from a champagne bottle, his gimlet eye was caught by a desk which looked as if someone had emptied a wastebasket on it. Amid the invoices, order forms, letters and interoffice communications were tobacco crumbs and blackened pipes. There was a golf ball in an empty inkwell, half a dozen unsharpened pencils, an old razor blade and a photograph of four jug-eared children.

Mr. Creamy pounced like a cat. "Whose desk is this?"

There was a silence in the office; then Ed Judson at the next desk said briefly, "Mr. Delaney's. He's on a trip."

"Delaney," said Mr. Creamy.

There was an ominous ring to the word as he pronounced it. He returned to his lair, and a collective sigh came from the employees. Ed Judson, who had hoped to be the new sales chief, worriedly chewed a pencil, and the switchboard operator ignored a call, to stick out her tongue in the direction of the absent Mr. Creamy.

"Poor Pete," Ed Judson said. "Poor old Pete."

The object of their solicitude wandered in at nine o'clock on Monday morning next. A tall weedy man with lank hair and an unpressed, baggy suit, he announced his presence by gently pinching the receptionist, who was leaning over as he entered. Slouching past her, Pete scaled a battered fedora accurately

ILLUSTRATED BY PAUL NONNAST

The new sales chief regarded old Pete as highly expendable—and so the ax fell. But four bruising days and a few blisters later the chief saw things in a different light.

at the hatrack, and then moved on to perch on the blond steno's desk.

"Back again, kids," he said. "What's new?" He beamed at them all and winked at the blonde. "Kid brother better?"

"He's fine," she said. "That model airplane you sent him did more good than any medicine."

The girl at the switchboard broke in, "Pete, Mr. Creamy, the new sales manager, wants to see you."

The typewriters stopped chattering suddenly and Ed Judson stood up.

Pete said, "I guess Jim Hawkins, down at the home office, figured you were too young, Ed. I'm sorry you lost out."

The younger man, his own disappointment forgotten, put a hand on Pete's shoulder. "Be careful, Pete. Watch your step."

"I get along with everybody," said Pete, and ambled forward to his doom.

Mr. Creamy stood behind his desk. He wore a pin-stripe suit fresh

(Continued on Page 44)

# Alaska's Thundering Herds

By RUSSELL ANNABEL

Not since the days of the buffalo has this continent had a wild-life spectacle to compare with the caribou in their annual migration across the Alaskan tundra. Will they go the way of the buffalo?

BEHIND the tent, in the frosty moon-washed stillness of the mountain night, the gelding rattled his hobble chains and snorted loudly. Buck turned over in his sleeping bag with a groan of disgust. It was the fourth or fifth time the horse had awakened us. He would stand in one spot and feed all night instead of wandering about as the other horses did, and mostly he fed within a dozen yards of our sleeping tent. He was a good horse, but a monumental nuisance.

"I'll fix the cuss' wagon this time," Buck muttered. "I'll bend a stick of stovewood over his rump."

The horse snorted again, and it occurred to me that he probably had winded a pair of timber wolves whose tracks we had seen in the afternoon in a snowy valley as we slanted down to this timber-line campsite. Buck got up, selected a piece of firewood from the stack beside the Yukon stove, and went outside, trailing dire threats. Ordinarily, Buck is the soul of patience, but his forbearance was begin-

ning to fray. We had spent the summer along the high, beautiful eastern heads of the Kuskokwim River and timed our return so as to intercept the late-September migration of woodland caribou as it came out of the mountains above the Kantishna country. But, although we had scouted the region for a week now, we had seen no caribou. Buck figured the migration had come and gone. At any rate, whether it had or not, we could spare no more time. Tomorrow had to be the last day of the hunt.

"Now, you tub-footed so-and-so, comes the moment of retribution," Buck said. "I'm gonna —" There was a moment of inexplicable silence. Then Buck said, in a voice suddenly filled with excitement, "Oh-oh. Whooie, brother! Get out here! Here they come!"

In two seconds flat, I was out of bed and getting into my clothes. I knew what he meant. The caribou were coming. He had sighted them in the moonlit pass. They were what the horse had winded. To sportsmen and northern wilderness dwellers gener-



Caribou produce some of the most majestic antlers ever to hang in state on a hunter's wall.

ally there are few more exciting happenings than the arrival of the great herds. Wherever humans are gathered between Bristol Bay and the rim of the polar sea, everyone at this season awaits the cry, "The caribou are coming!" It is a dramatic event because you never have advance news of a herd's arrival. One moment the tundra and the spruce-fringed ridges are empty of life, the next they are dotted with band after band of caribou, white capes ashine, antlers gleaming. (Continued on Page 73)



As the great herds stream past, their numbers seem limitless, but wolves and indiscriminate hunting have reduced the total from 500,000 to 100,000.

FRED HOLLENDEK PHOTOS



A border patrol of British-trained-and-supervised native police catches two Arabs trying to cross Palestine frontier.

KEYSTONE

## Will the Arabs Fight?

By KERMIT ROOSEVELT

**P**RIOR to the vote for the partition of Palestine, a spokesman for the Arabs told the United Nations that his people were resolved to resist partition by fighting to the death, if necessary. "We are alive to the fact that, if they so desire, big powers could crush, by brute force, such opposition," he said. "But this realization will not deter us from drenching the soil of our beloved country with the last drop of our blood in the lawful defense of all and every inch of it."

This same spokesman made it clear that the Arabs of Palestine count on the firm support of their brothers in neighboring countries, who regard Palestine as "the very core of the Arab world." Was this speaker simply whistling in the dark, trying to frighten the UN by an empty bluff? Or were the clashes that followed the partition vote merely a prelude to fighting on a national scale? Is there a solid backing for his words in the temper and preparations of the Arab peoples?

Unhappily, I am afraid there is such a backing. Entirely aside from the rights or wrongs of the case, evidence is piling up to show that the Arabs

mean what they say. They exaggerate, of course; they overstate their strength. But discounting bombast, there's enough left to make a pretty grim picture. It deserves more than a cursory glance from Americans. If we are to get involved in Palestine, we should understand as precisely as possible what we are letting ourselves in for.

Let me emphasize that I am not arguing here for or against Zionism, for or against the Arabs. What follows is the report of what one American, in the course of five months' travel among the Arabs, was told of their attitude and their plans—and what he saw for himself.

No observer will question that Arabs feel deeply about Palestine. Arabs have lived there consecutively for more than 1200 years and, off and on, since the beginning of history. Like other peoples who have been under foreign rule for many years, the Arabs are growing increasingly nationalistic. In some countries, such as Egypt, nationalism has expressed itself in strong antiforeign feeling. Many observers fear that this antiforeign spirit may be whipped up by religious fanaticism into something

Sporadic riots and street fighting have already marked the UN decision to partition Palestine. But what is the long-range view? After five months' study on the scene, a well-known authority reports.

really dangerous. They fear that Palestine may provide the occasion religious fanatics have been awaiting.

Arab feelings, of course, could be discounted by power politicians. The political "realist" wants to know: What will they do about Palestine? And the American "realist" suspects that maybe his British cousin does know. Maybe that is the reason, he thinks, why the British are going to get out of Palestine—why, when the rest of the world seemed disposed to criticize what they were doing there, the British said, "O.K., you take over from here."

Now Palestine is the UN's baby, and the United States seems to have taken over the job of nurse and governess. Which might be all right—if our responsibilities were as peaceful as all that. But, in all seriousness, when you ask questions about Palestine, you are asking questions which mean life or death to many peoples. Life or death for Jews, not only in

Palestine but also in the displaced persons' camps of Europe. The Arabs say that Palestine and the DP's are separate problems. But for Americans they are, in fact, related. Whatever happens, the survivors of Nazi concentration camps must be found homes where they can live in peace. Does Palestine offer such homes? Or would the displaced Jews of Europe be plunged into the same kind of terror that has swept over India these last months?

These questions mean life or death for Arabs too. Even if we do not agree with the Arab interpretation of their rights in Palestine, Americans will not dismiss the Arabs, Nazi-fashion, as an inferior people whose lives are of no account. If there is fighting over Palestine, more Arabs will die than any others.

And then there are questions of life or death for others neither Arab nor Jew. Soldiers—perhaps Americans among them—will be killed by one side or another if force is to impose a decision in Palestine. How many will die, or where, one cannot predict. There is reason to fear that fighting might not be limited to Palestine. The Arab states, with more than 40,000,000 inhabitants, would become involved. But that is not the whole danger. Chaos and bloodshed in the Middle East are as dangerous as a match in a powder factory—particularly since there are some who hope to benefit from an explosion. The western democracies still have friends, strategic interests and resources—chiefly oil—in the Middle East. The communists have there, so far, few friends and no resources, but plenty of ambitions. They would be the only people to benefit from trouble over Palestine. Having little to lose, there is much for them to win—not only oil but the creation of a Moslem bloc which would be anti-western, if not positively pro-Soviet.

So the question: "Will the Arabs fight for Palestine?" is a portentous one. Zionist and anti-Zionist Americans should join equally in serious consideration of it and of its implications.

The question really falls into four parts.

First: Do the Arab people feel so strongly that they will really fight?

Second: How far will the Arab governments go to back up their threats?

Third: What extragovernmental preparations have been made? Have arms or money been collected? Has an organization been set up?

And fourth: At what point and to what extent may action be expected?

A few days after the United Nations Special Committee on Palestine turned in its report, I happened to be in Jebel Druze, Southern Syria, not far from the Palestine border. It is a bleak, barren land. The Druzes are a hardy, proud people. Many centuries ago the Crusaders must have stopped among them, for one sees blue eyes and red hair. They are fierce-looking and the record of their struggles for independence against the Turks and against the French suggests that, in this case, looks are not deceiving.

There was trouble in the Druze country. Every man I passed on the road was carrying his rifle or, occasionally, a submachine gun. A "popular" party had sprung up in opposition to the great feudal family—the Atrash—who have ruled the peoples of Jebel Druze for generations. The Syrian Government backed the popular party. Already there had been violence.

A visitor could not escape the impression that the Druzes were spoiling for a fight. Soon after I arrived, I was sitting and drinking coffee with Emir Hassan Atrash when a servant came in and whispered in his ear. The emir looked up at me and said with an air of surprise that a delegation of his followers, not knowing of my presence, had arrived to consult him. Did I wish to see them? I gave the reply expected of me.

Outside, in the entrance hall of his house, I found a band of bearded, turbaned notables, so jammed into the hallway that they were practically hanging from the banisters and chandeliers. They seemed less interested in addressing Emir Hassan than in telling me their grievances against the Syrian Government. At intervals they would turn toward the emir, raise their hands and bellow, "You are our prince! Why are you" (Continued on Page 55)



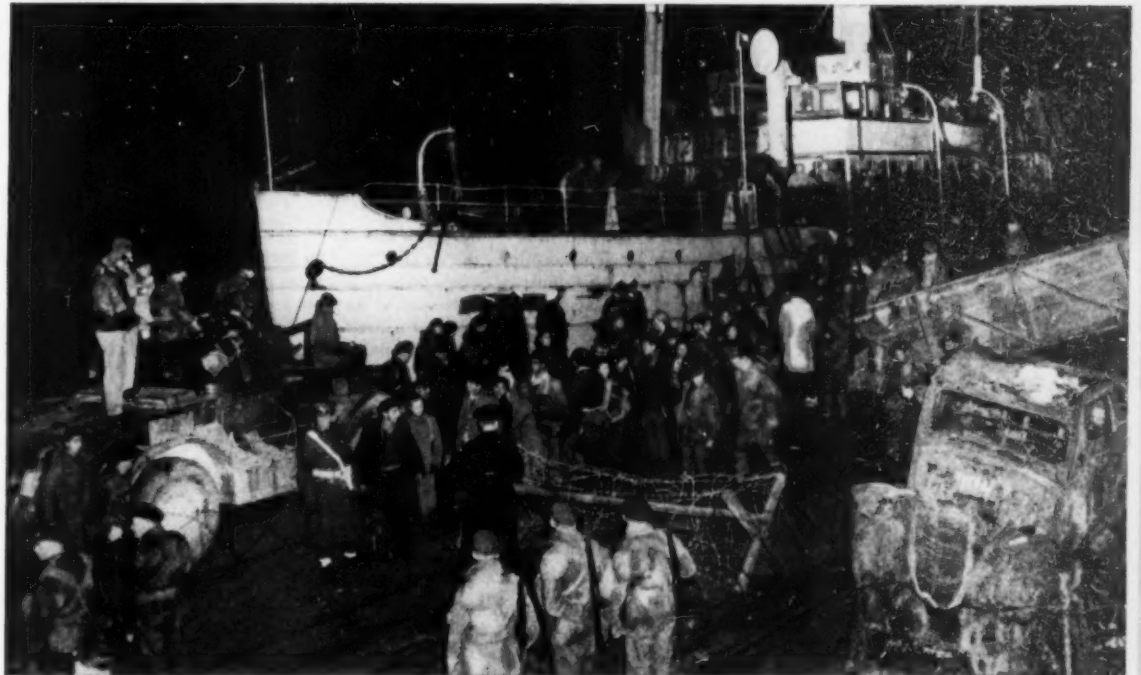
"Zionism," says Lord of the Desert Ibn Saud, "is a threat to my own country." He rejected a helping of rice at this Arabian-American Oil Company banquet, but ate it later when a sauce was added.



The Grand Mufti of Jerusalem, Haj Amin el Husseini, exiled to Lebanon, is forming Arab Palestine army.



King Faruk (with glasses) and Pashas take over Cairo barracks from the British.



This ship filled with Jewish refugees bound for Palestine was intercepted and boarded by a British naval patrol. The passengers were disembarked at Haifa and transhipped to Cyprus without disorder.



DAVID ROBBINS

Many hands make light work. Here the author attacks a painting job while his sons pitch right in—one into the soapsuds, the other into a good book.

# How to Wallpaper a Floor

By ROBERT M. YODER

**L**OTS of people have wallpapered walls, and wallpapered ceilings are as commonplace as round doorknobs or a hole in the kitchen linoleum. But I have a friend who has something distinctive in this line—a wallpapered floor. The floor is not papered from wall to wall, like carpeting; the paper is in strips and scraps, giving a kind of mottled or piebald effect. There is not so much now as there was; he soaks a little off every night. But it goes to show what distinctive decorative effects you get by joining the big Do-it-Yourself Movement. The baby of the family slapped a little paper on their spaniel, who, with a green-bamboo pattern, looked restless but dressy.

That's one thing about doing it yourself—an idea more people are taking up every inflated day, probably to the laughing delight of the paint, paper and hardware dealers. You may or may not be able to say that the homemade job has professional polish. But you generally can count on getting something out of the ordinary.

I have what I feel sure is the only polka-dotted porch floor in my neighborhood, simply as the re-

sult of a few hours of hard work put in painting the porch ceiling. The best way in the world to get a good coat of paint on any floor, no matter what the material, is to paint a ceiling. Of course, you aren't likely to have the kind of tarpaulins that the professional painters use, but if you will remember to spread newspapers carefully underneath the ladder, it is surprising how little good they will do. They do catch some paint, however, as you can tell by tracking it in on any good carpet or rug. I put a pretty fine white ceiling on my porch, but what really catches the eye is that floor. Women have remarked that it is a little like dotted swiss, the curtain material. Instead of the old, dirty-looking concrete the color of dishwasher or a February sky, I now have what I like to call a two-tone job, dirty-looking concrete with paint spilled all over it.

This movement—not to polka-dot porches, but to self-help—is nationwide and has been gaining impetus for months. It is a protest, of course, against high prices. "I don't have to pay big money to get this little job done," the householder declares. "I'll do it myself and save money." The professional

Have you joined the great Do-It-Yourself Movement? Have you tried doing your own decorating—at half the money and sixteen times the trouble? Then you'll understand why it's smart to choose paint that will look good in your hair.

painters, paper hangers and carpenters were very busy right after the war; you couldn't get them. When you could get them, their estimates on what you had hoped was a minor job were staggering. A job you thought might cost \$75 would cost \$400. To paint a whole house now costs so much it is almost pretentious; I would want the price painted somewhere, maybe across the chimney. Ask what it will cost to paper a room and you'd think they were using one-dollar bills; ask a carpenter to consider building a couple of bookcases, and the price is about what you'd expect to pay Chippendale if he brought his own mahogany. (Mahogany is an old-fashioned wood once regarded as costly because it cost as much as you would pay these days for a hunk of soft pine.)

Well, it is obvious that you can't make your own paint or wallpaper, but you can step in there and provide your own labor; obviously you are as smart as most painters. So, (Continued on Page 57)



# Angel Well Disguised

By MORGAN LEWIS

He had loved Allie for a long time . . . and now she was leaving. But what can a man do who believes he has no right to declare his love?

"MY gee!" Mrs. Crammer panted. "There ain't a thing for you to worry 'bout, lamb. You an' Willard can go on your vacation feelin' easy in your mind. David'll be good as a kitten. He's right fond of your father. I overheard him tellin' Sammy this mornin' he thought his gran'-father was a remark'ble man."

A brand-new Pennsylvania sun was heating this June morning. It shone dazzlingly on the resplendent car with the New Jersey license. And this glare got into Mrs. Crammer's eyes and made her sneeze. She fished a handkerchief from her apron pocket and vigorously blew her tiny nose.

"I do hope you're right, mother," Mrs. Willard Lamping said from within the glittering vehicle. "It's such short notice. David is a dear, but some people don't understand him at first. We have let him develop the habit of reasoning things out for himself. If he is a little slow in obeying, it's just that he's thinking it over. Don't be upset, mother. You haven't seen him in—why, it must be six years!"

Beside her, the long thin man drummed with nervous fingers on the gray plastic wheel.

"Dearie, it won't upset me a mite," Mrs. Crammer promised. "Havin' raised ten, there ain't a thing a kid could do would s'prise me. We'll git

acquainted real quick. But if Willard's nervous, maybe he'd feel better if he took Davy along."

Mrs. Lamping threw a fleeting glance at her husband. "No," she said quickly, "Doctor Isley says Willard needs absolute rest and quiet . . . and David is so active. I'm sure he'll be all right. . . . Oh, here he is now. . . . We're leaving, David." The object of this discussion stepped to the car and dutifully kissed both parents. "Now be a good boy and do exactly as grandmother tells you!" his mother admonished in a worried tone.

"Of course," David said. "I'll have a swell time. Grandpa has been showing me how to milk. It's very easy, once you get the system fixed in your mind."

"You won't have to worry about his laundry, mother," Mrs. Lamping said. "I brought enough for two weeks."

"I'll say you did, daughter," Mrs. Crammer drawled. "My gee! 'Twould've dressed all ten of my kids for a month. . . . Well, have a good time an' —" But the car was rolling along the drive and out onto the muddy road, where water flared from its passage. It dipped from sight on the long descent of Gobbler's Knob.

ILLUSTRATED BY LARRY KRITCHER

"Well," David announced, "I've got to take the cows out to pasture for grandpa."

"That's real sweet of you, lamb."

"It's fun," he assured her over his shoulder. His sneakers pranced over matted grass in wheel tracks that led to the towering red barn. All of David not covered by shorts and blazingly striped jersey was dark brown.

The Crammer blood was powerful, his grandmother mused. It always produced dark-haired, dark-eyed children. She trudged along the driveway in back of the square white house, plump and active as the robins that flushed from the asparagus bed.

She was admiring the slender green shoots when her tall, eldest grandson came limping down the path from the kitchen. The straps of a disreputable undershirt lay across the unbelievable breadth of his mahogany-brown shoulders. Blue denims clung to his narrow hips.

Mrs. Crammer's eyes widened; Sammy had been raiding the rose garden. "My!" She lifted her small hands high. "Ain't they pretty, Sammy? But I do hope you wore gloves, dear. Them thorns is somethin' fierce. If you was gettin' 'em for Willard an' May, it's too late. . . . They've gone."

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Allie sat down and took his head on her lap. "He's dead," she whispered.



# America's Host to Potentates

By DAN HERR

Some people think he's just an Emily Post in striped pants, but actually when our State Department's Stanley Woodward throws a party a rich oil concession may depend upon his entertainment.

**M**ANY Americans have never heard of Stanley Woodward, the State Department's Chief of Protocol, and most of those who have think of him as the Government's Emily Post in striped pants. Woodward is responsible for deciding who sits where at official dinners, and he frequently functions in striped pants. But today he spends most of his time entertaining kings, presidents and prime ministers. Since these men may determine the future of America's relations with the rest of the world, his job of keeping them happy while they are our guests has important implications.

Any other American host can offer hospitality on a take-it-or-leave-it basis. Woodward must insure that his guests take it and like it. If the Crown Prince of Saudi Arabia is not pleased with Woodward's efforts on his behalf, his government may well take a dim view of our oil concessions there.

Woodward, who has almost become reconciled to the public's indifference to his job, likes to think of the Government as a big business and of himself as its international-public-relations chief. As such, he is responsible for creating the congenial atmosphere necessary for successful international negotiations. Limited as he is by an economy-minded Congress and by the traditional American suspicion of anything that smacks of kowtowing to foreigners, he, nevertheless, has succeeded in making American official hospitality a synonym in diplomatic circles for the best.

To maintain that reputation is not always easy. Beer and hot dogs are more typical of America than champagne and caviar, but the latter represent the traditional in diplomatic life. Woodward has no royal coaches, no palaces, no gaudy uniforms, nor any of the ritualistic trappings dear to the diplomatic heart.

Even such a minimum ceremonial requirement as cheering throngs for the official parade—a simple matter for Stalin's protocol chief—seemed at one time an insoluble problem. Washingtonians and New Yorkers long ago had their fill of distinguished visitors, and are likely to give the general run of them a polite brush. The problem was solved in New York when a celebrity-wise New Yorker observed that lunch-hour crowds might well be mistaken by a visitor for a spontaneous outpouring of enthusiastic admirers—given the chance, most office workers would rather empty a wastebasket out of the window than into an incinerator.

Woodward can't take advantage of this brilliant tactic in Washington, but he has worked out a solution which has proved just as effective. The recent reception for President Alemán, of Mexico, is a good illustration of the Woodward technique in



LARRY KEIGHLEY

Chief of Protocol Woodward, born to wealth, product of St. George's, Yale and diplomatic service in several foreign capitals, believes common sense and humor are the best qualifications for his job.

Representing the Secretary of State, Woodward greets Sir Frederic William Eggleston, Australian Minister to U. S. Visitors below top bracket must be content with one of the chief's assistants.

PRESS ASSOCIATION





After ten days here incognito, Sultan of Muscat comes in again and does it right, for diplomacy's sake. Woodward takes him to President.



Visit of Duke and Duchess of Windsor in 1942. Woodward is at Duke's right; Sir Ronald Campbell (with mustache), British Minister, is just abaft the Duchess.

action. All Government employees were dismissed from work early. With Washington traffic fouled up even more than usual, most of them couldn't get home before the parade, even if they forgot that they were being paid to watch it. Children were released from schools and promised small Mexican flags to wave. As was expected, many of them brought their parents. Twenty-six bands and orchestras were rounded up to provide an attraction for music lovers—and relatives of the musicians. Veterans' organizations and patriotic societies were assigned areas in which to form. Competition for the biggest turnout was not discouraged. Army units were mustered for honor guards, and the Navy's Washington brass dutifully lined up according to rank in front of the Navy Department. Only a cynic would argue that these arrangements accounted for all the crowd, of course. Undoubtedly a few came simply to honor Alemán.

Woodward now has perfected his crowd-rigging technique, but he has had much less success in persuading his guests to arrive on time for their elaborate receptions. Being early is worse than being late—either creates embarrassing situations.

King Peter of Yugoslavia wandered into Washington three days early and had to be blacked out until his reception was ready. Everyone just pretended that he had never arrived. When Foreign Minister Molotov made his first wartime visit, a typical Russian-American misunderstanding resulted in a welcoming committee consisting of a second lieutenant. Molotov paced and fumed for half an hour before the hastily assembled protocol staff arrived to explain that no slight had been intended. Woodward was on hand when King George II of Greece flew in more than an hour early, but there remained the problem of an hour to kill before President Roosevelt would be ready. Woodward quickly improvised an extensive sight-seeing trip, hoping that the king would think it part of the program. The king made no protest as the official caravan continued to circle Washington. But as they passed the Washington Monument for the fourth time, he hesitatingly whispered, "It seems to me that we passed this before."

Stanley Woodward has been Chief of Protocol since 1944. He first joined the State Department in 1925 and, through an error that only another Government worker could appreciate, was assigned to typing diplomatic lists rather than to foreign

service. He typed willingly enough, but diplomats were changing so rapidly that by the time he painfully pecked out a roster with two fingers, it was already outdated. Fortunately, an amiable personnel officer listened to his plaint and packed him off to Switzerland, where he should have been sent in the first place. Resigning from the State Department in 1934 to become a Philadelphia park commissioner, he was ready, after three years of tending parks, to return to the department as Assistant Chief of Protocol.

Woodward now is so accustomed to playing host that even when he has no official guests he and his wife are likely to spend their holidays entertaining at their Georgetown home or on their 210-acre Virginia estate. President Truman was the Woodwards' 1947 Fourth of July guest. Although his Government salary of \$10,000 does not cover the extraordinary expenses of his job, Woodward, with an independent income, does not complain. He's the Washington phenomenon—a happy bureaucrat.

#### From the Right Side of the Tracks

TALL, well-groomed and overcharged with charm, Woodward is better than fair in playing his role. Washington newsmen have variously described him as a robust Leslie Howard and America's Anthony Eden. His training and background conform to what members of his staff believe to be proper for a protocol officer. A good protocol officer, they explain, should come from the right family and know his way around in society (Woodward is the son of one of the richest men in Pennsylvania, Dr. George Woodward, of Philadelphia); should have a well-rounded education at the "better schools" (Woodward studied at St. George's, Yale and the École Libre des Sciences in Paris); and should have foreign-service experience in many different capitals (for nine years Woodward served in The Hague, Geneva, Brussels and Port-au-Prince, Haiti). Woodward himself believes that "a good dose of common sense and a sense of humor" are more important qualifications than any of these superficial trimmings. But that may be because he's noted for possessing both these virtues.

Certainly Woodward's job requires more than a gracious manner and the ability to wear striped pants. Entertaining foreign dignitaries demands meticulous planning and diligent organization. Six

solid weeks of preparation are normal for the visit of a head of state. Five months were required to make ready for the King and Queen of England in 1939.

The completely organized state visit is a fairly new procedure for our State Department. From the time the Division of Protocol was established in the early '20's until 1939, Chiefs of Protocol concerned themselves mostly with problems of precedence. Entertaining distinguished visitors was a haphazard affair. Franklin D. Roosevelt changed all that. Impressed by his own gaudy receptions in Latin America, and probably not unmindful of the international publicity Hitler was reaping from state visits, he ordered the protocol staff to put on a doggie show for visiting dignitaries. The official tourist business boomed from then on—"F.D.R. was a glamour boy and everybody flocked here," one of Woodward's assistants explains—and during the war the number of guests reached an all-time high. In wartime, however, security regulations cramped our hosting style. It was not until the return of peace that all-out entertainment could be revived. Even now the visits are not purely social—most foreign officials are hoping to negotiate loans, and we're mending our political fences or angling for business concessions.

Unless President Truman is paying off an obligation—he is now indebted to the Governor General of Canada and the President of Brazil—a state visit is initiated by an ambassador subtly suggesting it to the President. If the times seem propitious and anticipated returns equal to the investment, an invitation is dispatched through our ambassador. Then Woodward and the thirty-four members of his protocol staff take over.

In preparing the itinerary, Woodward consults President Truman—who invariably suggests a trip to Kansas City—our ambassador and even the visitor. Once the visit is announced, universities, corporations, governors, chambers of commerce and private individuals try to outbid one another for the visitor's favor (lots of publicity). Planning a schedule under these circumstances requires real diplomacy to avoid irritating taxpayers or politicians, particularly when you consider the nature of some of the requests. During the visit of King George II of Greece, for example, the president of the Society for the Prevention of Calling Sleeping Car Porters "George" begged for an opportunity to initiate the king as the society's steward, "because most of our Greeks in

(Continued on Page 47)



Then she came to me and leaned against my shoulder. But close by was Belolo.

## THE LAST CANOE *By BRIAN O'BRIEN*

SHE WAS THE MOST BEAUTIFUL GIRL IN THE VILLAGE AND HER MARRIAGE PRICE WAS HIGH—SO HIGH THAT ONLY FAT OLD BELOLO COULD PAY IT.

**I**T was the year of the waterspouts, when the sea mated with the sky and danced before our town, that I, M'bula, of Bapuk, on the Batanga coast, ceased to be a full man. Before that I was the bravest fisher, the strongest canoe-man and, some said, handsome. I was those things because of Vinia, daughter of Bevinia, of Binok, a town two streams down the beach.

She was beautiful as a coconut palm swaying in the sea wind. Her skin was the color of new-sawn mahogany and her long eyes dark as forest pools. Her mouth was a pale petal. She was, accordingly to the Americani mission, nineteen years old; two less than I. She walked as one dancing, and when she danced in the full of the moon, it was like an antelope playing before the salt rocks.

I loved her even as the Americanis love their women. But, though she was old for a maiden, her marriage price was high. This because she desired fine things to deck her beauty and would marry no man who could not provide them, though men had followed her for years. And I worked harder than any other to earn the marriage price for Vinia.

Every day I led our canoemen, who are famous along the West African coast, to fish in the sea. Our craft are little longer than a man and two spans in beam. Carved from cottonwood, they are light enough to be carried in the hand. Our paddles, of heavy iroko wood, are shaped like broad spears; wide, to lean upon when we ride the surf; pointed, to fight the sharks. Thus we overcame the three walls of breakers; one foot inside the canoe for ballast, the other over the gunwale like an outrigger. We drove our craft far out to sea, then rode them, like the white men ride horses, to catch fine, hard fish.

And every evening we came to the surf laden with fish, and raced down the breakers to the beach, where the women waited with sweet water while we scrubbed our teeth with the fine white sand. And because Vinia lived in another town, the small Kalida, daughter of Bekalida, my friend who had died, held the water for me.

I dried and sold many bundles of fish to the traders at Kribi. I split the gray shark, smoked and sold

his meat to the bush people. His hide I dried in strips for carpenters and canoe makers, for it is like a file. I spent little for food and nothing for drink, until I had almost completed the marriage price. I had a store of cutlasses, brass rods, enamel bowls, white salt, an umbrella, tobacco and bolts of printed cotton. There were many who envied me when I walked, in my fine white trousers and blue singlet, to talk with Vinia.

Her father's house was fine, though he was thin with too much work, and poorly clad. Yet her mother wore real dresses and red kerchiefs, and, it was said, talked with men from other towns. But that was, perhaps, the talk of less-favored women. When white men passed, Vinia stood in the path, but she scorned the men of her town—all except Belolo, the trader.

"I love you," she said to me, "but I am not yet your wife. I may smile upon other men even though they are nothing. Moreover, Belolo has given me a bracelet of silver."

It lay about her round arm like a small snake. But when I would take it off, she moved away,

ILLUSTRATED BY GLENN GROHE

taken off as though by an adze, and the gray devil came back, shouldering my canoe to overturn it. I stabbed him with my paddle, screaming.

The other canoes darted to me over the water, beating the water with their paddles to drive off the devil who fought me. They saw my spoiled foot and cried out. Some pulled alongside, so that I could not overturn my canoe in my agony, while others stabbed at the shark and others that were attracted by the blood. Holding me safely against the movement of the sea, they paddled back to shore. But on the way I died and did not awaken until the missionary, the small Americani we call "The-stream-who-does-not-fear-the-forest," was wrapping my foot in white cloth.

For two full months I lay in a hut in the mission compound. My skin dried so that I thought death would come for me, and my foot was a raging, itching agony. And every day the Americani came to talk to me and to put medicine on my foot.

One morning I awakened to see the small Kalida. "I see you, O M'bula."

"I see you, Kalida."

She sat beside me to fan me and talk of the doings of our town.

"They cry for you, M'bula." Her voice was low and her eyes pitiful. "They cry for the strong canoe-man. They catch few fish, and there is no play when the canoes come in." She was small and rounded, with great brown eyes, and her hair was parted in ten lines from brow to nape. She wore a clean cloth, folded below her smooth shoulders, that reached to her little feet. Her hands were small, slim and pink-palmed.

"Does Vinia, of Binok, also cry out for me?" I asked.

Her eyes looked away from mine. "We have not seen her in the town."

I smiled to hide my hurt. "Did you cry for me, small Kalida?"

"I did cry for you." Her chin lifted. "But I am not small; I am seventeen years old."

I marveled, for it had seemed that Kalida was a child.

"Is your heart still hot for Vinia?" she asked, after a while.

"Yes," I said. "When I can walk again and lead the fishers, we shall marry. Will you dance at the feast, Kalida?"

"I will dance at your feast," she said, and then she would talk no more.

When the missionary took off the white cloth, I had but half a foot. I covered its ugliness with a sandal of antelope hide and I learned to walk with a stick, leaning upon the shoulder of Kalida. We walked at the edge of the sea, resting often. At times Kalida was gay as a child, running into the water to bring me shells and showing flowers in the green forest. At other times she sat silently looking at the sea, and it seemed to me she wept.

When I could walk without her help—for it is shame for a man to lean upon a woman—I went to my town, leaning upon a stick. Men looked at my foot and turned away their heads. And Kalida brought food to my house, where I sat, weeping.

That night I slept ill, for it seemed that my foot was whole. I could feel my strong toes, and I got up to see if some devil had not made me dream that my foot was spoiled. But it was no dream.

In the morning the young men waited for me to lead them across the breakers. The old men called blessings on the fishing; the women waited in the dry sand before going to their gardens. Children played with broken canoes in the shallows, for to ride our craft they must learn before they can fairly walk. I took my

(Continued on Page 69)



laughing. "When you give me bracelets, I will throw away Belolo's silver."

"How can I give you things when I save all I earn for the marriage price? I have no tobacco; I buy no palm beer. All I have goes for you."

She put her soft hands on my shoulders and leaned close. "Why do you fish in the sea? There is more profit in trade. If you were a rich trader, we could live in a fine house and I could sit in the sun in my fine dress. A fisher must work all day, and at night he is weary. And his woman must cook and clean the house."

"I am the best fisher in my town. I —"

"But Belolo lives in my town. He has many things from the trade factories of Kribi. He would give me a silk dress."

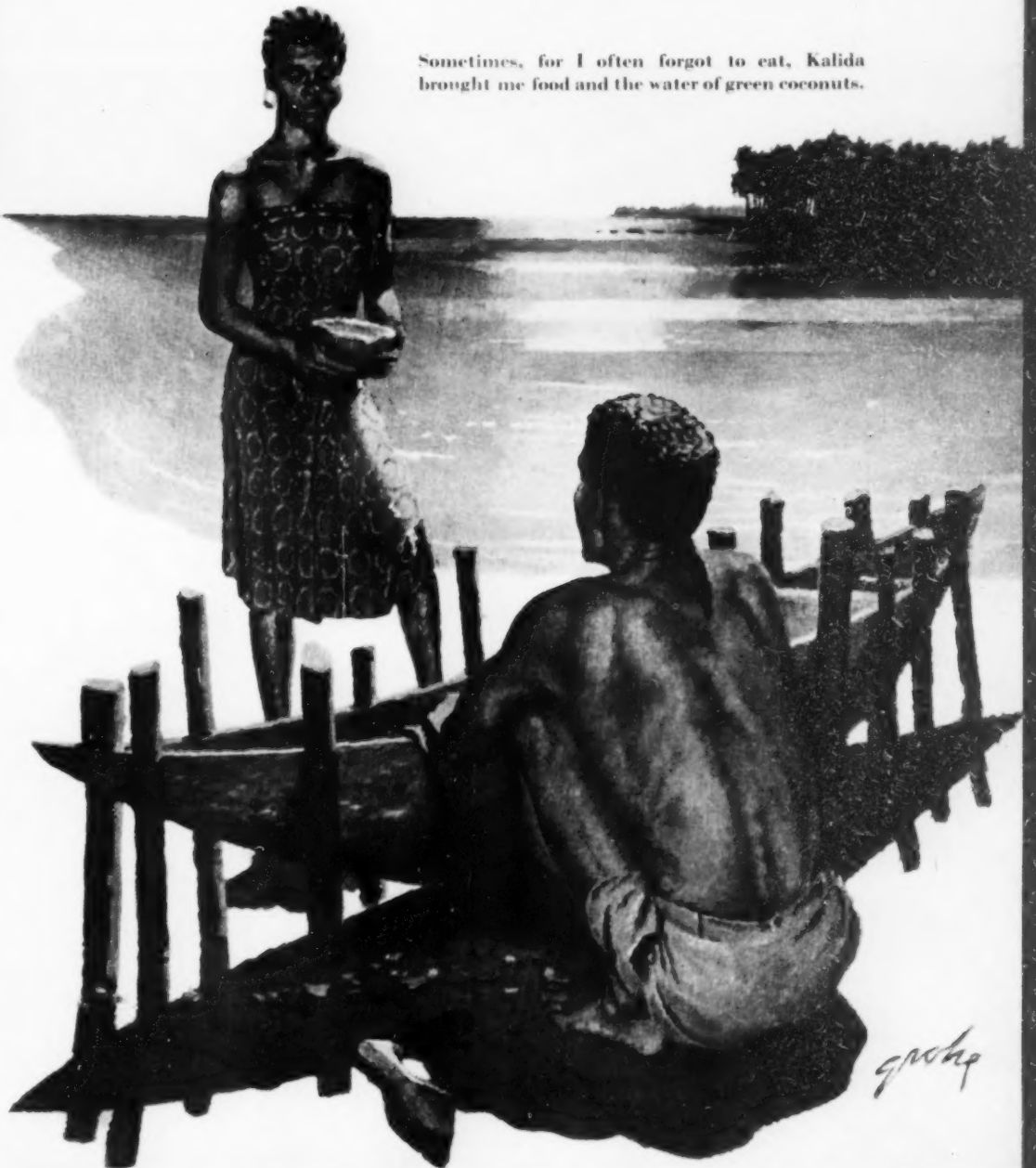
"Then does this Belolo love you?"

"Yes," she smiled. "But he is nothing to me. He is old and fat. You are tall and beautiful and strong. It is you I love."

That is why I fished far away from the other men, far out from the beach, where the big fish play and other men fear to go. They floated in the afternoon calm within sight of the town, but I could see nothing except the tallest palms from where I rode my canoe with my feet hanging in the water.

I had taken a large fish, killed him and lashed him to the thwart. My hooks were down and I was dreaming of Vinia and the time when she would sit in my hut and when she would dance to me alone in the moonlight. Those things and more I dreamed or I would have seen the long gray curve below me in the clear green water. The shark came up from behind, twisted and shot past me. There was bitter pain and the water was stained with my blood. I drew my foot into the canoe and blood spurted like water from a gourd. The front of my foot had been

Sometimes, for I often forgot to eat, Kalida brought me food and the water of green coconuts.



grodhp



Keeper Harold Stanford comes carefully down the iron spiral stairway with an oil lamp. Electric light on Bishop Rock is limited to a few rooms.



Commuting to work. A keeper clings to the bowline which is carrying him up from the relief boat to the landing platform of the lighthouse.

The double ten-ton lenses (below) focus the twin lights into a single beam which may be seen for 18 miles. Here Keeper Dick Duff changes a silk mantle.





A keeper and his duffel en route to the relief boat.

A POST PICTURE STORY

# Loneliest Lighthouse

**T**HIRTY-FOUR miles off England's southwestern tip, a tiny granite island splinters the Atlantic waves into picturesque white foam. Above this foam, rising 167 feet toward the vast, sighing sky, is Bishop Rock Lighthouse, the most isolated in the British Isles, and perhaps the most interesting. The present structure, with its eight-foot-thick walls—at base—and twin lights totaling 622,000 candle power, was completed in 1887, and, except for the installation of a radiotelephone and a small electric plant, little has been changed since.

To reach Bishop Rock one must dangle circuslike from a sixty-foot line, one end of which is payed out from a small, bobbing relief boat, while the other end is wound in by two men on the lighthouse set-off, some thirty feet above the sea. After this passage, visitors and keepers climb a nearly perpendicular set of duck steps to the entranceway proper, then labor up seven stories on a spiral stairway to reach the light.

There they may see a salt-caked tramp crawling across the horizon or a more exciting Atlan-

tic greyhound, but usually there are only the sea and the sky, stretching away until the eye grows tired. The nearest land, six miles away, is St. Mary's, the Scilly Isle from which the relief boat puts out when weather permits. Often it doesn't; during last winter's storms a BBC announcer and his engineer were marooned on the rock almost a month after their Christmas Day broadcast.

Because of this isolation, the lighthouse keepers are given every third-month ashore. Three men always are on duty, eating the food they have brought with them, sleeping in the curved, built-in bunks, and standing their regular watches in the lamphouse. Between watches they may have a snack in the kitchen, where a coal-burning stove is available for baking and a small oil stove for making tea, or they may climb to the sitting room to work on rag rugs for sale ashore. Yet wherever they are on Bishop Rock, the keepers always are conscious of the light that must be served, the restless sea that makes this service imperative, and the feeling that theirs is the loneliest lighthouse of all.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY LARRY KEIGHLEY



Bishop Rock Lighthouse, the first bit of England transatlantic passengers see on their journey to Britain.



Tea for three is quite usual on the Rock, but keepers don't share the food they bring with them, and pool labor only in boiling tea and washing dishes.



A keeper being roused for his midnight watch. The built-in bunks are curved to fit the contours of the lighthouse tower, not the sleepers.



# Skulduggery at the Rodeo

By R. ROSS ANNETT

BABE AND LITTLE JOE DREAMED OF WINNING THE HUNDRED-DOLLAR PRIZE IN THE CHUCK-WAGON RACE. HOW WERE THEY TO KNOW THAT A MALICIOUS RIVAL HAD LOOSENED THE STRUT BOLTS IN THEIR WAGON?

**A**T a distance, it seemed just an ordinary covered wagon with a top of weathered canvas. It came clattering along the winding coulee trail, drawn by four rangy, free-running broncs.

"Lookit what's comin', Babe!" Little Joe called.

He and Babe were helping Big Joe and Uncle Pete put out gopher poison in the big wheat field on the northwest quarter. The wheat was scarcely knee-high to Babe. The breeze sent long ripples through it and, here and there, bluebells of wild flax nodded above it. Against the rippling green of it, Babe herself was prettier than any bluebell. Her blue slack suit was the exact color of her eyes, and her sun hat hung down her back, so that the breeze fluffed out her yellow hair. Big Joe had paid seventy-five cents for that sun hat.

"You don't wanta get all sunburnt, Baby," he told her. "Ladies gotta mind their complexion."

But, mostly, Babe forgot to keep the hat on. She got less protection from that six-bit hat than Little Joe did from the peaked white cap he had got for nothing from Kelly's Garage in Sanford. *KELLY'S FOR SERVICE*, it said on the cap.

Babe set down her pail and shaded her eyes with her hand, studying the approaching wagon curiously. Uncle Pete squinted against the sun, holding his pail in one hand and, in the other, a piece of shingle with gopher bait dripping from it. He looked like a scarecrow, Uncle Pete did—a bow-legged scarecrow in faded denim and a nondescript hat whose tattered brim tilted forward over Pete's bleary eyes and mottled, blue-veined face.

"Looks like a chuck-wagon outfit," he said, observing the small stove on a rack at the back of the wagon. "Likely headin' for the Sanford rodeo."

"Golly!" exclaimed Little Joe. "Tomorrow we'll see it in the chuck-wagon race, with them broncs

goin' hell for leather, an' outriders hollerin', an' everything!"

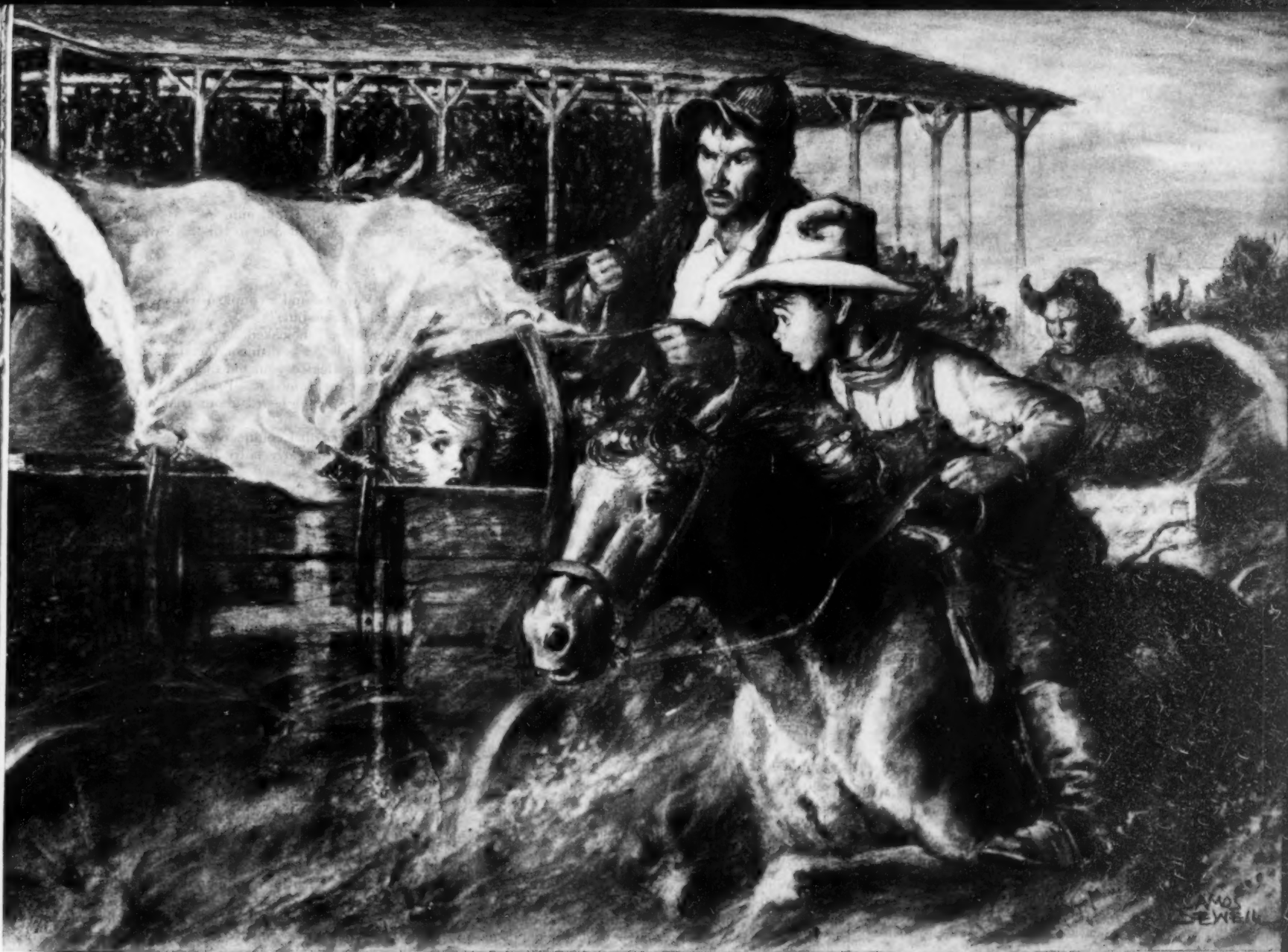
The chuck-wagon race was, by all odds, the most spectacular event at the Sanford rodeo. When the chuck-wagon outfits came boiling out on the track, each with its plunging four-horse team and yipping outriders, no Roman chariot race could have provided more thrills and spills.

"Used to be, a chuck wagon was just somethin' to follow the roundup an' feed the cow hands," Uncle Pete said. "But nowadays, seems like every two-bit rodeo's gotta have a chuck-wagon race. In my day —"

His harsh voice trailed off suddenly. He had caught sight of the E-Rafter brand that was crudely painted on the side of the approaching wagon.

"Say!" Little Joe burst out. "It was an E-Rafter man that you bought the sorrel from, Uncle Pete!" Uncle Pete scowled.





"Jeepers!" shrieked Little Joe, pounding along behind the Cross-Bar wagon. "Lookit, pop! In our wagon!"

"It's the same man!" Babe piped up.

Sure enough, the driver of the wagon was the very man who had sold Uncle Pete the sorrel gelding. They could see his well-remembered, sallow face now, and the somber eyes under the curling hat-brim. And when those brooding eyes caught sight of Uncle Pete, a gleam of recognition came into them.

"Well, howdy, friend!" he called, pulling his horses up. "How you makin' out with that sorrel geldin' you bought off me?"

"Okay," Uncle Pete lied gruffly.

The truth was that he was not making out at all. The truth was that nobody but Babe and Little Joe could ride the horse. With them, he was always as gentle as a kitten and they had made a pet of him. Even with grownups, he was tractable enough in harness, and speedy as an antelope too. But just let a grownup try to saddle and ride him, and he got meaner than all hell on a Sunday morning. It sure burned Uncle Pete up. The kids had named the horse Cyclone, and the very appropriateness of the name burned Uncle Pete up also.

"Heh, heh!" jeered the E-Rafter man. "I bet you never did git to ride that horse!"

"Shucks!" Uncle Pete countered. "Why, even Baby here—an' Little Joe—can ride him."

"Oh, yeah?" taunted the sallow-faced man, as if he knew better.

"We can so ride him," Babe spoke up in the sorrel's defense. "We call him Cyclone," she added proudly.

"That's a real good name for him," said the man. "Atomic Bomb would be even better. Tell you what I'll do, friend," he called to Uncle Pete, "I brung this outfit over from Willow Crick to run it in the

chuck-wagon race tomorrow. An' I'm willin' to bet all the prize money I win that you still can't ride that sorrel."

"You ain't won no prize money yet," was all that Uncle Pete could think of by way of answer, for it was certainly true that neither he nor any other man could ride Cyclone. Then Pete shuffled away toward the next gopher hole.

"What you oughta do ——" the E-Rafter man called after him. "What you oughta do if you're smart is hire that sorrel to the rodeo fer a buckin' horse! That way you'd git back some o' the money you paid me fer him!"

Uncle Pete did not deign to answer, although secretly he had been considering the idea himself.

But Babe spoke up quickly, "We don't want Cyclone hurt by a lot of rough cowboys."

The E-Rafter man chuckled derisively. Then he said, "The onliest thing to worry about, little girl, is what that outlaw would do to rough cowboys."

With that, he called to his horses, and the chuck wagon moved on, followed by the resentful looks of Babe and Little Joe. They were very touchy about Cyclone's good name, and they always bristled when anybody called him an outlaw.

"Maybe Cyclone ain't no saddle horse," Little Joe growled, "but in a harness race he could beat any o' them E-Rafter plugs."

"He certainly could!" Babe agreed indignantly.

"Why, if we only had a chuck wagon ——" Little Joe mused.

"And three more horses like Cyclone ——" added Babe.

That was enough to start them dreaming fantastic dreams. And soon, because in dreams obstacles are easily overcome, Babe went on, "We could get Mr. Housman's chuck wagon."

Of course they could not really borrow anything from the Housman ranch, because Bill Housman and Uncle Pete were always either squabbling over something or else not speaking on account of a recent squabble. Once, during a quarrel over some lease land, Uncle Pete had run Housman off the place with a gun. But in a dream all things are possible, so Babe and Little Joe went on with their dreaming, regardless.

They pictured themselves riding uproariously to victory in tomorrow's chuck-wagon race, with Cyclone and three quite imaginary teammates hitched to an imaginary chuck wagon, leaving the E-Rafter outfit far behind in the dust. Meanwhile, Uncle Pete kept trudging glumly from one gopher hole to the next, depositing a dab of gopher bait at each hole.

"Mr. McIntyre has a chuck wagon too," Babe remembered.

Except as part of a dream, that idea was no good either. For Bent McIntyre always ran his own chuck wagon in the race at the Sanford rodeo.

"How about the H-Bar-H?" Little Joe suggested.

That was the best idea of all. For old Jim Newbold, proprietor of the H-Bar-H, never even bothered to attend the rodeo, let alone run his chuck wagon. So then the kids' dreaming soared to new heights. They even got to dreaming about how they would spend the prize money.

"The first prize is one hundred dollars!" Little Joe said awesomely.

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ILLUSTRATED BY AMOS SEWELL

# THIS IS MY SON

By CLARENCE BUDINGTON KELLAND

## SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING INSTALLMENTS

When my father, big, successful MICHAEL STRAWNS, decided that business experience was what I, PERCIVAL STRAWN, needed, he offered to let me run an Arizona ranch he owned. Although I preferred books and Eastern libraries to cattle and ranch houses, I accepted. On the train west, an attractive girl who said her name was MAGGIE JONES persuaded me to hide her in my compartment, claiming to be in fear of someone on the train, an albino. She disappeared in Chicago, leaving a small traveling case in my care. In Phoenix I was met by tall, capable FOREMAN STRAIGHT and taken out to our ranch. It was suffering from a drought, aggravated by diversion of water by an Easterner, wealthy MR. BUTTERICK, recent purchaser of the near-by Sycingale Ranch. In a Phoenix paper I saw a New York dispatch saying the police had sent out a broadcast for Vivien Long, alleged secretary of Richard Bergamo, found murdered in his office. She was well known in night-club circles as The Vest-pocket Venus. I became grave and unhappy as I fitted her description to the young woman who had invaded my compartment on the train. The next morning Straight and I rode to Butterick's ranch. Fenced and guarded, boasting a swimming pool, it seemed out of place in Arizona. There we met, besides Butterick, the albino who had scared Maggie Jones on the train. Introduced as MR. BOLITHO, he was obviously a New York gunman. Also present were an Eastern night-club entertainer, MOLLY TACKER, and a companion introduced as MISS ASH and, to my surprise, referred to as The Vest-pocket Venus. When we protested the building of a dam that diverted our water, Butterick said he would do as he liked. I got mad, and we were put off the place by two of Butterick's armed guards. In Phoenix to get an injunction, I had a run-in with Bolitho, and saw Maggie Jones again. She asked me to keep her suitcase safely hidden.

## PART THREE

"STRAIGHT," I said, "I've been giving thought to what you suggested about the development of this ranch—wells and fencing and the like."

"Good," he said shortly.

"It means a lot of money."

"Right."

"Do you think I would be justified in spending it on your say-so alone?"

"You'd be plumb loco," he answered.

"With whom should I consult?"

"Two best men are Rider at the Phoenix bank, and Pittman, president of the Arizona Cattlemen."

"I wish I were not so ignorant of the business."

"One way to quit bein' ignorant is to consult with them that ain't," he said.

"I think I shall go to Phoenix tomorrow," I said.

"Alone?"

"I might as well get used to it."

He thought that over. "This albino," he said, "he might dry-gulch you."

"He might dry-gulch me a hundred yards from this house."

"Nobody can live forever," he said. "Did you ever shoot a gun?"

"Some," I said. "I wasn't athletic, so I didn't play football or baseball. But I was on the rifle and pistol teams."

"Let's see," he said.

He went into the house and came back with a .22 rifle and a .44 revolver. I become embarrassed when someone asks me to show off. Not that I do not like

to impress people, but I'm always afraid of failing to impress them if I try. He walked down to the fence, which was a hundred and fifty feet away, and stood six catchup bottles in a row about a foot apart.

"Let her whiz," he said.

It was with a self-conscious feeling that I stood up and took the rifle. I'd feel a terrible fool if I made a fizzle of it. I never was so desirous of doing well and of elevating myself in Straight's opinion. It would not satisfy me to do average well. I wanted to surprise him. It was a nice, well-balanced little rifle. I breathed deeply and relaxed, and then fired six times as quickly as I could work the mechanism. Maybe determination and eagerness to make an impression are good things. Anyhow the six bottles disappeared from the fence. Straight looked over his shoulder once at me and then went through the gate to examine the bottles. He came back with two in his hand.

"Every one in the neck," he said in a casual kind of way. "Now me, I'd have aimed for the bulge." He tossed away the broken bottles. "So you was on the rifle team, eh?"

"I managed to make it," I said.

"Try the six-gun," he said.

I was feeling pretty good by now and a little more confident. He tossed out an empty peach can. I fired as it hit the ground, and was pleased to see it jump. It was a dandy sensation. I fired three more times and at each shot the can jumped again.

"Hot damn!" he said. "You managed to make the team, eh? Ever win any contests?"

"A couple," I said.

"Which ones?"

"Well," I said reluctantly—not because I wasn't proud of it, but because it embarrassed me to mention it—"I . . . as a matter of fact, I happened to win the intercollegiate championship."

"I bet that pleased your old man," he said in an odd way.

"I don't know," I said.

"Why don't you know?"

"I—I guess he never heard of it," I said.



"That is not the body in question," I said.

"It would be different if it was a man with a gun instead of a tin can," he observed in the same queer tone.

"It is," I said. "It is very different."

"So you know," he said.

"I found out," I said.

"In the war, mebbly."

"I was drafted," I told him.

"They gave out medals in this here war, didn't they?"

"A great many."

"Ever give any to you?"

"Well, I was around a couple of times when they were passing them out."

"Which ones?" he asked.

"Just medals," I said uncomfortably.

"I bet that tickled your old man," he said.

"He never mentioned it," I said.

"Mebby he never heard about that either," he said.

"Maybe" was all I could say.

"Better get an early start for Phoenix tomorrow," he told me.

"Five o'clock early enough?"

"Better shove that gun in the car pocket, where you can reach it," he advised.

"Right," I agreed.

"Listen, Strawn," he said, "I'm not inquisitive . . . much. But what's the connection? What am I getting mixed up in?"

"I've no idea," I said. "What do you mean?"

"I mean what's this funny business about two Vest-pocket Venuses? What ties you up with the one we met today? And where does the albino fit into it? A blind man could see you're mixed in, somehow. How did you get that way? What kind of a fuss has moved into Arizona? Not," he said, "that it's any of my business."

"Really, Straight, I don't know. I met this girl, Maggie Jones, on a train. She was afraid of an albino. When I saw her today I thought it was a good idea to mention our albino to her."

"And you've got her suitcase," he said.

"She disappeared in the depot in Chicago and left it on my hands," I said. "Honestly, that's all I know. I'm quite bewildered by it all."

"I'm a great feller for minding my own business," Straight said.

"It's a course," I said, "that I have followed strictly. When I'm permitted to do so."

"There's that," he said. "Sometimes you get pushed. Me for bed."

Early next morning I drove to Phoenix. When the bank opened, I found Mr. Rider's office and was received by him. He looked like a cowboy in a tailor-made suit and talked like one. I stated the proposition as clearly as I could and asked for his comment.

"Let's take a flat figure, say fifty thousand dollars," he said. "What you want to know is: If you put that much into improving your ranch, will it pay a return on your investment?"

"That's it," I answered.

He discussed succinctly the matter of controlled breeding, and demonstrated its value. Then he discussed the matter of wells and irrigation and droughts. And the matter of finishing your own cattle instead of selling them to feeders. He made out a convincing case for modern methods of ranching as against the old practice of hoping for the best and praying for rain.

"Such an investment as you propose can be made to pay," he said. "Whether or not it pays depends on your management."

"Thank you very much," I said. "Can you tell me where I can find a Mr. Pittman?"

"He's in town. Likely you'll find him in the lobby of the Adams Hotel. Will you need any financing?"

"No," I answered.

I went down to the street and walked the few steps to the hotel. At the desk I asked for Mr. Pittman. The clerk pointed out a burly man in a huge hat and scuffed boots who was sprawled in a chair. I introduced myself and stated my problem.

"Sonny," he said, "the's a heap of difference betwix a dude comin' out to play cowboy with his old man's money, and a man int'rested serious in the cow business. Which are you?"



I dug a hole with my hands, placed the bag in the excavation and covered it over again.

"My desire to play cowboy," I said, "is negligible if not completely nonexistent. I am not a searcher after spurious glamour. I want to be efficient."

"Golly," he said admiringly, "you sure et and digested the dictionary. Straight work for you?"

"We work together," I said.

"Sounds like his ideas. They're mine top. Anything else you want to know?"

"I think that covers it," I answered.

"So long, sonny. Good luck."

"One more thing," I said. "How do you get a well dug?"

"Drilled," he said. "Go see Kittleman." He spat accurately at a distant cuspidor. "See Franklin about levelin' the ground."

There had been a thing on my mind. So I walked across to the newspaper office and, at the desk, asked for a copy of the afternoon paper of the day of my arrival in Phoenix. I was able to purchase one, and took it back with me to the hotel coffee shop, where I found a seat. After I gave my order I unfolded the paper. I found the story whose headline was: VEST-POCKET VENUS SOUGHT BY POLICE. This time the article was complete. It read:

Red-haired Vivien Long, called by her friends "The Vest-pocket Venus," is being sought by the police of eight Eastern states. She is wanted for questioning in connection with the disappearance of certain documents and letters from the office safe of Richard Bergamo, known as Dick the Iceberg. Bergamo was shot and killed near his Long Island home on Thursday, when on his way to appear before the grand jury to be questioned in connection with the district attorney's investigation of so-called charity lotteries. Miss Long was Bergamo's confidential secretary and constant companion in New York's night life. A high police official states that Miss Long has disappeared, and the vanishing of important incriminating documents at the same time is regarded as significant.

It was, of course, an edited and compressed Associated Press story, which might have been sensational first page in New York, but was worthy of only minor attention in Phoenix. I did not know what a charity lottery was or why such things were being investigated. But there had been a murder and the disappearance of a girl with red hair, called the Vest-pocket Venus, on the very date when Maggie Jones had invaded my compartment and invei-

gled me into pretending to the conductor that she was my wife. It was a most efficient way of eluding the police and of, as the phrase goes, covering her trail. She had distinctly impressed herself on the memories of the sympathetic conductors as a girl determined upon reconciliation with her husband after a quarrel.

Naturally, I was not so stupid as to imagine there was not a strong reason for her outrageous behavior. But I had sat with her and eaten with her, and slept in the berth above her. I have rather fancied my ability to assay character. Maggie Jones, extraordinary as was her behavior, did not impress me as being, first, a secretarial type; second, as the lady friend of a character known as Dick the Iceberg; third, as a person who would be mixed up in criminal matters and murder. She had impressed me more as a willful, perhaps adventurous and possibly scatterbrained member of the Junior League, engaged upon some escapade. It was rather humiliating to be so mistaken, if indeed Maggie Jones was Vivien Long. But the coincidences were too great to make it reasonable that she was not.

The other people who had lunched at my table finished their meal and went away. I sat staring at the paper and worrying about the situation. Someone sidled into the chair opposite me, and I looked up into the saturnine eyes of Mollie Tacker.

"Hello, Goldilocks," she said.

I admit my hair is on the sandy side, but distinctly it is not golden. Also I resent crude familiarity of the professional sort.

"How do you do, Miss Tacker?" I responded coldly.

"Snuggle up! Snuggle up!" she said. "I've been snubbed by experts. Step into the parlor and take off your shoes."

"Maybe night-club customers like it," I said. "I never could see why."

"It's so different from their home life," she answered.

I did not like the woman, but I was curious about her. People arouse my curiosity. They do odd things and I wonder why. They are inconsistent, and I wonder what makes them that way. They do things

completely out of character, and I wonder what causes their conduct. So, in spite of the fact that I felt an aversion to Miss Tacker, I could not prevent myself from making inquiries.

"You are a long way from your natural habitat," I said.

"Even a wise bird," she said in her throaty voice, "can fly too far."

"And light on the wrong tree," I said.

She lowered her brows at that. "Is that a guess?" she asked.

"A remote ranch," I said, "doesn't seem exactly your dish."

"I like my breakfast at one p.m." she said. "And without too much salt in it."

I thought I detected a hidden meaning in the last remark. "Is Rancho Paloma too salty?" I asked.

"Goldilocks," she said, leaning toward me with face suddenly serious, "it's practically corned."

"If," I said, not too courteously, "it's too highly seasoned for a night-club hostess, they must toss in the condiments."

"Mister," she said, "a night-club wisecracker has two arms and legs like common people. She gets hungry. She has stomach-ache. She likes to hear birds sing. She cries when she gets bad news. Her feet hurt just as if she were human. She likes people and she hates people. She worries about old age. A preacher has a quirk that makes him a preacher; a banker has a quirk that makes him a banker; a fat woman has a quirk that makes her a good cook. A night-club girl has a gimmick that makes her give off with the nonsense. Everybody uses what he's got."

I felt somewhat ashamed of myself. It was true, as she said, and a night-club person need not necessarily be evil. I suppose she could even obey a majority of the Ten Commandments, which is about all anybody does. It opened a field of speculation. Such a girl might even have a home and a couple of kids. She might enjoy reading Ivanhoe. Outside of working hours she might be a reasonably normal human being.

"I apologize," I said.

"Probably," she said, "horses think monkeys are lousy people. Because a horse never has been a monkey."

(Continued on Page 66)

ILLUSTRATED BY RUDY POTT



DRAWING BY • ROLAND COE • TOM HENDERSON • STAN HUNT • TED KEY • FRANK OWEN • GEORGE SIXTA • DON TORIN

### CHRISTMAS CARD

**R**EADERS in Yakima, readers in Mass.,  
In Central Park or Whisky Pass,  
In Frostproof, Fla., or Zero, Mont.,  
Readers snug at home, and those who on't,  
Readers East, readers West:  
Here's wishing you the season's best.  
The large-size best is what we wish you,  
In full color, not a condensation, complete in this issue.

**M**AY your troubles vanish like a Christmas-tree  
stand,  
May your cares come unstuck like the Christmas seals.  
May your kids love their presents in spite of the fact  
that, being normal, they wanted a junior A-bomb  
set and an Age 12 strapless formal.

May your fella act like another cigarette lighter—  
making six—is just what he wanted, and how did  
you guess?  
May your girl think her cologne is super, and so  
clever of you,  
And remember, if she doesn't like it, she can always be  
exchanged.  
May your wife be nuts about the slippers, and never  
mention that she expected a leopardskin coat.  
May your husband gaze on his necktie as if it were a set  
of new whitewalls, and you too.  
Whatever you want most, whether it's a scarf, a skiff  
or a scooter, a television contract, yes, or even a  
set of drums—but not in this vicinity—  
Or a gallon of seductive perfume and something to do  
with it,  
We hope old Santa comes through with it.

**R**EADERS old, readers young, from Wounded Knee  
to Nanty Glo,  
From Lovely, Ky., to Peculiar, Mo.  
From Bird in Hand to Cos Cob, Conn.,  
God rest you merry, everyone,  
May goggle-eyed kids cry "Wow!" from Phila.  
To Meddybemps and Unadilla.  
May the goose hang high-o,  
From Happy, Tex., to Christmas, Fla., and Hells Half  
Acre, Wyo.  
May your hearts be high, your tree splendid, your  
carving knife sharp and your turkey not  
sinewed,  
May you have the best Christmas possible, with all  
good fortune, which the editors would mark  
[To be continued.]

—THE EDITORS.



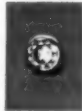
Mrs. Arthur W. Backer, formerly Miss Alice Perrin Collins of Pasadena, California—painted by Victor Tischler

*The engagement diamond lends its own bright flame and fair tradition to life's most glorious covenant. To be cherished, the diamond you choose need not be costly or of many carats, but should be worthy of its special role. Since color, cutting and clarity contribute also to its beauty and value, a trusted jeweler is your best adviser.*

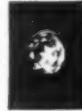
*De Beers Consolidated Mines, Ltd.*



ONE-QUARTER CARAT \$85 TO \$230



ONE-HALF CARAT \$230 TO \$500



ONE CARAT \$590 TO \$1135



TWO CARATS \$1450 TO \$3450

THE PRICES ABOVE FOR UNMOUNTED QUALITY STONES WERE AVERAGED FROM A GREAT MANY STORES IN AUGUST, 1947. ADD FEDERAL TAX.

Then he said, "You dirty, double-crossing —"  
and his fist shot out and caught my chin.



# Without Witness

By MARY HASTINGS BRADLEY

## SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING INSTALLMENTS

When I returned, that summer evening, to the apartment I shared with my friend JEFF RYDER, he introduced me to STANLEY HAZLITT. Hazlitt, an attorney, as was Jeff, invited us both to week-end at his brother's place in Maine. The brother was T. D. HAZLITT, of Hazlitt Steel, and I had known his wife slightly before they were married. Jeff was to do some legal work for the Hazlitts, but Stanley wished his appearance in the house to appear casual, hence my invitation. As I was still on terminal leave—CAPT. CALVIN KENT, of the Army Engineers—and without plans, I accepted.

The Hazlitt house was built on the end of a promontory that was really an island, for a chasm cut sharply across it and the single road passed over a steel bridge; it seemed a part of the gray stone ledge on which it was built.

The dinner party that evening was a strange one. The Hazlitt men were superficially alike, but T. D. had the vitality, the authoritative lines; his wife HELEN I would have known anywhere. She seemed glad to see me. A striking brunette who turned out to be JUDY GAYNOR, T. D. Hazlitt's secretary, made up the group. There was unconcealed tension between the two women and between both of them and the Hazlitt brothers. Next day Helen took me for a walk up the beach and I learned from her that she was in love with a young ex-marine captain, NICHOLAS MOWRAY; that Judy had espied on her and reported to Hazlitt, with whom she herself was in love; that Hazlitt had refused Helen a divorce, but had brought in Jeff to draw up a new will which excluded her. Stanley Hazlitt was to benefit by it.

That afternoon Mowray called to see me and gave me a note to pass on to Helen Hazlitt. Next day we were fog-bound and, in late afternoon, Jeff and I went for a swim in a water cave in the rock below the house. There I found a cigarette case initialed N. R. M., which I pocketed. That evening T. D. Hazlitt failed to appear at dinnertime. When

the butler was sent to summon him, he found him on the floor of his room, dead, shot in the back of his head.

CAPTAIN SAUNDERS, chief of the local police, and DANCY, the sheriff, summoned us all to the study. In the course of their questioning, Helen's romance with Mowray was brought out, and he immediately became suspect. It was, however, pretty well established that no outsider could have entered the house at the time of the murder or left it since then, though Jeff was not wholly convinced of this.

When the police left, Jeff and I turned in, to be awakened, sometime later, by a woman's shrieks. We raced down the hall through the darkness, ran into Stanley by his door, on into Helen's room. She was sprawled, a whitish heap, and I thought her dead. Then her eyes opened and she gasped, "A man—a man! He stood over me! He tried to kill me!" The room was empty and a thorough search disclosed nothing.

## PART FIVE

THAT was at four o'clock. About six, Jeff came in and we showered and dressed. He reported that a grand tour of the premises had found everything tight as a drum.

"Nobody could have got out, unless the help are lying their heads off," he said, "and if anybody is still hiding in this joint, he's in a bottle. We've looked into everything else."

He told me the sheriff had just phoned that there was still no trace of Mowray.

"Mowray," said Jeff, "rooms with a Mrs. Peterkin, known locally as a widow woman of good character. He left the house in the late afternoon and

has not come back. But that, Mrs. Peterkin reports, has happened before. The only clue—I am being frank, my friend, hoping for equal frankness in return—is that some kid ran into Mowray in the fog near a wharf where a Portuguese keeps boats that Mowray has rented. This was also late in the day."

Just the time to take off to meet Helen in the cavern, I reflected. I said, "That doesn't prove he went out."

"No."

"Are the boats all there now?"

"All present and accounted for."

"So, if he went for a row, he's back."

"Elementary, my dear Watson. But when did he get back? That's the sixty-four-dollar question. Dancy didn't find this kid and check the boats till an hour ago, and Mowray might have been out all night. There were no oars in the boats, but a broken paddle was in one of them, and until the wind came up this morning, the water was still as a millpond."

I asked, "Where's Saunders?"

"Here. And the doctor came and gave Helen something to make her sleep. That visit," said Jeff, turning to look at me, "was while you were closeted in the study with Judy Gaynor."

"Oh, they know that, do they?"

"The place is lousy with watchers. And now, speaking as I was of equal frankness"—Jeff's eyebrows went up clownishly—"what goes on between you and Judy? Were you helping her hide the gun?"

I told him about Judy, though I didn't tell what I'd said to her at last; partly because I was ashamed of it, partly because I'd been a fool to let her know she might be suspected. I said that Judy seemed convinced that Helen had no part in the murder, but had got herself involved now, helping Mowray to escape.

I said, "Judy's going round in circles. She's hell-bent on accusing Mowray, but she hates to accuse Helen. She has a certain sympathy for Helen's loyalty to Mowray."

"Involved," murmured Jeff. "Female-psychology department."

ILLUSTRATED BY GEOFFREY BIGGS

"Anyway, she was all broken up. She was hard hit by T. D.'s death."

He gave me a mocking look. "So now you don't think she shot T. D.?"

"I don't know what to think. . . . Yes, she could have shot him and be sunk about it now. . . . No, I —" I gave it up. "Look," I said, "this is clawing at the air. Even if you are a deputy you don't have to tell this, do you? Until Judy spills it herself."

"Don't you think I've thought of it?" said Jeff. "What sort of lunthead do you think I am? As soon as Helen slept, I rooted through her stuff for a contrivance that could have lowered Mowray. No find. And Saunders is as sure as Stanley that a man can't get through those casements. I'm going to try it myself, and get the answer."

"Try it downstairs," I said. "Maybe you'll break only half your neck."

"I've got a plan."

It would be just like him, I thought, to get through. I said sourly, "What a policeman you're turning out to be!"

He swung around on me. "Get this, Cal: A man had his brains blown out last night. Maybe it was for his money, maybe for revenge, maybe for his wife. Whatever the motive, it was a nasty job. And my business is the law."

He began walking up and down the room, not pacing like a tiger in the cage, the way Judy had, but in slow, easy strides. Jeff always liked to think on his feet. He said, "My job is to find the killer. It makes no difference to me whether it's an ex-marine, a wife, a girl friend or a butler who's dotty in the head. Whoever stood behind the man and fired a gun into his head is the one I want."

Something remote and impersonal had come into his face. All the clowning had gone out of it.

"Here it happened," he said, "right in this house, and there isn't one real clue. Everything is nebulous, hypothetical. It could be this one, it could be that one. I want to get hold of something definite. Something concrete. Some bit of evidence. It exists. It's bound to exist. There isn't any perfect crime. There's always a mistake. Something overlooked. Something forgotten. The trick is to grope around till you get your hands on something, and then see it for what it is. That's the hard thing. I haven't a doubt but that I've seen something significant already and not known it for what it was. That I've heard something. His black brows drew together. "Actually, we've one clue on one of the suspects. Mowray was near a boat. But what does that prove? It doesn't prove he was here."

"And if he was here, that doesn't mean he shot T. D."

"It would help prove it."

I kept busy buttoning my blouse. After a moment I said, in an offhand voice, "Look, you're all set. You go get your chow and I'll be along."

When he'd gone, I went to the dresser drawer to get the cigarette case I'd hidden last night. It wasn't there. I took everything out of the drawer and I looked in all the other drawers and all my pockets, in case I'd walked in my sleep and shifted it. It wasn't anywhere. I wasn't exactly upset, but I didn't like it. It gave me a queer feeling.

I'd been out of the room twice; once when we were all in Helen's room, once when I'd gone to the study. Somebody could have taken it either time. But why would anybody rummage in my drawer?

My money was untouched. Of course a man—even a Maine man—might pick up a gadget when he wouldn't take money, but how come he looked for it inside a fold of underwear? My own case—a silver one, too—had been in the pocket of my blouse on a chair.

Could Jeff have taken it? I felt like a heel to think that of Jeff, but if he felt it was in the line of duty — There was something remorseless in Jeff when he got going. I half made up my mind to ask him, but when I got down to the early breakfast, he was nearly through, hurrying to the mainland with Stebbins, our deputy friend of the night, to scout for Mowray, so I didn't speak of it.

Back in my room I got to thinking about those clues lying around unnoticed, so, when the maid came in, I got her to talking. It wasn't hard, for she was keyed up with excitement. She was Elsie Tyler, Hannah's sister—they were the Tyler girls the sheriff had spoken of so warmly—and she was voluble about Hannah's share in the tragedy.

"A dreadful thing to happen to Hannah!" she said, and I said it certainly was. I had a vivid memory of Hannah's rigidly pointing arm and apron-covered head as she backed blindly away from that room. "She'll never get over it; never!"

Elsie had such serious blue eyes that I didn't say that Mr. Hazlitt would never get over it, either.

"It's a blessing she didn't meet him when she went upstairs to do the rooms," she declared.

Elsie had it all worked out. The killer had slipped down the stairs and out the butler's room and into the hall while Caldwell was serving drinks. She and Jimmy, the houseman, had been in the small dining room off the kitchen. Most of the staff dined earlier than the household, I learned. Mrs. Benton, the cook, and Opal, her helper, were in the kitchen. Opal was the daughter of the Clements, the caretakers. Clement was head gardener and Mrs. Clement the laundress. They had been in their cottage, and Benton, the chauffeur, in the garage.

"You're a big household," I said, but Elsie said, "Not for the work, we aren't. By rights Pauline should be here."

Pauline, I discovered, was a New York maid who usually took care of the Hazlitts' room. She was sick in New York, and not expected for another week.

I brought the talk to Caldwell. "That was a bad shock to him too. When he looked into that room."

Elsie merely nodded, stepping briskly about a bed, smoothing the spread with great exactness.

"He must have been devoted to Mr. Hazlitt. Hadn't they been together for years?"

"Quite a time." Her voice was cool.

I asked, "Or isn't Caldwell the devoted kind? You know, he seems somehow a little unreal—as if he were playing at butler. I got the impression, somehow, it's a sort of act; that he has a very different character of his own behind all that manner."

She stopped and looked at me, her eyes according me more intelligence than she had supposed. "It's queer you say that. Yes, he's an odd fish. Preaching to us already on the wages of sin and how it's easier for a camel to pass through a needle's eye than for a rich man to enter the Kingdom of Heaven. With Mr. Hazlitt dead in his bed! He might wait till the poor man's in his grave." Her voice colored with indignation. "There's no human feeling in him, and that's a fact! I keep telling Hannah —" She broke off quickly. "And stubborn!" she said. "How can he know that man didn't slip down when his back was turned? That murderer was hiding in the library, flattened behind the curtains, waiting for night, to get at Mrs. Hazlitt!"

"Mr. Hazlitt—Mr. Stanley—seems to think Mrs. Hazlitt had a nightmare."

"Oh, men always think a woman is imagining things," said Elsie easily. "My mother once heard a noise in the night that my father wouldn't get up for, and it was a thief who took all our hams. She never let him hear the last of it." She gathered the soiled linen, glanced at her wrist watch and said, "Eight o'clock! It's a queer feeling, isn't it, to have it eight o'clock and Mr. Hazlitt not sitting down at his breakfast?"

There was a queer feeling to every hour of that day. The house was a hive of hushed activity. People slipped in and out—police and the undertaker and his men—looking self-conscious and curiously furtive. The morning papers were full of the story, and the New York papers carried it on the front page; Stanley called up and had them read to him.

I saw the accounts when they were flown in. Planes were flying again, now the fog had lifted. MYSTERY KILLING IN MAINE MANSION. UNKNOWN SHOTS STEEL KING, ATTACKS WIFE. None of the papers made anything but a mystery out of it. All the suspicion was pointed toward someone outside the house. Those Maine police kept their own counsel.

Telegrams poured in and notes and messages of shocked sympathy from the Hazlitt friends; I could imagine the excitement in the colony at the Harbor. The big room began to be banked with flowers as if getting ready for the funeral.

Judy Gaynor, in a plain black dress, was doing her secretary's job, listing offerings and names and taking down messages. I heard her say, "Yes, Mrs. Van Cleve, I'll tell her when she wakes. She's sleeping now. . . . Yes, a great shock. . . . No, not hurt. . . . Thank you, I'll tell her."

Nothing in her controlled voice, nothing in her self-contained manner had the remotest connection with the frantic, grief-maddened creature of the night. This was part of the unreality of the day, the bleak, efficient performance over the fury and the desolation. Nothing was what it seemed. The air of sympathy for Helen, the routine of respectful service was all part of the illusion. Everyone was acting, pretending there was nothing more than the strangeness of death in the house. Pretending there was no scandal, no suspicion.

Reporters were ringing up, trying to get in, and guards were established. The D. A. arrived and was closeted with Stanley. Then he looked me up for a few words. He was a wiry, vigorous fellow with a small black mustache

(Continued on Page 40)



"It's a black two-door sedan —"

THE SATURDAY  
EVENING POST



*Expert buyers see to it that meat purchased for Swift is good to start with.*

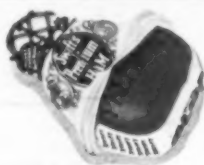


*Skilled workmen supervise the processing of every Swift product.*

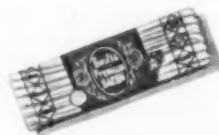
*What's in  
a name?*

*This advertisement attempts to make visible the unseen values that are always present in the name Swift and in the pledge of quality that this famous brand always implies—values never more important than they are today when meat, its proper selection and careful use is the objective of every homemaker.*

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BUY MORE WISELY . . . .  
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*Swift's research scientists are constantly pioneering better methods, better products.*



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age and build of the animal, by the color and texture of the meat itself, by the distribution of flavor-giving fat over and through the lean.

So exact is this grading, so high are Swift's quality standards, that only a very small percentage of all the meat graded by these experts ever qualifies for the "Swift's Premium" brand.

That's why the name "Swift's" is so important to you, these days when food and its careful selection and use are so vital. Wherever it appears—on canned or smoked meats, as well as on fresh—it stands for uncompromised eating excellence—your best buy. So good you'll enjoy every nourishing bit.

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*This Swift Quality Seal identifies a family of food products which you can buy with complete confidence that each is the finest of its kind. All of Swift's resources, its 62 years of experience, the technical skills of its operating people, and of its great laboratories with their test kitchens stand behind this pledge.*

that seemed to be trying to make him look like Dewey. He didn't ask anything Saunders had not asked; he merely wanted, I felt, to see what I was like.

There was no end to that morning. I spent most of it in the library, a big corner room just under T. D.'s room and over the cavern. About noon Stanley Hazlitt came in. He looked harassed and strained. I went over and asked if there was anything I could do. He said there wasn't, and then he said, very decently, I thought, "I'm sorry, Captain Kent, that Miss Gaynor accused you, last night. I appreciate the suspicion was unjustifiable."

"That's all right," I said. "It was all very confused."

"Yes. With the shock —"

"She told me afterward she didn't mean I'd let Mowray in knowingly. She also told me," I went on, "that she was sure Mrs. Hazlitt was innocent of complicity. It's only Mowray that she suspects."

Stanley looked at me, then down at a book he was holding. "Her opinions are entirely motivated by emotion," he said dryly. "Unfortunately, we have to be guided by fact." Then he looked up and gave me a singular look, sharp and searching, charged with somber bitterness. "Captain Kent, I am in an unfortunate position," he said abruptly.

I would have been glad to have him go on, but just then Jeff Ryder came barging in, looking for Stanley. He reported that there was no trace of Mowray yet, not since the boy had seen him in the fog at the wharf. I thought Stanley was more bothered than he wanted to show.

"That's peculiar. But it's a clear morning. Doubtless out fishing."

"Dancy's beginning to think he high-tailed it."

"But why? He had no reason —"

"He may have had a reason," said Jeff. "It looks as if he was out in a boat yesterday. I found this in a boat at that wharf."

He took a small gadget out of his pocket and held it out. "I found this under a floor board. A Navy compass."

Stanley looked at it without interest. "That type is quite prevalent now."

"The Portuguese says it isn't his. No one has rented the boat but Mowray."

"He has rented it before. The compass could have been left earlier."

"He wouldn't be needing it except in a fog."

"There have been other fogs."

"None so thick, they tell me."

"Quite as dense, I would say. I can't see this has special significance. Even if Mowray had been out in a boat, what of it? My brother was not killed until seven-thirty, and after that time Mowray could not have left this house."

"That's the question," said Jeff. . . .

"Oh, about that window —"

"What about it?"

"I measured the casement and had a carpenter build a frame. A thin man could get through."

"Impossible."

"I got through."

Stanley didn't say a word for a moment. Then he said—and you could smell the smoking rubber of his brakes—"Indeed! You are an ingenious young man, Mr. Ryder. You are also an exceptionally thin one."

"That's right. It was a tight squeeze, even for me. I had to take off my shirt or I'd have torn it off. A man heavier in the shoulders and hips couldn't have

got through. Mowray couldn't. I saw his clothes at his boardinghouse and he's two sizes wider."

"I knew Mowray could not have got through. What do you think your . . . experiment has proved?"

"Why, that a thin man—such as Mrs. Hazlitt says she saw—could get through. Though over that cliff it would be suicidal."

"It would be," said Stanley.

"And"—he gave Jeff a long level look—"Mrs. Hazlitt saw no thin man." Jeff did not contradict him. Stanley added, with a forced politeness, "But I am obliged for your experiment. You have settled the question about Mowray and the window."

His eyes dropped to the book in his hands and, as if reminded, he moved toward the shelves and put it in place. Then he told us a buffet luncheon was being served and went out.

It was like Jeff's curiosity to go over to the shelves and take down the book Stanley had put there. It fell open in his hands, and he stood reading with instant absorption. I put my Field and Stream back on the table and went over to him and asked, "What you got there?"

"Page on Wills," he said absently.

I looked at the shelves and, from the number of law books there, I judged Stanley did a lot of work here in the summertime. Then the title sank in, and I said, "Boning up on testamentary law, was he? Ready to help with the will making?"

I remembered the open astonishment on Stanley's face when he heard the will wasn't leaving him the works. But Stanley's dead-and-gone hopes were pretty far behind us now, so I said, "Come on to lunch."

"Well, I'll be damned!" said Jeff, softly and interestedly. "I'd forgotten this. I need a refresher course."

"Not now, you don't. You're through with wills here. You need some chow."

But Jeff stood reading—he could stand like that reading law for an hour at a time when something struck him as interesting—so I started for the door. Just then the buzzer rang on the

phone, and I went to the desk and picked up the instrument.

A man's voice said, "Captain Kent?" and I said, "Speaking," and the voice said, "Here you are," and then the operator's voice, a woman's voice, said, "Captain Kent?" and I said, "Speaking," again.

"The operator's voice said, "Go ahead, Littlebeach," and I heard coins dropping into a box, and then a man's voice, curt and sharp, "Captain Kent?"

"Speaking," I said for the third time.

"I hope you know who I am. Don't say the name."

"I think I do," I said. I inched about till I could give Jeff a glance. He looked lost to the world in that book of his, and I tried to make my voice casual. "I'm not sure, though."

"Coves. Beaches. Get it?"

"Right."

"I hear Hazlitt's shot."

"That's right."

"Who do they think did it?"

"I wouldn't know. Not right now, anyway."

"I get you. Now what's this about Helen? Is she hurt?"

"No." I was damning Page on Wills as I glanced again at Jeff.

"It said she was attacked."

"She thinks so."

"The same time?"

"No."

There was dead silence, and I thought the connection was broken. Then the voice said desperately, "I've got to see you."

"Where are you?"

"That's no good. I'm pulling out."

"How about a swim?"

"Where?"

Jeff was listening, of course. I'd have to cook up some explanation.

"Not the cove. Ask Helen," Mowray was saying. "Where it's private. I'll drop in for cocktails." He gave a ghastly laugh that wouldn't have deceived a wire tapper if he had meant it to. "I tried to phone her, but couldn't get her. You'll have to do," he said brusquely, and then—this through the voice of the operator saying, "Deposit

another dime and nickel, please"—"or get her to come."

He hung up, and after a moment I heard another click and felt sure someone had been listening. But I didn't see how it could mean much. I wouldn't have known where he wanted me to swim if it hadn't been for that cigarette case found in the cavern and his "Ask Helen." I lit a cigarette, giving myself time to it, and saw that Jeff had put his book up at last and was eyeing me.

"Reporter guy who says he used to know me," I said. "They try all the angles."

For a wonder, he didn't follow it up. In a moment I saw why. His *amour propre* was licking a bruise.

"Look, Cal. Did it seem to you that Stanley rather gave the compass the brush-off?"

"Well, yes. But the compass didn't mean so much. What really griped him," I said, talking fast to keep him from remembering the reporter, "was your getting through the window frame. If you cherish hope of any more business from Stanley Hazlitt, you'd better stop showing him where he's wrong. It doesn't endear you, that's for sure."

Let him worry about that, I thought. And it's a fact he did look worried. All through lunch he shoveled in his meal, Army style, without a word. That gave me a nice quiet time for my own worries.

THE inquest was at three o'clock, so I got in some sleep beforehand. That is one thing you learn in the Army—to grab food and sleep when you can. What Jeff was doing I wouldn't know. He'd bolted out after lunch and I wouldn't have been surprised if he'd had the Portuguese gardener's kids diving for the thin man's body.

He was downstairs with Captain Saunders when I went down for the inquest. The D. A. had said the inquest would be a formality, and that's what it was. The coroner and jury sat around the long table in the dining room and one by one the witnesses took the oath, answered questions and went out.

A few of us stayed in all the time—the D. A., Saunders, Stanley Hazlitt, Jeff and myself. The reporters were there, too, for an inquest is public; they were mostly local boys, but a couple of them were from New York. Saunders and Stanley kept their eyes on them to see that they didn't stray away and get some headlines from the help.

The witnesses went in and out the serving door from the butler's room, so the newsmen couldn't get at them. Helen gave her testimony in a low, almost inaudible tone, except when it came to the story of the night attack, when her voice stiffened. A light bulb flashed then and cameras clicked, and I could guess the headlines. STEEL KING'S WIDOW TELLS OF ATTACK. She sounded to me as if she were reciting a set piece, but that was natural enough; she had told it so many times before.

Nothing exciting happened, not even when Judy Gaynor testified. She seemed to have decided that this wasn't the time and place for accusation, and she simply answered what was asked: "When did you last speak to Mr. Hazlitt?" . . . "What did you do then?" . . . "Did you hear any sound like a gun?" . . . "Did you hear the elevator after seven-thirty?" Things like that.

Mowray's name was never mentioned. The willmaking was brought in, for Jeff was asked the reason for his



"O'Reilly wants you to get off his foot."

being at Stone Ledge, but he was not questioned about the contents of the new will. The Maine police were not trying the case in the newspapers.

Stanley's testimony was bleak, colorless, exact. He made it clear that the doors were locked, both at the time of the murder and after the night alarm, but he offered no opinion about the alarm.

Hannah Tyler was the only one who went in for details. This was her big moment. She was something like Elsie, only older and thinner; she had the same round, serious eyes, though hers were dark, and the same air of intense conviction. Her recital was so familiar to her now that its horror had turned to drama and she positively declaimed it. "And then I looked at the window, noticing the curtain was pulled back, and there was Mr. Hazlitt stretched out, dead as a stone."

The jury trooped out, and presently came back with the verdict: Death at the hands of a person or persons unknown.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

**HABIT-FORMING**

I've analyzed all habits  
I've gathered in the past:  
Good ones I learned slowly,  
Bad ones I learned fast.

—PHILIP LAZARUS.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Jeff got out of the room quickly. I thought he wanted to get away from a reporter who was asking if the will wasn't an angle—the others were buzzing about the night attack—but when we were out in the main room, he looked over the little knots of people standing about as if he were looking for someone. Some of the jurors were hanging about, eying the room and the flowers curiously; this would be something to tell about when they got home. Benton, the chauffeur, was guarding the door into the butler's room, and a young policeman was sitting on the stairs. The houseman was shepherding some of the local citizens to the door. "It's all over now. This way, gentlemen."

I saw Caldwell standing under the gallery with the two Tyler girls. They were outside the door into the long inner hall you had to cross to get to the library, guarding the doors from intruders and talking it all over. Jeff headed for them and I trailed along. As we came up, I heard Caldwell say something like "forget it" or "regret it," then he broke off and moved a little away.

Jeff turned toward the girls. He said to Hannah, "There was something I wanted to ask you. How did you happen to go upstairs last night when you did?"

Hannah looked confused at his brusqueness. "Why—why, I always go up at that time."

"Yes, but how did you happen to go into Mr. Hazlitt's room? You knew he wasn't down."

Why, indeed? I wondered. And why hadn't I been smart enough to think of that?

Jeff prompted, "Did you go in to see what was keeping him?"

"Oh, no; he wouldn't have liked that at all. I thought he was down." She added, in matter-of-fact explaining, "When I heard the elevator go down."

"You heard the elevator? When was that?" Jeff's voice was very quietly keyed.

"Why, when I was in the hall. I'd come out of Mrs. Hazlitt's room, thinking Mr. Hazlitt was still in his room, and then I heard the elevator, so I took it for granted he'd gone down."

"I see. I just wondered. You're sure you heard that elevator?"

"Of course. Why else would I go in?" said Hannah reasonably.

"But the elevator was upstairs when Mr. Hazlitt was found. So you must have been mistaken in thinking you heard it go down."

"Then it was going up," said Hannah. "It makes the same sound."

"But who would have taken it up? Or signaled for it? There wasn't anyone upstairs but you."

"I don't know, I'm sure." Hannah began to look flustered and stubborn. "That's for them to find out," she said obscurely. "I know I heard it."

This was important. Jeff had got something at last, I thought. Something that fitted in. The elevator had gone down after Jeff had come downstairs, when he was talking with us, when it would have been hard for anyone of us to hear it.

And Helen must have signaled it back later. She could have done it in the confusion outside T. D.'s door, and we wouldn't have heard it come up, for we were inside the room, staring at the dead man, with the foghorn blaring in the open window.

The chain of circumstantial evidence fairly clanked at me. I wished I could dispose of it the way Elsie did. She said, "It was the man, sneaking up from the library to hide in a guest room. Waiting to pounce on Mrs. Hazlitt in the night."

Jeff disregarded that. He said to Hannah, "Are you prepared to swear to that? That you heard the elevator?"

Her dark eyes lighted up. "I'd take my Bible oath!"

That settled it, I thought glumly. Mowray had come and gone.

I left then. Mowray had said, "I'll drop in at cocktails," and it was five o'clock now. As I changed into my swim suit I wondered what I'd do if Jeff barged in and decided to have a dip with me. He didn't come. No one was in the hall as I headed for the elevator. I kept close to the wall and didn't look over the rail, so I didn't know whether anyone was in the room below or not, but if anyone looked up and saw me going along the gallery in my bathrobe, what harm in that? Why shouldn't I take a plunge?

The cave was black as a hole, except for the gray arch of the entrance. I switched on the lights and they brightened the shelf I was on, but the rest of the place was shadowed and spooky. The air was beginning to fog up again, not thick, blanketing fog like yesterday, but thin wraiths of cloud stealing in the entrance.

I wrapped my bathrobe about me and sat down on a bench and lighted a cigarette. The water wasn't quiet like last night. The tide seemed to be going out, but a wind was blowing in from the west and little waves slapped against the shelf, throwing spray up on it, so I drew back my legs and thought what an awful place this was to have fun in.

Maybe it was all right on a bright day when the arch framed blue sky and the coolness of the place was a pleasant change from the sun's heat, but it took plenty of imagination to picture it. And it didn't help the general atmosphere of depression to reflect that two stories above me the man who had restyled this cave for his use



**"I HATE Fels-Naptha Soap"**

"It's the worst soap in the world.  
No matter where I hide, sooner or later  
Fels-Naptha finds me—generally sooner . . .  
I've tried every place you could think of—  
towels, handkerchiefs, pillow cases,  
even shirt collars and cuffs—it's no use.  
When they change to Fels-Naptha, I'm finished . . .  
Oh, oh!—here comes that awful soap again.  
It's after me. I can't stand it.  
I'm going . . . going . . . gone . . ."



Golden bar or Golden chips—**FELS-NAPTHA** banishes "Tattle-Tale Gray"

was lying dead and that the man who was suspected of killing him was coming to talk to me.

I didn't see the boat come in. I was lighting another cigarette, and when I looked up it was there, oars shipped, gliding across the pool. I stood up, and Mowray jumped out and drew the bow on the shelf. There was no waste motion; he knew the place all right.

We looked at each other without speaking for a moment. He looked haggard and he hadn't shaved and his clothes looked as though they had been slept in, but he had the sort of rakish good looks that disorder didn't hurt.

He said, in a let-down voice, "Helen couldn't come?"

"I haven't been able to talk with her."

"Is she hurt?" he asked quickly. "What about it?"

I told him what had happened and he listened intently. He didn't make a comment, and I couldn't tell how much he knew already or how much he guessed. He asked me for a smoke and pulled on the cigarette ravenously.

"Where have you been?" I asked.

"Drunk. Sleeping it off."

"How did you hear?"

"Saw a paper. How did it happen—the shooting?"

I told him that. I told him how they had gathered us in for questioning, and I said bluntly, "Judy Gaynor has accused you directly," and gave an account of that. His face showed nothing but strained attention, till I said, "But Stanley Hazlitt suspects Helen," then it grew tighter and harder.

"What has he got on her?" he asked harshly.

"Motive. Opportunity."

"That isn't proof."

"No, but it counts. It was a lot of motive."

"Anyone could have done it. I'll bet plenty people wanted to bump him off."

I didn't say anything to that. In a moment he said urgently, "Tell her not to talk. Tell her to keep her mouth shut. Tell her she's all right if she doesn't get to talking."

"The only talking she's done—as far as I know—is to defend you."

"Tell her to lay off that. They can't get anything on me."

"I'm not so sure," I said slowly. I debated whether to tell him about the cigarette case or not, and decided not to. I said, "Hannah Tyler, one of the maids, heard the elevator go down about eight-thirty."

I put significance into that, looking squarely at him. Our eyes met, but I couldn't see an inch into his.

"To hell with that!" he said.

"You can't brush it off like that. It's damned important."

"Why?" He sounded derisive. "Am I supposed to have been in it?"

"That's the idea the D. A. is going to get."

"To hell with the D. A. Tell Helen not to talk," he repeated. He was frowning worriedly now. "See here. Why should Stanley suspect Helen? Doesn't he want to pin it on me?"

"He doesn't think you could have got out. He doesn't know yet that Hannah heard the elevator. And Helen made him suspicious from the start. She wanted him to fake an accident when we found T. D. He figures that if you couldn't do it, Helen did. Who else wanted T. D. killed before the new will was signed?"

Mowray said softly, vindictively, "That rat! Somebody ought to shoot that swine!"

"That would fix everything up nicely."

"She wanted to fake an accident?" He sounded anxious now and worried. "She wanted to put a gun beside him."

"Maybe it was an accident. Maybe somebody took the gun."

"Maybe somebody didn't think quick enough to leave one."

He gave me an unreadable look. "So what? What do you think I ought to do?"

"Go back to your boardinghouse and show yourself. Fight it in the open."

"Like hell. They won't get their hands on me. I'm pulling out."

"Don't be a fool. They'll pick you up."

"They won't."

"It's a mistake to run. It looks——"

"I know what it looks like. But it takes the heat off Helen."

"They'll think her an accomplice."

He was silent a moment, then he said, his voice desperate sounding, "Tell her not to talk. Not a word. She hasn't seen me. I've never been here. She didn't do anything. . . . Oh, if I could only see her!" Then he said, "You dirty, double-crossing——"

and his fist shot out and caught my chin. I toppled backwards. I was out before he rolled me in the water, because I didn't remember going in. The next thing I knew, Jeff was working over me and I was gagging up salt water. I must have gone in with my mouth open and filled up like a dunnage bag.

I sat up and felt of my chin, and Jeff said, "You all right, Cal?"

I fingered my chin, and the back of my neck, which felt snapped in two. "What happened?"

He told me. He'd come in the entrance and was swinging his boat to block it when Mowray saw him and knocked me out. Then he rolled me into the pool and jumped into his boat. I didn't come up, so Jeff sent his boat straight across to me, and the two boats had slid past each other in the pool. Mowray had an oar ready, Jeff said, but Jeff didn't try to stop him.

"Now he's gone, damn him!" said Jeff, staring at the entrance.

"Damn you!" I said sourly. "Why did you come in?"

"Well, the reporter thing didn't go down with me," said Jeff. "And we had a man at the switchboard in the butler's room, taking down every conversation. We figured Helen or Mowray might try to communicate. He didn't make any sense of your talk, but I did."

"And what were you going to do? Arrest him?"

"I wanted to talk with him."

"You should have carried a white flag."

"Don't be sore, Cal. How much did he tell you?"

"Not a thing. He was asking."

I got up and took off my bathrobe and began to wring the water out of it. Jeff's trousers and sleeves were wet from lugging me out, and he squeezed water out of them and took off his wrist watch and held it to his ear. Then he strapped it back.

"I want to get to him," he said.

"All right. Get to him."

"The Coast Guard can find him. That will have to be the way of it now," Jeff said regretfully. "But I wanted to talk to him first."

He squeezed some more water out of his pants legs and then emptied his shoes. He explained, "You see, I thought if I came along when you were here and blocked that entrance till I had a chance to explain something, maybe he'd listen. And you could tell him who I was and maybe he'd talk."

"So now he thinks I turned him in."

"Sorry I messed it up," he owned. "I wish now I'd told you what I wanted to find out. I thought of it, but——"

"But you had to play the Lone Ranger. Superman at the oars."

He grinned. "Why I pulled you out, I wouldn't know."

"Don't think I owe you anything for it."

We both grinned then, and I asked, "What did you want to ask him? Aside from whether he bumped off T. D. or not?"

"I wanted to ask who was the girl he was with Friday afternoon."

"Friday——" I reached for a towel and began to dry my head gingerly.

"That was the day he came to see me."

"Afterward, when you were at the Bronsons', he was at Scarlotti's place along the shore, buying drinks for a girl with big black eyes. Dancy picked that up and phoned it in to me before the inquest."

"Big black eyes! Plenty of Portuguese and Italians along the shore."

But I was thinking of Judy Gaynor, and so was he, for he said, "The chauffeur says Judy Gaynor took a car out just before you went to Bronson's. And Scarlotti's place is several miles out."

I thought about it a moment. "So what? Even if it was Judy? She'd just been urging me to tell Helen to run off with him, and I wouldn't wonder if she tried working on him. To get him to rush Helen into running away. She was crazy enough to try anything. If they ran off, she'd have a chance. I don't see that you've got so much there."

Jeff looked at me a considering moment before he spoke. Then he said, "Scarlotti told Dancy he saw Mowray slipping her a gun."

"That really took me. He gave her a gun?"

"So Scarlotti says. He didn't think anything of it at the time, he told Dancy, for vets are always handing out souvenirs, and he knew Mowray was an ex-marine. But when Dancy got to asking round for Mowray, he came out with this."

"That's a queer do," I said. "Didn't Scarlotti know the girl?"

"Said he never saw her before."

"Wouldn't he have known Judy?"

"Dancy asked him that. Asked if he knew Mr. Hazlitt's secretary, and he said, no, he didn't know anyone from here. They didn't come into his place."

"That's a queer do," I said again.

In a house full of guns, why would Judy want one from Mowray? She must know it could be traced. Was she rat enough——Premeditation didn't seem her line. I'd thought of her as acting in sudden fury, in a blaze of anger, the way she'd sent that jade bowl crashing, but because she was sudden and violent didn't mean she couldn't be cold and calculating, too. I thought about that hard-angled jaw.

I said, "Maybe she used his gun on T. D., and Helen found it and pitched it out the window."

Jeff said glumly, "We've got so many damned solutions. In our minds. But what's the truth?" Then he got brisk and purposeful again, "We've got to pick him up now. The Coast Guard can get him if he's heading back to Littlebeach—that's a long way down. If he heads directly in, he'll be found anyway. Look, Cal, don't pass this on. About the girl and the gun. Dancy's working on that, and I'm supposed to be helping him out."

"I'll keep my mouth shut," I said.

"Take the boat back for me, will you?" He had put the bow of the boat up on the shelf, the way that Mowray had, where it was grinding away as the water pulled at it, and now he stooped and put it down into the pool.

"Take it around to the beach, to the boathouse there. I've got to go up and phone the Coast Guard."

(TO BE CONTINUED)



Edwin Cyprien  
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Does this help madam make up her mind?"

## THE DRUG THAT MAKES CRIMINALS TALK

(Continued from Page 17)

explanation. Or it might be because the prisoner believes he can "bug the bug doctor." He hopes to stick to his story under the drug and thus copper-rivet his defense.

Even when consent is given, the hoped-for result may not accrue; some observers believe a prisoner can sometimes resist the drug.

Interestingly enough, however, a specialist in criminal psychiatry, Dr. Ralph S. Banay, formerly psychiatrist of Sing Sing Prison, believes any reticence on the part of a suspect can be broken down unless the constitutional state of his body is such that the drug does not affect him at all. Otherwise a properly administered and sufficient dose, he says, immobilizes the will and inhibitions, leaving the individual powerless to resist talking truthfully.

Even allowing for a margin of evasion, these hypnotics prove invaluable to the criminal investigator in many ways. An arrested prisoner claims insanity as a defense. Is he truly insane, or malingering? As has happened, the prisoner may actually admit in the dream state that he has been malingering.

It is not always a simple matter, however, to determine whether a prisoner is sane or insane beyond peradventure. When the two "Mad Dog" Espositos, killers of a paymaster and a policeman, were brought to the death house at Sing Sing, they had not uttered a word during a year of prior confinement.

They made only animal sounds, grunting, snorting and barking like dogs. One crawled about on all fours.

The other held himself rigid and did not walk. The trial was over, but it was still important to discover whether they were indeed insane or merely feigning. The governor would want to know, should he be considering commutation of the death sentence to a life term.

Doctor Banay, before witnesses, injected sodium amylal and benzedrine sulphate—the latter to prevent too deep a sleep. As the drugs took effect, the animal-like killers relaxed. They smiled. Then one stood erect. Finally, both talked! And it was baby talk. They pleaded for candy, pouted. The rigid brother complained to his mother, seen in his reverie, about mistreatment. He showed her what purported to be bruises and pleaded for sympathy. The other imagined himself playing ball, cavorting about the cell. Both kept crying, "I want my mamma!" A guard was introduced into the cell, and the brothers were told he was "mamma." Whereupon the more active of these two tough, depraved gunmen embraced "mamma" joyously and asked for some pie.

What were the conclusions? One psychiatrist reasoned that the prisoners were insane. These infantile reactions, he said, were characteristic, under the drug, only of the insane. Another considered them sane. They resisted the drugs and were faking the entire thing, he felt. They were finally deemed sane—although the question is still moot among medical men—and executed.

But a case of this sort indicates no more than that the use of hypnotic drugs in criminal investigation is only in the beginning stages. Undoubtedly, as more is learned about the actions of hypnotics, they will play an increasingly vital role in police and court work. Their results may eventually be accepted in evidence. The lie detector

at first had no standing in court, but today many jurisdictions accept its evidence.

Hypnotic drugs already enjoy a secure place in areas outside criminal investigation. They have been found efficacious where a person suffers from a condition requiring preliminary treatment before a remedy can be found.

Amnesia is an example. The all-important goal at the outset is to discover who the person is, where he belongs, how to restore his memory quickly. A person suffering from this ailment is trying to run away from himself. He has lived through something that has become intolerable. He cannot face it any longer. He literally escapes from his unhappiness by losing his identity.

That was the trouble with a girl, about sixteen, brought to a hospital when she lost her memory and found herself wandering through the railroad station. She had forgotten even her name. Psychiatric interviews got nowhere. The girl wouldn't answer questions. She wasn't interested in what went on. All that could be got from her was the statement that she must find work and the repeated words, "I want to go to Texas."

After a period of bed rest, sodium pentothal was administered. Thereupon she unfolded a dramatic, emotional story, reliving many incidents in her immediate past. She described how her parents upbraided her for going to dance halls. She re-enacted what she considered mistreatment by teachers and spoke of a friend in Texas. As she talked, she named places in a near-by city. The police of that city were notified, and within an hour the girl's mother was on her way. At first, the patient did not recognize her or admit her own identity. The next morning, however, she remembered her mother, was lucid, alert and co-operative. She recalled her identity and was discharged as recovered.

The causes of her amnesia had not been eliminated, to be sure. The troubles from which she had escaped by amnesia might bring on another blackout. To be able to face life more maturely she would need further psychiatric care. But sodium pentothal had at least brought her to the point where that treatment was possible.

The use of hypnotics for such quick action is not new. In fact, they have been used for many purposes for a long time. As early as 1847 a hospital for the insane administered them, on the assumption that the deep sleep they could induce would rest the diseased mind and restore the mental faculties. What the patients might say while under a drug did not seem important at the time. Dr. W. J. Bleckwenn, in 1930, used hypnotics with dementia-præcox patients to produce a lucid interval during which they might give some indication of what started the illness.

It was some years later that hypnotics began to be used with patients suffering mental-emotional disturbances, called neuroses. The English physician, J. Stephen Horsely, was one of the earliest experimenters. Drs. Roy R. Grinker and John P. Spiegel pioneered in World War II, developing a technique they named narcoanalysis. Drs. Lawrence S. Kubie and Sydney G. Margolin, of New York, are among the foremost scientific men now working with narcoanalysis in this country.

But all psychiatrists consulted by the writer are unanimous in emphasizing that narcoanalysis is no cure-all. Many emotional illnesses will not



### No Longer A Military Secret

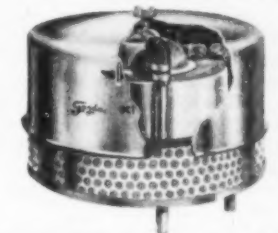
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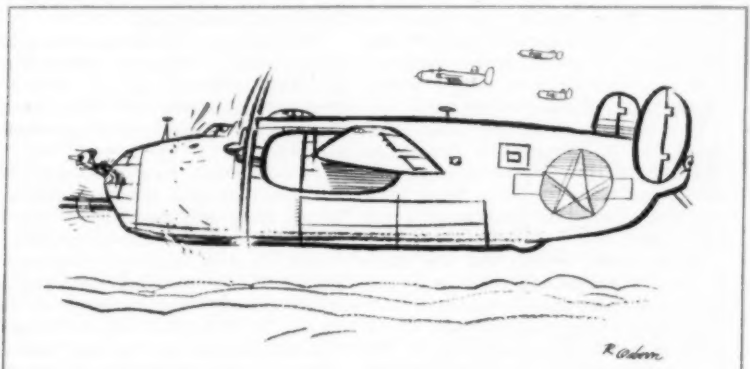
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## What o'Clock, Nose Gunner?

A P O S T W A R A N E C D O T E

**B**OMBER crews used what was known as the "clock system" to alert each other to the direction and angle of attack of incoming fighters. Looking out from the nose dead ahead was twelve o'clock; off the right wing was three o'clock, and so on around the plane in clockwise fashion. A typical call over the interphone would be, "Jerries, five o'clock high!"

A B-24 from our Italy-based squadron was on its bombing run toward an Austrian target one spring day in 1944. Gunners were

scanning the sky for possible intruders, uneasily wondering how the nose gunner, intent on the tense business of putting in his first combat mission, was making out. Head-on attacks, hard to detect and lasting but a few seconds, were expected.

Suddenly this conversation took place over the interphone:  
NOSE (excitedly): "They're comin' in!"  
TOP TURRET: "What time?"  
NOSE (opening fire): "Right now."  
—STEWART UDALL.

Because of the large number of war anecdotes being submitted, the editors cannot make individual reports on them, except in case of acceptance. No anecdote manuscripts are being returned.

be cured through hypnotic drugs. These medical men warn possible patients: Don't raise your hopes unduly. Don't consider your case necessarily one for narcosynthesis.

Doctor Grinker comments, "Every time the subject of hypnotic drugs has been discussed in lay periodicals, we have received hundreds of eager applications from mentally ill people who want to be cured." In many instances they have been disappointed, because narcosynthesis can be used only with a small group of patients, and only by psychiatrists with a thorough grounding in psychoanalysis—a branch of the science which holds that there is more in the subconscious of a mind than is dreamed of in our philosophy.

In North Africa, Grinker and Spiegel treated RAF and American ground and Air Forces personnel for combat fatigue—a euphemism for neurosis. They returned 90 per cent of their patients to duty!

In their book, *Men Under Stress*, they describe how the psychiatrist tries to discover the true source of the neurosis. Such a condition usually stems from unpleasant experiences and shocks. Yet the patient has forgotten the past or he refuses to discuss it because it is too painful. But until he does remember and face the causes of his illness, he will not be cured.

Now how to get at these causes? In many cases the hypnotic drugs are very useful. Under their influence, the patient begins to examine himself and his experiences in a more detached manner than he could when he was fully awake. He begins to recall forgotten, painful incidents. He returns again and again to those storm centers of his life that furnish a clue to his condition.

Grinker and Spiegel vividly outline their methods in getting at these clues. They learn all they can about the background of the patient. Then they explain to him what they are about to do, and why. The drug is injected. When the patient is under its influence, the doctor suggests a topic for discussion. With a flier it might be, "You are in the air. An enemy plane opens up on you. Go on!"

The flier exhibits an electrifying terror as he recalls and acts out moments of danger. He reacts frantically to an explosion in the plane, the death of a pal. His body tenses. He begins to talk passionately, hysterically. He may jump from his bed, pace the room, dodge a shell. He often whimpers, sobs, shrieks.

The doctor follows the mood of the patient. He consoles him when his pal is shot. He may call out a warning

## Can You Spell Down Our Authors?

(NUMBER FOUR)

BELOW is a list of words exactly half of which are misspelled. Can you apprehend the culprits? These misspellings have not been selected arbitrarily, but are words that have been misspelled in Post manuscripts that have crossed my desk. A similar list will be published in the last issue of the Post each month until further notice.

Correct spellings of the culprits on Page 46

- |                  |                   |                  |
|------------------|-------------------|------------------|
| 1. abdication    | 13. dueces        | 25. minion       |
| 2. abutment      | 14. energetic     | 26. mocasin      |
| 3. accomodation  | 15. exzema        | 27. necessary    |
| 4. accordion     | 16. Greig         | 28. ommission    |
| 5. authoratative | 17. inoperative   | 29. plummage     |
| 6. autocracy     | 18. interstice    | 30. poliomyletis |
| 7. castanets     | 19. lachrymose    | 31. polygon      |
| 8. coronets      | 20. lackadassical | 32. Portugese    |
| 9. curtsys       | 21. laudatory     | 33. rhomboid     |
| 10. delapidated  | 22. lense         | 34. spinnach     |
| 11. diatribe     | 23. lyceum        | 35. teepee       |
| 12. disheveled   | 24. mahoghany     | 36. terseness    |

—HARLEY P. COOK.

that an enemy plane is in sight. One flier, who saw himself up too high, hysterically cried, "I can't breathe! Oxygen! Oxygen!" The doctor placed his hand over the patient's nose and mouth, saying, "Here's oxygen!" The flier breathed in deeply, showing obvious relief.

Now the drug begins to wear off. Up to now, only the physician had learned what produced the illness. Now the patient must be brought to understand it too. The depth of his dream reverie is decreasing. He still remembers the painful situations and the feelings they aroused in him, but he is becoming increasingly aware of the doctor and his immediate environment. Now is the time to explain, before the recollections are lost again. The doctor suggests what he thinks was the cause of the trouble—events which the patient could not face before.

Finally, when the drug has worn off and the patient is fully awake, the psychiatrist encourages him to interpret how these events and emotions produced his present condition. Only in this manner will the sick man learn how to work his way out of his illness.

The drug itself, in such a case, does not cure. It only facilitates a cure by furnishing information. Hypnotic drugs are not a substitute for psychiatry. Most doctors agree they should be used only when the patient refuses

to bring up enough of his recollections in a waking state.

A flier was being treated for operational fatigue, in a case described by Grinker and Spiegel in *Men Under Stress*. Under sodium pentothal he talked spontaneously, revealingly:

"I want out. . . . The Army is no good. . . . I want to be with my wife and to go home to her every night. . . . I want to stop shaking; the public don't like it and I'm ashamed before people. . . ."

"The Army ruined me, never did me any good. . . . Let me out; I want out! . . . I want my wife. She's all I live for. She consoles me when I'm hurt. She encourages me when officers are mean. . . . I'm only a little fellow. . . . I can't be happy in the Army. . . . Please, let me out!"

In a waking state, this pitiful soul could not be brought to display so nakedly his fears, anxieties, resentments and need for love. Now, with the clues furnished, treatment might bring relief.

It has been found that the cases which can be treated by this technique are those in which the ailment is of fairly recent origin. A normally stable individual suffers a sudden shock. He is in a train wreck, or his wife leaves him, or a beloved relative dies. Shortly thereafter he develops a symptom for which there is no organic basis—nausea

or vertigo, perhaps the loss of his voice, sight or the ability to walk.

Up to now, psychiatric treatment in cases like these has been lengthy and costly. To get the patient to recall and discuss relevant facts might take a year or two. Today it is possible to save some patients time and money through the use of narcosynthesis, because it cuts down the treatment time by producing fast recall.

One young woman developed strong anxieties. She was full of obsessions about marriage, and feared men without knowing why. Under ordinary psychiatric treatment she revealed nothing of interest. Sodium pentothal was administered. She then recalled, re-experienced and dramatically described, with great emotion, an incident in which she had been approached by an exhibitionist who, she thought, had wanted to attack her. Once this became part of her conscious recollection, once she had talked it out and understood how such an event could have affected her, she lost all her symptoms.

Whenever hypnotics are discussed, the question inevitably arises: Can an unscrupulous person, by their use, cause someone to commit an antisocial act? What is to prevent a Svengali from suggesting a murder?

Doctor Banay, asked about this, described a hair-raising experiment by the famous psychiatrists Charcot and Bernstein. Orthodox hypnotism was employed, but hypnotic drugs would presumably bring the same reactions. A heretofore law-abiding citizen was hypnotized and told to shoot a given person in the room. There was a real and a toy pistol on the desk. There was a live victim-to-be and a dummy. When the subject was given the toy pistol, he shot at the live victim, if that was the suggestion. Given the real gun, he shot at the dummy. But he would not fire the real pistol at the real person. Fortunate guinea pig!

But suppose, the doctor was asked, the hypnotized subject harbored real hostility against someone. Could he be induced to shoot him? That, Doctor Banay replied, has never been demonstrated.

In any event, whatever fears there are about possible misuse of hypnotic drugs, they are outweighed by the constructive possibilities inherent in them. They can and do restore mental health. They can and do safeguard society through application in criminal cases. Their benefits will be enhanced more and more with further research. That research will be sound, for there is great humility among the scientific medical men as to what they do and do not know to date. THE END

## TOUGH TERRITORY

(Continued from Page 18)

from the cleaners, the creases razor-sharp. His shirt was a spotless gleaming white, the collar heavily starched. His hair had the shine of patent leather, and his eyes gleamed as Pete came in.

He had expected this, Mr. Creavy told himself with grim satisfaction. The desk proclaimed the man. He looked like a ragpicker instead of a salesman.

"Creavy, eh?" said Pete, and wrapped a paw about the reluctantly extended hand of the sales manager. "Knew a feller in Bridgeport named Creavy. In the hardware line. Short man, bald as an egg, with a wart on his nose. I mind the time he and I —"

"I have no relatives in Bridgeport," said Mr. Creavy testily. "Delaney, I'm making some changes. In my opinion —"

"A new broom sweeps clean," observed Pete sagaciously. "Cigar?"

Mr. Creavy recoiled from the object thrust under his nose. He shook his head, Pete touched a match to his own smoke and Mr. Creavy started violently and opened a window in a marked manner.

Pete had flopped into the chair across from the desk and tossed his legs over the arm. He beamed genially at the unresponsive sales chief.

"I like to see a young man with new ideas," he said. "With get-up-and-go to him. That's the right spirit."

Mr. Creavy had a feeling that the interview was getting out of hand.

"Delaney," he said, "why didn't you report in Friday afternoon after your trip?"

"Got in around three," Pete said. "I got a pretty tough territory. I don't usually come back to the office Fridays when I get in."

"Hereafter, do so," said Mr. Creavy. "Another point. Your desk is a disgrace. I want you to clean it up immediately. Remove the extraneous objects—the golf ball —"

"Let me tell you about that golf ball," Pete drawled. "I got a hole in one with that. In a company tournament back in 1937. Hundred-and-sixty-yard shot across the water —"

"Yes, yes," said Mr. Creavy waspishly, feeling that he was not getting across. "Finally, Delaney, I've looked up your back expense accounts. They

are exceedingly vague. I want an itemized account of your recent trip as soon as possible. That's all for now."

Back at his own desk, Pete scowled, scratched his head and began dumping papers into drawers. Finally, looking at the bare glass top, he murmured, "Don't look right. Makes me feel I'm right out in public, naked."

The chuckles in the office were mixed with sympathy, the unspoken fear that, while the younger employees could conform to the new regime, Pete's habits were too well established. "The little dictator," Ed Judson muttered.

"Give him a break," said Pete. "He's new. Maybe a mite nervous. Going to start out showing us he's tough as all get out. Probably mellow before long."

The swindle sheet went in to Creavy, and shortly thereafter Pete's presence was again required.

"I find here," said Mr. Creavy, "certain inexplicable items. A Teddy bear, for example. You trying to kid me?" Mr. Creavy's voice became shrill. "A Teddy bear, three ninety-eight."

"That was for old Sim Duffy's granddaughter," Pete said. "Been doing business with Sim for twenty-eight years. Watched his daughter grow up and saw her married. Gave that Teddy bear to his granddaughter for her third birthday."

"Entertainment within reason is a legitimate expense," Mr. Creavy pontificated. "A toy for a grandchild is something else again. I can't allow this."

"Okay," Pete said, and stood up. He went to the door, then turned, one hand on the knob. "Let an old hand give you a tip," he said. "If a salesman is doing a good job, don't ride herd on him too close. I been in this game a lot longer than you, son —"

"If you don't mind," the sales manager said coldly, "I prefer to be addressed as 'Mr. Creavy.' And if I want advice, I'll ask for it."

Pete departed, but Mr. Creavy remained annoyed. He went out to lunch and saw Pete tilted back in his chair, talking on the phone, snapping his suspenders with his free hand, and his feet crossed on the desk.

The memory of it lingered and ruined Mr. Creavy's lunch. It was the first of many items. There were, for example, the interoffice communications, which were a passion of the sales manager. They were of different-colored slips of paper and were designed to streamline the work and eliminate red tape. But somehow the whole system simply broke down and collapsed at Pete Delaney's desk. And within a week that desk was again piled high with catalogues, quotation lists and other memoranda.

It was ruining Mr. Creavy's digestion and nerves. He investigated Delaney's territory and his sharp eyes gleamed. The accounts were steady and profitable, but none of them was of top importance. It was obvious that Delaney was not indispensable. Mr. Creavy smiled to himself and thought of Alberson, a plumpish young man in the office who aped Mr. Creavy in manners and in dress. He was, thought the sales manager, an ideal candidate for the sales field, and what better territory for him to start with than the impossible Delaney's?

Mr. Creavy, having made up his mind, pressed the buzzer and started the wheels of efficiency to turning. Pete Delaney ambled in, and Mr. Creavy, holding all the cards, felt a touch of sympathy for this battered, antedated wreck in front of him.

"How long have you been with the company, Delaney?" he began.

"Thirty-four years. Started when I was twenty-two." Pete grinned in recollection. "Plant was over on the other side of town in those days. I lived out in the country. Got up at six and walked four miles to the trolley line —"

"Yes, yes," said Mr. Creavy impatiently. "That makes you fifty-six now. Ever thought about retiring?"

"Sure have," said Pete. "Maggie and I have it all planned. Going to sell the big house and get an apartment. Going to winter in Florida. Kids will all be on their own, time I retire."

"With a thirty-four-year record behind you," Creavy said, "you have a substantial pension now. Why not quit

and enjoy life instead of waiting until the compulsory retirement age of sixty-five?"

Pete laughed and shook his head. "Got two kids in college now," he said. "Got two more want to go. My pension isn't that big."

"You're not a young man," Creavy said. "You could manage somehow. Take it easy, probably prolong your life —"

"I'm sound as a dollar," Pete said. "Couldn't think of it."

His patience exhausted by this obstinacy, Mr. Creavy snapped, "You'd better think of it. Delaney, I've tried to spare your feelings. I'll have to speak plainly. I can't put up with your slipshod methods any longer."

There was a slight glint that appeared in Pete's eyes; otherwise no change was apparent in his manner. "Kind of thought that was coming," he drawled. "Listen, son. Don't use weasel words. Get the courage to speak your piece."

Creavy put his hands flat on the desk. "Very well. You're dismissed. Alberson is going to take your place. I'd like you to take him on a swing through your territory and introduce him to the customers. If you do the job right, I'll recommend to the home office that you get a substantial bonus for the year."

Pete got up out of the chair. He studied Creavy for a moment, seemed about to say something, then changed his mind and sauntered out, almost knocking down the little blond stenographer, who had been crouching by the door with both ears flapping.

"I heard him!" she said. "That heel!"

Ed Judson was fumbling through a timetable. "I will fight this," he said. "I will go over that monkey's head. I will go to the home office and see the general manager, Hawkins, himself. I will —"

"Sit down," said Pete. "Relax. You want to get yourself in trouble?"

Alberson trotted briskly past him, and emerged later from Creavy's office, looking covetously at Pete's desk, as though it were already his.

Pete looked up from where he was drawing doodles on the back of an envelope. "We leave on Monday, son," he said. "I'll pick you up here at eight-thirty."

They were gone five days. Pete returned on Friday afternoon, but young Alberson was not with him. Instead of that, there was a cryptic letter on Mr. Creavy's desk, in which Alberson stated that he had decided he did not consider himself fitted for a sales career, was changing jobs and resigning from the firm effective as of that date.

Mr. Creavy snarled at the letter, punched a button savagely and was pacing up and down the office when Pete came in. Creavy whirled on him.

"What happened?" he snapped. "What kind of flimflam game did you work on that boy?"

"Why," Pete said, "nothing happened. That boy just kind of lost interest, it seemed like. It's kind of a tough territory; maybe he couldn't take it."

The tumbler whirled in Creavy's mind, clicked into place and he smiled. "All right, Delaney," he said softly. "You can hang on for a short time." He paused and then pounced, "You can make one more trip. I'll make that trip with you. I think you'll find I can take it, Delaney."

"Sure," said Pete. "Good idea. Then you can break in the new man yourself."

The trip was scheduled for three weeks later. They arranged to go in Pete's car, and Mr. Creavy was regretting that five minutes after they had started out. It was an ancient jalopy, apparently lacking springs, but with a hopped-up motor.

"Been drivin' these roads so long I could do it in my sleep," confided Pete, and at the same moment the car hurtled past a truck and swung left onto a lumpy, broken asphalt road. The car lurched and heaved, and Mr. Creavy set his teeth, gripped the doorjamb and pressed both feet against the floor boards as though the brakes were located on his side of the car.

"Like to get out in the country!" Pete yelled above the wind that pelted them. "Kind of a naturalist, you might say, in my spare time!"

The car swung past a hay wagon, darted back, leaped over a mudhole and went charging madly up a hill. Mr. Creavy's face was a delicate shade of green. Once again he tried to put his feet through the floor boards. He was relieved when they reached the outskirts of a city, but was presently wishing they were back in the country, as Pete, a cigar between his teeth, joyfully battled the traffic.

"Takes most people an hour and a half to get through here," Pete said. "I've learned all the short cuts, and make it in forty minutes." He whipped the car into a left turn, missed a street-car by eight inches and plunged onward while Mr. Creavy closed his eyes and comforted himself by thinking they eventually would stop for lunch. He dreamed up an image of a quiet, restful roadside inn, and was elaborating on this when Pete whirled to a stop before a dilapidated roadside stand and led the way inside.

Mr. Creavy, sadly contemplating the now vanishing roadside inn, girded up his courage and gnawed his way through a leathery fried-egg sandwich.

"Haven't time to stop at these fancy places," Pete said, and then they were back in the car again, and the fried egg was looping the loop in Mr. Creavy's stomach. At four P.M. they reached their first port of call.



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

TOM HENDERSON

"Gee, this's gonna be interesting—mind if I watch?"

"You see why we had to hurry," Pete said. "We just got time to take care of Hanson today. He's kind of a party boy, Hanson is."

He led the way inside the plant, greeted the receptionist by her first name, and five minutes later they were talking business with Hanson. The fried egg settled down to a solid lump, and Mr. Creavy, talking business, felt better, although not good.

He continued to feel better until eight o'clock that night, when he tried to eat dinner with a jazz drummer three feet away from his right ear. Mrs. Hanson was on his left, the wife of the works manager on his right. Mr. Creavy tried to quiet his nerves and act the genial sales manager. He succeeded admirably until twelve o'clock, when they left for another spot eight miles out on the highway. Here Mr. Creavy, about to fall asleep, roused himself and, seeing what was expected of him, danced with Mrs. Hanson.

"Nice to have you along," Hanson said approvingly to Mr. Creavy. "Old Pete and I, we quit dancing. Makes it nice for the wife to have someone along who likes to dance."

Mr. Creavy smiled the smile of charm, but it was an effort, and furtively he consulted his watch. Half an hour later he gulped a hamburger at an all-night diner, said good night to the Hansons and company, and staggered up the hotel steps beside Pete.

"Back in 1927," Pete drawled, "Hanson broke his leg. For a few weeks it was nice and restful calling on him in the hospital. Been hopin' ever since he'd break the other leg, but no luck."

Mr. Creavy had just placed his weary frame between the hotel sheets when a freight engine snorted just outside the window.

"Took me two, three years to get used to those trains," Pete said. "G'night, Mr. Creavy."

Two hours later, Mr. Creavy, smoking as he sat on the edge of his bed, gave the silent-glare treatment to Pete Delaney snoring peacefully three feet away.

At eight the next morning they were in the car again. Mr. Creavy had circles under his eyes, and the hand with which he lighted a cigarette shook a trifle.

"Is it necessary to drive as though you're going to a fire?" he said.

"Well, I'll tell you," Pete said. "I can't do any business over a week end. So I worked out things so I could cover the territory in five days and get home to spend the week end with my family. Only I can't loaf and do it. Besides, a shorter trip saves the company money."

They had lunch that noon with a customer. Everything was fine except that the purchasing agent talked just to Pete, and the only time he spoke to the sales manager he referred to him as "Mr. Peavey."

At three they met a second customer; they had dinner in the hotel with a third and sat in the lobby talking until midnight. Mr. Creavy shifted from one side to the other, listened to the customer and gazed with lackluster eyes at a potted rubber plant in the window.

"Got a tough two days comin' up," Pete said as they were finally released and went upstairs. "Guess you were a little bored tonight. Burt's an old bachelor and he likes to sit and gab. Nothin' to be done about it, and he's a nice feller, at that. But as I was sayin', we got a couple of tough days ahead of

us. Got to see eight customers in the next two days. A couple of 'em are new firms. They're like a girl don't know whether she wants to say yes or no. Won't hurt our chances any to have the sales manager pay 'em a call. Flatter 'em a little."

Mr. Creavy, in later life, preferred not to remember those next two days. There was a procession of strangers, of trips through factories, of indigestible luncheons and worse dinners, and no sleep. Most of all, there was no sleep.

On Thursday morning Mr. Creavy revived himself with cold water, then gashed himself while shaving, drank four cups of coffee and painfully climbed into the car, which he now regarded as an instrument of torture left over from the Spanish Inquisition.

"Got to make time this morning," Pete said. "Old Duffy will be expecting us. Funny guy, Duffy. We settle our business along about the seventeenth hole of the golf course. Likely in a sand trap. You a golfer?"

"I've played," said Mr. Creavy cautiously. "Not recently. I'll pass it up."

"Funny thing about Duffy," Pete said. "President of the country club. Knows every tree on the course. Practically carried the club himself during the bad years. It's his main hobby; that and poker. Don't want to tell you your business, but he might be touchy if you didn't play."

At one o'clock they were at the country club and in the presence of Duffy, a round, red-faced little man with sharp eyes and white hair.

Mr. Creavy had freshened up in the locker room. He roused himself and said, "I wouldn't want to interfere with your golf game with Pete, Mr. Duffy. I'll sit here on the veranda and enjoy the magnificent view."

"Nonsense!" Duffy roared. "Old Pete and I are duffers! You come along!"

Mr. Creavy winced, but retained the smile of charm and said happily, "I'm afraid I can't. I didn't bring equipment with me."

"Steward!" Duffy bawled to a white-coated man near by. "Fix up Mr. Creavy here for a round of golf!"

Not long after that, in pants too tight about his middle, Mr. Creavy sliced a ball from the first tee into what he suspected was a patch of poison ivy, and giggled feebly.

Three hours later, in the woods where he was presumably hunting a lost ball, Mr. Creavy sat down, removed his right shoe, rolled down his sock and blew on the blister at the back of his heel. His hands itched slightly and he stared at them glumly. "It was poison ivy, damn it," he said and then heard raised voices out on the fairway.

"I'll take a six," said Duffy in defensive tones.

Pete laughed. "You'll take an eight. Those weren't practice strokes in that sand trap. You beat me down on price two holes back just because you increased your order. Aren't you satisfied with that? Do you have to cheat me out of ten cents on the golf course as well?"

Old Duffy roared, "Why, you thieving holdup artist, you swindle me into buying your cheap product —"

Ignoring the blister, Mr. Creavy jammed his shoe back on and limped hurriedly out into the sunlight.

"You took a six, Mr. Duffy," Creavy said, directing a cold look at Pete Delaney. "I saw you from the woods."

"Ah," said Duffy, and stared at him. "You saw me, eh?" He turned to

Pete. "I took an eight," he said, and stumped off to the next tee.

And in that moment Mr. Creavy had begun to hate old Duffy almost as much as he hated Pete.

They plodded on to the eighteenth green, and a shower revived Mr. Creavy somewhat. He limped wearily out to the veranda to Pete and Duffy, and said, "It's been delightful. We'd better get down to our hotel now, Pete."

"Hotel?" said Duffy. "What for? Going to eat at my place. You think I ever let Pete eat at the hotel? I'm going to cook the dinner myself, and we've got a poker game scheduled for later on. A regular thing."

An hour later Mr. Creavy furtively slipped two tablets for the relief of indigestion into his mouth, and warily dipped a fork into a plateful of meat balls and spaghetti specially prepared by that old master of a chef, Sim Duffy.

Mr. Creavy sat in one corner of the room and silently hated people. He hated Pete Delaney, asking for more spaghetti. He hated Duffy's sales manager and his purchasing agent. And most of all he hated Duffy, who had a chef's cap tilted rakishly on the side of his head.

That was at seven o'clock; at ten, Mr. Creavy was crouched behind a dwindling pile of chips. He peered through the smoke that swirled about him, and then suddenly an idea exploded in the back of his head.

Elation filled Mr. Creavy suddenly. This, he thought, had been a put-up job, deliberately staged for his benefit, planned by Pete Delaney in a frantic hope to keep his job. Mr. Creavy, thinking furiously, failed to fill an inside straight and didn't care. He tossed his cards to the table and sat back, smiling, the master of the situation once again.

"That cleans me," he said. "And it's about time the joke was admitted. Incidentally, Pete, I've been onto you all along."

Pete looked blankly at him. "What do you mean, Mr. Creavy?"

The smile faded a little. "I mean this poker game," said Mr. Creavy. "Quit stalling. You know as well as I do, it was all a gag. I went along with it." Mr. Creavy chuckled to show he had a sound sense of humor. He winked at Duffy, but Duffy's red face was deadpanned.

"What the hell are you talking about?" said Duffy, and Mr. Creavy's impulse to love the customer instead of hate his guts was again in jeopardy.

"Come," said Mr. Creavy shortly. "I'm not a fool. And you all know Pete here is making his last trip."

"What?" roared Duffy, and stared accusingly at Pete.

The veteran salesman said, "I wasn't planning to let it out, Sim. I figured you might think you had to throw a

farewell party or something silly. I've been too old for this job —"

Old Duffy was rigid. "You're ten years younger than I am!" he roared. He jabbed a finger at Creavy. "This monkey fire you?"

Mr. Creavy once again essayed the smile of charm. "A matter of policy, Mr. Duffy," he said. "Nothing personal, and the company will continue to serve you —"

"You keep out of this!" Duffy roared.

"Now look, fellows," Pete said. "We're having a nice sociable game —"

"I want to know," roared Duffy, "if this soft-soaping, salve-slinging yes man gave you the boot!"

The smile of charm was no longer on Mr. Creavy's countenance. Meat balls danced in his stomach like jumping beans, and the warning bells, tolling that the customer was always right, could no longer be heard.

"Yes!" shouted Mr. Creavy. "Yes, you old fathead, I fired him!" Mr. Creavy held up a hand. "I know what you're going to say! You'll take your business somewhere else! Well, take it and welcome! I guess we can get along without your little two-by-four account!"

And having had the last word, Mr. Creavy limped victoriously from the room.

There was a momentary silence; then Pete said, "Now calm down, Sim, and don't take anything Mr. Creavy said to heart. I think his nerves are a mite frazzled."

Old Sim didn't hear him. He was across the room, muttering into the phone. "Two-by-four account, eh?" he said. "Well, this two-by-four account put the Bricker Company in the black thirty years ago when Jim Hawkins was a salesman instead of a potbellied general manager." His voice changed suddenly. "Hello," he said. "Well, wake him up. I don't care if he is asleep. Tell him this is Duffy."

It was three o'clock the next afternoon when Pete Delaney put his car in the lot and sauntered toward the office. He was a little tired, as he always was on returning from the road, but a home-cooked meal of Maggie's and a good night's sleep would see him fit as a fiddle by morning.

He ambled into the office. Across the room, the blond steno was giggling at a remark of a young salesman. In the back hall, two filing girls beside the soft-drink dispenser were whispering confidentially. Things were back to normal.

Creavy's door opened, but it was Ed Judson who emerged, looking six inches taller.

"Pete," he said. "Creavy came in this morning, got a call from the home office and walked out. Mr. Hawkins himself spoke to me over the wire. He asked me to take over as temporary sales manager. He indicated it might be permanent."

"Is that a fact?" said Pete, grinning. His telephone rang, and he dropped into his chair and scooped it up, reaching for a cigar with his free hand.

"Creavy looked like a train had hit him when he came in," Ed Judson said. "Whatever happened on the trip?"

Pete, waiting for his phone connection, shook his head. "Now, son," he drawled, "that's sure a mystery. Not a blame thing happened. Just the old routine."

He hoisted his feet to the desk and prepared to talk to the customer.

THE END

### Corrected list for Can You Spell Down Our Authors?

Page 44

2. abutment; 3. accommodation; 5. authoritative; 9. curtsies; 10. dilapidated; 13. deuces; 15. eczema; 16. Grieg; 20. lackadaisical; 22. lens; 24. mahogany; 26. moccasin; 28. omission; 29. plumage; 30. poliomyelitis; 32. Portuguese; 34. spinach; 35. tepee.



## AMERICA'S HOST TO POTENTATES

(Continued from Page 25)

this country operate restaurants." (The sequitur remains a mystery.)

From the beginning, messages flow between capitals. Shortly before the visitor's arrival his chief of protocol comes to Washington for a final conference on such problems as the visitor's idiosyncrasies, the size of his party and the clothing he will need.

King George and Queen Elizabeth were preceded by a five-page report recommending heavy blankets, despite Washington's notorious summer heat; plenty of steaks and chops; certain brands of liquor most pleasing to the royal palate; and an exclusively private room for pressing and airing the queen's wardrobe. Madame Chiang Kai-shek sent word ahead that the sheets on her bed must be changed whenever she rested, several times a day if necessary. Visitors from the tiny Indian state of Nepal announced that they would bring their own food and cooks. Crown

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

### COLDER, WITH SNOW

By R. H. Grenville

Over a thousand light-years high,  
Orion strides the winter sky,  
A bright colossus, who might deem  
To minimize my self-esteem,  
And might succeed, had I not  
known  
A few great moments of my own.

Orion rules the upper night,  
But in these acres where the white  
Cloud has visited, I go  
Cross-lots through the fallen snow  
Three full miles to Blackridge Bay,  
Scuffling stardust all the way.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Prince Saud, of Saudi Arabia, warned that liquor and pork should not be served.

Detailed as this information usually is, it's seldom complete enough to prevent a bobble. Woodward once planned a luncheon for Crown Prince Saud, only to learn at the last moment that the day chosen was a Moslem fast day—that the prince could not eat until sundown. When President Batista, of Cuba, visited New York, a protocol officer, acting on the assumption that Batista, like most Latin Americans, was Catholic, arranged a solemn high mass at St. Patrick's Cathedral and a lunch with Cardinal Spellman. That morning, however, Batista offered an objection—he was a Baptist.

Protocol demands that the visit of a head of state begin in Washington. The first night of his three-to-five-day stay is spent at the White House, and the guest is usually treated to a state dinner (a practice temporarily discontinued because of the food crisis). The following morning Woodward escorts the visitor across Pennsylvania Avenue to Blair House, the ritzier of the two guest houses the protocol staff operates. One reporter has described this historic home as "typically American because it is not really typically anything." The architecture is Colonial. The furnishings are a mélange of New England,

Southern and various European styles. It has an air of elegance, nevertheless. Guests are encouraged to treat it, within reason, as their own home, and are even permitted such luxuries as breakfast in bed.

The Washington schedule consists of banquets, speeches, sight-seeing, business sessions and wreath-laying. Washington is littered with monuments. If he is so inclined, the visitor can spend every spare moment decorating them. The President of Uruguay is the present national record holder for this form of outdoor sport. Visits to the tomb of the Unknown Soldier at Arlington Cemetery and to Mount Vernon are required. Other tourist attractions are optional. Often the visitor indicates that he would like to address Congress—there's nothing like a joint session of America's lawmakers for prestige with the home folks. If he is insistent, Woodward tries to arrange it, or goes through the motions, anyway.

Since much of the visitor's time is devoted to eating, Woodward's performance depends to a considerable extent on the food he serves. In other cities he can leave the menu to local hosts, but in Washington it's his responsibility. The food served at the Blair House has been described by one protocol officer as wholesome, well-prepared and nicely served, but hardly a gourmet's delight. Blair House pastries, however, are rated exceptionally good, and apple pie is a favorite dessert there. American dishes are preferred. Woodward tries to select those which will appeal most to known tastes of the guest.

The Secretary of State's dinner, often held at the Mayflower Hotel, is a different matter. Here the food is as fancy as the golden service it graces. The menu offered at a recent dinner for Secretary-General of the United Nations Trygve Lie is typical: cocktails and canapés; terrapin soup with sherry; lobster and crab flakes sauté améri-caine; risotto au saffron; boned, stuffed squab chicken; new string beans anglaise; rough hominy au paprika; couronne of cream cheese with jelly; mixed green salad with endive; baked alaska with crushed-strawberry sauce; petits fours and demitasse. White wines were served during the dinner, and champagne—indispensable for official toasts—at the end.

For receptions, Woodward serves "the usual variety" of cocktails—Manhattans, Martinis, old-fashioneds and Daiquiris—Scotch and bourbon, sherry and fruit juices. But no champagne. The absence of champagne is considered a real concession to economy. Caviar is offered—but, as one of Woodward's assistants explains, "Just little dabs of it; not at all the way it should be."

With Washington under the belt, Woodward shepherds his guest to New York, where a suite awaits at the Waldorf-Astoria. Here life is easier. There are fewer formal parties and there is more time for relaxation and pleasure. Visitors welcome New York's rollicking night life after their siege in the stuffy atmosphere of Washington. The visiting aides sometimes forget their official dignity. But if they become too wild, a word to their ambassador will always sober them up. For formal affairs, Woodward relies on Grover Whalen, New York's old master at the greeting art.

Washington and New York are always scheduled. Other cities depend on the time available, the pressure would-be hosts can exert and the wishes

Of America's leading Cigarettes

one is

# OUTSTANDING



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*-and they are  
mild!*

of the visitor. Some visitors stay less than a week, others more than a month. The cross-country grind is hard on both the guest and the protocol officer. One Latin-American president died soon after returning home from a protocol-sponsored tour, and the officer who accompanied him is convinced that the rugged trip contributed to his demise. Our protocol staff seems to be of sturdier kidney; our boys take the banquets, cocktail parties, parades and speeches in stride, without staggering.

For foreign visitors below the top bracket, the basic plan is the same as with heads of state, prime ministers and foreign ministers, but it is served up with fewer trimmings. They must be content with one of Woodward's assistants. Instead of a state dinner at the White House, they are likely to be brushed off with a presidential handshake. They don't rate Blair House, but receive lodgings at the Blair-Lee House, definitely second-best. Here they find felt mattresses and smaller bathtubs. No spirituous liquors are available to guests. Breakfast is the only meal served. These underprivileged visitors, however, usually see more of the country and have a better time doing it than their more distinguished brethren.

With all of Woodward's careful planning, he finds it difficult to anticipate the unexpected. At various times in recent years, he or his assistants have been suddenly faced with: persuading a Latin-American president not to take offense because the New York newspapers buried his interview among the classified ads; entertaining the colored President of Haiti in Miami; juggling a Near Eastern visitor's request for female companions; and pacifying a host when President Batista's party suddenly began a snowball fight during a formal dinner.

Woodward's worst moment, however, does not compare with the crisis faced by the British protocol chief when Emperor Haile Selassie visited England in 1936. The emperor was riding in a high open carriage, and smiling at the thousands of Londoners who had turned out to greet him. Without warning, he blew his nose into the air—with his fingers. No one had warned him that handkerchiefs are customary outside of Ethiopia.

The cost to the taxpayer of Woodward's entertaining averages less than \$4000 a visitor—a piddling sum compared to the \$4,000,000 Franco is reported to have lavished on Eva Perón's tour of Spain. During the 1946 fiscal year, Woodward spent \$69,775.66, of which a little more than \$15,000 went for the operation of the two guest houses. With the other \$54,000, Woodward entertained three presidents, one president-elect, four prime ministers, one vice-president, one former premier, six assorted ministers, one secretary general of the UN, and one executive secretary of UNESCO. Howard Hughes' entertainment expert, Johnny Meyer, certainly could not have done the job for less.

Some visitors are more expensive—and presumably worth more—than others. Queen Wilhelmina of the Netherlands in 1942 cost the Government only \$4134.61. The expenses for the President of Haiti the following year amounted to \$7259.53. The President of Chile in 1945 rolled up a bill of \$16,600. The additional cost of the Chilean's visit can partially be explained by the rising cost of living. But his party—nine Chileans and five

Americans—was larger and his tour more extensive. For this \$16,600, Woodward furnished transportation from Miami to Richmond, to Washington, to New York, to Philadelphia, to Chicago, to San Francisco and to Los Angeles, at a cost of \$9323.03; hotel accommodations and meals, \$5278.91; special entertainment and formal dinners, \$1978.63; and incidentals, \$19.43. Woodward tactfully explains to guests in advance that he will pay all expenses except laundry and cleaning, tipping, telephone calls and C.O.D. packages.

Woodward is also charged with "seating people," with advising President Truman and Secretary Marshall on protocol, with wet-nursing the Diplomatic Corps, and with a grab-bag collection of other duties ranging from safeguarding the Great Seal of the United States to informing foreign autograph hunters that the President's signature is not available to just anyone.

Woodward is considered the diplomat's best friend by the sixty-five foreign diplomatic missions now in Washington. They turn to him for help when they need a parking ticket fixed or desire to import food, clothing and liquor, tax-free. The liquor requests enable Woodward to keep a record of the drinking habits of all the diplomats in Washington. Whenever a diplomat is unhappy, Woodward hears about it. Not too long ago, for example, the Afghanistan minister was upset when no high-ranking American official turned up at his party. As a result, the protocol staff has been ordered "to drum up trade" for all future official functions.

In spite of Woodward's feeling that "etiquette is not a field in which the State Department wishes to deploy its efforts," he cannot escape his role of official social arbiter. Of all great capitals, Washington offers the least in cultural activities. But it tries to compensate for this lack by an intense social life. With a continuing round of "must" parties and a city full of

prima donnas, it is inevitable that controversies over protocol—described by Emily Post as "difficult as a cryptogram and social death if not strictly observed"—have enlivened almost every administration.

Thomas Jefferson tried to abolish what he considered "royal foppery" by decreeing that the *pêle-mêle* system—guests to sit wherever they could find a seat and ladies to be escorted by the man nearest to them—was more becoming to democratic life. But the diplomats indignantly protested that uncouth congressmen elbowed them out of seats next to pretty ladies and that men burdened with homely wives inevitably found them by their side at dinner. In Theodore Roosevelt's regime, Chief Justice Melville Fuller stomped out of the White House because the President had ruled that the Diplomatic Corps would precede the Supreme Court, and Speaker of the House Joe Cannon rebelled against being ranked lower than the Cabinet.

The biggest brawl in all Washington social history came during the Hoover Administration. When Vice President-elect Charlie Curtis innocently announced that his sister, Dolly Gann, would expect the honors usually accorded a Vice President's wife, all hell broke loose. The Diplomatic Corps was vexed, and Alice Longworth, wife of the Speaker of the House, downright mad at the presumption of this prairie upstart. Secretary of State Kellogg tried to pour oil on the boiling social waters by ruling that only in her own home could Dolly be so honored, but this compromise pleased no one. All official Washington leaped into the scrap, and the problem was left to Kellogg's successor, Secretary Stimson. At this point the situation was further confused by the problem of what to do about Dolly's husband. Mrs. Longworth solved that one by advising, "Mr. Gann's place is in the home."

Stimson conferred at length with President Hoover and with the Diplo-

matic Corps before handing down his decision: the Diplomatic Corps had kindly consented to let Mrs. Gann precede them. But, he added, in the future, Americans could sit where they pleased, for all the State Department cared. No one took this threat too seriously—everyone knew that the State Department could not wash its hands of precedence problems, no matter what its wishes.

Precedence rules are extremely rigid, and many date back to the Congress of Vienna in 1814-1815. Heads of diplomatic missions rank according to seniority, and Cabinet members from the date their departments were established. Other officials are not so fortunate. Their position may vary with administrations. President Coolidge was irritated to learn that his protocol chief had ranked the director of the Bureau of the Budget fairly low. "Put him farther up," he ordered. "I rate him very high." Franklin Roosevelt held that "the laws of simple American hospitality take precedence over any laws of protocol." He would always review the protocol-staff arrangements, suggesting, "Let's make this change; he doesn't like him," or "They will have a better time this way."

Woodward has thus far avoided any major social disasters. This is not to say that he hasn't had problems. He has not yet been able to decide where to seat Trygve Lie and UN delegates, who have no rank at all, according to present rules. The Chief Justice of the Supreme Court and foreign ambassadors are never invited to the same party because of a long-standing dispute as to who ranks whom. One new protocol officer worked on this problem for days before he finally told Woodward, "There appears to me to be only one solution—seat them both in the same seat."

Now and then, Woodward's decisions are not too well received. When General Eisenhower was welcomed home by a presidential dinner, the protocol staff decided not to seat Secretary of the Navy Forrestal at the table of honor, in order to avoid an unlucky thirteen. This decision quickly brought a testy reminder that the Navy would not tolerate such discrimination.

Officially, protocol officers do not furnish information to private individuals, but they have been known to assist distraught hostesses with seating arrangements and to advise troubled guests on what to wear, and where. Recently a caller requested advice on seating Alice Longworth. "She has no official position, and according to the rules should be last," a protocol officer told her. Then, remembering his history, he quickly added, "But if I were you, I'd see that she wasn't."

America's present pre-eminent position as a world power, President Truman's enthusiasm for visiting and being visited, and the phenomenal increase in the size of Washington's Diplomatic Corps indicate busy days ahead for Woodward. If, as a Chinese philosopher once observed, all civilization rests on the proper observance of ceremonial, Woodward's increasing duties are indeed significant to the future of the United States. It seems doubtful, however, that their significance will be appreciated by the American public. Only recently, when Woodward identified himself and his position to a new acquaintance among the taxpayers, he met with the response, "Hell, they don't need a whole staff just to seat people, do they?"

THE END



... and a can of string beans!"

## SUPERCHARGED CERF

(Continued from Page 13)

designed labels for catchup bottles and canned goods. His mother was a daughter of Nathan Wise, a wealthy wholesale-tobacco dealer. This genetic circumstance was to have a lot to do with the boy's subsequent progress. Young Cerf, a bright, sassy lad, played stickball in the streets and bedeviled the local shopkeepers with practical jokes. It was a normal Manhattan boyhood, and, as New Yorkers have a peculiar genius for doing, Cerf early developed a dramatic conception of himself.

At Columbia University, where he enrolled in the school of journalism, Cerf distinguished himself in his sophomore year by becoming editor of the humor magazine, *Jester*, in which capacity he was often reproved by the college authorities because of the magazine's florid contents. He was also a columnist for the student newspaper, the *Spectator*. One afternoon early in 1918, while he was lounging around the *Spectator* office, a messenger arrived with a notice from the dean's office. Intended for publication next day, it stated that students who entered the armed services would receive full credit for the subjects they were taking at the time. Cerf, who had elected as many subjects of the music-appreciation type as he could find in the catalogue, hastened across to the dean's office and switched his electives to ancient languages, the sciences and other tough courses. A week or so later, after listening to a few incomprehensible lectures, he enlisted.

Nearsightedness almost caused his rejection, but he got around that by memorizing the eye-test chart, and was sent to an officer-training camp in Virginia. He was still there when the war ended, and he languished in camp for months trying unsuccessfully to read the eye-test charts, which had been revised. The Army wouldn't discharge him, for fear he might become a public medical charge. Cerf finally got his discharge by signing a paper which released the Government from responsibility for further deterioration of his eyesight, and the irony of its attitude was not lost upon him. During the war his maternal grandfather had died, leaving him the \$100,000 bequest.

## How to Hold Two Jobs

After being graduated from Columbia in 1920 with two impressive degrees, Cerf began the sobering business of getting along in the world. To please his parents, who held the then prevalent dogma that the only suitable occupation for a young man of affluence was to be found in Wall Street, he got a job with a brokerage firm. As a gesture toward justifying his journalistic education, he talked his way into another job, on the New York Tribune. Cerf operated the jobs in tandem. From nine to five, he worked in the cashier's cage of the brokerage office and clerked on the floor of the Stock Exchange. Then he took a taxi to the Tribune office, where, on the strength of his profound knowledge of Wall Street, he was allowed to write an Advice to Investors column for the Tribune's financial page.

His Tribune stint consisted of printing querulous inquiries from old ladies and advising them to invest in something conservative, like Liberty Bonds. This type of advice, to which he was limited by strict instructions from his

editor, engendered a reckless escapist instinct in Cerf, who, on the side, was ignoring his own counsel and fattening his inheritance by fliers in risky stocks. His printed advice soon began to show evidences of a sarcastic spirit. The end came when an elderly widow wrote in, asking whether she would be safe in investing the insurance money in a certain phonograph company. She was sternly advised that in that direction lay certain penury, as the company was bankrupt. Why not, the investment adviser asked the widow, put away the pernicious phonograph whim in lavender and sink the whole wad in good old Uncle Sam's gilt-edged Liberties? The phonograph company, which was actually only in financial difficulties, threatened the Tribune with legal action, but settled for a printed apology and the discharge of the offending writer.

"Cerf," the financial editor told him paternally, as he handed him his hat, "let this be a lesson to you. If you want to be a newspaperman, know your facts."

Cerf, who had a high impatience with facts, and still has, left the Tribune with a feeling of relief; he had never really wanted to be a newspaperman anyway. He continued to plod along at brokerage, which he found dull, too, and began casting about for a chance to get into a business in which he could brush elbows daily with his real heroes, the book authors. The chance came when he was lunching one day with a former Columbia classmate named Richard Simon, a kindred spirit who had tired of his first job, that of selling pianos to matrons in Nutley and Teaneck, and had become a salesman for the book-publishing firm of Boni and Liveright. Simon confided that he was now about to quit Boni and Liveright to set up a new publishing firm in partnership with another Columbia man named M. Lincoln Schuster. He offered to recommend Cerf as his successor, and Cerf was so excited that he didn't return to the brokerage office. He telephoned in his resignation from the restaurant, and next morning was at work at Boni and Liveright. The head of the firm, Horace Liveright, was the spearhead of

the publishing revolution which was just getting under way, and things were never quite the same in the book field after his young pupils got rolling along on their own. Cerf was a rather late recruit, but he had proved his resourcefulness at Columbia by hippondroming an erratic scholastic record into a Phi Beta Kappa key, and was obviously a worthy candidate for the second assault wave.

Cerf began at Liveright's as a vice-president, a distinction that was about comparable to beginning a theatrical career in a Shubert chorus line. Liveright's was overrun with vice-presidents. Horace Liveright was an eccentric genius who threw away money as fast as he made it. By departing from the tradition of the frosty, wing-collared publisher in an inaccessible sanctum, he had developed an impressive clientele of rising writers, among them Theodore Dreiser, Eugene O'Neill, Ernest Hemingway, Sherwood Anderson, Hendrik van Loon and Robinson Jeffers. Liveright was an entrepreneur and gambler at heart, and his profits were periodically dissipated by disastrous forays into the stock market and equally disastrous investments in Broadway shows. When he wanted more money, which was often, he added a few young vice-presidents to his staff at \$10,000 a head, a fee which gave each one a putative share in the business.

Cerf willingly paid the fee, and never found occasion to regret it. Liveright's was run in a Broadway-farce atmosphere. The prohibition era was on, and sometimes there were more bootleggers in the reception room than authors. One of the higher executives kept a bottle of whisky in every drawer of his desk, and his desk top was a shambles of unanswered business letters. Actresses bent on obtaining parts in Liveright's shows added an attractively exotic touch to the reception room. Liveright, a handsome man with a Barrymore profile, fancied himself as a great lover, and at editorial meetings delivered triumphant monologues about his amours. The head bookkeeper, a man of sound financial judgment, used to fake the daily financial report in

order to show a deficit, but his ruse failed to check Liveright's outside plunging.

Dreiser was the first famous author Cerf was privileged to meet at close range, and the event came fully up to his expectations. He had long observed the hulking novelist at a distance. Dreiser, a suspicious man, was skeptical about royalty statements, and came in occasionally to examine the books. It was plain that he didn't understand them, but he went through the pretense anyway, his glance roving jerkily between the ledgers and the telephone operator, a bosomy girl with large eyes, whose attention he was trying to attract.

One day Liveright invited Cerf to join him at the Ritz Crystal Room where he was having lunch with Dreiser. Liveright had sold the motion-picture rights to *An American Tragedy* for \$85,000, a high price in those days, and he wanted Cerf to be a witness to Dreiser's joy when the news was broken to him.

## Hot Words and Warm Coffee

Dreiser was properly elated, until Liveright reminded him that under the terms of their agreement, half of everything above \$50,000 reverted to Liveright. This infuriated Dreiser. He jumped up and declaimed to the Crystal Room lunchers that Liveright was a bloodsucker and a leech. Then he dashed a cup of warm coffee in the publisher's face and stalked out.

"Bennett, my boy," Liveright said calmly, as he wiped his dripping profile with a napkin, "never forget the moral of this affair: every author is an s-o-b."

The moral was entirely lost on the goggle-eyed pupil. He was enchanted with Dreiser, as he was to be enchanted with every author he met thereafter. Enchantment, however, did not impair his business sense. Ordinarily, when one of Liveright's Mexican-general vice-presidents left the firm, he took along only an IOU for the money he had sunk in it. When Cerf left, in 1925, he took along the firm's *Modern Library*, a cultural side line which made a modest profit, but was too tame for Liveright's spectacular tastes. Liveright, who was especially broke at the time, sold it to him for \$215,000, giving credit on the purchase price for a total of \$40,000 which, up to then, he had wheeled out of his brightest pupil. Cerf cut in for a half interest an old Columbia friend, Donald S. Klopfer, who had tired of operating a Newark diamond-cutting firm in which he had inherited an interest, and was anxious to get into a more elevating business.

Cerf and Klopfer, with the latter as production manager, established an office of their own and began revamping *The Modern Library*. They threw out some sexy titles, which hadn't been selling anyway, and added other classics, and they instituted a policy of dropping a title which sold less than 1000 copies a year. Cloth was substituted for the old imitation-leather bindings, which, in hot weather, gave off a rancid smell of castor oil with which the fabric had been treated in manufacture. Stodgy dust jackets were replaced by pictured ones, the printing was improved and the whole format was redesigned by Rockwell Kent. Under the spur of these improvements and an aggressive advertising campaign, *Modern Library* sales zoomed. By 1927 the partners had recovered their purchase price and had firmly in hand a property that was to



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sustain them in lean years and swell their bank accounts in fat years. It is a gold mine today, and probably will continue to be one, despite the impact of pictorialized literature and journalism on the public intelligence, as long as rational animals stubbornly continue to like curling up with a fascinating printed text. To students of American reading tastes, the sales records of The Modern Library should, logically, be an infallible guide, but they aren't. For many years the leading seller was Green Mansions, a novel of fantasy by W. H. Hudson about an idealistic romance between a Venezuelan and a jungle nymph, Rima, the bird girl. Lately, for reasons unknown to Cerf and Klopfer, Green Mansions has been passed by Dostoevski's The Brothers Karamazov and by Maugham's Of Human Bondage. Each of the leaders has sold more than 300,000 copies. The Modern Library now lists 329 titles, and in the past twenty-two years its total sales have exceeded 20,000,000 volumes.

Cerf approached the lean years with a glorious flourish. Long a lover and collector of lavishly printed books, he founded Random House in 1927 for the express purpose of publishing them for the luxury trade, at random, or whenever he felt like it. The limited editions sold for as much as \$100 a volume, and were going strong when the luxury-book market collapsed along with the stock market. Cerf did a quick switch into the field of trade, or competitive, publishing. Lacking the time to develop new authors, he launched Random House on a vigorous program of acquisition. Liveright died, and Cerf did well for himself in the mad scramble for his authors which followed.

He signed up Liveright's star performer, Eugene O'Neill, by flying to Sea Island, Georgia, where the playwright was vacationing, while his rival publishers were southward bound by train. O'Neill became the keystone of the Random House trade list. Others came in, including Robinson Jeffers, who was a best-selling poet, something of a publishing oddity. In Paris, Cerf obtained from James Joyce the American rights to Ulysses, which was a sensation on the Continent. Ulysses had been banned from the United States on moral grounds, but Cerf was able to get the ban lifted in Federal court, and Ulysses, aided by the publicity the court case gave it, entered the best-seller class.

#### Exit the Bachelor

In 1936 Random House absorbed the publishing firm of Harrison Smith and Robert Haas, Inc., and a strong trade list, which included William Faulkner, Edgar Snow and André Malraux, plus the nucleus of a juvenile-book department. Haas stayed on as a partner in Random House. In 1938 an editor for a rival firm transferred his services to Random House, and after him trailed such stars as Sinclair Lewis, Vincent Sheean, William McFee, Mignon Eberhart and Helen Reilly, whose manuscripts he had edited. With the authors it had taken on by accretion, plus some it had developed itself, Random House was now strongly entrenched in the trade field.

For all his feverish activity, Cerf found time to acquire stage and motion-picture actresses and to earn the dubious title of playboy, which he has worked hard to shed in recent years. His first marriage, in 1935, to Sylvia Sidney, the actress, ended in divorce

after three months. In 1940, at the home of Harold Ross, the editor of The New Yorker magazine, Cerf met Phyllis Fraser, an attractive girl who had done a bit of acting and had written some books of her own. When they were married, by Mayor La Guardia in the summer City Hall, Ross turned up with a .22 rifle—in Cerf's account it became a shotgun—and announced that he was there to see that Cerf did right by Miss Fraser. Despite this burlesque send-off, the marriage seems to be a firm and happy one. The Cerfs have two small children. Mrs. Cerf laughs faithfully at her husband's jokes, even if she has heard them before, and regards him with amused adoration.

The Cerfs live in a five-story house in East Sixty-second Street, where they give what are regarded as some of the best parties in New York. The guests are mostly from the literary and theatrical spheres—Random House publishes more play scripts than any other firm—with a sprinkling of political and military figures. A typical guest list would include: George S. Kaufman, Howard Lindsay, Russel Crouse, Ethel Merman, Eugene O'Neill, Charles Chaplin, Herbert Bayard Swope, Burl Ives, Jimmy Doolittle, Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt, and possibly a few midgets. Cerf, normally a spotlight hound, is comparatively subdued at his parties, moving about amiably among the groups, telling stories, talking publishing and, once in a while, listening.

In an air-conditioned room on an upper floor, Cerf spends his free evenings writing his Trade Winds column and other magazine pieces, and manufacturing his joke books. Though the making of joke books takes no originality, it does take a lot of work. Cerf tirelessly combs the Broadway columns, current and outdated magazines and joke collections long out of print, and listens to the radio comics. People he meets at parties are always telling him stories he hasn't heard and, when this happens, he writes down the punch line on a slip of paper. On getting home, he tosses it into one of an array of drawers which jut out from a wall of his workshop. Resurrecting the punch lines as long as a year or two later, he is able, by exercising his unusual memory, to reconstruct the stories. The drawers are classified by subject matter—Marriage, Will Rogers, Wall Street, Brooklyn Dodgers, and so on—and a new joke book is always on the way.

When he isn't out of town breathing culture to the inhabitants of more arid areas, Cerf gets to his Random House offices around ten or eleven each morn-

ing, in gay spirits and wearing a flower in his lapel. This approach has a certain appropriateness, as the offices occupy part of a grandiose palazzo fronting a full block on Madison Avenue, from Fiftieth to Fifty-first Street. The palazzo, probably New York's most impressive residential relic of the Victorian era, was built in the 1880's by Henry Villard, the railroad magnate, for occupancy by six wealthy families, including his own, all of which have since moved elsewhere. Cerf's purchase a couple of years ago of the north wing, which had been occupied by the Fahnstocks, a banking family, led one wit to remark that he had an edifice complex, and Cerf gleefully lives up to the gag.

Vigorously smoking a pipe, a symbol by which authors may always be recognized, Cerf turns on the charm for visiting writers and other celebrities. He proudly shows them around his own office, an air-conditioned room of hangarlike dimensions which was the Fahnstocks' master bedroom, and conducts them on a tour of his part of the palazzo, yipping with delight as he points out marble staircases, imported mantelpieces and curious items of European-style plumbing. Then he confers with his partners, Klopfer and Haas, about business matters, and with his editors about book manuscripts and illustrations. After lunch, which he customarily takes at the near-by Stork Club, he turns Random House upside down with jovial fanaticism, inquiring into bookkeeping, shipping, production, costs and other matters. Around six o'clock he lets up a little and gathers his executives in his office. For an hour or so, publishing is discussed and Cerf tries out some of his newer stories; then all hands pile into an automobile which drops them off, one by one, at their homes. The Random House staff is closely knit, and all its leading members live in the same uptown neighborhood.

Cerf takes home a brief case of book manuscripts and sits up in bed reading them until early in the morning. One of the outstanding beats of the recent war, in which he had more than his share of best-sellers, grew out of this habit. One afternoon at closing time a manuscript on the Guadalcanal campaign arrived at his office. It had come from a war correspondent, by way of Hearst's King Features Syndicate. The syndicate people, unaware that publishers like an exclusive look at a manuscript, had sent copies to twenty New York houses. Cerf read his copy in bed that night, got excited about it and bought it by telephone at nine o'clock the next morning, thus getting ahead of

eight or ten other publishers who sat down and wrote letters indicating interest. He had six more copies of the manuscript run off from his own copy, and took them to the Book-of-the-Month Club judges. Within a span of less than a week Guadalcanal Diary, by Richard Tregaskis, the first book on the island campaign, was a Book-of-the-Month selection and was headed for a tremendous sale.

For the past few years, Cerf, once more mining the past, has been supervising the development of something he calls the Lifetime Library. This is a pretentious series of volumes and sets of volumes containing the texts of the Greek and Roman dramatists, the basic writings of Aristotle, Saint Thomas Aquinas and the Stoic and Epicurean philosophers, and similar classics of the intellect, all edited by leading scholars. Sales have been surprisingly high. The two-volume Aquinas set—at \$10—for example, has sold more than 20,000 units, and a similar set of the Greek dramatists more than 30,000. Libraries and university students make up the bulk of the buyers. It is a steady market, and it never dies out.

#### Cerf and Solitude Won't Mix

"I get my excitement out of meeting living authors," Cerf says, adding reverently, "but I expect has-beens like Sophocles, Euripides, Lucretius and Aeschylus to keep me in my old age."

Cerf hates to be alone for any length of time, and always vacations in a spot that is convenient to the Hollywood-New York traffic. Last February when the Cerfs were visiting in Los Angeles, a New York friend received a post card which stated simply, "Phyllis and I are off for the desert tomorrow." The friend, a scholar of religions, recalled Cerf's recent interest in the medieval and ancient philosophers, and concluded hopefully that he was about to overcome a lifelong aversion to mysticism. He wrote Cerf in an encouraging vein, saying that every man had to reach a religious adjustment in his mature years, and that, historically, many a skeptic had found his true belief in the solitude of the sand wastes.

The reply, which came on the fancy stationery of a hotel at La Quinta, California, ran as follows: "I hate to dispel your touching illusion, but the facts are something like the following—in La Quinta itself, in adjacent bungalows, are Albert Lasker, Jimmy Stewart, Marilyn Maxwell, Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Knopf, Adrian and Anne Scott and Bubbles and Arthur Hornblow. A mile away in one direction is the modest hacienda of Floyd Odlum. Equidistant on the other side is the desert retreat of Darryl Zanuck, who positively will not entertain more than sixty guests at one time. Elsa Maxwell is there now, by the way. Palm Springs, some eighteen miles away, is in the midst of a real-estate boom that makes the old Florida days look like an early-season exhibition game. Harold Ross sailed by yesterday in an old hack and a cloud of dust. Arthur Schwartz and Munro Leaf are due tomorrow. . . . Does this give you a rough idea, *mon petit*?"

The friend put down the letter with an air of resignation. "That Cerf," he remarked gloomily, "gets bored with anything closer to mysticism than extrasensory perception, and he doesn't even like to hear about that."

THE END



# LETTERS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE FOUR

## THE RAINY CITY

I take exception to your recent article and slanderous remarks on Ketchikan and our daily rainfall [REPORT TO THE EDITORS: IT ALWAYS RAINS IN KETCHIKAN, by Richard L. Neuberger, Nov. 1]. I'll grant that it is raining at the moment but it does not rain every day in Ketchikan. Sometimes it snows.

GEORGE GRAINGER  
Ketchikan, Alaska

... IT ALWAYS RAINS IN KETCHIKAN is all wet. "The rainiest sector of North America." Ha! . . . On the notorious West Coast of Vancouver Island . . . in one particular spot known as Henderson Lake, or Uchucklesit, the rainfall exceeds 300 inches a year [vs. 151 inches at Ketchikan]. . . .

PERCY E. WILLS  
Missionary, Shantymen's  
Christian Association  
of North America

Toronto, Ont., Canada

► The correct figure is 257 inches. But that does give Henderson Lake the prize—and welcome to it.—ED.

## WIFE TROUBLE

... WIFE TROUBLE, by Jim Perry [Oct. 25], is an excellent condensation of a fine story. It will undoubtedly be read by many Episcopalians ready to chuckle at themselves. But no one can do anything but feel ashamed for the ignorance (or deliberate attempt to raise a laugh by distorting truth) involved in the statement of the author on page 77:

"Well, I knew that old Cranmer rewrote our Creed to include pretty much everything, so I had no hesitancy in admitting that I joined in with the congregation in reciting it." . . .

Even clergy like a good laugh occasionally at their pretensions, but such a statement is comparable, in historical accuracy and truth, to saying off-handedly that Mark Hellinger or Irvin S. Cobb had a hand in rewriting the Constitution of the United States!

MARLAND W. ZIMMERMAN  
Rector, Zion Episcopal Church  
Douglaston, L. I., N. Y.

► Not according to the Encyclopaedia Britannica. Thomas Cranmer (1489-1556) was the Archbishop of Canterbury who legitimized the divorces of Henry VIII. According to the Britannica, "the readjustment of the creed and liturgy of the church . . . formed Cranmer's principal work during the latter half of his life."—ED.

I have just read the article WIFE TROUBLE. Despite the humorously querulous note in which the author writes, it is one of the most powerful accounts of a spirit-filled lay religious life I have seen. . . .

WILLIAM O. MCGILL  
Pastor, Marlboro  
Presbyterian Church  
Chicago, Ill.

## AN ACROBAT SLIPS

I have just read George Heinold's interesting article, IT'S NO DISGRACE TO BE A RAT [Nov. 8], in which he mentions that he has never seen a gray squirrel hurt as the result of a fall nor has he heard of one being injured.

In back of our house there are three white pines, two of which are over one

hundred feet in height. Some time ago a gray squirrel fell from one of the higher trees and was killed.

WALLACE STOCK  
Albany, N. Y.

► That tops Author Heinold, whose observations covered falls up to sixty feet.—ED.

## GRANDMA ALWAYS WORE RED

Grandma Rockwell in Harold Montanye's delightful story PAPA BREAKS A STRIKE [Oct. 25] has been misrepresented by artist Thornton Utz. According to her grandson, "She always



wore dresses of some shade of red (page 106). When I read that, I turned back to the picture on page 27, and there sat Grandma wearing blue, or am I color blind?

MRS. JOHN GHELFI  
Calico Rock, Ark.

► The dress was blue—and Illustrator Utz's face is red.—ED.

## SINNED AGAINST OR SINNING?

The editorial, WHY SCHOOL SUPERVISORS ARE VANISHING, by Dr. A. John Bartky [Nov. 1], describes the chaos and confusion of the nation's educational systems at the administrative level. There is no question that Dr. Bartky writes the truth and it is time that someone take up the cudgels for the luckless school administrator, who is subjected to pressure from all sides.

Dr. Bartky does not go into the causes which have led to these conditions, however. . . . First, there is the great discrepancy existing between the salary paid the administrator and that paid the classroom teacher. In some school systems the superintendent receives as much as three, four, five or six times the salary of the classroom teacher. Granted that a superior administrator and supervisor is worth the salary he receives, yet the great difference in financial return compels those who are motivated chiefly by desire for money to obtain the higher paying positions by hook or by crook. Such individuals secure their promotions by political or family connections regardless of their suitability or professional ability. . . .

Second, there is the prejudice in the minds of both educational administrators and the general public that only men are suited to administrative positions in the public schools. Very few women are promoted to these positions. . . . The result is that men of mediocre ability are promoted from the teaching ranks to administrative positions because they are men, and the school system must take the results of their mediocrity. . . .

DR. ESTHER F. GIBNEY  
Chicago, Ill.

## LITTLE LULU



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## SKULDUGGERY AT THE RODEO

(Continued from Page 31)

One hundred dollars is a lot of money even in a dream. And in a dream, at least, you can always get first prize.

Big Joe chuckled as he listened to them. *Kids sure get the craziest notions*, he thought. Then he went back to dreaming his own dreams—about how the wheat would turn out and how much money it would bring, and what the money would buy for Babe and Little Joe. And about finding some nice refined lady who would keep house for the family and bring Babe up ladylike.

It appeared that Uncle Pete was dreaming too. For after a while he said, "I wonder what them rodeo people pay for the hire of a buckin' horse."

"Oh, Uncle Pete!" Babe exclaimed, so reproachfully that a shamefaced look spread over Uncle Pete's usually dead-pan face.

"Well," he growled defensively, "that sorrel sure owes me money. I'd like to git some of it back."

Babe and Little Joe exchanged glances of alarm. It seemed to them that the gentling effect of all their devoted care might be lost in one afternoon if the sorrel were subjected to the spurred assaults of sundry tough riders at the rodeo. They did not say much after that, except in guarded whisperings to each other. But at suppertime they were nowhere to be found.

"They rode off someplace on the pony," Uncle Pete reported when Big Joe had got supper ready. He and Joe had eaten supper and were, in fact, just finishing their coffee when they heard a clatter outside which drew Uncle Pete to the kitchen window.

"Say!" he ejaculated. "Here's Jim Newbold's chuck wagon an'—Well, I be doggoned!"

An old canvas-topped wagon was coming in the gate, drawn by four horses—or rather, by three horses and the kids' bay pony. Babe was riding the pony, which looked quite dwarfed in harness, with a big, rawboned gray at its side and two long-legged roans behind it. Little Joe was driving this poorly matched team. His face was flushed and perspiring and Babe's blue slacks were sadly mussed.

When Big Joe and Uncle Pete came hurrying out, the pony looked at them appealingly, as though to say, "Get me out of this!"

"That Charley!" Little Joe sputtered angrily. "He don't like harness. Part of the way we had to lead him. But when Babe got on his back he came along better."

"What in the world are you kids up to now?" Big Joe demanded.

"We borrowed Mr. Newbold's chuck wagon," Babe said.

"So I see," her pop answered impatiently. "But what for, for gosh sake?"

The kids looked uneasily from pop to Uncle Pete. Then Little Joe said in his most wheedling voice, "To run it in the chuck-wagon race."

"Well, blow me down!" Big Joe exploded. "You kids sure get the craziest ideas!"

But it was Uncle Pete's reaction that the kids were waiting for anxiously. Because it was Uncle Pete that they had to sell the idea to, seeing that the sorrel really belonged to him. For a few moments Uncle Pete did not say a word. His bleary eyes studied the Newbold horses and then the Newbold wagon, which was rickety and old, but

had lighter running gear than the E-Rafter wagon. Presently he walked back to examine the rack that held the stove. He hefted the stove. The kids craned their necks, watching Uncle Pete's inscrutable face.

"While you was aborryin'," he grunted finally, "why'n't you borry another horse? You can't use that pony."

That was what old Mr. Newbold had told them.

"But if we take just three horses," Babe had explained to Mr. Newbold, "then Uncle Pete will have to use Cyclone. We want Cyclone to run in the race."

"So Uncle Pete won't hire Cyclone out for a buckler," Little Joe had added earnestly. For that, indeed, was the very core of their scheme.

"With these Newbold horses and Cyclone," Little Joe argued now, "we'd have a four-horse team that'd make the E-Rafter man sit right up an' take notice."

Uncle Pete's poker face cracked in a slow grin. "Boy," he muttered, "if that sorrel hellion would jest take it into his head to run—an' if them Newbold nags could keep up to him—the E-Rafter outfit wouldn't have a look-in."

"But that's a couple of mighty big ifs," drawled Big Joe.

"The first prize is a hundred dollars," Little Joe put in craftily.

"And there's a fifty-dollar second prize," Babe said.

Strangely, however, Uncle Pete did not seem to care very much about the prize money.

"Even if the sorrel got orn'ry," he mused, "there might be a chance to keep the E-Rafter outta the money. You take, at these small-town rodeos, there's plenty of skulduggery goes on."

"That's no way to talk, Pete," Big Joe scolded. Because he aimed to bring the kids up honest, the way their mom had wanted them to be.

"Skulduggery?" asked Babe in a puzzled voice. "What's skulduggery, Uncle Pete?"

"Why ——" hedged Uncle Pete. "Well, 'skull' means 'head,' don't it? So, if I use my head, that E-Rafter twirp won't win no prize money. Unhitch that pony, kids."

"Hooray!" hollered Little Joe triumphantly. "Can I be a outrider, Uncle Pete? I could ride Charley an' be a outrider."

Uncle Pete nodded. "Your pop can ride Goody," he said. "At Sanford we only need two outriders. You take, at the Calgary Stampede an' them big rodeos, each outfit's gotta have four outriders."

"I'll ride in the chuck wagon with Uncle Pete!" Babe cried.

"You'll do no such a thing, Baby," Big Joe put in quickly. "You might easy get hurt."

Not only was it against the rules for anyone but the driver to ride in the chuck wagon, but with Uncle Pete's dark talk of skulduggery, the race would be no place for a little girl. As a matter of fact, Joe had half a mind to veto the whole crazy scheme. But whatever sinister plans Uncle Pete might have in mind, Joe hated to squelch the kids' delight at having their own entry in the race. Kids got to have fun.

"If we win a hundred dollars," Babe dreamed, "then Cyclone won't owe Uncle Pete anything any more."

"Ain't you ever satisfied, Baby?" Big Joe chuckled. "You got Pete into this an', on top o' that, you wanta win a hundred bucks! Why ain't you satisfied to just have fun?"

"We're gonna have fun, all right," Uncle Pete said.

Right away he hitched up the sorrel with the Newbold horses to see how Cyclone would behave. The kids had discovered, months before, that the gelding had no objection to single harness, but they had never tried driving him in a team. However, Cyclone seemed quite willing to run in a team, although he showed a lamentable tendency to bite and kick at the Newbold horses now and then.

"You keep talkin' to him, Baby," Uncle Pete said. "You kids can quiet him better'n anybody."

Then Uncle Pete began a brief but intensive drill to whip his outfit into shape. When the horn blew for the start of the race, the outriders would have to strike camp and load the stove, lashing it securely, so it would not be thrown off. For if an outfit lost its stove, fly poles or other equipment, it was disqualified even though it crossed the finish line first. Uncle Pete detailed Big Joe to heave the stove onto its rack and secure it while Little Joe stowed the fly poles, canvas and guy ropes.

"After that, all you outriders gotta do is keep up, an' not interfere with other outfits," Uncle Pete told them. "You leave the skulduggery to me, see? But you both gotta be with me at the finish or I'm disqualified."

Again and again, he drilled them for a quick getaway, striving to cut the loading time by every possible second. Meanwhile Babe had found some old barn paint and, in between practice



## I'M PROUD OF THIS PICTURE

WHEN I was a staff photographer on the Oakland, California, Post-Enquirer in 1925, I was assigned to cover a publicity stunt in which five parachute jumpers were to cut loose simultaneously from a captive balloon and land in the shallow water of Lake Merritt. The parachutes were fastened to the balloon by rope hitches which the men, swinging below on trapezes, could cut loose when they were ready. I stationed myself atop an apartment house, intending to snap the parachutists as they drifted by toward the water.

But the stunt went wrong from the start. When the balloon had risen about twenty-five feet, the control cable jammed and the

sudden jerk broke four of the parachute ropes. The men tumbled to the ground, fortunately suffering only minor injuries. Then the cable let go again and the balloon shot upward, but at an altitude of 200 feet the control jammed a second time with another violent jerk that snapped loose the fifth rider, A. J. (Shorty) Reeves. With his parachute collapsed, Reeves fell right in front of me, skidded down the roof shown in the picture and, very luckily, landed in a sort of mattress of ivy.

Unconscious and with serious injuries, Reeves was rushed to a hospital. But he pulled through all right.

—WILLIAM (KAY DEE) REYNOLDS.

The Post will pay \$100 each for pictures accepted for I'm Proud of This Picture. Spectacular action shots of any type of subject, featuring humor or pathos rather than historical or artistic scenes, are sought. Enlarged prints (about 8 x 10 inches) are preferred. Send information from which a caption can be written—when, where and how the pictures were taken—and include statement of copyright release. No pictures will be returned, but payment for acceptance will be made soon after receipt of photo. Address: Back-of-the-Book Editor, The Saturday Evening Post, Independence Square, Phila. 5, Pa.

starts, she contrived to paint pop's own Cross-Bar brand in large and imposing characters on each side of Mr. Newbold's wagon.

"Ain't that somethin'!" Little Joe applauded when she had finished.

Babe stood back, head on one side, admiring her artistry. With their own entry in the race, and their own brand on it, they felt that they really were in the big time. Then, in the twilight, they watched the wagon rattle away on the road to Sanford, with the Cross-Bar brand winking at them through the dusk.

When it finally disappeared behind the flat-topped butte and they could no longer hear the rattle of wheels or Uncle Pete's harsh, rasping voice, Babe breathed ecstatically, "The Cross-Bar outfit!"

Little Joe made a megaphone of his hands and intoned loudly, in imitation of the announcer at the rodeo, "First place, the Cross-Bar outfit!"

"Now don't go gettin' big ideas," Big Joe cautioned.

"But Uncle Pete is going to skuldug," Babe reminded him confidently.

"I bet Uncle Pete can skuldug good," Little Joe declared.

They seemed to think that skulduggery and horsemanship were the same. Big Joe did not tell them otherwise.

"That sorrel can skuldug, too," was all he said. "What we got in our team is three horses an' one hunk o' dynamite."

But you can't stop kids from dreaming.

They got to town in good time the next day and Babe was allowed to ride in the chuck wagon during the parade past the grandstand. She and Little Joe had never known a prouder moment. The Sanford band led the parade, playing lively music. Gaily dressed cowboys, riding two by two, came next and, after them, the four chuck-wagon entries.

Of these, the McIntyre outfit made the smartest showing—four sleek bays hitched to a freshly painted wagon with bright new canvas top. McIntyre's outriders, handsomely mounted, wore bright blue shirts and fancy chaps. By contrast, the three other entries looked drab indeed. Barney Brown, from south of the river, drove a weird-looking team of half-wild horses and a rattletrap wagon with a bit of canvas bent over it. Then there was the E-Rafter with its rough but fleet-looking bronses. But to Babe and Little Joe, at least, the Cross-Bar outfit outshone all the others, because it was their own, and because Cyclone looked so proud and handsome. His sleek flanks shone and he kept prancing and arching his neck, as though he realized that people were admiring him. But every now and then he would make a threatening pass at his gray teammate, which kept the gray thoroughly cowed.

The E-Rafter man batted his eyes when he saw the sorrel. "How'd you ever git harness on that outlaw?" he called to Uncle Pete.

"To handle horses, mister, you gotta have know-how," Uncle Pete blustered—with, however, an uneasy feeling at heart. For with that sorrel he had mighty little know-how himself. All through the parade he and the E-Rafter driver kept up a loud-voiced bickering.

"I figger this will be jest a race between me an' McIntyre," the man predicted confidently once.

"Talk don't win no races," answered Uncle Pete.

"You have to have skulduggery, don't you, Uncle Pete!" Babe whis-

pered knowingly, sitting proudly beside Uncle Pete on the seat of the Cross-Bar wagon.

"Or else you gotta have horses you can count on," Uncle Pete said.

After the parade, the chuck-wagon teams were unhitched and the wagons parked until time for the race, which was the last event of the day. From the seat of the Cross-Bar wagon, Babe and Little Joe had a good view of the riding and roping events. Little Joe was dressed for the occasion. He had a cowboy hat, a bright yellow handkerchief round his neck, and Uncle Pete's old high-heeled boots with spurs on them. Babe perched beside him on the high seat, wearing her very best dress and swinging her round, bare legs. They cheered each rider impartially, with the single exception of the E-Rafter man.

When the latter was bucked off as soon as he and his horse erupted from the chute, Little Joe growled vindictively, "I wish he'd broke his neck."

Babe could not go along with her brother in that wish. She was always a

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★  
**CHRISTMAS, '47**

By Ethel Jacobson

Peace on earth, and plenty,  
And all goodwill to man  
(Except perhaps in Hungary,  
Korea or Iran).

Liberty's enthroned now  
Where tyrants once swept in  
(Though possibly confusing  
To Pole and Greek and Finn).

Soldier yields to statesman.  
Speech grows grandiose.  
Victory is ours now.  
(Do not look too close.)

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★  
softhearted little thing and she did not want even the E-Rafter man to be hurt.

"He isn't a very nice man," she admitted. For her, that was the utmost in disapprobation.

They saw the man get up and start climbing the chute bars. Then he came limping toward the chuck wagons, chaps swishing and spurs tinkling. His shirt was torn at the shoulder and his face was dirt-smudged from his fall.

"Where's Pete?" he called.  
"He ain't here," Little Joe answered briefly.

"I guess he got cold feet," sneered the man. "In the parade he was talkin' big about a bet. But I ain't seen him since."

In common decency, Babe felt compelled to warn him not to risk his money by betting against Uncle Pete, because of Uncle Pete's skulduggery.

"Uncle Pete's which?" he asked curiously.

"Skulduggery," Babe repeated.  
"Uncle Pete says he's goin' to skuldug you outta the prize money," Little Joe bragged.

"Is that so?" the man ejaculated.  
"Is . . . that . . . so?"

Then he limped away toward his own wagon, and they saw him in earnest consultation with his two outriders. After that, all three began giving their wagon a thorough inspection, examining every nut, bolt and brace from the leading neck yoke to the rack on the back. Babe and Little Joe were watching the

wild-cow milking contest when the E-Rafter man appeared beside their wagon once more. This time he had two hot dogs in his hand.

"You kids like hot dogs?" he inquired.

"Gee! Thanks, mister!" exclaimed Little Joe, overwhelmed at this friendly overture.

While they ate the hot dogs, the man stood on the wheel hub and watched the wild-cow milking. He kept talking all the time. Presently they heard a scraping noise at the rear of the wagon and noticed the E-Rafter outriders in a huddle there.

"What are they doin'?" Little Joe asked in quick suspicion.

"They're jest lookin' your outfit over, see?" explained the saw-toothed man, sort of offhand. Little Joe felt ashamed of himself for being suspicious.

By and by, the E-Rafter men went away. But one of them remained watchfully beside their own wagon all the rest of the afternoon, and another talked for a long time with one of the chute judges. And when, just before the race, each outfit's equipment was being checked by the chute judges, one of the latter appeared at Uncle Pete's elbow and growled warningly, "We don't allow no funny business, mister."

He was a heavy-set, heavy-jowled fellow who could have done with a shave.

"You got the right idee," Uncle Pete said approvingly.

"No damn tricks, what I mean," the man said more bluntly. "We'll be watchin' all the time."

"Some folks gotta be watched," Uncle Pete agreed, regretfully but virtuously.

"You said it, mister."

"You take, in the average chuck-wagon race," Uncle Pete observed, "there's enough bonny-fidey accidents without havin' no underhanded stuff."

"If there's any accidents here, they better be bonny-fidey," growled the chute judge. "Genuine, bonny-fidey, what I mean."


He seemed to be a suspecting sort of fellow. He seemed even to suspect Pete of something. But Pete was not worried. True, if opportunity offered, an accident was going to happen to the E-Rafter outfit, but it was going to look bonny-fidey.

Presently each outfit took up its allotted position facing away from the track, each with stove set up under the canvas fly that extended from the back of the wagon. Then, with drivers crouched and ready, each in his wagon, the dismounted outriders waited tensely for the horn. Barney Brown had drawn the No. 1 spot, with McIntyre next, the E-Rafter outfit third, and the Cross-Bar fourth. This placed it closest to the enclosure fence from the top of which Babe watched palpitantly. A hush settled over the crowd. Cyclone tossed his head impatiently with a rattle of harness that seemed loud in the stillness. Then the horn blew.

Instantly the outriders broke into frantic movement. In the No. 4 spot, Little Joe jumped to stow canvas, guy ropes and poles, while Big Joe heaved the stove aboard the rack and secured it. Nobody but Babe, from her perch on top of the fence, noticed how the rack sagged when it took the weight. "Pop!" she shrieked. "The bolts are loose, pop!"

On each side of the wagon box, two bolts held the struts that supported the rack. And on the side nearest Babe, one bolt was missing, the other so loose that the first lurch of the wagon might

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shake it out. Then the rack and stove would collapse and, if that happened, the Cross-Bar would be disqualified.

"Fix the bolt, pop!" Babe cried again.

But in the general uproar Big Joe did not hear her. He and Little Joe leaped to the saddle and spurred forward. The thud of hoofs was in their ears, and the rattle of wheels, the yells of outriders, and the over-all roar of the crowd.

"Yip-pee!" hollered Little Joe.

He yelled again when he saw a galloping McIntyre outrider upset their first barrel. That would mean a four-second penalty for McIntyre. Before emerging on the track, each outfit had to do a Figure Eight around two barrels. These were so spaced as to equalize the total distance traveled after one round of the track. Barney Brown, for instance, having less distance to cover on the track, had the largest Figure Eight to do. His plunging horses swung wide around their second barrel and, hurtling out on the track, sideswiped the McIntyre wagon. The crash and the angry shouts of drivers and outriders rose briefly above the general din. Then a wheel rolled from the tangle and Barney Brown's wagon disintegrated. Barney's terrified horses bolted, dragging the front wheels with them. With their own wagon apparently undamaged, McIntyre's bays thundered on without pause. When the E-Rafter outfit, with the Cross-Bar crowding close, swung round the wreck, Barney Brown was crawling out from under, unhurt but wrathful.

Uncle Pete stood in front of the wagon seat, hunched over the reins. His hat was pulled low over his eyes, his face was impassive, as always. But he was thinking plenty. He was wondering how come that chute judge had acted so suspicious. And how a man could pull any funny business when he was not even within reach of his enemy. However, the sorrel seemed bent upon making up for a slow start. He lit out after the leaders, flattening his ears briefly now and then as though impatient with his slower teammates. At the turn, with the roar of the crowd behind them, the sorrel was edging forward on the flank of the E-Rafter wagon and Uncle Pete began to hope, though keeping his fingers crossed. Because, with that sorrel, you never could tell.

The E-Rafter man kept looking back tauntingly. Then his glance would pass beyond Pete to the rear of the Cross-Bar wagon. Puzzled, Uncle Pete cast a curious look over his shoulder.

"Dad rat it!" he exploded angrily. "What in the aitch you doin' there, Babe?"

Babe was in the wagon, crouching on her knees at the rear of the box. She shouted something, but Uncle Pete could not hear what she said. Crouched as she was, and with the canvas top over her, she could not have been seen by anyone save Pete himself. But, in his wrath, Pete forgot to wonder what it was that the E-Rafter driver had been looking at.

"Dad rat it anyway!" he hollered again.

Even in moments of temper, that was the nearest thing to swearing he permitted himself in Babe's hearing. Babe was his favorite. She was the apple of his bleary eye, the one lovely thing in a far from lovely world. But for once in his life, he felt like spanking her. If anybody saw her in the wagon, the Cross-Bar might be disqualified. But what mattered most to Uncle Pete was that now his cherished scheme was

definitely out. He dared not risk a crack-up in which Babe might be hurt.

"Now we jest gotta run a race," he ruminated bitterly. "With three plugs an' one sorrel hellion, we gotta run a bonny-fidey race!"

With harsh imprecations, he shook the reins above his laboring horses and, sparked by the sorrel hellion, the three plugs responded as though they figured they could really go places. All down the backstretch they fought it out with the E-Rafter brons, gaining a bit, then losing it, then gaining it back again, and a little more with it. Uncle Pete began to feel a grudging pride in them. "Nobody can say it ain't a race," he muttered as they swept into the straightaway. McIntyre was on the rail and leading by almost a length. The E-Rafter was still second, but its lead team was barely half a length ahead of the sorrel and his gray teammate. Every once in a while the E-Rafter driver kept looking at the rear of Pete's wagon, with a curious expectancy in his eyes that had Pete puzzled.

Babe was still on her knees at the back of the box. Her yellow hair hung down over her eyes and her pretty blue dress had a big rip in it, so that her little pink underpants showed. Pete wondered if the excitement and the swaying of the wagon had made her sick and, with that thought, his anger began to cool.

Babe's face was pale, but not with sickness. She had to stay on her knees so she could hold the loose bolt in place. She knew now why the E-Rafter man had acted so friendly. While he was talking to her and Little Joe, his men had removed one bolt and taken the nut off the other one. They certainly were not nice men, Babe decided.

Failing to get Big Joe's attention, Babe had jumped from the fence just as the wagon got under way. By way of the swaying rack, she had climbed into the wagon and pushed the bolt home. Then she had to stay there to hold the bolt, and of course the wagon was going so fast by that time that it would not have been safe to try jumping off.

She raised her head at last in an effort to see what was going on. They were just turning into the straightaway then and she could see the E-Rafter driver plying the whip, making a bid against McIntyre. The brons responded so gallantly that they decreased McIntyre's lead to half a length. But McIntyre held them there and, on their other flank, the Cross-Bar had maintained its relative position. It looked like a close finish in that order.

"Jeepers!" shrieked Little Joe, pounding along behind the Cross-Bar wagon. "Lookit, pop! In our wagon!"

Babe ducked her head quickly. She heard pop's angry voice, but she kept her head down. So she missed the big moment when Cyclone resorted to some skulduggery of his own. He had been on his best behavior all round the course and must have decided that it was not getting him anywhere. At any rate, with perhaps fifty yards to go, the sorrel seemed to grow suddenly exasperated at the slowness of his teammates and at the battling brons that kept always just ahead of him. All at once he let go a vicious lunge at the nearest E-Rafter horse. Ears flat and teeth bared, he put into that lunge all the frustration he felt, and enough for Uncle Pete as well.

The bronc broke stride and swerved away, crowding his running mate into

the nearest McIntyre horse. There was a momentary tangle and a hoarse outcry from the drivers. Then the teams pulled apart without harm to either outfit. But in those seconds the sorrel had spurred ahead. The Cross-Bar now led even McIntyre by a head, and the E-Rafter was a poor third.

"Yip-pee!" squealed Little Joe shrilly.

McIntyre and E-Rafter both wielded the whip in an effort to recover. McIntyre's bays rallied quickly and made a fighting finish. Amid the roar of the crowd and the thunder of hoofs, the two outfits pounded under the wire, so close that only the judges could tell which lead team hit the wire first.

At any rate, Uncle Pete took considerable satisfaction in the thought that the E-Rafter was definitely in third place. But his satisfaction was short-lived. For as he and McIntyre pulled their horses in, he heard angry shouts behind him, and then his enemy roared up on his flank.

"It's agin the rules to have anybody in the wagon with the driver!" hollered the E-Rafter man.

Uncle Pete looked over his shoulder. "Dog-gone it, Babe!" he gargled. "Why'n't you keep your head down?"

Babe had been unable to resist raising her head to witness the finish. She got to her feet when the wagon stopped rolling and came stumbling forward. With one hand she tried to cover the rip in her dress, while with the other she pushed back the hair from her forehead. Everybody was looking at her—Uncle Pete and the other drivers, and all the clustered outriders on their blowing horses.

"Why'd you do it, Babe?" Little Joe demanded angrily.

"Rules is rules!" blustered the E-Rafter man.

"Aw, pipe down!" Bent McIntyre called. "The judges won't care if Babe came along for the ride!"

He was always a nice man, Bent McIntyre was. And he liked Babe because she looked like her mom used to, and because Bent had been sweet on her mom before she married pop.

"I didn't come for the ride," Babe told him gravely. "I had to hold the bolt."

"What bolt?" asked Uncle Pete.

Babe threw a reproachful look at the E-Rafter driver. "He gave us hot dogs," she said. "And his men loosened the bolts that hold the rack."

She went back to the rear of the wagon box and showed them. The E-Rafter outriders burst out in loud denials, but they looked mighty guilty just the same. And then their driver said, "Well, Pete was tryin' some dirty work on us."

"Who? Me?" gasped Uncle Pete, harshly indignant. "Who seen me do any dirty work?"

Of course, nobody had seen him. And Bent McIntyre commented dryly, "I reckon it won't do the E-Rafter any good to protest."

The E-Rafter man gave Uncle Pete a dirty look and climbed back in his wagon.

It turned out that McIntyre had actually been the first under the wire. But because of the four-second penalty incurred when his outrider upset the barrel at the start, McIntyre was placed second.

So Babe and Little Joe soon heard the announcer's words, just the way they had dreamed it.

"First place, the Cross-Bar outfit!" intoned the man with the megaphone.

"Yip-pee!" hollered Little Joe.

THE END



"I have to stay in my room until I change my attitude."

THE SATURDAY  
EVENING POST



## WILL THE ARABS FIGHT?

(Continued from Page 21)

our prince? To lead us in battle!" It was a staged performance, perhaps, but effectively staged.

The opposition party was equally fiery. But I got the distinct impression that the Druzes, though spoiling for a fight, would prefer not to fight one another, but would rather unite against some outsider. This was confirmed by conversations with Sultan Pasha Atrash, who expressed eagerness to take the field again in Palestine. But the most striking confirmation was in my meeting with opposition-party leaders. These tried to disabuse me of any false notions I might have formed as a result of my conversations with Emir Haasan. We sat in a large circle—about seventy-five of us—white-bearded sheiks, younger men with militant mustaches, and I. First the talk was against the Atrash family. A man in European clothing wearing a red tarboosh was the spokesman. He harangued me for more than an hour upon the evils of feudalism in Jebel Druze. The rest of the circle listened, showing little more enthusiasm than I felt myself. Eventually I seized an appropriate moment for interruption.

Soon, I explained, I would have to leave for Damascus. Was there anything else they had on their minds?

Yes, indeed. A venerable sheik rose to his feet. He spouted what I judge to have been most eloquent Arabic. The gist of it was this: Atrash or no Atrash, the problem that lay most heavily upon them was that of Palestine. I was a guest. He did not want to ask me too many embarrassing questions. He would be interested, however, if I could explain my Government's attitude on Palestine. Here was a land, he said, that was being wrested from its original inhabitants, while the great powers—who professed to love democracy and peace—stood by passively or, even worse, lent active assistance. He would have me understand that the Druzes, who had fought in Palestine before, would not stand idly by now.

This expurgated summary represents a fiery fifteen-minute oration. It was accompanied by vehement demonstrations of approval by those same people who had been silent while their spokesman had aired grievances against the Atrash family.

The following week a friend and I were driving through Northern Syria. We stopped in Hama, a fanatically Moslem town, to look at the famous water wheels. The people were polite, but there was a feeling of underlying violence in the air which is hard to understand until you have encountered it. The men crowding the streets were not quite a mob. Just as a cloud of very heavy steam is not quite a liquid—but precipitation can be very quick.

I asked my companion—an American student of Arabic—if there was anything especially wrong. He didn't think so.

"Tension is bad these days everywhere," he said. "The people are expecting trouble and are just waiting for the sign, perhaps from their leaders, perhaps from Allah. I don't want to be around here when it comes!"

"Well," I asked, "what could these people do? Unlike the Druzes, they seem to be without arms."

My companion looked at me pityingly. "Let me tell you a story," he said.

It seems that last spring there was a big rally just over the border in Lebanon. One feature was a parade of men

who had actually fought in Palestine during the last troubles. Three or four hundred men from Hama attended. While the parade was in progress an unfortunate incident occurred. A spectator insulted one of the marchers, who pulled a pistol. The spectator was thereupon handed a tommy gun by an obliging friend. Sinking to his knees, he sprayed the marchers, emptying the whole magazine of the tommy gun. He was promptly shot by a policeman, but he had killed fourteen Hama men who were in his line of fire.

This story reached Hama with the suggestion that somehow Palestine had been involved. Three hours later, between 5000 and 6000 armed men were assembled in the main square of Hama, clamoring for transportation. Only by broadcasting the correct story could the Syrian police restore order.

"I suspect they could arm just as many men just as quickly now," concluded my companion. He had made his point. This and similar incidents convinced me that a sizable number of Arabs, particularly in Syria and Iraq, are prepared to back their views on Palestine with force—and that they have at least rifles with which to do so. The problem is not: Will Arab politicians inflame their peoples against Zionism? It is rather: To what extent may we regard their governments as a moderating influence upon peoples already inflamed?

As far as words go, the Arab governments are sticking up vigorously for their Palestinian brothers. Ibn Saud, King of Saudi Arabia, is the most important Arab ruler, perhaps, so far as the United States is concerned. The Arabian-American Oil Company will

soon be getting 500,000 barrels of oil a day from the sandy wastes of Ibn Saud's country. In return, the Saudi Arabian Government will receive royalties of roughly \$40,000,000 a year. So the relationship is by no means one way. If we value the oil, it is equally certain that Ibn Saud values the money.

The old Lord of the Desert is one of the shrewdest monarchs left in this antimonarchical world of atom bombs and vetoes. His radio monitors give him, twice daily, a digest of world news, so that one is surprised to find, deep in the desert apparently isolated from civilization, a lordly giant in checkered headcloth and gold circlet who looks like something out of the Arabian Nights, but who is right up to the minute on the latest happenings in Moscow, Paris or New York.

This Arab king is a master politician. He can call every sheik of the desert by name and has the, to me, incredible knack of making you feel like a member of his immediate family, even though you don't have a word of any language in common. Ibn Saud is fond of reminiscing about his warrior days, when he performed some truly legendary feats. For instance, he captured Riyadh, now his capital, and even then a strong walled city, with a force of thirty-four men, though the enemy garrison numbered several hundred. He told me seriously that he hoped he would never have to fight again.

"But," he said, "Zionism is a definite threat to my own country. At first the Zionists claimed that they wanted no more than a national home in Palestine. Now they want not only Palestine as their own state but they want Trans-Jordan as well. Who knows," the king asked, "whether they will stop there?"

Saleh Jabur, prime minister of Iraq, used equally strong language. "What is it," he asked me, "that Americans want? If it is a safe home for the Jews, that cannot be found in Palestine. For Palestine is in the heart of the Arab world. We surround it. How shall a Jewish state live there? We will boycott it, give it no foods or raw materials, buy nothing from it. We will squeeze it in a ring of steel until it dies, and our heart is ours again."

There is no Arab political party which does not, ostensibly at least, advocate support of Palestine's Arabs by arms, if necessary. Even the communists have gone so far as to recognize the leadership of the Grand Mufti, Haj Amin el Husseini, in the liberation of Palestine, in spite of the fact that the mufti's wartime sojourn in Germany cannot have endeared him to the communists.

But one must ask: How far will the Arab governments actually back up their words by deeds? No matter how unfavorable the UN decision for partition was to the Arab cause, no Arab government is in a position at this moment to risk war with the United States or Great Britain. Open military action on the part of any Arab government, at least until world conditions get considerably worse, can be regarded as extremely unlikely.

I say this in spite of the fact that the Arab League states—Egypt, Iraq, Lebanon, Syria, Saudi Arabia, Trans-Jordan and Yemen—recently announced that they have sent troops to the borders of Palestine, ready for any eventuality.

I do not believe that any one of those countries, however, will go so far as to risk war or even expulsion from the UN. I do believe that, unofficially, each of those states will do all it can to aid a Palestine military force.

## So You Read the Ads?



BELOW is one of a series of guessing games based on the advertisements in this issue of the Post. Skim through them again before trying to answer, but, once you've begun, no fair peeking. Or you can do it the hard way—getting your answers by memory and deduction before looking at the ads. You can play the game as solitaire or use it as a party game by having your guests bring along their copies of the Post, then choose up sides or pit the men against the women.

## Answers on Page 56

1. Duel in the Post! Weapons: a rapier versus a file. For 5 points, which wins?
2. A motorcar advertises its Cobra steel engine. For 5 points, what does the Cobra signify?
3. Among the names in this week's ads are Hedwig Keisler, Victor Keppler, Benny Kubelsky, Martha Logan and Victor Tuschler. For 5 points each, choose their occupations from the following lists:
 

Advertising executive	Miner	Pharmacist
Architect	Movie actor	Photographer
Ballet dancer	Movie actress	Poet
Engineer	Opera singer	Trumpeter
Kitchen supervisor	Painter	Vice-admiral
4. For 5 points, what package bears the motto "In hoc signo vinces"?
5. For 5 points, what package bears the motto "Per aspera ad astra"?
6. True or false, for 5 points each.
  - a. A food cannery puts out more than 115 fruits and vegetables.
  - b. Electric typewriters have been in use more than twenty-two years.
  - c. The price of diamonds is determined wholly by their weight and clarity.
  - d. Drygas is a substitute for gasoline in high-altitude regions.
  - e. A P.T.L. seal makes windows stormproof.
7. For 5 points, Boott Mills has been in business for 63, 88 or 113 years?
8. For 5 points, if you get an Octanator for Christmas will you install it in your car, your office or your study?

And now, in lieu of the usual twenty-point question, I make you a present of those points; and with them go my sincere wishes for a very Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

Possible score 100

Your total score \_\_\_\_\_

In two weeks you will have a chance to try to better your score, when I shall have another So You Read the Ads? game ready for you.

—HARLEY P. COOK.

For, in considering what these governments might do, we must distinguish between formal governmental action and unofficial activities with government connivance. As far as formal steps are concerned, if the possibility of open warfare is dismissed, two main courses remain open to the Arab states. First, economic sanctions, which might involve revocation of American oil concessions or a general boycott against American goods. The second course open would be that of more closely aligning the Arab states with Soviet Russia against the United States and Britain.

The Arab governments appear to have committed themselves, among one another, to take certain minimum steps in the economic field. These are covered in the so-called secret clauses of the Bludan Agreement signed last year by all the members of the Arab League. They may prove very embarrassing for the signatories, because it is difficult to see just how economic sanctions can be imposed, particularly against the United States.

I was told during the last meeting held in September by the Political Committee of the Arab League that Saleh Jabur, Iraqi prime minister, proposed that oil concessions held by British and Americans be canceled immediately. He may have been playing to the gallery, for he must have known what the reaction would be. Ibn Saud's representative at the committee meeting opposed such a step as premature. Other representatives took no position and the proposal was shelved. It is my opinion that Ibn Saud, and the Iraqi Government as well, will have to be convinced that the situation in Palestine is extremely desperate, and that they themselves are menaced, before they will go to the length of canceling British or American oil concessions.

As for a boycott of American goods, that might have been practical when manufactured goods could have been purchased easily from Germany or Italy or Japan. But today a boycott of American goods would hurt the people imposing the boycott far more than it would hurt the United States. There is no other source from which they can get all the goods they now buy from us.

The other overt step by the Arab governments could be a closer alignment with the Soviet Union. Until recently, the governments currently in power disclaimed any intention of taking such a step. Prime Minister Nokrashy, of Egypt, assured me that he personally was strongly opposed to communism, but, he warned, he might not be able to keep his people in line, if they saw that the United States and Great Britain were opposing them in Palestine. At the time he spoke, Gromyko had already said Russia would support partition if Arabs and Jews could not agree on a single state. Since then, the Soviet has cast its vote for partition, but Russian representatives in Arab countries are not obliged to take the same line. They continue to assist the Arabs to get arms, for example. And in any case, Arabs will not blame Russia for partition half as much as they will blame Britain and the United States, who, they feel, by supporting Zionism in the first place, have created the whole problem.

The prime minister of Iraq was explicit. "The world," he said, "is divided into two camps: the democracies and the communists. It is to the interest of the Arabs and the democracies to work together. But such close rela-

tions will be impossible as long as the United States and Great Britain support political Zionism. If that continues to be the case, Arabs would surely not take the side of the democracies against Russia." The prime minister even suggested that some Arabs would go farther, would become a fifth column for the Russians, and would take their side if open warfare should ever ensue.

The temptation is to dismiss such threats as simply oratory. It is clear that the Arab ruling classes are unlikely to look for help from Soviet Russia. It is also clear that communism can make little appeal to a people whose religion is so large a part of their lives. However, the Arabs, who put great faith in proverbs, have one proverb which goes: "My enemy's enemy is my friend." And it is noticeable that more and more, recently, the Arab states have been voting in the UN Assembly with Russia and against the United States.

When we consider unofficial activities in which the Arab governments might engage, the story is even more disturbing. There has been talk of an Arab League army, to be composed largely of volunteers, although including contingents from the armies of member states. Since the Arab League is an official body, it is difficult to see how its "army" could fight without involving the member countries in war. I do not believe that, for the time being, the governments will dare proceed much farther. Private Arab organizations, however, will be less inhibited. And it is clear that the governments will do all they can to support sabotage and guerrilla activities, as well as an Arab Palestine army.

Such an army is already in process of formation by the most formidable of the "private" Arab organizations—that headed by the Grand Mufti of Jerusalem, Haj Amin el Husseini. In spite of his close wartime association with the Germans ("My enemy's enemy is my friend!" said the mufti of the Germans, just as other Arabs are coming to say it of the Russians) the mufti and his entourage have—in the eyes of the Arab League—the status of a Palestine government-in-exile. They get financial support from league members. Their army will undoubtedly draw men, arms and equipment from the armies of league members as well.

The mufti's headquarters have been preparing to fight in Palestine for well over a year. How far have they got in their preparations?

The answer would seem to be that they have collected a large sum of money and have even been able to purchase considerable stores of arms. So far as actual organization goes, they probably don't have much. To organize in advance is not the Arab way of doing things.

The mufti has a very large following, but, except for family retainers, his organization in Palestine is practically nonexistent. The Najada and the Futuwa, Arab youth organizations now combined in one movement, have had little military training. They are certainly not prepared to enter immediately upon any large-scale action. There are probably sufficient rifles and grenades to mount guerrilla operations, but the Arabs of Palestine will tell you that the first military activity must originate outside of Palestine.

In Egypt, although the fanatical Moslem Brotherhood is said to be recruiting young men to fight in Palestine, there were few signs of military preparations last summer. Cairo is the headquarters of the Grand Mufti, and King Faruk of Egypt has ambitions to be recognized as leader of the Moslem world. However, it appears that the most that the Arabs of Palestine can expect in the way of support from Egypt will be money and, perhaps, arms. A few trained military personnel may also be lent to the Arab Palestine force.

In Iraq it is probable that, as happened in the 1936-39 troubles, officers and men of the Iraqi army will be granted leave for the purpose of fighting in Palestine. These officers, it is expected, may form the core of the independent armed forces which the mufti plans. However, there are no signs of concrete organization. Young Iraqi told me that they would go to Syria and join up with whatever bodies formed there.

The operational base of the mufti's Palestine army has been established in Syria. It is under the leadership of Fawzi Kawukji, a Syrian who, in spite of the German connections he shares with the mufti, is by far the most popular Arab military hero of today. Kawukji fought with Sultan Pasha against the French in 1925, and against the British in Palestine during 1936-39. He was involved in the 1941 Iraqi revolt against the British, and was wounded while fleeing when the revolt failed. The rest of the war he spent behind the German lines. Last year he left the Russian Zone in Germany and, apparently with French connivance, made his way to Egypt. His plane stopped in Palestine, but, although the British still have a price on his head, his presence was somehow "overlooked." The mufti promptly sent him off to Syria to recruit guerrilla fighters.

Kawukji does not seem to be at his best as an organizer. He says he wants to fight—let someone else do the recruiting, training and supply work. To help in these preparations, the Syrian minister of national defense, Nabih al-Azme, resigned his post. Al-Azme is a rare man among Arabs in that he prefers action to talk. It is al-Azme who is responsible for what progress has been made.

Naturally, the Arabs do not reveal their secret preparations. It has been announced, however, that 3000 guerrillas have been mobilized close to the Palestine frontier already. Newspaper reports say that in addition to 6000 armed Druzes, about 10,000 other Arabs have been armed. I was told in September by Arab leaders of Northern

Syria that they had available 30,000 men with rifles and ammunition. Some munitions shipments have been received from the famous Skoda works in Czechoslovakia.

The Arabs are determined to benefit from the experience they gained during the 1936-39 troubles. It is largely the men who fought then and returned as heroes to their villages who have built up enthusiasm for a fight in Palestine today. Americans who have lived in Syria for twenty years or more say that popular feeling is stronger on Palestine now than ever before.

The last time they fought, the Arabs suffered about 5000 casualties. They killed and wounded about 750 British troops and about 1200 Jews. As a military campaign it was no great performance. But the British did, at its conclusion, set a limit to Jewish immigration. So the Arabs boast that the campaign came to an end not because they were defeated, but because their leaders told them to stop fighting, since war was breaking out in Europe.

Arab strength is greater now than it was in 1936. They have more money and arms than they had during the last revolt. They can count on more support from Arab countries—Syria and Lebanon, for example, were under French mandate then, but now are free to do as they wish on Palestine. The Arab leaders must be taken seriously when they say that they are prepared to put up a desperate fight to avoid the loss of Palestine.

The exact form that an uprising will take and the time at which it is to be expected are uncertain. There is always the danger that some small incident may cause a flare-up—a danger tremendously increased by the UN vote for partition. The most likely occasion is the landing of shiploads of illegal Jewish immigrants. Haganah, the Zionist military force, is bound to try such landings and to protect the immigrants. The Arabs are equally bound to try to stop them. A clash of arms is therefore, tragically, almost inevitable.

And then? The danger is a jihad, a holy war, preached from the mosques in every village. If a jihad is proclaimed, its scope and ending are unpredictable. The Arab governments might, in time, have to recognize it and join in. All links with the western world would be cut. The Middle East and all its resources, including oil, would have to be reckoned not only as a loss to us but as a gain to our potential enemies.

That is, indeed, to take the most pessimistic view. On the other side, there are Arabs who say sadly that the odds are too heavy against them, and their own disorganization too great. These Arabs predict that there will be a bloody flare-up which will be to no avail.

Perhaps the most likely forecast is that advanced by spokesmen of the middle ground. They predict that there will be an increasing number of incidents, that conditions in Palestine will steadily deteriorate, but that for some time there will be no large-scale uprising. They point out, however, that, as Arab strength increases, the liberation of Palestine would be a constant goal before them—an Arabia Irredenta. Any time the Arabs felt themselves strong enough, they would surely try to recover Palestine. In other words, this forecast differs from the most pessimistic one chiefly on the question of timing. It means that the Arabs will wait, perhaps until another war, if one is to come, before striking. They will fight, but they will wait for the most favorable time to fight.

THE END

### Answers to So You Read the Ads?

Page 55

1. The file, page 3.
2. Copper brazed, page 69.
3. Hedwig Keisler, movie actress, page 5. Victor Keppler, photographer, back cover. Benny Kubelsky, movie actor, page 5. Martha Logan, kitchen supervisor, page 39. Victor Tischler, painter, page 35.
4. Pall Mall cigarettes, page 47.
5. Pall Mall cigarettes, page 47.
6. True: a, page 7; False: b, page 9; c, page 35; d, page 69; e, page 61.
7. 113 years, page 61.
8. In your car, page 43.

## HOW TO WALLPAPER A FLOOR

(Continued from Page 22)

more and more householders, struck with the great amounts that apparently can be saved, are adopting the ringing motto: Do it Yourself and Get a Lousy Job Too. One thing helping to bring this on is the fact that a good deal of the work you can hire done is done sloppily. If you are lucky, you get beautiful professional workmanship, but it burns you to pay big prices for a crummy job. Why, you could do work that crummy yourself, so, by George you do. Furthermore, you keep bumping into people who have just carried off projects like this with great success. This guy papered a bedroom himself, using only six rolls more paper than a pro would have needed; that stalwart soul shingled his own garage, and is taking it as big as if he had forged his own nails; this couple have rented a spray gun and intend to paint their whole house; these people have just upholstered two chairs, and don't even realize how lucky they were that it worked. There is so much of this self-help going on now that the paint manufacturers must be as happy as larks; amateurs will spill enough paint, besides the paint they get on the target, to keep the paint makers and the makers of paint remover in the pink. Not to mention the plaster manufacturers. As the result of trying to plaster one little hole next to an electric outlet, I now have one very well insulated wall, and the mice must think they have encountered the Maginot Line.

A good many of these jobs are too minor to justify calling in a professional—that is your manly announcement when you start. But those little jobs are all alike in one respect. They take an average of six hours of hard work and the results are invariably invisible; at the end, the screen is mended, the door is working, just as it should

have been mended or working in the first place. And those little jobs inevitably require something you don't have, so that they involve a trip to the lumberyard and the hardware store. There you pick up two cheap hinges and a drill, plus a pure cedar two-by-four that will scratch four dollars' worth of paint off the fenders of your car. Roughly speaking, a painting job that will save thirty dollars if you do it yourself—after all, that is less than twelve hours' pay for a professional—will cost you only ten dollars for paint, six dollars for a good stepladder, a buck or so for turpentine, and three dollars for brushes, which are made these days from the beards of Spanish grandees who prize every whisker. You are still ten dollars ahead until you paint a door that requires painting the room it leads into, for twenty dollars more. If you will thin the paint with turpentine, as you are tempted to do after stirring for thirty minutes, it may or may not go farther, but will run faster. To compute the amount you are saving, you have to count your own time as worth nothing, but the results usually prove this estimate is not unduly low.

One thing about Doing it Yourself is that you can get tricky and get exactly the effect you want. You are not limited to plain ready-mixed paint, available in 350 shades. You can mix your own as the experts do, matching anything from the odd green figure on a set of dishes to the delicate peach of Nude Wishing for an Oil Burner that hangs above your mantel. I would suggest being a little careful with blue, however; that advice comes from the inventor of a spectacular blue that would drive Pollyanna to the bottle and make storm clouds look like a rainbow. This started out to be somewhat the color of Wedgwood; it started with a half gallon of good white paint, to which was added a little blue and just a soupçon of red, the kind we experts buy in tubes.

The result, when applied to the kitchen wall, was not just right. In fact, it was almost exactly the color of

elephant hide and not greatly thinner. But a project like this attracts friends you may not have seen for many a month. Someone added more white, a sensible idea; someone added a little heavier shot of red, which was not supposed to show, but was supposed to do for the blue what a fifth of gin would do to the punch at a Y.W.C.A. reception. Another visiting expert brightened this by adding more white, and we put it on the walls.

Though slightly cheaper than gold leaf, it was a good deal thicker, and it covered everything. It did not much resemble the cheerful blue used on the celebrated pottery however. More than anything else it resembled the marks left on city streets by skidding tires. Ten minutes between those bruised walls, and Santa Claus would turn in his uniform and join the Existentialists. You could get in that kitchen a feeling of gloom not available this side of the solitary-confinement cells of Alcatraz.

An article of this kind ought to end up with Helpful Hints, so, drawing on my own experience, I offer five. I pass them on gladly and only wish I had passed on the problems.

1. In building a fence, use round posts. I learned this by the simple expedient of building a fence with square ones, which do not always set as true as we perfectionists like. I might add in this connection that if you want a fence that will give you a real fight, try turkey wire. That way you have a fence that will keep out everything but small weasels, except where, as in the case of mine, it is eighteen inches off the ground where the ground slopes and the turkey wire won't. Turkey wire is made of incorrigible spring steel, and slopes for no man. Another good idea in fence building is to put the posts in on a sharp slant, instead of straight. That way they might straighten up out of the remarkable perversity of rocky ground.


2. For a picturesque rolling floor, as a contrast to the more common flat ones, try the Mark I model sanding machine I rented. Made of pure lead, and screaming like a banshee, it dug divots wherever it stopped and was as unnerving to handle as a blowtorch in a haymow. The gleaming new surface on the upstairs floors is what I got by taking this machine back and hiring a team of insolent professionals.

3. A lot of shabby old furniture looks swell when refinished. The old finish should be thoroughly removed with paint remover and sandpaper, but preferably by the guy who piled 26,000 matchsticks on a beer bottle.

4. You must expect to meet two kinds of people immediately after finishing one of these projects. Don't be too sore at the ones who say, "Didn't you know you could rent equipment for that, instead of buying it?" These are the babies who tell you, too late, about the new kind of paint that dries at a glance and the new-fashioned wallpaper you just toss into a room and it climbs the wall like ivy. They aren't so bad as the others you'll meet. They tell you, "We hired it done—the whole thing cost us four dollars and sixty cents."

5. Paper hanging, painting, carpentry, plumbing, electrical work—these are all skilled occupations. The amateur works harder than the pro because the amateur doesn't know a lot of short cuts and labor-savers.

Remember, there are tricks in every trade, and the best trick of them all is "leave it to the professionals."



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50

## TUGBOAT ANNIE FINDS A LEAPHOLE

(Continued from Page 15)

"Forty-nine ten north, one-thirty-two west," snapped Mr. Bullwinkle. "And may you get fat on it! . . . Fatter!" he added with emphasis.

"I carry my fat below the eyes—which is more'n you can say!" rejoined Annie equably. "Well, time I was moochin' along! Goo'by, boys!"

"Wait a minute!" Wrathfully, Mr. Bullwinkle interposed his formidable frame. "Where do you think you're gallopin' so fast?"

"You guess!" said Annie with a grin.

"If you think ye can reach that schooner before I do, you're even sillier than ye look! Even if McArde hadn't gave me the job, my Salamander's almost a knot faster'n that old hulk of yours, and I'd beat ye to her by twenty miles! So it wouldn't do you no good even to start!"

"What do ye mean, 'start'?" said Annie with a grin. "My Narcissus is already about forty mile on her way." And looking at Mr. Bullwinkle's nervous puzzlement and the others' gapes, her grin widened, and she elaborated. "Reason I'm ashore like this, middle o' the day, is because last night one o' me bicustards started botherin' me"—she pulled back her lip in a grimace to show them her tooth—"an' whiles I was up at the dentist this mornin' havin' it calked, Peter, the mate, took the Narcissus an' started towin' a steamer up to Port Townsend, an' time I git there"—she glanced at her watch—"about four o'clock, be car an' ferry, they'll have arrived. But even if your Salamander started right now, she couldn't be abeam o' Port Townsend afore six-thirty. So all I do," she concluded complacently, "is step aboard me Narcissus an' go out an' pick up that schooner."

"It won't do you no good!" belated Mr. Bullwinkle, anguished. "They're expecting me! And —"

"Wid her master decapitated an' no other navigator on board way out there in the dulldrums, they won't care what tug picks 'em up," returned Annie confidently. "An' once I git my towin' wire took aboard, she'll be as neat a little job o' salvage as ever I've seen. Well"—she edged around the stunned Mr. Bullwinkle—"tootle-oo!"

As the door closed, a roar of laughter shook the Greasy Spoon, and immediately the betting odds on Annie rose. Ignoring this, however, Mr. Bullwinkle's rugged countenance wore an aspect of intense concentration. Then, with a jerk of his head to Jake, he lumbered hastily out the door.

In the street he halted abruptly and, buttonholing Jake, snapped a question. "What's the name of that big new tuna clipper the Henry Shipyards just finished to send to San Pedro?"

"The Mabel Jester?"

"That's the one! Didn't her engineer tell you she was to sail today?"

"That's right. But I dunno if —"

Without waiting, Mr. Bullwinkle took off, and by the time that Jake had gathered his sluggish wits and followed, his commander's bowlegs rapidly had propelled him several yards toward the water front and the busy plant of the Henry Shipyards, Inc.

BY the time that Tugboat Annie had arrived in Port Townsend—well within the time limit she had estimated to Mr. Bullwinkle, thanks to her expert knowledge of Puget Sound ferry sched-

ules and the private cars of her many cannery friends along the Olympic Peninsula—her big, capable deep-water tug, the Narcissus, had just finished nudging her steamer charge alongside its pier. And when Annie stepped briakly on board, Peter, her slow-thinking but tenacious-minded mate, stared and blinked at her in astonishment.

"Annie!" he cried. "What are you doin' here? I thought your tusks was —"

"I'm honky-donky!" she assured him cheerfully. "Look, Peter, we gotta git under way fast!"—and she rapidly outlined the events in the Greasy Spoon.

"I dunno," commented Peter dubiously when she had finished. "That Bullwinkle, now, he's bad enough just natural. But eggin' him on like what you done —"

"Fiddlestrings!" snorted Annie. "Bettin' wid him over business deals is money fer bilge water! So come on!" She snapped her fingers. "Let's git goin'!"

"We better refuel first, Annie," Peter reminded her, and during this short delay Annie hopped from one large foot to the other and urged the oil-pier crew to haste.

When the Narcissus left the harbor, however, and set her blunt snout westward along Juan de Fuca Strait, Annie's composure returned and as she stood at the wheel with Peter she was occasionally shaken by elephantine mirth.

"That big snicker!" she chuckled presently. "Shootin' off his bazooka like that! Golly, Peter! I kin hardly wait to put me line on board the Lillian Moore!"

"Mebbe they won't take it."

"Hell an' hardtack! Don't be sich a pestimist!" replied Annie, nettled. "Wid a sick captain an' them scullin' around in a flat calm, an' prob'ly low on fresh grub, if I know that skimflint owner o' theirs, McGargle, it'll be any tug in a storm. An' look at the sky! There won't be no wind to speak of fer a week!"

The weather was as Annie had said—almost breathlessly tranquil. The sun had set, but the western sky was still akindle, and the water of the strait ahead was a smooth and undulating sheet of burnished copper, rimmed by the quickly darkening hills of Vancouver Island to starboard and the pink-tinged snow pinnacles of the Olympic Range to port.

"But supposin' Bullwinkle did foler us?" persisted Peter. "He don't take nothin' lying down, you know—especially you."

"You ain't kiddin'!" Annie chortled. "But even spose he started right after I done, the Salamander was in Secoma, an' time we clear the cape she'd still be so far astarn ye couldn't see her wid the small end of a tellyscope. No!"—happily she wagged her shaggy head—"even though Horatio ain't no infant prodigal when it comes to brains, he ain't gonna start on no gold-goose chase when he's licked afore he starts!"

She settled her massive legs more solidly on the gently lifting deck, and then, in sheer exuberance, began to sing her favorite tune: "Happy days is here some more, oh-h-h-h, happy days is here some more!"

By the time Dungeness was abeam, the last of the day's afterglow had faded.

There was no moon, and the stars were burning brilliantly in the velvet blackness of the night. Far ahead, the lights of Port Angeles twinkled over the flowing tide, bringing thoughts of people snugly in their homes and at supper, guarded by the revolving beam of Ediz Hook Light.

Soon the light, too, had faded astern and the main stretch of Juan de Fuca Strait was before them, spangled with the emerald, ruby and topaz running lights of purse seiners and blue-water ships.

Then, abreast of the lighted bell buoy of Crescent Rock, Peter, who had stepped out on deck to test his deep disbelief in the futility of Mr. Bullwinkle's pursuit, returned in some haste to the wheelhouse.

"There's a vessel comin' up fast astern, Annie!" he grunted. "Ye don't suppose —"

"Think nothin' of it," replied Annie loftily, still deep in pleasant reverie; then she snapped awake. "What kind o' vessel? Cargo ship, rowboat, warship or—a tug or what?"

"Thought you wasn't worried."

"Spose she comes too close up on our starn? I gotta know if we fly, run, swim or dive, don't I?" Annie dissembled with some heat. "Go back out an' — No! Here!"—she handed over the wheel—"I'll have a peep around meself!"

"Don't need to," said Peter, and nodded at the starboard window. "There she comes!"

Annie's eyes widened in admiration and deep relief as she saw, even though indistinctly in the darkness, a large, sleek-lined tuna boat with a hissing bow wave pass a hundred yards abeam, her running lights flashing over the water as she rapidly overhauled them. Then her squat, flat stern and beautifully streamlined bulk were diminishing in the night ahead.

"Sa-ay!" breathed Annie with professional approval. "She sure is travelin'."

"All of nineteen knots," supplemented Peter. "Looks like one o' them new California tuna clippers."

"That's what she is, all right!"

"Had ye kinda scairt for a minute there, though, didn't she, Annie?"

"Scairt o' what? If you supposed fer one single second I thought it was the Salamander —"

"Wouldn't ha' surprised me none."

"Must ye be such a droop?" Annie replied impatiently, feeling confident again. "Right now Bullwinkle's drowndin' his sorners in some waterfront saloon. An' speakin' o' saloons," she continued with a sudden chuckle, "did ever I tell ye o' the time my Terry—may the devil give him a drink of ice water!—got drunk in Portland an' invited the chief o' polis to dance a majerka wid him? Well, one night —"

And Annie launched into one of her anecdotes concerning the peccadilloes



of her rascally but lovable spouse, now long defunct, which lasted until the Narcissus was far past Slip Point Light and well on her way to the open sea. Then, with the dark loom of Cape Flattery off to port and the vessel lifting her snub forefoot to the long Pacific rollers, Annie at last turned over the wheel to Peter, dropped in at the galley to refresh herself with a light snack of bean sandwiches, pickles, a slab of flaky deep-dish apple pie, a wedge of cheese and a couple of mugs of coffee.

ANNIE'S first thought in the morning was one of jubilation, for it was born of the two things dearest to her—prospective profit to her plump, good-hearted little employer, Alec Covern, and triumph over her cherished rival, Bullwinkle. The air was fresh and invigorating, and savory odors from the galley caused her to lift her mastiff face and sniff.

Briskly she jumped up, splashed cold water over her weather-hardened features, ran a snaggle-toothed comb through her tangled hair, dressed in her working gear and went below to join the crew in the messroom.

Assured by Big Sam, the engineer, and by Shiftless, the pimply deck hand, that there had been no sign of a pursuing vessel in the night, Annie became even more buoyant.

"Know what I was thinkin', dozin' in me bug trap this mornin', boys?" she asked, pouring hot honey butter over her stack of wheatcakes.

"What's that, Annie?" asked Big Sam. "Wonderin' how you'd get out of bed without a derrick?"

"No, sir," replied Annie blissfully. "I was jest dreamin' o' the swell time I'm gonna have layin' in that California sunshine. Jest layin' there! No business to worry about; no beach-combin' logs from broke-up booms in a tide race; no blizzard spittin' sleet in me face at four o'clock of a dirty mornin' at sea." She rumbled with mirth. "Oh, my, oh, me! I sure must be gittin' decreepid when bein' idle starts to look good to me!"

She paused, then continued with increased animation. "An' best of it is, it'll be Bullwinkle what'll be payin' fer it. An' am I dyin' to see the look on his—well, face, I guess he calls it, though it seems to be headin' the wrong way—when we come trollopin' home wid the Lillian Moore in tow!"

"What time will we raise her, Annie?" asked Clem, the radio operator.

"Bout one this afternoon, I'd say. Depends how far she's drifted, for it's a gas-pipe cinch she ain't sailed none. That sky ain't got a belch o' wind in a thousand mile of it. Anyways"—she sat back, contented and replete—"we'll be helpin' that pore sick ship-master as well as ourselves. . . . An', Shiftless, you an' Hank had better bend a new haulin' line on that one-inch towin' wire. This is one job I don't want no slip-up on!"

The sea was like billowing blue satin as Annie lumbered out on deck and up to the wheelhouse, and as she went she looked contentedly aft at the creamy wake, then scanned the shoreward horizon. Nothing in sight there, she noted, except an inbound Danish cargo-passenger ship and a smear of smoke from a large tanker outward bound in ballast. And by noon the only ship in view was a lean gray destroyer of the Royal Canadian Navy far to the north of them and knifing at high speed for the Aleutians.

Big Sam had come up for a breath of air, and he sat chatting idly with Annie,

who was at the wheel, through the open pilothouse door.

"Purty, ain't she, Annie?" he asked, with a jerk of his thumb toward the distant destroyer.

"That schooner'll look a sight purtier," Annie told him.

"What you goin' to do wi' all that furlough money Bullwinkle will have to pay you?"

"I dunno," said Annie, wriggling with happy anticipation. "Mebbe I'll buy that diamond-an'-termite bracelet I seen in Charley King's hock-shop winder the other day. 'Twas on'y eighteen dollars. Or mebbe I'll —"

She was interrupted by the sharp cry of Hank, the extra deck hand, who had been stationed with a pair of binoculars on top of the wheelhouse.

"There she is, Annie!" he yelled. "She's still hull down, but she's broad off the port bow!"

"Great!" Annie exclaimed, and the wheel spokes glittered as she changed course. "Look, Sam. Lay that fat carcass o' yours aft, will ye, an' make sure Shiftless ain't got his noggin snaffled in the heavin' line."

A half hour later, the Narcissus' propeller sketched a white scimitar of foam across the ocean's indigo as she came up on the idling schooner and drifted in to hail her. From a distance, becalmed as she was, the Lillian Moore, with her four graceful spindling masts, weblike rigging and lofty white sails mirrored on the sea, had been a thing of almost fragile beauty, but as the Narcissus surged closer she became just a wallowing mass of sun-bleached wood, rust-streaked iron and dirty canvas, noisy with the creak and groan of cordage and the slatting of sails. She was a big ship, but untidy, sloppily run; and neglect showed in the slackened stays, the tarnished brightwork and the scaled paint which could not quite conceal the lovely lines of her slender hull.

"Wonder how her skipper is?" said Annie solicitously to Peter, who had just come up to relieve the wheel. She walked aft to the break of the deckhouse roof overlooking the fantail, from where she could supervise the passing of the heaving line, which, attached to a slightly heavier Manila rope—and this, in turn, to the steel towing wire—would, when accepted, constitute legal acknowledgment of a salvage claim and establish the Narcissus' right to the job. And as Annie walked she looked up at the schooner's rail, lined now by curious members of her crew.

"Okay, Shiftless," she called to her deck hand, who stood ready below her, the heaving line coiled expertly in his fist. Then she addressed the seamen on the Lillian Moore: "Haul in the line, one of ye, when he heaves it!"

She nodded at Shiftless and the line shot upward, snaking and uncoiling as it went, and the weighted end fell on the schooner's deck.

Then as one of the seamen picked it up, a high, whining voice halted him. "Hey! You, Bryan! Drop that line! Drop it! Quick!" the voice cried, and Annie turned in astonishment as a thin, shambling man with lachrymose eyes ran forward along the schooner's deck, snatched the heaving line out of the seaman's hand and flung it overside into the sea. Automatically, Shiftless drew it in and began to re-coil it. "You better keep it, chum!" the lachrymose man bawled sadly at him, and without anger.

"Hey! What's the large idear?" demanded Tugboat Annie warmly. "All he's doin' is passin' ye a line so ye can take our towin' wire!"

"Don't want it 'less it's asked for," said the lachrymose man dolefully. "Anyway, who are you? The cook of that there vessel? Ye'd better get back in your galley and —"

"I ain't the cook!" Annie snapped. "I'm Tugboat Annie Brennan an' I'm skipper o' this tug! What's your name—Jack Nastyface?"

"Now, ma'am," said the man reproachfully, "ain't I got enough troubles without you yelling abuse?" He examined her judicially, then shook his head. "You ain't such a bargain for looks yourself."

"I'm sorry," replied Annie, belatedly summoning prudence, even if it choked her, for there was too much at stake to risk invoking hostility. "I shouldn't ha' called ye that! An' ye're right; I ain't what ye'd call no ragin' beauty. Be the way, who are you—the master?"

"Nope," said the lachrymose man dispiritedly. "I'm the mate. Name o' Donahoe. Jack Donahoe."

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

## TO A CHRISTMAS TURKEY

Hail, my good fellow,  
No farewell I speak;  
You'll be around  
The rest of the week.

—GLADYS MCKEE.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

"How is the captain?" asked Annie. Donahoe solemnly raised his eyes, and Annie's soft heart skipped a beat. "He ain't passed away, has he?" she asked.

"Well," said the other, "he has . . . and he ain't."

"Tck-tck-tck!" clucked Annie sympathetically. "Bad as that, eh? Well, ye'll want to git him quick to land! So if ye'll jest kindly take our line —" Regretfully Mr. Donahoe shook his head. "Wouldn't be fair."

"Not fair?" Annie stared at him. "Wid you becalmed way out here, an' a dyin' captain an' no wind, an' no prospect of any? Ye can't gamble the weather agin a human life! Now look. You be a good feller an' take our line, an' we'll be hittin' fer home in less time'n I could blow yer nose!"

"I just finished telling you," replied Mr. Donahoe patiently. "It wouldn't be fair. Your name's Brennan, or so you claim. An' your vessel's name is the Narcissus."

"So?" Annie countered.

"So the tug we was expecting," answered Mr. Donahoe mournfully, "was supposed to be called —"

"Oh, oh! I see eggsackly what ye mean!" agreed Annie in quick realization, but fighting down panic. "You mean the—the Salamander! But comin' out here—hee-hee!—we decided we didn't like that name, so we painted it over an' called her the Narcissus!"

"That I could understand," said Mr. Donahoe. "We got some of that kind o' paint aboard here. But I never did see a paint what could change a person's sex. You see," he elaborated gently, "I know Captain Bullfrog. I've drank beer and et fried goeyduck with him in Secoma many a time."

"The dirty ape!" grated Annie. "He never told me that!"

"He forgot to, no doubt," replied Mr. Donahoe, "but that's why I can't take your line, ma'am."

"Ye can't, eh?" cried Annie, beyond herself now. . . . "Shiftless, let him have it! An' if it knocks him over the side —"

Once more the heaving line whizzed over the schooner's rail, but once more it was intercepted by Mr. Donahoe, who again cast it into the sea.

"You shouldn't have done that. You really shouldn't," he told Annie. "It's just plain cheating, when my old pal Bullfrog's on the way and —"

"On the way? Here? Ye're crazy! He can't be!" Annie yelled. "He knowed it was no use —"

"That so?" Mr. Donahoe seemed to debate this. "Something's wrong somewhere, then. Because we got a radio message less'n an hour ago saying he was heading out the strait."

"Radio?" said Annie dully; then for the first time she noticed the aerial strung between the schooner's masts.

"How else do you think we messaged for help?" Mr. Donahoe queried, then tapped his bony skull. "Seems to me you ain't got much up here."

"That remains to be saw!" replied Annie tartly, but her heart was a lump of cold pudding. "I'd think ye'd be ashamed to refuse the help at hand, wid yer pore captain practically diseased, an' —"

"Oh, he ain't dead yet—least, I hope not," Mr. Donahoe reassured her wanly. "So we might's well wait for Captain Bullfrog." But behind his gentle gloom as his gaze traveled toward the members of the schooner's crew, Annie seemed somehow to detect the glint of granite. "I'd advise you not to take that line if it comes on board again; I really would," he told them softly. "That's what Mr. McArdle, our owner, would say, I'm sure." And he walked back along the deck to the poop, where, with his elbows resting on top of the scuttle, he regarded the Narcissus and her company with sorrowful bloodhound eyes.

Baffled and furious, Annie turned for comfort and assistance to the members of her crew. "I jest can't fall down on this!" she told them desperately. "If I do, I lose half me bet wid Bullwinkle. An' I couldn't face the boss either, makin' this long trip out here fer nothin' an' not even axin' him could I go. I was hopin' to supprise him wid a nice chunk o' salvage, an' now —"

"Salvage, Annie?" asked Hank in vast surprise, for this was the first the crew had heard of it.

"Sure!" replied Annie heavily. "A vessel widout nobody aboard able to navigate her into port is salvage, accordin' to Admiralty law, an' once we git our line made fast to her, her owners—in this case, McArdle—will have to pay us plenty, whether he likes it or not. An' you'll all share in it. Now look; that ain't suet what yer ears is moored to! So think! Think hard! We gotta figger some way to get our line aboard of her an' make it stick!"

Ideas among the Narcissus' crew proving remarkably scarce, Annie was forced, after many anxious glances astern for the dreaded appearance of Mr. Bullwinkle's Salamander, once again to reason with the dolorous Mr. Donahoe, upon whom cajoling, bribes and dire predictions of perilous weather to come had not the slightest effect. Then, suddenly panicky again, Annie remembered that she had neglected to ask him one most vital question.

"Tell me this, then," she said, striving to make the question casual. "Is it true what"—she coughed involuntarily—"what me dear chum Bullwinkle told me—that you don't know navigation?"

"That's true," admitted Donahoe. "I never did go to school much."

"That's a break, anyhow!" said Annie deeply, and redoubled her attack upon what to her was the other's abysmally stupid loyalty to that despicable character, Horatio Bullwinkle. She was, in fact, prepared to argue for the rest of the day, if necessary, but presently Mr. Donahoe, suddenly tiring of it all, yawned ostentatiously, waved her a dreary farewell and disappeared below.

Annie clumped to the upper deck and through binoculars once more scanned the horizon astern for the appearance of the Salamander, while the two vessels rolled in lazy company over the long, smooth swells.

But as evening approached with still no sign of Mr. Bullwinkle, Annie's flagging spirits revived a bit. "P'raps he's been took off be the bucolic plague or run the Salamander on a reef or somethin'," she said hopefully. "If we can on'y hold out till dark, we might have a chance. I dunno. But I got the simmerin' of a idear."

"What's that, Annie?" asked Big Sam, who had been following her around like a faithful hound.

"Never mind," she said mysteriously. "Go round among the boys an' tell 'em to give ye what money they got."

"Money?"

"Tell 'em not to worry! They'll git it back!"

"They won't worry, Annie," replied Big Sam quietly, and departed on his errand.

Presently he returned, in his huge fist about ninety dollars in crumpled bills. "That's all they got with them," he said. "But if ye need more, when we get back to port ye can have the pay that's due us."

"Thanks, Sam," replied Annie, choking a little. "Keep it for me. I'll git it later . . . unless Bullwinkle shows up afore dark."

"And suppose he does, Annie?" Big Sam asked. "What'll you do then?"

Annie shook her head. "I ain't got the soggiest idear," said she.

With the coming of night, a mist spread over sea and sky, and with it the stirring of a breeze, so light that it could not belly the schooner's sails, yet strong enough to nudge her through the water at the rate of perhaps half a knot. And as she commenced to draw away, Annie came on deck.

"Hey, what goes on?" she exclaimed. . . . "Hank, climb on top o' the wheelhouse wid the glasses an' see if there's any sign o' the Salamander's lights!"

"There is none, Annie," he told her. "Shiftless just came down."

"That's pecooliar," muttered Annie. "He's had scabs o' time to git here. Mebbe Weepin' Willie on board the schooner there was jest spoofin' me, figgerin' he could bluff us into towin' him in at a bargain price. Or mebbe"—her deep unease increased—"Bullwinkle's got some other kind of skulduggin' up his leg."

Mightily she pondered; finally she came to a decision, and as always when action succeeded thought, she crackled.

"Okay! Tell Shiftless to keep that schooner's lights in view! An' you go along an' douse our own!"

"Douse our running lights, Annie?" asked Hank incredulously.

"Every light on board, 'cept in the engine room! An' pass the word that there's to be no smokin' or lightin' matches on deck! Go on, now! Move!"

Shoving him into action, Annie tiptoed down the ladder and along the narrow deck, wedged herself through the engine-room doorway and closed the door quickly behind her.

When Annie emerged a few minutes later, the Narcissus was in darkness, but the stout hull thrummed with the beat of her Diesel and a moderate bow wave had appeared under her stem. After a quick glance to where the lights of the Lillian Moore shone over the black water, Annie went quickly to her cabin, added a few dollars of her own to those which Big Sam had handed to her and stepped from her cabin into the wheelhouse.

Peter turned, his broad face dimly illuminated by the binnacle lamp. "Where we goin', Annie? Where do I steer?" he asked, perplexed. "Big Sam started up without me jinglin' him, and —"

"Steer fer the schooner," she told him, and pointed to the Lillian Moore's lights. "But sneak up on her. Stay away from the after end where that sad stack of a mate'll be hangin' out, an' run abreast of her stabbord bow, as close as ye can get, an' dead slow. I want to have a conflag wid her lookout."

"Her mate'll hear you."

"Wid them sails o' hers slattin' an' bangin'? Not a chance!"

"But if we have a collision, without lights at sea — Annie, you're takin' an awful chance," he demurred, acutely uneasy, but Annie cut him short.

"Jest do what I say," she directed, and hurried to the fantail, where she joined Shiftless.

"Ye got the lines made fast to the towin' wire?" she asked, whispering, even though the Lillian Moore was still a hundred yards away. . . . "Fine! I'll be topside, right above ye here"—and she pointed to the after break of the deck which formed the deckhouse roof. "An' when I give the word, pass me up the heavin' line. Got that?"

"Sure have. But I don't see what —"

"Hotsy-potsy! Here we go, then!" Annie moved away along the deck, and presently Shiftless saw her bulking dimly on top of the deckhouse above him. "Okay, Shiftless, hand me that line," she croaked cautiously.

Peter by now had placed the Narcissus within a yard or two of the schooner's bow and was moving ahead slowly, matching the sluggish progress, hardly more than drifting, of the Lillian Moore, whose loudly slatting sails

and creaking of timbers and cordage filled the night with clamorous sound. Annie leaned against the rail and waited until she was able to make out the shape of the schooner's lookout as he lounged on the forecastlehead; then, when she judged that the right moment had come, she cupped her hand to her mouth, "Pss-s-s-st!"

Startled, the man stood upright and peered hard into the darkness.

"Hey!" said Annie; then, with redoubled caution, "You, the schooner lookout! This is me—the tug!"

"Go away!" said the man in loud alarm.

"Sh-h-h-h!" warned Annie. "How'd ye like to make a few dollars?"

"Who wouldn't?" he answered.

"Listen! An' keep yer voice down! If ye'll take our towin' wire an' make it fast aboard there, I'll give ye a hundred bucks!"

"You'll what?" His astounded voice was almost a yelp.

"I mean it! A hundred slappers! Jest to throw the bight of our wire over yer capstan there!"

"Gosh! I couldn't do that! The mate'd —"

"If the mate had his way," Annie told him persuasively, "he'd sail ye clear to the Philistine Islands an' think he was fetchin' Rio! Now, do ye want that money or not? Speak quick!"

"Sure. But I'd get into —"

"Think nothin' of it! Forty-eight hours from now, ye'll be in port if we tow ye, an' ye can git drunk an' enjy yerself. Otherwise ye'll prob'ly rot out here for a month. What say, now?"

"Well. . . . Okay! But I want the money first!"

"I'll put it atween the strands o' the heavin' line," said Annie hoarsely, and she deftly separated the strands of the rope and inserted between them the hundred dollars in bills. Then: "Watch yerself! Here it comes!" she called softly.

And a moment later the line whizzed out and fell in a curve over the schooner's forecastle rail.

There was a pause. "I got it!" he said guardedly. "Let's have your wire!"

Between them and with Shiftless's help on the tug's fantail, the bight of the wire was hauled up and across and disappeared over the schooner's rail.

"Is she made fast?" Annie asked anxiously, as the dark blob of the lookout reappeared.

"All secure!" the man assured her.

"Swellegant!" Annie hurried to the wheelhouse. "Move ahead now," she told Peter, "but pick up the slack gradual, so they don't git wise we're towin' 'em yet. Oh, boy! I wish Bullwinkle would come now!" she chortled as Peter jingled and the bow wave gradually arose to a white and powerful surge. "We got what we come after, an' I kin hardly wait!"

The tug was releasing wire now as the Narcissus drew ahead of her charge, and returning once again to the fantail after assuring herself that the running lights once more were bright, Annie looked astern and could see through the darkness the hissing breastwork of foam that had gathered under the Lillian Moore's bows and streamed in snowy ribbons along her run. The towing wire strummed as it took the strain, and Annie knew that a show-down with Mr. Donahoe was now but a matter of seconds.

Presently it started—a confused running on the schooner's deck.

"Hey, what goes on here?" a hoarse voice demanded. "Mr. Donahoe! Mr. Donahoe! You'd better shake a leg forrard there!"



## The Role I Liked Best . . .

By GEORGE BRENT

AT least two top actors turned down the role that became my favorite—Doctor Steel in *Dark Victory*. They undoubtedly thought that in a Bette Davis picture, Bette would be given all the best scenes, all the best breaks. But I thought differently. It takes two to play a scene, and if it's a good scene in a good picture, I think both players benefit equally.

*Dark Victory* was a good picture. It was realistic, authentic, with no purple passages, no flights of rhetoric. Its characters talked as people in their circumstances would; they acted like human beings, not like puppets on a string. My own part was warm and natural, and Bette helped it by giving what I think was the greatest performance of her life.

This was the lucky seventh for Bette and me. Six times before

we had appeared together in pictures, and we both thought this one would be the best. Bette was especially eager to have the picture as real and honest as possible. Once when Dr. Leo Schullman, a Hollywood surgeon who acted as technical adviser, suggested that a bandage be adjusted so that Bette's forehead line would look more attractive, she objected vigorously. "Never mind my forehead line," she said. "I want the bandage put on just as it would be in real life." Besides helping Bette with her scenes, Doctor Schullman coached me carefully in all details of medical procedure, from taking temperatures to preparing for an operation.

The result was a picture which the public liked particularly well, and perhaps that, after all, is the best reason for choosing it as my favorite.

Then came the complaining accents of Mr. Donahoe. "Hoy, the tug!" he cried. "Leggo that towin' line!"

"Sorry!" Annie bawled. "Ye took it aboard an' now ye gotta keep it!"

"Ye put it here against our will," he informed her lugubriously, "so I'm going to cast it adrift!"

"Cast as cast can!" chortled Annie recklessly. "If you can lift the bight o' that wire offa yer capstan agin the pull o' this tug, ye'll not on'y look like a horse, ye'll be one!" She raised her voice to a blast: "Shif'less, go tell Peter to speed her up some more!"

"That ain't fair of you, ma'am!" cried Mr. Donahoe miserably. "Like I told you, this vessel is not in distress! So, if you don't slack up and let us cast off, you'll be sorry!"

"Even if ye did manage to cast off now, ye'd still be liable fer salvage!" Annie told him. "That'll hold good in any maritime court! So ye'd better make the beat of it an' pipe down!"

"So you think!" he retorted. "But I'm going to cast off your line if I can, just the same!"

"I wish ye luck of it!" Annie told him heartily. "More luck than that squerk Bullwinkle had when he tried to outsmart me! Oh, man! Will I give him the last laugh when we git in!" And she rolled midships to the galley to treat herself to a cup of coffee.

She was gulping it, steaming hot, when Hank burst in. "Better get out there again, Annie!" he said urgently. "They're using axes on that wire!"

"Let 'em," replied Annie composedly. "In near fifty years o' tow-boatin' I never yet seen a ax what could sever a steel towin' wire."

Nevertheless, she followed him on deck and, balancing herself on the stern grating, listened intently, and even above the wash of the Narcissus' wake and the pandemonium of slamming canvas and creaking wood on the Lillian Moore, she could hear a hard, metallic clicking, regular at first, then in quick and furious acceleration. Then it ceased, and the broken halves of his implement flew over the side.

Annie, grimly pleased, was about to go forward when once more the voice

of Mr. Donahoe, rendered even more hollow by the megaphone the length of the towline now forced him to use, was carried to her.

"Hoy the Narcissus! Have you got a spare ax or two you could float astern to us? We—we broke all ours doing some work on board here."

"Nary a one can we spare!" Annie boomed delightedly back to him. "What ye been doin'—tryin' to cut some o' McGargle's sea biscuits?"

There was no reply, and after a few moments Annie returned to her coffee in the galley. But hardly had she finished when Hank interrupted her again.

"They're up to some new trick, Annie," he reported. "I can't make out what it is this time."

Again, with humorous indulgence, Annie waddled aft and listened, and soon she became aware of mysterious movements in the light of an electric torch beneath the schooner's bow as she sloshed in the Narcissus' wake.

"Put the searchlight on 'em," she directed Hank, and a few moments later its powerful white beam illuminated the bows of the Lillian Moore with dazzling light. And when Annie saw what the persevering Mr. Donahoe was up to now, she laughed aloud, for, suspended in a bos'n's chair over her bow, he was earnestly trying to sever the tough steel wire with a file.

Even as she watched, the file flew from his hand and dropped overboard, but he produced another from his pocket and again set to work. Then this, too, flew from his hand and disappeared into the vessel's snoring bow wave. He searched frantically through his pockets, but wit'out result. Then he stared hard toward the Narcissus and hailed again, "Hoy, the tug!"

"Hoy!" Annie roared back. "Would you float a few files down to us?" he inquired forlornly. "I just accidentally dropped the last one we had overboard, and we've got a little job of work to do here."

"Tha's too bad," said Annie, her heart as light as a feather. "We need all the files we got, to pick our teeth wid. Why'n't ye try chawin' yerself adrift?"

"That ain't funny, madam!" cried Mr. Donahoe with deep reproach. "We lost all our axes and lost all our files. So, though we done all we could to get rid of you, I now got to admit that we're helpless to either cast off your wire or cut it. But a breeze is coming up and we can sail almost as fast as you're towing us, and again I warn you, you're towing us against our will. Now, for the last time, will you slack up and let us cast off?"

"I'd love to! I reely would!" Annie yelled back. "But we've growed so fond o' ye we couldn't bear to part. Anyways, we'll have ye safe inside the cape afore long an' yer skipper in hospital, so quit yer worryin'!"

"You'll live to regret this, my friend!" he said and signaled his men to haul up the bos'n's chair.

The Narcissus' searchlight switched off, and Annie, smiling to herself, entered the radio cabin.

Clem was at his set busy with lights and gadgets, but he glanced up as she came in. "Say, Annie," he said, "I just heard a hot news broadcast from —"

"It'll keep," Annie interrupted. "Git Port Angeles on the radiophone an' tell 'em to have the marine-hospital ambulance an' a doctor meet us at the dock an' take off that schooner's master."

"There won't be any need now," said Clem.

"What do ye mean—there won't be no need?" barked Annie indignantly. "Ye heartless feller, I got a mind to give ye a good dunt over the —"

"No, no! I mean to say —" stammered Clem, drawing back. "That's what I was going to tell you about! Look,"—he scabbled among the papers on his desk, picked up a sheet he had typewritten and handed it to her—"here's a copy I made of that newscast. Read it!"

Puzzled, she took the paper and slowly perused it. It read:

ASTORIA, Oregon—A drama of the sea was unfolded late today with the arrival in port of the new California tuna clipper Mabel Jester from Puget Sound en route to her owners in San Pedro. After clearing Cape Flattery the vessel detoured to the becalmed four-masted schooner Lillian Moore, Dutch Harbor for Bellingham, whose master, Captain Lawrence Berg, was seriously ill. Transferring the stricken mariner, the clipper rushed him to the marine hospital in Astoria, where a successful operation for removal of a brain tumor immediately was performed. After being assured of the safety of her unscheduled passenger, the Mabel Jester then proceeded on her voyage.

As she was reading, Annie's eyes bugged out. "Pore feller! Well, fancy that!" she gasped sympathetically. "An' that must 'a' been the tuna clipper what passed us in the strait. I'm sure glad he's all right!" Suddenly she grinned. "Tell the truth, Clem, this removes the last o' me other worries; for the on'y thing what bothered me about this business was whether that schooner's master really was too sick to perform his duties. If he hadn't ha' been, it would ha' meant they still had a capable navigator on board an' this whole salvage deal would ha' fell through. Well"—she stretched luxuriously and yawned—"now that's off me feeble mind, I'm gonna turn in an' rest in the arms o' Terpsichore."

IT was early morning and a moderate breeze was blowing the mist away when, nearly thirty hours later, the Narcissus chugged triumphantly into the harbor of Port Angeles with the Lillian Moore in tow, and came to a halt at the busy anchorage. And Tugboat Annie, brisk and happy out on



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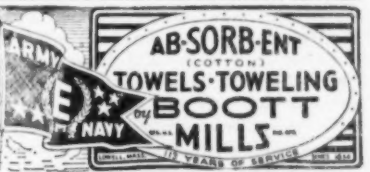


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"Darling, which would you rather do next week, eat or pay the rent?"

deck, looked up as the Narcissus floated off the schooner's bow, and her merry eyes encountered the doleful gaze of Mr. Donahoe.

"Okay, mister, ye can cast our wire off now an' drop yer hook!" she cried. Instead of answering, Mr. Donahoe's melancholy eyes traveled aft along the schooner's deck with so intent a gaze that Annie's glance was constrained to follow it.

For a moment nothing happened; then a loud and odiously familiar voice coyly uttered the exclamation, "Peek!"

Annie stiffened; then before her horrified eyes there appeared above the rail of the Lillian Moore the repulsive features of Mr. Horatio Bullwinkle. And as she stared, the rest of her rival's powerful frame rose to full view and he stood beaming down at her.

"Well, I'll skin a cat," he cried in arch astonishment, "if that ain't me old pal, Tugboat Annie!"

"Wha—who—how in the purple-starred hell did you git here?" Annie demanded hoarsely.

"Why, you very kindly towed me here. I was on board o' the Lillian Moore all the time."

"Ye rat-eared son of a Port Mahon baboon!" she roared furiously. "What business did you have aboard of her? I got a salvage claim agin her, an' —"

"Unh-uh!" Slowly he shook his head and grinned. "No, you ain't, Annie. She was salvage only as long as there was no licensed navigator on board capable o' sailin' her in. But I was here, and I've held me master's ticket in both sail and steam for nearly thirty years. So all you get for the privilege o' towin' her in is a large amount o' nothin'. And be sure," he added severely, "you don't spend it recklessly!"

"But—but—for the moment, the shock of seeing him was still able to numb the inevitable realization of her disaster—"how did you git out there to her? Last time I had the bad luck to see you, ye was in Secoma! An' —"

"True, Annie," he agreed blandly. "For once in your life somethin' you've said's the truth! But all I done, I used me head an' hitched me a ride in the Mabel Jester—she makes near twenty knots, ye know—and here I am!"

"You can't git away wid this!" stormed Annie, her face a rather startling shade of magenta. "I'll sue ye!"

"Look, ma'am!" the regretful whine of Mr. Donahoe suddenly cut in. "That won't do you a bit of good. I warned you beforehand that you was towing us against our will and that we didn't need you."

"But what about them hundred slimoleons I paid to git me line on board ye?" Annie demanded, now doing a unique fandango of rage.

"Yurp, the bos'n told me about that," responded Mr. Donahoe somberly. "Right after ye bribed him. But I told him he could keep it and divide it with the crew. I hope"—his anxious eyes entreated her—"that was all right with you."

"Nothin's ever right wi' that old cow!" interrupted Mr. Bullwinkle humorously. "Specially"—he tapped his bullethead—"up here! An' if what she just done don't prove it, nothin' ever will!" Suddenly overcome at the completeness of his triumph, he shook with hilarity. "Oh, bro-ther! If this ain't gonna make great tellin' up to the Greasy Spoon tonight!"

AS Mr. Bullwinkle had predicted, the Secoma water front rocked with glee as he retailed his account of Annie's comical fiasco. Not only that,

but she was also the target for the scathing observations of her usually good-natured little boss, Severn, for he had resented the absence, without notice and without profit, for the best part of a week, of his most lucrative tug.

So Annie in the ensuing days kept much to herself, and it did nothing for her spirits to learn, through the daily accounts shouted across the dock by the conscientious Mr. Bullwinkle, that the odds against her in the Greasy Spoon had risen to almost stratospheric heights, and that many of her hitherto most ardent adherents were now scrambling to cancel their bets.

And since her projected trip to California now seemed extremely dubious unless she could more than even the score, and because there was nothing that she more ardently desired than to absent herself for a while from Secoma, it was with some relief that she received instructions one morning that would take her away for a few days.

"What's the job, Fred?" she grunted to the dispatcher up in the front office.

"It's a Diesel-engined vessel, the Marcia, and another offshore trip," he told her. "She's from New York for Honolulu, then Secoma, and she's loaded deep with staples and some perishables for that big wholesale grocery-and-restaurant-supply company that's just started branches in the islands and up and down the sound here."

"Hmmp!" said Annie, as she stood with her back to him, staring moodily out the grimy window at the busy harbor traffic beyond. "What happened to the Marcia?"

"She hit some submerged wreckage nearly four hundred miles sou'west of Flattery and it punctured her fuel tanks, so she hasn't enough oil left to get in. She's waiting out there, but the weather's pretty good, so she's in no danger."

"So what do I do?"

"You tow her out a small bargeload of fuel oil—just enough to let her make port after she pumps it into her good tanks. The barge is over at the oil-company dock now, loading."

"Gotcha!" said Annie, but without much enthusiasm. "When do I leave?"

"Soon as Big Sam gets through fixing that ventilator. Sometime this afternoon. And, Annie"—Fred halted her as she stumped toward the door—"you'd better not let your chum Bullwinkle hear about this or he'll sure as heck try to snatch it away from you! Unless"—and he grinned—"you've reneged on that bet of yours."

"Reneged nothin'!" Annie exploded furiously. "And sure I'll tell him! I have to, cuss it, because that was the agreement!" She glared back at him, her big body trembling with wrath. "But if he takes this job away from me I'll find some loophole to git it back if I have to drag it through his teeth!"

There was no sign of Mr. Bullwinkle around his tug, but spying Jake moving along the Salamander's deck, Annie hailed him. "Hey, fatso!" she bawled. "Where's the other horse's tail?"

"If you mean Bullwinkle —" Jake commenced loftily.

"How definite do I need to get?" Annie rudely interrupted. "Where is he—in jail?"

Jake jerked a thumb shoreward. "Up to the Greasy Spoon," he informed her. "Ever heard of it?"

Ignoring this, she tramped shoreward, her steps growing slower as she went. Then, before she crossed the tracks at the end of the slip, she checked herself. "Whoa-a-a!" she muttered. "Wait a minute. I can't jest sashay right in there an' tell him about this job cold chicken. I better think it out to perfect meself a little first."

Grateful for the respite, she returned more briskly to the Narcissus, and, sitting on the bunk in her cabin, she gave herself up to long cogitation which got her exactly nowhere.

"Shucks," she muttered exasperatedly at length. "Mebbe I don't need to worry. The job's already ours, gave to us be the Marcia's charterers, so what could go wrong?"

But knowing the peculiarly tenacious and resourceful nature of Mr. Bullwinkle, she realized that if she neglected any precaution many things could go wrong. Annie had long ago given up any hope of winning her bet. For that, she would have to outwit him twice before the date of her holiday arrived. It was now less than a week away, and the best she could hope to do was to hold him to his single score against her, for in that way, even though she had been defeated, he could not collect the bet, which had called for two wins out of three. If, however, through this new job of hers, he should manage to triumph again, not only would she lose the bet and her holiday but the subsequent hilarity along the water front, kept well stoked by Mr. Bullwinkle, would make life unbearable for months to come.

No matter how she racked her brains, however, she could think of no scheme by which to lure her rival away during the time she needed for her mission; so she resorted then to attempting to figure, given all known factors, what means he would be likely to take to outwit her.

Still singularly obtuse, she raised her eyes, and presently realized that, as always when she was in trouble, her gaze instinctively had sought the oleaginous and boldly naughty grin of her dear departed helpmeet, Captain Terry, as his likeness smirked down at her from its plush-and-gold oval frame.

"Ye would grin, ye leapin' hyena!" she grumbled fondly. "There never was a conundrum you couldn't wiggle outta, ye salubriated old scamp!"

Then, in sheer relief from her troubled thoughts, Annie's mind began to play with scandalized enjoyment upon the many and, in retrospect, hilarious escapades out of which he had managed to extricate himself.

"Like the time," mused Annie with a grin, "he was thrown into the bull pen fer drillin' a hole in a brewer's keg an' ridin' around in the dray wid his mouth under the leak till he was drunk as a fiddler's pooch. Then, when he starts tearin' up his clo'es, they take 'em away from him an' he's nekkid as a skinned rabbit. Then—le's see—he steals another bum's clo'es what's sound asleep waitin' to be let out on bail, an' he answers this feller's name an' prances out free as air, an' it takes 'em over a week to find him an' jug him again!" Merrily now, she wiped away tears of mirth. "Oh, Terry! If ye could on'y ha' stepped into the clo'es of a sober man, ye'd ha' — Oh, oh!" Suddenly she paused in her reminiscing. "Wait a minute! Stepped into the clo'es — Sure! That's it! All I gotta do to check Bullwinkle is figger what I'd do if I was in his clo'es! Drat me fer a stupid old ox! Whyn't I think o' that afore?"

Thus sparked, her mind raced along, and gradually a plan took form. Not much of a one, she admitted to herself, but better'n a kick in the hi-de-ho. Well, le's see how it works out. I gotta git all the dope I can about the Marcia first.

With characteristic energy, once her mind was made up, Annie hurried ashore, but this time, instead of heading for the Greasy Spoon, she levered herself into a taxicab and made a series of calls. The first was upon the agents of the distressed Marcia, where she examined the manifest, or cargo invoice, which had been mailed out from



"That's fine, dear—now these just went off."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



New York, and here she ran upon an item of such intense interest that she spent a further twenty minutes discussing it with the at first skeptical, then fascinated agent.

"I'll let ye know if it can be did," she said as she left. "An' if it can, will ye take a chance?"

"And save my company perhaps two thousand dollars?" He smiled. "Go ahead, and good luck to you!"

Annie's next stop was at the offices of an old friend, head of the fuel-research department of a large oil company, and an expert on fuel and lubricating oils, who, at her request, called into consultation the chief engineer of a marine-engineering firm which specialized in Diesel engines.

Their reaction being at least favorable enough to take a chance on, Annie waved them thanks and hurried to a drugstore telephone booth and called the Marcia's agent, to whom she related her findings and from whom she received a qualified permission to proceed with her plan.

"It'll be a strictly no-cure, no-pay proposition, though," he warned her. "In other words, if you bring it off, you get your pay and a bonus for the time you save us. But if you fail, you get nothing. Will your employer agree to that?"

"I ain't—heh!—I ain't telled him yet, but he'd string along wid me. He allus does," she assured him, with a confidence she was far from feeling. Then, hanging up, she inserted another nickel and called the oil pier.

The next five minutes were hectic; for the oil-company official, though an old acquaintance, was convinced, when Annie told him what she wanted, that her sanity had fled. But she was adamant; she was willing to pay for the service; and in the end he reluctantly acquiesced.

Mentally armed now for the fray, Annie re-entered her taxicab, which she had engaged by the hour; and a few minutes later, with the light of readiness to battle in her snapping blue eyes, she decanted herself in front of the Greasy Spoon.

Even as she opened the door she could hear the jovial Mr. Bullwinkle's booming laugh, and this reassured her, for she had feared that, while she was transacting vital business elsewhere, he might have strayed back to the Salamander. Annie closed the door and stumped energetically toward him, and as she progressed and was seen, the laughter and conversation died away and expectant grins followed her.

Mr. Bullwinkle, in a booth with some of his cronies, and a large glass of beer before him, looked up as she approached.

"Why," he exclaimed artlessly, "who opened that cemetery gate?"

"I didn't come to bandy words wid you," she told him shortly. "So keep yer big pout shut, afore ye fall in an' gas yerself to death! Listen. Is that bet of ours still on?"

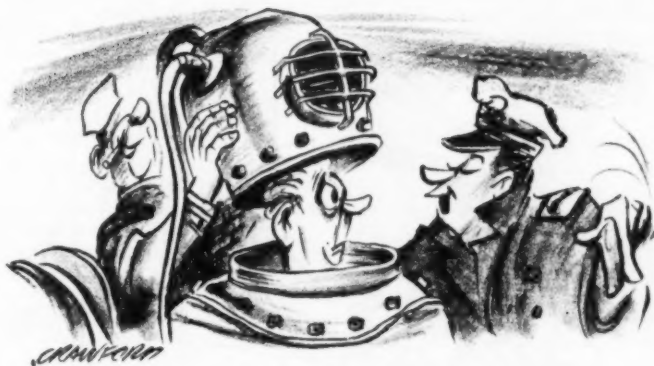
"Still on?" he cried in pleased surprise. "It's practically won! Why do ye want to know, Annie? Lookin' to buy your way out?"

"Ye don't git off that easy," she told him calmly. "What I want is to double it."

"Wha-at?" he gasped in stupefaction, while his cronies stared.

"You deaf as well as dumb?" Annie asked. "I'll bet ye another three hundred, an' if I lose, I'll give it to ye, month be month, outta me pay. That okay?"

"Why not?" concurred Mr. Bullwinkle generously. "It'll be fun keep'n' you broke, Annie." Then, as he looked



## How's That Again?

A P O S T W A R A N E C D O T E

ONE winter day a group of men from the Navy's training school for deep-sea divers in New York was taken out on a float for its first trip under. The Hudson River was icy; the men were reluctant, but one sturdy soul volunteered to go down. After getting into a diving suit and going down about eight feet, his enthusiasm waned; he would go no farther.

Finally an officer took charge of the speaker. "You're only a few

feet under," he said. "Go on down."

"What?" the diver queried.

"Down! Go on down!"

"I can't understand you."

"Go down!" the officer shouted.

Then, after repeating the order three more times without being able to make the diver understand, he said wearily, "O.K. Come up."

Promptly the answer came, "Yes, sir!"

—R. C. MACOY, USNR.

at her, his eyes narrowed. "But what is this? You must have a pretty sure thing."

"It's so simple even you might understand it," Annie told him. "You want to double yer bet or don't ye?"

"I told you, didn't I?" he snapped.

"We'll put it in writin'," said Annie promptly. . . . "Olive, fetch me some paper an' a non-de-plume!"

Ten minutes sufficed her to put on paper an agreement, duly witnessed by those present and signed by both parties, which was satisfactory to each. It was handed for safekeeping to a rugged character named Hands-and-Feet Lindholm; then Mr. Bullwinkle, indignantly snatching back his beer glass, of which Annie absent-mindedly had consumed more than half the contents, once more addressed her.

"Now then," he asked, making his tone indulgent, "what's on your so-called mind? Some half-wit give you a towin' job?"

"Sure did," Annie replied, and detailed for him her prospective voyage to the aid of the fuelless Marcia.

"When you startin'?" he asked eagerly, petty larceny in his eyes.

"Soon's I git back down to the dock."

"Great! Ye'd better run along then before ye turn me beer flat—what you left of it, that is," he added. "I'll be seein' you. And look!" He shouted after her as she moved toward the door. "Lemme know if ye ever do start for California, so's I can notify the pest control!"

Unable quickly to think of a suitable reply, Annie, with great presence of mind, pretended that she had not heard him. But although he grinned as she went out, Mr. Bullwinkle's eyes were exceedingly thoughtful.

AN hour later, with a small oil barge sloshing along astern, the Narcissus was surging up the bright and windy Sound.

deck and stood at the break of the deckhouse roof aft, staring hard into the windy darkness astern. The salt spray felt good on her lips, and she filled her big chest with the keen, spruce-laden air, but nothing could shake off the sense of heavy depression and foreboding which had ridden her for so many days.

"What's the matter wid me?" she demanded of herself. "I got almost a even chance to outfox Bullwinkle this time, so am I goin' to let that big dunk-head git me breeze?"

The chill breeze began to penetrate her clothing, and involuntarily she shivered. "Mebbe it's 'cause I'm gettin' old," she reflected, and nostalgically she allowed her thoughts to stray, as they often did, to the warm and comfortable lives of the few shore-side women she knew.

Presently, after again searching the blackness astern, she returned to the company of Peter in the darkened wheelhouse.

"Any sign o' Bullwinkle?" he asked. "Neither hoof nor horn. Look, Peter, I'm gonna hit the straw fer a while. Call me if nothin' happens."

"Okay, Annie. Sleep tight!" said Peter gently, after a glance at her strained face.

Fully clothed, she was tossing in restless slumber when, about an hour later, she was awakened by a rude battering on her cabin door. She sprang up to open it, revealing a frightened and stammering Shiftless.

"You—you better get out there fast, Annie!" he quavered. "The oil barge has broke adrift!"

Annie's big face suddenly froze. "When'd that happen?"

"Just now! We suddenly shot ahead, and when I run aft, the line had parted and I couldn't even see her. What'll I do now—turn on the searchlight?"

"No! Not yet!" Annie's eyes were hard, watchful. "Never mind the barge now! It's not so dark or blowin' so hard we can't find it when we want to! Grab a flashlight an' come wid me!"

She went outside, fought the wind and the blackness of the night for a few seconds; then her practiced feet found the ladder and she descended rapidly and hastened to the fantail and stared out into the rushing darkness astern, then shoreward on both sides of the strait. But there was nothing—no ships; only the distant, cold-tinkling lights along the coast.

"Hmmp," she muttered to herself. "I wonder. No, guess I don't. Guess I know. Here—lend a hand!"

They bent out over the counter and commenced rapidly hauling in the dripping, brine-smelling hempen towline, festooned with seaweed here and there, and marine surface grass. Then, when she had the parted end in her hand, she turned to Shiftless.

"Gimme that flashlight!" she said. He thrust it into her hand and, shielding the beam as she snapped it on, she briefly examined the end of the rope. "Hallelujah!" she breathed deeply. "Shif'less, run up an' tell Peter to move in slow circles fer a while. . . . Go on!" she supplemented as she sensed his astonishment in the dark. "Scurry!"

After another brief examination of the rope end, Annie stayed where she was for perhaps five minutes, her sturdy legs balanced skillfully against the tug's wild rolling as Peter steered her aimlessly through trough and crest. Then, snapping into action, she again hastened forward and up the ladder, and with Shiftless once more beside

her, switched on the Narcissus' searchlight.

The powerful beam brought into sharp relief the welter of water about them, whipped into foaming turbulence by the meeting of wind and tide. Then, as Annie swung the light in wide arcs, ahead, abeam, astern, then ahead once more, Shiftless suddenly yelled, "There she is, Annie!" and pointed a shaking, excited forefinger; and there, picked out in the stark glare of the searchlight, was the black, wallowing shape of the missing oil barge.

"We can easy pick it up!" Shiftless cried.

But Annie shook her head. "It's already been picked up," she replied, quietly and ominously. "Ye never seen a engineless barge move that fast widout bein' towed. An' now look!"

Swinging the light a trifle ahead of the barge, there jumped into view in its dazzling shaft the long, powerful shape of Mr. Bullwinkle's Salamander, proceeding steadily seaward and flinging sheets of spray from her swift-moving stem. And at the end of a dripping topline was the barge.

"Annie!" gasped Shiftless. "How'd Bullwinkle happen to be around here when that barge broke adrift? An' he's travelin' widout lights!"

"That ain't supprisin', considerin' what he was up to!" said Annie tersely. "An' he didn't jest happen around. He prob'ly caught up wid us after dark—he could do it easy wid our speed cut down be our tow—an' he's been follerin' us along the strait ever since wid his lights off. Here, keep the spot on him whiles we run alongside!"

But long before the Narcissus had closed the distance, Mr. Bullwinkle, made aware by the glare of the searchlight upon the Salamander that his duplicity had been discovered, had his lights going again; and as Peter expertly maneuvered the Narcissus within close hailing distance, Annie could recognize his powerful, bandy-legged figure as he stepped out of the wheelhouse and stood staring with unabashed assurance across at her.

"Hey, Bullwinkle!" she yelled in her hard-weather voice.

"Who's that?" dissembled Mr. Bullwinkle humorously. "Tom Tiddler? . . . Davy Jones? A stray walrus, mebbe? . . . Well, bless my boots if it ain't the old bag herself!"

"Say," roared Annie, "what the heck's the idear, you stealin'—"

"Listen, Annie!" interrupted Mr. Bullwinkle ingenuously. "Guess what I found out here? A nice leedle barge already loaded wi' fuel oil! Ain't I lucky? It must 'a' went adrift someplace! I wonder where?"

"Ye dumm well know, where, ye thievin' rascal!" Annie bellowed back, but somehow there seemed to be no real anger behind her words.

"Now, is that Christian, sweetheart? Is that kind?" asked Mr. Bullwinkle. "But wait a minute! Don't tell me this is the selfsame bargeload of oil you was towin' out to the Marcia!"

"Ye're a pretty good guesser!" "Well, what," exclaimed Mr. Bullwinkle in tones of intense wonder, "do ye know about that?"

"More'n ye think, ye dirty robber! You gimme that barge back!"

"Why, Annie," chided Mr. Bullwinkle, surprised, "you're an expert on salvage! Remember the Lillian Moore? So you should know that a barge floatin' around loose like that is salvage to whoever is first to pick it up!"

"An' now I suppose," yelled Annie, "ye think ye're goin' to tow it out an' refuel the Marcia?"



"Well, I had kinda thought o' doin' that," said Mr. Bullwinkle. "Unless, o' course, you can give me any better idea."

"I sure can!" bellowed Annie. "Oh, ye can tow it out all right! You got it, an' I got no way o' gittin' it back, so I can't stop ye! But that barge wasn't jest floatin' around or broke adrift. That topline was cut, as I got a witness to prove. An' you cut it!"

"No holds barred, remember? That was in our bet too," Mr. Bullwinkle reminded her.

"It didn't include stealin'!" shouted Annie. "An' 'less you pay me fer what's in that barge, I'll sue ye fer piracy in every court in the land. You know me, Bullwinkle, an' ye know I mean what I say!"

This, unfortunately for Mr. Bullwinkle's peace of mind, was true, and for a moment he paused to think.

"What about the job?" he asked finally.

"Ye kin have the job. I can't do nothin' about that anyways, now! But I'm gonna git paid fer that bargeload an' you're gonna return the empty barge!"

"I don't mind doin' that," said Mr. Bullwinkle; then asked cautiously, "How do I know you owned the oil? Perhaps the charterers paid for it."

"The cost was to be included in the price we got fer the job."

"And will you promise"—here Mr. Bullwinkle was on the precarious ground of admission, and knew it; so he was careful. He also knew, however, that Annie's word was steel-ribbed in its integrity—"if I pay fer the oil, you won't make no more trouble?"

"Pay me fer what's in the barge an' I'll lay off you!"

"How much?"

"Four hundred will do."

"Four hundred?" Mr. Bullwinkle's voice bristled with outrage.

"It's that or jail," Annie reminded him forcefully. "Besides, you figger to make plenty out o' the Marcia, don't ye?"

"Jest a small fortune," admitted Mr. Bullwinkle modestly. "If she takes that oil or even if I have to tow her in, it's a salvage job now, you know. Her owner's agreement was wi' you, not me!"

"The barge!" Annie reminded him shortly, ignoring this.

"Okay! Stand by a minute!"

Mr. Bullwinkle disappeared within, to return a few minutes later. He raised his arm and threw, and a white, heavy object fell near Annie's feet. It was a handkerchief weighted by a small iron bolt and within, as Annie discovered when she removed it and held it up to the emerald glare of the starboard running light, was Mr. Bullwinkle's check for four hundred dollars.

"Thanks!" she yelled across to her rival as she tucked it away. "I'll cash it afore ye git back. An' it better be good or ye'll find a polisman waitin' fer ye on the pier." And without waiting for a reply, she turned and entered the Narcissus' pilothouse.

Puzzled at the lack of belligerence with which she had again accepted defeat, Mr. Bullwinkle stared after her for a few seconds, and within his bulky frame stirred a vague, uneasy premonition that all was not well. Then he grinned and shook off the mood. "Rats!" he assured himself. "She's just showin' off, takin' it so light! Anyway, I got the oil and the Marcia needs it! So what's there to worry about?"

Nevertheless, he waited—waited until he saw the Narcissus' running lights come about in a wide curve and the tug, with a burst of phosphorescence under her squat stern, start surging homeward. Then, feeling greatly relieved and with visions of a hefty profit from the Marcia and the considerable winnings of his doubled bet with Annie, Mr. Bullwinkle performed a happy little jig.

LATE the following day, with Flattery long astern, Mr. Bullwinkle's Salamander was bucking the freshening

seas toward her distant rendezvous with the disabled Marcia. Neither wind nor sea was dangerous; just brisk enough to make life on board a little uncomfortable and to cause him to worry a little about the difficulty the Marcia might have in pumping the needed fuel from the wallowing barge. But about this Mr. Bullwinkle could afford to be optimistic. If it was too rough to refuel he could tow her in, and in either event it would be salvage. The weather was making, and before another forty-eight hours would be blowing a full gale; and the vessel, as he well knew, would not dare lie out there helpless, and could not afford, therefore, to refuse his aid. No, he had her at his mercy, and if he did not squeeze a thumping salvage fee out of this little job, his name was not Horatio Bullwinkle!

So engrossed was he in these delectable speculations that he failed to notice the appearance of a large cargo vessel, which now was bearing down on them a few hundred yards away. Then he was aroused only by the strangled voice of Jake close to his ear, and a rough hand shaking his shoulder.

"Bullwinkle!" gasped his mate. "What was the name of that ship we was to meet?"

"The Marcia," replied Mr. Bullwinkle; then, noticing the other's strained excitement, he became acutely anxious. "Why?"

With a trembling forefinger, Jake pointed at the approaching vessel. "What's the name on her bow?" he asked shakily.

Mr. Bullwinkle stared; then he shook his head as though to clear it of some horrid nightmare. "No!" he choked. "No! It can't be! She had no fuel oil! She couldn't move! Why, we wasn't to come up to her for another hundred and fifty mile or more! Here, take the wheel!"—and grabbing a pair of binoculars, Mr. Bullwinkle stumbled blindly over the wheelhouse coaming and onto the windswept deck, where he focused the glasses upon the steamer that rose and fell in such majestic progress through the flashing seas.

When he lowered the binoculars, Mr. Bullwinkle's rough-hewn face was a pasty gray. Running to the flag locker, he swiftly broke out the international signal to speak a passing vessel and ran it up the halyard.

The Marcia, by now passing them, slowed down, and painfully the Salamander and her tow came about and moved abeam while the larger vessel maintained slow way. Uniformed figures, one with a megaphone, clustered at her bridge rail; and her shining length, paint and brightwork glistening, was dotted with the curious faces of her crew.

"Are you," bellowed Mr. Bullwinkle through his own megaphone, "the Marcia out o' New York for Honolulu and Secoma?"

"Yes!" shouted the man with the megaphone. "What about it?"

"We was supposed to meet you wi' that bargeload o' fuel oil!" Mr. Bullwinkle yelled back, the cords standing thick on his purple, weather-lozenged neck. Also, he was sweating in the cold wind.

The figures on the Marcia's lofty bridge conferred hastily. Then the one with the megaphone shouted back, "That arrangement was canceled! Owners' orders! We don't need fuel now! There's more than enough to last us in!"

"But—but where the hell did ye get it? Milk a coupla whales?" bawled Mr.

Bullwinkle, in violent mental throes. "I was told —"

"Out of the cargo!" shouted the other. "We're carrying two hundred drums of mayonnaise, and we're burning that!"

"You're crazy! You can't do that!" screamed Mr. Bullwinkle. "Who the devil ever heard o' Diesel engines runnin' on mayonnaise?"

"We never heard of it either," the officer assured him humorously, "till we got that radio message from Secoma. It's made of egg yolk and a high-carbon-content vegetable oil. All we did, almost, was use a precipitate to settle the egg yolk and draw off and warm the oil. That's the gist of it, anyway. They radioed the full process from shore. And it works just fine! Enough to get us into Port Angeles, anyway. Well, so long!"

"Wait a minute!" implored Mr. Bullwinkle, as a horrible suspicion shot through his mind. "Whose idea was it for you to do that?"

"Some Secoma character name of Tugboat Annie, I believe. Seems she saw the mayonnaise on our cargo manifest. But nobody but a woman would ever think of that!"

"When was this?"

"Day before yesterday. She consulted some experts and they gave her the dope and our agents radioed it on to us."

"I might ha' known that wily old devil was up to somethin' when she gave in so easy!" grated Mr. Bullwinkle in an agonized aside to Jake. Then once more he applied his mouth to the megaphone. "But what am I goin' to do wi' this barge-load of oil?"

The Marcia's officers again consulted briefly, and when they had finished, Mr. Bullwinkle could see them grin.

"I'll tell you what you can do with it," said the officer with the megaphone genially. "You can —"

The crux of his suggestion was blown away by a sudden increase in the scream of the wind, but Mr. Bullwinkle somehow understood, and he stared, speechless with fury and disappointment, his face the color of a ruptured rainbow, as the Marcia once more gathered foam beneath her bows and continued steadily on her way.

It was evening, three days later, and the Greasy Spoon was livelier and more convivial than usual when Mr. Bullwinkle's Salamander, salt-rimed and storm-battered, limped home with the oil barge still in tow and tied up at her home wharf. And no sooner was she made fast than Mr. Bullwinkle leaped ashore with an air of great determination and a temper to match. The Narcissus, he discovered, was deserted, and he was informed by a passing longshoreman that he would find everyone worth finding at the Greasy Spoon. So he stumped across the tracks and through the scarred and grimy doorway.

His entrance was greeted by a roar of enthusiastic merriment, the happy center of which was Tugboat Annie, flanked by her by-now-well-lubricated crew, and wearing her shoregoing finery of suit, blouse, reticule swinging from her waist, fleur-de-lis watch moored to her massive bows, and on her head the vintage bonnet with its delirious feather

which for many years had been to her the epitome of chic.

"Hooray!" roared Dogface Jackson, when he saw who had entered. "Here'sh Cash-an'-Carry Bullwinkle, come to pay off Annie's bet an' wish her luck and happiness at her goo'-by party! Whoosh! Wi-rooo!"

Stepping briskly past him, Mr. Bullwinkle faced the festive crowd. "Where's she think she's goin' . . . and on what?" he demanded.

"Why, to California on me vacation wid that bet I won from ye," spoke up Annie complacently, and took a refreshing gulp of her beer. "Say, Bullwinkle, it was sure big of ye to take that barge off me hands that night! I was beginnin' to be afeared ye'd never come!" She continued, glowing, "An' the nice profit we made out o' advisin' the Marcia how to git home widout no help! Alec was right pleased!"

"What do ye mean—the bet you won?" demanded Mr. Bullwinkle loudly. "I won once, and wi' the help of a lot o' dirty work, you won once. That puts us even, don't it? And our agreement was best two out o' three. So all the bets are off!"

"Thass so?" inquired Annie in the expectant stillness. "Ye didn't, be any chancet," she went on roguishly, "peek inside that barge what you paid me the four hundred dollars fer, did ye?"

"Whatever it was, I'll guarantee," replied Mr. Bullwinkle, his choler suddenly turned to a sharp uneasiness, "it wasn't any Grade A Diesel oil."

"No," admitted Annie, beginning hugely to enjoy herself. "No, it wasn't. It was—listen to this, fellers; ye'll git a great clang out of it!—it was full o' the finest, purest, best-quality Puget Sound salt water ye ever used to swab a deck!" She got majestically to her feet and shook a formidable forefinger beneath the astounded and horrified Mr. Bullwinkle's nose. "An' don't you ever try to tell me I ever claimed any different!"

"Salt—salt water?" Mr. Bullwinkle gagged. "You mean to tell me I paid you four hundred dollars for a barge-load o' water?"

"I got the money in me reticule right this minute!" said Annie calmly, and turned to address the crowd: "An' if that don't constitute two wins outta three, megandma's a full-blooded chipmunk! . . . Well, gents," she calmed their whoops and cheers, "I gotta prambulate back to me Narcissus an' finish me packin'."

And amid applause and vociferous good wishes, she moved through a rosy cloud toward the door.

It was much later that night, and Tugboat Annie, sound asleep in her roomette on the West Coast Streamliner, was well on her way to California when Mr. Bullwinkle, after vain efforts to drown his chagrin, returned with unsteady steps to his Salamander. Subconsciously he noted her long sleek black hull in the illumination of a near-by wharf light, but, unthinking, he was about to step on board when a delayed reaction penetrated his slightly befuddled brain.

Slowly retracing his steps, he walked to his vessel's bow and, balancing painstakingly on the balls of his feet, he again regarded with owlish attention the message that someone—and he needed no crystal ball to tell him who—had chalked in large, uneven block letters upon the Salamander's smooth black bow. The message was simple. It was clear. It consisted of only three little words. They read: KILJOY WAS HERE.

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"Really, all I want is something to take away the smell of moth balls."

## THIS IS MY SON

(Continued from Page 33)

"If there's too much salt at Rancho Paloma," I asked, "why don't you go where you like the cooking better?"

"A smart gal," she said, "never goes anywhere without mad money in her stocking."

"Mad money?" I asked.

"To get herself home," she said, "if she doesn't like the company."

"Did you neglect yours?" I asked.

"It did a vanishing act," she said. "Three hundred and eighty-four bucks and odd cents. Which," she said tartly, "fills my shoes with lead."

"Are you implying," I asked, "that someone at Rancho Paloma abstracted your cash?"

"They don't want to lose a customer at that boardinghouse," she said.

"But you're in town," I objected.

"How far out of it can I get on three-sixty-nine?" she asked. "The Vest-pocket Venus wanted to get her hair done. The only reason she has that knob at the top end of her neck is to have a hair nursery. Butterick drove us in. Ingrid Ash is getting herself plowed and harrowed in a beauty parlor. I'm having a big day minus cab fare."

"You want to get away?" I asked.

"You think up a distant spot, Goldilocks, and it won't be far enough."

"Why?"

"It stinks in spades," she said.

"What induced you to come, in the first place?" I asked.

"Reasons," she said. "But they weren't good enough. Were you ever scared, Goldilocks?"

"Frequently," I assured her.

"That noise you hear is my teeth rattling," she said. "Are you a soft touch?"

"I've never been famous for it."

"There's a plane out of town for New York," she said. "It costs money to ride on it."

"You have no baggage?"

"Not even," she said, "a clean handkerchief."

"You're that anxious to get away?"

"It gives only a slight hint of it," she said.

"Want to tell me what causes the desire for absence?" I asked.

"I'm a girl that's always been able to keep her mouth shut. It's one way of living to be seventy."

"There's an airline office off the lobby," I said.

"You'll unlimber the wallet?" she asked, and her voice sounded as if she could not believe me.

"I fall for your line," I said.

"Let's go," she said urgently.

I paid both our checks and we walked out into the lobby. She was almost dragging me. We crossed the big room diagonally and were almost at the door of the airline office when Butterick lifted himself out of a chair and faced us. He was courteous.

"Thanks, Strawn, for entertaining Miss Tacker. Business compelled me to neglect her. May I make amends by buying a drink before we start back?"

Mollie Tacker shrugged her shoulders. Her face showed no disappointment. It was the face she showed to audiences in The Opal Horseshoe.

"Every time you hit the nigger baby," she said dryly, "you get a good nickel cigar. But lots of times you miss. So long, Goldilocks. Give my regards to old Broadway. Thanks for everything, and I mean thanks."

Butterick took her arm and they walked toward the garage entrance.

The doors opened at their approach, and I stood there feeling greatly apprehensive and a little foolish.

I WAS about halfway from the boundary fence to the ranch house when a cowboy rode out into the road and held up his hand. He was the oldest of our three hands, a lantern-jawed man who might have been forty years old or sixty. His hair was jet-black, but mousy at the roots, so that I suspected he dyed it. It was hard to judge if he was a tough fellow or just a weather-beaten one. Toomey was his name.

"Straight says there's a man to the house," he said.

"What sort of a kind of a man?" I asked.

"Jelly bean," he said succinctly.

I gathered that this was not intended to be complimentary, and probably designated someone who carried the taint of cities about him. For some reason, Straight had considered it wise to warn me of the man's presence.

"Straight say anything?" I asked.

"Jest said to tell ye," Toomey said.

The unexpected or unexplained always makes me uneasy. It makes me go searching around in my mind to ask myself what I have done that is wrong. Toomey pulled his horse off the road and I drove on with a feeling in the pit of my stomach.

A gray coupé stood outside the ocotillo fence, and when I went in I heard voices on the screened porch. Straight was talking to a nattily-dressed man in his middle thirties. He wore a pepper-and-salt suit and his tie had an expensive look. Straight looked up at me with no expression whatever.

"Strawn," he said, "this is a Mr. Jenner."

Jenner got up and extended a hand that was harder than you would have guessed from his choice of neckties.

"You don't get many visitors," he said.

"But we like to treat them hospitably," I said. "I hope Straight saw to your thirst."

"Just before he sent the cowboy to warn you I was here," he said casually.

"I don't like to be startled," I said. "Surprises upset me."

"Let's see. You left New York on the twelfth," he said.

"Could be," I answered.

"On the Century."

"I like good trains when I travel."

"I use the air mostly," he said.

"Does Mrs. Strawn enjoy the desert?"

I took that one without falling down. Maybe I had been expecting it. I think I did very well in the way of non-chalance. I have a little vanity. I like to astonish people by using unexpectedly the argot of their professions. Sometimes it upsets them.

"Let's see your buzzer," I said.

He grinned and held out a gold badge in the palm of his hand. "Read detective stories, eh?"

"They're instructive," I said. "I didn't read the badge. Are you a shamus or are you official?"

"FBI," he said. "You didn't tell me how Mrs. Strawn enjoys ranch life."

"Why would that interest Mr. Hoover?" I asked.

"That's the way he is. Little details interest him. Your friends," he said, "will be surprised and pleased."

"Which friends," I asked, "and at what?"

"All of them," he said. "At your marriage. Sudden, wasn't it? You were a single man on the eleventh. But you had you a wife on the twelfth. Or something. No record of any marriage, though. Where did the obsequies take place?"

"Let's quit being cat and mouse," I said.

"I'll listen," he answered.

"No," I said, "I'll listen."

"Have it your way. You bought a compartment for single occupancy on the Century to Chicago. When the conductors came around, you paid cash fare for a lovely little lady and traveled double. The conductor fancied himself as a cupid. Romantic chap. Has seven children himself. Helped two quarreling young folks to make up and live happy ever after. I'd like to congratulate Mrs. Strawn on her enterprise. So I flew out."

"Why is the FBI interested?" I asked.

"We have just opened a matrimonial-reconciliation department," he answered, with a grin. "May I talk to Mrs. Strawn?"

"I'm afraid not," I said.

"I was afraid of it," he said regretfully. "Didn't the reconciliation come off? After a night in the compartment?"

"I," said I firmly, "occupied the upper berth."

"And traveled alone from Chicago to Phoenix?" he said.

"Precisely," I answered.

"Mrs. Strawn remained in Chicago?"

"I couldn't say."



"You're not co-operating," he told me regretfully.

"You co-operate first," I said. "Why do you want to see . . . Mrs. Strawn?"

"Was it a long courtship?" he countered. "How long have you known her?"

"Our time is up," I said. "The quiz hour is over. We haven't time for even one more question."

"There's a law," he said.

"Too many of them," I answered.

"This one is about aiding a fugitive to escape."

"Let's see your warrant," I said. "It might make a difference if I knew who the fugitive is and from what."

"There is no warrant," he admitted.

"A point of law arises," I said. "Is a fugitive from justice a fugitive before he is charged with something criminal? I'll have to consult a lawyer."

"There's another point of law about withholding evidence."

"Evidence of what?" I asked. "A man can't be compelled to give evidence against himself. He can't be compelled to give evidence about anything until he knows what the charge is. He can stand on his constitutional rights."

"Will you answer this one?" he asked. "Did you ever see—er—Mrs. Strawn before you got on that train?"

"The witness," said I, "stands mute."

"She must be quite a girl," Jenner said. "She made an impression on you."

"A favorable impression," I said.

"Obviously," he answered dryly.

"Would you like to continue the acquaintance?"

"I'm not sure," I told him.

"If you would," he said, "—and in your place I'd feel that way about it—I think I'd break down and talk."

"Why?"

"Because," he said, and there was a snap to his words, "if I don't find her, you might be called upon to identify her in some morgue. Which would put a period to what might ripen into a beautiful friendship."

"Give reasons," I said.

"Listen, Strawn," Jenner said soberly. "You have a good record. We've dug into you. We know what kind of a shirt you bought on July eleventh, 1941. We know what you did in the war, and when. We know what books you read and how much you weigh and that you don't like onions. You're clean up to date. Don't get dirty. And don't be a sap."

"I saw your—ah—buzzer," I said.

"It's a metal dingus. Any sufficiently diligent crook could get him one."

"So that's it?" he asked. He reached in his pocket and held out his credentials to me.

"Same objection," I said.

"Have you a telephone here?" he asked.

"No."

"Where's the nearest one?"

"Wickenburg, I imagine," I answered.

"Butterick," said Straight, taking part in the conversation for the first time, "had a line run in to his place."

"That one," said Jenner, "we won't use."

"Interesting," I said. "Why any telephone?"

"To make a long-distance call," he said.

"To whom?" I asked.

"A man," he said crisply, "named Mike Strawn."

"What has my father to do with this?" I asked.

"He might tell you if you called him."

"I'll try it," I said.  
 "When?"  
 "At the first opportunity," I said.  
 He shrugged. "Meantime," he suggested, "would it be all right if I gave this house a going-over?"  
 "Have you a search warrant?"  
 "You know I haven't."  
 "What would you hope to find?"  
 "Just a fishing trip," he said. "She might have given you something to keep for her. She might even have planted it on you when you were virtuously asleep in the upper berth."  
 "I'm a stickler for the Bill of Rights," I said.

"I was afraid you'd be. That girl must be a humdinger."

"Haven't you seen her?" I wanted to know.

"Only a photograph."  
 "You wouldn't have it with you?"

"I would, indeed," he said, and extracted it from the inside pocket of his coat.

It was a little less than cabinet size, but a very good likeness. It showed a girl who was modeling about four square inches of chiffon and a couple of rhinestones. The rest of her was qualification for the title Vest-pocket Venus.  
 "That," I said, "is not the body in question."

It was not. It was not Maggie Jones, for which I was glad, because I did not like the idea of her being photographed in that particular manner. I don't know why I should have been pleased, because it was no concern of mine if she had her picture taken in hoop skirts or merely in freckles. The face that looked at me from the photograph was the face of Ingrid Ash. I looked up at Jenner. He was grinning with satisfaction.

"I didn't think it was," he said, with the air of one who has scored some sort of triumph. "Do you know this cupcake?"

"I've seen her," I admitted.  
 "An oral description of one might be the oral description of the other," he said.

"If one," said I, "did not point out the obvious and imponderable differences."

"Such as?" he asked.  
 "That one," I said, "is a lady, and the other is a tramp."

"Does it always show?" he asked.  
 Well, there was that. I'm told, and I have read, that some of the most evil women of history have shown the faces of angels; and, conversely, that there have been women with the faces of a sort to cause suspicious aversion who have actually been saints. At least, I thought to myself, a lovely, well-bred, intelligent face is prima-facie evidence. It is all that men have to judge by until it is too late.

"You and Shakespeare win that trick," I said. "There have been goodly apples rotten at the heart."

Jenner stood up and mopped his brow. "I could use another beer," he said, and Straight went to fetch it. "I thought you were a blooming intellectual," he said. "I gathered that impression."

"I'm an incipient historian, if that constitutes me one," I said.

"You're a stubborn trinket," he said, "but you're no applesauce savant."

"That could be a compliment," I said.

"With reservations," he answered.

I remembered that ranches were expected to extend hospitality to any who presented themselves. "Would you care to sleep here?" I asked.

"Thanks. I've got to wind a couple of watches elsewhere."

Straight came back with the beer. Jenner drank his glass thirstily and then reached for his hat.

"It's a good idea for ranchers to stick to ranching," he said. "Interesting to meet you gentlemen. I can be reached through the office in Phoenix. By the way, don't make a house pet of any albino you see around, just because he's a cute animal."

"I'll telephone father," I said.

"Meantime," he said, "just in case Mrs.—er—Strawn happened to use you for a safe-deposit box, I'd put it in a hole and push the hole in after it. Somebody else might get the same idea I have."

We saw him to the door. He got into his coupé, wagged his hand and drove away in a cloud of dust.

"Uncle Sam picks 'em smart," said Straight.

"If Uncle Sam did pick this one."

"I'm votin' he did," Straight said. "He's got the conformation and hind-quarters. . . . Was it the girl up on the hill?" he asked.

"She's the one," I said.

"I'd take a couple chances on her myself," he said, "if I thought the lottery was on the level. Is this goin' to land you in the jailhouse?"

"I doubt it," I said, and then, to change the subject, "I talked to those men today."

"Get any nourishment?"  
 "They took your side of the argument."

"They must be smart fellers," he said.

"The sooner we start," I said, "the sooner we finish."

His face brightened. "You're going for it?" he asked. "I can have the drilling rig here in a week or less. Bulldozers and graders too."

"Fly at it," I said. "You're boss of that department."

"We'll make a ranch of it. I think we better truck maybe three hundred head down to grass," he said. "It'll pay to save 'em."

"Right."

"It's cheaper savin' than it is buyin'," he said. He paused and peered at me. "If it kind of happened to happen that you had something you didn't want somebody to find," he said, "I could ride away for half an hour while you hid it under a rock."

"Jenner might get the same idea," I said. "There's lots of places from which he could watch the house."

"It's what I'd do if I was him," Straight said. "You think of things, don't you? I'll take my ride after dark. I smelled sour dough. Bunny's rigging up biscuits for supper."

He also mentioned a stew that Bunny was concocting. It had a curious name, and not one to whet the appetite. It was named after an epithet, a regrettably common one, by which you call a man's ancestry into question. Its principal ingredients are portions of the internal mechanism of a cow. It looked it.

"Tastes better'n it looks," Straight said. "Forget its origins and pitch in."

I did so. There is no doubt that it is sustaining, but I should never recommend it to epicures. You have to be something more than a tenderfoot before you can eat it with equanimity.

We smoked for an hour after dinner and Straight made plans happily.

"Jest imagine bein' independent of rainfall," he said dreamily.

Darkness fell suddenly in that deep valley. It was so silent that loneliness descended upon one. You felt the bigness of the country and the smallness of yourself. You felt like a speck. You



stretch of soft white sand that ran up to a cottonwood tree. I dug a hole with my hands, placed the bag in the excavation and covered it over again. It was ten paces from the tree, in line with a granite boulder. I smoothed the place with a branch and walked back to the house. In a little while Straight came back.

"Good night," he said. "It's been quite a size of a day."

"Big enough," I said, "for two days."  
 I went to sleep quickly, even in the still heat.

IT was the day for the hearing in the matter of the temporary injunction which had been issued against Butterick to restrain him from interfering with the flow of water in our river. Straight and I entered the courtroom with our lawyer. None of the people from Rancho Paloma were visible, but when the case was called, an attorney advanced and on behalf of the defendant asked for a two weeks' continuance. To this, our man consented. So Straight and I had had the long drive to Prescott for nothing.

It was much cooler up here in the mountains, but not so cool that Straight's appetite for beer was abated. We had a second glass.

"I've got to pick up some salt and cake," Straight said. "No use your running around in the sun. Be back in half an hour."

He went out and I settled down to wait. Long ago I formed the habit of slipping a book into my pocket, in case I was delayed somewhere and had time on my hands. This time it was a volume of Carlyle. His rumbling, crashing prose is a delight to me. I opened to those suspense-filled chapters telling of the flight of the coach from Paris. In all history I know of no more dramatic episode. No fiction writer ever has packed more drama and character into a few pages. No historian has so distinctly brought to life events and individuals as the old Scotsman has done in his version of the lumbering, blundering attempt of the French king and his family to find refuge with the foreign armies that beset the borders of France. I was quite lost in the melodrama in which the villain was stupidity when I heard, from the adjoining compartment, a voice ordering beer. It was a voice I could not very well mistake, for I had spent a night with it in my compartment on the Century as it roared across country to Chicago.

I closed my book and fitted it into my pocket. I slid out of my seat and stood over the table at which she sat alone.

"Good morning, Miss Jones," I said.

She looked up at me with brown eyes. There were quizzical crinkles at their corners. She manifested neither surprise nor alarm at my appearance.

"You do bob up, Mr. Strawn," she said.

"The wrong people could bob up," I said.

"What makes you think you're the right people?" she asked mischievously.

"I've heard of better hiding places than a public bar," I told her.

"What are you hiding from?" she asked perversely.

I slid into the seat opposite her and studied her. I had remembered accurately. She possesses what, for want of a better word, may be called "class." I suppose the more acceptable term would be to say "patrician." She did not look at all like a person who would be wanted by the FBI nor who would have been intimate with a character

felt that nothing so small could be very important and that a human being was about as negligible as a gnat. In a city you feel part of a monstrous mass, and humanity dominates. Out here you became infinitesimal and pretty humble. We ought to bring our big men out to the desert every so often to cut them down to size. I never felt less bump-tious.

Straight trod his cigarette into the cement of the porch floor. "I'll go take me a stroll," he said. "It's dark enough."

"You don't need to go," I said.

"If a man don't know where a thing is," he said, "nothin' can force him to tell."

He walked away. I went into the bedroom and picked up Maggie Jones' handbag. For an instant I was tempted to search it to determine if it contained any secret. But I stifled the temptation. I carried it out the front door and walked down to the river. There was a

such as the murdered Bergamo. I would have guessed that fastidiousness alone would have forbidden such an association. Of course, in these unrestricted days, any girl, no matter what her background, may meet any sort of man. Nobody seems to inquire into anyone else's antecedents if he employs a good tailor and is a habitué of one of our better eating and drinking establishments. I suppose a revolution against rigid convention was inevitable. But our young ladies do seem to stick out their necks and ask for trouble. Maggie Jones might have got in up to her lovely little neck before she knew she was near the water. But I doubted it. In addition to everything else, she was a shrewd sort of person. Adventurous, perhaps, and avid for life, but wary. I didn't think she would let anybody sneak up on her from behind or bamboozle her with tailoring.

"How the devil," I asked out of real bafflement, "did you get mixed up in this?"

She raised her brows. "How did you?" she asked. "You're a bit out of your context yourself."

"You pushed me in," I said.

"Not so far as you've waded by yourself," she answered. "You could have done a Pontius Pilate and washed your pinkies of the whole business." She lifted her shoulders. "You didn't need to go splashing around."

"If I'm in," I said, "it is not voluntary. I was jostled in."

"And you don't like being jostled?" she asked. "You don't look belligerent."

No man likes to be thought to be inoffensive by a lovely girl. For thousands of years there has been an over-emphasis on valor, so that everybody seems to think it is the highest attribute of mankind. Men like to have their women think they will fight at the drop of a hat, and anybody would rather have it believed of him that he can lick his weight in wildcats than that he can make an epoch-marking scientific discovery or be a worthy rival of Michelangelo. This is very silly, but it is a fact to be reckoned with.

It humiliated me to have this girl think I was a rabbit. I think she saw she had distressed me, for she leaned across the table and her fingers touched the back of my hand.

"I didn't mean it that way, Mr. Strawn," she said. "I merely felt that conflict was a bit incongruous to a— a scholarly person."

"Xenophon," said I, "was able to write the Anabasis, but he was also one of the Ten Thousand. Poets have been killed on the field of battle. Men of intellect have not been afraid to die in their search for truth. Courage, Miss Jones, is not an attribute exclusive to morons."

She laughed, and there was a lilt to her laughter that did something to me. It reached out and fastened onto me, and I knew it would be a hard thing to shake off.

"Don't shoot," she said; "I'll come down with my hands up. But I did have a vague idea that one use for intelligence was to keep you out of avoidable trouble."

This was futile and embarrassing. I had no desire to get into an argument with my inferiority complex. It would profit nothing if I told her how much every introvert would like to be an extrovert—if he knew which he was and what it was doing to him.

"I had a visitor," I said.

"Must have been nice on a lonely ranch," she said.



"He was a G-man," I said, "by the name of Jenner. He was looking for my wife."

"You ought to keep a wife on hand for such emergencies," she said. "So they discovered the little caper?"

"They are," I said, "exceedingly efficient. He showed me a photograph."

"Of me?"

"It was not of you. I was very glad it was not you. I would not like you to have a photograph of that sort taken. It was a picture of a Vest-pocket Venus in what you might call full uniform. He seemed oddly pleased when I told him it was not you."

"Was she very lovely?" Maggie asked.

"Quite," I said.

A naughty look came into her eye, quizzical and perverse, and I felt she was taking pleasure in shocking me. "I'll match her, leg against leg, and winner take all," she said demurely.

"I am not shocked," I said firmly.

"You squirmed," she said positively.

"What fun did you get out of it?" I asked.

"Lots," she said. "It's a part of the process of reconversion."

"Of what?"

"Of you," she said. "I'll tell you something you can use in your biography of Cleopatra or Helen or Aspasia or Madame de Pompadour. Want to put it in your notebook?"

"My memory is dependable," I said.

"Every time a girl meets a fairly acceptable man," she said, "she speculates on whether she could use him as a husband. And next she begins figuring out how she could make him over so he would be a hundred per cent."

"How would that silly boast about legs tend to improve me?" I asked.

"It might," she said, "make a crack in your smug. If a man is all cluttered up with smug, he needs a house cleaning."

"I am decidedly not smug," I said.

"Your ideas of women," she said, "derive from the code of your spinster great-aunt."

"My ideals of women," I said, and accented the word "ideals" to differentiate it from "ideas," "derive from a firm definition of what a lady should be."

"There ain't no more ladies," she said. "There are only women, four kinds of them."

"Such as?" I asked.

"There are," she said, and her eyes were twinkling, "good good women and bad good women. And bad bad women and good bad women."

"That," said I, "is a wisecrack."

"It is," she said, "a profound truth."

"And which are you?" I asked.

"That," she said, "is for your research department to find out."

"Let us return for a moment to Mr. Jenner, of the FBI," I said.

"Is he Mr. Jenner, of the FBI?" she countered. "What did your father say on that point?"

"I haven't telephoned him yet," I admitted.

"Now is a good time," she said. "I'll wait right here until the returns come in."

"Is that a promise? You usually disappear."

"It's a promise," she said.

I walked around into the lobby and the telephone booth and put in a call for New York. There was no delay. My father's secretary was on the wire.

"Miss Newton," I said, "I'd like to speak to father, please."

"One moment," she answered, and then father's business voice spoke to me.

"Hello, father," I said.

"Oh, it's you, son. Glad to hear your voice. How goes the rude uncultured West?"

"Better than I hoped. I'm spending some of your money."

"So? How much and for what?"

I explained briefly our project and its probable cost. He did not interrupt. "Sounds logical," he said when I was finished. "This Straight sounds like a good man." There was a note in his voice that came into it only when he was pleased. "Anything else on your mind, son?"

"Do you know a man named Jenner?" I asked. "He claims to be FBI."

"I know him."

"Would you mind describing him?" He did so, down to the eyelashes. I was surprised, for it never occurred to me that father was so observant of details.

"How do you know FBI people?" I asked.

"I even know Chinese laundrymen," he answered. "I'm chairman of a kind of committee. Also our business ramifications into Mexico and South America." There was a little pause, and I thought I heard a chuckle. "He dropped in to ask about your wife?"

"Ouch!" I said.

"I don't think we'll mention that feature of your trip to mother," he said. "It might surprise her. It even surprised me."

I wondered if I ought to explain about the upper berth, but decided it

would make me sound absurd. "That makes it unanimous," I said. "It surprised me too. Do you know a man named Butterick?"

"I've heard of him."

"And a man named Bergamo?"

"The late Mr. Bergamo," he said.

"Butterick owns the ranch next to ours," I said.

"You've got nice neighbors, son. If I'd known about it in advance, I doubt if I would have sent you down there. If he invites you to shoot craps be sure to use your own dice."

"What's it all about, father?" I asked. "Why is the FBI after this girl?"

"Son," he said, "keep your nose out of it. Dig your wells and run your ranch. You probably will never see the girl again. Credit it to pleasant experience and go sit in the bleachers."

"It looks as if I were going to sit on the players' bench," I told him. "When we get through talking, I'm rejoining her in the bar."

This time there was a distinct pause. "Son, give the bar a miss. Slide out of the side door and get on your horse."

"And gallop back to New York, sir?"

"Don't call me 'sir'!" he snapped. "It irritates me! Yes, gallop back to New York!"

"And give up the ranch project?"

"Take the first train or plane East!" he snapped.

"I can't do that, father."

"Why not?"

"I've been pushed around," I said. "I don't like the sensation. Butterick's crowd would think they frightened me away. I couldn't live with that. In the circumstances, father, would you skedaddle?"

"That has nothing to do with it," he blustered.

"It has everything to do with it," I said. "Thanks for the information. I'm going back to the bar."

"Hey! Wait!" he almost shouted, but I hung up the receiver gently and walked back to my place at the table across from Maggie Jones.

She raised her brows at me. "Well?" she asked.

"Jenner is authentic," I said.

"I thought he would be," she said.

"He'll be sure to find you," I told her. "He hasn't found me yet," she said. "Thanks for the beer. I think I'll be moving along."

But just then Straight came through the street door. His face was grim as he walked up to our compartment. "The albino's in town with a couple of plug-uglies," he said.

"Then," said Maggie, "I'd better be getting out."

"Not back to your camp," said Straight.

"Why not?"

"They dropped off a man there to wait for you," Straight said. "I did a little listening in. You're going to get you an invitation to be a guest at Rancho Paloma, and they ain't going to take no for an answer."

I leaned sidewise and craned my neck to look toward the street. It was a natural-enough gesture. I merely wanted to find out if I could see the albino, Bolitho. I couldn't, but I did see someone else. Mr. Jenner, hands in pockets, sauntered past as if he had not a care in the world.

"The town's crawling with them," I said. "There's Jenner."

Maggie spread her hands and lifted her shoulders. "Well, my happy warriors," she said. "I seem to be in a jam. Just how are you heroes going to get me out of it?"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

## THE LAST CANOE

(Continued from Page 27)

canoe and, leaning on my paddle, reached the water. The canoes smashed over the first breaker, but the sea spilled my canoe. Thrice I tried, and when, at last, I crossed the breakers, the young men were waiting for me, calling my name. I started to paddle, dropping my half foot in the water for balance. But the sea bit my spoiled foot. I drew it out and my heart swelled with fear. I turned my canoe and raced back to the beach.

The canoes went away and the old men turned from my shame. Only Kalida came to me. But I pushed her away, leaving my canoe on the beach, and walked with my stick to Binok.

Vinia was walking in the sun, and her body was curved under her fine cotton dress. She ran to me and put her face to mine.

"I could not come to see you while you lay at the mission," she said. "My father made me work. At night I did not sleep for thinking of you. But in the daytime there was always work."

I would have asked what new strength had come to her father, but her hands were on my shoulders and I could not be angry with her.

"You have not gone to fish?"

"I cannot fish yet, because of my spoiled foot."

She looked, but I had pushed it under the sand. "What of the marriage price? Did the mission make you pay for healing your foot?"

"They asked nothing," I said. "The marriage price is soon completed."

"Now you can be a trader in your town," she smiled. "You will go to Kribi and the white man will trust you with trade things. And we will have a fine house. I shall wear a dress of real silk."

"I am a fisher, not a man to haggle over tins of spoiled food and scraps of cotton," I said, for I was angry.

"But who will buy me fine things? You cannot fish."

"Soon I shall fish again," I said, but I feared in my heart that I was lying. "I have a skill in making canoes. Since I cannot ride one now, I will make fine canoes for others to ride. People will come from far places to buy them."

"You will be richer than a trader." Her eyes shone like wet black stones. "Will you build me a deckhouse such as white men have?" Her soft face was against mine.

"I will work hard for those things," I told her.

"I shall go to tell my mother." And before I could speak, she had run from me.

I went into the forest and chose smooth young cottonwood trunks; felled them and placed them in stocks to burn and carve, with fire and adze, into the proper shape and lightness. Men came to beg me to lead them across the breakers, but I concealed my fear and said that canoe making was more important. And while the men fished and the women worked at their gardens, I sat on the beach firing and shaping my canoes. Sometimes, for I often forgot to eat, Kalida brought me food and the water of green coconuts. Yet my heart dried for the work ashore. I was a fisher and I feared the sea.

One day a cargo canoe passed our town going to Kribi. And in it were Belolo and Vinia.

"I went for my father," she told me afterward, when I spoke of it, "to look at fine cloth for our marriage feast."

"And Belolo?"

She laughed and her hands held my face. "I slept in the mission compound." But two silver bracelets shimmered on her arm.

While we talked, Belolo came to us. "I see you," I greeted him. He was a big man and fat, nearing forty years. He was important in a purple felt hat, a white singlet and a cloth with green and yellow patterns.

"I see you, half-foot," he said. "You do not fish any more. Do you fear the sea? What can you do now, halfman?"

"I can make good canoes and I can fight with cutlass or spear," I said, for I hated his loud mouth and big belly.

He laughed, but his eyes turned away. "Come, Vinia, I would show you a mirror such as canoe men could never buy."

She went from me, laughing, and my heart scalded. But soon she came back holding the mirror.

"Do not vex," she said, and her voice was as one speaking to a child. "He is old and foolish. It is you I love; I have said that. Now, may I not smile upon others without harm?"

I loved her, and so I laughed. I watched her go away, and because she loved me I was comforted.

One day while I worked, burning the hollow of a canoe, Bevinia came to me. He was a small man with dry and wrinkled skin, and his eyes were like those of a dog.

"I see you, M'bula," he said. "You work well?"

"I see you, Bevinia. Five of those canoes are sold to men of Kribi. Men come to buy my canoes faster than I can make them. The marriage price will be paid before the dying of the moon."

He looked at his feet. "The price is increased."

"What is this talk?" I shouted.

"You made the price and I agreed!"

"Belolo, the trader, offers more," he said. "Hear me, M'bula, I was your father's friend. It was not I who changed the price; it was the mother of Vinia."

"Who, then, is master in your house?"

He looked very tired. "Once, when my wife was like Vinia, I was master. But she liked fine things, such as no other woman possessed. I worked to get her those things. And in working, I forgot how to be master."

"But Vinia is promised to me."

He smiled. "She is a woman and flattered that men will pay much for her."

"I will pay the price," I said. "Go now, for I must work."

I cut trees and burned and carved them, toiling in the full of the sun while other men slept. At night I worked by the light of a burning branch. Sometimes Kalida came to me, bringing food and drink.

"You are tired, M'bula," she said with her small-child's voice. "Your skin dries. You do not smile, neither do you play."

"Soon, Kalida, I will smile and play. But this time I work."

She went sorrowfully from me.

On a Sabbath, when, by the word of the mission, all men must rest, I sat outside my hut and made patterns in the sand while watching the placid sea on which I dared not go. Under palms, the young men lay laughing, and my heart dried because I no longer belonged with them. Kalida, who was sitting near me, got up and walked quickly away. And I saw Vinia walking to me from the mission church. She was dressed in a cotton dress with red flowers, and on her feet were shoes that talked. Her face was gray with powder and she smelled of trade scent.

"I see you, Vinia."

She looked after Kalida and smiled. "Women say the small one loves you."

"Women lie," I said angrily, for she wore three bracelets on her arm. "I have not seen you for many days."

"Must a woman follow a man?" Her voice was light.

"Must a woman follow Belolo?"

"I do not follow him," she laughed. "He follows me. Why do you not follow me, M'bula?"

"Because I work for the extra marriage price and because of my spoiled foot."

"I had forgotten." She put her face against mine. "I love you and I forgot your spoiled foot. I am shamed."

Her hands were on me and I was no longer angry.

"M'bula," she said after a while, "tomorrow is the full moon. There is dancing in my town. You will come?"

"I must finish a canoe," I said. "The last one to complete the marriage price. Moreover, I cannot dance."

"The last canoe?" Her eyes were dark and her mouth curved like a small wave. "You must come. For me, you must come. You can finish your canoe after. Come; I will dance for you alone."

"I will come."

The next night many people from my town walked down the beach to Binok. Beside me, her shoulder close to my hand, for the sand was deep and loose, walked Kalida.

"Will you dance for me, small Kalida?" I asked.

"I dance for no man," she said. "I go to watch the foolishness of people in the moonlight."

Between the double row of bamboo-and-palm-thatch huts the sand was smoothed and there were yams and fish and gourds of beer. At one end a

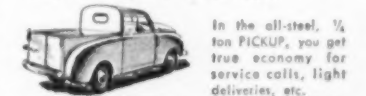
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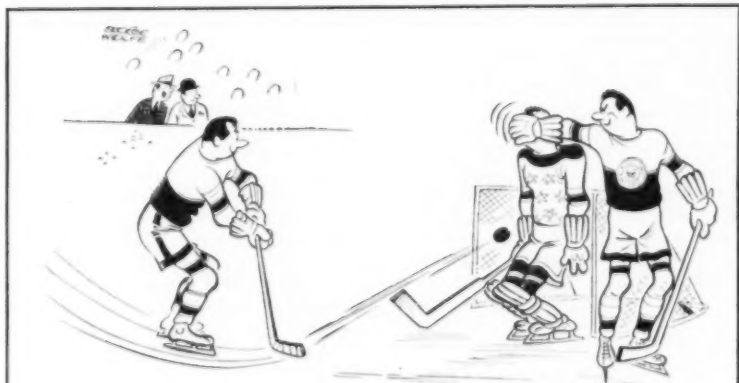


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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

great fire blazed; at the other were the drums—the great-man drum, the slim-woman drum, the squat heavy drum of war and the slotted signal drums, and the small underarm drums for the dances of invitation.

As we neared the fire, Kalida left me to go with the women. Vinia came to me under the palms.

"I see you, M'bula."

"I see you, Vinia."

She led me to the chief in his fine chair. I touched his hand, and beside him was Belolo. Then she came to me and leaned against my shoulder.

But close by was Belolo. He wore a white coat and a gold chain. His hat was green and his trousers were striped and too tight. Vinia had a red kerchief bound about her small head, and her dress was of white silk. Her fingers played with four silver bracelets on her left arm.

The small drums spoke and small girls and boys formed lines facing each other. They laughed, clapped hands, stamping to the throbbing, stepping softly, advancing until their bellies touched, and retreating. Then they spun and the little girls moved with swaying hips, and the boys strutted like roosters. The old men danced the ancient dances of war to the roar and thunder of the squat drum. They posed and crouched as though in ambush. Then they leaped out, hopping, shaking their spears and making the shameful movements of taking heads and roasting and eating captives. The young men did their fine dance of canoe racing, of fishing and killing sharks. I sat with my face in darkness, for I belonged with them and I could not dance.

Last was a dance of marriage. Women from our town danced, and women from Binok. And when they had finished, they went away, laughing, with their men. Then Vinia cast away the shell of beer she had been drinking, and walked to the fire. She stood before it, so that the blaze shone through her thin silk dress. Her feet gripped the sand and her hips rolled. She advanced to the young men, smiling and holding out her arms. But as they reached for her, she moved back scornfully. Her shoulders stirred, so that the dress slid down her arms as she advanced, eyes half closed, toward me. The moon rose while she stamped, gently, then urgently, arms out, her body shaking from head to foot. Then she faced me, belly writhing in the movements of invitation, bending backward until her wet body thrust against the thin silk of her dress. Backward she went until she was lying on the sand, and the men muttered. Then she crawled to me and leaned against my shoulder. But her foot touched Belolo's leg. He, grinning, licked his thick lips, sweating as much as she was.

And now the moon was high and the palm leaves were like black swords against the sky. People exclaimed, for Kalida was standing before the fire. Her cloth, wrapped under her shoulders, dropped to her feet like a wall. Her eyes were soft in the moonlight and her slim arms rippled like small waves. The drums murmured and she stamped a little. Her eyes closed and she stepped softly, arms curving, embracing, reaching and holding. She turned and sank and rose, her face like that of a dreaming child. At times it seemed she made a garden; at others, she nursed a child. But always her grave brown eyes were upon me.

"It would seem that the small Kalida has become half a woman," Vinia said. "Was it thus that she

danced to you at the mission, M'bula?"

"A half-woman dances for a half-man," Belolo laughed.

Kalida halted, standing like a small straight ghost. The people stopped eating, for that was a bad thing to say of persons from another town.

And because Kalida had no man to care for her, I spoke, "Kalida is a full woman; though I have not seen her dance the marriage dance before this. Neither have I seen the dance performed in that manner. It was as though marriage is a thing of comfort and peace, of help and blessing; instead of offering and refusing, of advancing and retreating, of pretending and lying."

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

## THE SPHINX REMEMBERS

By Esther Baldwin York

Night on the Nile. The broad sands glow

Silver under the moon's pale bow,  
Where silent-sandaled eons go.  
Only the Sphinx with ancient eyes  
Calm as the sands, far as the skies,  
Looks out, inscrutable and wise.

Deep in the dark, the desert night  
Is all nights merged beneath the light

Of changeless stars. A sound of flight

Is stilled as tiny donkey feet  
Pause before a sheltered seat.  
A woman seeks the lingering heat,  
Where massive stone arms offer rest

For her and the young babe at her breast.

Her husband, weary from the quest

For safety, watches near at hand,  
His mantle spread on starlit sand.  
He dreams about their native land.

Unvarying, the desert broods  
Around the cycle of its moods;  
No urgent century intrudes.  
Only the Sphinx, with cryptic gaze,  
Majestic in the moon's cold rays,  
Remembers other, older days  
And one blue night of all the world  
When, like a fallen star impearled,  
Between his paws a King lay curled.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

"Ho, so!" Vinia laughed loudly. "You would have the dance of a child before my dance?"

"Kalida is as my sister. She helped me when I was sick. I will not have her shamed before the people. . . . You, Belolo, will eat your tongue or you will fight."

I got to my feet, and the drummers moved forward. But Belolo played with his gold chain.

"The dance must not be spoiled," he said. "I spoke without thought."

Kalida had gone into the darkness beyond the fire. I, too, walked under the palms on to the coolness of the beach. To my lower hand the sea boomed like an angry god, and to my upper hand the forest lowered. Far ahead, a small white figure flitted like a spirit before me. I called, but she did not reply. And because of my spoiled foot, I could not catch her. When I reached our town, she would not open to me.

The next day I worked on the canoe that would complete my marriage price. She was light enough to be held in one hand, gray as silver, longer than a man and slim as a spear. Her keel was round as a melon, and as I tied the liana that made her thwart fast, I knew she was the best canoe I could make. And I mourned that I could not ride her myself. As I worked, Kalida came to me. Her eyes were downcast and she bore a green coconut.

"You have worked long without water," she said.

"Why did you run from your friend?" I asked her.

She looked past me and walked into the palms. Vinia had come from her town. She sat beside me. I said nothing, but smoothed the bilge of my canoe with shark skin.

"You smile upon Kalida, but your heart is cold to me." Her voice was high, like a child begging for salt. "You have shamed me before my people." "You shamed my friend."

"She is nothing." Vinia threw sand in the air. "A small, ugly girl with no father and no mother."

"She is a friend, who gave me warmth when death came between me and the sun."

Vinia's eyes were filled with water. "Do you not love me?"

"I love you," I said.

"The marriage price is ready?"

"It is ready."

"Then"—her arms were about my neck—"I will marry you, because I love you." The tears were gone, and Vinia played about me like a small kitten. "We shall have a fine feast and I will —"

"What of Belolo?" I asked.

"He is nothing." She put her hands on my shoulders and whispered in my ear, "I have been bad for smiling upon him. But it meant nothing. I love you, O M'bula."

Her face was against mine when I heard a cry. Kalida was running from the palms behind us. Vinia looked after her, and she smiled like a leopard I once saw lying sleepily on a branch in the forest. And on her arm tinkled five bracelets.

It was at that time that the old men ran down to the water, blowing their conchs. The sky was black, and a point came down from it, reaching for the sea. And the sea reached up like a woman coming to her mate. Then there was a joining that whirled and spun and lurched with the passion of living things.

The canoes, far out to sea, had heard the conchs and were dashing for the beach like small quick insects, their paddles flashing like frightened eyes.

"See?" Vinia gripped my shoulder. "It is the mating. I am the sky. You are the sea. We are together and we dance." Her hands were upon me and her mouth opened.

Then another spout formed beyond the first and whirled and circled toward it.

"What is that?" I threw off her hands. "Has the sky another lover?"

One by one, the canoes reached the breakers and dashed over them, riding their sloping green walls to land in smothered spray on the beach. The women shook their hands and danced because their men were spared to them. And the old men cackled and waved their skinny arms while the water devils writhed like snakes with the sound of thunder.

Then I saw a small canoe break through the surf. All the men shouted, but it was beyond the breakers, and as it rose on a comb I knew the paddler was Kalida.

I picked up my new canoe and blessed its lightness. Vinia spoke, but I did not hear her. I was walking with my spoiled foot to my house for my best paddle with the broad blade and the keen point. I threw my canoe into the water without waiting for the blessing of the old men, and shoved off, my spoiled foot inside for ballast. At once a sea of dark green rose before me, but I crawled over it like a beetle. The people cried out behind me and the roar of surf filled my ears. I passed the three breakers and plunged into the deep water. The waves were crossed and broken, so that it was hard to keep my light canoe in trim. The spouts were sliding and spinning over the sea, and I could not see Kalida. Once my craft filled. I kicked out the water with my spoiled foot. And then I saw the dress of Kalida, white against a black whirling spout.

I cried, "Kalida, I see you!" But she did not hear me.

I pulled nearer, and the roar of the spouts was like the end of all life. Once a shark swam near me. I laughed at him, driving my paddle at his head, but he dived deep. Then I saw that Kalida was heading for the nearest spout. I shouted again, driving my paddle like a madman. A spout passed between us, and my craft skidded as though the sea stood on end. But the spout did not break me, and I found her wet white dress in a calm patch that was like oil between the spouts.

She turned and saw me. Her arms raised and the paddle was over her head. Then a spout dashed down upon us. Her canoe lifted and, as she fell out, the canoe rose and disappeared. I shouted again and drove for the heart of the spout until I saw in the clear gray water the white dress of Kalida. I slid out of my canoe, dived deep and caught her hair.

"Hold me, Kalida!" I begged, when we drank air again. "Hold me!" But she smiled and her hands floated on the water.

"Hold!" I cried, for I was tiring. I held my face to hers, sea wet and cold. "Hold, I love you!"

I felt her grip tighten on my shoulders. We reached the canoe and I held it until I could help her aboard. Then I climbed after her to ride it like a horse. But the craft was light and the sea lipped at the gunwale. The spout came roaring down at us like a great black snake from sea to sky. Then it swerved and raced toward the coast, where it broke above Kribi. The other spout reared like an elephant's trunk and lost itself at sea. And the sea was filled with sand and dead, broken fish.

Gently, for fear of spilling, I pulled for shore, Kalida lying back against my knees. And when we rode the last breaker, rushing like a porpoise down its slope, the people stood to catch us as the canoe touched the sand. And the Americani—"The stream-who-does-not-fear-the-forest"—watched them lift us to the dry white sand.

"Truly a fine canoe, O M'bula," he said. "A man without fear."

I turned to look at the sea, and a great happiness came to my heart. For I no longer feared. I stamped my spoiled foot and laughed.

"A beautiful fish you caught." The Americani touched Kalida's wet head.

I looked to where Vinia walked with swaying hips toward her town.

"Aye, N'tangan," I said. "But this fish I will not sell. This small fish I keep for myself."

And we walked up the beach, my hand on her sweet shoulder, amid the shouting of the people. THE END



## ANGEL WELL DISGUISED

(Continued from Page 23)

When Sammy experienced emotion, his bronze ears moved rapidly on either side of his cap of black hair. Now he shifted a cigarette to the corner of his scarlet mouth while his ears quivered alarmingly. "Not exactly, grandma. Thought we might have 'em in the house. They smell kind of nice. Will you take 'em, please? . . . Gee, that was some rain last night!"

"It was pretty near a cloudburst," Mrs. Crammer said, and accepted the roses, to which raindrops still clung. "If Mr. Crammer works outside today, you see to it he doesn't leave off his hat, lamb. It's gittin' awful hot."

"He won't," Sammy said absently. "It's too wet to make hay." He was silent, watching a red rooster pursue a grasshopper along the path. Some train of thought behind his smooth brown forehead made his black eyes fathomless. He said, "Met Allie Powers to Painter's Lick last night. She's here on vacation again."

Mrs. Crammer stood the shock of this announcement without betraying excitement. She said, "Well, that's nice. And her Aunt Sarah will be real glad to have her. I s'pose a girl like Allie, havin' been born an' raised in the city, is used to bein' cooped up, but, honest, the only time she gits to breathe 'fresh air is out here."

While her voice rambled on, her bright little eyes were studying this tall grandson, and a little swell of excitement was yeasting up inside her. Sammy didn't bother much with girls, but last year he had seemed greatly interested in Allie. She had been hopefully certain that something would come of it. But Sammy apparently had not spoken, and Allie had gone back to town. It had been a blow to Mrs. Crammer. However, now it was another year and Allie was here again. Maybe this time — The flowers in her hand took on significance.

"Said she might walk out this way in the forenoon," Sammy mentioned. He inhaled deeply and a ridge of muscles rose beneath his chest's brown skin as he flipped away the cigarette.

Although Sammy talked very little, she could usually tell what he was thinking. "That's just fine," she said. "Allie can stay to dinner an' we'll have sliced ham an' fresh peas an' a lettuce-'n'-tomato salad. I'll go in right now an' stir up a layer cake, an' when you come in you might bring a jar of peaches from the cold cellar."

"It's pretty hot to be bakin', grandma."

"I won't mind it a bit, boy. Anyway, I'm 'bout out of cookies an' I'd hate to deean' have my cooky jar found empty."

"You're swell to me," he murmured, and limped off to the barn.

*I'd be downright ungrateful if I wasn't,* Mrs. Crammer mused, panting up to the back door. *What Mr. Crammer an' me would do without Sammy I don't know. A house gits kind of awful lonesome when the kids has grown up an' left.*

Putting the roses into a green bowl, she thought of Allie; a nice girl and of good stock. She had fine taste. Her clothes showed it. And Sammy was excited, she could tell. It would be a joyous blessing if they would get married. Disregarding last year's disappointment, Mrs. Crammer construed the roses to be a hopeful sign.

The cake was in the oven and doing nicely, she hoped, when David came

in. "I put the cows in the pasture," he announced brightly, "and then went down and looked over the creek. It doesn't amount to much."

Judging from the muddy tracks on the floor, he had done his looking at close range. Mrs. Crammer aimed the fly swatter at a passing fly. "There's times when it would s'prise you, lamb. Now don't bounce on the floor. I've got a cake in the oven . . . an' you'd best go put on some dry sneakers."

She pursued another fly while David lingered to pick a cooky from the tray. When she looked around, he was bent before the oven, his free hand reaching for the door. She took a quick step, and the fly swatter contacted him where his shorts were the tightest.

David whirled about, his eyes two startled black question marks. "You hit me!" There was more incredulity than accusation in his tone.

"So I did, lamb," his grandmother said placidly. "'Twas the quickest way to save my cake."

"But you're not supposed to strike children," he protested. "You're supposed to reason with them."

"When there's time, sonny. But when you've raised ten children, all full of beans, you git to rely on a fly swatter. You wouldn't enjoy eatin' soggy cake."

"But it wouldn't have been," her grandson argued in a polite tone. "I was going to open the door very gently, so as not to jar it. I had it all reasoned out."

*The scamp!* she thought. *He's the spit 'n' image of Mr. Crammer when he was twelve. I'll have to show him the phot'graph sometime.* Aloud, she said, "Your experience with bakin' doesn't qual'fy you to reason 'bout it, Davy. Cold air'll take the starch out of a cake quick's a pin to a balloon. Now you hop up an' change your sneakers. You may take another cooky with you."

"Thanks, grandma. After I get dry sneakers on I think I'll go out to the barn and see if I can find the hen that stole her nest."

"That's a good idea, lamb. But don't bother her. A settin' hen don't 'preciate bein' disturbed."

"Oh, I wouldn't molest her. That would be a mean trick. The eggs might get cold, and not hatch."

*He's a good boy,* Mrs. Crammer thought, as his feet sounded on the stairs, *but untrained. May goes hog-wild for this new way of raisin' kids, but I cal'late she forgits the times I've took a strap to her so's to point her thinkin' in the right direction.* She looked at the clock and brought the cake from the oven.

"Good morning, Mrs. Crammer."  
"Mercy!" Mrs. Crammer came around from the table. "You do walk soft, Allie. I never heard you on the porch. Come right in. An' was the road muddy? That was an awful rain we had last night."

The tall girl opened the screen door and came into the kitchen. Strong sunlight caught her hair and turned it to burnished copper. She had on a white, gauzy blouse and a flowered skirt which flared at the bottom.

"The road was quite muddy, Mrs. Crammer, but I walked on the grassy shoulder. And the brook is rising. It's all brown. . . . My, aren't those roses beautiful!"

"They're pretty," Mrs. Crammer agreed. "Sammy picked 'em apurpose for you," she added guilefully, and watched color come into the girl's smooth cheek. "Now you set over there, an' I'll git dinner. You'll stay, of course?"

"I'd love to. May I help?"

"Well, most everything's done, child. That cake wants icin'. The stuff's in the green bowl. You may spread it on if you like."

It was restless in the bright kitchen with the smell of wet roses in the air. Mrs. Crammer sank onto a stool and admired Allie's dexterous white fingers and rosy nails. But a doubt began to nag her. Would this girl with her city way and clothes fit into farm life? Would she be contented?

"Sammy's very quiet, isn't he, Mrs. Crammer?" The girl's voice was low and pleasant.

"He just 'bout is, honey. We've had the raisin' of him since he was a baby. Our oldest boy an' his wife was kilt in an aut'mobile accident. You've got to watch Sammy real close to know what he's thinkin'."

Allie rubbed her straight nose with the back of her hand. "It seems odd for a man as big as Sammy to be so—so shy. Aunt Sarah tells me he never bothered much with girls. . . . My, he has tremendous shoulders!"

"Honey, it ain't that he's shy. He was on crutches till he was sixteen; that accounts for his chest an' shoulders. But it made him miss a lot in high school. He was out for over a year, when his foot was op'rated on, an' that made him finish late. 'Bout the only thing he was good at was swimmin'."

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

So many people are highly educated these days that there aren't enough left to do the work.

—CHAL HERRY.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

"It doesn't seem to interfere with his work," Allie said, and slicked the icing around the cake's golden edge.

"I should say not!" Mrs. Crammer warmly exclaimed. "He just 'bout runs this place. It's only that—" A sudden yell brought her off the stool and spun her to the window. "Merciful heavens! David's slidin' down the barn roof! . . . There! His feet's caught in the gutter!"

The screen door bounced behind her as she hurried out onto the path. "David! Don't you dast move! You hear me? You lay quiet till they fetch a ladder!"

Her command was unneeded. David lay flat on his stomach, doing his best to imitate a wet postage stamp. His toes rested in the metal gutter.

Sammy and his grandfather came hurrying from the barn, carrying a ladder. Mr. Crammer's white hair sparkled in the sunlight.

"There he is without a hat!" Mrs. Crammer panted as she hustled down the path, dimly aware that Allie was following. "The older he gits the more stubborn he gits. A man sixty-eight hadn't ought to risk sunstroke."

They set the ladder against the roof, and Sammy went up it, agile as a monkey. At the top, he scooped up David and came down with the boy tucked casually under one arm.

As Sammy's feet touched ground, Mr. Crammer reached for David and draped him over a knee. Then he applied the butt end of a shingle with the certainty of much practice.

"There!" he said. "Feller come off a roof like this last year an' broke both legs. Druv the hips right outa the sockets."

David danced and rubbed the seat of his shorts. "Gee, grandpa," he said, his eyes moistly brilliant, "you didn't have to hit a in the same place!"

Allie turned suddenly, her shoulders shaking. Mrs. Crammer bit her lip. She must not laugh; this was serious. But, oh, how hot it must have got under that shingle!

"You're my gran'son," the tall old man gravely told him. "I don't cal'late to see you in a wheel chair. Now, what in thunder made you go up on that roof after I'd told you to keep off?"

"Well," David said tremulously, "I figured it didn't rise more than six inches to the foot, and my sneakers would hold on that."

"Your figurin' was good," the old man conceded, "far as it went. But you didn't allow for them shingles bein' mossy an' slippery as sin. Next time you think you've outfigured me, you let me know first."

"Dinner'll be ready in a half hour," Mrs. Crammer announced. "David, you come along with me. My! Your clothes is a sight . . . all green moss. You'll have to change. . . . An' what-ever happened to your forehead?"

"It was that hen," David informed her as he walked in a subdued manner at her side. "I found the nest and reached in under her to see if the eggs had hatched, and she ruffled her feathers and pecked me."

Mrs. Crammer looked back and saw that Allie had lingered to talk to Sammy. "I told you not to m'lest her," she drewled, "but I guess she punished you enough."

"But I didn't," David protested. "I was very careful putting my hand in and —"

"Sonny, a settin' hen is hard to convince. She sees a feller reachin' for a egg, an' she gits right into action. . . . Now you hustle into some clean duds, so's we won't have to wait dinner for you."

Sammy was unusually quiet at dinner, which meant that he talked scarcely at all. Allie, while she talked politely, refused to look at Sammy. Mrs. Crammer felt this undercurrent of restraint, and wondered. Sammy had seemed so pleased that the girl was coming.

"I don't see," Allie sighed, "how anyone avoids getting fat with such cooking."

"Fat melts off Sammy like grease off a griddle," Mrs. Crammer said, "an' Mr. Crammer never puts on weight. He didn't eat enough to keep a hen layin' a few years back when Sammy was away to git his foot fixed. I used to set it on, set it off, day after day."

Mr. Crammer looked at his grandson and blushed.

David stuffed his last bite of cake and looked briskly around the table. "What are we going to do this afternoon?" he asked of no one in particular.

"I'm goin' down by the crick after strawberries," his grandmother said. "It'll likely be cooler there. You may come if you're a mind to. . . . Sammy, why don't you take Allie in the jeep an' show her some of these back roads? They're real pretty now, an' there's a nice view up on the hill. Afterwards you can drive her back to Painter's Lick." *Not that Allie ain't seen 'em before,* she thought, *but one reason's good as another to git them together.*

"Sure," Sammy said, but he looked startled, and color seeped into his brown face. "I'd be glad to."

Allie looked at her plate. "That would be very nice," she said properly.

"But I'd like to get back in time to do some packing. I have to catch the six-o'clock bus."

"Bus! Why, you—I thought you were out here on vacation," Mrs. Crammer stammered.

"Only for two days to see Aunt Sarah," the girl replied. "I'm going to Maine with some friends."

Mrs. Crammer felt a sinking inside her. She glanced quickly at Sammy, but his face was expressionless behind a tide of cigarette smoke. "Well," she said slowly, "I guess Sammy can git you to town in time. You better git started now, so you won't miss anything."

After David had gone out to watch the expedition start; Mrs. Crammer took a sip of coffee, but it had grown cold and tasteless. And the sparkle had gone out of the day. It would be just like last year; Sammy hadn't spoken and Allie would go away again with nothing accomplished.

"They must have quarreled," she said drearily, "after David and I come in. Did you hear anything, Mr. Crammer?"

Mr. Crammer shook his head over the pipe he was filling. "I went to the barn. . . . Now, mother, don't you take on. Sammy's young yet. Plenty time for him to git married."

"I don't care." She dabbed at her eyes with a napkin. "She's the only girl Sammy ever paid any attention to, an' I know she's in love with him. I can tell by the way she talks, an' when he went up the ladder after David, she was nervous as a hen with chicks. It does seem such a shame!"

"Well," her husband conceded, "t'would be nice to have kids in the house again." He got up and kissed her cheek. "It's been a long time, mother." Thoroughly upset by this display of emotion, he tramped from the room.

It was hotter in the gently sloping meadow than she had thought. Heat shimmered in glassy waves, and a soft wind pushed it around fitfully. Two hundred yards off, the creek appeared around a brush-covered mound, its voice distinctly audible.

Mrs. Crammer politely waited for a bumblebee to finish his investigation of a berry before plumping it into her half-filled pail.

David approached from the farm lane that entered this end of the meadow. "My pail's about full, grandma. And I'm thirsty. Is that brook water all right to drink?"

"I wouldn't, lamb." She dried her face on a handkerchief and sat down on a convenient outcropping of shale. "It comes straight down from the mountain, but there's no tellin' what it passes through on the way. Try eatin' a few berries."

"I did," her grandson replied. "It helped some, but not much. . . . That brook is making a lot more noise than it did this morning."

"More'n likely," Mrs. Crammer agreed, trying to whip up a breeze with her handkerchief. "An' it'll prob'ly git louder. All the little streams that drain the mountain is swelled by last night's rain. They dump their water into this one."

David considered this and absently rubbed the spot marked by his grandfather's shingle. "It rained last night," he remarked. "It's funny it didn't show up this morning. It was only about up to my knees."

"Tain't so peculiar as you might think, son. Takes time for it to work down. I've seen the crick run bank-

high when we ain't had a lick of rain in this section for a week. Should you want to know, it's called a flash flood. . . . I see your pail's 'bout full. Do you want to pick more? You may dump some in mine."

David tipped a stream of bright red berries into his grandmother's pail, but it was plain that his mind was on other matters. "I think I'll take a look at the brook."

"Do so, sonny. You might soak your feet an' cool off some. But don't tumble in. When the crick's high it runs awful fast."

"I'll be careful, grandma," the boy promised.

She watched his striped jersey and brown shorts, his tan arms and legs and black head dwindle toward the creek. Presently he vanished behind the mound around which the stream curved.

Mrs. Crammer risked a peek at the sun and decided it was close to four o'clock. She wondered how Sammy was getting along with Allie. Surely he would drive down here to show her the creek in flood. The fact that he hadn't yet appeared encouraged her. She further encouraged herself by eating a few berries. She walked around a clump of high canes and came face to face with a cow. They stared at each other for the space of ten seconds before Mrs. Crammer felt startled. Mr. Crammer never pastured the cows in the meadow when there was any chance

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Woman's crowning glory is a man's scalp.

—RICHELLE WADDELL.

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of a flood, for fear they would get stranded beyond the creek. Perhaps this one had found a hole in the fence and wandered down here.

"What you doin' here, Lizzie?" she demanded.

But Lizzie blew softly through her nostrils and started to graze. Mrs. Crammer looked up and saw other cows meandering into sight from behind the mound.

"Well, Lizzie," she said, "I'm glad you ain't a fence breaker. My gee! I hope none of them dumb cows is across the crick! There ain't no way of gittin' 'em back till the water goes down."

David appeared, following the cows. Then he left them and came over to his grandmother. He said, without his usual confidence, "Will it hurt a cow to skip a milking?"

"I won't do her no good, partic'larly if she's just freshened. Why, sonny?" David scrubbed the back of his leg with a foot. "There's five cows across the creek, and they can't seem to get back. I called them, but they wouldn't come."

Mrs. Crammer felt a tide of worry arise from her corset top. David rubbed his sweaty face with a sticky paw and left a smudge under his right eye. His grandmother thought, *The boy's scared*. She put down her pail and said placidly, "We'll go see. Maybe it ain't high as you think."

Trotting beside her over the uneven meadow, David said, "I had it all fig— How long will it be before the water goes down, grandma?"

"That depends, child," Mrs. Crammer panted. "Prob'ly by tomorrow mornin', 'less there's been more rain on the mountain than I think. Maybe it ain't so bad, anyway."

But the stream was bad. It was running almost to the top of its steep banks, and it was humming an angry song. Mrs. Crammer stopped short of the edge and watched the swift current eat a chunk of sod. Somehow, all this brown-and-white turbulence seemed out of place in the placid meadow. Now she could see the five cows forlornly stranded on the opposite bank.

Seeing her, they moved down along the stream in single file, mooing anxiously, and she felt a sense of futility. "My sakes!" she panted. "Do they expect me to fetch 'em across on my back? That's Matilda in the lead, an' she just had her calf two weeks ago."

David squirmed uneasily beside her. "It's bad, isn't it, grandma?"

For a boy fresh on the farm, Mrs. Crammer thought, *he's mighty concerned*. But her mind was too occupied with the cows' plight to delve for the reason. The cows bawled, the stream gurgled and roared, and above this racket there sounded the metallic clatter of a motor.

"Praise be! It's Sammy!" Mrs. Crammer exclaimed. And then the jeep whirled into view around a bend in the farm lane. It bumped and jiggled across the meadow and jolted to a stop at the stream's bank.

Allie Powers unclutched her hands from the side and pushed back reddish curls from her smooth forehead. Sammy swung his long legs over the side and took three steps to Mrs. Crammer.

"My, Sammy! How'd you know to come down?"

"Saw 'em from top of the Knob, gramma. Stopped at the barn for some rope." He stared past her at David, his brown face stern. "Grampa told you to put the cows in the upper pasture. Heard him tell you when I was milkin'."

David miserably squirmed and ground a sneaker on the sod. "Grandpa was afraid the stream was too high. I tested it and it only came to my knees. I was going to surprise him."

"He'll be surprised," Sammy said intensely. He swung around to the jeep and hauled out a coil of thin rope. "Can you drive, Allie?"

Her eyes opened wide, but she nodded and slid behind the wheel.

"Sammy!" Mrs. Crammer screamed. "What you fixin' to do?"

Sammy bent down and attached the rope to the jeep's rear. "Those cows have got to come across," he said. "The crick's goin' higher. Grampa heard on the phone that Painter's Lick is already flooded. I'm goin' over an' put this rope on 'em."

"That's the most ridiculousest thing I ever heard of!" she panted. "You know perfectly well that current's somethin' fierce, an' you with only one good f— Davy, run quick an' fetch your gran'pa!"

But Davy stood as though rooted, watching in anguished silence as Sammy limped to the stream.

"Sammy!"—Mrs. Crammer batted a strand of white hair from her steaming face. "Don't you —"

Sammy left the bank in a clean dive and was gone. Cold clutched at Mrs. Crammer's throat. She stared at the roily surface rolling past and whimpered, "Sammy."

His wet black head shot up twenty feet downstream and well out toward the center. The current hurled him along at a furious rate, but now his awesome arms flailed water and it seemed no time at all before he crawled, wet and dripping, up the opposite bank. He turned and slung hair back

from his eyes and held up an arm. "Let's have the rope, Dave!"

David picked up the coiled rope and slung it out in a high, curving arc. Sammy pounced upon the end. Then he fashioned a noose and stalked the nearest cow.

Mrs. Crammer heaved a sigh of relief and found her clenched fingers had left nail marks in her palms. "That's Matilda," she said. "She's kind of a bellwether. If he gits her, the rest'll come easy."

Matilda regarded the advancing Sammy with mild suspicion, but, with only a switch of her tail, permitted the noose to encircle her head. Sammy adjusted the knot so the pull would come under her jaw, and waved his hand.

Allie put the jeep into gear and eased it slowly ahead. As the pull came, Matilda braced her feet. They slipped in the mud and she plowed downslope and hit the stream with a splash. Once in, she abandoned resistance and swam mightily. As the current struck her broadside, she went downstream in a decreasing arc. The jeep's motor purred, and Allie pointed it upstream at a spot where the bank shelved.

Presently Matilda snorted and scrambled out, sleek and dripping. David patted her consolingly as he loosed the rope.

It was past five, by Mrs. Crammer's reckoning, when Sammy slipped the noose around the last cow. She noticed with concern that his limp had grown worse. Maybe his foot had twisted on the rocky stream bottom. Now he eased himself into the water and came across hanging onto the cow's tail. In the slack water of a backwash he released his hold, and the cow scrambled out.

Mrs. Crammer dabbed a wad of handkerchief at her face and watched water ripple about his waist. He took a step and stumbled, sagging sideways in a slow turning that brought his back to the bank. He went down easily and gently in the shallow water, grinning up at her as though it were a huge joke. His head seemed scarcely to brush the rock bulging from the bank. Then his face became blank and his eyes closed. He lay limply in water to his armpits, and the slight motion of the backwash began to tug him from the bank.

A scream tore itself from Mrs. Crammer's throat. She lurched forward, but David was ahead of her, flinging himself down the muddy bank. He got his hands under Sammy's shoulders and held him. Then there was a flurry of skirts about slim legs, and Allie was beside him, her eyes the color of dark, damp pansies.

They tugged at him until his shoulders were out of water and Allie sat down and took his head on her lap. "He's dead," she whispered in white-faced despair.

Sammy stirred, down all his long length. His eyes twitched and opened, and he fought up to a sitting position, shaking his head. He looked dully at the water flowing over his legs and said, "What happened?" in a weary voice.

Allie put a steadying hand on his shoulder, and David squealed in excitement, "You hit your head on a rock. Gee, what a wallop! You were out for about a minute!"

Sammy rubbed his wet head and winced. "Sfunny. I remember falling, but nothing after that. Didn't feel a thing. Hey! You're sittin' in water, an' you're all muddy an' — Why, you're crying!"

Allie raised a hand from the water and rubbed her nose. She regarded him strangely for a moment and said in a weak voice, "I—I thought you were d-dead."

Mrs. Crammer could see that Sammy was emotionally aroused by the way his ears worked. "Aw," he said, "I was awful clumsy . . . an' look at your clothes. They're spoiled."

"As though it mattered!" Allie gave a broken little laugh. "It's only a skirt made of some flowered feed sack Aunt Sarah gave me."

Sammy assimilated this information in silence. Then he put a brown finger under her chin and tilted her face up.

"You don't mind my foot . . . my not bein' able to get around so good?"

She shook her head vigorously. "And you wouldn't mind livin' on the farm?"

"I—I'd love it!"

After that they sat in the water and looked at each other. David regarded them doubtfully and came up beside Mrs. Crammer. When he looked back, Sammy was helping Allie up the bank. They walked off downstream, dripping and hand in hand.

"Well!" Mrs. Crammer said. "Well! I guess they'll git along real good. Allie understands him without him talkin' much, which is a real help."

"I guess," David said, "they're going to get married. Don't you think so, grandma?"

"'Twouldn't s'prise me none, boy. An' now you hustle an' git those cows started for home. It's close to milkin' time."

David's hand started for the seat of his shorts. "If grandpa spanks me again, I hope he picks the other side."

"Honey, I guess you've learned your lesson," his grandmother assured him. "An' when Mr. Crammer hears you've had a hand in gittin' Sammy engaged, although unbeknownst to you, he'll likely look to see if you're sproutin' wings."

She kissed his damp forehead and started him off.

Now, she thought, I'll git home an' stir up a batch of biscuits. Allie'll certainly stay for supper . . . an', oh, won't it be fine when there's kids in the house again. But ain't it funny what goes on in folks' minds. Whoever would've dreamed he was holdin' back account of his foot. Compared to the way he used to be, he's practic'ly well. An' if he'd only asked, I could've told him quick as a wink that was a feed-bag skirt. I've got the same pattern in my kitchen curtains. But I s'pose it's not knowin' what folks is thinkin' all the time that makes 'em so int'resting, kind of. THE END

## ALASKA'S THUNDERING HERDS

(Continued from Page 19)

the sound of their hoofs on the tundra moss carrying like a long roll of drums. For a day, perhaps for a week, the herd files past, and the hunting rifles crash and the skinning knives are busy. Then suddenly the caribou are gone, vanished into the vast distances of the north.

The leaders of this herd were coming down a boulder-strewn hillside from a saddle-bag pass that led back into the inner fastnesses of the Alaska Range. Even in this deceptive, luminous moon haze you could tell they were woodland caribou, the giants of the *rangifer* family. Buck and the gelding stood side by side, watching them come on. I could hear antlers clashing and the low thunder of hoofs on the rocks. It was a big herd. There were at least a thousand in view now, and others still were jamming the pass. We watched them as they passed us and streamed down through the willow clumps to the black timber a half mile below. There was no use trying to pick a head in this light. Besides, I knew we could follow them on horseback in the morning and take our time selecting a first-rate trophy. We brought our sleeping bags outside and watched the herd pour down the shadowy valley until the moon dropped behind the peaks.

Buck and I had to choose his head under the most difficult conditions of all—in heavy timber. When the herd had made its midnight march past our camp, it went down to a hillside stand of white spruce and halted to rest. When we sighted them from an opposite slope, they were standing motionless, spread out evenly through a mile of timber, each animal facing into the wind. There were some good trophies in view at the rim of the timber, but neither of us was willing to settle for one of them. We were victims of the caribou hunter's optimistic faith that any moment now we would spot a better head.

We Injured into the timber. The wind was blowing the long way of the slope. As nearly as I could tell, we were at the center of the herd's flank, with as many caribou upwind as downwind. We both knew it was inevitable that we would spook the herd, but we hoped that before this happened we would find a bigger head than any we had seen. A flock of grouse and a switch in the wind brought the matter to a sudden and unexpected climax. We could see, beyond a clump of scarlet willow brush, the white gleam of a bull's cape and the tops of what appeared to be a very fine head. We were moving toward

the animal as quietly as we could put our feet down, when the flock of grouse boomed up in front of us and went rocketing through the timber. The bull snorted, and we caught the flash of his flag. In heavy timber, caribou spook as easily as deer, and are just as crafty. We crouched, hoping this big fellow would prove an exception, and that he presently would decide everything was all right.

At this moment I felt the wind on the back of my neck, whereas a moment before it had been on my right cheek. It had treacherously shifted, in a matter of seconds, a nasty habit of mountain winds. There immediately was a large swirl of action and confusion. The bull we were stalking departed at high speed, and for a half mile downwind we could hear caribou stampeding. The rest is a jumble of disjointed recollections. When the caribou downwind got our scent and fled, the caribou upwind heard them and followed pell-mell.

We backed up against a tangle of windfalls and watched them stream past. The forest was filled with the sound of brush cracking, snags being knocked down, antlers banging together, bulls and cows snorting, and calves blatting. You could smell the animals, a warm ammoniac smell like that of a corral. To our left there was an open space of about sixty feet. Buck took a stance like a trapshooter and swung his rifle with each animal that sailed across this space. I kept watch on our flank for bulls that might turn belligerent upon encountering us.

I didn't see Buck shoot. When the shot crashed, I turned in time to see his bull come down in midstride on his knees and go over in a high somersault on his back in a mess of brush. When the last of the herd had passed, we went over to the carcass. The bull had fallen so hard that his antlers had gone deep into the forest mold. We had to drag the carcass backward to free them.

It was a good head, heavy and branchy, the true tall woodland type, without the curved beams and basket formation that characterizes barren-ground heads. Buck had taken the head because it had twin brow shovels, one of the points of a good caribou trophy.

"Starting now," Buck said with conviction when the last of the herd had gone, "you can write me down as a caribou fan. That was the best show I ever saw."

As nothing else in the game ranges will, the trek of the caribou herds gives you a sense of the wilderness, of being remote from civilization, a century away from the urgencies of urban existence. It is the greatest wildlife show left on the continent since the last of the buffalo thundered down across the Comanche prairies. I have watched the migrations with sports-

men, professional woodsmen, Indians and Eskimos, and have never known a man who wasn't thrilled by them.

But the caribou are in trouble. One of the chief reasons for this article is to point out the imperative need for better protection. In the past, the herds were taken for granted, as the buffalo were. Sourdough woodsmen maintained until comparatively recently that the animals never could be killed out. When I was a youngster following the Arctic and sub-Arctic fur trails, the caribou were so numerous it was easy to understand why this belief was generally held. In the Isabella Pass alone, one of the migration tracks south of Fairbanks, the game commission, as recently as the autumn of 1930, counted 500,000 caribou. Because the animals were so plentiful, too many Alaskans considered them open to unrestricted use.

There was, of course, a legal bag limit, and penalties for violations were set forth in the game law. But the game commission's enforcement organization was so inadequate as to be pitiful. The wardens for the most part were sincere, hard-working men, but there simply were not enough of them and they had almost no transportation facilities. The consequence was that in the matter of bag limits a backwoodsman's chief guide was his conscience.

It followed that presently the caribou failed to appear on some of the migration routes. Game-management people, questioned about this by sportsmen, cast about for an explanation of the phenomenon—which was, after all, no more their fault than that of the public at large. They finally gave it as their honest opinion that the animals, for some unaccountable reason, had merely abandoned one route for another. There were, it was pointed out, still plenty of caribou, so why get unduly excited? Herds of 10,000 to 15,000 were common.

It was wishful thinking, but not until a few weeks ago was a bombshell exploded under it. This was when Dr. Ira N. Gabrielson, former director of the Bureau of Biological Survey, now engaged in research work for the Fish and Wildlife Service, declared that to the best of his professional ability to estimate their numbers, there are now not more than 100,000 caribou in the territory. If this sounds as if there still are a great many caribou in Alaska, remember that seventeen years ago a single migration of 500,000 filed through the narrow gap of Isabella Pass. Simple arithmetic shows that if the average rate of decrease in the caribou herds over the past seventeen years is permitted to continue for even the next five years, the caribou population will be zero.

The appalling loss of caribou is due entirely to misuse and the complete lack of protection from wolves. There

is not the excuse in Alaska, as in the case of the buffalo, antelope and elk in the States, that the caribou's range has been usurped for farm and grazing land. The ancient range is still here, millions of miles of it, without an ax mark or a fire scar, unchanged since the Age of Stone. All the barbed wire in Alaska wouldn't fence one Dakota wheat ranch, and you could lose all the plowed ground in a corner of an Iowa county. Nor can the swift and drastic decrease in the herds be laid even in part to increased hunting by nonresident sportsmen. The kills made by all the visiting sportsmen who came to Alaska for trophies in the past quarter century wouldn't have accounted for the normal increase, for example, of the herds that used to come through Broad Pass in the Alaska Range. Nor, moreover, can the decrease be attributed to disease, for the caribou is a singularly hardy species. Distasteful as it may be, the incontrovertible fact is that the destructive agents have been resident meat hunters and the far-ranging, eternally blood-hungry wolf packs.

Probably the wolves have done the greatest damage. Every woodsman you meet in the north has tales to tell of their bloody assaults on the herds. They spend their lives following the migrations. A bitch wolf rears her whelps in the mountains where the caribou come in spring with their fawns. Almost as soon as the pups' eyes are open she starts carrying her belly full of fawn meat to her den and disgorging it for them. She teaches them to kill by crippling fawns and letting them worry the helpless animals to death with their puppy teeth.

On the Chulitna River, under the glacier-studded south slope of Mt. McKinley, I saw a pair of black wolves make a typical kill. I was above timber line looking for bear, and had noticed what I thought was a scattering of large rocks across a wide summer snow slope a half mile distant. I looked at them through my binoculars and saw that the dark objects were caribou. It was a hot day and the animals had climbed to the snow for coolness and to avoid the autumn plague of flies. They were on their feet now, moving about nervously. In a moment I saw the reason. Two wolves were crossing the snow some distance above them. The wolves presently left the snow and went out of sight among the rocks, to appear a few minutes later on the snow only a few hundred feet from the caribou. The band at once fled, pouring down a shale-littered bench, making for the timber. The wolves easily outdistanced them. They drove in on the flank of the band and succeeded in cutting out a young bull, which they scientifically hazed into a narrow, sheer-sided gully.

Their teamwork was perfect. One wolf leaped repeatedly at the bull's

head while the other chopped at the luckless animal's hamstrings. They were professionals working at their trade and they knew precisely what the end of this was going to be. At last one of the bull's hind legs went out from under him. He kept turning desperately, hobbling on three legs, and the wolves kept slashing at him. When his remaining hind leg buckled, the tendon cut, the two wolves moved away a few feet and sat down, tongues lolling, to rest. The bull, propped on his front legs, wearily slewed himself around to face them, antlers lowered, doomed, but still defiant.

The second part of the incident was something out of a nightmare. One of the wolves flashed in and sank its teeth in the bull's nose and hung on. The other then ripped open the animal's flank as quickly as it could have been done with a knife. With my glasses I saw the pair of them pull the intestines from the still-living bull, apparently to strip the fat from them. They ignored the feeble efforts of the bull to strike them with his antlers. I jacked up my sight and tried a long-range shot. I missed, and the wolves skulked back into the rocks. The bull was dead when I left.

The game commission, stirred into action by reports of wolf depredations among the herds, is attempting a campaign against them, but its funds and staff of trained personnel hardly seem equal to the job. For instance, its appropriation for this year was only \$180,000, according to announcement made by Delegate to Congress Bob Bartlett. This was in a recent speech warning Alaskans that their game is vanishing at an alarming rate, and that "vigorous action is necessary." Considering that Alaska's game has been evaluated by the Fish and Wildlife Service at \$100,000,000, and that it is officially conceded that it is disappearing and that closer and more effective management is imperative to save it, the appropriation of \$180,000 strikes one as being mighty small potatoes indeed.

To explain what I meant by the past misuse of caribou, let me cite a few examples. One fall a couple of decades ago, Old Frank Lee and I were freighting an outfit by pack train into the game-filled wilderness west of Mt. McKinley National Park. When we were part way down a clear-water creek flowing off the geological divide between the Kantishna and Kuskokwim watersheds, we began seeing lone caribou calves in the thickets. Bewildered and frightened, they blatted at our horses, and one or two followed us forlornly until they got our scent. Ravens, full-gorged, flapped up heavily from brush clumps above us. A red fox yapped at us from a nest of tumbled boulders. Old Frank, wilderness-wise, looked at me and shook his head.

"Somebody's put on one heck of a killing around here," he asserted. "The mommas of them calves has been hung in the meat cache; and now the wolves are gonna git the young 'uns; an' they know it, too, the poor little dickenses."

A week or so later, stopping in at a mining camp on the main river, we met the chap who had done the killing. He was an old-timer, a dog musher who freighted and carried mail during the winter. At the moment, he was hugely disgruntled. He told us he had killed fifty caribou, dressed them and rafted them down the river for winter dog food. But then, doggone it, the weather had perversely turned warm and every last carcass had soured. So now he had to wait for another herd to show up, and go out and do it all over again.

This was no isolated incident. Dog mushers all over the high north were feeding their teams caribou meat. It was accepted practice. In most cases a man had twice as many dogs as he needed, but would have felt that his rights as a citizen and pioneer were being trampled upon if he had been required to get rid of part of them. Indians and Eskimos especially were guilty in this respect. Among them, large dog teams were a mark of prestige. Of course, it was necessary to kill a good many caribou to feed them, but then what of it? There were plenty of caribou, weren't there? Thousands of brush dog kennels, at camps and settlements strung from Point Barrow to the Nushagak, were inches deep in caribou hair and ringed by caribou bones.

For added emphasis on the game-use errors of the past, the results of which we are now about to pay for in shortened hunting seasons, curtailed bag limits and, one hopes, increased appropriations for game management, let me give one more horrible example. My reason is not to rattle old skeletons but to show that hundreds of thousands of caribou did not just simply disappear through some sad and as yet unfathomed biological process.

I was hunting in the Broad Pass, near the then new Alaska Railroad grade in the vicinity of Cantwell, in the Alaska Range, one Sunday when I

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### FALSE WITNESS

Malice plants the stealthy seeds.

Gossip nurtures them to weeds.

Truth will scorch them, but requires

Bearers unafraid of fires.

—RICHARD F. ARMKNECHT

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heard a fusillade of rifle shots a short distance from me, apparently on the grade. Thinking the shots were fired by a party of hunters I had met the previous evening at the local roadhouse, I headed in that direction to find out what sort of trophy they had taken. But it turned out the gunners were a party of immigrant section laborers. They had improved their day of leisure by going ahunting.

Each man carried a brand-new rifle. Above them, coming down off a stony hill to the bottomland thickets, was a small band of little barren-ground caribou, and the three merry riflemen were shooting at them. They killed two as I stood watching them, but instead of going out to the carcasses, they continued on up the grade, laughing and chatting amiably.

"How many do you guys usually kill before you take time out to dress them?" I asked.

"Huh? What do you mean—dress them?"

"Aren't you going to take those caribou to camp?"

"No, no. No take to camp. Cook he's got too moch meat already. We just try out the new gons. Fine gons." The speaker affectionately patted the stock of his rifle. "Strong like hell."

Well, you get the idea.

The game commission, striving earnestly within its limited means to salvage what remains of the once-great herds, has shortened the hunting season, cut down the bag limit and closed the areas along the migration routes where formerly some of the heavy killing was done. A resident may kill two

caribou a year, a nonresident one. Guides and woodsmen generally approve the changes, but the law needs closer enforcement than the game commission at present is able to give it with its small staff of field men and inadequate facilities for airplane patrol. Moreover—and this is the bugaboo—tightening of the game laws has no effect whatever on those tireless killers, the great gray timber wolves.

As all sportsmen who have taken caribou trophies will bear witness, old *rangifer* will supply as much sport and as many thrills as any other member of the northern deer tribe. The old bulls have tricks uniquely their own—dramatic tricks. For example, on the Wood River bars one autumn a big white-maned woodland bull put on an exhibition for Jim Wilson and me that for a moment or two was a bit too exciting. We were bringing our pack train up a muddy flat under the Kansas Creek delta, on our way to the sheep hills above the glaciers at the head of the river, when a band of about fifty caribou burst out of the timber and circled upwind of us.

The herd bull halted directly ahead, some 200 yards distant, and reared straight up, pawing the air to maintain his balance. With his head thrown back, nose pointed at the sky and his fine antlers lying back along his neck and withers, he looked ten feet tall. He came down with a ringing snort and charged straight at us, his band following in close formation like trained cavalry horses. They came on until they were within fifty yards of us, then veered off to circle up wind and charged as before.

Jim, to whom this was something new, said in a strained voice, "They're gonna go through us this time, sure as the devil!"

He yanked his rifle out of the saddle boot and stepped off. Unfortunately, he was watching the caribou instead of his footing, and the result was he turned his ankle and pitched face down in the glacier slime. The herd bull meanwhile had swerved away again with his band. I had dismounted to help Jim wipe off the mud when our pack horses, excited by the caribou, suddenly broke into a trot. The corner of a pack pannier struck me in the small of my back as a horse barged past me, and this time both Jim and I went down. Jim rolled over, wiping mud out of his eyes with his shirt sleeve and clutching for his rifle.

"Are we winning or losing?" he mumbled anxiously.

No other American game animal, save perhaps the antelope, has more curiosity than the caribou. A band of them will circle a pack train for hours, charging in for a close look, then whirling away as if terrified. Their monkey-shines in this respect always fascinate pack horses. Range-bred horses in particular invariably try to break out of the string and join the band.

Tex Cobb and I received an object lesson in this one fall on Yanert River. We had dismounted to look over the heads in a band, and had dropped our bridle reins—"tying them to the ground"—as we always did. The pack animals had halted behind us and were calmly browsing on long-leaf-willow brush. None of the horses had as yet seen the caribou.

We had spotted a head with double brow shovels and were trying to count the points when behind us there was the sudden clatter of never-slip horse-shoes on the rocks. Our string had sighted the caribou and was moving out toward them. The two saddle

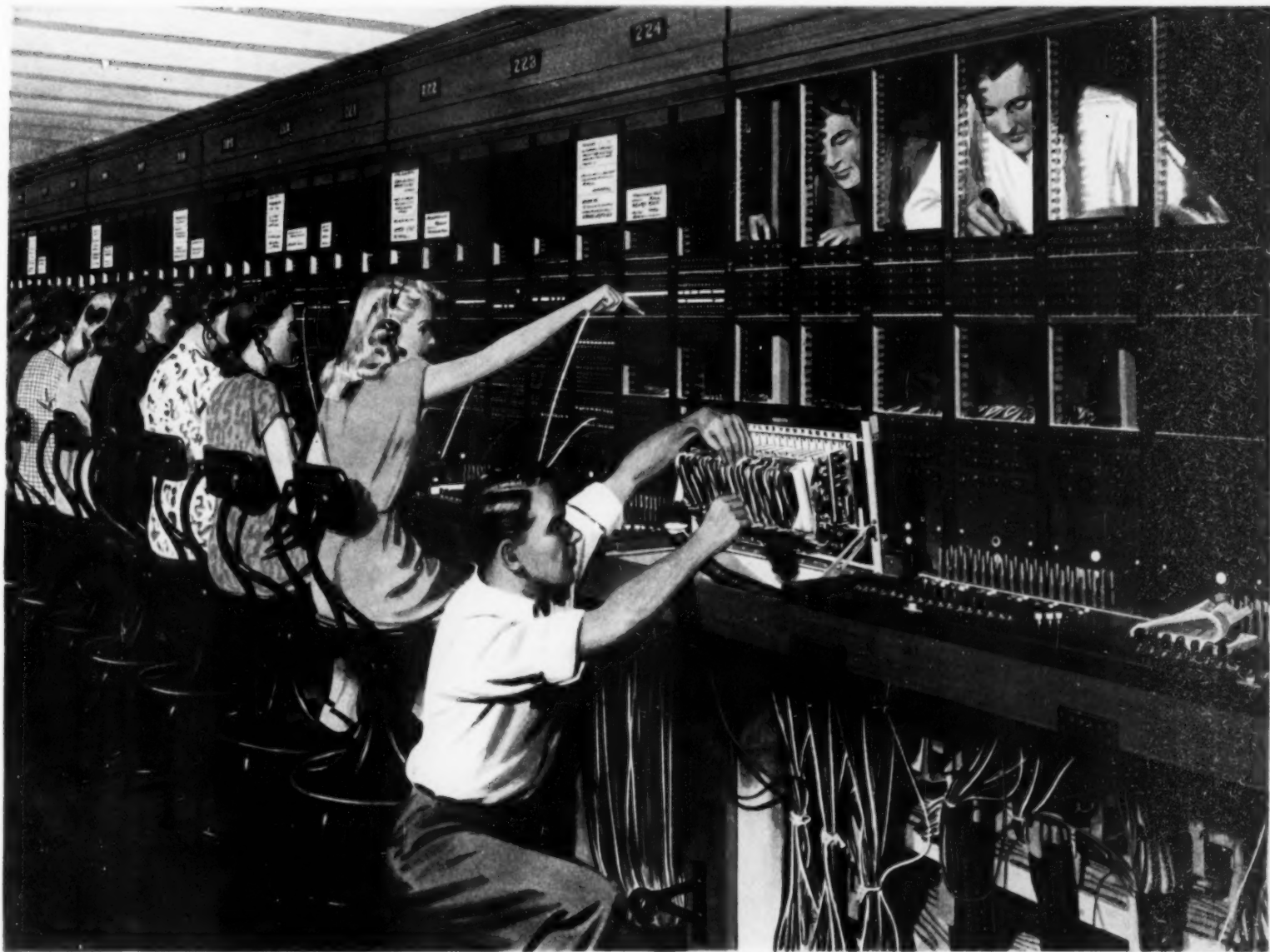
mounts were going along, craftily holding their heads to one side, so they wouldn't step on the reins. We ran after them, yelling "Whoa!" commandingly at first, then pleadingly. What happened would have been a fair comedy routine in any Wild West show. The caribou played tag with the horses and with us. We could have frightened the caribou away by firing a shot over them, but we were afraid the horses would follow. If the horses had forded the main channel of the river and lined out over the horizon after the caribou, we would have been left here in a remote corner of the wilderness with only our rifles and the clothes we stood in. Fortunately, one of the packs slipped and we captured the horse carrying it and used the animal bareback to round up the others.

The most difficult thing in caribou hunting, aside from the crystal-ball job of locating a migration and intercepting it, is selecting a head. The usual procedure is to size up the heads within binocular range and then make a stalk for a closer look at the best one, but this works only when the animals are resting or feeding. If the caribou are on the march, the job of picking out a head and getting close enough for a shot becomes a notably tough one. You usually find yourself racing at top speed across the tundra, dodging from one bit of cover to another, to get ahead of the animals in the hope of ambushing them. As the bands commonly are scattered over a considerable area, some of the animals are bound to get your scent and stampede. The ones you are stalking see the warning flash of the spooked animals' flags, so that often your only reward for your labor is a general exodus.

Worse, when a herd is on the march past you, you seldom are willing to concede that any particular head is the best one available. You have the conviction that one with more inches and points will be along in a moment, and so hesitate to advise your hunter to expend his ticket. My experience has been that practically without fail, when your hunter has just dropped his bull, and you have measured the head and are congratulating the chap on having taken the sure-enough gem of the tundra, a bull walks out of a thicket at spit-ball range with a hayrack of antlers tall and heavy enough to be in a museum. I'll bet this has happened to me a dozen times. It's got so I can count on it. It has reached the point where I start getting nervous the moment a kill is made. I want to get my hunter the blazes back to camp while he is still satisfied with his trophy and my judgment.

I hope that an increasing number of sportsmen will visit the caribou country and become enthusiastic fans of old *rangifer*, because in his present predicament he needs a lot of friends. A short while ago I saw something symbolic of this. I was on the rim of a snow-dusted bowl under the Talkeetna peaks. A ribby cow, limping, was making her way with her calf down toward timber. Above her circled two golden eagles. On the opposite sky line, silhouetted against the stark white hills, sat three wolves, apparently a female and two pups. The wolves had seen me and were biding their time. There was no hurry. The crippled cow couldn't escape. They knew this, and the golden eagles seemed to know it. I suppose the cow knew it. But she was doing all she could, heading northward in the wake of the herd, crippling along, striving to reach the only safety she knew. I hope she made it.

THE END



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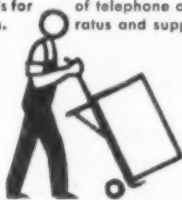
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# How "Rich" are Our Corporations?

By L. ROBERT DRIVER

**G**OVERNMENT bodies and private commentators vie with one another to dazzle the rest of us with figures purporting to show the vast profits which the corporations are making, while ordinary people have more than they can do to stretch their incomes to cover the cost of living. Talk about huge profits, surpluses and bank balances belonging to corporations has obscured the real story about the plight of American corporations after the war—namely, that they will be desperately short of capital as soon as material is available for providing new tools and rehabilitating their worn-out plants.

At the end of the war, in 1945, American corporations had less equity capital by at least \$7,000,000,000 than they had in 1930. This is shown by the fact that during that sixteen-year period, 1930 to 1945 inclusive, they paid out \$11,400,000,000 more in dividends than they earned and sold \$4,400,000,000 in new equity securities. If we add to this the fact that their debt capital with a maturity of more than one year decreased by more than \$10,000,000,000 during the same period, it will be seen that the decrease in capital available to corporations is at least \$17,000,000,000. They lived in the '30's and early '40's on the fat accumulated before 1930.

The large profits and surpluses now assumed to be making investors rich represent only a fraction of the money needed to replenish this deficit in capital—that is to say, to re-equip American industry for the job of producing the things which Americans, to say nothing of the other peoples of

the world, so urgently need. In so far as the tax laws of the nation permit it, depreciation reserves are set up by corporations to replace worn-out and obsolete property at original cost. The amounts, which seem staggering when sent out over the newsagency wires as "50 per cent increase in profits over 1939," do not bulk very large when set beside the amounts our corporations will need to keep abreast of technical progress and world demand for goods.

There are still some Americans thrifty and methodical enough to put aside a stated amount each year to buy a new car when the present car has reached the obsolescent state. A man who has followed that practice for the past few years will find that the amount he has saved, while ample to buy a car at 1939 prices, is far from enough to buy a new car today. But his teen-age son, if given a peek at the bankbook, might conclude that pop was rich enough to double his offspring's allowance. That is a somewhat oversimplified picture of the situation of postwar American corporations.

This raises the question: How did corporations manage to achieve such production records during the war period and in 1946 with less capital than they had before the war? There are a number of good reasons for this. During the war period every machine that would run was operated overtime whether it was efficient or not. Production was the goal—not cost. Capital was no object because the Government advanced all the money required. Furthermore, corporations had more "money" than ever. The reason for this was that the charge for depreciation appeared in the cash account, since cash could not be used as in normal times to repair or

replace worn-out and inefficient machinery. It is the story of saving up money for a new car: a big bank balance and no car to spend it on.

It is unfortunate that so many of us assume that a corporation has all the capital it needs and can pay higher wages, pay more in dividends or reduce prices because it has a lot of cash or a large surplus. Only in rare instances are these assumptions correct. Many corporations have been liquidated as bankrupts while they had more cash on the date of liquidation than they had during their successful years.

Corporations need a vast amount of equity capital, but they will find it difficult to get as long as this type of capital is discriminated against. Income on equity capital is taxed twice by the Federal Government alone. A corporation which distributes its income among its shareholders would pay a tax on its income, and the person who receives the dividend would pay another tax. These two taxes would amount to 49.8 per cent of the corporate income if the stockholder is in the lowest taxable bracket, and 92 per cent if he is in the highest.

In a nutshell, corporations are faced with the necessity of producing far more goods with less capital. And this at a time when anyone knows that it takes more capital than ever to operate a business, run a farm or build and equip a home. After all, the success of corporations is only an indication of how well we are maintaining our standard of living and moving ahead to improve it. We depend upon vital and modern industrial plants to maintain our high standard of living and prepare an adequate defense against possible enemies in the future. We cannot go on milking corporations if we refuse to feed them.

## The British Seem to Need a "Fill-In" on Gift Packages

**A**LMOST in time for us to bring it to our readers' attention before Christmas we got a letter from a lady in Southern England enclosing a clipping from the London Daily Mail, which reported that "thousands of pounds of tea, Christmas puddings and rich fruit cakes are stored in London waiting to go, unrationed and points free, to British families who have friends in the United States." The English lady, who is the widow of a naval officer, writes that she knows nobody who has received one of these food packages from America and she finds it almost unbelievable that food could be taken from British stocks and distributed, points free, to recipients designated by Americans.

The manager of J. Lyons, Ltd., the British firm which takes care of distributing the parcels on order from an American firm, explained that "all the ingredients used in these articles have been specifically allocated to us by the Ministry of Food for the production of food for export. This particular gift scheme has the merit of earning dollars and saving shipping—in other words, it saves the food being sent out of this country only to have it sent back again in the form of food parcels."

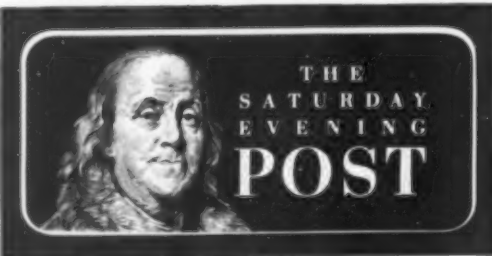
Despite the intervention of a British distributor, the probability is that most of the food sent out in gift parcels is American by origin and that the package system has meant a net increase in the amount of food sent into England. Nevertheless, it is easy to understand why our correspondent, who has no American friends wealthy enough to pay \$1.25 a pound for "chocolate-dipped cookies," is angered by the sight of a sizable hunk of Britain's scarce food disappearing from the common store.

Englishmen who accept the necessity of exporting food in order to get dollars can be relied on to object when the same food comes back to England in the form of nonrationed packages designated for the favored few. There isn't a great deal of logic in this,

but it's how any of us would feel. Perhaps for us Americans, who sacrifice a great deal to send these packages to friends in other countries and sometimes talk as if we sacrificed more than we really do, the moral is that gift packages unsupported by a broad and well-thought-out program of economic aid are likely to have effects far from the intent of the donors.

It is not the fault of the package sender that he knows only a few foreigners and cannot afford to send packages to all of them. Nor is it the fault of foreigners who do not get packages that they tend to resent the whole thing. Perhaps the goat is the British Ministry of Food, which evidently has not made it entirely clear to the public—at any rate, the section of the public without American friends—that an exported fruit cake which bounces back as an import represents a net gain for the British food supply, even if it is sent uncut to a lady in Kensington who met some Americans in a pension at Antibes. After all, there are lots of people who get fewer Christmas presents than other people, even from their own countrymen. If we ever put Santa Claus on points, the end will be at hand.

PHILADELPHIA 5, PA. DECEMBER 27, 1947



THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

CYRUS H. K. CURTIS, President, 1883-1932

## For Pleasure in Giving: Help Educate a Boy

**M**OST of us, if our hearts are in the right place, contribute to our churches and to sundry charities. There are countless worthy objects that send us to our checkbooks, including the Community Chest, which lumps the more essential ones together. Often, however, our giving does not afford us the pleasure that it might. This is because we cannot visualize what becomes of our money.

That is why one prosperous lawyer of our acquaintance keeps an eye on his less fortunate ailing friends; and, when they need hospital treatment, or costly operations, or a change of climate, he foots the bills. Another friend tells us of the pleasure he has derived from paying for the higher education of young people. He has put some through college and others through art and medical schools. One young man attended the École des Beaux-Arts in Paris. His benefactor made a point of watching the progress of this young man and his other charges. He invited them to his house, heard about their scholastic life and discussed their personal problems with them. He got his money's worth.

Best of all, our Maecenas was able to report that his protégés all turned out well and made good use of their education. The boy who studied at the École des Beaux-Arts is an architect; another, until her recent marriage, was chief laboratory technician in a hospital in Shanghai; and a third is winning distinction as a specialist in diseases of the heart. In every case, the money yielded a handsome return, not only to the students but to the man who staked them to it, and apparently to society as well.

In these days of high taxes, most persons who are well enough off to educate other people have to consider the matter of exemptions allowed on gifts to religious and educational institutions. Unless the revenue authorities have changed their minds, money spent upon the education of students can be treated as a scholarship established for the institution.

Printed in U. S. A.



Ektachrome Photo by Pagano

One of a series describing Cyanamid's many activities.

## "In hopes that St. Nicholas..."

SANTA has willing helpers everywhere. Right now you'll find thousands of them in fire houses, police stations and community centers all over the country busily collecting, repairing and repainting toys ... to make sure that no child need be disappointed "in hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be there."

This custom, which so perfectly expresses the spirit of Christmas, is growing year by year as other groups join the fix-up, paint-up brigade. And there is nothing like a fresh coat of paint to make things look bright and new and attractive.

Happily, the paints and other surface coatings now being made with modern synthetic resins developed by American Cyanamid will do many paint jobs better

than they have ever been done before. For these resins make possible the production of finishes that surpass anything previously achieved in respect to speed of drying, toughness, durability and resistance to normal wear ... as well as the hard knocks inflicted by children. With synthetic resins, paint manufacturers can give their products almost any combination of properties desired for scores of uses in the home and in industry—wherever lasting beauty or surface protection is essential.

Long a pioneer in the development of surface coatings, Cyanamid has worked closely with the paint industry by supplying the

synthetic resins which make possible these new types of superior finishes. This is another of the many ways in which Cyanamid is helping to "mold the future through chemistry."



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## Merry Christmas, Miss Miller...

Dear Miss Miller:

You work hard.

It is no easy task to turn 27,000,000 boys and girls into healthy, intelligent citizens. Yet in your quiet, effective way that is what you and the million other teachers of America's children are helping to do. And you are doing it in spite of generally inadequate pay scales, overcrowded classrooms, and widespread indifference to your problems.

We cannot forget that our company has a very real stake in the results of your guidance and leadership. Quite suddenly these boys and girls of yours will become the workers, the farmers, the stockholders and the customers upon whom we depend for existence.

Helping you to plant the seeds of good citizenship seems to us to be sound business. That's why, for example, we are working with elementary school teachers in a joint Nutrition Education program . . . why we are cooperating to the fullest with those organizations seeking to improve your working and living conditions.

And so, Miss Miller, we want you to know that our "Merry Christmas" to you this season carries with it sincere thanks and appreciation for the vitally important job you are doing.

Yours sincerely,

The Men and Women  
of General Mills



**General Mills**