

COSMOPOLITAN

OCTOBER, 1959 • 35¢

The Lap of Luxury

SPECIAL SECTION:

ARE YOU LIVING TOO RICH?

What overindulgence in the good things of life can do.

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Little-known rich men who dedicate their lives to good works.

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How Nelson prevents his money and his name from getting in his way.

PHILADELPHIA'S ROBIN HOOD SWINDLER

How Honest Bob Boltz charmed the Main Liners out of \$2,500,000.

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FICTION:

AMERICAN AUTUMN.....*Paul Darcy Boles*

THE QUIET BABY.....*Ethel Edison Gordon*

PRELUDE TO A KISS.....*Mel Heimer*

FOOTBALL MAJORS AT PACIFIC U.*William Sambrot*

Sleep Long, My Love

Complete Murder Mystery Novel by Hillary Waugh

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Entertainment: *The Show Business Angel.* **Travel:** *Great Private Homes You Can Visit.* **So You Want to Get in the Social Register.** Also, a Medical Case History; Book Reviews; and Jon Whitcomb Interviews That Master of Mayhem — *Alfred Hitchcock*

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THE QUESTION

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WHERE ASKED

20th Century-Fox studios, Hollywood, during the filming of Jerry Wald's production of "The Best Of Everything," directed by Jean Negulesco in CinemaScope and Color by De Luxe.

THE ANSWERS

Carolyn, just graduated from Radcliffe, played by Hope Lange: I can't answer that till I've tried everything. I may not wind up with the best, but I'll sure as Satan have the most!

Dexter, man-about town, played by Robert Evans:

Girls!
Is
there
anything
else?



Gregg, young actress, played by Suzy Parker: Last year I'd have said to be a part of the theatre. But now it's to be part of the producer — that he'd as soon stop breathing as let me go!

David Savage, producer, played by Louis Jourdan: Creating for the theatre. I'd use anything, anybody, to stimulate my creative juices. I'll give them everything in return, short of myself.



Amanda Farrow, editor, played by Joan Crawford: Success in business — the feeling of power that comes with it. It makes up for the bit I have to play at night to keep what I've got in the daytime.



(Advertisement)

COSMOPOLITAN

OCTOBER, 1959

Vol. 147, No. 4

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OUR COVER—The special gleam in the lovely green eyes of cover girl Judy DeFoe is caused by thoughts of something even greener; the money it would take to buy all those jewels from Van Cleef and Arpels. Asked how it felt to model \$250,000 worth of elegance (not counting her Pauline Trigere gown), Judy sighed. "It's marvelous," she said. "I just wish some of it was mine." The sitting over, Judy rushed off to the New York bachelor-girl apartment she's had for the "two and a half wonderful years since I came to this town from Detroit. This is the second-best city in the world. I've just returned from Rome—that's the best town! And there was Paris . . . and the Riviera . . ." No need to feel sorry about Judy's loss of the gems, we decided; in fact, our eyes are green—with envy. Photo by Erwin Blumenfeld.



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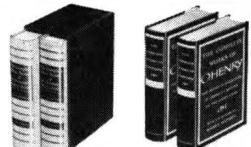
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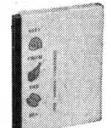

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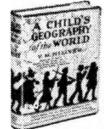

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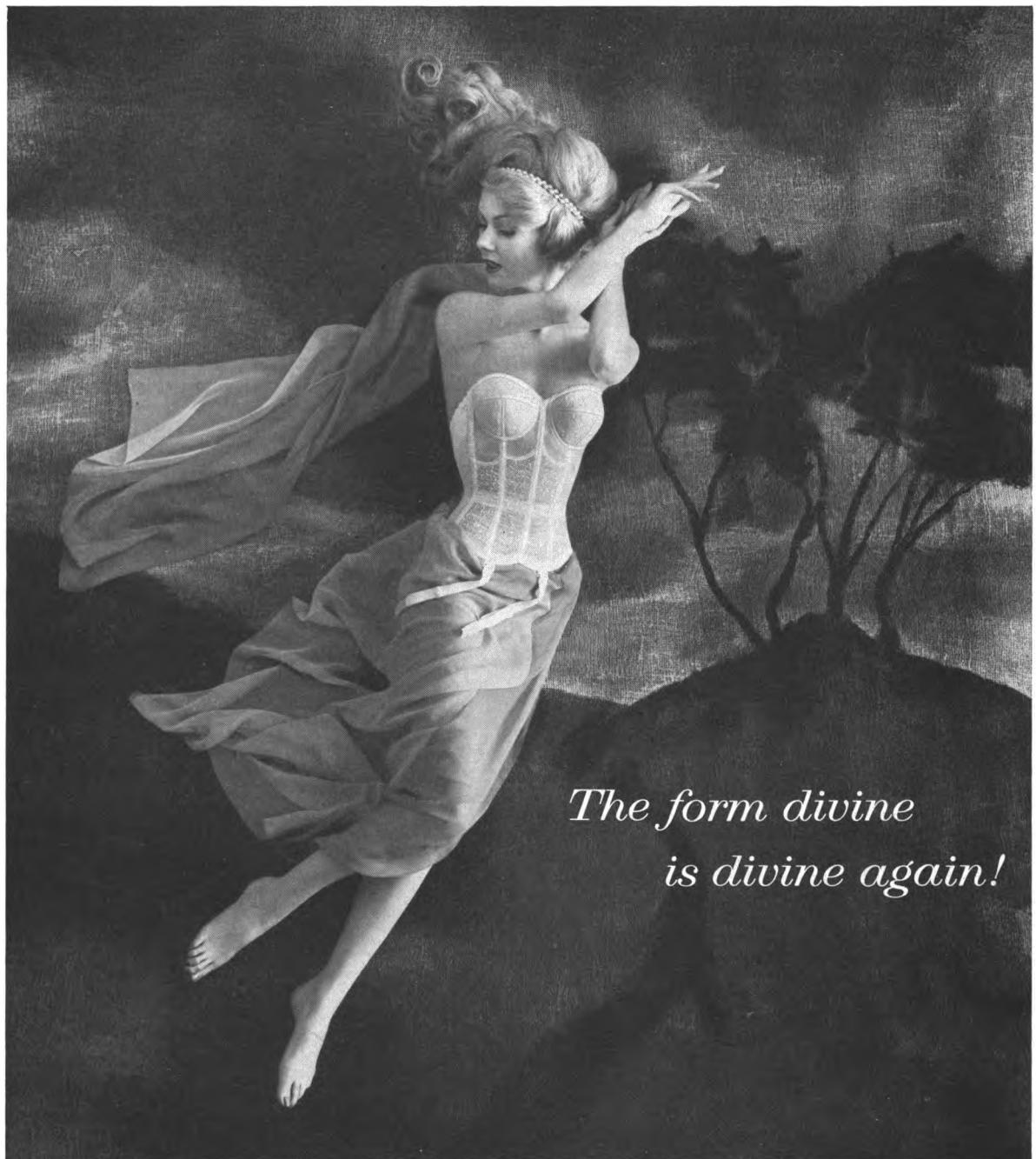
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H-2001

The Push-Button Bed

We want a headboard just like the headboard that belongs to Lance Reventlow, multi-millionairess Barbara Hutton's son and heir. In Reventlow's Southern California home (cost: half a million dollars), the master bedroom has a few minor assets—a fidelity system, a marble fireplace, a twenty-four-inch remote control television set. But we'll take that mother-of-pearl, inlaid mahogany headboard. It contains not Kleenex, a couple of detective paperbacks, stale cigarettes, and aspirins, but an electric control panel that runs the entire house.

Awakening in the morning, for instance, twenty-three-year-old Lance can press a button, and the drapes slide open. He presses another, and his Roman marble bathtub fills with water. He yawns (no button), presses another button, and in the garden outside a waterfall begins to plink. And there are buttons and *buttons*. The life of the one-time "richest baby in the world" has some other assets—and some surprising liabilities. On page 44, you can read about both fascinating sets.

The Man Behind the Headlines

"Rockefeller—what really goes on inside this multi-millionaire Governor of New York?" was the gist of the assignment we gave articles writer Tom Morgan. Some weeks later, Morgan surfaced from the depths of the State capitol, flew back to New York's La Guardia Airport with Mr. Rockefeller in the Governor's phone-equipped, television-equipped, plush private plane, his story in the bag.

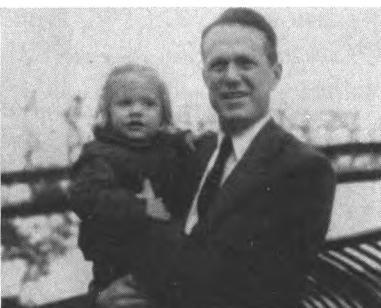
Morgan, who has authored brilliant analyses of Truman, Stevenson, Alben W. Barkley, told us that "next to Barkley, Rockefeller is the happiest politician I ever met; he is even happier than Harry

Truman." For what really makes Nelson Rockefeller tick, turn to our article on page 64.

A Very Different Detective

"Sleep Long, My Love," Hillary Waugh's mystery novel about murder between lovers, is a real detective story in the Sherlock Holmes tradition.

The Connecticut chief-of-police in this tale isn't much like Detective Holmes, though—no pipe, violin, leanness, or duck-billed cap. Waugh's man, in fact, is fat and on a diet, likes chewing tobacco, and reveals many of his detecting conclusions by telling jokes.



Hillary Waugh and daughter

"Sleep Long, My Love" is the ninth novel by Manhattan-dwelling, Connecticut-born Waugh. Doubleday Crime Club will publish it later this fall, but COSMOPOLITAN readers can enjoy it right now, beginning on page 108.

From Alaska—Collect

About three weeks ago, we tried to telephone William Sambrot, who authored the startling football story on page 94. "No telephone," the Oakland, California, operator informed us. Since editors are

inevitably inquisitive, we wrote Sambrot and asked him why no phone. His answer:

"One morning, a few years ago, the phone rang in the author's sumptuous downstairs study. The author wished to remain abed, but his wife, clever Marina (an auburn-haired Italian beauty), pretended unconsciousness.

"The author, muttering maledictions in several tongues, none of which he speaks, arose, barked his shins on several pieces of furniture, then proceeded to fall down the stairs, picking up several choice bruises in the process. Time: 3:30 A.M."

Bemused, Sambrot accepted a collect call from Anchorage, Alaska. "I thought perhaps it was an editor, lost in the snowy hell, crying for succor." Instead, a hoarse, whiskey-raw voice blared in Sambrot's ear.

"Listen, Sambrot," the voice shouted. "why in hell don't you get your facts straight before you turn out your damned lousy stories? Why do you guys always give the Air Force the credit? What do you think we're doing up here, getting a suntan?" It suddenly dawned upon Sambrot, barefooted and shivering, that, first of all, the stranger was talking about a two-year-old Sambrot story (in which the facts were straight); secondly, the call was coming from Alaska; and, in the third place, he was paying for it.

"Since then," Sambrot wrote us, "a mysterious change came over the author. He is still married, even though through some queer alchemy his wife becomes daily more devastating while he himself becomes more bald, bespectacled, and bemused. His children (Stephen, eight, and Shelley, six) still clamor for rare, imported delicacies, disdaining oatmeal and hamburger. Shoes still turn to paper on their feet." Who needs a telephone, anyway?

—H. La B.

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The Oldest Living Thing on Earth

A QUESTION OF AGE

Bishop, California: In Mr. Kevin Walters' letter to you in the June issue, he says, "The oldest living thing on earth still grows in Sequoia National Park: the great sequoia tree, named General Sherman, 3,500 years old."

Pictorial Parade



Bristlecone Pine

The oldest living things on earth, however, are the Bristlecone Pines at the top of the White Mountains east of Big Pine, California. Scientists have proven one patriarch to be 5,100 years of age.

—MADALYNNE FIELDS

AGE-OLD PROBLEMS

Santa Barbara, California: Am surprised you would publish such an article as "How We All Betray Our Age" (June). It is written to appeal to the neurotic. Being pretentious doesn't make us look any younger; in fact it could make us look older. One looks the same whether he says he's thirty-five or forty. Frankness is always better than pretense.

—MRS. DAISY M. WILVERT

To coin an old but very true cliché, it's how old one feels that counts.

—The Editors.

MOVING FICTION

Willoughby, Ohio: Concerning Mr. William P. McGivern's "Spell of Riot" of *COSMOPOLITAN*, August, 1959: Most of us people on this earth are wanting in the spark that makes us "smile hopefully and push on that gas." I believe that Mr. McGivern shows us what that spark is: accepting the innate condition that we're all brothers needing each other, and not judging or comparing others lest we become vain or bitter. My hat off to you, Mr. McGivern (and to *COSMOPOLITAN*) for getting the lead out of my pants and putting the flint in my eyes!

—JOHN R. SPOFFORTH

READING MATTER

Cincinnati, Ohio: While the compiler of *COSMOPOLITAN*'s August issue list of "must" books, for the mind that has everything else, no doubt heard of Buddha and Mohammed, he did a good act of pretending they never existed. Their followers today number some five hundred million souls at this writing.

I doubt whether Lincoln, Franklin, Washington, or many other eminent Americans who helped make this a great nation would pass your bookish literacy test.

—I. H. SCHWARTZ

PEBBLES BY THE THOUSANDS

New York City: I wonder how Jack Denton Scott got the idea that John Hersey's last book did not sell. *A Single Pebble* sold 56,000 copies in our edition, which is quite satisfactory as trade books go, even though it was less than *A Bell for Adano* and *The Wall* sold. But *A Single Pebble* was used by the Readers Digest Book Club in its entirety, and, furthermore, some months after publication it was a Book-of-the-Month-Club alternate, and quite successful as such. Mr. Scott made the point that Mr. Hersey was poorly rewarded when he changed his "image." The above facts suggest that this was not the case.

—HAROLD STRAUSS,

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF, ALFRED A. KNOPE, INC.

ALL THAT JAZZ

Chevy Chase, Maryland: Re illustration for Mignon McLaughlin's "The Cat and the Square" on page 98 in your August



issue: If you find a fraternity house anywhere in the U.S. with those chairs and that floor, I'll gladly scrub it.

—FRANK H. CROWTHER

Miami, Florida: What does Mignon McLaughlin mean by esoteric jazz? Esoteric means secret, profound—doesn't it? The word is used on page 97 of the August issue.

—H. M. THOMAS

Esoteric, according to Webster, means "designed for, and understood by, the specially initiated alone." That is how Miss McLaughlin's heroine happened to feel about jazz.

—The Editors.

BRIGHT COMMENTS

New York City: I do not fully agree with the theme of "The Bright Woman and Her Problems" (September). In my opinion, there is not an exclusive set of problems that beset bright women. In this country and in these times, intelligence in anyone—male or female—is certainly an asset, not a liability. Miss von Nardroff does make a distinction between the problems of career women and intelligent women who do not work, and here I think she has made a valid point. The career woman does indeed have her problems. The biggest is learning how to departmentalize her time. I know from experience how difficult it is to shake off job-worries, and look to the responsibilities of wife and mother. Women in the performing arts probably have the most problems of all, because men find it difficult to take on the sheen and glamour of a wife in the limelight. If intelligent women do, indeed, have more problems than other women have, it is for the best, wouldn't you say? At least they have the intelligence to cope with them.

—BETTY COMDEN

(*Editors' note: Miss Comden, co-author of the book and lyrics for *Bells Are Ringing*, is also known for her lyrical contributions to *Wonderful Town*, *Say, Darling*, and *Billion-Dollar Baby*. This bright young woman is, in private life, the bright wife of Mr. Steven Kyle.*)

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania: Regarding your September article on problems of bright women: When a woman is labeled "bright" or any other synonymous epithet, she is faced with two special hurdles. One is very real—the other, perhaps, imaginary.

So-called "bright women"—particularly if they manage to maintain their femininity—seem to create in men a sense of discomfiture. A keen mind in a feminine woman is unreal and unacceptable to men because it is contrary to the ancient concept of women on which men have based their ideas ever since Sophocles said, "A woman should be seen and not heard."

The imaginary hurdle is women's self-consciousness about being "bright women" in business or politics or whatever. . . . Too frequently they hide behind an imaginary "woman barrier" in a man's world, instead of striving, through tact and diplomacy, to overcome the real obstacle.

—MISS MILDRED CUSTIN,
PRESIDENT, BONWIT TELLER & CO.

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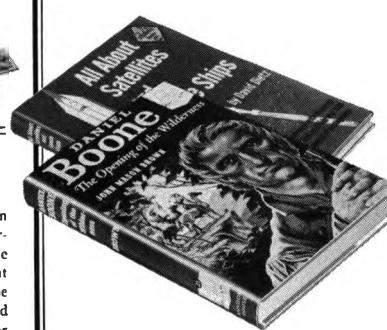
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Angels With Gold Wings

The legendary Broadway plunger—willing to sink a fortune in a show on the strength of a private whim or a pretty face—is rapidly becoming a vanishing breed. Today in his place there is an army of small investors who, producers regrettably admit, go at the business of being angels in a manner more common to corporate finance than to show business.

Even the few big investors who remain show a disturbingly businesslike attitude, hedging their hunches in the Wall Street tradition by putting their money into not one but several shows. Typical of these are tobacco tycoon Howard Stix Cullman and his pretty wife, Peggy, who risk from \$60,000 to \$750,000 each year on some fifteen different productions.

Like a number of the new-style angels, the Cullmans are making money from their theatrical gambles. Their profits to date are estimated at more than a million dollars, and the receipts from some of their ventures are still rolling in.

A Cooperative Enterprise

A unique kind of teamwork is one of the factors behind their successful record. "I read the contracts," Cullman says. "Peggy reads the scripts."

Like most modern angels, the Cullmans are less concerned with an occasional miss than with their over-all average—an attitude shared by members of the fast-growing syndicates which have been set up for show investors.

Through these syndicates, an individual of limited means can invest in a number of productions instead of being compelled to risk his entire stake on a single one.

A typical syndicate is the one run by Ruth Green, who is also assistant to the director of the League of New York Theatres. The syndicate has forty members, each of whom has put up \$500. Plans call for investment of the \$20,000 grand total in plays over a period of three years.

"Last season was our first," Miss Green says, "and we had five hits and two failures. This year we will back five to eight new productions and a like number in the third season. When the returns are all in at the end of the third year, we will divide the kitty into forty equal shares. I am influenced by two things in making an investment," she says, "the

script and the producer. If both are good, then I figure the production has an excellent chance of being a success."

This kind of attitude is a far cry from the spirit that prevailed in the 1920s, when big-time Broadway angels first soared into full and fabulous flight. In those days it was no problem at all for a producer of extravaganzas like Earl Carroll to bag an angel.

One of Carroll's biggest benefactors was a gentleman named E. R. Edington who came from Texas, where the oil had begun to flow freely and multi-millionaires were a diamond drill a dozen. Edington, struck by the stage with the force of a prairie twister, willingly swapped his gushers for glamour and built Carroll his own theatre at a cost of several million dollars. When the theatre opened, Edington wandered backstage during a performance and the stage manager, who obviously couldn't tell the difference between an angel and an old goat, sent him flying out the back door. Fortunately, Carroll quickly smoothed his prize angel's feathers before he could take off for Texas or, worse still, switch his backing to the producer's chief rival, Florenz Ziegfeld.

But the archangel of all time was Edgar B. Davis, another oil tycoon, who produced the greatest and longest running flop in American theatrical history: an atrocity called *The Ladder*. It dealt with reincarnation, a subject close to Davis's heart, and despite unanimous



Mr. & Mrs. Howard Stix Cullman

abuse from the critics he kept it running for two entire years, finally letting the customers in free when they wouldn't pay to see it. His cumulative loss: \$1,500,000.

Steadily rising production costs since

the end of World War II have made investing in shows a greater gamble than ever before. A play that would have cost \$7,500 to stage twenty-five years ago requires at least \$75,000 today.

The big individual investor has all but disappeared, although there are still a few corporations willing to back an entire show. (The Columbia Broadcasting System, for instance, put up all the money for *My Fair Lady*.)

The Paying Public

In general, however, the producer must seek his funds from the public. To obtain the necessary capital, he may resort to personal interviews, telephone calls, and, in the case of musicals, to audition parties at which the songs are sung and the dialogue read for an assembly of potential angels.

Direct mail solicitation also is widely used. This letter was sent out to hundreds of possible backers last spring:

May 12, 1959

Dear _____:

I promised you I'd always let you know about investment opportunities in the theater. Now one has come up; it involves a show I am co-producing with Saint Subber. It is the new Paddy Chayefsky comedy-drama *The Tenth Man* and will be directed by Tyrone Guthrie for a Broadway opening on November 5.

I think it is the best play Chayefsky has ever written and we have budgeted it effectively so that if it's a hit, it will net between \$8—9,000 weekly on a gross of \$30,000. We have a theatre set and are busy casting the show right now. I do not think it likely that we will have names in the cast since we are anxious to show a good profit, but we will have a very fine ensemble acting group. My personal feeling about Guthrie is that he is one of the best directors of our time.

A unit is \$2,500. I'm enclosing a production budget so that you can see how costs are broken down.

If you are interested in investing, please let me know as soon as possible.

Sincerely yours,

Arthur Cantor

Two months later the \$125,000 needed to finance *The Tenth Man* was raised. If the play is a hit, the investors will receive back their original investment from the first profits, then will share all future returns on a fifty-fifty basis.

Variety, the show business trade paper, defines a hit as any show that repays its original investment. This season, however, there will be a legion of lesser angels throughout the country hoping for far more than that. Their aim: to get in on another *My Fair Lady*—a show that paid off at the rate of fifty to one.

—RICHARD HARRITY

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Surgical Cure for Strokes

There was no warning. One minute he was fishing, out alone in his boat, happy to be there, relaxed and away from business pressures. He had never had a serious illness in his life. It was a beautiful June day, and the fish were biting.

That was one minute. The next—stroke.

Suddenly he was blind. His right side was paralyzed completely, his left, partially; his body was numb all over. He couldn't shout for help; he couldn't speak.

In a few minutes, there was a partial lifting of the attack and he could begin to see a little and move a little. In a few minutes more, he managed to get the outboard motor going and maneuver the boat back to camp. But at the dock, he had to be helped ashore; he felt dizzy, couldn't walk straight, couldn't see to the right, had difficulty expressing himself.

He was rushed to the local hospital, where he showed some improvement over the next few days. But he had headaches, and his vision didn't get any better.

Five days later, still partially blind and suffering from headache, Robert Fairfax, as we will call him here, was transferred to a hospital in Houston,

Monkmeyer



NEVER SERIOUSLY ILL before, Bob Fairfax had no warning that a stroke would turn his pleasant day of bass fishing into a nightmare of paralysis and fear.

Texas, and into the hands of a skilled surgical team.

Could surgery help him? Only a few years before, it could not have. Now there was a chance.

Each year, stroke, or cerebral vascular disease, a vicious killer, has taken 186,000 lives. And it has paralyzed or incapacitated many more than it has killed outright—more than 800,000 a year.

A stroke occurs when the blood supply to a part of the brain tissue is cut off. When the nerve cells in that area are deprived of nourishment and are unable to function, the parts of the body controlled by those nerve cells will not function.

One cause of stroke is a cerebral hemorrhage: the bursting of a diseased brain artery. Another cause is the formation of a blood clot that blocks a cerebral artery and stops blood flow. A clot is rare in a healthy artery. But it is all too likely to develop in one which has been damaged by atherosclerosis, an abnormal condition characterized by a thick deposit which develops on the inner wall, narrowing the passage and providing a rough projection around which a clot may grow.

If an artery deep within the brain is

the site of trouble, it is not, of course, readily accessible for surgery. And for a long time, blockage in a brain artery was assumed to be the cause of stroke. But couldn't the trouble, at least sometimes, lie in an artery elsewhere, an artery which feeds blood into the brain?

One such feeding artery is the carotid, the major artery of the neck. And that was where the three surgeons looked in Fairfax's case. For, in August, 1953, they had found a closed left carotid artery in a stroke patient and had made a repair. Since then, they had made similar repairs in a number of other patients and had relieved weakness, visual disturbances, and other after-effects of stroke.

Now, putting Fairfax under local anesthesia, they injected into the carotid artery on each side of his neck a contrast solution containing a dye which would make the blood vessel visible under x-ray. But the results were negative. The carotid arteries were perfectly normal.

Where Does the Trouble Lie?

Still, there was another possibility. Circulation to the brain is achieved through more than one pathway. In 1956, autopsy studies made elsewhere in patients dead of stroke had shown that in some there had been trouble in the neck segments of another set of arteries, the vertebral, which help to supply blood to major brain centers.

Another x-ray study was done on Fairfax—this one after an injection of the contrast solution into the vertebral arteries. And it was on target. There was complete obstruction of the right vertebral artery. No blood at all was getting through. And there was partial obstruction of the left vertebral.

The surgeons operated. They hoped to repair the left vertebral and get rid of the partial obstruction. If they could increase the blood flow, they might help Fairfax to full recovery and also help to avoid another disaster in the future.

Working delicately through an incision, the surgeons scraped away the obstruction. The clot had left an opening only 1 mm in diameter—about 4/100ths of an inch—for blood to get through. When the scraping was finished, the opening was eight times as large—normal. And as the clamps that had been holding back blood were released temporarily, a gratifyingly vigorous back flow came through the artery. The incision was sewn up and the clamps released again. And a vigorous pulse in the vertebral artery could be felt.

Thirty minutes after completion of the operation, Fairfax was fully conscious. Forty-eight hours afterward, he could read a newspaper better than at the time of his admission to the hospital. And some days later, when he left the hospital, his vision had improved still more and was rapidly returning to normal. There have been no headaches since the operation.

Fairfax's case is considered significant. It was important to him, of course, but its results may also influence the treatment of other stroke victims. It is now clear that stroke does not invariably originate within the brain, as was long believed; it originates elsewhere in one-fourth or more of all cases. It may originate in the carotid arteries of the neck or, as in Fairfax's case, in the vertebral, or even in other arteries of the neck and trunk which surgery can reach and repair. In some cases the blockage can be removed; in others it can be by-passed with a graft.

By now, the Houston surgeons have performed dozens of such operations and have restored normal circulation in the majority of cases. Patients have been relieved of paralysis, loss of speech, and convulsions as well as headaches and visual disturbances.

"In consequence of this gratifying experience," one member of the surgical team has noted, "it is felt that a curative form of treatment is now available for many people with strokes."

Robert Fairfax, back working and fishing today, is one of them.

—LAWRENCE CALTON

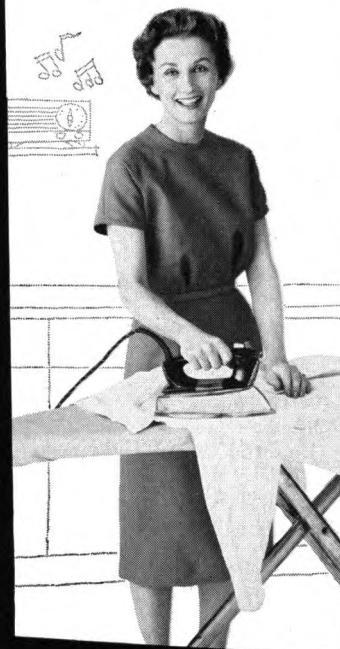
WHAT'S NEW IN MEDICINE

In severe acne, gamma globulin sometimes may help. In a series of twenty-two patients, ranging from twelve to twenty-six years of age, most of whom received weekly injections of the blood fraction, results were considered good in ten, fair in four, poor in eight. Gamma globulin's action appears to be similar to that of antibiotics. In some cases it is more effective, and in some others it is effective when antibiotics fail.

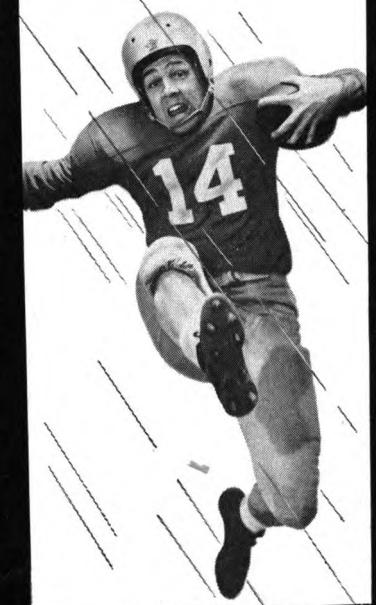
In some vein diseases of the limbs, intramuscular injections of an enzyme, trypsin, often are effective, according to a study covering 210 patients. Of 42 patients with varicose ulcers, 41 experienced relief of pain and healing. All of 33 patients with cordlike superficial thrombosed veins responded well. There were encouraging results, too, in other patients having acute phlebitis with ulcers and skin lesions. The average number of injections required was twelve. In some patients many more—in one case, seventy-four—had to be used. **THE END**

For more information about these items, consult your physician.

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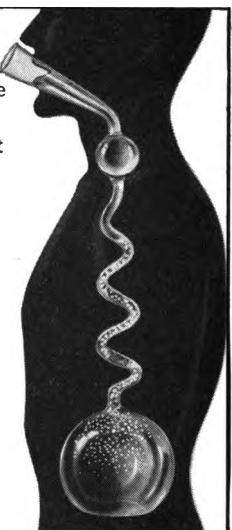
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Rating Spouses' Sex Desires, Is Housework Drudgery? Golf Widows Shouldn't Gripe

BY AMRAM SCHEINFELD

Rating spouses' sex desires. How well does a husband understand his wife's desires for sex, and she his? And is this affected by their satisfaction with their marriage? Dr. Paul Wallin and Dr. Alexander Clark (Stanford University) queried about six hundred couples, the wives and husbands independently, asking each (a) "How often per month would you prefer to have sexual intercourse?" and (b) "How often do you think your mate would prefer to have it?" When the answers were compared with other facts about each couple's adjustment, it was found that the husbands who said they were most happily married were much better able to estimate their wives' sexual desires than were the less happily married men. The happier wives also showed more sexual understanding of their husbands than did the less happy ones, but the women's estimates of their mates' desires were generally not as accurate as were the husbands' estimates of their wives' desires.



Is housework "drudgery"? That depends a lot on whether a woman is doing the chores for her husband and children, or for herself. Investigators

Robert S. Weiss and Nancy M. Samelson (University of Michigan) found through a nation-wide survey that one in every two married women with children feels that housework gives her a sense of satisfaction and importance. But only one in four unmarried women—and only one in twelve single women who've been to college—feels that way; and as time goes on, most tend to view housework more and more as just drudgery.

Delayed puberty. Parents who are worried because their teenage daughter or son is lagging in development may be reassured by Dr. Jacques Decourt and Dr. J. M. Doumic (Paris, France). They report, first, that while puberty usually comes between the ages of eleven to fourteen for girls, and thirteen to sixteen for boys, it is not uncommon to find lags of two years or so. Further, their study of one hundred cases of delayed puberty showed that the great majority attained full maturity and fertility before long. If puberty has not come by the age of seventeen, hormonal treatments usually hasten development, although stature may tend to remain below average. The time of puberty onset is influenced by various factors—heredity, health, climate, and diet among them. A persistently wrong belief is that African girls, and others in hot climates, such as girls in India, mature at very early ages. Actually, the earliest puberty is now among white girls of the most favored groups in the United States and Europe, who are developing much earlier than did their mothers and grandmothers, and also much earlier than do primitive girls.

"Golf widows" shouldn't gripe. Though the missus may complain about Hubby's spending so much time on the links, she's probably lucky that he does: It may make him easier to live with, and prolong his years as a breadwinner. According to Dr. Anthony R. Tortora (New



York), golf, by getting a man out into the open frequently and providing healthful exercise, not only stimulates his body and mind, but reduces his tensions, provides an outlet for his aggressions, and cuts down on the chances of his developing psychosomatic illnesses. Even the risk of heart attack—which is, according to many authorities, increased if a man sits around too much—may be



Drawings by McKie

lessened through the relaxation and physical toning-up provided by golf. Fore!

Check forgers. You can be fooled easily by the professional phony-check writer, because he's unlike other criminals, warns sociologist Edwin M. Lemert (University of Chicago).

His study of seventy-two check forgers (eight of whom were women) who were in prison, or who had served jail terms in the past, showed that check forgers are generally above average in intelligence and education, and often have come from superior homes. They also dress and behave well, and tend to be lone wolves, not associating with other criminals. Almost all make a career of the phony-check racket, and their lives are a cycle of living fast and luxuriously on "easy money" until they're caught, then spending a period of time in prison, and again emerging to embark on another illicit check-writing spree.

THE END



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WESTOVER, family home of William Byrd who founded the city of Richmond, stands majestically near the James

River in Virginia. The house is not open to the public, but its occupant permits private tours of the grounds for a small fee.

Be a Peeping Tom for a Small Fee

TRAVEL WITH DON SHORT

If you have occasionally yearned to wander down marble corridors, pause at the top of a long, winding staircase, or sink up to your ankles in deep-piled carpets while around you glitter the treasures of the Indies, you can make your dreams come true more easily—and more cheaply—than you suspect. Throughout the country, a growing number of great mansions, built by America's industrial barons and financial tycoons in those palmy pre-income-tax days of limitless wealth, are now open to the public. Some have become museums, with all their lavish decorations and furnishings preserved just as their owners left them. Others, still in everyday use, are periodically exposed to the inquiring eyes of the visiting tourist.

Most of the palaces spawned by the mining and land booms in the West are still inhabited by the descendants of the builders. Two notable exceptions are found in Colorado. Hamill House, built by silver millionaire William Hamill in Georgetown, 8,500 feet above sea level, is replete with parquet flooring, camel's-hair wallpaper, gold-plated doorknobs, and onyx fireplaces. Dexter's Cabin, built in Leadville by the more eccentric James V. Dexter, looks like an oversized log cabin from the outside. Seen inside, the handcarved woodwork, hardwood floors, and fabulous furniture and rugs dispel any illusion that Dexter "roughed it" in the wilds of the West. Both mansions are open from June 1 through October 1, and may be seen for a small fee.

But the best hunting-grounds for luxury-lovers are located in the East and South. The Vanderbilt family did an impressive job of erecting mansions to awe posterity; one of the finest of them is

Biltmore House, the huge French Renaissance chateau built by George W. Vanderbilt near Asheville, North Carolina. Originally the headquarters of a twelve-thousand-acre estate, the house—covering about four acres—and seventeen acres of garden are now open to the public daily. A complete tour of the estate requires about two hours. Its furnishings and objects of art are priceless; there are some fascinating memorabilia on display, among them the chess set used by Napoleon during his days of exile on St. Helena, and the ceremonial robes worn by Cardinal Richelieu of France. The Ming Dynasty china is noteworthy, too.

Far less pretentious but much more famous is the Hyde Park, New York, home of the late Franklin D. Roosevelt. An old Dutch dwelling, the original house was built about 1826, and enlarged and completely altered by subsequent tenants. A spot popular with tourists, the home is filled with many of the late President's personal possessions.

Modernization Dooms Mansions

The modernization of New York has meant the doom of many of the city's beautiful private mansions.

John Pierpont Morgan's mansion at Madison Avenue and Thirty-Seventh street was saved when it was purchased by the United Lutheran Church in America. Now a national headquarters, it still retains some eloquent reminders of its luxury-laden past.

Up in Boston is another testament to luxury, built by an eccentric millionairess, Isabella Stewart Gardner, around the turn of the century. Inspired by the Palazzo Bardini on the Grand Canal in Venice, Mrs. Gardner erected a fantastic

Venetian palace in the middle of Boston and filled its four floors with her immense collection of art masterpieces.

Visitors can wander free through the rooms of Isabella Gardner's former home. Nothing has been changed since her death in 1924, because her will decreed that if one painting or tapestry was moved or one piece of furniture shifted, the whole estate would automatically become the property of Harvard University, across the Charles River in Cambridge.

By far the greatest concentration of manorial houses in America is in the vicinity of Natchez, Mississippi. Some homes are open to visitors all year long, and a great many others are opened once a year, during the month-long Natchez Pilgrimage sponsored each spring by the city's two garden clubs.

In the lush period of cotton fortunes, it was said that 75 per cent of this country's millionaires lived in the vicinity of Natchez. Many of these landowners outfitted their own ships and sent them down the Mississippi to Europe and the Orient, to gather the opulent trappings for their new mansions.

Throughout Virginia, Maryland, Kentucky, and the Carolinas, many mansions are open at festival or holiday time. In the North there is the Gillette Castle in East Haddam, Connecticut, the Black House at Ellsworth, Maine, and the castle on Heart Island near Alexandria Bay, New York, built by millionaire George Boldt for his wife, but never occupied because she died before it was completed. All of these are magnificent mementos of the days when people with money believed that a man's home not only was his castle, but should, as much as possible, resemble one.

THE END

Arthur Mackenzie

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* * *

Arthur Mackenzie is Assistant Manager of our Tax Division.

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MANUFACTURERS OF ROYAL TRITON, THE AMAZING PURPLE MOTOR OIL



Author Gerald Green enjoying the Italian Riviera sunshine with his family.

The Seduction of Tom Sorrento's Wife

BOOKS • BY GERALD WALKER

The *Lotus Eaters*, by Gerald Green (Charles Scribner's Sons, \$4.95). For the several hundred thousand persons who read *The Last Angry Man* and came away feeling that they had made a fresh and vital literary discovery, it will be good news that another novel by the same author has arrived to kick off the fall publishing season. This time around, Mr. Green is offering a sweeping 565-page fictional study of the meaning of luxury in the American way of life. It is concerned with the question, Who earns how much for what kind of effort and what are the various discontents peculiar to either end of the economic scale? In demonstrating that the dollar sign can be a hex sign in more ways than one, the author makes use of a non-doctrinaire viewpoint wide enough to include outraged indignation, subtly barbed irony, and genuine sympathy.

The particular microcosm chosen for the novel's setting is the gaudy environs of that gaudiest of resorts, Miami Beach. In the words of one Ira deKay, Miami public relations man and big-time-operator *extraordinaire*, "This is a great town for my kind of operation. Everybody

wants in . . . to get with it. To be involved. The whole country is getting that way. And what's the Beach but a kind of reflection, a miniature of the whole country?"

The central force of the novel is the corrosive effect which unaccustomed contact with an atmosphere of easy, empty affluence can have on some all-too-susceptible, middle-income university people spending a summer in Miami to conduct an archaeological "dig." Heading the archaeological party is Tom Sorrento, assistant professor of anthropology, ex-marine captain, ex-college football player, who has had his fill of bruising competitiveness and now "wants to be left alone, to read books, to be part of the accretive advance of knowledge."

Luxury's Corrupting Touch

Thus, the book is a study in contrasting ways of life: the hot-handed pursuit of big money and high pleasure versus the less worldly pursuit of learning for its own sake.

With Tom is his wife, Marty, who has not yet consciously admitted how tired she is of scrimping along on her hus-

band's salary; nor can the two young Sorrento children understand why they can't have plaid sneakers and an alligator doll and a new bathing suit, etc. "Fiscal matters," notes Mr. Green, "reduced them to semi-paralysis. It was not the mere lack of cash that upset them, but rather the eternal knowledge that steamfitters and millwrights (whatever they were) earned more money than assistant professors of anthropology."

On the cushier side of the fence are wealthy Erwin and Lila Ellenbogen, in whose boathouse Sorrento and Company have been invited to stay and on whose valuable beach-front property they are digging for the remains of an ancient Glades Indian village. Ellenbogen, a millionaire manufacturer of beach furniture, standing at the window of his air-conditioned mansion and gazing out at the archaeologists sweating over their excavation in the broiling heat, is "amazed . . . that people could get so involved, so committed to something that was valueless." Nevertheless, because his wife once studied with Tom and believes his work is worth while, Ellenbogen has been willing to go along with the project even though he personally cannot comprehend what makes uncovering a pile of bones and broken pottery important.

Baffled though this frank materialist may be by non-commercial endeavors, the manufacturer is clearly a shrewd judge of character as he remarks about Tom's wife, Marty: "Anyone as good-looking as she is, who's got so little to show for it, must have problems." Marty's problem of the moment is that she can't stand—or *thinks* she can't stand—the lush tastelessness of Miami.

The Twain Meet

If Marty, whose upbringing as the daughter of a professor had taught her to despise excess, expected her articulate contempt to shield her from temptation, she was mistaken; not only that, but she forgot the relevant line from Shakespeare about the lady protesting too much. In short order—because PR man Ira deKay gives Marty a pass to his cabaña at the Hotel Peruviana swimming pool, arranges for the children to be taken off her hands for the entire afternoon by the hotel counselor, and loads her down with expensive beachwear—they are soon having an affair.

This seduction is symbolic, for Mr. Green clearly intends Ira deKay as a symbol for Miami. The author even spells out his allegory explicitly with the punning comment, "All things human are subject to deKay." The wheeler-and-dealer also contributes to the plot with his wild scheme to use Ellenbogen's property for the development of a new tourist attraction. This would be based on religion or, as deKay puts it in one of his neo-show-biz expressions, "the God bit." What is the name of this cynically de-

signed tourist trap? God-o-rama, naturally.

Along the way, the novel is spiced with a number of amusing turns. One involves a high-income ape named Mr. Banjo who emcees a television show. "Recently," we are told, "some officials of the network had voiced doubts as to whether an orangutan (a stupid orangutan at that) was really worth in excess of a thousand dollars a week. . . . The fact of the matter was, that the hulk of the network's viewers *approved* of Mr. Banjo's high earnings. It was argued that nothing could be more in the American tradition of equal opportunity for all than the capacity of a rufous Malayan ape to earn fifty thousand dollars annually."

Wheels Within Wheels

The story line bulges—once in a while, too much so—with such other matters as integration and anti-Semitism below the Mason-Dixon Line, the rootlessness of renegade communist party members, call girls who want to put their children through expensive private schools, an exposé of wire-service journalism, and murder.

If the plotting seems forced at times, so occasionally does the writing itself. Every now and then, for example, the eye bumps a phrase like "the pleasant melody was triturated and comminated beyond recognition." On the whole, however, Mr. Green's otherwise unassuming style and his prodigious yarn-spinning ability are equal to the fictional occasion.

How does Gerald Green resolve his comparison of the academicians and the pleasure-seeking materialists? For one thing, Lila Ellenbogen comes to the disturbing conclusion that "our lives are as satisfying as a fifty-thousand-dollar order from Macy's" and that what is missing is "the need for risk . . . some kind of marginal danger."

Even so, it is ironic to observe that the

anthropologists—whose job it is to assess man's relationship with his society—are less attuned to their own society than most of those around them. "Erwin [Ellenbogen] *related* to his environment; he understood it and thus could control it, or, when it contested him, meet it on its own terms. Tom Sorrento—and his wife, for that matter—were on the fringes of the culture pattern. Nothing they were involved in related to the well-oiled, operative mechanism of the economy, of the social structure, of the intricate tables of status and role."

Perhaps the final word belongs to Ira deKay, who comes to learn something despite his monumental imperviousness. Green says of the super-press agent, "As a general in the great national army of dullers and deadeners of the human spirit, he was beginning to have the worrisome notion that perhaps not everything could be dulled and deadened; that loot had its limits; and that there were areas where his everything-forLaughs view of life was as non-functional as Doc Sorrento's search for arrowheads."

ADD A DASH OF PITY, by Peter Ustinov (Little, Brown and Company, \$3.75). A collection of short stories by the clever British actor, playwright, and impersonator of sports cars. Some of them are slight to the point of anemia but others successfully blend suspense, humor, and a dash of poignancy.

STATION WAGON IN SPAIN, by Frances Parkinson Keyes (Farrar, Straus and Cudahy Inc., \$3.95). The many friends Mrs. Keyes has made through her thirty-five published books will be happy to learn that her thirty-sixth is about a young American who sets a workmanlike suspense story rolling by deciding to investigate a mysterious letter he receives from a supposed prisoner in a Spanish jail.

THE END

Luxury—Miami Style

The shopping promenade was palm-lined. The wide walks were decorated with islands of Bermuda grass. Under and around the tropic trees, the buyers milled and pushed, all of them happy, noisy, talkative, people in whom the pressures of life had been apparently extirpated forever through adequate purchasing power. . . . A narrow shoe store boasting "marked-down factory rejects," its window cluttered with odd sandals and moccasins, nested alongside a sedate castle of pedal luxury (in whose glass a solitary pair of courtesan's spiked pumps rested on a sea of red velvet). There were adjacencies even more appalling: a soft-drink stand (*Passion Punch—Nine Frooty Flavors*) shared the front of an arcade with the local branch of a Fifth Avenue jeweler.

The Lotus Eaters—pp. 75-76

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LANVIN PARFUMS • PARIS

Master of Mayhem

Hitchcock has frequent visions, believes in "mysterioso" women, and is as suspenseful, funny, and sentimental as his movies.

BY JON WHITCOMB

The movies are often accused of being an art form constructed of marshmallows, full of sweetness and light. Built on clichés, aimed at infants, and innocuous to the point of vacuity, the modern screen, critics claim, is little more than a soapbox for Elsie Dinsmore. When you must please such diverse pressure groups as the inhabitants of the Bible Belt, the Parent-Teachers clubs, the American Legion, and those people who are always getting films banned in Boston, it's no wonder that many movies are as bland as tapioca. Consequently, it is encouraging to report on an Englishman who has devoted a lifetime to stiffening this situation. His program has been called "wholesome mayhem for civilized people." In a series of films like *Rebecca*, *Suspicion*, *Dial M for Murder*, *Rear Window*, *To Catch a Thief*, *The Trouble With Harry*, *Vertigo*, and *North by Northwest*, cherubic Alfred Hitchcock has trotted out a repertoire of vigorous villainy uncluttered by marshmallows and innocent of tapioca. Hitchcock feels that lives of crime entertain

more people than recitals of good works, and his gallery of murderers, thieves, and rascals has been a smash hit on the screen and on TV.

"But crime must be stylish," he says. "It must have imagination and originality. I believe, furthermore, that logic is dull. I approach crime with fantasy."

Perpetual Calorie Counter

The proprietor of these sturdy ideas is a solidly constructed sixty-year-old who once weighed 297 pounds. Now down to 212, Hitchcock is perpetually going on or off a diet, and has on occasion achieved a low of 180. To a London journalist he confided that he keeps several sizes of suits on hand to cope with his changing displacement. When in France, he points out, it would be rude to insult the French by dieting in the face of their superb food. And in New York, he finds good intentions cancelled out by the native custom of taking on drinks in the middle of the day. The fact is, Hitchcock is a gourmet and a trencherman, and only the prospect of swollen

ankles and an irate doctor keeps him nibbling at lettuce instead of tucking away ten-course dinners. Another of his enthusiasms is cigars, long, Churchill-size stogies sheathed in aluminum, of which he used to carry a huge supply stashed about his person. Often described as a "fat cherub," Hitchcock owed at least part of his jolly girth to his hidden cargo of expensive perfectos.

"I started cigars," he says, "to make me look important." But nowadays, with no necessity to add importance to his unquestionable eminence, Hitchcock's smoking has suffered the same as his eating, and he contents himself with one cigar after lunch and a second after dinner.

The Hitchcock formula for a Hitchcock picture is to combine the outrageous with the subtle. The recipe calls for suspense and humor in equal parts, with a dash of violence and a pinch of sentiment. Hitchcock himself is based on this formula. He loves practical jokes. His attitude toward the world is that of an indulgent Charles Addams parent watching his children playing in a bat-ridden attic. He is a superb raconteur, and he loves to tell racy stories with a completely deadpan expression. Just before the punchline he pauses, puts on an arch look, and rolls out the snapper with mischievous gusto.

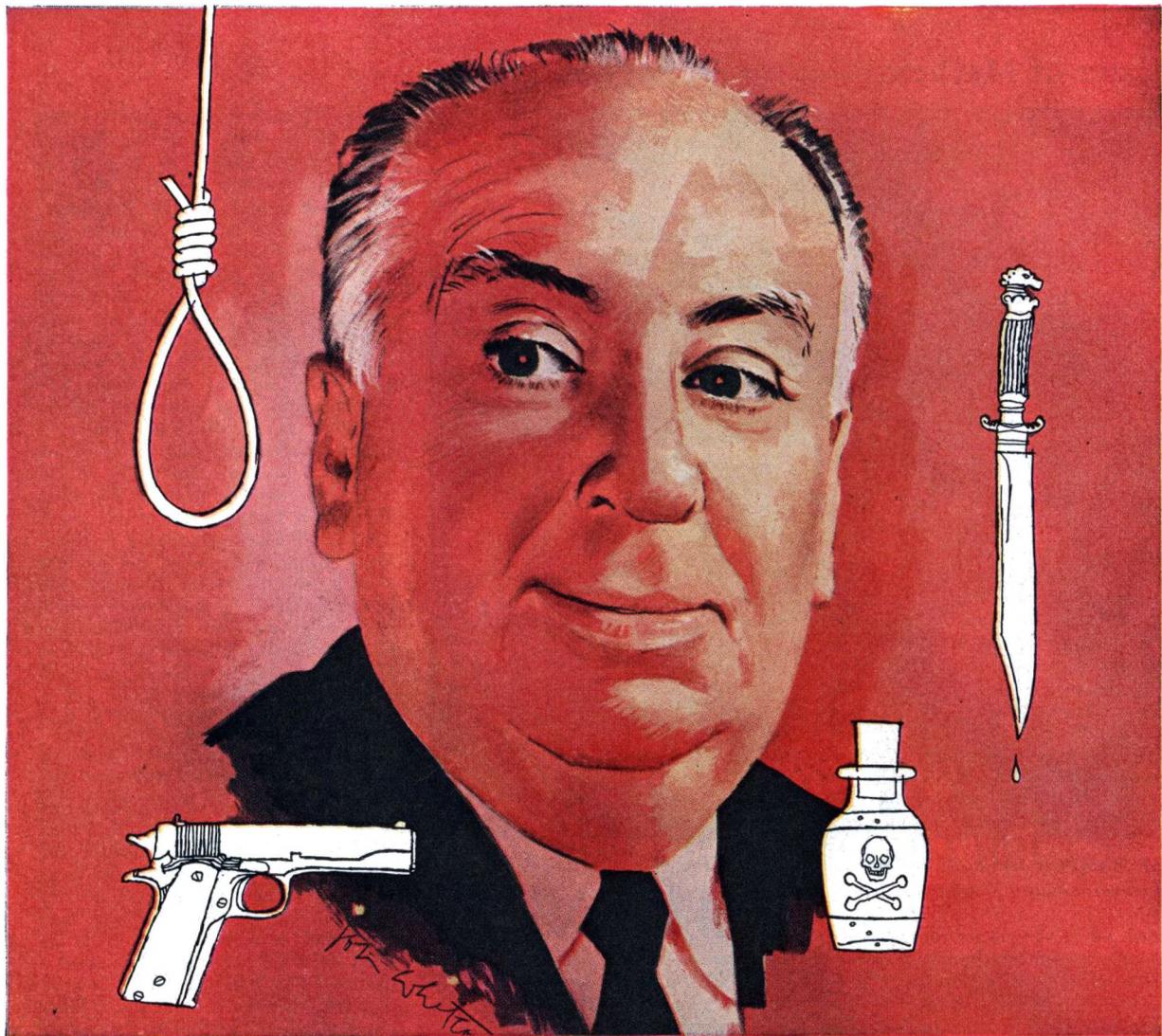
Still Waters Run Deep

His deceptively quiet and unassuming personality does not prepare you for some extremely acid feelings he bears toward certain people and customs in the industry. His remarks on the subject of censorship and various actors and actresses he feels have let him down make for lively interviews. Even minor Hitchcock cracks make amusing quotes, and he is probably the most entertaining and literate movie authority in the business.

When I went to call on him recently at New York's St. Regis Hotel, during a



THE APOSTLE of stylish crime shows Whitcomb his favorite vice. Hitchcock once smoked constantly, but doctors now limit him to two cigars a day.



"I AM SO TYPED by the public," Hitchcock says, "that if I tried my hand at a musical, people would expect the

soprano, when she reached her top C, to turn it into a scream." His films have won him four Oscar nominations.

visit he made to promote his film *North by Northwest*, he inquired, "What kind of an interview is this supposed to be?"

"A personal piece," I said.

"Well, then," he replied, patting his expanse of stomach, "we have a pretty broad field."

Seated on an orange sofa in the all-white living room of his suite, he was wearing a black suit, black tie, and black socks and shoes. "I like nothing but white shirts," he said, "except for TV, when they may have to be blue. And no jewelry of any kind, not even a wrist watch. My aim," he went on, wearing his pixie look, "is quiet dignity."

The quiet dignity, it developed, was being maintained at some cost at the moment. Mr. Hitchcock was having star trouble with two ladies, both of whom had had the effrontery to wreck his plans

with motherhood. The first, Vera Miles, under personal contract to Hitchcock, was supposed to play the lead in *Vertigo*. Instead, she chose to have a baby, and it was necessary to replace her with Kim Novak. "It sky-rocketed our budget," he remarked, frowning, lower lip protruding as in many caricatures of him.

Advising Tarzan's Ex-wife

"Then she divorced her husband, Gordon Scott—he's one of the Tarzans, you know—and now she wants me to tell her what she's going to do next. She cost me several hundred thousand dollars. I don't know what I'm going to do with her. Movie careers have a rhythm, you know. She broke the rhythm, and it means making a whole new start."

The second, Audrey Hepburn, was a more recent catastrophe. She was to

have started work June 1, on Paramount's *No Bail for the Judge*, a Hitchcock comedy-thriller that he had been working on for a year. But while working in Mexico in the spring, Audrey was thrown from a horse. Her picture, *The Unforgiven*, was closed down while she recuperated in Hollywood. In spite of delays, the film was finished in time for Audrey to report to Paramount; instead, she sent word from Switzerland that she was expecting a baby. Hitchcock thereupon put *No Bail for the Judge* on ice and went to work preparing a horror film, *Psycho*, as his next enterprise. In the same category as the French film *Diabolique*, the project would depend for impact on "a harrowing story of horror and death in a Sacramento motel." Meanwhile, Miss Hepburn lost the expected baby, and would probably require an ex-

Master of Mayhem (continued)



THE MASTER sets North by Northwest scene for Cary Grant. Hitchcock sketches his camera setups in advance, knows just what he wants when shooting starts.

tended period of time for convalescence.

As to *Psycho*, which will star Tony Perkins, Hitchcock cautioned me. "Don't ask for clues on the subject matter. You'll just have to be surprised. This film will put the Paramount sales department on its mettle," he added, turning to Burt Champion, a studio press executive, who was sitting nearby. As Mr. Champion nodded in agreement, Hitchcock went on to mention the box-office scores of some of his intensively publicized films. "*Rear Window*," he said, "cost a million dollars to make and grossed about eight million. *To Catch a Thief* and *Vertigo* brought in seven million apiece. We will make *Psycho* on a very modest budget, in black and white film with color accents."

Color Must Serve

"Color photography has to justify its use in a very specific way. It has to be important to the story or the setting. It has to do something. It must be dramatic. Now in *Dial M for Murder*, I started Grace Kelly out in a bright red dress, her face in full natural make-up. From there, her clothes went to brick red, then to pale brown shades. Her face kept pace, becoming paler and paler, until at the end her face and clothes were completely drab. It helped our dra-

matic impact. In *Rear Window* I kept the color green out of the picture until Judith Evelyn made her entrance in a brilliant green outfit. This added a great deal to the force of her introduction.

"This same picture is a good example of the technique I like to use in movies. I call it 'action and reaction.' In the process, you put bits of film together in a certain way, and the bits in sequence show the process. For instance, you show a baby gurgling. Then you show James Stewart smiling at it. This makes him an admirable parent, a pleasant hero worthy of audience sympathy. Now substitute for the baby a shot of a girl undressing, followed by the same bit of Stewart smiling—and the admirable parent, the sympathetic hero, is gone. Instead, you have a leering, dirty man."

Hitchcock's preparations before shooting are so complete that he endures the actual filming process as an anticlimax. He never worries about progress, as all problems have been anticipated and licked beforehand. He sees the finished picture complete in his mind's eye, and this is why he never bothers to look through the finder of a camera. *No Bail for the Judge* is one of these completed visions, even though not a foot of film has as yet been shot. With writer Samuel

Taylor, Hitchcock constructed a script from the novel by a British mystery writer, Henry Cecil. The English, he feels, have considerably more flair for crime and criminals than Americans: They are more inclined to relish fine points of technique and have a quicker appreciation for grisly details. England seems to supply a higher proportion of colorful misdeeds and piquant evil-doers. And with them goes a large posse of writers (like Agatha Christie) who organize the material into novels and screenplays of great finesse and ingenuity. With Taylor, Hitchcock put in a number of afternoons studying court procedures at London's Old Bailey. Hitchcock wrote the first draft of the story, after which Taylor took over and began the first of many painstaking revisions. Many months later, when the job was done, a paper pattern of the picture had been constructed in which every camera angle, every set, every word spoken and every element of laughter and suspense had been arranged in advance. As Hitchcock remarks, "When I finally get to work and shoot it, things will be *very* mundane."

Possessive Papa

After having given so much loving care to the birth of his screen babies, Father Hitchcock can hardly be blamed for feeling possessive about them. Loaded down with the voluminous mass of dictated notes for one of these, Hitchcock once encountered a representative of the top brass on a lot where he was making a picture. "What's all that stuff?" the brass inquired. Hitchcock stiffened. "These pieces of paper," he replied, "are in the process of becoming what will one day be referred to by you as *our* picture!"

No Bail for the Judge is the story of a judge and a prostitute, and the novel's author, Henry Cecil, is actually a judge in London under his real name of Henry Cecil Leon. He has written twelve books based on various aspects of English law, mostly comedies which cock a snoot at the subject, pointing out flaws where the law can be neatly and humorously circumvented.

Hitchcock is convinced that people like entertainment to be amusing. Commenting on the disappointing box-office returns of a current film based on Nazi atrocities which made money as a play, he said. "Stage audiences have plenty of money; they're metropolitan types who can afford a tragedy now and then. By contrast, most movie-goers live in small towns, and after they go to the expense of hiring a baby-sitter for the evening, they want to come away with something more than tear-stains to show for the outlay."

Hitchcock has few illusions about ac-

tors. "I wouldn't suffer the indignity of being an actor," he says. (A previous crack, to the effect that actors are "cattle," once inspired the late Carole Lombard to bring a couple of cows to work with her on a Hitchcock set.)

But he is not too undignified to make a practice of appearing at least once in every picture he directs. Somewhere in the footage, Hitchcock will turn up as a casual pedestrian, a passenger on a train, or a diner at a banquet, and this brief flash has become as well known as his signature. "I like to get this gimmick over with very early in a film," he says. "I don't want people to sit there just looking for me."

He considers that the late Cecil B. deMille was the only director besides himself to be irrevocably typed. DeMille made history at the box office with Biblical films. Hitchcock feels that his lot has been cast permanently with disciples of the devil, and that he is now firmly married to shenanigans of the lower depths. But he refuses to take this fate seriously. "I just can't walk around with a furrowed brow."

The apostle of sin and wickedness was born in London at the turn of the century. Raised for a time by Jesuits, he likes to emphasize his early state of innocence by saying, "Of course, I wasn't very worldly." At the University of London he studied art and engineering, two subjects he regards as indispensable in the field of directing motion pictures. Soon after college, he worked as a layout man in the advertising department of a London store (at \$3.50 a week) and then as a title writer for the London office of an American movie company. Here he pioneered the use of symbolic drawings in titles. By 1923, he was art director for a movie called *Woman to Woman*. By his second film, he was filling the jobs of art director, scriptwriter, and production manager. By 1926 he had been full-fledged director of several movies and took Alma Reville, a young assistant director, as his bride.

Hitchcock Does Mental Pushups

Alma and Alfred are now grandparents, and Alma still works with Alfred on all his films as writer, adviser, and general assistant. In California, the Hitchcocks make their home in Bel Air, in a house overlooking the Bel Air golf course. Hitchcock is violently opposed to exercise of any sort, and has no truck with physical activity more strenuous than bending an elbow or climbing ramps in order to board airplanes. His strength, he now feels, is entirely of the mental variety.

"Recently," he said, "I had an inquiry from an official of a Manchester (England) TV station, saying they had come

across a book in their library illustrated by my sketches for scenes in a movie—and did I have any more such books with sketches that they could add to their collection? I replied, 'No, no more books—it is all in my head.'" Here Hitchcock tapped his temple. "I wonder if those people would mind waiting until after my demise. Then they could furnish their library with the material they want—in the shape of a shrunken human head."

Lifeboat Stayed Afloat

In general, Hitchcock films have pleased the critics and delighted the public on both sides of the Atlantic, although he points out that Dorothy Thompson was moved to say after seeing *Lifeboat*, starring Tallulah Bankhead, "I give it ten days to get out of town." He has been nominated for an Academy Award for four pictures: *Lifeboat*, *Rebecca*, *Spellbound*, and *Rear Window*.

All Hitchcock films devote much attention to The McGuffin. This term is used to describe what the crooks are after, be it atomic secrets, plans for the fortifications, or the kidnap ransom. If The McGuffin is sufficiently interesting, the picture is bound to be a success.

When *North by Northwest* was previewed for the press, a woman columnist remarked in some surprise that its female lead, Eva Marie Saint, had been turned into Marlene Dietrich. This pleased Hitchcock, who likes to pass a miracle as much as the next man. "I really fix them up," he says. "I did the same for Grace Kelly, who was rather mousy in *High Noon*. She blossomed out for me in her next two films. I feel that in order to portray a sexy quality on the screen, an actress must have a 'mysterious' element. This requires showing her as an enigmatic person who might appear, let us say, in a taxi with a man who does not know whether she will shrink into a corner or tear off his clothes."

Master of Illusion

He rubbed his hands briskly, warming to the subject. "My technique goes like this: if an actress is the drab type, I set her on fire with sequins. But if she is a sexy number to start with, I soft-pedal her. I cover her up at the start and bring her out by easy stages."

He smiled, a cherub planning a new crime. "Marilyn Monroe, for instance. If I ever have her for a picture, I'll start her out as a nun."

THE END

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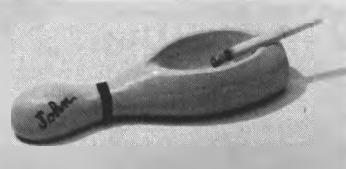
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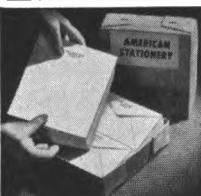
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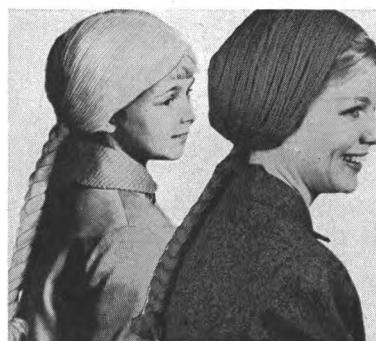
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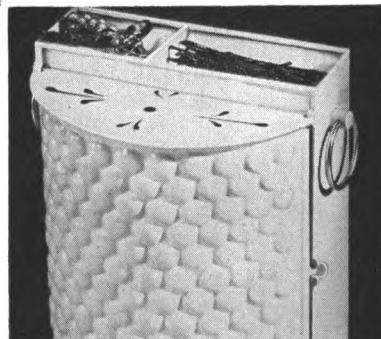
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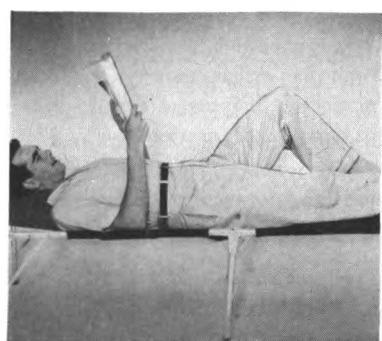
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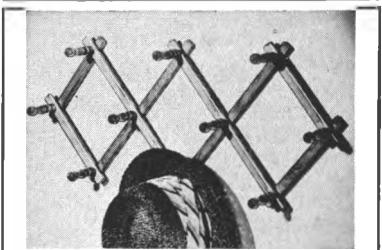
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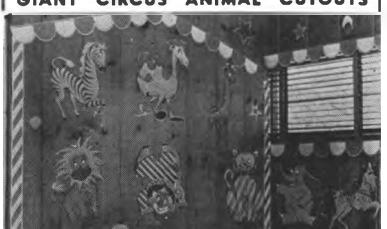
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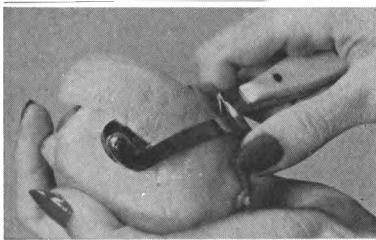
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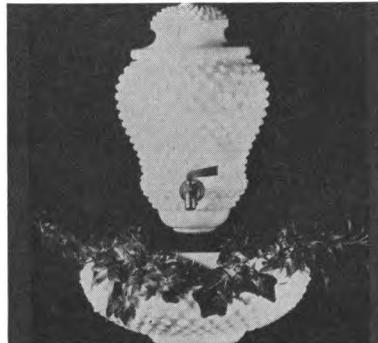
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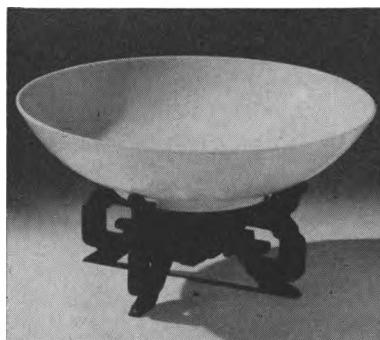
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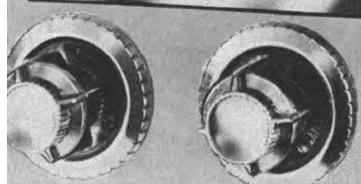
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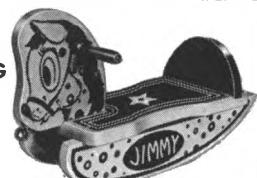
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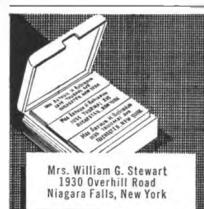
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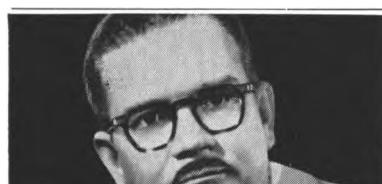
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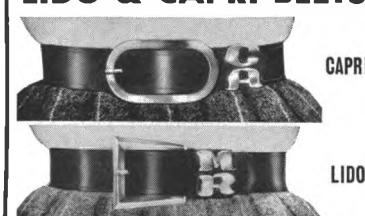
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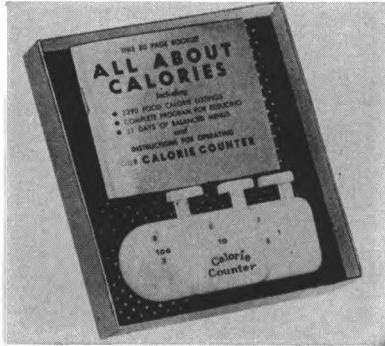


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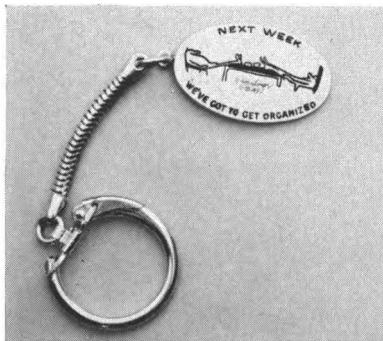
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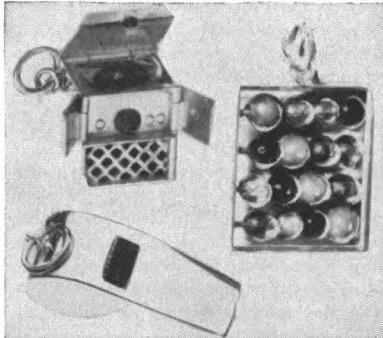
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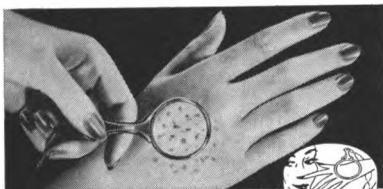


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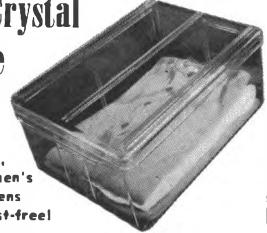
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So You Want to . . .

Get Into the Social Register

American Society operates in three overlapping orbits: Society, International Society, and Café Society.

"Society" is background and bank-books, class and cash.

"International Society" is wandering wealth from every country and continent flying about the globe, trying to be at the right place at the right time with the right crowd.

"Café Society" is the pub set—set on publicity.

Top Society was seeded in New England by the Puritans, in the South by plantation plutocrats, and in New York by early Dutch and English families.

But that doesn't rule out everyone else. "Nouveau riche" have been known to crash Society; for example, a few outsiders named Astor, Whitney, and Vanderbilt sneaked in around 1880. Today their names are synonymous with Society; yet Augustus Van Horne Stuyvesant, Jr., direct descendant of the pegleg governor of New Amsterdam, always referred to them as "the new ones."

"The Four Hundred" Plus

The late 1880's were a significant period, for in those years Society began to take shape. The first "society column" appeared in the New York *Herald*; Mrs. William Astor's social stooge, Ward McAllister, published the first society list and dubbed it "The Four Hundred"; and in 1887, the *really* big year, Louis Keller began the annual publishing of a phenomenon known as the Social Register. The latter is still published, winter and summer, in eleven cities, and Society has grown from McAllister's four hundred to over seventy-five thousand.

The Register came about by indirection. Keller's original notion was to publish a magazine aimed at Mrs. Astor and her kind, and, in order to attract advertisers, he made up a list of the names

and addresses of these wealthy people, to show who would be his readers. The periodical failed miserably, but there were unlimited requests for his "sucker" list. Thereupon Keller dropped the magazine and printed the list.

Since Keller died in 1922, his secretary, a little lady now over eighty years old, daughter of a train conductor, makes all the important decisions. Her name is Bertha Eastmond Barry.

If getting into the Register were easy, few people would care about being listed. But it is not easy. Someone already listed must start the ball rolling by suggesting a new applicant and describing his family and social background, etc.

After the advisory board looks at the information, the proposer gets a form letter asking for four or five additional letters of recommendation from other people listed in the directory. If everything meets with the board's approval, the applicant is sent a blank on which to write the information to be published.

Though the ways of the decision-makers remain a quaint mystery, some clues have been gleaned over the years:

1. Money isn't everything. One fellow even tried to buy the Register, which is for sale under conditions specified by the founder: when "a flattering offer is obtained from persons who will conduct it on the same lines and standards I have established." The man's \$600,000 was not considered flattering and his standards in trying to buy his way in were doubted.

2. Links with or leanings toward show business are deadly. Elliot Roosevelt was dropped when he married Faye Emerson; Ellin Mackay when she married Irving Berlin. Although opera is conceded top drawer culture, Dorothy Benjamin was dropped when she married Mr. Opera himself, Enrico Caruso.

3. Nobody but nobody survives unsavory publicity. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., was ejected for taking a slap at Society

in his book, *Farewell to Fifth Avenue*, which got a lot of press attention.

4. It's harder to "break into" the Register in New York than it is in any of the ten other cities. The New York Register is big, heavy, and overloaded. Added names mean additional pages, plus higher mailing charges. Since the Register is a commercial venture, the profit incentive also dominates other considerations. People have been dropped for not buying editions in which their names appeared.

International Society

Getting and staying in International Society is a bit easier. Here you'll find nobility and ex-nobility, great beauties, actors and actresses, diplomats, and clowns, social climbers, and hangers-on—all dedicated to "living it up."

Elsa Maxwell and Noel Coward add their entertaining talents to the mad scramble for pleasure. Aristotle Socrates Onassis and his brother-in-law, Stavros Niarchos, set the pace for fabulous entertaining on and off their respective yachts. Guided by their examples, we can assume that membership in this group is open if you are either very chic or very rich, or both—and travel is a must.

Many people are sold on the fact that the International Set is the new important Society. Cleveland Amory feels it is so significant that he has compiled a dossier on it, the International Celebrity Register, containing 2,400 profiles and photos. It will be published next month.

Finally, and last because it is least, is Café Society. It was born in the thirties, when night club owners needed publicity to increase business. Glamour girls and debutantes were named and photographed. Columnists got copy and nonentities got space. Today, it's no longer an achievement, but, as someone cracked, "an indictment."

That's the circus called society—all three rings of it. —DAVID E. GREEN



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Millionaires With A Conscience

Gone are the high-living rich of yesterday. Our new-style millionaires not only give away seven billion dollars a year—they also give the sweat of their brows.

BY SHIRLEY CAMPBELL

An armchair psychologist recently attended a chic little party in a fashionable suburb. When the chit-chat began to pall, the hostess asked him to explain psychological tests.

"I'll do better than that—I'll demonstrate a simple one, the word association test," offered the young man. He selected several reasonably well-adjusted people and began calling off a list of nouns to them. They, in turn, responded rapidly with the first descriptive word that came to mind. When the word "millionaire" was called out, the answers were "penny-pinching," "ruthless," "selfish," "playboy." Which proves that even millionaires have a cross to bear: their public image.

But times have changed, and so have millionaires. The passionate, single-minded energy with which the titans of fifty years ago piled up cash and power has largely disappeared.

Social chronicler Lucius Beebe says sadly in a recent article, "The Lost Art of Being Rich": "The great hallmarks of wealth and character that once set rich men apart from their inferiors—affairs with starlets, love nests aboard ocean-going yachts, private railroad cars . . . a nice taste in Madeira and *fêtes champêtres* around swimming pools into which guests in evening dress precipitated themselves . . . are gone with the wind."

Beebe blames the passing of the gay days and the grand gestures on the devotion of millionaires to "good works." To a large extent, he's right. Today's typical millionaire, of the current thirty-three thousand in the United States, is spending an ever-increasing share of his money, time, and elbow-grease on non-profit rather than profit enterprises, on philanthropy rather than personal entertainment.

Giving money may seem easy. But to-

day it is a complex procedure involving time-consuming decisions about who should get what. During the last few decades, non-profit organizations—all in need of funds—have grown and proliferated. About half a million exist today. This growth in non-profit agencies combined with a much more powerful communications network, has put today's millionaires in a state of siege. Anyone whose name is known receives literally thousands of requests a year from worthy groups of all kinds.

What About Tax Savings?

Giving away money does, of course, bring tax benefits. But according to David Church, Executive Director of the American Association of Fund-Raising Counsel, Inc., "Most millionaires probably do not give for tax deductions. Many people of wealth give out of capital—which does not bring tax benefits."

In any case, can tax benefits explain why, for example, forty-three-year-old Tom Slick—a Texas oil man known as "The Founder"—spends fully half his time on his several foundations and other philanthropic ventures? Friends say, "Tom's in the oil business for one reason: to pipe more money into pet projects."

But the latest wrinkle of all is the rise of a new kind of millionaire, the professional public servant working full-time in non-governmental social welfare.

Forty-one-year-old Ernest Mitler is a case in point. For the last ten years, he has been the man behind the newspaper headlines about the black market in baby sales. The hard-hitting, impassioned son of a rich father, Mitler has risked his life in trying to bust this racket. He is a lawyer, a graduate of that toughest law course of all, the Manhattan D.A.'s office.

A complete professional, he uses all the weapons of a modern private eye, from a pocket-size tape recorder hidden under his jacket to girl decoys posing as unwed mothers, to uncover the baby racketeers.

The specialization of technological society has also influenced today's rich. All the money of a Midas can't buy the training and knowledge—and status—of the lowest-paid research chemist or social worker. The public has shifted its respect from the wealthy to the competent.

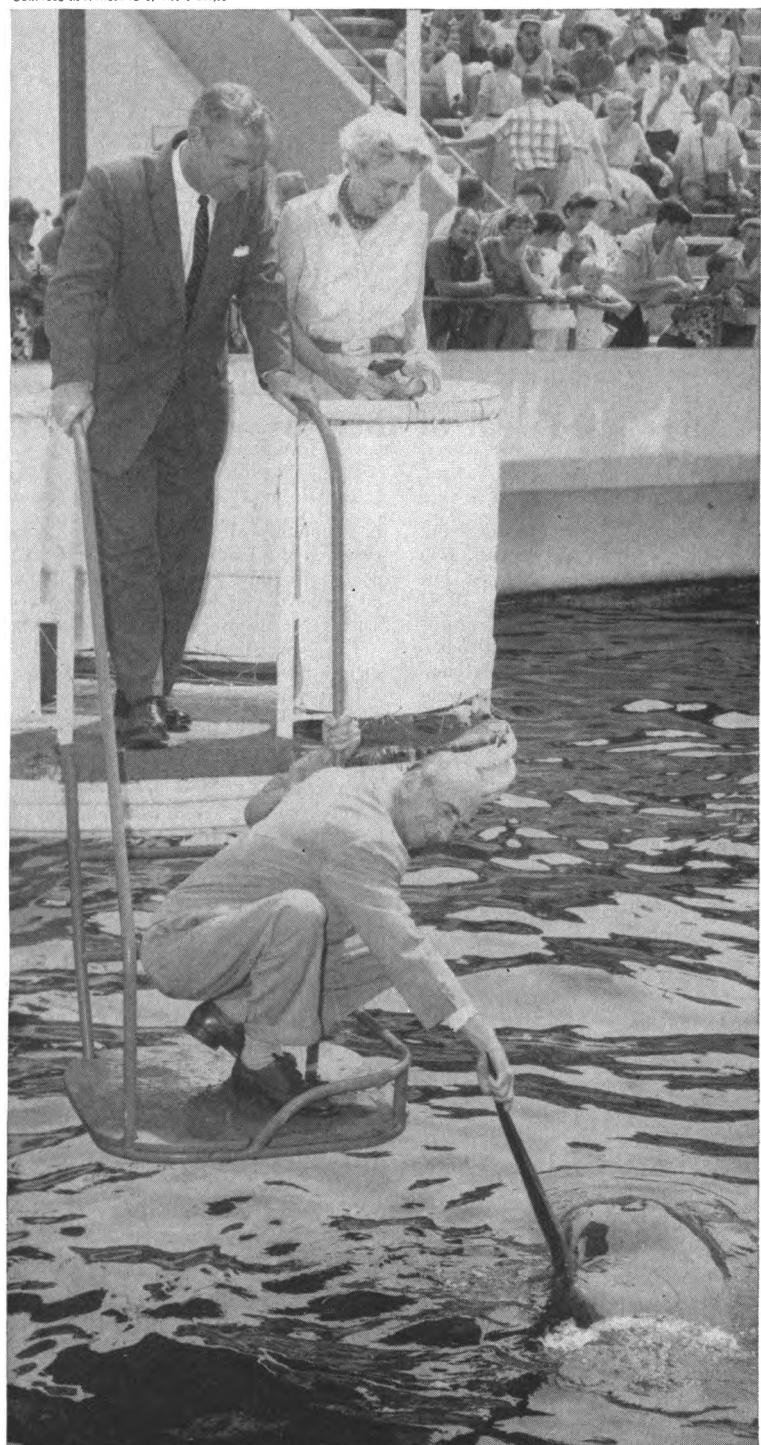
This is also an age of psychological sophistication. The theories of Freud and his followers are so much a part of the atmosphere that millionaires can hardly escape their effects. How can a man enjoy playing the Riviera roué after he's learned that his antics are only a symptom of the "Don Juan syndrome," an emotional affliction of inadequate men? The millionaires of the old days didn't have to explain themselves to themselves: they were simply misers, acquisitors, manipulators, or roués.

But probably the basic explanation of the rise of the public-spirited millionaire lies in the vast social upheavals of our age. Two world wars and a depression have affected practically everyone. Further, as life has grown more complex, we have become all the more determined to uphold and preserve the doctrine of social responsibility in a democracy. Only this philosophy will help us survive as individuals the impersonal forces of industrialization. Every medium of public communication is permeated with this doctrine; isolation from it is a practical impossibility. Under such conditions, how can a man take his ease in the face of human misery, when he knows he can help? A millionaire *without* a conscience has to have thick skin these days.

(continued)

Fairfield Osborn

Courtesy Marineland of the Pacific



TICKLING A WHALE at Marineland of the Pacific is lighter side of Osborn's activities. His wife, with Marineland's director, William Monaghan, approved his decision to quit Wall Street to further world-wide conservation.

"I didn't get my real job until I was fifty-three." At that age, in 1935, Fairfield Osborn, a Wall Street businessman who had been expensively educated at Groton, Princeton, and Cambridge, quietly resigned as treasurer of three Wall Street firms. Without skipping a day, he plunged into work that really absorbed him: studying fish, birds, and animals, and solving such puzzlers as how to convert sea water into fresh water, and how to stop soil erosion in Latin America. Osborn's new job: full-time Secretary of the New York Zoological Society, which embraces the huge Bronx Zoo and the new Marine Aquarium at Coney Island.

From the time Osborn, aged nine, kept a pet alligator named Al and had his own private aquarium in his family's big New York brownstone house, he has had a passion for studying birds and animals. Now a dapper, young-looking seventy-two, Osborn still shows a reaction to fauna very like that of the boy-hero of the famous Dr. Seuss book, *If I Ran the Zoo*.

In running the Zoo, Osborn, now President, didn't exactly step clear of business. He explains, "The Zoo operates on a million-dollar budget—hardly penny ante."

Besides directing the Zoo's research and educational activities, and swapping animals and birds around the world from Alaska to Ceylon to Bermuda to Florida to Monaco (where Prince Rainier makes swaps with Osborn from his zoo), Osborn has other strong interests. Worried about the way our natural resources were shrinking, eleven years ago Osborn established The Conservation Foundation. First of its kind, the organization studies population pressure, flood control, forest conservation, and other problems.

Osborn's Dual Heritage

To Osborn, the dual business-science career has come naturally. His businessman grandfather took the Illinois Central Railroad line out of bankruptcy and put it on the map. But Osborn's father, the late Henry Fairfield Osborn, was a paleontologist associated for forty-four years with the Museum of Natural History. In fact, he helped to found the Zoo.

"The latest date my father ever used was 25,000 years ago," says Osborn. "Time, for me, meant something different from catching the suburban train."

Indifferent to millionaire-type luxuries and society shindigs, Osborn, now an acclaimed scientist and author, lives opposite West Point on a Hudson Highlands mountaintop. He drives a 1954 car, and with his wife keeps a small apartment in New York City. Were Osborn's years as a Wall Street money-maker wasted? Says Osborn: "It's a good thing I had that practical training. Saving our natural resources is a big business, too."

Robert Gilmour LeTourneau

For the last twenty-five years, millionaire industrialist Bob LeTourneau has turned over 90 per cent of his personal earnings and 90 per cent of his huge company's stock to the world's largest religious foundation: the LeTourneau Foundation. Moreover, he took this step before any significant tax benefit was possible, and doesn't get a cent from the Foundation. How did he happen to get that way?

An engineering genius whose accomplishments are spectacular enough to have staggered Cecil B. de Mille, LeTourneau is the son of a poor Vermont farmer of French Huguenot descent. A restless boy, he abandoned formal schooling at fourteen (he literally couldn't sit still for more than a few minutes) and went to work in an iron foundry. He became so fascinated by mechanics that he began taking correspondence courses in mechanical engineering, geometry, algebra. Eventually, as a grease monkey in Stockton, California, he worked out the "part-time work, part-time study" program that was later to become a feature of the LeTourneau plants. With one of his first inventions, the "Gondola," an earthscraper that substituted welding for

riveting, and electrical power for compressed air, LeTourneau made industrial history. He went on to design awesome earthmoving machines that rip out jungles, crash and smash trees, build roads, and in general have considerably changed the face of the earth in the last forty years. He provided three quarters of the earthmoving equipment that was used by the United States Armed Forces in World War II.

As LeTourneau says of his success: "My platform has three principle plans—speed, the welding torch, and the Bible."

Man With a Mission

Never far from religion (two of his sisters were missionaries), he decided to help young people prepare for missionary work, and thus began the Foundation.

Giant-sized jobs are part of the Foundation's non-profit business. So far the organization—using jungle-crushing machinery—has cleared one million acres of land in Peru for agricultural and industrial use. It has done the same job on 80 square miles in Liberia.

Teaming industry with missionary work, LeTourneau trains natives to take over the projects, lift themselves eco-

nomically, and get religious instruction.

On the lengthy payroll are American engineers, machinists, mechanics, carpenters, teachers and ministers. LeTourneau's daughter, a son-in-law, and one of his six sons have worked in the jungle for several years. At least two times every year, the industrialist, now seventy-one years old, visits both the Peru and Liberia projects.

Plain-living LeTourneau lives in an asbestos-shingled house in Texas, has taken only one vacation in his life. The trip, with his wife, was to Honolulu and back—LeTourneau spent the flying time working at a drafting board he had had installed in the plane. He speeds up his sixteen-hour work day by dashing through his factories on a scooter, spends every single weekend (except Christmas) flying in one of his converted B-26 bombers to give talks on religion. He estimates that in the last year he has addressed two million people.

A motto on LeTourneau's wall explains why he empties his pockets of so many millions of dollars for missionary work: "Not How Much of My Money Do I Give to God, But How Much of God's Money Do I Keep for Myself."

(continued)



"DEAN OF EARTHMOVING industry," Bob LeTourneau, works sixteen hours a day to produce behemoths like this world's largest bulldozer, designed for the U.S. Air

Force. But he insists his business success is due to a "partnership with God," has an irrevocable clause in contract that turns 90 per cent of his yearly income over to charity.

Walter Haas, Jr.

On a three-weeks' pack trip in the High Sierras, Walter Haas, Jr., his wife and his three children, explored, hiked, fished, cooked, slept on the ground. Back home again in San Francisco after his favorite kind of trip, Haas, the young and handsome president of Levi Strauss and Company, manufacturers since Gold Rush days of the famous Levi Jeans, started thinking about children who had never had a chance to go camping. Most of the city's underprivileged children had never had any of the adventures that he associates with his own childhood; had never been on a mule pack trip, never ridden a horse, never slept under the starry night sky, never gone on a picnic or seen the wonders of the woods.

The Guardsmen

In his casual, friendly Western manner, Haas discussed the children's situation with a few of his friends, and sold

them on the idea of establishing a unique club, "The Guardsmen." Only men under forty can become Guardsmen, and membership is limited to one hundred and fifty. Now twelve years old, the club has made it possible for some thirty-two thousand of San Francisco's underprivileged kids of all races to enjoy the many pleasures of summer camp.

The "Personal Touch"

To pay expenses, the Guardsmen raise \$70,000 to \$80,000 a year. But believing money isn't enough, the young men add a personal touch. Explains Haas, "We require each member to give his time and effort to raise the money. And we expect him to get to know the children, and see the end result."

In baggy pants and old sweatshirts, Haas and the other Guardsmen work each Christmas season heaving, stacking, and selling 15,000 Christmas trees. The well-

earned proceeds all go toward swelling the camp funds.

The Guardsmen then get to know the children by going to the railroad station to see them off to camp. Sometimes they make overnight visits to see how the youngsters are getting along. Meeting the children on their return to the city has gradually become another established Guardsmen practice. "It hits home," says Haas, Jr., "when a child who left for camp sullen, unhappy, afraid of the water, afraid of bugs, comes back full of enthusiasm, eager to show off his bug collection and expert dog-paddle. And often his parents aren't even there to meet him. But at least you're there. You're someone who cares, who can listen to his enthusiastic stories and admire him and take him home."

So well do some of the Guardsmen listen to and learn about the problems of delinquents, that they have been able to step into San Francisco's overloaded Juvenile Court and take over as substitute fathers, counselors, and much-needed friends. Many a Guardsman has straightened out the twisted life of a boy who, left unguided, would most probably be drawn into a life of crime.

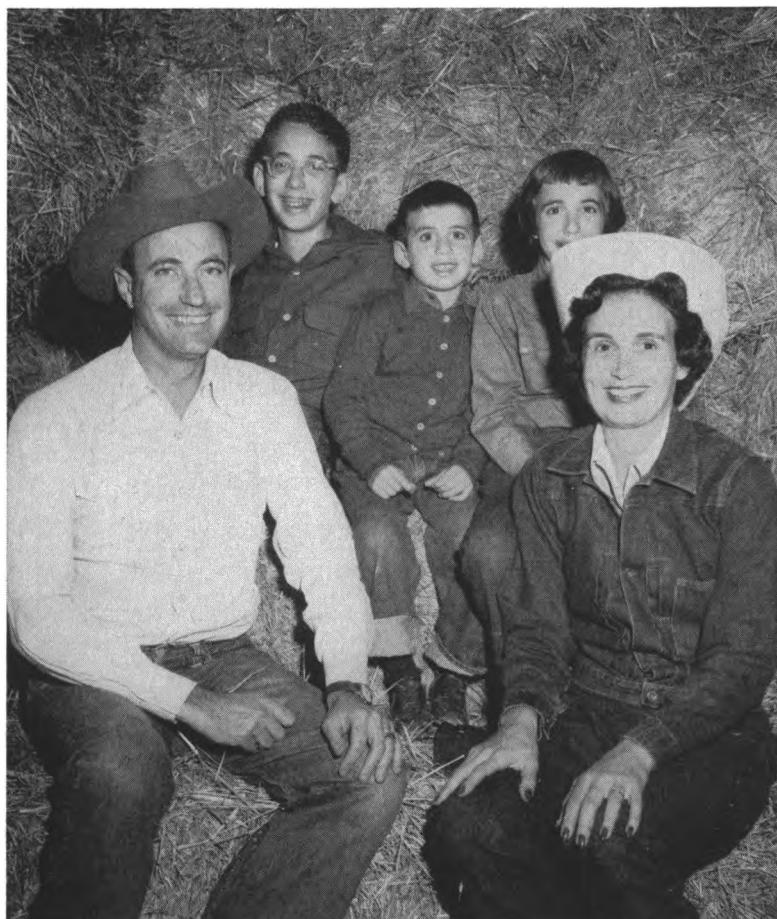
Haas sees to it that blue jeans, as well as other clothing, are given to youngsters who arrive at camp in worn and torn clothes. Lately, Haas has begun to send his Levi jeans even farther afield: in the last two years he has shipped 25,000 pairs as gifts to Korean orphans and other needy children all over the world.

Heir to a family tradition of service, Haas considers such projects as The Guardsmen part of his civic contribution, but admits to getting an extra amount of pleasure and satisfaction out of his warm relationship with the kids. "Too often, giving gets pretty impersonal," he says.

Not a "Horn Blower"

With his own children and his wife, Haas lives in an unusual house. Built on a very narrow lot (about 22 feet), three stories high (uncommon for this Pacific Heights neighborhood), the house has a tremendous view of the Bay—and of Alcatraz. Though the house is one of the showplaces of San Francisco, "show" in charitable work is foreign to Haas, his brother Peter, and other family members.

Says Thomas O'Toole, secretary of The Guardsmen, "Walter, like the rest of the family, never blows his own horn. You seldom know about the things they do—unless you find out by accident. But this is the most charitable family I've met in my life. As far as I know, they've never said 'no' to civic responsibility—financially, morally, or physically."



WHEN IN HIS TWENTIES Walter A. Haas, Jr., became concerned about San Francisco's summertime, city-marooned children and dreamed up his unique summer camp plan. Like Haas, his wife and three children are enthusiastic campers.

Angier Biddle Duke

A millionaire playboy only twenty years ago, Angier Biddle Duke inherited an American Tobacco Company fortune from his father's side of the family. From both sides—his mother was a Main Line, Philadelphia, Biddle—he also inherited an impressive *Social Register* background. When young Duke wasn't being arrested for speeding offenses or dabbling at magazine work (for a year he was a ski editor who had never been on skis), he lived it up at Manhattan night spots and gave lavish and tony parties for Hollywood movie stars and visiting English nobility at his luxurious Southampton estate, which his friends gaily called "The Duke Box."

War Launches Duke's Career

World War II catapulted Duke right out of the glitter and into the eye-opening life of a private in the Army. By the time Duke made it to major he had visited his uncle, Anthony ("Tony") Drexel Biddle, then in London as U.S. Ambassador to the Governments-in-Exile, and had met streams of homeless refugees. This moving experience had the effect of making him begin to worry about the welfare of those he had seen and others like them.

To the bewilderment of café society, Duke became serious about a career, and was finally appointed to El Salvador as the youngest ambassador in the history of the United States.

To the delight of the night club crowd and the State Department, Duke promptly turned into a top-notch diplomat, one of the best ever sent to Latin America. He acquired fluent Spanish, made treks to tiny towns in the interior where no American had ever set foot—and was in his office at the very unluxurious hour of 8 A.M. every day.

Still bothered by the plight of refugees, Duke finally volunteered his services to a private agency devoted to helping refugees: the International Rescue Committee, and its subsidiary, MEDICO, which sends medical help to people in underdeveloped countries. Offered a salary, Duke took one look at the Committee's budget and, aghast, refused the money. He went to work full-time for the Committee and, five years ago, became President.

Duke himself became a short-time refugee when he went to Vietnam to conduct an on-the-spot survey of the refugee difficulties. Caught in the midst of rioting, he was barricaded in a hotel, his luggage and identifying papers torn to shreds. He lost all his possessions—and almost lost his life. "Since then," says Duke, "I know in a small way how it feels to be minus an identity and living on the good grace of others—as most refugees find they must do in order to survive.



INTERNATIONAL RESCUE COMMITTEE chairman, Angier Biddle Duke, presents Richard E. Byrd Award to Vietnam's President, Ngo Dinh Diem, for leadership in promoting free world. Duke works full time for the IRC without salary.

Duke lives, with his children, and wife, the granddaughter of a Spanish Marquis, in an apartment on Park Avenue. But the current excitement of his life is far from the synthetic café-society brand of excitement that he had enjoyed in the lavish, party-giving past.

Help to Hungarian Refugees

A sudden call for assistance from Iron Curtain political refugees sends him flying to the crisis spot. During the Hungarian uprising of October 1956, Duke got thousands of beds for exhausted refugees, promoted and distributed "freedom packages" of supplies, arranged for cash grants, helped students and children who had fled Hungary alone to find shelter in special homes. Exhausted and back at his unglamorous office on "Charity Row" on lower Fourth-

Avenue Duke pulled himself together to tackle more of the same.

With the energy that characterizes all his work he explains bluntly what's behind his grueling program for refugees: "When a man has the courage to oppose tyranny, to fight for freedom, and then to run for his very life, we have a special moral obligation to him. How can we make him wait? We *must* give this man every possible kind of help *immediately*—a country to settle in, a job, training. A home."

Duke's Full-Time Job

Angier Biddle Duke is convinced that a humanitarian organization like his, with no axe to grind, can give even more help than governments. The desire to help refugees is the axe that ex-playboy Duke grinds twenty-four hours a day.

(continued)

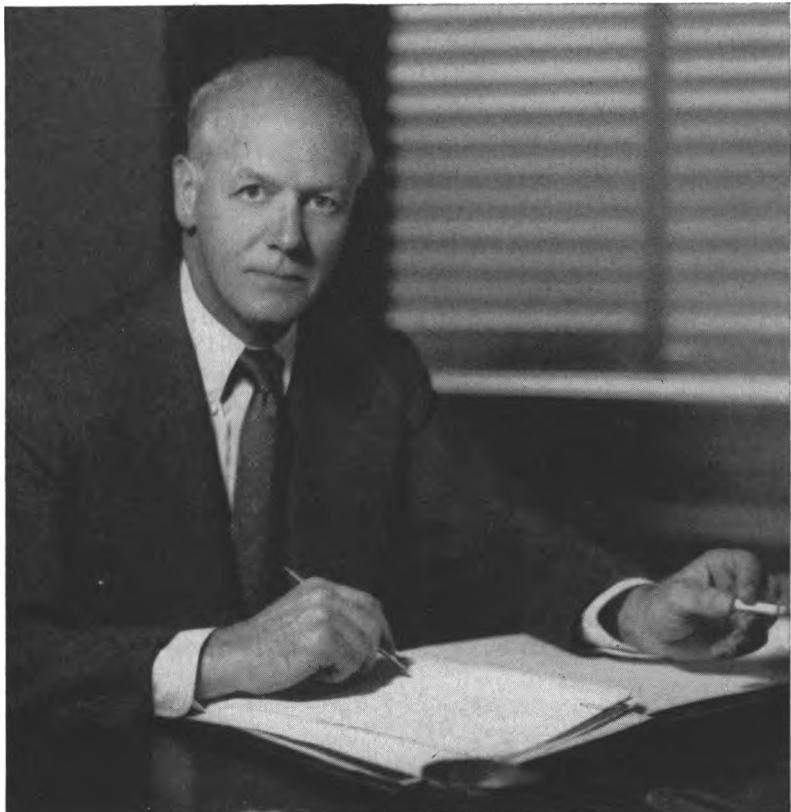
Winslow Carlton

If you look in *Who's Who*, you won't find the name of Winslow Carlton. Consult any other biographical source, any newspaper or magazine file—and his name will not appear. This lack of printed information about Carlton, his almost complete anonymity, is particularly striking when you consider who Winslow Carlton is and what he has done.

A tall, slim man of middle years, Carlton is a twelfth-generation American, descended from Mayflower stock. (He is in the *Social Register*, incidentally, but only because this listing is beyond the control of those included.) Along with the blue blood and the Carlton riches (his father, Newcomb Carlton, headed Western Union, won its leading position by betting on the value of a new alloy cable), young Winslow inherited a nagging concern for the average Joe.

Carlton consequently put his money where his heart was, and became a foremost medical economist. Chief among his staggering number of projects is finding new ways to bring low-cost medical care

Conway Studios Corp.



A BLUE-BLOOD MILLIONAIRE turned medical economist, Winslow Carlton drives a 1947 car, lives simply, founded the non-profit New York Group Health Insurance, says, "This is not philanthropy or charity—it is interest in a social venture."

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to the average person. An unabashed pioneer, Carlton created a unique, non-profit health insurance plan: New York's Group Health Insurance, otherwise popularly known as GHI. Another unique feature of this impressive-sounding company is that for the first trying years Carlton was the firm's sole, lonely employee. The term "employee," however, is hardly appropriate—Carlton didn't even draw a salary. Though the company now twenty-three years old, employs 250 people, and the onetime lonely employee is the Chairman of the Board, he still opens his coffers to experiments in medical coverage on the theory that "it's not fair to join an organization and not help out financially, if you can."

All-Inclusive Concern

Anyone who has teeth in his head, an emotional problem that demands a psychiatrist, or a headache from worrying about doctors' bills, concerns Carlton. Medical economist Carlton was the first to come up with such startling "firsts"

as medical insurance that paid doctor bills for non-surgical ailments. Another "first" was a dental insurance plan. This year, Carlton has launched an even more advanced plan: insurance to cover psychiatric treatment and psychological tests outside of the hospital. This new experiment now has 75,000 subscribers.

Though Carlton likes his spare-time pleasures—playing tennis, reading, building stone walls at his Woods Hole, Massachusetts, home—he has managed to start still another non-profit health insurance plan. With famous baby-care authority Dr. Benjamin Spock, a close friend, he fought tooth-and-nail for fluoridation on the Committee to Protect Our Children's Teeth. Carlton also early leaped into the housing fray, and promotes non-profit cooperatives.

Working alone, or through one of his myriad committees, Carlton has helped foreign physicians and surgeons settle in the United States. He has framed medical legislation, and has been a respected adviser on health and hospital care to New York's successive mayors. On the juvenile delinquency front, Carlton heads the vast Mobilization for Youth fight against delinquency on New York's Lower East Side. Incredibly, Carlton still finds time to be President of the Henry Street Settlement, one of the oldest, largest, most effective neighborhood centers in the United States. Not a figurehead, "Mr. Carlton," says Helen Hall, its director, "does all the hard things here."

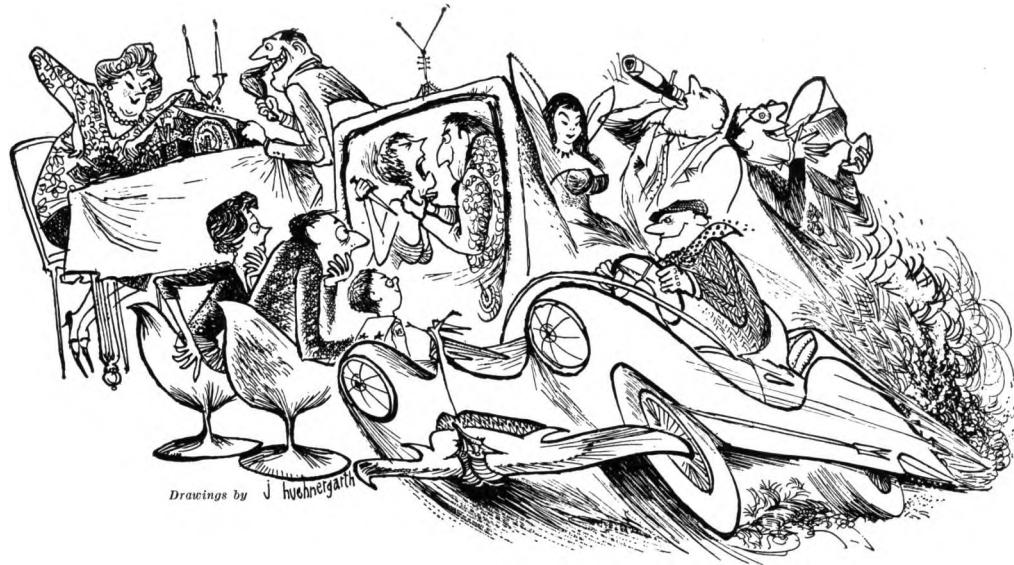
Typically, Carlton plays down his role. Asked why he traveled around the country during the Depression in the early 1930s, finding jobs for the unemployed, Carlton replies: "I worked with the 'Self-Help Cooperatives' . . . it was the idea of people with absolutely nothing at all standing up on their bare feet and saying 'To hell with it' and organizing to help each other. It was *their* challenge to adversity."

Shrugs Off Acclaim

Carlton brushes off any suggestion that he's a sentimental big brother, says of his activities, "This is not philanthropy or charity—it is an interest in social venture."

A man's success, believed Winslow Carlton's father, was not determined by his ability, but by "the breaks a man had." "Success," said the elder Carlton, "depends upon which side of the street you were walking on at a certain minute of a certain day."

His son, says a close friend, "feels he's had all the breaks—and it's up to him to prove himself by doing something for those who haven't." **THE END**



Drawings by J. Hushnergarth

Are We Living Too Rich?

Housewives, executives, teenagers—Americans are accused of living so high that they are physically soft, overfed, alcohol-pickled, and sitting ducks for heart attacks. But, reveal experts, these scare “facts” are surprisingly false.

BY E. M. D. WATSON

Americans, say anxiety-wielding pessimists, are going to hell on the seats of their pants, riding around in cars, staring hypnotically at television, overeating, and annually drinking enough liquor to fill the Rose Bowl. Wives are accused of digging their husbands' graves by feeding them foods that lead to obesity and heart attacks. “How,” questions one anxious, twenty-five-year-old housewife, “can I keep my husband alive?” Executives with expense accounts used to worry about business; salesmen used to worry about their quotas. Now they worry about tension, ulcers, stress, coronaries, and too-soft living.

Even Europeans have the idea that we are glutted with luxury. Brendan Behan, the two-fisted, thirty-six-year-old Irish writer, who is hardly known as a teetotaler, said recently in Paris, “I would like to visit the United States sometime, but I understand that the hospitality is so overwhelming there, all of it hard liquor, that I fear I might come home in a box.”

Not long ago, we were told that we eat the wrong things, and that we are therefore woefully fat—but undernourished. Within the past year, the touters of fear have come up with a new specter:

we are so overnourished that we are growing too fast, and therefore are eating ourselves into an early grave.

How misleading—and dangerous—are such medical theories? And where do they come from? Explains Dr. Harry Johnson, Director of Life Extension Examiners, which last year checked the health of executives of three hundred major corporations: “People who are vocal are the ones who express their anxieties.” These people are, moreover, the ones who know a few of the facts, “just enough to be misled.” This group fails to talk about the *typical*, healthy family weekend. It’s too unsensational.

Are We Getting Fatter?

Obesity comes in for the worst lambasting. Are we getting fatter—and more lethargic—all the time? Are we really making ourselves more likely victims of atherosclerosis?

“Medical authorities point out that there are no more obese people, proportionately, than there have been in the past. In fact, there are probably fewer. “There are always some people who are self-indulgent,” believes Dr. Johnson. “The population can be divided into three categories: 30 per cent will never over-

indulge, under any circumstances; 30 per cent will always do as they please; 40 per cent are susceptible to programs.”

The Program Planners

It is people in this last 40 per cent who, becoming increasingly well-informed on dietary matters, are thinning their waistlines. Among them are housewives and executives. In 1944, Life Extension Examiners made a study of 10,000 executives and found that 30 per cent were more than 10 per cent overweight. A similar study made recently shows that only 16 per cent of executives are now more than 10 per cent overweight. Contrary to popular conceptions about expense-account high living, in a study of 6,000 executives it was found that only 10 per cent now drink at lunch. Reports Dr. Johnson: “The number is decreasing. You do find some dissipated individuals, but it is not the expense account that is at fault—the expense account just makes it cheaper.” For the decrease in husbands’ weight, Dr. Johnson believes we can thank their wives. “They are very mindful of nutrition. They deserve a pat on the back.”

Just how scrupulous we have all become concerning proper nutrition is

1959's family eating habits: fewer calories and carbohydrates than sixty years ago—but more proteins, minerals, vitamins.

shown in an exhaustive study made by the Center for Research in Marketing, a motivational research firm which discovered that, among Americans, "Dieting has become the norm." The American of 1959, points out the U. S. Department of Labor, eats one potato and five slices of bread less than in 1910. But he eagerly has one more serving of citrus fruits. The city-living worker eats less, in terms of calories. He has cut down on his carbohydrates—but he is wisely eating more proteins, minerals, and vitamins. Americans are eating fewer cereals, points out the Department of Labor, because "today's American consumer is weight-conscious."

Proliferating like rabbits, health stores are making hay out of our nutrition-

nary artery" disease. Before that, deaths from this ailment had been ascribed to "acute indigestion." By the 1920s, a diagnosis could generally be made anywhere in the United States. In the 1940s, doctors learned to use the electrocardiograph machine right in their offices—they could now actually confirm a diagnosis. But it was only in 1948 that coronary artery disease actually became officially reportable. From 1948 to 1950, there was, therefore, a 30 per cent increase in reported instances of the disease. The "epidemic" was a mathematical change.

Professional Brow Smoothers

To take the scare out of the individual who thinks that his good living makes him a sitting duck for a coronary attack, the all-star team of five physicians—Dr. Irvine H. Page, ex-president of the American Heart Association and famed Director of Research at the Cleveland Clinics; Dr. Fredrick J. Stare, of Harvard's Nutrition Department; Dr. A. C. Corcoran; Dr. Charles F. Wilkinson, Jr.; and Dr. Pollack—made a joint report declaring that the character of the American diet has not changed sufficiently during the past fifty years to be a cause of any increase in the incidence of coronary vascular disease. Added Dr. Page, in his presidential address to cardiologists, "While it is altogether desirable to educate the public, it is not right to have our way by frightening them into submission."

Because we are living longer, we are bound to be faced with "over sixty-five" health problems. Important to the now fifteen million Americans over the age of sixty-five is the fact that "atherosclerosis has a time factor." There is no getting around the fact that the longer people live, the more time they have to develop atherosclerosis. How do we protect ourselves?

Medical authorities recognize a relationship between atherosclerosis and obesity. Just what lowering the blood cholesterol does, is still a mystery. But, stress physicians, anyone with a strong family history of atherosclerosis is treading on dangerous ground if he lets himself get fat. Most safeguards aimed at controlling the concentration of cholesterol in a patient's blood depend basically on substituting vegetable oils, such as cottonseed, for the more saturated and more hydrogenated fats.

The jittery individual, having read the above fact, will promptly—and foolishly—rush out to buy cottonseed oil, thereby allying himself with the wrong-headed faddists. Anyone, warns the American Heart Association, who emphasizes the need for one food over another is misleading the public. The average person needs no major change in his food pattern.

But he does need to know these facts: A woman can get along on 20 per cent fewer calories than a man. Age, too, is important—the older you are the fewer calories you need per pound of body weight. When you reach the age of twenty-five, you have attained your maximum growth. From then on, you need 1 per cent fewer calories per year. Unconsciously, most people adjust to this. A rule: each pound of body-weight you gain represents 3500 more calories than you need.

Are Americans, the best-fed people in the world, actually in danger of shortening their life span by "overnutrition"? Reports of experiments with rats, made chiefly in the 1930s, have recently been revived, giving the public something else to bite its nails about. "You're damned if you eat, and you're damned if you don't," says one puzzled New Jersey householder, undecided whether to let his children eat heartily or make them eat sparingly. Medical authorities like Dr. Pollack take a definite view on such scares. "The life span of humans has been shortened by *undernutrition*. To inflict on humans what is good for the rat is not justified. We must base our knowledge on experience with actual population groups. The American's life span is the longest in the world. We may yet increase it."

The Pitfalls of Perfectionism

Blaming much of our overconcern on our search for perfection, experts point out that "as we become better fed and live longer, we begin to look for the ideal—the optimum. We focus sharply on the remaining defects and exaggerate their importance."

Keyed closely to the worry about diet is alarm about our exercise habits. Asked to comment on scares about our "deteriorating teenagers" and our lack of physical fitness, Dr. Johnson, who is Vice President of the National Health and Safety Committee of the Boy Scouts, as well as health-overseer to executives, se-



The Tunnel of Horrors is very often due only to an enlarged medical vocabulary.

awareness. In 1953, diet foods sold at the rate of twenty-five million dollars' worth a year. In 1959, the sales will hit an estimated 230 million dollars.

Part of this gigantic trek to health stores may well be the result of the atherosclerosis scare. Should we eat fats, or shouldn't we eat fats? *Which* fats? The big cholesterol bugaboo has loomed, as more and more people have come to believe that coronary artery disease is a growing epidemic. But the American Heart Association emphasizes that there is no epidemic.

Current confusion and fear, believes Dr. Herbert Pollack, Chairman of the Committee on Nutrition of the American Heart Association, comes from increased public awareness of coronary-artery problems. It was only in 1910 that Dr. James Bryan Herrick of Chicago published his classic paper describing this new "coro-

lects one succinct word: "Poppycock."

Says Johnson, "There is always room for improvement. But our health today is definitely better than ever." Besides, how much exercise do we need? "There is no yardstick," says Dr. Johnson, who points out that some corporation executives examined by Life Extension Examiners have never had physical exercise, and yet are in prime physical condition. To solve the puzzler of "how much," Dr. Johnson advocates an individual guide: "When you exercise one day, and lose your sense of well-being the next day, it is a clear sign that you have overdone your physical exercising. It is all a purely subjective reaction each person must explore for himself."

Along with Dr. Johnson, Dr. Roscoe Brown, of New York University and other experts feel that most of our exercise-maligned teenagers and our supposedly little-exercising adults get enough exercise to be fit for modern living. In May of this year, Dr. Peter Karlovich, a professor of physiology at Springfield College, Massachusetts, suggested that the real reason no one can decide whether or not American youths are physically fit is that we really don't know what they should be fit for.

Stepping smartly into this controversy, Lieutenant Commander John H. Ebersole, medical officer of the *Seawolf*, the ship that took 105 men on the record-break-



Too many luxuries breaking your back? Stop worrying. Call them investments.

ing, sixty-day, 14,500-mile undersea cruise, has announced. "I am not convinced that exercise is necessary, under certain conditions. If you are going to climb a high mountain next month, you will need to have climbed smaller mountains earlier. But how much exercise is really necessary in a push-button life?"

Exercise for the Future

Backing up Ebersole's conclusion is the fact that only 6 per cent of the *Seawolf* crew took regular exercise when in port: some of these belonged to a baseball group, others to a bowling club; some did weight-lifting. The remaining 94 per cent had only sporadic exercise. The same busy 6 per cent kept exercising while on the undersea cruise. But tests after the voyage showed there was no physical difference between the two groups—and no physical difference in the following three-month period. Nevertheless, Ebersole cautions, long-term effects must be considered: "There is a possibility that people who exercise regularly will be less susceptible to circulatory diseases." But this is only a guess.

Ironically, while Americans have been accused of underexercise and bloated, luxury living, the multi-million-dollar do-it-yourself boom resulted, in one year, in 600,000 accidents; about 72,000 people were injured just scrambling around on do-it-yourself building projects. Forty million people are taking to the water this year in boats. The housewife's cooking time per day has been reduced to 1.6 hours, but what is she doing with all that extra time? Not long ago, Dr. Joyce Brothers made a miniature study that revealed that a housewife spends 106 hours a week as secretary, accountant, gardener, comparison shopper, chauffeur, seamstress, cleaning woman, laundress, general cook and housekeeper, child nurse, or nurse for a sick husband. Americans are spending thirty billion dollars a year on play, and health authorities doubt that much of it is of the sitting-down variety. An indication: thirty million gardeners (some belonging to eight thousand clubs); an estimated two million skin divers; an estimated more than eighteen million campers, hikers, and other nature-lovers in our state and other parks (compared to 9.4 million in 1956). And the Bicycling Institute reports that not since seventy years ago has there been as much family cycling in America. Catching some of this activity gold in his coffers is tanned and muscle-flexing Vic Tanney, whose fast-expanding exercise parlors will this year separate a quarter of a million willing Americans from over fifteen million dollars—all in the pursuit of the body beautiful. Gyms and health clubs are riding a major boom.

Extreme as misinformation about



Some of our 600,000 do-it-yourself buffs would be better off lolling in hammocks.

health has been, medical authorities concede that some of the scattered crumbs of panic may have done some good, "even if only by making people seek medical reassurance." Dr. Johnson has found that 75 per cent of the executives who come to him are fearful but only 25 per cent have anything to worry about; the rest go home, reassured. This year an estimated 125,000 men and women executives will get checkups.

The 1950s, like any other decade, is as speckled with temptations to overindulge as a Dalmatian is with spots. Among them: "partying, drinking, late hours." Moreover, "We are often having someone else's idea of fun," says Dr. Johnson. "It is the individual who sets the pace and creates all the sensational talk who goes overboard; the followers do not." A moderate person, believes Dr. Johnson, has a good chance of handling any social situation successfully, despite social patterns. "He need not, and does not, go drink-for-drink with the heaviest drinker. Moreover, there is currently a lot less pressure than there used to be. Today it is the drinker or eater who, exerting social pressure, should be embarrassed; we realize it is neither kind nor hospitable to say, 'Well, if you won't have another, I won't.'"

Belief that we are living too high off the hog may well be an outcropping of Puritanism. As Dr. Johnson puts it, "Because a thing is comfortable and pleasant does not mean it is unhealthful. When people confuse this, they are getting involved with a moral issue rather than a health issue." In other words, concludes Dr. Johnson, "Most Americans are inclined to do pretty much as they please—and to worry about it!"

Cocktails, anyone?

THE END



Barbara's Son - Lance Reventlow

The "richest boy," who snubbed Danish and British citizenship to become an American, aims to outrace European sports cars, be happily married, become wise enough to handle an estimated \$100,000,000 inheritance.

BY FREDERICK CHRISTIAN

Lance Reventlow, at twenty-three, is brilliant yet uneducated, charming yet moody, impeccably mannered yet sometimes brusque and short-tempered, frivolous yet deeply serious. In addition to possessing such a highly complex personality, Reventlow also happens to be one of the richest young men in the United States and, possibly, in the world. Two years ago, when he attained his majority, he inherited an estimated \$1,000,000 and was given a \$500,000 house by his mother, the six-times-married ten-cent-store heiress, Barbara Hutton Mdivani Haugwitz-Reventlow Grant Troubetzkoy Rubirosa von Cramm. If Reventlow, who is wild about sports car racing, contrives not to break his neck and outlives his mother, he will someday inherit a fortune estimated at upwards of \$100,000,000. According to some of his friends, he can now draw \$500,000 a year against this sum. This wealth quite naturally makes him interesting to the public at large and to the people who make their livings by reporting the doings of the rich to this same public. Reventlow has been badgered ever since he was a baby. He has also been hounded by the headlines his mother makes. It is understandable, therefore, that he goes to considerable lengths to avoid publicity.

Not long ago, a writer phoned Reventlow's house and asked for an appointment. "A writer?" said his butler, coldly. He added, "Mr. Reventlow *never* talks to writers." The writer—myself—persisted. Reventlow said, politely, "I'm sorry, but I just have no interest in being

DUCKING CAMERAS is skill Lance learned early. Here he is caught in Los Angeles with mother, Barbara Hutton.



Hearst News Photo

interviewed, sir." Then he relented. "You can photograph my sports cars," he added. On many occasions, Reventlow has put off reporters by pretending to be his own butler when answering the telephone. At other times, he has parked his car a block away and dodged photogra-

phers waiting outside his house by running along the back lots of adjoining properties. Once, in a night club, he said pleadingly to a reporter, "Please let me alone."

"After all," he explained to me one day, "I really don't need personal publicity."

Reventlow does not really need anything, as far as that goes. His life is secure and will be more so in the future. He is having difficulty enough just living it his own way. And not the least of his present difficulties is that, of late, he has been getting a good deal of personal publicity whether he needs it or not. This comes about through the diligence of an energetic, ambitious, and pretty young actress named Jill St. John, and through the efforts of assorted publicity men assigned to publicize her acting efforts. Miss St. John was, when I met them, Reventlow's number one girl friend. They were, in the language of the sub-debs, going steady. A few weeks after our meeting, Miss St. John announced their engagement. Whether or not there will be a wedding is still a matter of some speculation. Whatever happens, it is a safe bet that their relationship will continue to keep the Hollywood gossips busy, and keep Reventlow disturbed.

Finds Unfit News in Print

"Lance gets so sore about the things they write about him," says one of his friends, "he hates to read the newspapers."

Miss St. John cannot be entirely censured; she is only fulfilling herself as an actress. Born Jill Oppenheim nineteen years ago (she declares) in Los Angeles, given her stage surname by her mother at an early age, she has been in show

Photo by FPI

JILL ST. JOHN. with Lance: An actress at five, coed at fifteen. At nineteen: will she be Mrs. Reventlow?

(continued)

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Lance's set: racing drivers, young actors, middle-class students. The setting: the "castle on the hill," a gift from his mother.

business since she was five and is determined to stay in it. A redhead with hazel-brown eyes and the required complement of measurements, she is regarded as one of the shrewdest of the younger actresses. Her one lapse from the determined course she has set for herself occurred on May 12, 1957, when she married Neil Dubin, the vice-president of a linen supply company; but it was a lapse that lasted only about a year. Hollywood producers agree that she has considerable talent even though she has appeared in only three pictures—*Summer Love*, *The Remarkable Mr. Pennypacker*, and *Holiday for Lovers*, but Miss Oppenheim-St. John realizes that looks and ability alone are not enough. For success, exploitation and publicity are needed. In the course of her relationship with Reventlow, she has been getting a good deal of both.

Miss St. John and Reventlow met while she was still married to Dubin. They did not see much of each other at first, except casually at parties, but after her interlocutory decree was granted he phoned her. They have been going around together steadily ever since, to the great delight of the Hollywood columnists (and, of course, Miss St. John). They first met at a birthday party given for Ronnie Burns, son of Gracie Allen and George Burns. Ronnie is a member in good standing of a group known in Hollywood as Lance's Set. Some other members are Julie Payne, daughter of John Payne; Jimmy Boyd, the singer; Gary Crosby, son of Bing; Bruce Kessler, whose father, Jack, founded the Rose Marie Reid swimming suit empire; and Chuck Daigh, a race driver. Most of these people are rich, but a few are not; one, Wally Green, is a student who, according to one member, "goes to different countries, enrolls in universities, learns the language of each country forward and backward, and then comes back and tells us all about it." Green is not well-to-do. "He manages to get along as a student," the friend says.

She Who Laughs Last . . .

Jill St. John's single-minded attention to Reventlow, and her willingness to exploit it, provides a certain amount of amusement for members of The Set, although perhaps not quite as much as it provides for those who are not members. The Setsters make heavy-handed jokes about it which give everybody a hearty laugh—everybody, that is, but Miss St. John, who manages to look both demure

and indignant, and just the least bit determined, all at the same time. "My feelings are clear," she says.

"Why does Lance allow her to use him for publicity?" one of Lance's friends asked another not long ago.

"Well, he doesn't exactly allow her," the other friend said, "but there doesn't seem to be much he can do about it. He'll give her hell when one of those stories appears—I mean, *really* give her hell. You know Lance's temper. And she'll promise that she won't ever do it again, and then she'll do something else. You know what? I think she's got him *whipped*." Another says, "Lance is stuck on Jill—that seems plain—but whether or not he'll marry her is problematical. He's too wary—of everybody. Little girls have been coming on strong after him ever since he got out of knee pants."

Marrying a Furnished House

Sometimes Miss St. John appears to want to marry Reventlow and sometimes she doesn't. Once she said, "Marrying a millionaire would be like moving into a completely furnished house—nothing to wait or work for, no anticipation, none of the fun of accumulating things slowly and appreciating something twice as much because it represents more than money." She said this with complete sincerity; but it is possible that, since having met Reventlow, she has changed her mind. Yet her mother recalls distinctly that when Jill was a little girl, her favorite plaything was not a doll but a toy cash register equipped with wads of stage money.

Miss St. John has only one extravagance: shoes. She owns more than 150 pairs. Reventlow has no extravagances. "He is extremely stingy," says an associate producer who visits him often. "He is *not* stingy," says another friend, "but, like many rich people, he is very careful with his money." Reventlow entertains his friends at home often, but seldom goes to night clubs, does not gamble even on his sports cars, and rarely buys new clothes. "I absolutely have to drag him to a tailor to get a new suit," Miss St. John says, with something approaching uxorial pride. Despite his prudence, Reventlow admits that he is, primarily, a playboy. "You might say that I'm one," he has said. "But I like what I'm doing, and I'm never bored, like so many people who *work* all the time."

What Reventlow is doing, mainly, is

living his own life in his magnificent house, up Benedict Canyon in the Bel-Air section off Angelo Drive, one of the most exclusive sections of real estate in Los Angeles. The house is large, gray and one-story, with a shingled roof, and its architectural persuasion might be described as Hollywood Cape Cod. Its most striking feature is a huge swimming pool that comes right into the barroom. It has an enormous kitchen in which Reventlow and his friends cook dinners for each other. He is a first-rate amateur chef who, as a boy, used to spend hours hanging around kitchens in his mother's houses, watching her cooks work, and soaking up knowledge of, and experience with, gourmet dishes. His senses of taste and smell astonish his friends. "Lance can taste a new sauce in a restaurant," says Bruce Kessler, "and go straight home and duplicate it exactly."

In addition to cooking, Reventlow also spends his time flying his own airplane (a Cessna 310), water-skiing, skin-diving, sailing, racing his sports cars, building new ones, and staying awake all night, reading. His bedroom is piled high with books, mainly technical volumes. "Lance is an expert in many, many fields," says Kessler. "He could have been a doctor or a lawyer without any trouble, but college didn't interest him." Reventlow was a student at Pomona, a fashionable school attended by West Coast Ivy Leaguers, for two months only. An acquaintance told a reporter that Lance dropped out because he could not tolerate the other students' remarks about his much-married mother, and also because so many people were constantly importuning him for his time and attention.

The Hush of Honor

When Bruce Kessler and others in The Set speak of Reventlow, they do so in low, reverent tones which magnify his accomplishments. When one says, "Lance reads a lot," it is as though reading were reserved only for the nobility. "Lance is *deep*," says another. "He may not say much, but he's *thinking* all the time." Other aspects of his slightly ducal personality are dismissed with similar grace. "Lance never answers the phone," says Miss St. John, "because he's too busy."

Reventlow does not demand this obeisance. It embarrasses and disgusts him and makes him wary of all strangers. "Why can't they just treat me like anybody else?" he once demanded angrily of a schoolteacher in whom he was con-

fiding. He was bitterly disappointed when he could not get into the Army. He thought, says one friend, that if he had the relative anonymity of the Army, he might be able to live his own life, without the hangers-on, without people bothering him, at least part of the time.

Bone-deep Insecurity

Getting into the Army is one of the few things in life that Lance Reventlow is not likely to accomplish. He has been rejected because of an asthmatic condition that has plagued him since he was a small boy. Medical experts generally agree that many cases of asthma are psychosomatic, brought on by emotional disturbance and inner turmoil. Members of his group who are close to him (all claim to be, but only two or three really are) are convinced that his customary manner, his unintentional arrogance and reserve, are in reality disguises for a bone-deep insecurity that originated in his childhood. "If ever a young man has had a reason to be insecure, Lance has," one says.

The principal reason, of course, is Reventlow's mother, whose ceaseless quest for happiness during the past three decades has made headlines all over the world. Barbara Hutton came to maturity at a time when American millionaires were desperately trying to add status to their money. There were no titles here, which made millionaires' daughters fair game for all manner of impoverished princes, dukes, and lesser nobility.

In 1933, Barbara married Prince Alexis Mdivani, a member—he claimed—of the Russian royal family. "That he was a fortune hunter," said a contemporary account, "perhaps never occurred to her." It did occur to the gossipy, unfeeling members of the international press, who trumpeted their notions from San Francisco to Paris. The marriage lasted less than a year. When it finally was legally rent asunder, the Prince rolled off with not only a settlement—never officially disclosed—but also about \$50,000 a year of the Hutton money.

During her separation, Barbara met Count Kurt von Haugwitz-Reventlow, a Danish nobleman, married him, and soon afterward began saying things like "He is a kept man," and "He tricked me out of money," for all the world to hear. In 1938, she reported that she had settled \$1,000,000 on him at the time of their marriage, \$500,000 when Lance, her only child, was born, and a trust fund of \$1,500,000 when they finally were separated. The newspapers called him, with good reason, "a far-from-melancholy Dane." After that, she married, in fairly rapid succession, Cary Grant (no settlement), Prince Igor Troubetzkoy (a reported settlement), Porfirio Rubirosa

(another) and Baron Gottfried von Cramm (yet another).

Lance Reventlow was born February 24, 1936, in London, where his mother and father were living at the time. In 1944, looking back on the unhappy series of events in her demonstrably unhappy life, Miss Hutton said of Lance's father that "in one of his fits of temper" he struck their son, then two years old, violently on the head. In later life, Lance was also to recall that his father persuaded his mother to become a Danish citizen. Denmark has a community-property law under which a divorced couple divides not only the spoons but the money. The Count managed, at first, to get joint custody of the boy; the newspapers said that gave him a financial hold over his ex-wife after a highly publicized legal battle. Later, she won full custody. The boy had no emotional security whatsoever. In Europe for his first four years, tugged and hauled back and forth between mother and father, he finally went to St. George's School in Newport, Rhode Island, and later, because of his asthma, was sent to Judson, a private school in Tucson, Arizona. His marks always were good, but he did not make friends easily with fellow students or with the masters. "He was a withdrawn kid," says one former schoolmate. "Once I saw him at a basketball game sitting with some friends in the bleachers. Everybody else was yelling his head off. Lance looked as though he wanted to yell, too, but wouldn't do it because

he didn't want to attract any more attention than he ordinarily got." Another classmate recalls, "The only thing that ever got a rise out of him was when somebody made some crack about his mother. Then his temper really went off." Reventlow once punched a student in the nose for something the latter said about Barbara. The mere mention of his father's name used to be enough to send him into a rage. "Lance hates his father," one friend states. Reventlow has not spoken to, or communicated with, his father for ten years. Once he said to a reporter, bitterly, "There are men in the world who specialize in women. It takes a tough, strong-minded woman to withstand one of them, and my mother was never that kind." He added, "I'm not particularly fond of my father."

Stepfather Cary Grant

The only one of his ex-stepfathers Reventlow does see fairly often is Cary Grant. They have a close, warm relationship. He and Grant see each other at least once a month and sometimes often. Some months ago, when Reventlow was down with a severe cold, Grant visited him at his house every day.

Psychiatrists say that a childhood such as Reventlow had inevitably develops a number of drives in the individual. One is a desire to seek substitute parents. Reventlow has found them in the persons of Jack and Nina Kessler, parents of his friend, Bruce. He visits them frequently and, sometimes, jokingly addresses Mrs.

(continued)



IN HIS FERRARI, Lance and fellow driver, Gaston Andrey, get set for 500-mile Elkhart Lake, Wisconsin sports car race. Results of that race: they won.

Photo by John R. Hamilton—Globe

Kessler as "Mom." Bruce Kessler says, "Lance is a kind of second big brother to my little brothers and sisters." Another couple with whom he feels at home are George Burns and Gracie Allen.

Richest Baby Feels Worthless

A second natural result of the miserable boyhood Reventlow had is, conceivably, an unconscious feeling of guilt and worthlessness, which some psychiatrists interpret as a strong death-wish. This, in turn, is disguised in a desire to prove oneself as a man. If this is true, Reventlow is a textbook case. He always has had a mania for speed—fast cars, boats, and airplanes. "Lance is a superb driver," says Bruce Kessler, "and as good a pilot as any Army man. When we went to the Nassau race last year he flew us down, and he went straight on the course the whole way."

Reventlow's controlling passion is not aircraft but sports cars. Since his early teens, as a spectator first and then as a driver, he has been one of the foremost sports car fans in America. He was so eager to compete as a racer that he joined the Sports Car Club of America and qualified for a competition license two years before he was twenty-one and eligible. In 1957, when his twenty-first birthday was announced, the club officials, learning with surprise that he had been licensed before he had attained the proper age, suspended him, "indefinitely." Almost as soon as he was reinstated, he set up a firm called Reventlow Automobiles, Inc., and began manufacturing his own sports car, the Scarab.

"The machine is a good car—no, a fine car," says writer Ken W. Purdy, one of the foremost authorities on fast motor vehicles in the country. Reventlow built the car after he and Warren Olson, a noted West Coast designer and builder, had toured Europe in 1957 and had seen all the first-rate European automobiles in action in the big races. When he returned he said, "There is no reason for this country to lag behind in motor racing," and set about to construct an all-American entry. The car was powered by a Chevrolet Corvette motor and featured newly designed brakes. Its acceleration was from zero to approximately 85 mph in fifteen seconds, at first. Later this was improved. It was three months in the building and six months in testing. Reventlow did much of the testing himself. Previously he had been driving a Maserati, and sometimes a Ferrari. (For day-to-day driving he tools along in a Rolls Royce that is more than twenty years old; like his house, it was a present from his mother. He also has converted a Scarab for town use.)

Money was no object in building the Scarab. Reventlow says he spent \$210,000 in producing the six versions of the

automobile his garage ultimately turned out. A West Coast mechanic who worked briefly on the automobile, however, says he believes this statement is voiced with the usual caution that comes into Reventlow's voice when he speaks of money matters. "It's my opinion that he spent twice that," this man says. Whatever Reventlow spent, his only profit from the Scarabs will be in satisfaction. Two were offered for sale last winter, at \$17,500 each. One was bought by a large Midwestern automobile dealer; the other is still in Reventlow's garage.

Reventlow's contribution in the building of the Scarab was not limited to supplying the money. He is never happier than when he is in his garage, wearing coveralls and filthy with grease, helping his mechanics. He takes his turn at the precision tools as though he has been working with them all his life. "Many of the mechanical innovations in the Scarab are Lance's," says Warren Olson. Reventlow has an imaginative, intuitive feeling for motors and machinery. "Let's try machining the motor block *this way*," he will say to one of his men, and then, often as not, will undertake the job himself. Generally, he will be right.

Sorry, I Just Left

Associating with his mechanics is Reventlow's way of trying to forget that he is Lance Reventlow, the millionaire playboy who is continually beset by offers, schemes and propositions. In his garage, the only way one can tell that he is not one of his hired hands is by the word "Lance" embroidered above the breast pocket of his coveralls. Not all his uniforms are so embroidered. Once, a man who obviously was a salesman wandered into the garage and asked briskly to see Mr. Reventlow. "He just left," Reventlow said. "I think he'll be away for months." He turned to one of his fellow mechanics: "You know where the boss went?" he asked, winking. "Search me," the mechanic said.

As a race driver, Reventlow is heavy-footed, audacious and courageous. He drives coolly, and the risks he takes are carefully calculated. "There is a good chance," one sports car expert says, "that he will develop into one of the greatest figures in racing this country ever has produced." His biggest triumph thus far came at the Nassau races last December. In the first race, the Governor's Cup, he and Chuck Daigh were paired in the field. The course was 4.5 miles long; Reventlow's and Daigh's two Scarabs tore into the lead. Daigh was twelve seconds ahead of Reventlow, who was "covering" the third-place driver, veteran George Constantine, running an Aston-Martin. After the fourth lap, Daigh pulled out with a broken half-shaft. Reventlow went on to win the race.

That was on a Friday. Sunday was the day of the big race, the Nassau Trophy. In this one, Reventlow pulled around one lap in the lead, then noticed the hood of the Scarab was coming loose. He went to the pits and had it tightened, then zoomed back into action. At the third lap, Daigh again developed half-shaft trouble and had to abandon the race. Reventlow was thirty seconds behind a Maserati driven by Carroll Shelby, another veteran, but he doggedly began to pull into the lead. He caught up after sixteen laps. Then Shelby went to the pits with a bad tire, and from then on Reventlow was in the lead. "He could have won himself," says one spectator, "but he let Daigh finish the race." Reventlow headed in and turned the wheel over to Daigh, who went on to victory.

"Lance won the race for me," Daigh later said.

Reventlow said, "I told Chuck he could have my car if his popped out."

Such sportsmanship has made other drivers respect Reventlow for more than his money. "For a rich kid," says one veteran driver, "he's handled himself exceptionally well. He's built his garage slowly and carefully. He's surrounded himself with some of the best minds in the business, and he's absorbed their skills and added his own ideas. He's developed as a driver himself by making his practice competition as stiff as he can. All his drivers have instructions to beat him if they can. This type of behavior is very, very unusual for a rich entrepreneur."

To Win the Big Ones

At present Reventlow is building a Formula 1 car to compete in international Grand Prix racing. "Lance is determined to win the big ones," says Warren Olson. Another says: "He'll risk anything, including his life, to win *just one* of the big ones." Thus far, Reventlow has had no narrow escapes. But he will have them, and it is some measure of his psychological makeup that he will continue to expose himself to them. He actually cannot help it. Race driving has become a means to a kind of genuine self-respect that his birth and his peculiar position have denied him. That he has made some progress toward maturity is plain by a remark he made some time ago, one that seemed to indicate that he has become philosophical about being Lance Reventlow. "Some people are born with blue eyes," he said. "I happened to be born," and he gave a regretful shrug. "with money."

THE END

BEHIND RACING TROPHIES

Lance expresses his hopes that "sports car racing will someday achieve in this country the stature it now has in Europe."



The Lap of Luxury

Women with everything money can buy have a language all their own. To them, "small dinner party" means eighty people and an orchestra; "sports coat" means the fur is on the inside. Here is an intimate portrait of a woman who lives in the world of elegance, and speaks its language.

BY ADAM DOUGLAS

Ileana Bulova has the best of everything: a nine-room Park Avenue apartment with maid and butler, a house in Southampton, Long Island, a Jaguar sedan, a station wagon, over a half million dollars' worth of jewels and clothes. In storage now are ten trunks filled with her summer sports clothes: bathing suits, shorts, sandals, slacks, shirts. In her closet are nine furs: mink jackets, stoles, capes, coats, throws, a fur-lined cloth coat, and a new beige broadtail designed especially for her evening wear by the famous furrier, Maximilian. But it is not just her possessions that make her an unusual woman. Whereas many women are as comfortable in luxury's lap as a Saint Bernard in a child's, Ileana gives the impression she invented it.

People who pant for wealth overlook the fact that what they envy about fashionable millionaires is the things money cannot buy, qualities you don't have to be rich to have: taste, curiosity, social agility, energy, and determination. Ileana Bulova is a woman who has a happy combination of them all, plus the money to put them to good use.

Born in Romania, Ileana spent twelve years in a convent school. Her parents, wealthy landowners, had four houses—a country house, a city house in Bucharest, one near the sea, one in the mountains. Most of the family possessions were lost in the war. Ileana went to Switzerland early in 1944, came to this country in 1946, and married her late husband, Arde Bulova, in 1950. A naturalized citizen, she loves America, but is grateful for her European heritage. "In Europe they teach you the things you need to know," she says: "how to be a wife, how to be a woman. In this country these things are not taught to young girls."

Ileana goes back to Europe once a year to buy clothes, going through that continent in the fall like a September hurri-

cane through the Caribbean. Within three weeks she buys and has fitted six or seven grand-manner ball gowns, five or six suits, and assorted Italian sports clothes. "I buy almost all French-designed gowns," Ileana says, "but not in France—in other countries where I can get them at less than half price. Why pay twelve hundred dollars for a gown you can get for five hundred?"

An Easygoing Elegance

Ileana is never afraid that what she finally gets into her closet will turn out to be a monumental error at high tea. "I do not chase after fashion," she says. "I buy fine fabrics, simple styles—they are always good. You must be very careful when you shop, even in a place like Balenciaga's, where I get all my suits. I cannot wear all of his clothes; I buy from his collection what is right for my type. It is never enough to buy a label."

"I would never want to be on the best-dressed list," she confides. "It is a terrible obligation. I know women who weren't at all impressed with being nominated, but nearly went out of their minds if they were dropped one year. They spend every minute of the day worrying about what they're wearing. I couldn't bear that." Ileana can dress for any occasion in fifteen minutes.

Though clothes do not bother Ileana, she shares the common problem of women who never have to wash a dish, scrub a floor, change a diaper: finding something constructive to do with their time. Most of them throw all their energies into charity work. Ileana's pet is the volunteer work she does for the Commerce Department of New York City as a United Nations hostess. One of several hostesses, she gives and attends lavish parties, appears at city functions for UN diplomats.

In Ileana's international set, throwing a party does not mean inviting a few old

buddies for a drink. Ileana's small parties include about eighty people, her "larger" dinner parties, 150. It takes her three weeks to plan a fete—to get out invitations, hire an orchestra for dancing in the foyer, plan a menu of Romanian and French dishes, pick the theme of her flowers and buy them, hire cooks, bartenders, maids. "I always have to be ready for the unexpected," Ileana says. "For one dinner party I invited one hundred fifty people, received word that eighty were coming. A hundred and sixty showed up."

For a famous hostess constantly under the watchful eyes of other famous hostesses, the matter of "mixing" guests takes the skill of a palace protocol officer. Ileana lays claim to the idea of bringing together the diplomatic set with her own friends. "I mix everybody—ambassadors and third-secretaries, princes and entertainers. I have a wonderful time at my own parties." At one of her dinners, Ileana danced all evening with Aly Khan. "He is a good friend," she says, "and a wonderful dancer." Another of her social coups of '59: her meeting with King Baudouin on his brief trip here. "Everybody turned green," she chortles. "They were dying to meet him, but hardly anybody did. I was invited to his reception both because I am a U.N. hostess and because I have a Belgian grandmother."

Hostess to Diplomats

"I love being with diplomats," she says, throwing out her arms to embrace them all. "It makes me feel like I belong to the whole world. When I am going to meet Haile Selassie, I go to the library and read about Ethiopia. Then I talk to him about it and make him feel at home."

Though she didn't speak to His Highness in Ethiopian, Ileana was his translator at a reception, both speaking French. Ileana also speaks German, Italian, her native Romanian, and is studying Spanish.

"I had to learn English very fast when I came here," she says with barely a trace of accent. "When I first arrived, friends read my newspaper clippings to me. The columnists were calling me 'the Romanian eyeful,' but I thought they said Romanian 'awful.' I was depressed for months until I learned American idioms."

A woman less skilled in social maneuvers could easily be worn to a shadow in a few short weeks. Of necessity, Ileana handles her time as Scrooge did his money. "I can't take too much of that party-party until five in the morning," she says. "Every night there are charity balls, or dinners, or cocktail parties. If I didn't call a halt somewhere I would party away my whole life."

Schedule for a Full Life

When she is in Manhattan she allots two days a week to meeting women friends for lunch—no more. Two nights a week she'll go to dinner in someone's house—no more. One night a week she goes to the movies or theatre—she "adores" both. Three nights a week she adds a cook to her staff and invites dinner guests. One night she reserves for paying bills, writing letters, "catching up." Each night before she goes to bed she reads at least two pages of an encyclopedia. "Any pages, any volume," she says. "Try it sometime; it is great fun."

In the summer she spends Thursday till Monday at her Southampton beach house, dining with friends one night, entertaining guests another, and resting on Sunday. "They never leave you alone out there," she sighs. "I can't have any time for myself, so on Sunday I just don't talk to anyone." Ileana is fond of swimming, boating, and skiing, plays golf only "now and then." Her favorite hobby is sculpting, which she studied under Brancusi. "I studied painting, too," she says, "but I did not like it because it took too much patience."

Ileana is very happy with her way of life. "I have always had money, so I do not know what I'd be like without it," she says. "I think if I did not have it I would work, very hard. Life must be fulfilled. Even if I had children I would find a way to work. I believe women should have some kind of interesting outside activity. So many of them just sit around feeling sorry for themselves, envying people like me. I cannot believe they are as trapped as they feel. When I marry again—which I want to do because it is not good to be unmarried—I will do things for my husband. I will help him meet people important in his work. I will make him a beautiful home. I will be a good wife. Is that not what women are for?"

THE END

ILEANA BULOVA'S favorite dinner gown is this white brocade. With it she wears diamond earrings, a ruby and diamond necklace, and kid gloves.





Elegance Can Be Rented

You too can live it up with sable stoles, priceless paintings, uniformed servants, and air-conditioned limousines—available by the day or week.

BY LYN TORNABENE Photos by Black Star

If you feel your New Year's Eve party would be a total loss without at least one *real* pink elephant, and you haven't the cash to buy one, do not despair. You can rent one. It might cost you a thousand dollars, but it'll be the life of the party. At least that's what one suburban New York hostess reports to animal renter Fred Birkner, of Chateau Theatrical Animals. (Mr. Birkner will give, not rent, you the proper vegetable dye recipe in case you prefer to color your own elephant.)

Want to beat the heat? Rent an air conditioner. Having weekend guests with a baby? Be a sport—rent a baby carriage, crib, high chair, or playpen. Do you crave a spin in a foreign car, a ride in a hay wagon? Need an aqualung, a

fishing schooner, arms and armor, an extra refrigerator, a third TV set, oxygen equipment? They're all available to the resourceful reader of the Yellow Pages of the Classified Telephone Directory.

Joys of Brief Possession

Rental businesses of every description are burgeoning all over the country. In California you can rent exotic house plants; in Washington, D.C., maternity clothes; in New Jersey, buses. For less than two dollars a week in New York City it is possible to have a revolving supply of laundered shirts. At the other extreme, you can rent a castle in Barcelona for \$24,000 a year. About the only thing you can't rent (at least as we go to press) is three other bridge players.

Why the great success of the renting idea? The most frequently expounded theory is that Americans are getting tired of being the servants rather than the masters of the incredible number of things they own. Ownership of anything, in itself, is on its way out as a status symbol. The true sophisticate, we're told, is the man who knows where to rent life's little luxuries when he wants them, but doesn't let himself be encumbered by their upkeep.

On the following pages is a sampling of some of the finer things of life which you can have without taking title. With any or all of them under your management (however temporary), hardly anyone could tell the difference between your house and the house of Rothschild.

ANTIQUES. *The French Antique Company, one of the world's most distinguished dealers in antiques and works of art, will rent, to a select clientele, any item in its Manhattan galleries for approximately 2 per cent of the value of the item. The tapestries at left are two of a set depicting the Biblical story of Esther. Total estimated value: \$400,000.*

←

PARTY TRAPPINGS. *Temporary servants let you enjoy a party so much that you forget it's your own. Average weekend rates: \$3 an hour for a cook, \$3.25 an hour for a butler-bartender, \$2.75 for a waitress. Silver, china, and linen can be rented. Probably the most welcome advantage of having hired help is the cleaning up they do after the party's over.*



ART. *In more than a dozen cities across the country you can rent original paintings from museums, such as the Museum of Modern Art in New York, and galleries, such as the Circulating Library of Paintings, New York (shown below). Ruth Butler (below, standing) runs the*

Circulating Library with her sister. Together they own the twelve hundred paintings they lease by the month. Average charges: \$10 for a \$400 painting, \$20 for a \$1,000 painting. Renters can buy pictures they've lived with and find they can't live without. (continued)



Elegance Can Be Rented (continued)



YACHTS. A cabin cruiser named Carrots, and its captain, can be yours for a day for one hundred dollars. An added fee gets you a small orchestra or a catered meal. The

marina above is in Long Island, New York, where you can rent anything from a gondola, up. Another favorite yacht spot is the Caribbean. Renters there island hop.



SPECIAL DATE CLOTHES. Why spend hundreds on a gown you might wear only once, when you can rent it for a few dollars a night? At least, so figures June Cosgrove, shown here as she tries on a bouffant formal at Mme. Campanella Bridal Salon in New York's Greenwich Village.



MINKS AND LIMOUSINES. June picks a stole from Abet Rent-a-Fur to complete her million-dollar look. For \$10 to \$25, she can have anything from rabbit to sable for the weekend. At right she emerges from a chauffeured Carey Cadillac worth \$11,000, rented for \$7 an hour.

THE END



The Windsors' Mournful Life

The monarch who switched domains—from an international empire to the International Set—follows his Duchess to Paris, Park Avenue, or the Riviera in a never-ending round of revelry. But behind the glittering façade: a life without the fulfillment of great promise.

BY EUGENE D. FLEMING

When, on December 10, 1936, forty-two-year-old Edward Albert Christian George Andrew Patrick David Windsor, His Majesty Edward VIII of Great Britain, Ireland, and the British Dominions Beyond the Seas, King, Defender of the Faith, and Emperor of India, ended his troubled 325-day reign by renouncing his throne to marry Mrs. Wallis Warfield Simpson, the forty-year-old, twice-divorced woman he loved, his ten-year-old niece, destined by his abdication to become Elizabeth II, is reported to have exclaimed: "But what will Uncle David do now?"

However the question may have been answered, it is certain that the reply must have been far from an accurate prediction. For no one at that time, least of all Uncle David himself, expected that, as the Duke of Windsor, he would spend the greater part of his remaining years as an idle, itinerant, international curiosity, in voluntary exile from the country he loved and had served so splendidly as the idolized Prince of Wales. Says the Duchess in her memoirs: "It was always in David's mind to retain his British ties; the idea of becoming an expatriate never occurred to him."

A Desire to Serve

Neither did the idea of idleness. His royal upbringing had impressed upon him one thing above all: service to country. Time and again in his autobiography he even expresses irritation at the constitutional restrictions on a monarch's opportunities to be anything other than a patriotic symbol. "Duty without decision,"

he complains at one point, "service without responsibility, pomp without power."

There is a story that, as the Prince of Wales, he received a complaint from a veterans' group protesting unjust treatment, and promptly wrote a personal letter

Pictorial Parade



HIS MOTHER CHOSE to remember him as king-to-be in princely robes.

to a cabinet minister about the matter. Whereupon, the offended minister went post-haste to the palace and bluntly told the Prince that he was a political nothing and shouldn't waste his time writing letters. The Prince stalked out, slammed the door loudly, and yelled: "Well, if I'm ever King, I'll be a king!" The motto on the Duke's coat of arms is "Ich dien," which is German for "I serve."

Man Without a Job

According to reliable accounts, the Duke evidently thought that, once the furor over his abdication had subsided, he would continue to serve, perhaps by assisting the new king, his shy, stammering brother, Bertie; perhaps as an ambassador to an important foreign country; perhaps as a governor-general, the King's representative, of a Commonwealth nation. Perhaps. To this end, he periodically entreated a succession of cabinet ministers, from Chamberlain through Churchill, as late as 1951. But, for reasons we shall shortly examine, today, aged sixty-five, twenty-three years after he left the throne, the Duke can look back on only a few months as an inadequately employed major general and a scant four years, eight and a half months of wartime service as Governor of the Bahamas, one of the smallest and least significant of the Crown colonies. Somewhat pathetically, the Duchess speaks of those years in Nassau as "happy and embued with a sense of purpose that we were sorry to lose." From then on, during that time of life when most men



IN OFF-GUARD MOMENTS, the faces of the Duke and Duchess reflect their inner sadness. They once agreed never to speak of "ifs" and "might-have-beens." Today, however,

the Duke dwells more and more in the past, often talking wistfully of days "when I was King . . ." or "as Prince of Wales . . ." Friends note his periods of deep depression.

Photo by Wide World

reach the peak of their professional powers, the Duke was simply a man without a job. And, what's worse, for one who had enjoyed such immense popularity as the Prince Charming of an empire, a forgotten man at that.

Few people remember that when he first ascended the throne, the boyish-looking, dashing, democratic-minded Edward was the best-loved king in British history. During the First World War he had managed to escape royal safeguards and take a few chances at the front. He rode a bucking bronco at a rodeo in Saskatoon, danced with a drugstore girl during an official ball in Panama, played the drums

in a dance band on Long Island. He epitomized the break with tradition that characterized the twenties. He had the common touch (he still has: waiters, bellhops and servants everywhere are exceptionally fond of him; he never forgets a name). And he was honest, demanding that he never be shielded from life in any way because of his position.

Worthy of a Prince

Once, right after World War I, he was visiting wounded men in a Belgian hospital. There were supposed to be twenty-eight patients; one was missing. He found out that the twenty-eighth

man had been deemed too hideous for a Prince to see. He demanded to see him. and when he did, he kissed the man on his mutilated cheek. For this, and all his other tradition-shattering exploits, the people of the empire loved him—until he shook the traditional royal foundation of the empire itself by abdicating.

As a result, today, in the words of British correspondent Vere Connaught. "The ordinary Britshers who once kept pictures of him on their mantels as evidence of their loyalty to the King-across-the-water are no more. He is a relic of history, a king that got away." Adds British magazine and newspaper editor

(continued)

The Windsors' Mournful Life (continued)

As Prince of Wales he rode a bucking bronco, danced with a drugstore girl, played drums in a dance band—and won the hearts of his countrymen.

Charles Hussey: "To everybody in Britain under the age of thirty, the Duke is not a real figure but a legend, a character that belongs not even to the pre-war period, but to the era of the nineteen twenties. . . ."

One sad proof of his place in the hearts of the Englishmen he was born to serve is the fact that London's biggest theatre ticket agency, Keith Prowse and Company, which regularly insures itself against the mourning period occasioned by a royal death, decided last year to drop its policy covering the Duke's de-

mise. "We felt," said the company's chairman, "that, if the Duke died, it would not stop people from going to the theatre."

Walls Do Not a Prison Make

On Ed Murrow's *Person to Person* show a few years ago, the Duke, who traveled extensively in the service of the empire (a listing of his itinerary takes up twenty-one pages of small print in his memoirs) and who, since abdicating, has roamed rudderlessly through many lands in the service, presumably, of di-

version, remarked: "I have been everywhere—except in jail." The statement, unfortunately, is only literally true. In more ways than one, the Duke has been the prisoner of his heart's desire. In effect, the Duke and his Duchess have been living out what amounts to a royal sentence: a life of enforced idle luxury.

The sentence stems from a pronouncement—in the Duke's view, an insult—delivered under hostile Cabinet pressure by brother Bertie, King George VI. Just before the wedding of the Duke and Duchess in France, the official word came from Buckingham Palace that "the King has been pleased . . . to declare that the Duke of Windsor shall . . . be entitled to hold and enjoy for himself only the title, style and attribute of Royal Highness so, however, that his wife and descendants, if any, shall not hold the said title, style or attribute." In other words, the Duke still rated the royal rank of HRH with all the social courtesies that go with it, but the Duchess was "out" so far as royalty went. She was known simply as "Her Grace, the Duchess of Windsor." The pronouncement has never ceased to rile the Duke. To this day, he insists that the Duchess be addressed as "Your Royal Highness," and the staffs of the hotels and restaurants they frequent on both sides of the Atlantic go along with his wishes, even to the extent of curtseying before her in many instances. They are well aware that her royal standing is bogus, and the Duke knows this. But, although he is both as mild and forlorn as he appears in news photos, he is also proud and obstinate.

The Struggle for Status

As much as he has wanted a suitable government post, he has always stubbornly stipulated that, in any official role, his wife would have to be given status equal to his own. For instance, in 1940, while Europe was falling to Hitler's armies, the Duke's major consideration in dicker- ing with Churchill over an appropriate wartime job was that the Duchess should receive royal recognition. "I won't have them pushing us into a bottom drawer," he said to her indignantly. "It must be the two of us together—man and wife with the same position." The Bahamas appointment was actually a diplomatic way of both giving him something to do during the war and allowing him to save face, or, at least, placating him. Because of the hostilities, he didn't have to appear at Court, as King's representatives normally do. Therefore, the question of

A GAME OF JACKS helps the Windsors while away an idle afternoon. The Duke is fond of games, other favorites of his being "Plunk" and "Guess a Tune."



the Duchess's status was neatly bypassed, since the Duke didn't have to insist that she appear with him as an equal. After the war, however, all the old standards and practices of protocol and pomp (which the Duke and other members of the Royal Family regard as deeply meaningful) were renewed.

The Royal Family has been unbudging in its refusal to recognize the Duchess. Few women have received such cold and, in many respects, unkind treatment from their in-laws. According to her, "All that he ever specifically asked for was a fairly simple thing: that I be received, just once, by the King, his brother, and the Queen, in order to erase by that single gesture of hospitality the stigma attaching to my never having been received since our marriage by the Royal Family, his family." The Royal Family, however, was not, and to all appearances is not, about to show approval in any shape or form to the woman who, in their view, nearly shook the throne out from under all of them. It must be understood in this connection that the British Commonwealth is little more than a collection of autonomous nations united only by a common allegiance to the Crown. When Edward VIII proposed marriage to Mrs. Simpson, there was the real danger that if he forced his will on the empire, the dominions might decide to do away with the monarchy altogether, rather than accept a King who had an unacceptable wife.

The Queen Mother Stands Firm

Queen Mother Mary was the most hostile member of the Royal Family. When one of her relatives asked her why she didn't relent for the sake of David's happiness, she declared flatly that the Duchess of Windsor would never walk ahead of "my dear Duchess of Gloucester and my dear Duchess of Kent," her other daughters-in-law. She never referred to the Duchess by name. Yet, above her mantelpiece, she kept a picture of her exiled son, which, however, showed him not as King or Duke but as the Prince of Wales of happier days.

The fact that the Duke did not see his mother for nine years after the abdication indicates the extent of the cleavage his marriage caused between himself and his family. At present, the Duke is welcome at Buckingham Palace and visits there more often than is reported in the papers. But he can never appear at any royal function with the Duchess. If he did, he would be emphatically separated from her by a string of dukes and duchesses.

Current opinion of the Windsors in British court circles is colored by indifference. Most of the old animosity is forgotten. Standards have changed, and the old stigma of divorce is no longer so socially important. Those who know say that, today, there would be no ostracism,



DOG LOVERS, the Duke and Duchess often take pets along when they travel. Here they stroll with their three Pugs on Chicago's Michigan Boulevard.

no restriction of social privilege and no official barriers to the Windsors' informal life in Britain. They would be received without any anxiety among their hostesses as to "what will the Palace think?" The fact is, however, that the Duchess doesn't want to live in England, and the Duke,

probably because of the long years of being snubbed, has lost the urge to do so. The Duchess would probably find life in London tedious after the far more exciting life abroad.

To all appearances, the Windsors do lead a rather exotic life. Newspapers are

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His offer to abdicate was only a threat; he never dreamed they'd take him up on it. Now he has become a historic relic, a king that got away.

forever picturing the pair sunning themselves on the Riviera, swimming at Rapallo, playing golf at Biarritz (for \$150 to \$300 a round), yachting on the Mediterranean, chatting with friends at some sumptuous society ball, arriving in New York for a two-week stay with seventy-seven pieces of luggage and four or five dogs. Indeed, the Windsors enjoy a style of life that few people can afford nowadays.

A King's Ransom

They are rich, and they will always be rich. The Duke gets no money at all from the British government, although he does receive a small amount (about \$6,000) from the Royal Family. His father, King George V, left him with little need of funds. The Duke inherited the palaces of Sandringham and Balmoral on a lease for life, along with such treasures as the royal heirlooms and the priceless royal stamp collection. When he abdicated, he sold his lease on the palaces to his brother, the King, for a tax-free sum estimated at between three and four million dollars. He also received a settlement from the King's personal funds amounting to about \$100,000 a year, although it is believed that this was not continued by Elizabeth II. If so, it couldn't have caused the Duke much anguish. Add to his wealth the sizable capital he was able to stack away from his income as Prince of Wales, a princely \$320,000 a year (since 1911); and total in three million dollars, the amount the Paris weekly, *France Dimanche*, estimates the pair collected from their memoirs and other writings. Also, his mother, Queen Mary, may well have left something to him. In order to avoid the crippling British death taxes, from which only a sovereign is exempt, the late Queen left all her considerable fortune to Elizabeth II, who then privately made a pre-arranged disposition of the legacies. According to an informed source, "Windsor almost certainly benefited handsomely."

As for the Duchess, she had no inherited wealth of consequence. After their marriage, the Duke offered to insure her future with a settlement of two million dollars, but she declined this in favor of an annual income of forty thousand dollars.

With all this money, the Windsors can well afford their self-consciously royal

style of living. Having no children, they spend their money on themselves. A few years ago, a British newspaper estimated that their expenses, for pleasure alone, ran to \$120,000 a year. The Duchess, always on the list of the ten best-dressed women, spends anywhere from \$30,000 to \$100,000 a year on clothes, exclusive of accessories, which she buys by the dozens. Many of the jewels she is seen wearing at formal balls are loaned to her by firms eager for publicity, but she has a small fortune in jewels that her husband has given her over the years. Keeping up her appearance is in the nature of a full-time job. She puts in a few hours every day under the attentions of her hairdresser, manicurist, masseuse, and beautician.

After years of constant shifting from rented chalet to chateau, the pair finally settled down in France in 1952—or at least they established a home base for their jaunting. (Their decision to establish a home, and in France, has been attributed to the Duke's final despair of ever getting a useful job with the government, or of obtaining royal recognition for the Duchess. It was the beginning of this despair, incidentally, which led him, in 1947, to begin writing his memoirs, an unprecedented act for a member of the Royal Family. They were aptly described by *The Nation* as "intensely sad" and "an unremitting defense of his life and work, indirectly an appeal for justice from the British people, a plea for reinstatement. . . .")

Chez Les Windsors

In France they acquired two houses. One, their town house (in deference to the Duchess's preference for the city way of life) is a thirty-room mansion set on two and one-half acres of woodland not far from the city of Paris. The city owns the property and rents it to the Windsors on a long-term lease. The Duke and Duchess furnished and decorated it in a palatial manner at a cost of some \$100,000. The library, done in red and gold, is dominated by a painting of the Duchess in vivid blue. The salon has two minstrel galleries. The dining room, modeled on that of the Duke of Choiseul, accommodates thirty guests.

The Duchess, however, prefers smaller parties of eight or sixteen, so that she can be more daring in planning the menus for which she is renowned. The

Windsors' cuisine, one of the best in Paris, is said to be a rare combination of French classical excellence and that indefinable something known only to cooks in the southern United States. Her candlelight dinners begin invariably with soup, followed by a fish course, meat, dessert, and a savory. With the soup, sherry is served; with the fish, white wine; with the meat, a red Bordeaux ("a good conversational wine," she says); and with the dessert, champagne. The party is usually split into two tables with the Duke, sometimes wearing a Scottish kilt, at the head of one, and the Duchess at the head of the other. The dinners are served by a French butler, assisted by footmen who wear dark blue and silver livery. (All told, the Duke and Duchess have about twelve servants. When they travel, this retinue is reduced to six or eight.)

Who's Who

Their guests are usually monied members of the international set, deposed royalty, playful millionaires, and diplomats, whose names and aimless doings fill the dream-stuff society columns of American newspapers. The Windsors' social circle is enormous. Since they are "top people" in the international set, to be invited to dine with them, or to have them accept an invitation, is a *coup*. Perhaps they are no longer quite so exciting to have to a party, but they are still bigger catches than any other "retired" or exiled royalty. Among their closest friends are the Greek shipping millionaires, Aristotle Onassis and Stavros Niarchos and their wives. Two of their greatest friends died last year: Robert Young, president of the New York Central, who used to provide them with his private railroad car when they traveled any distance in the United States; and Charles Cushing, the New York financier. The Windsors have always been fair game for social climbers, and tend to have among their friends the more amusing of the *nouveau riche*.

Twenty-two miles outside of Paris, in the exclusive community of Gif-sur-Yvette, the Windsors own a charming converted mill for which they paid \$85,000 and on which they spent many thousands more in redecorating. Here, in this four-bedroom retreat, they spend weekends and holidays "consciously relaxing," to quote a British reporter. Usu-

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PERPETUAL PARTY-GOERS, the Windsors arrive at the Waldorf for the annual April in Paris Ball, which climaxes New York's social season. This year, the floor show was headed by Marlene Dietrich, dressed as a ringmaster.

THE DUCHESS CHECKS her make-up (below) while swapping chit-chat with Mrs. Hugh Chisholm at another gala affair. She and the Duke spend an estimated \$120,000 each year for pleasure, pay thousands for flowers alone.





DUKE'S SOBER COUNTENANCE made him easily recognizable at this Paris masked ball. His plaid mask,

which he removed shortly after this photo was taken, puzzled many until he explained it was to suggest Sherlock Holmes.

ally they have several friends staying with them. The mill is a study in sophistication. Its most appealing feature is a rambling "old English" garden, which the Duke created out of an abandoned chicken run. The job took him "a full two years of unremitting effort," the Duchess says. These days, gardening is the major interest of the ex-king, with golf a close second.

From the point of view of most people, beset as they are by bills and confined to a two- or three-week vacation a year, the Windsors' life of high luxury and ease seems grandly idyllic. To suggest that their lives might be mournful seems like a tale that would bring tears to a glass eye. What more could any man and woman want? Except, perhaps, to be King and Queen of England? For Edward VIII had every intention of making Mrs. Wallis Simpson his queen, and she certainly didn't object to the idea. For a Baltimore girl who had risen from her mother's boarding house to the pinnacle of English society, this, in the words of one commentator, "would have been success beyond her dreams."

The Duke and Duchess agreed, during their honeymoon, never to discuss the "ifs" and "might-have-beens" of their actions during the abdication crisis. Such discussion would certainly serve no purpose. Indeed, it would only remind them that, in the opinion of many who have studied the record of those stormy days, they would be on the throne today but for one critical error he committed during the frenzied political maneuvering that preceded his fall.

My Kingdom for My Queen

The impression lingers, at least in this country, that the Duke, when king, was unromantically shoved off his throne—forced to abdicate—by his Prime Minister, wily, seventy-year-old Stanley Baldwin, and by the Church of England as represented by the Archbishop of Canterbury, the ancient Dr. Cosmo Lang. This is, at best, only a half-truth. Actually, it was the Duke himself who first brought up the possibility of his abdicating. He thought he could crush the opposition to his marrying a divorced woman by threatening to leave the throne. In his mind, he

was delivering an ultimatum, an unbeatable trump card. He obviously thought that, because of his great popularity, the vote-conscious politicians in the Cabinet would never let him do such a thing. He never really had any intention of throwing away his crown. He knew only too well the dreary fate which usually overtakes ex-kings; some of his closest European relatives had been unceremoniously tossed off their thrones and were wasting away in idleness.

"I am going to marry Mrs. Simpson," he told Baldwin, "and I am prepared to go." As it turned out, he wasn't playing a trump card; he was handing one to Baldwin, a man who detested him and was convinced that his brother would make a better—at least, a more manageable—king. Once the ultimatum had been delivered, the King couldn't back down, and Baldwin, by opposing such measures as a morganatic marriage (in which the Duchess would have been the King's wife, but not his queen) and a radio appeal by the King to the public, made sure that the King had no other alternative but to keep his word.

The Duchess spends \$100,000 on clothes, hairdresser, and beautician each year. Her task: to make the throne of England seem well lost.

If the King hadn't brought up the question of abdication, Baldwin would have been powerless to force him to leave the throne. Constitutionally, he had no authority to do so. Under English law, when there is a disagreement between the King and the Government, it is the Government's responsibility to resign, not the King's. Moreover, the King could have married Mrs. Simpson without consulting anybody and then have presented her to the Cabinet as Queen in a neat *fait accompli*. Although on most matters the King is constitutionally obliged to take the advice of his ministers, there was nothing clear-cut in English law which said the King couldn't marry the woman of his choice. As it happened, of course, Baldwin used the King's backfired-bluff to bluff him off his throne.

The Avalanche

Baldwin's efforts were greatly aided by the fact that, after Mrs. Simpson fled to France at the height of the crisis, the King's nerve collapsed. Without her at his side to bolster his courage, his will to fight crumbled. Winston Churchill and Max Beaverbrook, the press lord, were desperately urging him to sit tight on the throne and ride out the storm; some happier alternative could be found, they assured him. From France, Mrs. Simpson pleaded with him by telephone to hold on, not to abdicate even if it meant giving her up. But, hopelessly in love and even more hopelessly in a state of panic, all the King could hear was "all my hopes and the results of my years of public service crashing down in thundering ruin." He seemed hell-bent on abdicating and, as all the world knows, he did.

The Duke has never admitted any regrets over the decision. He regrets only "the circumstances which necessitated it." Significantly, however, in recent years the Duke seems greatly preoccupied with the past. He talks eagerly about "when I was King . . ." or "as Prince of Wales . . ." As the years go by, he seems to appear more forlorn. He is, it is said, given to deep depressions, although his royal training long ago taught him to mask his feelings behind suave charm. He has little to do beyond keeping himself amused. He likes to play little games, and at these times comes most alive. One of his favorites is Pelanque, the object of which is try to hit a little red ball with a bigger ball. The Duke playfully calls the game "Plunk" be-

cause, when you score a hit, the big ball "plunks" the little one. He seems to have a good time when he sets out to have one. You see him in a Munich beer hall donning a false mustache and climbing up on a chair to deliver a speech in German, a language he loves; or in some place like Eddie Condon's New York jazz bistro playing "guess a tune." On the whole, though, he has lost much of the dash and insouciant attitude toward life that characterized him as Prince and King.

Conversation Over Cocktails

The Duchess, on the other hand, still generates the same unique champagne-like atmosphere she always did. She seems never to tire of the social whirl. At a formal ball, the Duke may be seen sitting listlessly sipping a drink while the Duchess will be chatting gaily. She likes, and excels at, bright conversation.

Since she more or less looks after the Duke, and supervises the running of the household, she is much more occupied with her time than he is. She can be quite cross with him and quite demanding at times, but the Duke's comfort and enjoyment of life are major considera-

tions with her. All in all, she seems by far the happier of the two, but then, it might be reasoned, where she gained an ex-king, he lost a throne.

The Declining Years

An incident that goes back to 1948 sheds a revealing light on how the Duke might really feel about his life as an ex-king. This was just about the time when he was beginning to realize the utter hopelessness of his desire for service and for recognition for his wife. An American woman whose hobby was collecting pencils bought, in London in 1936, a gross of pencils adorned by portraits of King Edward VIII. In 1948, she was carrying the stub of the last of these in her handbag when she found herself in the same restaurant as the Duke and Duchess. She went over to them. "Believe me," she said to the Duke, "this is a coincidence, but I have a pencil marking your coronation." The Duke took the pencil and stared at it with fascination. "It's me," he said in amazement. "Wallis, it's me." Then, as he continued to stare at it, an expression of intense sadness swept over his face. "But look," he said, "I'm almost all whittled away." **THE END**



VISITING ENGLAND in 1956, they found the doors of British society firmly shut against them. Reason: the Queen's refusal to receive the Duchess formally.

"Rocky" and the Common Touch

Nelson's \$100,000,000 grin is a potent political asset. His uncanny ability to win friends and influence people may stem from outgoing ancestors, among them a popular U. S. senator and a successful patent medicine pedlar.

BY THOMAS B. MORGAN

The very rich," F. Scott Fitzgerald once said, "are different from you and me." But Nelson Aldrich Rockefeller, Governor of New York and the richest man in American politics today (or ever), is trying very hard to prove Fitzgerald wrong. He is succeeding by joining the rest of us here on earth in the tumult of political life; by being a determinedly open-faced, regular guy; and by working, as four different people who know him have said, "like hell." Still, it is not easy; All That Money can be a problem. Take it from John P. Marquand, wealth beyond a certain point always creates "its own small world of unreality," and this hinders the politician, who must, above all, seem to be a part of the real world where there are real problems if he's going to get elected. Somehow, he must show that he is not unconcerned, that he really cares.

After you've been with Nelson Rockefeller and then move away, you still feel some of the troublesome unreality about him that has yet to be dissipated. He has a personal fortune often estimated at between \$100,000,000 and a quarter of a billion. Taking a lower estimate, if his fortune were sunk in low-yield, safe-safe bonds, it would bring him a permanent income of about ten thousand dollars a day. Dwell on that much money and what it means in terms of power, privilege, and the wherewithal to do good or ill. Like the Midas touch it can be a curse. It takes some doing to turn it into political opportunity *for one's self*.

This country has produced a number of multi-millionaires, and a thundering herd of scions, but few have triumphed in politics; we like our topmost leaders to have been born in log cabins or frame houses or, at least, to have struggled and

suffered somewhere along the line. Nelson wasn't born poor and, although he did shoot himself in the leg at fourteen, he hasn't suffered. He's a golden boy and has been for all of his fifty-one years; yet he now has so much popular appeal that the mere contemplation of him must bring a tear to the eye and a lump to the throat of all the crusty old professionals in both political parties, who know a sizzling hot property when they see one. His money, put to good use, helps him achieve this; his record of service and accomplishment (and the careful publicizing of his record) help, too. But what really thrusts Nelson to the fore is the force of something money can't buy: it is that elusive sum of one's nature and character which is called *personality*. This is Nelson Rockefeller's most celebrated quality.

Not long ago, Nelson spent a long day meandering about the city of Rochester, New York, on an official-and-political visit. He made two modest speeches, spent half an hour with the local Republican bosses, visited a new hospital and the local newspaper office. Between times, he did what he seems to like to do best these days: get out and greet the people, shake hands with old ladies, embrace fellow Republicans, tickle the kids, and wink at plain-looking girls. Everywhere, people enjoyed just looking at him.

The Plain-Folks Look

He is handsome. He has sandy hair, blue eyes, a wide smile, and a strong jaw. If he had better jokes, he could pass on the speaker's platform for a descendant of Will Rogers instead of the grandson of the late John D. Rockefeller, who in his best year, you'll recall, had over nine

hundred million *real* dollars in his poke. Nelson even has a kind of nasal twang, which sounds like Oklahoma and complements his cowboy face.

He is no great shakes as a platform orator; his timing is poor, and speech lessons have not corrected the monotonous way he uses his voice. Off-the-cuff, in a meeting, sitting for a press conference, leaning from a car, milling with "the people," he is better.

A Face-to-Face Charmer

Rockefeller talks with his hands, which reminds you that he has spent a lot of time in Latin America. During the Roosevelt Administration he was Coordinator of Inter-American Affairs. He gives you the feeling that he'd rather talk to you than to anyone else in the world. He'd even like to have a hand on your arm or an arm around your shoulder. He exudes sunlight and boyish charm. One girl confessed she'd waited two hours in the hotel lobby just to get his autograph. After she got it, she said, "Now I'll have to sit down a while."

Nelson's clothes look as if he'd snatched them from the pipes in a bargain basement. He has always dressed like a square, a friend says, and even bordered on the Bohemian in college, when his uniform was worn corduroys and sweaters with holes in the elbows. He covers his medium, 5' 10 1/2", frame in permanently rumpled, ill-fitting, and barely stylish clothes. He eschews the button-down collar. His shoes are well-soled, but could take a shine.

Nelson played soccer in college, and though he gets little formal exercise today, he still seems athletic. When he walks, he springs forward on the balls of his feet in a movement suggesting a

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A SERIOUS POLITICIAN in spite of his lighthearted manner, Rockefeller is a tireless worker, sometimes puts in

twelve hours or more a day. For relaxation, he listens to records, transplants shrubs on 3,500-acre family estate.

He was strict with his sons' allowances. A classmate says: "There was never a feeling in their house that they were, you know—Rockefellers."

cross between a track star and a gazelle. His shoulders slope forward, too, so that he always has the look of a man who is in a great hurry to get somewhere out of the rain.

No Knocks in His Motor

He positively glows. Among his emanations are exuberant self-confidence, optimism, youth, sincerity, intelligence if not intellect, purpose if not wisdom, heartiness, and, above all, vitality. Geoffrey Hellman, the writer, observed almost eighteen years ago that, like Roosevelt, Nelson appears to be "free" of inner tensions.

All through the long day in Rochester, Nelson maintained a furious pace. The

closest he came to relaxing was before the Rotary Club dinner, when he sat on the edge of a bed in a hotel room, sipping Dubonnet-on-the-rocks (he doesn't care for hard liquor, or cigarettes, for that matter), answering the questions of New York reporters about his hydrogen bomb fallout shelter plan. At the end of the press session, the reporters were far more tired than he was.

About 9 p.m., a police escort hustled him to the Rochester airport, where the last cheering crowd waited to see him off. A twin-engine plane by Convair, number N300K, white with blue-and-yellow trimming along the fuselage, awaited him. Inside, the iron bird had seats for twenty-one passengers, swivel chairs, a well-

stocked liquor cabinet (Nelson doesn't mind if others drink; at parties, he's an enthusiastic bartender), television, and hot coffee and cold milk in the galley. It was a properly elegant aircraft for the governor of the most populous state in the Union, which pays its chief executive the tidy sum of \$50,000 a year.

The state, however, had not provided the plane; the Rockefeller family had. They had bought it second hand from the Ford Motor Company and had placed it permanently at Nelson's disposal. It was an unconscious but impressive symbol of wealth and power, the kind of symbol that Nelson has never—not for a moment in his life—been ashamed of. The Rockefellers are never deliberately ostentatious; but they don't affect modest living, either. Politically, Nelson has been straightforward about the ace in the hole with which he was born, and, by being that way, he makes himself more believable and real. Sometimes, he puts you in mind of a salesman who believes in himself and in what he is selling, but with this added attraction: you know Rockefeller doesn't have to make a profit on the sale. This helps people accept him at face value and, for the most part, they do.

He Is and He Isn't

For me, the sight of Nelson Rockefeller standing on the steps of his own plane waving at the people seemed to sum up his problem and his triumph. He is an authentic aristocrat with the common touch. He is like you and me, and yet he is not; and people who could resent his wealth admire him instead.

Leonard Hall, former national chairman of the Republican Party, was the first to feel the curious way in which Rockefeller's personality comes across. Hall was Nelson's stern competitor for the GOP nomination in New York last year. Nelson went after the prize so methodically, and with such consummate political skill, that Hall did not have a chance. "I never worked so hard for anything as I did for that nomination," Nelson has admitted. Among other things, he visited over fifty of New York's sixty-two counties to meet the "polls," and greet their wives and kiddies; he was nominated by acclamation.

Said Leonard Hall: "They looked at him in upstate communities as though he was a prince or something."



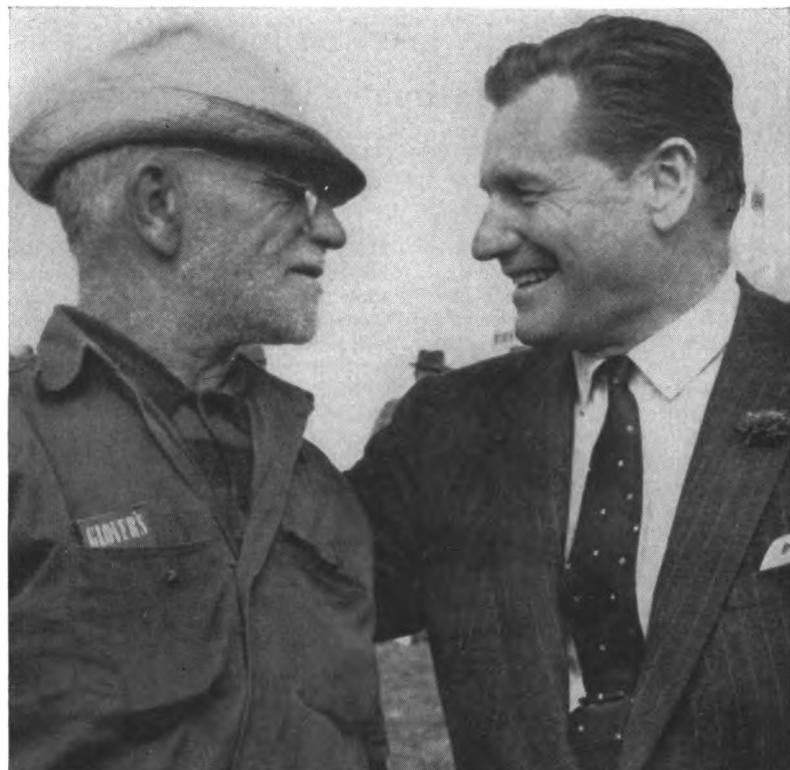
TWO TOP REPUBLICANS meet as the President arrives at LaGuardia Airport. Rockefeller has been one of Ike's leading advisers on Latin American affairs.

With the possible exception of Jack Kennedy, Nelson is the only top-seeded politician of the moment who has this quality of down-to-earth princeliness. Perhaps the last man to have it in equal abundance was, again, Franklin Roosevelt, to whom Nelson is often compared on many counts whenever people are looking for a handy simile. Princeliness is what distinguishes Nelson from those political figures who may be his equivalent in other important respects—natural political genius, good family background, good education, a record of business acumen and generosity, organizing ability, and the service of a public relations staff. To have princeliness and the common touch, too, must make a man someone to reckon with. Rockefeller's opponent in the gubernatorial contest, Averell Harriman, wanted the latter facility very much; he worked hard, but he could not make it. What combination of genes, upbringing, experience, and desire—when mixed with a great deal of money—produces the magic combination is anyone's guess. Nelson Rockefeller simply has it, and it is what makes his other personality traits become so politically important.

After he waved a last goodbye to the people of Rochester, Nelson turned and boarded his plane. Frank Moore, former Lieutenant Governor of New York and an early Rockefeller supporter, was the only other official passenger. Nelson sank gratefully into the swivel chair amidships (over the wing) on the side of the plane away from the crowd. He started to fasten his seat belt, changed his mind, and moved across the aisle to a rear window seat so that he could wave goodbye some more. As the plane taxied away and the crowd fell behind, he returned to his seat. "Well," he said, "it's all part of the system." I took this to mean the Great American Political System, which required him to wave like a potentate from moving vehicles. Then he sighed and slapped his knees.

The Governor's Day

He seemed satisfied that he had done a day's work. He had arisen at 7 A.M., which is his custom. He had rattled around in the forty-room mansion at Albany and had worked on his papers until shortly before nine. His chauffeur, a state police lieutenant, had driven him to the Capitol in the Chrysler with the custom-made Ghia body. On a more average morning, he would have breakfasted with his wife, Mary Todhunter Clark Rockefeller. She was in New York, however, getting them ready for a three-week vacation. Had it not been for the Rochester trip, Nelson would have spent the morning in his office, eaten a sandwich for lunch at his desk, and passed the afternoon meeting with visitors, legislators,



GRASS ROOTS CAMPAIGN took him to towns never visited by a New York gubernatorial candidate. Here he chats with 71-year-old Ed Aird, of Speculator.

and advisers. By six-thirty, he would have been home for dinner with Tod (she calls him Nelse). If necessary, he would have worked on into the night, since there seems to be no limit to his energy. Had there been time to relax, he might have listened to progressive jazz on the hi-fi. He's an ardent fan, but not too far out: he likes Dave Brubeck and Erroll Garner. If the urge had come over him, as it often does, he would have rearranged the paintings in the mansion sitting room. From his collection of one thousand oils, mostly moderns, he has brought to Albany three Picassos, a Matisse, a Klee, a Dufy, and several others. He likes to move them around and see them against different backgrounds and in a variety of sequences. He has, indeed, a reputation as a picture-straightener; even at a friend's home, he will make a point of lining up crooked pictures.

First Lady of New York

Nelson met Mary Todhunter Clark one summer in Maine. Her family's summer home was in Northeast Harbor not far from the Rockefellers' summer place at Seal Harbor. She had grown up on a substantial farm in Bala-Cynwyd, a Main Line suburb of Philadelphia. Her paternal grandfather was Enoch White Clark, president of banking firm,

and her father is Percy Hamilton Clark (now eighty-three and still practicing law). In Philadelphia the Clark family was so socially prominent that there were more than several raised eyebrows when that "New York boy" married into the Main Line.

Tod was a tomboy and grew tall—5' 10½" in her stocking feet; in heels, she seems to tower over Nelson. She made her debut in 1926, went to Egypt with Nelson's parents (not Nelson, though) in 1929, and married him in 1930, a few days after he graduated from Dartmouth. They have five children, and four grandchildren. Nelse and Tod were as determined to raise their children out of the limelight as Nelson's father, John D., Jr., had been when the Rockefeller brothers and sister were growing up. In fact, Tod herself shuns publicity with the determination of a hermit. Her first, and as far as I know, her only press interview was given soon after she had become First Lady of New York. Her answers were mostly "yes" and "no"; she obviously thought some of the questions asked were too personal and that answers to them would be nobody's business. The interview was not long. She does not see reporters. She is said to be brilliant, witty, an excellent mimic, modest, and a devoted mother to her five children.

He tells jokes on himself, dresses "just like a square," but intimates know him as a man of sophisticated tastes who digs progressive jazz, modern art.

The Nelson Rockefellers have lived well and have enjoyed it. They have five places that might be called home. Their base is a twenty-seven-room triplex penthouse on Fifth Avenue. The decor, mostly reflecting Nelson's taste, is modern, and the apartment is filled with fine contemporary paintings and primitive sculpture. They have a Dutch Colonial house on the 3,500-acre family estate, Pocantico Hills, near Tarrytown, N.Y. Nelson spent much of his youth here—his father, who assiduously taught him the value of thrift and responsibility, also managed to build a \$500,000 playhouse with bowling alley and game courts for him and his brothers on the Pocantico Hills grounds. When Nelson visits there now, he releases excess energy not by bowling but by transplanting trees and shrubs. Their other houses are in Seal Harbor, Maine; Washington, D.C., and at Monte Sacro farm, ninety miles from Caracas, Venezuela.

An Egalitarian Schooling

As a father, Nelson seems to be an ebullient image of his own father. Like himself, his eldest son, Rodman, attended Lincoln School, a coeducational progressive school in New York associated with Columbia University. A Lincoln classmate of Rodman's recalls that Nelson and Tod were cheerful, attentive parents, and that "there was never any feeling in their house that they were, you know—Rockefellers." Nelson has passed on to his children the lessons in thrift his father gave him. Their allowances have been limited. William Manchester tells of a time when one of Nelson's sons interrupted his father's conversation to say that he needed five dollars to put with five that he had so that he could go to a dance. Nelson merely said, "Gee, that's too bad," and continued his chat. There is nothing stuffy about the five children. During the campaign (the first time that either Tod or the children were on public view), Steven, who had just graduated from Princeton with honors, was his father's chauffeur. While Dad was politicking among the customers and attendants in a gas station, Steven said to a reporter, "Let's get him out of here before he starts shaking hands with the gas pumps."

In August, Steven further enhanced the democratic image of the Rockefellers by marrying Anne Marie Rasmussen in Sogne, Norway. For eight months, Anne

Marie had been a maid in the Rockefeller household, earning her way in America while learning English. True to form, Steven impressed Norwegian newspapermen with his good humor and "unconscious" for clothes.

When the Rockefellers' Convair had cleared Rochester and was heading toward New York City, Nelson sipped a glass of milk, touched Frank Moore's knee with a copy of the Rochester *Times-Union*, and exclaimed, "Everybody ought to get into public life at one point! Just for the experience—it's tremendous!"

He Started Running Early

It was as though, tired and happy, he had just come home from a hard day in the fields. The prince of the common touch had been sowing his political future, as he has been doing for almost twenty years. Since 1941 he has had his own personal public relations man—Francis A. Jamieson, a Pulitzer Prize-winning newsmen, whose presence on Nelson's staff led some reporters as far back as 1945 to suspect that Nelson had soaring political ambitions. "Nelson has been running for office," one friend has said, "ever since they let him out of the play pen." In retrospect, it does seem that Nelson could hardly have gone any other way. He was born with his great-grandfather's flair for salesmanship (Big Bill Rockefeller was a patent medicine peddler), old John D.'s relentless competitive drive, his father's sense of family and social responsibility, and his maternal grandfather's political acumen. The latter, Grandfather Nelson Aldrich, was a senator from Rhode Island and a leader of the Old Guard in the United States Senate for seventeen years. Nelson is still proud to say, "When my grandfather resigned, every Congressman and every Senator signed a petition to ask him to reconsider and run again."

Nelson was also born, it seems, with a bold nature and a blithe spirit. He has a monarchial disdain for petty detail and a kingly unconcern for big difficulties. He's a cock-eyed optimist and believes every problem has a solution. He doesn't ignore all details. He is, for example, the first politician to my knowledge ever to hire and take along to all public occasions a crack stenographer who takes down every word he says, for the record.

Sometimes, Nelson has been a little too brash and blithe. Once in Norfolk, Vir-

ginia, in an impetuous mood, he mounted to the cabin of a giant crane to show some friends that *anybody* could run it. Nelson lost control, the crane smashed into a house, battered a concrete mixer, and bowled over a construction worker who was, fortunately, unhurt. Last year, when the Museum of Modern Art (of which he was chairman of the board) was afire, Nelson grabbed a fireman's rubber coat and dashed inside. He dragged out a Matisse and, lucky again, emerged with both his person and the painting undamaged.

"At age thirty-two," a friend recalls, "he could breezily act as host for the governing board of the Pan American Union. His guests might be the ambassadors of Chile, Argentina, and Peru, plus Vice-President Henry Wallace and Secretary of State Cordell Hull, who was twice his age. He was a kid with complete *savoir faire*."

Money has provided Nelson with self-confidence. It has *not* sapped his incentive; in his own buoyant, polite, zesty, sincere way, he damn well gets what he wants.

During his college days, he was one of the most popular boys in his class, but he was not the most successful. He played soccer, but the game, friends, is football. He ran for junior class president and lost. He denounced the fraternity system and wound up as a member of Psi Upsilon. Then his roommate, John French Jr., made Phi Beta Kappa, the scholastic honorary society, in his junior year. Nelson's competitive urge came racing to the rescue of his ego. He was no scholar, but he settled down to study. He dug; he plodded; he waded. As a result he not only was elected to Phi Beta Kappa in his senior year, but graduated almost at the top of his class.

Talking Their Language

When he found he needed to know Spanish and Portuguese if he was to continue his romance with South America, he hired a tutor from Berlitz and learned them. Several years back, on a flight to Porto Alegre, Brazil, his plane cracked up on the landing field. Unhurt, Nelson walked directly to the microphones and began his arrival speech in fluent Portuguese. His knowledge of Spanish, especially, helped him no end during his campaign for governor, for he was able to speak it during tours of New York City's

sizable Puerto Rican neighborhoods.

In business life, too, Nelson Rockefeller was never one to be blasé. He has played some hard games. By the time he was thirty, his father had rewarded him for his shrewdness, charm, and success as renting agent for Rockefeller Center by making him president of the whole \$125,000,000 project. In the depths of the Depression, he took over responsibility for finding tenants to fill up the Center's 5,500,000 feet of floor space. The project was in danger of becoming one of the great real estate fiascos of all time. Nelson represented the Center in public, made speeches, cut blue ribbons, and passed out awards to workmen.

A Tough Contender

He also drew on the sterner stuff of which he is made and went after the tenants directly. Since there were not enough businessmen needing office space to go around for all the landlords of Manhattan buildings, somebody had to lose tenants if Nelson was going to win them. For a potential tenant, Nelson was prepared to buy up an unexpired lease in a competitor's building, and temporarily reduce the rental of Center space below going market prices. He got the tenants—and a lawsuit for \$10,000,000 from one of the losing landlords, who charged him with unfair competition. The case was later dropped by the irate competitor, but there's no doubt that Rockefeller played rough.

As governor, Nelson has been equally tough and hard to beat. In his very first months in Albany, he staked his career on a drastic tax increase. The state may have needed the extra money, but that did not make the legislators any happier about voting for the new revenues. "His grandfather gave away thousands of dimes," it was said, "and Nelson's trying to get it all back at once." Nelson pressed hard, however, and an incipient legislative revolt turned into a victory for Rockefeller.

In all his affairs, Nelson drives hard, urged on by something more than or aside from the profit motive. The day he sold his father on an \$8,500,000 gift of land to the United Nations for its headquarters, he did not have enough pocket money to buy a bottle of champagne to celebrate. He does not carry a big wad and is by no means a check grabber or a big tipper. He got along on twenty-five cents a week as a boy (plus what he could earn killing flies at ten cents a hundred) and sometimes seems to be trying to get along on little more than that now. Following his form, he can spend a million like a sultan; yet he touches the common chord by borrowing money for a taxi fare.

The mind that seems to be functioning behind all this color has been charac-

Barrett Gallagher



FAMILY PORTRAIT finds daughters Mary (left) and Ann (Mrs. Robert L. Pierson) seated beside their parents. Sons (from left): Steven, Rodman, Michael.

terized by one reporter as "good, but spread too thin." An associate says, "He hasn't got a bear trap up there like Tom Dewey had." Another has said, "He is a genius in committee." Rockefeller does not seem to be a heavyweight thinker; on the other hand, he seems to have the kind of mind that instantly grasps the broad outline of good ideas and sees the way to get them rolling. He's latched on to some far-fetched ones—such as the building of a canal six times as long as the Panama Canal through miles of jungle to connect the Amazon and Orinoco Rivers. But he was instrumental in promoting the Point Four program, and the dramatic "open skies" plan for inspecting international armaments is a Rockefeller idea. Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., a Democratic idea man, has even suggested that Nelson may be the one man among the presidential possibilities whose ideas in the 1950s are fit for the 1960s.

His Kind of Joke

Curiously, it seems that Rockefeller's one shortcoming of major proportions is a matter of wit; we have had plenty of successful politicians who had not a glimmer of a sense of humor, but that's no excuse. Nelson, in fact, laughs at a good joke and tells a few as well. It is the nature of the ones he tells that is so

curious. The jokes are on himself, rather like those of Adlai Stevenson.

He likes to tell of the *faux pas* he made during his "initiation" into politics. Talking to a recreation and park group, he says he said, "I favor more dark areas along the highways for the recreation of the people." Talking to a medical group: "Two things above all else we fear are heart disease and candor." Talking to a PTA group during budget hearings: "Take the typical unmarried couple with three children—"

The Rockefeller Convair landed and taxied to a remote corner of LaGuardia Airport in New York. By the gatehouse which guarded an entrance to the field, a car was waiting. Nelson walked toward it. His suit was more rumpled than ever.

The People, Yes!

The watchman stepped out of the guardhouse. "Sorry," he said. "This car is waiting for the Governor. Are you the Governor?" The chauffeur was a student from Union Theological Seminary. The Seminary is one of the many recipients of the Rockefellers' vast philanthropies. It is characteristic of Nelson that his driver is a ministerial student. Uneringly, he touches still another common chord. It is another sign that this aristocrat cares deeply about people as about power.

THE END

Super Market in Stocks

Twelve million people, many of them housewives and men under thirty-five, have sunk their savings in today's churning stock market. One recent plunger made \$750,000—should you try to do the same? The answer may depend on a forgotten factor: your investment personality.

BY T. F. JAMES

About six months ago a forty-five-year-old plant engineer whom we shall call Bill Taylor strolled into the suburban office of a Chicago brokerage firm, and told the manager he wanted to invest \$5,000 in Zenith. Taylor had never invested before and knew relatively little about Zenith beyond the conviction that it made good television sets. The broker, an experienced, conservative man, agreed that Zenith made excellent sets and was in very good financial shape. He bought Taylor fifty shares in the company, at about \$100 a share, and gave his new customer a fistful of literature on the stock market, which he urged him to study.

Taylor took his advice. In the literature he discovered that Zenith was a "growth stock." Along with TV sets, the company made a galaxy of other electronic gadgets, and with rockets, radar, and missiles on everybody's mind, the whole elec-

tronics industry was bound to soar into the profit stratosphere. Until he read these inviting words, Taylor had been a fairly cautious man with the dollar. His \$5,000 had been painfully saved over the last decade, and he was putting it into the market because inflation worried him, and he wanted his money to grow, rather than erode, with our expanding economy. Now he suddenly revealed—or discovered in himself—the kind of intuition and verve which made plungers such as Jay Gould and Jim Hill masters of Wall Street.

Plunging From the High Board

Taylor went to a bank and borrowed 70 per cent on the value of his stock, and with this money he bought more Zenith. He went to another bank and borrowed another 70 per cent on the \$8,500 worth of Zenith he now owned and bought still more Zenith. A week

later he repeated the performance at another bank. Taylor told the bankers he was using the money to build a summer house in Northern Michigan—but carefully omitted to say that he had already told the same story to the banker in the next town. (There is a nasty name for this omission: fraud.) But most banks winked one eye at borrowing on stock to buy more stock, until recently, at least. No one made a strenuous effort to find out what Taylor was doing with his cash. On went our neophyte plunger, to still more banks in the suburban radius around Chicago, borrowing on his pyramid of mortgaged Zenith to buy still more Zenith.

Meanwhile Zenith was beginning to move. In fact it soon began to behave less like a growth stock and more like a Vanguard rocket. While Taylor piled on his illegally borrowed money, the stock zoomed from \$120 to \$300, and split three

Brokers in Suburbia

Some new investors, "just average folks" earning \$7,000 a year, take risks that would frighten a big-time speculator.



MORNING SHOPPERS, among them a mother and her children, pause outside Merrill Lynch, Pierce, Fenner and Smith office in Paramus, New Jersey. Next door to it is a supermarket.

to one. Today Bill Taylor owns eighteen thousand shares of Zenith, worth \$2,250,000. At least one third of this pile is borrowed money, but the dividends enable him to pay the interest on his loans nicely. If he decides to sell, he will be able to pay back his horde of bankers, and net a cool \$750,000. So far, in spite of frantic pleas from his broker, he refuses to sell. He is sure Zenith is still on its way up.

Not since the heydays of the twenties have Americans been so goggle-eyed by such true stories of rocket trips to the lap of luxury, simply by finding the right corporation and watching the numbers ride dizzily upward on the ticker tape. According to the latest survey of the New York Stock Exchange, no less than six million new shareholders have come into the investment arena in the last seven years. If you are one of these new investors—or are thinking about adding your name to the lengthening list—how should you go about it? Should you follow Bill Taylor's example, and plunge up to and beyond your legal eyebrows? Pick a stock as ladies pick a horse, by its position on a list? Before we try to answer that question, we need to get a more thorough picture of this amazing American phenomenon called the stock market—and at the people who are pouring their money into it.

These new investors are significantly different from the man in the market of bygone years. They are only thirty-five years old, on the average, compared to forty-nine for the 12,490,000 members of the total shareholder population. (In 1929 the total was 1,371,920.) Yet they have an average income of \$7,000—only \$100 less than the average gross of the older investors. Most important, the largest single group among them consists of "housewives and non-employed adult women." These new investors are not, obviously, the loaded bears and bulls who made the Wall Street headlines of yester-

day. They are just average folks, and according to the survey, they are in the market not to make a killing, but to hedge their savings against inflation. Undoubtedly they are also in the market because of the magnificent public relations campaign the New York Stock Exchange has conducted for the last ten years, under the leadership of its dynamic young President, G. Keith Funston. Currently the Exchange has two thousand speakers in seventy-eight cities, lecturing in schools and before women's clubs and other interested groups. It has half-hour radio forums in eight cities, capsule TV shows in twenty cities, and a visitor's gallery whose attendance, in the words of an Exchange vice-president, Ruddick C. Lawrence, "surpasses that of both the Statue of Liberty and the UN." The Exchange has convinced over six million people in the last ten years that "investing in stock is investing in the future of America." There is, to be sure, a certain amount of truth in the slogan. But is it, like all slogans, a little too simple? Currently more and more Wall Street veterans are becoming alarmed at the innocence of these new investors, who have come into the by-no-means-holy temple of finance with such pure and admirable motives.

The Market's Enigmatic Ways

As for the market, it continues to baffle the most experienced brokers and the most reputable analysts. Never have stocks shown such incredible surges. The current champion is a little-known company called Itek, which was organized by Laurence Rockefeller to "develop and produce new systems and specialized equipment in the field of information technology," a long way of saying "space photography." Itek was selling at forty cents a share in 1955; (but only, alas, to a limited few who were on the inside): the stock first sold to the public at sixty dollars a share in 1958; last January it

hit \$345, then split five to one. Is the rest of the market heading in the same direction? It depends on where you're looking. The Dow-Jones Average, which is composed of thirty blue-chip companies, has gone steadily upward, except for an unnerving plunge in the recession of 1957. But during one recent week, while Dow-Jones hit another of its all-time highs, some sixty stocks set new lows for the year. Even though the market average is up some 300 per cent from 1946, almost a third of the stocks on the board are still below those war-inflated 1946 highs. "We are operating," says one broker, "in a market of single stocks and groups—not averages."

What does it all mean? To stay solvent in the stock market, you have to do a good deal more than hand your money to a broker and forget all about it for the next ten years. In our fluid, expanding economy, companies grow in great bursts of speed, then level off for years, then burst into growth again. Others fail to keep the pace, and this is true not only of single companies, but of whole industries. Railroads, for instance, posted fabulous earnings during the war. But since the war, anyone who has clung to stock in the New York Central or, the once bluest of the blue chips, the New Haven has had cause to moan. Similarly, "the blue chips of 1959 may be the eight balls of 1970," to quote one wry joker broker.

More than ever before, the investor needs to use his head and know what he is doing, especially the new investor. He is not a Jim Fisk, who can drop a million on the market in the afternoon and still drink champagne all night. The average new investor has about five thousand dollars in stock. He does not suffer "reversals" if he makes the wrong move. He gets clobbered.

Information about the market is therefore vital. This is easy enough to obtain. It is in the daily papers; it is disbursed by hundreds of brokerage houses, and by

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SECURITIES SALESMAN Ed Moriarty is one of the men waiting inside to help investors with their problems. Electronic board behind him shows the latest quotations on top stocks.



TALKING IT OVER. Moriarty instructs shorts-clad mother in ABCs of stock buying. He gives her literature on leading companies, suggests that she read up before making investment.

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Super Market in Stocks (continued)

the stock exchange itself, who will gladly give you a list of stocks such as the 1,280 companies which have paid dividends for twenty-five years. But there is another kind of information which is more difficult to obtain, because few people in Wall Street have attempted to approach the problem analytically: your investment personality. Understanding your feelings about the market, the idea of investment, about money itself, seeing your relationship to a broker objectively, can make the difference between your success and failure in the stock market. It can also make you a happy—or a harried—investor, and "happy," in the market, is not always synonymous with "rich" in the market.

One of the most dangerous feelings in today's market is optimism. A certain amount is necessary to become an investor, but there is a very thin line between enough and too much. Too many people have been pushed across it by ten years of rising averages, and the Exchange's own booming public relations program. The Exchange adds, of course, a great deal of sound advice along with its come-ons, but they have found that people are not inclined to read the small print.

"The Typical Investor"

A young man named Arthur Miller, who was recently selected as "the typical investor," is, somewhat ironically, one of the worst examples of this pie-in-the-sky faith. An industrial relations manager for an Illinois utility, Miller has put all his money in blue chips (General Motors; Union Carbide; Sears, Roebuck; and Jersey Standard) and his view is strictly long range. All he wants is growth, so he can have available cash, in a decade or so, to put his three sons through college. He vows he could not

care less about the day-to-day ups and downs of the market. "I used to feel the market was a risk," he says. "I don't any more. If the blue chips fail, no matter where I have my money, it wouldn't be worth anything."

This is hardly true. If the blue chips fail, as they did in 1929, Mr. Miller's money would be worth a great deal, if he had it in the bank. A decline in the stock market does not, necessarily, coincide with the end of the world, or even with the collapse of the nation. The unfortunate investors who watch their paper profits and sybaritic dreams go up the flue may feel that way, but the rest of the world goes on as before working and spending.

Safety Devices

Steps have been taken to prevent a repetition of 1929, you say. No more buying on a 20 per cent margin. No more watered stock, put out by soak-the-little-guy manipulators. True. But in today's market, even without any variation in present pattern of growth, half of Mr. Miller's blue chips could wobble downward while the other half climbed, leaving him more or less where he started except for the fact that he will have three sons staring him in the face, with tuition bills in hand.

In the current language of the market, the man at the opposite extreme, the one who puts his blind faith in a diversified portfolio of blue chips is the speculator. He is not in the market for the long pull, with a five or ten year plan; he is, supposedly, in for a killing; he wants to make a pile, and the faster the better. Recently more than a few investment authorities have solemnly denounced "the fast buck man," have ordered him back to the racetrack, and have sworn he never was a major part of the market anyway.

"An overwhelming majority" of the new shareholders, declares G. Keith Funston, "are in the market for the long term with clearly defined objectives."

Maybe. But there are figures which indicate that the average investor is not quite so conservative as the stock exchange would like to think. The volume of shares traded—buying and selling activity—has gone up 50 per cent in 1959, both on the New York Stock Exchange and on the American Stock Exchange, where many more speculative shares are offered. Peter L. Bernstein, an investment counselor, says: "Most investors who reassure themselves of the purity of their motives by talking about growth and stocks as a hedge against inflation have only the foggiest notion what either of these phrases means." Another expert laments: "It is a disconcerting but unavoidable conclusion that people think in terms of the number of shares they can buy, rather than the value of those shares."

Involuntary Speculators

Many a new investor who maintains that he can't afford ten shares of a stock at \$100 will gladly plunk out the money to buy one hundred shares of a stock that sells at \$12. As writer Robert L. Heilbroner said recently, "These new investors may not wish to speculate, but their preference for cheapness nonetheless definitely pushes them in that direction."

Speculation has become a naughty word in the new conformity of the stock exchange. But people are obviously practicing the nefarious art, in disguise. This is another emotional mistake. The man who decides to speculate on the market should do so, consciously and intensely. He can find plenty of support for his itch to take a chance.

Brokers in Suburbia (continued)

Merrill Lynch, the world's largest brokerage house does 13 per cent of all business on New York Stock Exchange.



CUSTOMER'S MAN discusses a company's growth record with typical stock buyer. Housewives and other non-employed adult women are the largest single group of new investors.

Foremost among the proponents of speculation is Gerald Loeb, partner in the E. F. Hutton Company. In his book, *The Battle for Investment Survival*, he boldly puts speculation down as the essence of intelligent investment. There is, he says, "no such thing as the ideal investment. I am personally convinced of the inevitability of loss when attempting to secure a safe income. My feeling is that an intelligent program aimed at doubling one's money might at least succeed in retaining one's capital or actually making a good profit with it. Any aim less than this is doomed to failure."

Easy Prey for Promoters

But Loeb surrounds this principle with some very crucial advice for what he calls the "kindergarten investor."

"Unfortunately," says Mr. Loeb, "most people who make their first stock investment seem to want to buy some unknown stock, or something that sells low in dollars per share, or worse yet, that is a penny stock and is quoted in cents. They seem to have the feeling that the big stocks have enjoyed all the advance they are going to have and are selling at inflated prices. Too many of these people wind up in the hands of promoters, and pay their money in salesmen's commissions."

For Loeb, the road to speculation is paved with painfully acquired knowledge. The first thing a new investor should do, he declares, is to buy into one of the largest and best investment trusts, or mutual funds. This may sound strange, coming from a proponent of speculation. These companies, formed by experts to manage other people's money, have quadrupled in size since the beginning of the boom (from 300,000 to 1.2 million investors), but they are usually recommended to people who want to keep investment risks at

How To Invest Your First \$1,000

First, determine your objective—security, income, or capital gain—and decide how much risk you can afford. Next, you can select one, two, or even three companies for direct ownership. Three is a good limit; it is inadvisable to put less than \$300 in any one stock, due to the higher broker's commission costs. If you want maximum security and minimum risk, you can buy into a mutual fund, which takes your \$1,000 three ways, as an initial investment in three companies, through the Monthly Investment Plan of the New York Stock Exchange. With this plan, you build up your investment by adding as little as \$40 each month to one of the three stocks of your choice. This allows you to average your costs and also to 'get your feet wet gradually.'

CHARLES AMES
Manager, Garden City Office
Payne, Webber, Jackson & Curtis

a minimum. Loeb declares they are an excellent way to "make haste slowly." Their quarterly and annual reports give the new investor an invaluable look at the type of securities bought by experienced, professional and sophisticated investors. "This, better than anything else, will prepare the first-time buyer for later doing something on his own."

Next, Mr. Loeb says, the new investor should buy outside the mutual fund. But his selection should be made among our very largest companies, for example, General Motors; Standard Oil Company of New Jersey; Sears, Roebuck; U. S. Steel."

Finally, the investor can look for something more specialized. "Let him," says Mr. Loeb, "examine the reports of all the good leading investment companies or a summary of these made up by many

of the leading New York Stock Exchange brokers and let him pick out small individual issues for study and possible purchase. You'd be surprised to find that some very obscure companies that people have never thought about are revealed in this way."

Only by building up his experience in trading in "active listed stocks," Loeb feels, can the investor acquire ability to control his emotions—fear of loss, or greed—which can be very costly.

Emotions Must Be Reigned

Speculator Gerald Loeb would never, even for a moment, recommend the kind of reckless plunging that Bill Taylor did on Zenith, his first investment. Yet, he does maintain that once the investor has the experience, he should begin to narrow his field, and put his money into one or

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BOARD ROOM is a busy place during market hours. White rectangle in center of board is a screen showing magnified ticker tape, on which prices direct from exchange floor appear.



TWO NOVICES get advice on an investment plan geared to their personal needs. Brokers find that conservative-looking investors sometimes turn out to be the biggest risk-takers of all.

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Super Market in Stocks (continued)

two, or at most three or four, securities. The reason: enough time will be given to the choice of each so that every important detail about them will be known." Loeb is not, however, in favor of putting all the eggs in one basket. In fact, he says a cash reserve is essential if one wants to be a successful speculator; otherwise, golden opportunities will be missed. Losses should always be ruthlessly cut. If a stock starts to slide, he is in favor of getting out, fast. Generally, he recommends profit taking when the gain hits 100 per cent. This is equivalent, he points out, to dividends for sixteen years at 6 per cent. He also emphasizes timing. No one should feel compelled to have his money constantly invested up to the last dollar. Money should be kept in the bank, until an inviting situation arises.

Obviously, this kind of intelligent speculation is conservative compared to some of the investing being done in today's market, and would not disturb even the worried head of the American Stock Exchange, Edward T. McCormick, who recently fulminated against "the jackasses who think everything is going to keep going up." But before any speculator embarks on the risky trail to riches, he should take a close look at himself.

The Psychology of Investing

Psychoanalyst Dr. Morton B. Cantor is one of the few experts who has given the psychological problems of the investor some careful thought. "Fundamentally," he says, "the investor must respect money, as a healthy part of himself. He should see investment as a means of rounding out his family needs. He should not approach it as a way of life. This leads to investing the grocery money."

One key to successful speculation, says Dr. Cantor, is the investor's relationship

to his broker. "There is a resemblance here to the parent-child relationship," he says, "and like that relationship, it can be misused in two basic ways. An investor can take a broker's advice too much, by taking an 'I'm an innocent babe and you're an expert' attitude. Brokers are not allowed by such a child investor to make mistakes. When they do, rage and distrust result. The second way of misusing the relationship is through rebellion. The broker gives good advice, and the investor, like a contrary child, does the exact opposite."

They're Your Stocks

Cantor feels there are other aspects of the broker-investor relationship that can profit from analysis. "Too many people are ashamed to tell their brokers they don't understand a certain transaction, or feel unable to make a decision. Other people feel they must constantly impress their brokers with their knowledge of the market, and their decisiveness."

In the long run, Cantor is convinced that the less dependent the investor is on his broker, the better. "The ultimate responsibility is always the investor's, because it is his money. He should assume the responsibility, like an adult. You wouldn't buy a house on the say-so of a real estate agent, no matter how well you knew him, because you have to live in it, not the agent. In the same way, you, not the broker, have to live with your stocks."

Sam Shulsky, Assistant Financial Editor of the *New York Journal-American*, also urges financial frankness with your broker. "Don't give him the impression you have untold resources if the \$1,000 you want to invest is one-half of all the money you have. Be specific about your investment program: how much you can invest, what you want the money to do

for you, income, growth—and how soon you will be forced to rely on it. Above all don't tell him you are there to 'play the market' when you have neither funds nor income warranting high risk taking. A good broker, like a good suit salesman, is there to give you a "good fit." You've got to cooperate. If you insist on wearing bold horizontal stripes when your figure calls for conservative black, you can't blame him too much."

Shulsky constantly emphasizes investing with an eye on practical needs. An older person, close to retirement, should have little or no interest in growth stocks. They pay practically nothing in dividends, because they constantly plow their profits back into the company, and dividend income is what a retired person needs. For them, therefore, the money-making big name companies are the best investment. Young people, whose earnings are probably on the rise, and hence do not need annual income from stocks, can invest in the growth companies. Growth investments are riskier, but youth can also afford to take a chance.

Spur of the Moment Speculator

Shulsky also has some strong comments on the emotional aspects of investing. His favorite target is the impulsive, irregular speculator. He tells of a man from Chicago who wrote to him recently: "I've never bought any stock, and I've managed to save \$24,000 over the years. Now I realize I've made a mistake. Please tell me what to buy. I'm sending a special delivery envelope for your answer, because I want to invest this money right away."

"This man," says Shulsky, "is no more in a position to invest than a trout fisherman with a four pounder on the line is ready to help his wife select the living room drapes. What he's trying to do is

Brokers in Suburbia (continued)

At this shopping center you can buy soap, canned goods—or a share in the company that made them.



PAPER WORK is endless at the Merrill Lynch home office. The firm has 475,000 customer accounts, handles more than 500,000 shares every day, sometimes handles as many as 1,000,000.

make up in one week for a working lifetime of imbalance in money management."

He tells of another man who complained to him: "I lost my shirt in the market in 1929, and I promised my wife I'd never buy another share of stock. But a few months ago I couldn't stand the boasting of the fellows at the shop, so I put \$4,500 into some oil stocks. Now I have a \$1,000 loss. Hasn't an honest guy got a chance in this racket?"

Blue Chips Come Back

"It so happens," says Shulsky, "that the oil stock he bought is fair quality. But he bought only a few weeks before the Middle East crisis brought the roof down on a lot of international oil shares, his included. Eventually he may come out all right, assuming he doesn't get emotional and decide to sell out at the bottom as he did in 1932, just because he got sore." Unlike Loeb, Shulsky believes in holding on to good stocks when they slide, because, as a glance over available statistics of the market's fluctuations shows, blue chips usually come back.

Far from Shulsky's ideal—and equally far from the Loeb-style speculator—are what *The Wall Street Journal* calls the "amateur tipsters," such as Mr. A., the young businessman the *Journal* recently profiled. This speculator operates on hot tips from his boss, his broker, his friend Herman, and even the third-hand word of a stranger he met in an airplane. Since 1957, he has netted a profit of about \$7,000 on a total investment of about \$9,000, to swell his holdings to \$16,000. Not all A.'s gambles are successful. A few have doubled, and split, but others, such as a small Texas plastics company into which he sank \$1,000, have vanished from the face of the financial

Planning for the Pay-Off

Investment is a matter of intelligent selection, and nobody has a monopoly on this business of making the correct choice. Information to help the investor make his selections is available to everybody in the United States on a scale unknown anywhere else in the world. It is most important to make use of this material constantly, for finance is a fluid, always-changing world. In the study of the market, continuity is more important than time spent.

FREDERICK A. STAHL
(President) Standard & Poor's Corporation

earth. A. agrees with broker Loeb, in scorning diversification, and recommending eternal vigilance. "You can't ever buy anything and go to sleep on it, unless it's something that's asleep itself," he says. Still, he operates from a sound financial base. He has income of about \$25,000 a year, and he keeps his investments within the bounds of a "fund" which he set up for that purpose. He does not bet the grocery money on his long shots. A. enjoys the excitement of the game. "It's like a hobby with me."

Only One Thing Is Sure

Will A. get hurt if the market drops? Probably. Will the man who diversifies in blue chips get hurt too? Yes, but he won't get wiped out. Will the mutual fund investor come out ahead of both? Not necessarily. If his fund has a heavy investment in one industry, such as oils, and oils take the biggest dip in a down-turning market, his fund may do worse than the man who has bought his own diversification. In the market, nothing is

certain except the fact, so blandly described by J. P. Morgan, that "stocks tend to fluctuate."

Still, as Gerald Loeb points out, stocks did come back from the 1929 crash—not all stocks, but most of them. And the investor, by cutting his losses, and staying alert to his opportunities, could, if he wished, come back too.

Plunge With a Plan

But what about money? It never came back. The purchasing power of the dollar has gone down, more or less steadily, since 1865. So, it would seem like a good idea to get part of your epidermis damp in the market.

Whether you want to go in to the neck, or to the ankles, whether you want the water to be speculatively hot, or conservatively cool, is up to you. The important thing is to have a consistent plan which fits your practical needs—and your personal emotions. With both, you will be a happy and successful investor.

THE END



STOCK CERTIFICATES are microfilmed by one of firm's 6,000 employees. For safety in an atom bombing, the films are stored in "a distant place." Merrill Lynch officials won't say where.



TAPE WATCHERS may sit in board room all day, following changing prices. Most brokers consider this a waste of time, feel investors are wiser to check by phone.

THE END

The World's Most Exclusive Bedrooms

The Waldorf Towers is home to ex-Presidents, famous beauties, kings, maharajas, and plain millionaires. It has potentates' slaves running through its halls, a railroad in its cellar, a manager who can say in nine languages, "Everyone who is *anyone* stays here."

BY RICHARD GEHMAN

The most frequently told story about the Waldorf Towers, the part of the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel in New York which is made up of apartments tenanted by the rich and famous and glamorous and, sometimes, high-spirited, concerns the day a caller rang the switchboard and inquired, "Is the king in?"

"Which king do you mean?" the operator asked. "We've got several."

The Waldorf Towers is among the most expensive of all apartment hotels in the United States, and is perhaps the most exclusive. There are places, notably in Miami Beach and Beverly Hills, where people can pay more money per day, but there is no other place in the United States where the simple act of laying one's head down for a night's rest can become, almost automatically, a cachet of higher prestige. The Towers, as it is called by its patrons, has been the temporary and, in one instance, the permanent home of presidents of the United States, of kings and queens, of princes and dukes, of stars of stage and screen and boudoir, of captains of industry and merchant barons, of corporations and of the United States Embassy, of distinguished names in the arts and sciences, and, finally, of Elsa Maxwell, who, of course, is in a category all by herself.

The chambermaids, room service waiters, elevator operators, and bellmen in the Towers are by now accustomed to sights that would startle their counterparts at other hotels. They think nothing of seeing a slave, or slaves, sleeping in the anterooms outside the bedchambers of Middle Eastern potentates. A gossip columnist would sense—and print—an item in a conversation between the Duke and Duchess of Windsor and Cole Porter as they drop in the elevator to the ground; to the Towers personnel, such

encounters between celebrities are so commonplace as to go unnoticed. The Towers is a living anthology of gossip items, a miniature *Who's Who* that has supplied, for example, more personalities to *Person to Person* than any other hotel in New York. The more or less intimate home lives of Elsa Maxwell, Maurice Chevalier, Gina Lollobrigida, the Duke and Duchess of Windsor, Xavier Cugat and Aibile Lane, and Maria Callas all were televised from there.

A Princeely Dish

Perhaps the only time any Towers servant ever was taken aback was the day when some Arabian cooks, members of the retinue of a prince, went to the Waldorf kitchen, prepared a strange-looking dish, and gave it to a waiter.

"What's this?" he asked, peeking doubtfully at a gelatinous mass in the server.

"Lamb's eyes," he was told. He carried it up at arm's length.

Nearly all the laborers in this gold-plated vertical mine have come to know the habits of their celebrated employers intimately. They know, for instance, that the opera star Maria Callas, whose rages, if the press is to be believed, are of Wagnerian proportions, is at home a placid, industrious lady who works hard, and becomes distressed only when her poodle seems to be getting sick. They know that General Douglas MacArthur, who endured the privations of the Philippines right along with his men, has the chambermaid lay a bedsheets over his bed after it is made up, so that he will not wrinkle the spread when he takes his afternoon nap. They know the whims and desires and moods, even unto such odd details as the fact that Cole Porter, an internationally known gourmet, relishes

country-made sausages from his native West Virginia, with beans, to the exclusion of all other dishes. They know that the collection of Dresden in the apartment of ex-President Herbert Hoover must be dusted with inordinate care; it was his wife's, and he promised her that he would keep it until his death and then bequeath it to their children. And they know, finally, that when President Eisenhower is in for a visit (he nearly always stays in the Towers), they must put bottles of Poland water in his room, for he will drink nothing else.

Fioravanti Dell'Agnese, manager of the Towers, is the man who sees that all such services are carried out. (On one or two occasions, which he does not especially like to recall, he also has seen that some overthirsty patrons have been carried out as well.) Dell'Agnese, who is tall and gray and handsome as one of the characters in a Molnar play, makes sure not only that all the Towers residents are treated royally, whether or not they are royalty, but that, if they are, their countries' flags are flown outside whenever they are there. He has a collection of flags from virtually every country in the world. The only time he ever was hard put to produce the proper one was when a high Indonesian official came to stay. "An Indonesian flag could not be found," he said recently, "but we then discovered that it was the same as the flag of Monaco, and accordingly we used that."

The Embassy Suite

No such problem exists in the case of the Great Seal of the United States, which also is displayed in the Towers. It is affixed above the door of a suite on the forty-second floor, the home of Henry Cabot Lodge, U.S. Ambassador to the

United Nations. This suite is the only American embassy in the world not on foreign soil, and the only one located permanently in a hotel.

The most nettling flag dilemma Dell'Agnese ever had to face occurred when Vice-President Alben Barkley arrived at the Towers on the same day that two five-star generals, George C. Marshall and Omar Bradley, came in. MacArthur, also a five-star man, was in residence, too. Dell'Agnese knew that Barkley took precedence over the generals, of course; he flew his flag at one entrance of the Waldorf and a red five-star general's flag at another. Then a New York newspaper called the Pentagon and discovered that General Marshall, who was then Secretary of Defense, had his own flag. Dell'Agnese had run out of entrances over which he could hang flags; to his relief, General Marshall set everything to rights by checking out the next day.

Run With Calm, Cool Efficiency

That was one of the few times that Dell'Agnese, or for that matter any of the Towers personnel, ever was perturbed. They all operate with first-rate efficiency simply because the Towers is housed in a plant of such imposing proportions. Towers residents have their own railroad siding—tracks running out of Grand Central go beneath the building—and their own free parking lot. (The management wishes the hotel had its own heliport, but realizes it can't have everything.) The Towers occupies the northern, or Fiftieth Street, spire of the immense, city-block-in-area Waldorf-Astoria, which fronts on Park Avenue and has Lexington Avenue as its back alley. It is forty-seven stories high, this spire, but only the 28th to 42nd floors are considered the Towers. Floors 21 to 27 are called the Lower Towers. The floors from 43 to 47, for the benefit of those who are keeping count, contain sprinkler systems, elevator machinery, etc.

The Towers is not some small, in-town stop that one can charge to a credit-card account and bill the company for later. It might seem like that to Karim Aga Khan, or possibly to the Gaekwar of Baroda or to any given Texan (the Texans have been coming in droves during the past decade), but to the rest of us, \$4,000 per year per room is not precisely a handful of walking-around money. Moreover, it is impossible to rent just one room, even at \$4,000 per year. The smallest apartments consist of two rooms, which as your pocket adding machine will tell you, is \$8,000 per year; the largest, or "A" apartments, made up of eight or nine rooms, go as high as \$36,000 per year. It is possible for a person to rent a suite for a single night or two, but practically no one ever does. The one-night rate begins at approximately \$85 and goes up. Last year the 110 rooms in the Towers proper

(continued)



THE TOWERS' PATRONS occupy 110 rooms on floors 28 to 42 in the northern spire of the Waldorf. Last year's rent totaled over \$1,000,000.

Cardinal rule: never ask one royal tenant to move for another.

brought in a rental of over \$1,000,000, room-service charges not included, and the last time I saw Conrad Hilton, who realized a boyhood ambition by buying the Waldorf-Astoria and the Towers ten years ago, he was looking as merry as a suntanned, pouchy-eyed grig.

The Towers is perhaps the only hotel in America that can claim that it has never been beaten for a bill by a guest, excuse me, a *patron* (the management refers to guests only as "patrons"). For one thing, all prospective tenants are carefully screened as soon as they apply for a suite. Each tenant is required to sign a contract specifying how long he intends to stay, and to seal it by shelling out one month's rent in advance.

As is only fitting for people who are willing to pay so well for lodgings, Towers people do not have to mingle with the herd in the main lobby of the Waldorf-Astoria. They have their own entrance, on the Fiftieth Street side of the hotel, plus their own desk, their own bellman's stand, and their own housekeepers and chambermaids. Some of

them, too, have their own telephones, but those who don't are given the facilities of the Towers' own switchboard, the operators of which screen all incoming calls. The operators used to dread the day when Frank Sinatra or some other idol checked in; not only did they have to cope with his business calls, but also they had to attempt to stave off scores of love-starved teenagers, not to mention love-starved full-grown women, who were hoping to get a word with the star. In Sinatra's case, there is always compensation for the extra work; he usually leaves a liberal tip for "the broads on the switchboard," as he calls them.

A Tip on Towers Tenants

That is exceptional behavior for a Towers tenant; all of them tip, but they do not tip as well as transients, and one or two tip only once each year. "The ironic part of it," said one attendant to me, "is that the ones who tip the worst always expect the best service." He speaks with acerbity of the Texan, a man who is on the list of the twenty-five

richest men in the United States, who after a two-months' stay rewarded his chambermaid with a single dollar. "I wanted to give it back to him," the lady said later. "If he needed his money that bad, he sure needed that buck more'n I did." On the other hand, another Texan, possibly a *nouveau riche*, once gave a doorman twenty dollars just for helping him into a taxi. Chaim Weizmann, the founding father of Israel, handed a chambermaid a one hundred dollar bill. The worst tipper of all time, says one old hand, was the film star Wallace Beery, who gave only a quarter no matter how many bags a bellboy carried in. "But he was such a nice fellow, nobody held it against him." Will Rogers used to tip no more than a dollar, and accompanied each tip with a lecture on how the country's taxes were keeping him two steps from the poorhouse.

The gentle cowboy would have had difficulty getting used to the poorhouse after spending some time in the Towers. The furniture makes much of that which I have seen in rooms in Buckingham

Reputable Berrics



THE QUEEN MOTHER of England stays at the Towers whenever she's in New York. On one such visit (above,

escorted by Grayson Kirk) she was the guest of honor at the bicentennial celebration of Columbia University's founding.

Palace, that drafty cavern, look shoddy. The floors are furnished alternately in old English and French styles. Most of the pieces were purchased by Lucius Boomer, the first manager of this new, uptown version of the old Waldorf-Astoria, on a shopping trip he and some lieutenants made to Europe just before the hotel opened. Boomer also brought back some of the marble fireplaces that grace many rooms. These fireplaces do not work; they glow only when red electric light bulbs are piled up in them. One night when Eddie Condon, jazz musician and wit, went up to visit a friend of his, Lindsey Hopkins, a wealthy Southern real estate man and industrialist, he was struck by the sight of one such fireplace. "Lindsey," he said, "I'm cold—would you mind throwing another bulb on the fire?"

Some tenants—less than a dozen—prefer to furnish their own suites. The most magnificent in the Towers is that of Cole Porter, full of priceless pieces he brought back from a fabulous apartment he once kept in Paris. Several tenants, at considerable cost, have converted their terraces into solariums and miniature greenhouses. The one occupied by Ambassador and Mrs. Lodge is a showplace; the Lodges entertain more than any other Towers tenants. They have ambassadors from other nations for dinner nearly every evening. They, like all other tenants, must avail themselves of Waldorf-Astoria room service, and they keep the help busy finding exotic native dishes with which to please their foreign guests. Most Towers apartments are equipped with small serving pantries, but the management prefers that its patrons cook nothing more complicated than coffee.

Costly Possessions

Some, nevertheless, have tried to cook themselves and each other. One night a few years ago, one Baron von Zeilen, described by an acquaintance as one of the wealthiest of the residents (on his estate in The Netherlands he employs forty gardeners), was playing cards in his sitting room with a few friends. One of the keener noses detected smoke. The Baron opened a door to a bedroom and found that a fire, started perhaps by a forgotten cigarette, had burned the room out entirely. The fire even had burned itself out. Small, forlorn piles of smoking ashes lay where the bureau, beds, chairs, etc. had been. The Baron was distressed over the burning of the furniture (which was the Towers'), but he was even more distressed over the loss of a mink blanket he had thrown over his bed.

Dell'Agnese, the manager, told me about the mink blanket. When I asked him about other costly possessions of patrons, he coughed discreetly and



THE TRUMANS. frequent Towers visitors, usually stay in the presidential suite. Here they pose with Wallace W. Lee, Jr., resident manager of Waldorf.

looked pained. "Many of our patrons do own valuable things," he said. "There is one lady here whose collection of jewelry must be priceless. She has been married four times in the fifteen years I have been here, and each husband has given her more jewelry and more money." He would not mention her name; all he would say is that she lives on a high floor and, in addition to her Towers apartment, owns a huge house in Florida.

The majority of the patrons own residences elsewhere—in Florida, Palm Springs, Beverly Hills, Paris and Cannes. Some seem to acquire the houses absent-mindedly. When Jack L. Warner, the movie magnate, was a regular Towers-dweller, his wife expressed a desire for a place on the Riviera. Warner sent a Towers bellman over to a real-estate clearing house for a sheaf of brochures, and shortly thereafter bought a \$250,000 villa at Cap-d'Antibes, sight unseen. From that point on, Warner spent less and less time at the Towers, although he kept his apartment. That is not uncommon for residents. One man kept the same suite

for three years and spent less than a week a year in it. This kind of behavior puzzles the management, who are pleased to get the business but can't help wondering why such people don't take advantage of the suites which are held aside exclusively for transients. One such is 35A, the Presidential Suite, the most sumptuous of them all. The Presidential is reserved for the most special temporary visitors, such as, appropriately enough, the President. This was the suite occupied by the Queen Mother of England when she stayed in the city in 1956.

Full House With a Queen

Before her arrival, Dell'Agnese first had asked an attendant of Prince Faisal of Saudi Arabia if he would mind vacating his quarters while the Queen rested. That was the first and last time he ever requested one royal tenant to move for another. Faisal's sidemen were so indignant that if they had had their camels there they would have fed Dell'Agnese to them. The harassed manager then decided to put up the Queen Mother

The Waldorf Towers (continued)

London Daily Express



ELSA MAXWELL pays a reduced rate for her Towers apartment. She acts as a social magnet attracting such celebrities as Italy's Gina Lollobrigida (above).

in 35A, but not without some justifiable trepidation.

His apprehension was due to the simple fact that the Towers is the part-time home of the Duke of Windsor, the Queen Mother's brother-in-law, and, of course, of the Duchess of same. He did not believe that the Queen Mother would be pleased if she found that she was staying in the same hostelry sometimes occupied by the abdicated king. But Dell'Agnese's worry on that occasion was as nothing compared to that which plagued him when Queen Elizabeth and Prince Philip, resting briefly before taking a night flight back to England, checked in and were put into 28A, the selfsame suite that the Windsors live in when they are in residence. Fortunately, no one let anything slip, and the royal couple enjoyed their stay at the Towers.

You Pays Your Money . . .

Many people believe that celebrities such as the Windsors live rent-free at the Towers. This is not true. As the Towers management sees it, it needs neither publicity nor prestige—and besides, it has a waiting list.

Some tenants do get reduced rates.

Among them is Miss Elsa Maxwell, whose rent is cut to about half because she acts as a kind of official party-giver, social arbiter, and magnet to draw in solvent members of the international set, a group she may be said to have invented. Miss Maxwell is as regal as any queen or princess who ever stopped at the Towers. She spends most of the day propped up in bed, chattering away on the telephone. Miss Maxwell admits cheerfully that the hotel cuts her rent ("How else could I afford to live here?") and also told me once that she is certain that General MacArthur also enjoys a reduction. "But why shouldn't he?" she demanded. "A hero like that ought to live anywhere free for the rest of his life!"

The traditions of hospitality and graciousness that Towers tenants now enjoy date back to March 13, 1893, when the first Waldorf opened at the corner of Thirty-third Street and Fifth Avenue, where the Empire State building now stands. The first one was built by William Waldorf Astor, grandson of the original John Jacob Astor, and was one of the seven wonders of the metropolitan world, a gathering-place for such free-wheelers as Diamond Jim Brady and John W.

("Bet-a-Million") Gates, as well as Randolph Guggenheim, who once gave a dinner for forty friends. Cost: \$250 per plate. The hotel lasted until 1929, and was killed, its management said, by Prohibition. Almost as soon as it died, a new corporation decided to build the present Waldorf. Lucius Boomer, who had been manager of the old hotel, was brought in to run the new one. The Towers was his idea. Some years before this, he had built the Sherry-Netherland, an exclusive apartment hotel with quarters for both permanent and transient residents, and he wanted to build an even more elegant place within the confines of a huge commercial hostelry. "Here," he said, "we will have a place that will guarantee privacy for its patrons."

The Secret Towers

Boomer was regarded as the foremost hotelier in America. A handsome man, full of vibrant energy, he knew everybody in the upper-crust society in Europe and the United States, and it was largely because of him that the hordes of royal, rich, and famous personages began an uninterrupted parade into the Towers. "Today, everybody who is *anybody* stays here," says Dell'Agnese, who was in the Foreign Department when the Towers opened (he speaks nine languages), and who became manager of it fifteen years ago. He was selected not only because of his experience as a hotelman, which is vast, but because his discretion is even vaster. One day I asked to see a list of the people who were staying at the Towers. After much trembling, coughing, and fluttering of the hands, he produced one that included Jack L. Warner, the movie man; J. Myer Schine, the hotel man; John Cowles, the newspaper man; Arthur Loew, the movie theatre man; and Mrs. Horace Elgin Dodge, the money woman. It also included a number of corporations who kept suites in the Towers, using them to put up executives, butter up clients, and write off on their corporate federal income taxes. As I was surreptitiously copying off those names, Dell'Agnese interrupted by saying quietly, "Of course, practically none of these people are here now. This is an *old* list." No amount of cajolery would induce him to part with a current list, and I hereby apologize to all jewel thieves and cat burglars who picked up this article and began reading it in the hope of making some future plans.

Despite Dell'Agnese's advanced case of *motherherorrhea*, I did manage to find out a few things about some of the patrons. I learned, for example, that the first person to sign a lease was Louis Calder, a paper manufacturer, who affixed his signature the very day the Towers opened. He drew suite 40A and moved

in at once with his wife and two children. "I'd always wanted a home in the country and an apartment in the city, but not one my wife would have to keep up," Calder, now eighty, says today. "The Towers was ideal—right in the center of town, within easy reach of theatres and restaurants." Calder has never moved. After his children grew up and left home, he and his wife transferred their belongings from 40A into a smaller, three-room suite, 34C. In the course of his twenty-eight-year tenancy, Calder has soaked up much of the atmosphere of privacy that suffuses the Towers. "I know some of my neighbors," he says, "but I wouldn't want to say which ones. They might not like it. That's the great thing about the Towers: you can live there for years and never know your neighbor. He goes about his business and you go about yours."

Next to Calder, the oldest resident is Charles Edison, who kept his suite during his term as Governor of New Jersey, commuting to the New Jersey state house at Trenton, and also during his term as Secretary of the Navy. The third man in length of tenure is ex-President Herbert Hoover, also beloved of the staff. When the Waldorf opened, Hoover, then in office, broadcast a message from the White House; it was the first and last time a President of the United States ever opened a hotel. When Hoover left the White House he moved at once to the Towers and has been there ever since. Now eighty-five, he may very well be the busiest and most energetic person in the place. In his suite, 31A, he keeps a corps of secretaries busy transcribing his writings from the original longhand in which he commits them to paper, and he receives more callers in a single day than many men half his age. Among them, surprisingly enough, is ex-President Truman, who likes to stop up and chat for a few minutes when he is staying in the Towers. The Towers thus has a monopoly on ex-Presidents of the United States, for Truman stays there on virtually every visit he makes to New York. It was there that he awaited news of the birth of his second grandchild some months ago.

Well-Heeled Simplicity

In a place where so much wealth abounds, one might expect to hear many stories of high life, extravagance, and carousing. As a matter of fact, the Towers people live in relative simplicity. The whole point of the Towers, of course, is to let its well-heeled guests live in an atmosphere of luxury without maintaining a large staff of servants.

At one time, some costly, magnificent dinners were given in Towers suites. Luccius Boomer used to entertain close friends once each year with menus that were talked about for years afterward.

Ted Saucier, who used to be public relations man for the Waldorf, remembers that on one of these occasions the centerpiece of the table was a huge tank with an underwater scene that cost, easily, \$5,000; for another dinner, Boomer built a miniature Scandinavian forest in the center of the table.

High Jinks à la Diamond Jim

Only a few patrons still live in the Diamond Jim tradition. One such is John Ringling North, the circus man, who likes to stay at the Towers when he is not in Florida or racing around the country in his private railroad car. North's parties occasionally go on for days, with the host, a man of apparently inexhaustible energy, playing his saxophone far into the night while his guests consume tubfuls of vintage champagne. Some Hollywood stars also become infected with the spirit of old-time hurrah. Once a noted director

and some friends started a game of touch football in the sitting room of a suite; neighbors, believing a fight was in progress, called the desk in alarm. "It's only a football game," they were told. Another time, a television producer from the West Coast called the desk in the morning and asked that someone he sent out to get a pair of pants, size 32 waist, 33 inches length. "I threw mine out the window last night," he explained cheerfully. This was the same man who, one morning, ordered a gallon of Bloody Marys. The waiter naturally assumed that he was giving a breakfast party, and arrived laden with a dozen glasses. "Why are you giving me all those tumblers?" the man demanded. "I only need one."

By and large, today's entertainment at the Towers is on a relatively modest scale. "The guests," says one ex-employee, "are models of inconspicuous consumption. Over the years we had some

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Herst News Photo



TOWERS MANAGER Dell'Agnese (right) greeting Crown Prince Abdul Ilah of Iran during a U. S. visit. Last year the Prince was assassinated in Iran.

The Waldorf Towers (continued)

remarkable small dinners given there. Mrs. Edwin I. Hilson's abilities as a hostess were seldom surpassed. Mrs. Charles Engelhardt knew good food and wines as few other women did. George Bagby's dinners were memorable. But you know, there are few millionaires in this country who know how to live like millionaires. Imaginative spending of money for food, drink and luxury takes almost a lifetime of thought and care."

There have been several times when the management has devoutly wished that its rich clientele would give a bit more thought and care to their wealth. When Henry Luce, the publisher, and his wife, Clare Boothe Luce, were in residence, Luce had a habit of leaving his door improperly latched when he retired at night. An enterprising burglar somehow learned of this, and one night after the Luces had retired he paid them a visit. He slipped in easily and rifled Mrs. Luce's jewel box. Then he ventured into Luce's bedroom to see what he could find.

Luce awoke and drowsily asked who was there. "Night watchman, sir," the quick-thinking thief said. He left with a haul later estimated at approximately \$65,000. Mrs. Luce at first did not know what had been taken; she could not remember which of her gems were in the Towers and which were in their country place. The burglar was never caught.

Not Registered on the Meter

A Long Island lady once threw the staff into a turmoil when she reported the theft of a diamond and ruby necklace. Detectives, bellmen, and other staff members turned the apartment inside out, looking for the necklace or clues. When the entire place had been combed, a policeman arrived. The lady had lost her necklace in a taxi, and the driver had turned it in at a police station.

Such episodes provide headaches for the staff, but what really sends their aspirin bills rocketing upward is a State Visit, which requires so much organiza-

tion and planning that Manager Dell'Agnesi turns a little green when one is in the offing. He first learns of such momentous occasions through a leak from someone in the Protocol section of the State Department. One can very well imagine the muffled telephone call: "Psst, Dell' old boy, don't say I told you, but the Sultan of Xanadu is going to visit Ike soon, and he'll be staying in New York, and better get ready." The Towers handles virtually all State Visits that include New York. Dell'Agnesi, without seeming to do it, since secrecy must be preserved, promptly puts aside a suite or suites for the appointed time, which he generally learns about through the newspapers. In due course he is approached personally and officially by a State Department man, and the two of them pick out the accommodations that will be needed, map out the banquets and other functions that the catering department will have to provide, and arrange all details. This is often done a year ahead of time. Dell'Agnesi now has plans that extend as far forward as 1962.

Actually, the preparations are the smallest of Dell'Agnesi's worries. Once the royal parties arrive he must be ready for all sorts of unexpected customs and habits. He will never forget the visit of King Ibn Saud: "He had seventy-six people with him, including two coffee-makers. They brought their own coffee and insisted upon brewing it in our kitchen. The whole Towers smelled of that coffee throughout their visit."

It Could Only Happen Here

Dell'Agnesi worries most over the possibility that a royal guest will be insulted. There have been several near-misses over the years. One took place when a Texas oil man and a Moslem prince happened to meet in the hall. The Texan was presented, and within a few minutes he felt himself to be on a chummy enough basis to say to the prince patronizingly, "You know, Prince, I been thinkin'. Your country is about the size of Texas. We both got oil. I'll bet if we could move all your people to Texas, and all of our people to your country, inside of ten years you'd have the richest country in the world . . . and Texas would be flat on its back." Dell'Agnesi does not know what caused the Texan to make the remark, and he has not found out what the Moslem's reply was. When it happened, he went down to his office and shut himself in, to shudder. When Dell'Agnesi recalls it today, he still gets the trembles, but he takes an oblique pleasure in reflecting that such an encounter probably could not have taken place anywhere else in the United States. It could only have happened in the Waldorf Towers.

THE END

Pictorial Parade



JUST ARRIVING: Crown Prince Al Faisal of Saudi Arabia and one of his sons. Exotic native costumes are a common sight at the Waldorf Towers.

Philadelphia's Robin Hood Swindler

Robert Boltz never had to stoop to stealing from the poor, because millionaires gave him their money by the bushel. With ease he took Main Liners for \$2,500,000 in the most flagrant stock swindle of our time.

BY ALAN HYND

The con man usually finds his victims among the middle classes or the poor, where simple minds are supposed to be more abundant. It is the rare con artist who has the nerve, the brains, and the dodge to take on the rich.

But there was one rascal—Robert Boltz, a Philadelphia lawyer—who proved that Main Line coupon-clippers were, when you came right down to it, just as easy to swindle as poor working-class widows. Abandoning Blackstone to become an investment counsellor and then a confidence man, Boltz took the well-heeled set for an estimated \$2,500,000 by working, for thirteen years, the ancient rob-Peter-to-pay-Paul dodge in the high-bracket precincts ringing the Quaker City.

Boltz, who has served his time for his crimes, is again circulating in Philadelphia, staring down his surviving victims when he chances to encounter them on the street. But Robbin' Bob, as he came to be called, is now seventy-three and unlikely to step beyond the pale again. With the craze for investment sweeping the country, what worries Better Business Bureaus is the probability that there are other operators like Boltz lurking in the fiscal bushes. It may behoove us, then, to scrutinize the Boltz saga, the better to understand what made the man tick and to see how he outsmarted a group of ladies and gentlemen long believed to be the possessors of soaring financial IQs.

Robert Boltz was born in 1886, in the Germantown section of Philadelphia, into an upper-middle-class family that had tobacco interests in Cuba. After graduating from Pennsylvania Military College, Boltz tried to get into West Point but was turned down because he was color blind. "That optical defect of Bob's was one day to give us a sort of a grim

chuckle," one Main Line economic royalist tells me, "because if Robbin' Bob couldn't tell the color of money, he sure could smell the stuff."

Boltz, who seems to have been born with the instincts of the snob, met his first social rebuff when, at the age of twenty-two, he graduated from Massachusetts Institute of Technology. His family had never had what it takes to get into the Social Register and, the tribal folkways of the landed rich being what they are, Bob was turned down in his bid to run with the upper crust.

Pulling up stakes, Boltz went to New Orleans, there to handle the importing division of his family's tobacco business. But, yearning for his native city, and still determined to make the social grade there somehow, he returned. Now thirty-one, he plunged into a two-year law course at the University of Pennsylvania, got married to a childhood sweetheart, and joined a Philadelphia law firm which handled, among other things, estate settlements. He and his wife were living in a rambling rented house on a quiet, correct street in Germantown.

The "Deacon"

Bob Boltz, who could have passed as an aristocrat almost anywhere, was a tall, solemn-faced man, peering at the world through thick-lensed, gold-rimmed eyeglasses. His banker's-gray suits were made by a tony Walnut Street tailor, and he sent to England for his high brown shoes with leather heels. Bob was knock-kneed and loose-jointed and, as he ambulated into the Bellevue-Stratford Hotel for a spot of lunch with business and professional friends, he gave the impression of being strung together with wires. Once seen, Boltz, whose friends began to call him the Deacon, was remembered.

Boltz's outstanding characteristic, though, was his superior air. He had a way of clearing his throat before speaking and looking down his long nose at people—traits which antagonized judges, insulted witnesses, and alienated jurors. Eventually the word got around that Bob was no great shakes as a barrister.

Tired of Being Poor But Honest

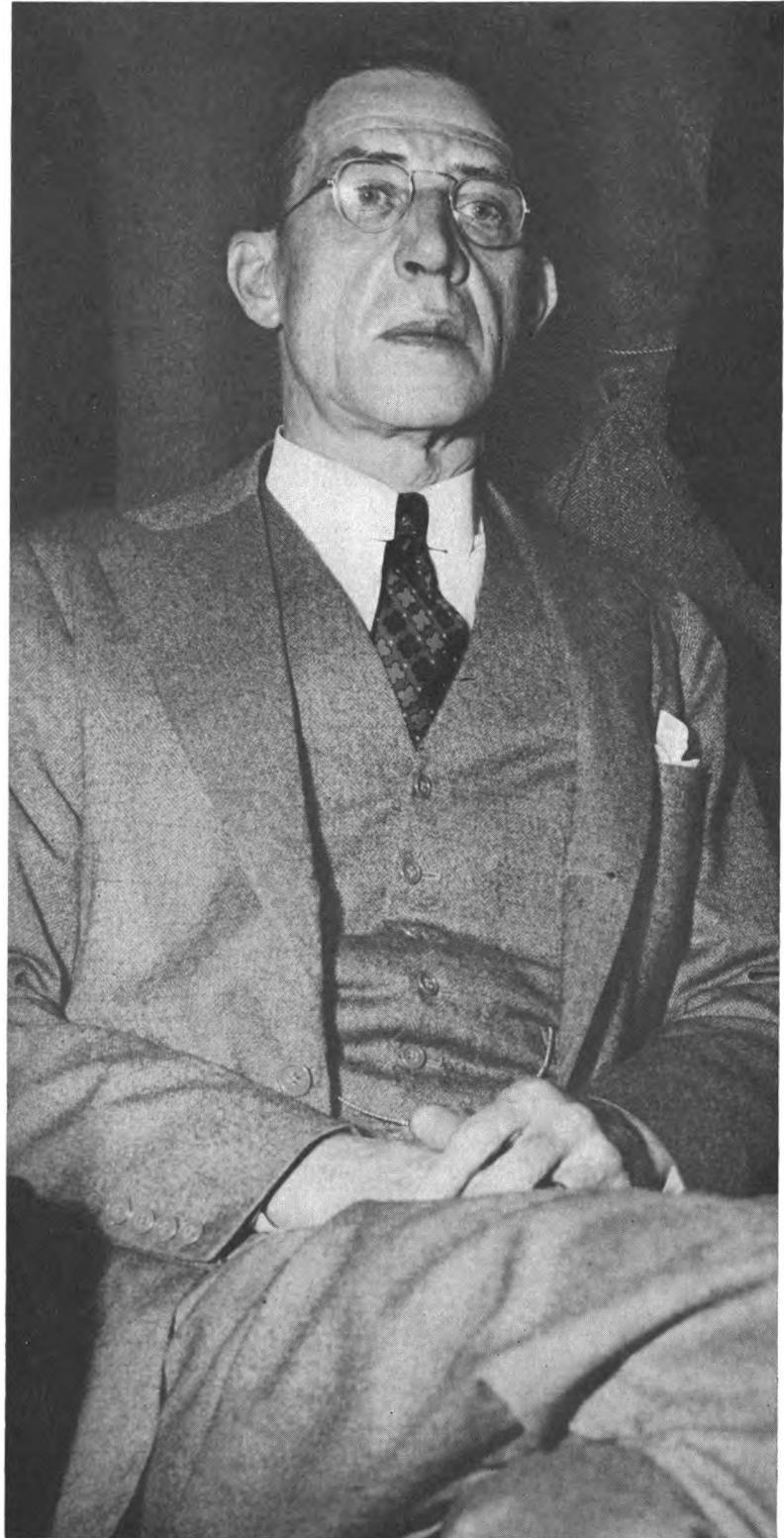
One afternoon, when Boltz was in his forty-fourth year and the future promised little more than a protracted fight with the wolf at the door, he fell to speculating. There were, in the dear, dead, uncomplicated late twenties, only two kinds of people in the country: those who were cleaning up in the stock market and those who needed their heads examined. As a result, businessmen of a new species—the investment counsellor—were springing up like mushrooms. Boltz was acquainted with a couple of these counsellors, and he knew that they were three-alarm frauds who were barely capable of keeping their own checking accounts straight. So Bob decided to abandon the law and become an investment counsellor. He knew, from his firm's civil practice, where the money lay in the society belt.

Thus, one fine day in the spring of 1927, Robert Boltz could be found ensconced in a handsome two-room, panelled suite in the 1500 block on Walnut Street behind a door bearing the legend: ROBERT BOLTZ, INVESTMENT COUNSELLOR.

Bob Boltz had, seven years before, become intrigued by the machinations of the little Boston con man, Charles Ponzi, who had, in the space of eight months, raked in millions by the simple device of robbing Peter to pay Paul. Ponzi, pretending to have an inside track on mysterious channels of international high

Philadelphia's Robin Hood Swindler (continued)

Hearst News Photo



"ROBBIN' BOB" always had a Bible on his office desk and a hymn on his lips. A routine telephone call exposed his thirteen-year investment fraud.

finance, had paid investors 50 per cent on their money every three months. But, being a fraud to begin with, little Charlie had eventually run into the law of diminishing returns and wound up in prison.

Bob Boltz, sitting there in his handsome new office, decided to take a leaf from Ponzi's book, yet remain within the law. Ponzi had, for the most part, dealt with poor working people; Bob, passing up the widows and orphans, would concentrate on the rich. Boltz was going to play the market with the money of his rich clients, make big killings, and cut himself in for a share of the gravy. He had no way of knowing in advance, of course, that his plan wasn't going to work out and that he was eventually to mastermind one of the biggest con games in the annals of modern crime.

Setting Them Up

Con men are born, not made, and Bob Boltz was a born con man. He knew instinctively how to set the scene before selling himself to his clients. Using hindsight, he prepared a fraudulent but impressive-looking chart purporting to show that he had purchased certain stocks for certain unnamed clients on specific dates and sold the stocks on subsequent dates at juicy profits. "Hanging up there on Bob's wall," one of his victims has told me, "that chart looked as genuine and impressive as all hell. No wonder it fooled everybody."

The phony chart in place, Boltz now looked about for his first client—a woman who was doing well at the bank. He picked up the telephone and called Mrs. Annie Carnell, a middle-aged widow for whom, as an attorney, he had solved some routine legal problems. Mrs. Carnell, Boltz knew, had \$90,000 lying around in several savings accounts. "I would, my dear," Boltz said to the widow, "like to have a little talk with you."

When the loaded lady walked into Boltz's office, the first thing that caught her eye was that spurious chart on the wall—a chart that Boltz was to change, through the years, to blend with market conditions. "I'd like to do the same for you as I have done for my other clients," Boltz was saying to Mrs. Carnell as she studied the chart. "It occurs to me that some of that money you have in those savings accounts should be working a lot harder for you than it is."

"Mr. Boltz," said Mrs. Carnell, turning to look Boltz straight in the eye. "I've been thinking that very same thing."

Next day, Mrs. Carnell walked into Boltz's office with \$10,000 in cash and handed it to the scoundrel-to-be. Now Boltz had Mrs. Carnell sign an agreement stating that she was to turn over to him 25 per cent of all profits over 6 per cent that he made for her. The agreement

added that Boltz would supply the widow with a quarterly statement showing how she was doing. Next, flashing Mrs. Carnell's agreement, Boltz quickly rounded up several other investors, who put up anywhere from \$1,000 to \$5,000.

It was during those first ninety days that Boltz, the crook at heart, knew that he would have to turn into a crook in actuality. Plunging into the market with his clients' money, he was quickly thrown behind his own fiscal goal line. He re-plunged and he re-plunged, but every desperate move was worse than the preceding one. When the time approached for Boltz to make out Mrs. Carnell's first quarterly statement, with the statements of the other investors to follow shortly afterward, Boltz, as he was later to admit, toyed with the idea of fleeing. He reconsidered, however, and didn't get around to taking flight until thirteen years after that.

Boltz had kept enough money to one side to write a "profit" check to Mrs. Carnell for almost \$1,000. So he made out a statement for the lady and wrote down how he had, during the preceding three months, purchased certain stocks and made that profit. Then he dropped the statement and the check into the mails and sat back to await the result.

The result was quick and exciting. Mrs. Carnell was on the telephone immediately after the mail arrived. "Mr. Boltz!" she said. "You wonderful man!"

After some soft words from Boltz, Mrs. Carnell reappeared in his office with \$10,000 more to invest and with a letter thanking the investment counsellor for having handled her money in such a way as to make it earn at the rate of almost 400 per cent per annum. She was, before she was through, to fork over her entire \$90,000.

Churchgoing Crook

The following Sunday, in the Second Presbyterian Church in Germantown, where Boltz was a pious elder and (wouldn't you know it?) helped take up the collection, he hung around the sidewalk after services. His game was to flash that letter from Mrs. Carnell before a few well-heeled members of the congregation. "Heavens, Bob!" came a typical comment. "What a fantastic profit! What's your secret?" The Deacon just stuck the letter back into his pocket, gazed off into space and looked wise. On the following Monday, though, several of the parishioners dropped into Bob's office, fountain pens poised over check books.

As time passed, The North American Investment Fund, Incorporated, as Boltz was calling his racket, slowly mushroomed. The investors who were one day to swear at Bob were now swearing by

him. They were getting those juicy earnings checks every quarter. Privately, though, Boltz was having a hard time. Once in a while, he would score a minor triumph in the market, with three separate brokerage houses handling his plunges, but for the most part Boltz continued to exercise singularly bad judgment and kept losing other people's money. He was constantly in need of new investors.

The Husband Takes the Wife

One night, after dinner, Mrs. Boltz, who had inherited a modest fortune, said to her husband: "Bob, why don't you take my money and invest it for me?" Bob just looked at his wife. A streak of pride had, up to now, stayed him from touching Mrs. Boltz's money. But now he agreed to take the money. Three months later, when Mrs. Boltz received her first fraudulent earnings check, she thought her tall, gangling husband was just wonderful.

It wasn't until October 1929, when he had been an investment counsellor for two and a half years, that Bob Boltz began to hit it big. That was the month of the great Wall Street crash. The sound of the crash, especially on a day that came to be known as Black Friday, reverberated throughout the land. Ruined men were jumping out of high windows.

Boltz, naturally, was wiped out in the crash. But, cagily, he had kept a fairly substantial reserve fund to meet several earnings statements that were about due. The Monday after Black Friday, when Bob met his friends for lunch in the Bellevue-Stratford, they naturally asked him how he had fared in the holocaust. The Deacon, looking smug and righteous, reached into his pocket and pulled out a batch of checks that he was about to mail to some clients.

"You don't mean to say, Bob," said one friend, "that you made money in that market last week!"

"I saw it coming," said Boltz, clearing his throat, "and sold short." By selling short, Boltz meant that he had invested in the market to go down instead of up. His friends just sat there, looking at the man, stunned with admiration.

By nightfall, the fiction that Bob Boltz had cleaned up in the Wall Street crash was circulating in the devastated precincts of the suburban society belt. We can easily visualize the socialites in their mansions, the sky dark outside the casement windows, the log fires cheery within, butlers treading softly with highball refills, the talk all about Boltz. "Ever hear of this chap Boltz?" the ex-filthy rich were asking their friends over the phone. "Seems he sold short and cleaned up. Wonder how he knew?"

"We all decided," one elderly Main

Line social leader tells me, "that this chap Boltz somehow had an inside track that none of the rest of us knew about. A couple of friends of mine had been talking to me about him just prior to that Black Friday. Boltz was cleaning up for them in the market, but I was cleaning up, too. But after Black Friday they were getting checks from Boltz and all I had left was my house and my insurance. You just couldn't ignore a thing like that, old boy."

And so the big swing to Boltz from the society belt was under way. The socialites were mortgaging their estates and cashing in their insurance policies and turning the money over to Bob. Occasionally, one of Boltz's clients would ask him a question having to do with a certain stock or the future of the market. Boltz, who functioned with hindsight, was of course never in a position to answer. So he would just gaze at his questioner, looking wise and inscrutable, and say he would have to refuse an answer on the grounds that he couldn't reveal his own secrets. The questioner would usually feel either foolish or impressed or both.

An Elaborate Front

As time passed and Boltz's business grew, he enlarged his office quarters and hired extra clerks. He was now calling himself The National Investment Fund, Inc., as well as The North American Investment Fund, Inc., and he installed market tickers in the outer office. The clerks didn't realize it, but the work they were doing—clipping financial statements from the newspapers, keeping books, taking dictation to investors—was just window dressing. The books they were keeping were based on fictitious figures the boss gave them. Boltz stuck to his inner sanctum, keeping his own books, which nobody else saw. And nobody was allowed to touch the incoming mail except the big shot himself. By now the paper work of the swindle had grown to such proportions that Bob was burning the midnight oil.

Several times a day, Boltz would appear in the outer office, scrutinize the stock tickers, and, actor that he was, smile, mutter to himself, and disappear into his sanctum. The help, who were now getting in on the good thing themselves, never knew what stocks Boltz was plunging in. Then, after a stock had achieved a remarkable performance, either up or down, Boltz would announce to his employees that he had had inside knowledge and had cleaned up again.

Every three months, out would go the fraudulent good news, along with profit checks, to the lucky investors. By now, Mrs. Carnell, the original Boltz client who had invested a total of \$90,000, had, after five years, collected a quarter of

In the eyes of the rich, Bob Boltz was a financial genius.

that sum in profits and put most of it right back in the racket. The lady had no way of knowing that her \$90,000 principal had long since gone down the fiscal drain and that those sugary profits were coming out of the principal of other investors. Mrs. Carnell was Bob's big talking point to prospects, and she was delighted to tell them what wonderful things Boltz was doing for her.

By now, Boltz and his wife were being slowly accepted by society. "You just can't ignore a man with Bob's genius," one society leader remarked at the Merion Cricket Club one Saturday afternoon. "We're simply overlooking the fact that he's not in the Register." Thus Robert Boltz was, at long last, achieving his ambition to hobnob with the swells.

It was in March of 1933, when Franklin D. Roosevelt was inaugurated President of the United States and informed the country, as bank doors were slamming shut from coast to coast, that it had nothing to fear but fear itself, that Bob Boltz seized upon another opportunity. He sat in his office the day following the inauguration—a Sunday—and wrote extra checks to some of the more important investors. "Made a mistake," was a typical Boltz remark on a letter accompanying a check. "Cheated you on your last quarterly statement. Sorry."

The psychological effect of this "mistake" money among the Philadelphia rich was profound. They were, although F.D.R. had not gotten his seat warm, already beginning to make nasty cracks about That Man in the White House, and Boltz's checks were salve for their wounds. "Let's face it," said one well-heeled Bryn Mawr investor, "Boltz is nothing short of a genius."

Favor for a Friend

It was in September 1933, when Bob had been working his swindle for six and a half years, that he really fell into a tub of butter. At lunch in the Union League one day, he was approached by E. Perry Campbell, a prominent attorney who had been two years behind him at law school. "Bob," said Campbell, "my mother has some money that isn't working very hard for her and from all I've heard about what you're doing she should let you invest it for her."

"Boltz knew about that money of my mother's," Mr. Campbell told me, "for our families had been friends for many years. But he was clever. It was I who made the suggestion that he handle Mother's money, not he. I had heard from lawyer friends who were handling

estates how well Boltz was doing for them.

"Bob took me around to his office and showed me that fake chart that looked so genuine and which was leading all those unwary investors to believe that he was outwitting the market. The chart impressed me so much that I practically forced Boltz to take my mother's money—eighty thousand dollars.

"Nor was that all," Mr. Campbell informed me. "The returns that Boltz gave my mother were so attractive that it wasn't long before I had turned over to him money from my wife's family and money from several clients. We all put most of the profits back into the racket. All told, as a result of that conversation at the Union League, Bob Boltz got more than half a million dollars through me."

As time passed, the name of Bob Boltz became almost magical in Philadelphia's fiscal circles. Several bankers were, on the q.t., advising some of their depositors to take part of their money out of the jugs, where it was earning piddling interest, and turn it over to Boltz. One Philadelphian, who was employed by a reputable stock-brokerage house, decided to invest personally with Boltz. "The way I looked at it," this man told me, "Boltz had a secret that nobody else had. So, without saying anything to my employers, I took a flier with Boltz. I got some interest for a while but I was never to see my principal again."

Complete With Cows

It was only a question of time until Boltz outgrew that rented house in Germantown. And when the time came, Bob did it up royally. With a quarter of a million dollars of his clients' money, Boltz built a manor house on a 340-acre estate in Solebury in nearby Bucks County—one of the finest showplaces on the entire Atlantic seaboard—and stocked it with herds of Guernsey and Jersey cows.

Boltz began to go in for riding and throwing elaborate hunt breakfasts at his estate. He wasn't much of a rider but he cut an eye-widening figure as, turned out in a pink coat, he rode to the hounds with wealthy friends from Philadelphia who weekended with him. "Little did we realize," one of those former friends tells me, "that we were paying for all this. I'll have to give him credit for a blackguard's sense of humor. One Sunday I admired a new tractor that he had just bought. And do you know what he said to me? He said, 'I stole some of that last money you gave me to pay for it.'"

As a matter of fact, as time wore on and Boltz got deeper and deeper into the financial mire, he would say to some prospective investors: "You don't want to turn your money over to me. I might steal it." This grim little joke had exactly the effect Boltz intended it to have; it only served to add to the confidence that everybody had in the man.

A Hard Test

It was along in the late thirties, after Boltz had been in the rob-Peter-to-pay-Paul racket for about a decade, that Dun and Bradstreet, Inc., publishers of the bible of the financial world, got around to interviewing him. But Bob was all ready for them. By now he had one of the finest sets of fake books ever to be flashed before gullible eyes. Dun and Bradstreet looked over the books, decided that Boltz was everything he claimed to be, and gave him a nice boost in its next report.

"You must have heavy taxes to pay on all that money you make, Bob," one wealthy sucker said to Boltz one day. As a result of the remark, Boltz was visited by another brilliant idea. He now began to pay to Uncle Sam taxes on money he had never earned and began to flash the cancelled tax checks to impress new customers. "When I got a look at a couple of those cancelled tax checks of Bob's," one former Boltz investor tells me, "that was enough. The man was obviously earning money faster than he could count it."

By early 1940—after Boltz had been conning the rich for thirteen years—he was one of the most popular men in the Quaker City. Mothers were hoping their little boys would grow up to be like Boltz. Wives were comparing their husbands, not always favorably, to Bob. The con man, now fifty-seven years old, had by now really gone all-out for religion. New investors, sitting opposite him in his inner sanctum, saw a Bible on his desk and, as they looked at that spurious chart on the wall, could occasionally hear the scoundrel humming "Lead, Kindly Light."

It wasn't until October 1940 that the lightning struck. The ticker company that supplied Boltz with his market news decided, for no particular reason, to ask the crook for an audit. "I should say not!" Boltz snapped, when a member of the ticker outfit phoned him with the request.

"Why not, Mr. Boltz?"

"Because," said Bob, "I don't want any outsiders here snitching my secrets."

It wasn't so much what Boltz said as

the way he said it that made the ticker man suspicious. So he made another call, this one to the offices of the Pennsylvania Securities Commission, which had supervisory jurisdiction over dealers in securities in the Keystone State. It was only now that the records of the P.S.C. disclosed that Boltz's two outfits—The North American Investment Fund, Inc., and The National Investment Fund, Inc.—had, while the talk of Philadelphia, never been licensed.

Thus it came to pass that an investigator for the P.S.C. telephoned Boltz and made an appointment to call on him at his offices at one o'clock on the afternoon of October 22. Had it not been for that telephone call, Bob Boltz might have carried on indefinitely with his Ponzi-esque scheme. For he had by this time of necessity lowered his entrance requirements and was admitting the below-stairs set into the charmed circle. Now, though, facing exposure, Robert Boltz saw only one move—flight.

Thus, when the P.S.C. officer called at Boltz's offices to keep that appointment, he was informed the boss had vanished.

The first winds of suspicion began to blow. A week passed. Then a fortnight. Now the storm gathered. Several of the investors telephoned the Boltz estate in Solebury. "Where?" they asked Mrs. Boltz. "Is your husband?"

"I haven't the slightest idea," the lady replied, honestly.

Several of the investors got together and petitioned the United States District Court for a probe of the Boltz affairs. It wouldn't have taken a Philadelphia lawyer very long to see what Boltz had been up to. He had been plunging in the market with other people's money, losing it, and having to shell out those attractive fictitious interest payments to maintain his reputation.

When, a month after Boltz had dropped through a hole into space, a Federal grand jury listened to the facts as uncovered by the investigators, it handed up a sixty-five-page indictment charging Boltz with violations of the securities laws and with using the mails to defraud. Meanwhile, Philadelphia County, making a probe of Boltz on its own, indicted him as a big-time swindler.

The Spectacular Swindle

The attempt by the federal and state authorities to get a clear picture of what Boltz had been doing for thirteen years, and to fix the total of his swindle, was, on the face of it, an impossibility. The indictments charged Boltz with having mulcted twenty victims out of \$832,000, but the educated guess among the rich was that Robbin' Bob had raked in closer to \$2,500,000. "Some of Bob's rich victims, knowing they would never get their

money back anyway," one Main Liner tells me, "kept mum about their losses to avoid personal embarrassment."

Boltz had, in the later years of his crime, talked most of the "lucky" investors into reinvesting their profits with him so that when the crash came, all they had was paper profits. The \$2,500,000 had, over that span of thirteen unlucky years, gone three ways: to investors as profits on the fictitious market gains, to the brokerage houses where Boltz plunged unsuccessfully, and into that quarter-of-a-million estate that the gangling con man bought.

Now that their wonder at the fraud had begun to diminish, everybody was asking everybody else where Boltz could possibly be. Then one day in February, 1941—almost four months after Boltz had taken French leave—an old Philadelphia acquaintance named Ray Hickox, who was visiting his wife's mother in Rochester, New York, thought he saw a familiar figure ambulating just ahead of him on a downtown street. Drawing abreast of the figure, Hickox confirmed his suspicions: the figure was nobody else but Robbin' Bob.

An Inevitable Encounter

"Hello there, Bob," said Hickox.

Boltz turned and gave Hickox an icy glare. "I beg your pardon!" he said, with a fine, newly acquired English accent. "I don't believe I know you."

"Of course you do, Bob. It's no use pretending to me. I've known you too long." The two men just stood there, measuring one another. "The best thing you can do, Bob," said Hickox, "is to come back to Philadelphia with me and face the music."

Boltz, who, under an alias, had caught on in Rochester as an insurance salesman, looked off into space. "I guess you're right," he said.

Back in Philadelphia, Robbin' Bob Boltz confessed everything and, rather than stand trial, threw himself on the mercy of the state and federal courts. He drew sentences of from twenty to forty years on both the state and federal charges, the sentences to run concurrently. And then one bleak day in February 1941—fourteen years after he had decided to become an investment counsellor, Robert Boltz entered Eastern State Penitentiary on the outskirts of the city that had been his oyster. When Boltz's Solebury estate and other assets had been liquidated, those of his creditors who had shown their faces wound up with three cents on the dollar.

"You've got to say one thing for Bob," a Main Liner said to me. "We thought we were pretty smart, and he taught us a lesson. He showed us that it was possible to soak the rich."

THE END



WHEREVER YOU FIND



SMART MODERNS...



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Cosmopolitan's Special Fiction Section

The Quiet Baby

Illegitimate? Maybe he was. But Chassie was her baby, and she meant to keep him somehow, somehow.

BY ETHEL EDISON GORDON ILLUSTRATED BY PETER STEVENS

Getting ready to leave the hospital was just the way she had always read about it in stories: being allowed to dress the baby—her fingers fumbling and oddly cold for this bright October day—feeling strangely weightless in a strangely narrow dress, pausing on the hospital steps for the first sharp breath of outdoors with the blanketed new baby in her arms, the station wagon waiting for her at the curb, just as it was in stories, or in the movies. Only the station wagon belonged to the Agency, and instead of a solicitous husband there was only Miss Parker from the Agency, peeking in at the baby proudly, as if she had had something to do with it.

In many ways Miss Parker had. The doctor's care, the hospital, helping her find her room—Miss Parker had been a kind of father to the baby, and in return for this help and care and interest it was to be Miss Parker's baby. Or the Agency's baby, actually. And she could be plain Carrie Sanders again. She could go back to school, she could go back to her grandmother's house, to the big, pleasantly shabby room with the black walnut tree casting its soothing and generous shade outside her window, and the textbooks from her sophomore year still racked neatly on her father's old desk. And the baby would be brought up by some happy, healthy, normal, average, decent, devoted, loving couple who could not have babies of their own but who would cherish this baby all the more because they had wanted one longer and more desperately. That was what Miss Parker had said, repeating the sensible words over and over again.

Miss Parker helped her into the car and drove her back to the furnished room which had been her home for five months and which, quite unpremeditatedly, was to be the first and very temporary home of the baby. Miss Parker pulled up the brake with a flourish, and hurried around to negotiate her unsteady exit from the car; she hovered behind her up the stairs, opened the door of her room for her and shut it behind them.

"Here we are," said Miss Parker, cheerfully.

Carrie put the baby down in its basket, loosening the blanket as if it had been the wrapping on a gift, unzipping its blue coverall. It lay there very much at home; it was too young to be critical of ochreous walls and stickily varnished furniture and of hideous green cretonne that curtained a battered stove and icebox combination and a chipped sink. Of course it couldn't really see yet, though that was hard to believe because it had such a thoughtful look in its dark eyes. It was a serious, very quiet baby; even as she watched it, it went to sleep. Somewhere she had read about prenatal influence. If there was such a thing as prenatal influence, could babies like this one be anything ever but grave and thoughtful, born out of their mothers' anxiety and loneliness and fear?

"What a lovely bassinet you've made the baby," said Miss Parker. "I think you really meant to take him home all along."

"I didn't, honestly," she said. "It just gave me something to do to make the long evenings go by a little faster, and besides, my neighbor Mrs. Bemis kept asking me why I wasn't getting a crib

and she offered to sell me her old one, and so I had to do something." The wife of a soldier stationed in the Philippines could certainly be expected to bring her baby home with her to some sort of little bed. Mrs. Bemis didn't know that she wasn't the wife of a soldier stationed anywhere, that she wasn't a wife at all, and that the father of this serious, thoughtful baby was right now attending classes in his last year of college. Or perhaps he was having coffee in the Campus Corner with some girl he now considered as nice or even nicer than Carrie Sanders.

"You lie down," said Miss Parker. "Take advantage of the baby's sleeping, and rest. I notice you bought some formula for him."

"Just in case," she said defensively, and lay down on the bedspread which she had washed herself along with the curtains and the blackened, scarred floors before she had left for the hospital. It wasn't that she had planned to take the baby here afterward: she had told Miss Parker very definitely that the baby could be placed right from the hospital in that nice boarding home that the Agency maintained, where she could come to see it, though not too often, this for her own sake. It was really a game she had played to make the waiting less terrifyingly pointless, pretending to actually be Mrs. Carrie Palmer, wife of a soldier stationed in the Philippines, making all the preparations that a Mrs. Carrie Palmer would naturally make. She'd even knitted the baby a sweater, a little blue sweater of soft lamb's wool, complete with French knots and mother-of-pearl buttons, al-



"Would this have happened," he asked simply, "if we hadn't meant something to each other?"

THE QUIET BABY

(continued)

though Miss Parker had told her frequently that when the adoptive parents took the babies they took them with nothing from their previous life but just as they were born into this world, with not even a diaper, and this little sweater would actually be left behind in the Agency by her baby, or given to some other baby waiting for adoption. But she'd knitted the sweater anyway, sitting in the park on weekends soaking up sunlight, because this was one thing she could give the baby to start it off right.

"*You'll make a good wife and mother some happier day.*" said Miss Parker in her precise, impersonal way, offering her the kind of rehabilitation that the Agency specialized in, trying to give back to the girls their dignity and their belief in themselves. Which wasn't easy, which maybe was never really possible, not when you knew yourself to be as foolish and heedless as Carrie, who for a crazy hour when she was so much in love and so grateful for being loved in return had locked out of her mind the thought of consequence, of a reality as harsh and as bitter as this room with this baby sleeping in it.

"I really didn't mean to change my mind at the last minute," said Carrie. "And cause you all this trouble."

"It's happened before," said Miss Parker dryly. "If you want a few extra days, or weeks, or months, with your baby, that's your right and privilege. I just don't think it's wise, not if you've made up your mind to give him up."

She said slowly, "It just seemed to me all of a sudden that it wouldn't be right, not even having him with me for a few days. I wouldn't want him growing up and thinking that his own mother had just walked out on him, just like that."

"Yes," said Miss Parker. "Yes, my dear." She tossed a folded blanket over Carrie's feet because the gilded October day was fading, and the room was chilly. "Keep in touch with us."

"I'll be over by the end of the week," she said. Miss Parker moved toward the door; when she left, Carrie would be utterly alone, and in a sudden need to keep her here even a moment longer she cried out, "I'll never forget how wonderful you were! How could I have managed without you!"

"It would have been rough," said Miss Parker, closing the door behind her.

And now she was alone; they were alone, she and the baby. Her grandmother in Wattsford believed that she was working in New York in order to save enough money to finish her last two years of college; her grandmother wasn't likely to come here and find out otherwise; she didn't even climb the stairs since her stroke. And Mrs. Morton, who took care of her grandmother in ex-

change for sharing her house, hadn't come to New York more than four times in her entire life. They were both shocked because Carrie had not even come home for a single weekend all summer. They thought she was selfish and ungrateful after all that her grandmother had done for her, and the reasons she gave to explain her absence were getting thinner and thinner. Like spending the weekend at a friend's beach house, or typing manuscripts or baby-sitting to earn extra money, or not feeling well—this was what she had told them last week, and how true it had been. The most convincing reason was Marty: they really could believe she had left Wattsford to forget an unhappy love affair with Marty, and her urgent insistence that they give no one her address in New York, for fear Marty should get hold of it, lent an extra weight of credence to the story.

As if getting hold of her address would have made any difference, as if Marty would even try to find her. He was probably relieved that she had gone off by herself and extricated them both from an embarrassing situation, relieved that he could go back to school this fall without that problem standing in his way. Finishing school was more important to Marty than the unfortunately conceived baby. There was a way to prevent a birth if you had to, he said. . . . And they had to. He couldn't understand why she was shocked. Sure it was wrong, but what else could they do?

A thin, insistent cry came from the basket; she started from the bed and hurried toward it, switching on the lamp because the room was quite dark. The baby's face was screwed up; it looked miserable. It must be hungry, she thought, stilling her first reaction of alarm. She hurried behind the cretonne curtain and put a bottle in a pan of water to heat. She would have nursed it except that Miss Parker had suggested she shouldn't, not if she was going to surrender the baby for adoption. Best not to start any painful and pointless attachments, said Miss Parker.

Even with his name. On his certificate she had called him Charles Evans Palmer, because her father's name had been Charles, because it had such a dignified, respectable sound, and although the new parents would change his name when they took him, she wanted them to know it was a Charles Evans Palmer they were adopting. She had tried to think of the baby as "it" and not as Charles Evans Palmer, because "it" was so impersonal, and Charles Evans Palmer was tangible and life-size and carried her own father's name, but it was hard to think of the baby as "it," now that he was here in this room with her. She changed his diaper.

His weaving legs were so terribly tiny; she had never dreamed a baby could be this tiny, even its feet, microscopically perfect, with specks of shell-like nails, and then, holding him as she had learned to in the clinic, she put the bottle in his mouth. He resisted at first, and milk dribbled down his cheek, and she was terrified that he might not drink, but then he began to pull at the nipple, his tiny waving hand coming to rest on the bottle. "Chassie," she said to him, hardly aware that she had given him a name, and then, out loud, "You're doing fine, Chassie."

Taking care of Chassie wasn't hard at all: it was fun, in a way, even though she was still very tired, and all his washing had to be done in the bathtub which was still a strain on her. But he was a very good, quiet baby, and he slept a lot, his basket pushed near the window which looked out on the back yard where a skimpy, elongated plane tree thrust up a few tawny leaves. It would be much different if she had to work. Naturally. Unless she put him in a boarding home, but that was begging the question, that was putting off the inevitable, and meanwhile Chassie wouldn't have what the books and Miss Parker had said was best for him, the loving care of one person, the feeling of belonging, and permanence.

What good was a boarding home, and the impersonal care he would get there, even if she did visit him on weekends? And what about later? How long would the story of the soldier in the Philippines stand up? She had no right to blight his childhood this way, she had blighted it enough already: now she owed him the best, and the best was growing up like other children, in a house where there were normal, average, decent, devoted, loving—yes, yes, yes!

But it was a wonderfully pleasant few days when Mrs. Carrie Palmer took care of Chassie, son of a father stationed in the Philippines. Were there United States soldiers in the Philippines? She had hit on the Philippines because it seemed so very distant, and so far no one had questioned it. There were long moments when she actually believed it herself, sitting on the steps with Chassie in his blanket in her arms so that he could get a little sun.

On Friday she called the office where she used to work and they said of course she could have her job back, to come in on Monday. The sensible thing would be to bring Chassie down to the Agency right then and there, but she decided she could do that on Monday before she went to the office: she and Chassie would have this weekend together. In just two more days it would all be over, the apprehension and humiliation and fear of the past months, and it would just be Carrie Sanders, not quite twenty, working in

New York to save enough money to go back to college. She could go back to Wattsford whenever she chose and live with her grandmother. Her grandmother had barely enough money to keep herself in the house she'd always lived in—since her stroke she'd had to give up her job going around the country for the Pecket Farm Listing Bureau—but there'd always be a home for her only son's child. Even when that son and his wife had been heedless enough to make their daughter Carrie an orphan at the age of ten because of one wild ride home from a New Year's Eve party.

She could buy herself some new clothes, she could go to the theatre once in a while, she might even . . . have a date. She would be part of the everyday, normal world again, the nightmare over. Her heart contracted painfully. It was no longer an objective, impersonal nightmare: the nightmare had turned out to be Chassie. She ran to the basket and knelt beside it and watched Chassie. On Monday he would be gone.

On Saturday she called her grandmother, as she did every week. Mrs. Morton answered. "We were just talking about you, Carrie. Your grandmother's been so worried because you were sick last week. How are you now?"

"Better," she said. There was room in her bedroom in Wattsford for a crib; her grandmother probably even had her father's old crib in the attic—she never threw anything out. If Marty had been willing to get married she could have stayed there with Chassie at least until Marty graduated—No, how could she have explained? Her grandmother would have died with the disgrace when people in Wattsford started counting months.

"**M**aybe you ought to come rest here," said Mrs. Morton. "Take a week off from your job."

"I told you . . . I just don't want—"

"If you mean Marty," said Mrs. Morton, "he's gone back to college. He did come here once or twice asking for you, but we hustled him right off. A real nice-looking boy," said Mrs. Morton. "but the devil in him. You can tell by the eyes. You were smart to walk out on him before he had the chance to walk out on you."

She could hardly get breath enough for the words: "Did he ask you for my address?"

"He did," said Mrs. Morton. "Your grandmother was lying right here on the verandah and she told him to go on and never come back, and he didn't bother us again. So you come on home for a few days."

"I really mean to," she said. "Next weekend, maybe."

"Good," said Mrs. Morton. "We were just getting ready a box with your winter

things in it, to send on to you, but come home with a valise and you can just pack it yourself."

The operator said the three minutes were up, and so she rang off. She had a hundred dollars left, and she didn't dare touch that: it was for emergencies. It might keep Chassie with her another few weeks, but what good was that? It would make it harder at the end when she gave him up, and it certainly didn't solve Chassie's future. Miss Parker had told her about too many cases in which babies were left to spend their thwarted childhoods in foster homes because their mothers didn't have the wisdom or the strength to let them go.

She went back to her room that no longer smelled of insecticide and ammonia but was fragrant with the smells of a new baby, of milk and talcum and drying baby things, and she sat beside the basket where Chassie lay with his dark, solemn eyes fixed on the rattle she had tied to the top of the basket. Did he see it? His stare was unwavering. You're going to be well taken care of, she told him; you're going to have everything a baby has a right to have. It won't make a single bit of difference to you if it's me or someone else who's your mother, as long as she's your mother, and she loves you and wants you.

Not that I don't want you—

Desperately she clutched at the solution of Mrs. Bemis. Not that Mrs. Bemis was any real solution: Mrs. Bemis would give her an extra few days, or weeks, possibly, with Chassie; she understood well enough why the Mrs. Bemises could never be the answer to her problem. If she had to go to work on Monday, and she did, and if she wanted to keep Chassie a little longer—and she did, she did!—then, Mrs. Bemis.

She knocked on Mrs. Bemis's door and she opened it for her. Mrs. Bemis's husband was a sailor; Carrie had seen him once, between voyages, and she had five children of her own so it wouldn't be too much trouble for her to keep an eye on a sixth. "Of course I've had that job in the laundry on the corner this week," said Mrs. Bemis. "Just a couple of hours a day, helping out because their regular woman was sick. But they haven't called me for next week, not yet. I'll charge you eight dollars," said Mrs. Bemis.

Before she left for work on Monday, Carrie brought in the basket and put it down in the bedroom where Mrs. Bemis told her to leave it, where Mrs. Bemis's youngest was still dressing himself on one of the two unmade beds. She kissed the baby on the top of his head and went out quickly.

Everyone at the office was glad to see her; Mr. Peterson said they'd never guessed when they'd hired her five months

before that she would turn out to be a size eleven. It was a little hard for her fingers to get used to the typewriter, and besides she kept seeing Chassie lying there in that unaired bedroom; but everyone was sympathetic and said by tomorrow she'd be her old self again. On her lunch hour she walked the few blocks downtown to see Miss Parker.

Miss Parker obviously had expected to see her carrying the baby.

"I didn't bring him today," Carrie said. "Mrs. Bemis is going to take care of him this week, while I go to work."

"Well," said Miss Parker, settling back and lighting a cigarette.

"It's not a permanent arrangement," Carrie said. "Mrs. Bemis may not even be able to take care of Chassie all the time."

"Chassie?" said Miss Parker.

"You think I'm foolish."

"You're not the first girl that tried to keep her baby," said Miss Parker. "Many times it works out. You can try."

"I know I can't keep him. Permanently. I mean. It's just for a while. He's so small."

Do you think Mrs. Bemis is going to be good for him?"

She shook her head, watching the thin upward line of smoke from Miss Parker's cigarette.

"I know you've thought this all out before, or I wouldn't remind you," said Mrs. Parker. "There's your grandmother. I know you're anxious that she doesn't find out. Can you keep Chassie concealed from her for any length of time? And even if Mrs. Bemis does work out, or if you find someone like her who's better, what about Chassie's future? What about your own future? You're a young girl. Someday you'll want to get married. Are you going to apologize for Chassie to the boy you want to marry? Or will you place him for adoption then, when he's old enough to understand what you're doing to him?"

She stood up. "I told you it was just for a week or so! I know all that!"

"Carrie," said Miss Parker. "Sit down, my dear. Why do I stay with this job?" she said as if to herself, battering out the end of her cigarette. "Carrie, I told you, there would be an hour for you so black you might never forget it as long as you live, and this is it. I don't know any way to help you. There is no help."

"I have to go back; it's getting late," said Carrie thickly.

"There's help for Chassie, though," said Miss Parker. "That's the only consolation I can offer you."

"I'll bring him in next week," said Carrie.

Miss Parker said, "Have you thought any more of Marty?"

"What good does thinking do?" said Carrie. "He doesn't want the baby."

"This is not my department," said Miss Parker. "We have a counseling branch for this kind of service. But as long as you're ready to try anything, what about the baby's father?"

Carrie looked around. "You mean, if he knew there was a baby, he might feel he had to marry me? Marty wants to be a lawyer. Suppose I made him marry me, and he had to leave school, and he never forgave Chassie, or me—"

"It is his baby," said Miss Parker.

"It's only mine," said Carrie. "He told me not to have it."

She went back to the office and managed to get through the day, and fled home, not even stopping to pick up something for her supper. Helen, Mrs. Bemis's eldest, opened the door for her.

"He's been fine. Not a peep out of him," called Mrs. Bemis from the kitchen.

She carried his basket back to her room. She washed him and changed him—he smelled as if he had spit up, and there were spots on his sweater—and then she walked up and down with him, holding him against her. It seemed to her that Chassie was trying to see her face. Had he missed her? "I'm here," she told him: "I didn't really leave you for long. I'll always come back." No. Not always, just this week.

On Wednesday she heard him crying before Helen opened the door.

Mrs. Bemis held Chassie. "Imagine the strength of him," Mrs. Bemis said. "Tipping over his basket."

Mrs. Bemis's youngest was playing on the floor near the basket; even now he seized it, shook it. There was a puffy welt on Chassie's forehead. "He must have fell against the rattle," said Mrs. Bemis.

On Friday when she came home Mrs. Bemis wasn't there at all. "They called her from the laundry to come down," said Helen. "I've been watching him, though."

"Thanks, Helen," she said. It seemed to her that Chassie looked almost translucently pale, and so terribly tiny—wasn't he supposed to be gaining? Despairingly she thought, I don't even have a scale to weigh him, or anything else to take care of a baby properly. He probably wasn't finishing his bottles: Mrs. Bemis couldn't be expected to find the time to wait and coax him to drink some more. She probably was too rushed to even bubble him during his feeding; maybe that was why his sweater was always stained with sourish milk.

She walked up and down with him a long time, warming him against her, wanting him to know it was she, that she had come back again to him. "If only I could explain what's happening," she said to him. "If only you were old enough

to understand." He had eyelashes, black ones, like Marty's.

The weather turned cold next day, and it took all of her lunch hour to buy a warm blanket and some warm shirts for Chassie, and actually she was ten minutes late getting back to the office. Mr. Peterson glanced at her without smiling and then up at the clock, pointedly. On her desk she found two letters that had to be done over. That evening when she picked up Chassie he had a pinched look about his face, and even as she changed him he sneezed, a funny, sharp, popping sound: she rubbed his legs a little; they felt clammy from the cold, sodden diaper. She fed him his warm bottle, but his hands stayed cold, and when he went to sleep his breathing was wet and bubbly. She forgot about fixing supper for herself, but stayed a long time beside his basket, listening to him. There was a knock on the door, and it was Miss Parker.

Miss Parker went right to the basket and looked at Chassie. "I'm sure it's nothing to worry about," she said. "If you'd like our doctor, I can send him to you, as a private call. He'll probably suggest a vaporizer, but not much else, except watching him, and keeping him warm."

"I'll stay home with him tomorrow," she said. "I'll call the office in the morning."

"It may last a week," said Miss Parker. "Infants' colds sometimes do."

She cried out. "I told you I'm not keeping him! I'll wait until he's better, that's all!"

Miss Parker said mildly, "I came here about something else. I should have called you at the office, but I don't like to take up any of your time there. I've just heard from one of our case workers about a wonderful couple who are looking for a baby. They've both had a few years of college, like you and Marty, and the husband has a nice practice, he's a dentist, and they own their own home in the suburbs. They've even papered the walls of one bedroom with nursery rhyme paper, and the wife hooked a rug to match."

Carrie went to the bed and sat down. She should have had her supper; her head was beginning to ache. "Of course you investigate and find out if they're really nice and not just putting on a show," she said.

"Of course," said Miss Parker gently.

"They're the ones Chassie would go to?"

"If you want," said Miss Parker.

"It's the sensible thing," said Carrie. Miss Parker said nothing.

"In fact, it's the only thing," said Carrie quietly. And after a while, "When shall I bring Chassie in?"

"Keep him till he's better," said Miss Parker. She moved toward the door.

"Next week will be time enough," she said. "This is the damnedest job," she said in a low voice, and looked over her shoulder at the basket. "The damnedest . . ." she said, before she clamped her mouth shut. She began again, "About Marty—"

"He didn't want him," said Carrie. "Would I be doing good for Chassie if I forced him on Marty?"

Two patches came into Miss Parker's smooth cheeks. "You didn't want him either," she said. She turned and came back into the room. "You didn't want him. Do you remember what you said when you first came to me? You said only that you couldn't bring yourself to destroy this baby, that it was taking a life, and this you couldn't do. You said you hoped he could be brought up in a nice home with nice people like any other baby, and this you couldn't provide for him yourself. You would have signed the surrender papers in my office that first time, if I'd have let you. I didn't let you," said Miss Parker.

It was true. Even up to the time she went to the hospital it was true. She had been detached enough still to know what was wise, what was good for the baby, but now this was no longer possible.

"I didn't let you," said Miss Parker, looking haggard now that the rosy patches had faded, "because I knew this might happen. It's one thing to accept a situation intellectually, and quite another thing to hold your own baby, and still accept the situation. The father of this baby should have the same chance that you did," she said, and this time she went to the door with finality. "When you think, Chassie is better, bring him down to us." She left the room.

I didn't want Chassie either.

The father of this baby should have the same chance—

She went out into the hall where the telephone was; she knew the number of Marty's dorm; she had called it often enough not so long ago. He would be in his room now: he did his studying after ten when his cafeteria job was over. She waited, stacking her coins in little piles, while the operator made the long distance connections. The ringing began, and after a while someone picked up the telephone: she asked for Marty, and his name was called down the hall.

"Hello?" he said.

"I have to see you," she said, her voice so thin it was a wonder that he should even recognize it. "Could you come to New York right away?"

"Carrie," he said slowly. "Where are you?" She told him the address. "I can still catch the sleeper," he said.

She went back into the room and sat down beside Chassie, listening to his bubbling breathing, the funny, miniature

cough. She put a pot of water to boil on the stove to take the place of the vaporizer, and then didn't dare go to sleep for fear it would boil out. She wouldn't have slept anyway. Pride. Pride was one thing, but Chassie was another: how could you even equate them?

It was only seven o'clock, and the house was still very quiet, so she heard his steps in the hall and recognized them: she opened the door for him before he could knock. He looked so terribly familiar, so *usual*—she knew even his shabby tweed jacket and the old sweater he wore under it—that for a moment it made her catch her breath painfully, so sharply did he bring back school, and the places where they met after class, and the way he would look when he caught sight of her, and the way their kisses felt when the first cold wind of winter blew against them from the mountains, everything that was past.

She saw his bewildered glance take her in, and then the room, and finally, the basket, and she knew what he was slowly finding out.

"Why didn't you tell me?" he said.

He went over to the basket and stared down at Chassie, appalled. "I didn't know," he said. "Why did you run away without letting me know? I could understand how you felt, that maybe you wouldn't even want to see me again, but you could have told me where you were going. Your grandmother wouldn't give me your address," he said. "I had three hundred dollars for you. I sold the jalopy, so you could pay for the doctor. Why didn't you tell me you were going through with the baby?"

"**Y**ou told me not to have it. You didn't want the baby," she said.

"Sure I didn't want it!" he burst out, then caught himself, and glanced hurriedly at the basket, almost as if he were afraid Chassie might hear and un-

derstand, and went on more quietly: "I didn't want the baby, we couldn't manage, what kind of a start would we be giving this baby? I would have given anything for it not to have happened this way, to have undone what we did. You would have, too. But you went through with it," he said. "You could have told me, at least."

"I thought you'd be glad not to have . . . the responsibility."

He flushed. "Why should you have thought that way about me? Didn't you mean something to me?" he said thickly. "Would this have happened if we hadn't meant something to each other?"

Chassie sneezed, his small, popping sneeze. "Is it all right?" Marty said, staring down at him. "It sounds funny."

"He has a cold," she said. "It's a he. His name is Chassie. Charles."

He put out his hand as if he would touch Chassie's fingers, and then drew back. He said slowly, "What are we going to do now?"

We. What are we going to do now? Her heart was pounding so loudly in her throat that her words were hardly audible even to her. "There's an agency—they've been taking care of everything. They'll see to it that he's adopted by nice people. They've picked out the parents already. The man is a dentist, the wife hooked a rug for Chassie's room all by herself. Chassie will have a nice home."

He lifted his head sharply. "You're . . . giving him away?"

She could only meet his eyes.

He said, in disbelief, "You're just . . . handing him over? Just like that?"

"I don't know what else to do."

"You can't," he said.

Miss Parker *couldn't* have known. Miss Parker was merely a capable, efficient social worker who believed in leaving no stone unturned. The father of this baby should have the same chance as you did, said Miss Parker, hoping for the miracle

that would make the father encompass in moments what it had taken her months to learn: you can't give your own baby away, not unless there's no shred of love or hope left.

"It isn't like before," he said. "He's here. He's a part of you and me. You just don't hand over to strangers something that's a part of yourself."

"No, you don't. You can't," she said.

"Carrie?" he said. "Carrie, I'll figure out something."

She nodded several times.

"There's this three hundred I've got with me," he said.

She took a deep breath, and managed to say, "I still have a hundred dollars."

"That's four hundred already," he said. "That ought to give us a start."

"If we found a room off campus, it might be cheaper—"

"Maybe I can get the college to give me a refund on my dorm room—" His hand tightened on hers. "If only you had let me know. How do you think I feel, knowing you had to go through this all by yourself? Didn't you know I would help?"

Pride was arrogant, blind, cruel and selfish: you had to be nineteen and frightened to let its shadow fall on Chassie's life.

"It's going to work out, Carrie."

It was going to work out. The mark of the past months would never be completely wiped away from her, or even from Chassie, and some of the worst parts still lay ahead to be faced. But what had happened was already softened and cushioned and partly concealed by this: that Chassie lay in his basket between his father and mother now, and they would give each other the strength to meet the worst of it. The morning sun gilded the basket's rim lightly, faintly, inexplicably, and unexpectedly, like hope.

THE END

SPECIAL ISSUE IN NOVEMBER:

THE ACTOR—THE ACTRESS

A Revealing Look at the Artists, Ego-Worshippers, and Oddballs Who Dwell in the Colorful World Behind the Footlights

RALPH BELLAMY *A giant in his profession tells how the actor's status has changed.*

TEMPERS, TANTRUMS, FEUDS *Some fierce vendettas of stage and screen.*

HOW STARS STAY YOUNG *The search for eternal youth leads to wacky fads.*

THE TALENT RACKET *Some schools make millions with new version of old swindle.*

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THE GREAT THEATRES OF THE WORLD *A Picture Essay.*





Thornton Utz

FootBall Majors At Pacific U

The Terrible Titans were the weirdest, most invincible team ever: ferocious, seven-foot giants with no necks, IQs of 128, and a very strange odor.

BY WILLIAM SAMBROT ILLUSTRATED BY THORNTON UTZ

Mr. George Papadoukalis
Alumni Association
Ocean College
Ocean City, California

Dear Mr. Papadoukalis:

Herewith, written in some haste, is my report on Pacific Underwater College's "Terrible Titans," the incredible group of athletes which has flattened every rival (including yourself) in the coast league.

I regret you found it necessary to insist upon this report before taking up the matter of the additional funds I requested by wire last night. You have but to read the following to realize that much more than mere money is at stake.

In the event you still have some doubts, after reading this, may I ask you to review the score of the last game O.C. played with Pacific? 112 to 0, was it not? Bear with me.

As a starter, I attempted to get some fingerprints of Sam Bama, Pacific's star, and the first of the "Terrible Titans" to enroll there. You will be as surprised as I was to discover the man has no fingerprints. I mean to say, his fingers are blank, smooth expanses of skin. Furthermore, when I casually handed him my solid silver (plated) cigarette case (the one our grateful alumni gave me several seasons ago when I uncovered the flagrant case of proselytism going on at B.U.), he fumbled with it and acted generally like someone who'd never even seen a cigarette, let alone a solid silver (plated) case. But—no fingerprints.

Bama, I might add in passing, speaks rather cultured English, with a strong Oxford accent. His eyes are somewhat pinkish, and his hair quite white. Albino characteristics, as you may know.

In his first game he scored every time he got the ball.

However, I've never before met an albino somewhat over seven feet tall, lightning fast, and weighing three hundred pounds. He has no neck to speak of, massive sloping shoulders, and arms surely no thicker than my thighs. Also, he has a pronounced body-odor—something like a musk-ox. (They have one at the zoo, and for purposes of comparison I went around there. Oddly enough, after some hours of sniffing, I discovered the closest similar odor came not from the musk-ox, but from a yak. Note this.)

Pacific's phenomenal athletic record this season can be laid at the door of one man—Professor Harold Crimshaw. You may well ask what a professor of physics has to do with your being unmercifully trounced in the bowl last New Year's, but the facts are these:

Professor Crimshaw, a bachelor in his late forties, is a specialist on cosmic rays. He often spends his spare time trudging about the higher mountains on the globe, capturing cosmic rays and measuring their intensity. As you might guess, very few people are interested enough in captured cosmic rays to finance expeditions, so up until the winter before last, Crimshaw operated on a low budget.

I say, up until the winter before last, because after that, things suddenly changed. He arrived back on the campus shortly after the holidays, accompanied by a small dark man with a beard and a huge box, punched with air holes, which must have weighed well over three hundred pounds.

Also, the box (as I was able to ascertain myself) gave off a powerful odor. In fact, investigation disclosed that Professor Moriarty, of biology, inquired if

perhaps Professor Crimshaw hadn't brought back a live musk-ox. The question remained unanswered.

Shortly after that, Moriarty, Dr. Evans (President of P.U.), and Dr. Smythe-Smythe, head of the language department, on loan from Oxford University, all were seen going into Professor Crimshaw's bachelor quarters. I have since managed to gain entry by a ruse and can testify that even to this day, a strong odor, as of a penned-up musk-ox (or yak), still permeates the atmosphere.

By careful (and guarded, of course) inquiry, I have learned that shortly thereafter, one Oscar Grossgudt, a wholesale butcher, and one of the few alumni of P.U. worth a line in Dun and Bradstreet, was seen lingering about Crimshaw's quarters. Subsequently, one of his delivery trucks made daily deliveries to Crimshaw's home; but whatever was delivered was concealed beneath a canvas wrapper. Suffice it to say, however, that quantities of bones were carted away daily—say about the amount left over from half a haunch of well-gnawed beef.

George Sneedely, P.U.'s football coach, and his assistant, Daniel McGurk (known as "Goon" McGurk), were seen entering and leaving Crimshaw's quarters frequently. On one occasion, McGurk was seen noticeably limping, and holding his shoulder, although Sneedely was smiling, something he hadn't done since '35, the year Pacific won one and tied one (although losing twelve).

It was less than a month afterward that Sam Bama was enrolled officially at P.U., as Crimshaw's protégé. He was

Football Majors At Pacific U

(continued)

(and is) amiable, quick-witted, with an I.Q. of 128 (Rorschach not available). Well liked by all, including the girls, most of whom preferred not to date him.

In his first football game, as the alumni of State well know, he scored every time he was given the ball, which, mercifully, was only seventeen times. Sneedly is a kind-hearted chap, and retired Bama to the bench after he was informed, during the half, that two of the opposing players had suffered severe skull fractures, incurred as Bama stepped on their heads. Fortunately, he was not wearing shoes.

After the game Bama gladly granted press interviews, winning the scribes' hearts with his easy banter. He skillfully parried all queries as to his prep school, although hints were dropped by Sneedly that Bama was a transferee from "overseas."

It was directly after his first game that Crimshaw's great expedition to measure cosmic rays was announced. He was given a special leave of absence. Where he was going was left unmentioned, however. Clippings enclosed.

I can tell you that after considerable checking I was able to learn that money for this expedition (a large sum, in fact—please note) had been advanced by a

small clique of P.U. alumni, consisting in the main of Oscar Grossgut and one Pete DeLassio, a gentleman connected with a gambling syndicate—the same syndicate which took all bets in advance of the entire schedule of P.U. and which really cleaned up, as you doubtless know.

The expedition was organized with great secrecy, but I have since learned that the entire staff of the manual arts department worked overtime, building ten stout packing cases, complete with air holes.

The expedition returned last summer, slipping quietly into town late one evening. However, there were frequent complaints that evening, by the citizenry, that howls and roars were coming from the direction of the freight yards. It was a sound, as one local put it, exactly like feeding time at the zoo.

And last autumn P.U. fielded its incredible "Terrible Titans," which remained unscorched upon—but why am I telling you this? You know what they did to the rest of the league.

The Terrible Titans all look amazingly alike—each a little over seven feet tall, each weighing well over three hundred pounds. They are all albinos. I can say

positively, even though (as I can prove) they wear colored contact-lenses. Also, in order to conceal their identical appearance further, each has his hair dyed a different shade, and some, even, have their skin darkened. They used prodigious quantities of deodorants, and are quite popular with the girls.

Earlier, I mentioned that Professor Crimshaw, winter before last, had returned with a small dark man with a beard and a huge box. This little man vanished about the time of the great expedition, and just as mysteriously reappeared when Crimshaw returned.

By great good luck, I ran across the little dark man only last night. He was in a pub, unnoticed, morose, drinking whiskey sours and obviously disliking them. I fell into deep conversation with him, and what he had to say was startling, indeed; no amount of whiskey sours could account for it. It had to be true.

He is a Sherpa, one of those breed of slight, tough men who make a business of climbing the high mountains of the Himalayas. Between whiskey sours he sobbed out his desire to go back; he says he is one of the few men alive who know the haunts of the Yeti—the abominable snowmen, so called, those giant, strangely manlike creatures of myth (or mystery?) who roam the inaccessible peaks. He speaks their language, he says. They are shy, nimble creatures, but extremely intelligent, withal. Loyal to a fault, they would follow him anywhere.

Many were the hours, he says, they spent bounding about the great peaks, chasing yaks for food and fun. But alas, all too humanlike, once they tasted the dubious joys of civilization, they forgot the old ways. They became decadent; they looked upon him, their old friend, as old-fashioned—in a word, a cornball (an epithet much favored at P.U.).

He longed to go back, he sobbed. Back to his yaks and untutored Yeti.

And so, we're going back, Mr. Papadoukalis. Fortunately, I have my credit card. I'm writing this from San Francisco International airport. We expect to reach Katmandu, Nepal, on or about the twelfth of the month.

Please wire me sufficient funds to outfit a good-sized expedition to reach an altitude of approximately twenty-six thousand feet. Also, make sure you include enough to cover the cost of at least eleven good-sized packing cases—strong enough to hold over three hundred pounds each.

Mum's the word, and come next season we'll have a surprise for Pacific, if you follow me, and I'm sure you do.

Yours in haste,

(Signed) J. Ponder, prop.
Ponder Detective Agency

THE END



Seeing a Yeti tackling a yak gave the professor his brilliant idea.

PRELUDER TO A KISS

Like most musicians, he was no good with words — he could only say it with music and hope she would get the message.

BY MEL HEIMER ILLUSTRATED BY BOB PATTERSON

Well, I will say this for Cal Dodge. He resurrected me from an early grave.

Let's see, now; what else can I say about Dodge?

Hmm.

Suppose I go back to his resurrecting me from an early grave?

I guess I will have to take it from the top. I am thirty-four and I play alto. Oh. An alto saxophone. An alto glockenspiel, maybe? I don't mean to sound wise, but I imagine the truth of the matter is that you and I live in different worlds.

But I'll try to make it in your words. You can bet on this much: I won't call a clarinet a licorice stick.

Leave that to Cal Dodge.

It started when the horn blew at midnight—it was noon, and if that isn't midnight, I don't know what is—and I rolled over in bed and picked up the receiver and said hello to Maxie Green. Maxie plays tenor.

"Henry, boy," Maxie said, "the stuff is here and it's mellow."

"Hah?" I said.

I don't talk so well. We might as well face it. You give me my alto and I believe I make myself fairly well understood; it is an indisputable fact that I won the *Down Beat* poll three times and once placed second to Johnny Hodges, who is with the Duke. But I am not articulate. My sister Florence once put it this way: "Henry, you are the biggest and prettiest one in the whole Chambers family and you certainly blow up a storm on that horn of yours, but unless you learn to say more than 'Yup' and 'Nope,' like a young Gary Cooper, you just are not going to register with people. Particularly lovely young tomatoes, who appreciate verbal snow jobs."

"Don't be so garrulous," Maxie said as I lay there rubbing my eyes. "Just listen. They are putting together a television

show over at WBC, to be called *Jazz Fiesta*, and they want some good sidemen to be regulars on it. Like you and me."

"Don't call me a sideman," I said. "I once had my own five-piece combo. Henry Chambers and his Blues Six."

"This will mean a little change in your living habits," Maxie said. "You got to get out of bed around now, instead of seven P.M. On TV programs, you understand, they rehearse."

"What's to rehearse?" I asked.

"Oh, you know; they might not like the way you play a certain few bars of a number and you sit around and work it over until you get it right."

"I never played the same notes in the same few bars of a number in my life, Maxie," I said. "You know that. What do you think I am. Guy Lombardo or Clyde McCoy?"

"Yeah, yeah, I know," he said impatiently. "Don't worry about that. Listen, put on some pants and come over to West Seventy-first Street in an hour. We'll see what Golden Boy has on his mind."

"Didn't that studio used to be a riding academy?" I said. "Maybe I ought to brush up 'Boots and Saddles,' or 'First Call.' Then I sat up slowly in bed. "Golden Boy? You're kidding, Maxie?"

Golden Boy was Cal Dodge. Cal Dodge was a reformed disc jockey who emceed TV shows and was known among the laity as an expert on jazz. That just shows you about the laity. Dodge was tall and dark and sideburned and you'd see him in the saloons with the black-stockinged, stringy-haired, no-makeup Village dames, right out of the *Charles Addams* cartoons. I guess you'd say he was a typical expert on jazz. He called the drums the tubs, the trombone a slush pump and like that there. He was the kind of guy who would analyze for his listeners what Louis meant in the eighth bar of the first refrain.

"Thanks for the call, Maxie," I said, sinking back into bed. "Only I think if you want somebody for Cal Dodge's show, you better give a call to Beverly Hills and ask Liberace or Roger Williams. Somebody who can read music and smile and maybe talk about his mother between sets."

Maxie just listened quietly, which I suppose is the best way to listen, really.

"One hour," he said then. "Bring your arrangement of 'Tales of the Vienna Woods.'"

I guess Maxie knew me pretty good. At least he knew musicians. Jazzmen might draw the line at working the Junior League ball with a Lester Lanin or Meyer Davis unit, but as long as they can noodle around with their own kind of music and if the dough is reasonably right, they're pretty flexible. I mean, they'll even play on a Cal Dodge program.

Well, we were all in this WBC studio, drinking coffee and once in a while trying to find an A on the out-of-key piano, when Julie Wilcox came in through the door and said hello.

Gee.

I told you what my sister said. Well, if I could make with the words, I would say something like Julie Wilcox was tall and willowy, a kind of race-horse blonde with a slim, warm face and eyes that were kind of green and blue. I wouldn't say she exactly flattened me, the way she looked, but I did want to go up to her and say in complete sincerity will you marry me.

"Technically," Julie said to us, grinning, "I'm the assistant producer of *Jazz Fiesta*. That really means I go out for coffee for the crew and the cast. But I'm also supposed to see that you're all sitting in the right chairs and that when it comes time for you to take your solo.



PRELUDIO TO A KISS

(continued)

you're not off in a corner with the *Racing Form*. So don't get too mad at me if I bark."

"Don't knock the *Racing Form*, Miss W.," said Eddie Carpenter, who played trombone. "Personally, I get some really good ideas for riffs from those horse names. They're inspirational."

We kidded around like that for a while and all of us promptly loved Julie, particularly me.

Then in walked Cal Dodge and the lights went out. He was dressed like an advertising man and he had that same toothy, phony-smile look about him. We just sat back and waited for him to open his mouth and put his elbows in it.

"Fellows," he said briskly, "the thing I want to emphasize about this show is that it's very impromptu. I just want you to play and play with heart and soul. You men are, let's face it, among the living legends in jazz and it would be presumptuous of me to tell you your business. But my thought is, let's make this a real rent-party, after-hours jam session."

"Jam?" Eddie Carpenter said, very straight-faced. "I thought jam was something that one put on cinnamon buns or toast." Dodge looked hard at him for a moment and then laughed that short, nervous little laugh of his.

"That's the reason, one of them, that I get such a boot out of being around you fellows," he said. "Natural, wonderful humor."

Then he went off and had a little discussion with Julie Wilcox and I just sat there holding my alto and thinking about that heart-and-soul business. I guess it's not discreet of me to admit it, but the truth is, most of the time when I am playing one of those limpid, liquid solos of mine that the jazz critics say remind them of the cool waters of a brook in springtime, I am thinking of the sturgeon sandwiches in Max Asnas' Stage Delicatessen on Seventh Avenue.

After a while we fooled around with a few numbers, to see how we sounded, and I took off for a couple of minutes on Billy Strayhorn's old tune, "Day Dream." I could see with my third eye that Julie was standing and looking and listening.

I put a few extra touches into it, for her, and sure enough, when I knocked it off, she came over and said that was awfully nice and a couple of other words and then waited for me to say something intelligent in reply. Only, you know me.

"Gee," I said, "thanks."

"You know," she said, "somehow you don't look the way I always thought a jazz musician did. I mean, you look

rather collegiate and clean-cut and that sort of thing. I always figured that jazzmen were kind of beat-up and always glazed of eye because of the marijuana. You're certainly a surprise."

"Well," I said.

Don't wait for me to write down any more. That was what I said. "Well."

She made a couple of more gambits but I was in full cry by that time. I think I said "yes" or "no" once or twice, while I could feel my ears getting red. So she did what any intelligent person would do. She just murmured, "Excuse me, will you?" and walked away to get some coffee or have a conference with Cal Dodge or something. I could have kicked Henry Everett Chambers through the hull fiddle.

When we wrapped it up and everybody was leaving, I guess I should have felt pretty good, because there wasn't much of a market for my kind of music at that time, and here was this TV mishmash going to make us all famous once more, like in the old days of Benny Goodman and Tommy Dorsey, and we would be loaded with money and I could pick up that white Jag convertible I had my eye on.

But I didn't feel totally good. I saw Julie Wilcox going out through the studio's swinging doors with Cal Dodge, and then going down the hall I saw him draping his arm around her shoulder in one of those friendly business discussions that always, of course, are something else again. Dodge was talking with that fake deep voice he turns on by closing up his larynx a little.

It so easily could have been me. Me and my little mouth. I just walked out with my alto under my arm, and woke up just in time to make a left turn before I walked into the river. The way I felt, I wasn't so sure I did the right thing in not going off the stringpiece.

"Huh!" I muttered. Even when I was by myself, you can see, I was a regular silver tongue.

We rehearsed, if you would like to call it that, for about ten days and then we were off and running.

Once the show was on the road, the most surprising thing was how popular it became. People began watching us. One night we pulled almost half as many viewers as *Spittin' Shotgun*, the Western serial opposite us. We started in on a 10 P.M. to 11 routine, but after a few weeks, when we caught on, they dropped us into an eight to nine spot on Wednesday nights, which I understand is what the Madison Avenue gents call prime time.

Me? I was miserable. I was watching

Cal Dodge make time with Julie Wilcox.

They seemed to be together all the time. After a while they got to coming into the rehearsal hall together, and I used to see them and brood that they probably just had had lunch or cocktails or something together. I even brooded a couple of worse thoughts.

Julie would smile warmly at me whenever it happened she caught me looking at her, but that was about it. I had the feeling that if I went over and asked her to go to a movie with me, or a ride on the Staten Island ferry, she'd say sure—but I couldn't. I guess I was knee-deep in psychosomania, or something.

I was only alone with her once. It was at night on a Tuesday afternoon, and I was the last of the Mohicans to pack his instrument and fold his tent, and she was sitting off in a corner chair, trying to fit together the different pieces of the show on paper. All the lights had been flipped off in the hall except one spot that she could see by.

I was about to leave myself when I saw she was the only one there, so I just stood at the door, looking at her, and after a while she looked up and said, "Hello." I got out a "hello" and kept standing there and then she asked me what I was going to play on the program the next night—we liked to keep it a secret from Golden Boy, just to see if when we got through playing "How High the Moon" he would say what a wonderful rendition of "Summertime" it was—and I said, "Well," again and stopped. Finally I opened my alto case and grabbed for baby.

"Here," I said, and before she could open her mouth I cut into "Passion Flower."

I guess I never played better in my life, and I wasn't thinking of the sturgeon sandwiches at the Stage, either. I played it slow and easy and now and then I sneaked a look at Julie and then I'd make it even truer and better, because I could see I had her with me. I must have played fourteen choruses. Then finally I had to end it, not because I wanted to or because she was getting restless or anything, but because every piece of music has to end at a certain time and the guy who's playing it knows it, and if he's honest, he ends it there. It's like putting the last hunk of paint on canvas; the guy with the brush knows he shouldn't put any more on, and that's that.

Julie stood up and walked over to me and her eyes were kind of bright and misty at the same time. "That was perfect," she said. "I'll bet a man—some other man—could have kissed her then.

Now, in the empty studio, was his chance to talk. Instead, he picked up the horn and cut into "Passion Flower."

PRELUDE TO A KISS

(continued)

What I did was jam the alto back in the case and straighten my tie, and say, "Well, so long." I got out of the hall in a hurry and didn't look back for five blocks. That was one time I thought of some things to say that I hadn't said. I walked down Central Park West saying them out loud but after a while my shoulders sagged and I dropped into a nearby drugstore and asked them what was the going price on arsenic.

We had been on the magic screen six weeks, when, after specializing at being last man out of the studio, I changed octaves and got in an hour ahead of everyone. I guess I was just troubled. Not too much, of course; I was just toying around with some mild thoughts such as gas, razors, and sleeping pills.

When I got in early, this day, it turned out I wasn't the hellwether. Coming down the corridor toward the studio where we rehearsed, I heard somebody playing piano and believe me, it wasn't Teddy Wilson or Thelonious Monk. I guess the one thing that bugs me more than anything is to hear somebody playing off-key.

Whoever was playing this piano wasn't even good enough to play off-key.

I didn't care if it was Iturbi or Horowitz with half a load on; I couldn't stand any of that. I flung open the door and was all set to yell cease and desist—when I saw that it was Golden Boy himself at the piano. He was shaking his wavy hair and lifting his hands up and down like some ham actor.

He didn't see me. I shut the door quickly and retreated down the hall to get out of range. It was raining out, so I couldn't make it into the street, but I stood near the front door and lighted a gasper and tried to forget what I had heard. But the notes kept coming through, faintly. "Mama mia."

And it was right then, standing there smoking, that the bad man in me came out. I'm so ashamed.

When I had the idea shaken down in my mind—wincing inwardly all the time—I went back to the studio door and opened it and called out hello to Dodge. He said hello Chambers and kept on with his specialties in dissonance and I drifted over to the piano and listened. It was the best piece of acting I ever did.

"That's nice piano, Cal," I said casually. May I be struck dead by a falling tuba someday.

He looked up and beamed. "You really think so, Chambers?"

I nodded. "I've heard a lot worse." I was panic-stricken that he was going to ask me when and where, but he didn't.

"Well, I just fool around," he said.

"Listen," I said, "don't kid me. You know a lot about that instrument, I can

tell that." I bent over and got a little confidential. "I don't see why, to lend a little spice to Jazz Fiesta, you don't do a solo or two on the program some night."

"Ah, that's awfully nice of you to say that, Henry," he said, "but seriously, I'm not sure I'm ready for anything like that."

I put on a straight face. "If you're not ready now," I said, "you'll never be ready. I think you ought to do it. So help me." He sat there thinking that over. I knew the mackerel had struck at the worm.

"What sort of thing do you think I ought to do?" he asked. "Oh, I mean, it's a silly idea and likely I'll never do it—but if I did, what do you think I should play?" He looked a little modest; it was a very tough item for him. "You know, I have a sort of home-made arrangement of 'Rhapsody in Blue' done strictly in jazz."

"You mean, sort of showing the heart and soul of jazz?" I asked.

"Exactly. Maybe that might fill in five minutes or so on one of the shows."

"Look," I said, "if you played it anywhere near the way you played that last thing, I'll bet Gershwin would want to come back from the grave just to see what you did with it." Armed with a subpoena, I wanted to add, but didn't.

He sat there for a while, just staring, and picking out a wrong note or two on the keys, and then a couple of guys drifted in through the door and it was a rehearsal atmosphere again. Dodge got up to take charge, in his inimitable fashion, but before he went away from the piano, he patted me on the shoulder and winked. "Maybe we'll give everyone a little surprise," he said jovially. "This'll be our secret for a couple of days."

"You know me," I said glibly.

My dirty, rotten, lowdown, awful scheme was, of course, obvious. I didn't know how sold Julie was on Dodge, but I figured that with her inherent good taste in music—well, she liked how I played, didn't she?—she'd be aghast when she heard him and somehow come running to me, flinging her lily white body into my arms and saying, "Henry, take me!"

And I never had a stick of tea in my life. I just have a fertile imagination.

Dodge penciled himself in for the last six minutes of the next show. He got very coy around the studio and wouldn't say what he planned for that time. "I just want those six minutes left free," he said. "You'll see."

The last number on the program, before those six minutes, was supposed to be a lengthy—ten-minute or so—free-for-all, one of the things Golden Boy called a jam session. What we did was take an

old standard—"Jumpin' at the Woodsides" or "Yesterdays" or "A Sm-o-oth One" or like that there—and kick it around . . . and I mean kick it around. Sometimes it wouldn't come out bad, but truthfully, most of the time we just honked around and blew up some noise and kind of laughed to ourselves, because the kids in the studio audience thought it was great and Golden Boy would be nodding sagely to indicate he knew fine art when he heard it.

There were around eleven or twelve of us, standing around—what do they call it? jamming?—and we each had a crack at one or more solos. About two minutes from the end, I took off. We were playing a blues, it so happened, and it was making out all right, so when Eddie Carpenter finished his trombone flight, I sailed into some pretty low and dirty blues and I was having a fine time. Keeping my eye on the clock, of course, because I had to be done in time to let Dodge make like Brailowsky.

And then it happened.

I was getting ready to wrap up my solo, and I looked at Dodge. He was rubbing his hands in anticipation. So what was it that happened? My conscience happened, that's what happened. My conscience climbed right up over the bell of my alto and looked at me and said, "You can't do it. If you can't win the broad fair and square, you don't deserve her."

That made, oh, almost no sense to me—but what can one do when one's conscience lays it on the line like that?

So . . . I didn't stop. When I was supposed to squeeze the last mournful note out and then join everyone for a final ten seconds of ensemble blasting—I launched into another chorus.

Any musician who puts even half a mind to it can use up six minutes of time almost without trying. I did it like falling off a log; I played right up to sign-off time and the next thing you know they were unreeling the credits and Cal Dodge was standing on camera and blurting out thank you everyone and Jazz Fiesta will see you next week, and then the red light went out and we were off the air.

A couple of my colleagues shook their heads and laughed and said what a ham I was, but they didn't know what the score was and after a while they cleared out, one by one, to go to the saloon across the street for some lemon and lime. Dodge walked over to me in the corner where I was packing baby away and looking for my hat and coat. He looked ready to explode after an extremely brief countdown.

"Cal," I said quickly, "I couldn't do it."

"I know what you did, you *noodnik*,"

he said grimly. "but what is it you felt you couldn't do?"

"Let you play the piano before twenty million witnesses to the crime." He just stared at me and I shook my head patiently.

"I was kidding you about your playing. To be painfully blunt, you play like there was no tomorrow and never was a yesterday. Even lessons won't help. Like the man says, if you haven't got it up front, you just haven't got it."

"Oh, yeah?" he said. For a minute I thought it was old Henry Chambers talking in his customary facile fashion.

"I don't know what you had in your mind, Chambers," he said, "but you don't get out of it that easily. It goes far deeper than that. You know I play pretty darned good piano—oh, perhaps I'm an amateur; I understand that—and for some reason, you didn't want me to play it."

"I did," I said awkwardly, "but then I didn't."

Dodge leaned forward, like George Raft. "I'll tell you what I think," he said. "You want to know what I think?"

I wanted to say, "With what?" but I didn't. I just said, "No, what do you think?"

"I think you're jealous."

I sighed. "Maybe that's it," I said, kind of tired of the whole thing. "Only Cal, boy, please do me and yourself a favor. Forget the old eighty-eight. Concentrate on announcing or selling toothpaste or riding in the park on cold, snowy mornings."

"Hah!" Dodge said. He started away, but then he turned to me and smiled, a very superior smile. "I am going to play on next week's show and you can put that into your horn and run it up the flagpole for size."

He left. I sat there for a while, brooding on what God had wrought. I finally decided He had wrought a couple of His lesser creations, an alto player with the brain of an orangutan and the character of an amoeba, and a television announcer who thought he was Jelly Roll Morton but came much closer to being Liberace.

And so it came to pass.

The next Wednesday everything was wrapped up tidily just six minutes before closing. Then Dodge sat down at the piano, gave with the smile to the studio audience, and announced modestly what he was going to do.

I didn't have any ear plugs or cotton, so I just had to sit and take it. Like everyone else.

Every now and then I sneaked a look at Julie. It was like I had figured. She began by gritting her teeth after his first few measures and then she winced, practically audibly, and by the time he was

sailing into the last few notes, she was just sitting there limply.

When the show was done, Cal bowed graciously a couple of times and then said good night to the studio audience. When he walked past me, on his way out, he smirked. It was apparent the smirk was supposed to say, "You thought I couldn't do it, didn't you?" But I just sat and stared. What was the use in saying anything? There'd be twenty thousand letters in the mail in the morning telling him what to do with his piano playing.

I sat and smoked a cigarette, dully, and by and by everyone left and there was only me and Julie alone in the studio. I took a deep breath and walked over to her.

There's something I want to tell you," I said. She looked up at me and grinned tiredly.

"Boy," she said, "how about that? Did you ever hear anything like that in your life?"

"That's what I want to talk about. I did it. I put him up to the whole thing."

"How could you?" She looked incredulous. "I don't mean for him—he thought he was great, anyway—but how could you let the rest of us in for that catastrophe?"

I pried my mouth open again with a supreme effort.

"Well," I said, "you see, I've been watching you and Dodge making with the fun and games for a while now, and I thought that, good night, he wasn't the man for you . . . and maybe if I encouraged him to play some of that—well, whatever it was he played—why, you might get a clearer picture of him and . . ."

Julie's brow furrowed.

"You mean," she said slowly, "that you thought I had the hots for Dodge and—" She started to laugh a little and shook her head again, finally.

"Look," she said firmly. "I have been out to dinner once with Mr. Cal Dodge. He said he wanted to talk business, except I found out it was a different kind of business, so that was that. And I had lunch with him. The rest of the time I've been concentrating on keeping his arm off my shoulder and maintaining a reasonable percentage of politeness and smoothness in the interests of Jazz Fiesta."

"But—" I said. She cocked her head a little to one side and smiled at me tolerantly.

"Don't you know," she said, "that musicians never should think? Their thought processes come apart at the seams. Musicians should never think." She was sitting in one funeral-parlor chair, with her feet on another; now she shifted feet and smiled at me kind of mischievously.

"They could talk, though. Maybe once in a while they could open their mouths and say something."

"Like what?" I said.

"Oh," she said airily, "like that's a nice blouse you're wearing. Miss Wilcox, or listen, Miss Wilcox, would you like to come over to Sardi's and have a cup of coffee. Something like that."

Whooey.

I marshaled my thoughts. No, that's not exactly true. I didn't have any thoughts to marshal. I just stood there, with egg on my face, and got redder and redder, and wished the floor would let me drop through it. Julie got up and put her hand on my arm.

"I stuck around tonight for two reasons," she said. "I had to recover from the debacle of watching the poor man's Van Cliburn—and I thought there was the outside chance that you might play me something, the way you did 'Passion Flower' that other time."

The words still didn't come. So I did what was next best. I reached for baby, shook the wet out of the mouthpiece, and began playing Duke's "Prelude to a Kiss" in E flat.

Name me anybody: Bechet, Vido Musso, Jimmy Dorsey, Harry Carney, Hodges . . . anybody who ever played a saxophone. I don't care who you say, none of them could have cut me, standing there in that WBC studio, half turned away from Julie Wilcox, and playing my idiotic head off. I felt like I was in Last Chance Gulch, staving off the Indians, and if I didn't make this one come out the way it should, I was dead.

So I played it the way I never played before. If I had had the time, I even would have listened to myself playing and said boy, that's great, because like all musicians, I think that, well, Louis is great but I could teach him a thing or two. But I didn't have time. I just played for my life.

When it was done, I put away baby and finally got myself turned around enough so I could look at Julie. She was nice to see, the way she looked. I was aware, suddenly, that I had put the Indians to flight.

And that number played so wonderfully by Henry Chambers," Julie said, making like Dodge. "was 'Prelude to a Kiss.'" Then she stood close to me and looked up.

"So what are you waiting for?" she said.

One thing nobody ever can say about me; nobody can say I ever missed a cue. I discovered something particularly fine, too, when I kissed her. Something even better than just the fabulous feeling I got from the kiss. I discovered that when I was kissing her, I didn't have to talk. It beats talking any day. **THE END**

AMERICAN AUTUMN

It was 1810. America almost stopped at the Kentucky frontier.

It was there that a boy witnessed the meeting of two great men whose vision led our nation far beyond the horizon.

BY PAUL DARCY BOLES ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT WEAVER

They thought the Indian summer would hang on a spell. Jemmy Phillips hoped so; it took the indoors curse off being a storekeep's helper. Made the job of opening nailkegs and sweeping up, racking goods and fixing the fire in the round-bellied iron stove less confined and house-bound. At twelve he was eager-faced, with a sufficiency of cinnamon-colored hair. Miss Lucy, the storekeep's wife, said she'd have to cut it soon, else he'd be as a beast of the wild, just a tangle of fur and eyes.

It was Jemmy who was by himself in the storefront—using a withe-bound broom to whisk out the mud over the sill. He worked as far into the patch of sunlight as he could. Beyond the store some of the houses showed their plumes of smoke—against mild chill—but you could tell it was going to be another great, clear warm day. The crowns of the oaks bore flame where green had been; leaves carpeted the ground, too, and they did something to your heart, lifted it, made you want to whistle something piercing—hold on the high blue air. Weren't many houses visible. You could see where the woods began; sometimes the flicker of a bird, robin or jay, made trembling in the boughs; more often the whole woods just hung silent close by, with the nattering of a jay farther inward.

Odd that with all that leaf-skin to trap footfalls and amplify them he didn't hear the stranger approach. He stopped his broom-swishing, and stared.

Miss Lucy and the storekeep were in the back of the place, talking. He could hear their easy-coming voices from here, but not make out the words. The storekeep liked to talk French; he was fair at English too, getting better each day of his existence; but the old tongue hung naturally to his words. Miss Lucy and the storekeep had just been wedded a couple

of years; Jemmy liked them fine. It wasn't them that hedged and strapped you; it was just the job. Often the storekeep would sigh and look to the woods—he felt the same way, Jemmy knew.

A bound boy—except he never felt bound with the storekeep and Miss Lucy—didn't have many choices; all the same, you could dream. But now he leaned on the broom, inspecting the stranger—his green-blue eyes widened.

The man was older than the way he walked. You couldn't tell that till he got near enough over the leaf-carpet so you could see his hair. It was frost-white. He hadn't made a sound once, coming over those leaves. A long dark shirt, fringed like buckskin but probably homespun cloth, came about to his knees. Leggings, of a soft kind, and moccasins. The stranger was hatless, too; he held his head kind of lifted up tall, and though his eyes didn't seem overly curious, you had the feeling—Jemmy had it strong—that he saw just about everything going on about him. The rifle he toted was about five feet long, curly walnut and iron; he carried it like a practical toy.

Jemmy by now wasn't making any more pretense of sweeping.

The man's long shadow fell across the doorstep stone.

"Morning," said the man. He had a thoughtful and easy voice, too. You knew he'd have that.

"Morning," said Jemmy—added "sir," then, though he couldn't have pinned down just why.

The man's face was a little relief map of hours, weeks, months, years. Very wrinkled, but with the wrinkles all sort of sitting the surface; the flesh bronzed and soaked full of old suns. A small scar near the point of the jaw; looked as though it had been deep, though, when it was a

wound. Cheekbones high and planed off sharp, so that the eyes, though calm and considering, seemed a little assessing at all times, like a painter's when the animal crawled on a high bough, tail-lashing, looking beneath. That same slantwise sleepiness. Which wasn't sleepy.

"This's the store, I reckon." He looked up, at its bough-shadowed roof. "Didn't get my directions too clear—"

"Only store hereabout, sir. They's one down-road five miles, sure, but—"

"O h," said the old man—it was hard to think *old*; yet that's what he was, for all the way he stood light. "That one looked pretty meaching. I didn't think 'twas the one I sought. But this appears to be the boy." He nodded. "Man owns it, now—I can't recollect his name—names kind of go down the wrong path in my mind, my time of life. Skinny soul with a sharp blue eye, crabby-handed."

"Oh!" said Jemmy. He'd forgotten all about the broom. He propped it beside the door. "That's the old man who owned this place, mister."

"Owned?"

"Dead now. Heard it said he just kind of shriveled and puffed away," said Jemmy soberly. "The way old—" He wished he hadn't spoken it, but couldn't, still, think it would bother this man for all his years—"old people do, sometimes. It's got a different owner now, and he's taught me to read—to draw a little, too. I'll fetch him if you want him—"

"Why, yes—be obliged," said the stranger. He frowned a bit. You could some way tell he felt uncomfortable, as Jemmy himself did, about store-dealings. He didn't make any move anyhow to step in, where the smells of blackstrap and leather harness and stone-ground flour and nails and dried fish and the sorghum



*Suddenly, outside the window, Shawnees
materialized, running silent and swift.*

AMERICAN AUTUMN

(continued)

the Indians loved to spread high on any food all made a combined stink which, doubtless, a horn storekeep would have loved. "I lived here a long time back," he said as though telling it just to himself. "This neighborhood, ary how. She's changed." He shook his head a trifle, though it had never lowered. "Used to be naught but woods far as eye could stretch. With the settlement, the houses—logs looking like they growed out of the wilderness. But she's thinned." He drew himself back to practicality. "Son, wait a spell . . . I'm a kind of swivet, now. See. I left here ownin' that old man a goodly amount of cash." With his free hand—he kept the other one curved around the rifle—he gestured. "Got me two pack ponies back yonder. Left 'em in shade, picketed. Left a hound with 'em—nobody'll heist 'em. Both loaded with prime pelts. I come back here to pay off debts." Slowly he shook his massive taut-boned head in the new sunlight. "You wouldn't believe how she's changed, the whole land. Why, I owned thousands of acres. They were mine," he said simply.

He looked a bit lost, thought Jemmy; for all the way he walked as though owning the woods and the air, at times this, bewilderment sat on his mouth and flickered in the deep eyes.

"Yes sir," Jemmy murmured. "Well, I reckon you can talk it out with the store-keep." He didn't misdoubt the stranger's talk. He felt that if he said he'd owned those thousands of acres it was true all right and he had. In the parlous winters when the drafts crept in all places where clay chinking had come loose and the stove was red hot, the old men made the store a headquarters for fancy lying. But this wasn't lying. At twelve, Jemmy knew the difference.

Many of the old men hadn't done much more than stay on the fringes of war; they were the most vocal about their adventures. This man—Jemmy blinked, and looked at the small scar and the weather-map face and most of all—while he blinked at the sun—at the eyes.

He wheeled, and said. "I'll fetch him," and had started back into the store's gloom, feeling odd and dizzy as though somehow he should have known the stranger, as though there were secrets here rich as butternuts for the picking. He was halfway back through the store and just brushing around the end of the counter—where a little window held daylight streaming from the northeast—when something outside the window, a flicker not jay, not catbird or wren, made him stop still. The flicker came from that rim of the woods. All at once it streamed out into a body, two bodies. They were hunkered low to the stubbled earth between here and the trees and they were running like streaming fire. He had time

just to think: Shawnees. They were in full paint and just about naked except for that. One carried a good-sized hand-ax and the other had a pistol.

There wasn't true time to think. Shawnees weren't anything you were really scared of. Except when they were drunk. Sometimes roving ones came down here from Missouri-country and got their skins full and then you had to watch. The thoughts, which were only semi-thought, flashed through his brain like lightning pouring into a stump. The storehouse ell of the building was at that end; he had left it unlatched in the gray dawnlight this morning when he'd gone in from outside to heist out a couple of boxes of the tasty biscuit from Philadelphia. The door'd still be unlocked.

He reached on the wall above the counter and to a ledge there; his motions were as fast as they could be, and he was moving in a morning dream. The gun which the storekeep said he didn't see much sense in keeping there fell bulkily down into Jemmy's hands; he whirled and started back across the gloomed boards toward the swathe of sunlight. He burst into the sweet air. "Mister! Help me! Couple of—" Everything he was about to say dissolved on his throat-muscles. The stranger had vanished.

From the northwest side of the store, the sound of the Indians' yells made illumination that screamed with the sudden splitting hair-rising deathfulness of nightmare itself. In a second they'd be inside.

Jemmy rushed that way. He nearly collided with the stranger. The man was at the corner of the building; legs planted firm as though his heels grew out of the ground with moccasins solid—for all their silent softness—as tree-bark. He was leveling the rifle. Out of a corner of his eye he must have seen Jemmy too. Jemmy was smitten with the instant and wild notion that the stranger had eyes in his head's rear. "Keep down, young'un. Don't pop that gun around me."

Jemmy kept down; he flopped flat in the jimson weed.

The rifle sounded; a quick roar, with smoke floating like milkweed-feathers away from it. The yells of the Indians that had been mixed and horrific changed to one yell only, on the heels of a short flat "Ugh!" of sound; then the hit Indian came staggering from the ell-door; he was the one who'd been brandishing the ax. He'd dropped it. His right hand's fingers spread like arms of a many-clawed crab over his left shoulder, which streamed blood. With jerking odd motions he ran a little distance off into the field toward the woods; then suddenly he tipped forward and lay down, and Jemmy could hear the thud, and even feel it through his shoe-soles.

As if consideringly, the stranger was

remarking, ". . . winged him; I don't like killing Shawnee. Bein' as how I'm next door to a blood brother to 'em." He was reloading, and Jemmy thought he'd never seen hands move so fast; the horn seemed to flicker above the long soft-shining blue barrel; the grains of powder seemed to move as a butterfly wing moved when you reached to grab it.

"O ther one's got a pistol," Jemmy said. He recalled, now, that his own gun was unloaded. His cheeks burned; but it seemed politic to do what the stranger had bade; there'd been that command in the cool old voice; he stayed just where he was.

"So I saw, son."

He'd reloaded, was moving softly around the corner of the store. "Drink's a curse to their race," he remarked even more softly. "The one thing that converts 'em from thinking gentlemen to blub-berin' sin-chunks. Ah, me."

Jemmy had raised his head. His cheeks still burned. What would the young storekeep and Miss Lucy think of him? A grown boy of twelve who lost his head and came running out with an unloaded gun to face the raiders? He caught the shine of Miss Lucy's blue dress from the front doorway of the store, heard her worried voice. He called. "Stay back there, Miz!" He could also see the lean form of the storekeep, crowding behind her. "We got a friend; he's takin' care o' things!"

Even as he called, the second shot came. There was a *spang*, as of struck metal; but this time no special hurt yell. Just a big richening silence from the storehouse-ell flank; then there was the stranger again, reloading once more, but stepping swiftly back toward Jemmy, too. "Hit his pistol—it flew off in the weed yonder," he breathed. He didn't look any more perturbed to Jemmy than if he had been talking about the blazing beautiful weather. "Shucks, though, son. Got to follow him now. T'other one's fixed so he won't do no more harm a spell. He'll wake up and be repentant; they do. But this un's still got his skin cozin' full and he might harm somebody. Looks like I got to catch him."

Jemmy was up on hands and knees. "Afoot?"

A tail of the stranger's left eye flashed. "Told you I left my horses in a cove yonder. They're mere pack animals ary how." He paused and reflected for just one more instant. "Looky. You take Tick-Licker here." The bulk of the rifle was amazingly heavy in Jemmy's arms. He'd somehow thought, seeing it in the hands of the other, that it weighed light. It was ten to twelve pounds at least. "Go flankin' 'im. Right to the east there, past that birch stands up white next the woods. Take a bee-line. I'll aim in from the

other way. When I get the distance on him and make to catch 'im, he'll circle back—brush's too thick farther in for him to go straight on. You can shoot then if you have to—mebbe won't have to."

It was all quicker in the doing than in the thought. He found himself racing across stubble toward the stark birch. The one glance he cast behind him through his flying hair showed him the storekeep, a rangy, slight-built man with glowing eyes, and Miss Lucy, both standing out in front of the doorstep stone of the store, now; they were doubtless as astounded as he, but there wasn't time for explanations. The stranger, running unencumbered, went by Jemmy like a buck deer loosed into the woods from a trap. For some reason that was precisely what Jemmy thought of: a deer, rising over the ground as though it spurned earth, was one with the air and fire and the joyous racing heart of the wilderness.

All the houses were shut up, not a soul in front of them—Jemmy noted that as they flashed by. They'd heard the shots and the Indian yells. So much for the boasting of the neighborhood old men. Smoke still rose like sachem-plumes from chimney-mouths; but the houses presented a solid, alarmed front. Then the houses were gone, as though chopped away—he was at the white birch and past it. The stranger had outdistanced him ten yards back, had entered the woods.

Jemmy's own shoes—he didn't like wearing them, but Miss Lucy said in the chill of the mornings it was essential—created a good deal of ruckus among leaf-mast, fern, and brier.

A wise Indian who knew Jemmy was following would just have waited nearby and fallen on him like a tower. He thought, now, that he'd seen the glint of a knife in this other Indian's thong-belt in addition to the pistol. Either the stranger could hit just where he aimed, or that had been an amazing piece of rifle-luck—shooting the pistol from the red hand. Sweat was streaming into his eyes; the daylight was warming the fern, falling between crooked aisles of oaks, popple, and gum to make the moss its brightest green. Moss was secretive; it glowed like emeralds. Here was where the storekeep liked to come; when trade slacked off a bit he'd sit on a stump as silent as the trees and the moss, and wait while the wings of birds made small ruffling sounds around him. Sounds more confident as the storekeep sat unmoving, chiseled from light and shadow. Then the birds in a strange and companionable stillness would come closer. They'd take the cornbread crumbs the storekeep had spread around him. Sometimes for minutes at a stretch they'd hold as stark-still as a bird could, while his hand fittted

over the paper, the pencil in his fingers sketching them. While his brush dipped fast as light in the colors to get their exact coloration, in little swatches from which, later, he could reconstruct the whole bird's blazing alive self. The storekeep at such times looked like a deer, too, thought Jemmy—not like the running deer which the stranger resembled; like the watching deer, ruminant yet alert as he prepared to drink.

Even though he realized he wasn't running very fast any longer, he kept on going. In the next moment he stepped from the pine-needle-strewn path up a ridge, and there was a clearing below him. He couldn't go much farther before striking the brush. The stranger was probably right. The Indian wouldn't go into the brush. It was just about impossible to get through. No; the poor drunk fool would be somewhere in the pines at

the far side of the clearing. For a second Jemmy leaned back against a pine-trunk; it felt grateful to his back, like a hand holding him up—even though he wanted to sprawl and gulp air. He lifted the rifle and knots stood out in his lithe young arms. He listened, hearing other sounds as the rasp of his breath lessened.

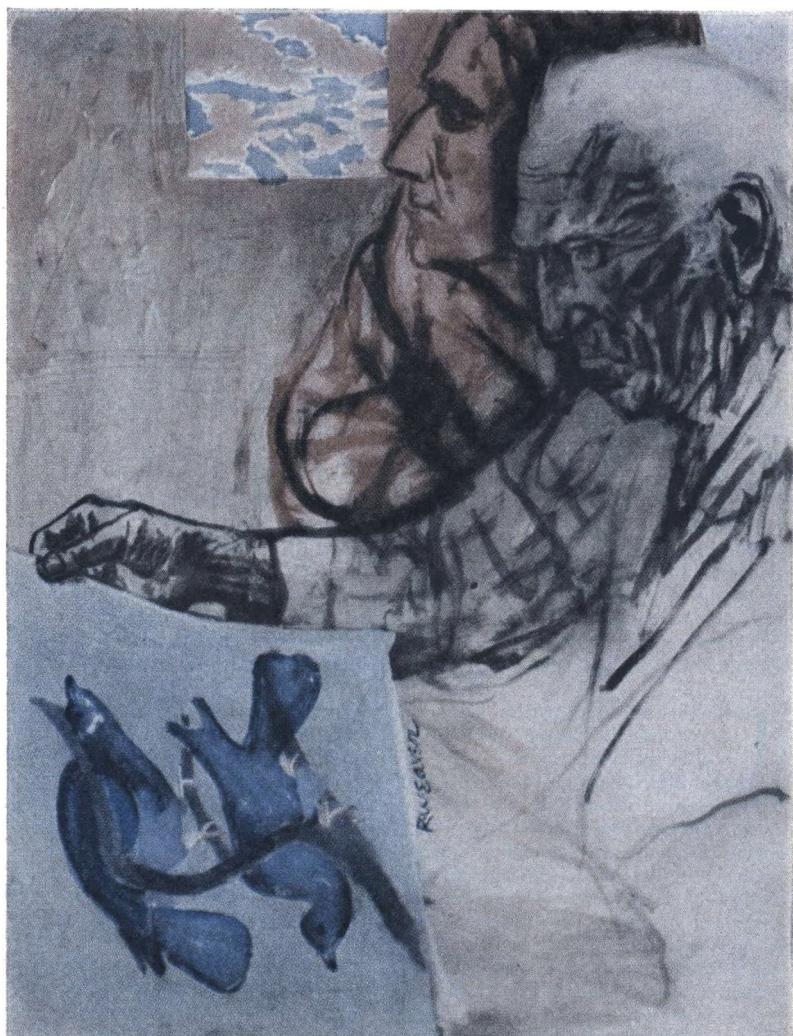
Sweat dripped from his nose-end.

A bickering of birds . . . a leaf-rustle from a large oak to the west. Leaves disturbed fell from the oak—they whirled down like bronze canoes on waterfalls of light, turning lazily. Then that rustling wind dropped.

The bird-noises dropped away as well.

He was hardly breathing at all, to speak of, by now.

When the Indian ran out of the pines on the other side of the clearing it was



The old man took the painting and exclaimed under his breath at the glory that shone there.

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(continued)

as though he'd been expecting him, with confidence and sureness. He lifted the rifle. By stepping back just a trifle and using one fortunately low spike-bough of the pine as a kind of rest, he could get a pure, good aim. He lined up the Indian. The man was squat and a little bow-legged; he was coming as if winded, and Jemmy pitied him a little, for all his horrific fright-giving squalls a short time back. They got to feeling cheated and mighty on a couple of gills of rum. Then they had to steal something—make a raid, no matter how small, to prove they were still possessed of their gods. Yes, though; this one did have a knife all right. He'd seen correctly the first time. It winked at the greasy thong at his waist. It was the sort of knife he could unslip in a hurry out of the looped thong. Jemmy could see the sweat-skein on the dark face now. Could see the impulsive yet agonized strain on the face. Very soon the Indian would see him.

He had a fine line-up; his finger crooked to brush the trigger.

At the selfsame instant, from the north of the clearing, the stranger came in sight. He was running, incredibly, with the same speed he'd had when he started. Also incredibly—yet it was true, as watching the speed of an animal you think, *It can't be that fast*, but it is—he was still making no noise in his skimming progress. The Indian, Jemmy saw, didn't know. Had no faintest idea that the stranger came.

But—that knife . . . his finger tightened just a trifle. It was doubtless a hair-trigger. The stranger seemed to be the kind who would use such; one look, then the shot, and the rifle as responsive as a triumphant extension of eye, hand, and brain.

There wasn't time, this trip either, to think much. If there had been, Jemmy's hands might have started shaking.

All the illumination in the world fell into the clearing.

The stranger's voice called through the silence and the light: "Hold up, son!"

Jemmy's hand dropped so hard he barked his knuckles on the pine.

"The knife, he's got a—"

Then it didn't make any difference that his own voice had been just a bat-squeak; it was too late anyhow. The Indian had whirled, knees loose as though on wagon-springs. In the aching instant, Jemmy wished he hadn't obeyed the power of command ringing in the stranger's voice. If he'd only gone on and shot! Because the knife was unthonged, was balanced on the Indian's back-swinging palm.

He nearly shut his eyes. But didn't. The knife didn't sail. The stranger had hunkered low as he flew; something, even as the knife was out of its thong, had been scooped up by his quick pluck-

ing hand—a pine-knot, a good-sized one. From where he stood dry-mouthed and bug-eyed Jemmy heard it whistle. It struck the Indian knot-end-first, in the forehead; the Indian went down backward and the knife wheeled sharp in air for one tenth of a second and skittered off into curving fern-fronds.

"Good, sweet, gol," said Jemmy. **G** The stranger knelt above the Indian. "C'mon, son. He'll need help. Reckon I'll have to sling him and carry him back." He scraped the knife back toward him with a flip of his foot, and tossed it to Jemmy. "Take that, 'long with my old Tick-Licker. Brute to carry for you, ain't she?"

Jemmy said. "She—she's all right."

A smile whiskered the ancient face. Somehow it didn't look ancient; it was as if the blood of someone as young as Jemmy himself coursed under those leathered wrinkles. "That's the spunk, son. Reckon you won't have to worry near as much as I did when I's your age about Indians. Used to dream of 'em, when I's even younger'n you." Again it was also as if he talked to himself; the great past swung in his time-cradling voice. "That was before I got myself captured. What you know—someday, you cease to fear it."

He gathered the limp purple-copper of the Indian's body in his arms as if lifting a child, curved the body around his shoulders, and straightened. There was going to be a nasty bulge on the Indian's brow, but he wasn't dead.

"I think we'll amble back, boy—" he jerked his head northeast—"by way o' this ridge. I got a few balms and medicaments among the rest of the foofaraw in my pack. We'll patch up this child and leave him in some shade to drain out. Be obliged if you'd march along with me for the company—and kind of to make my apologies and oblegances to your store-keep for all the trouble."

"Yes—yes sir," said Jemmy. "But you didn't cause it! He'll be glad to see you!"

"Oh, well, that's nice. Nice to get no blame for trouble. Why, I don't know. Just seems every place I ever been in my life there was some kind of trouble. Folks've said I attract it. Think it'd stop, now I'm old-aged." His eyes were slitting a trifle as the two walked. With his burden his shoulders lifted as high as ever. "And I'm seventy-six," he murmured musingly. "And son, no matter who claims it ain't, there's mornings when that's old."

On the way back to the shelving roof of oaks under which the stranger had left his two bay pack-ponies and his hound, and then after he'd ministered to the Indian and talked to him a little in Shawnee and evidently given him sound advice—for the Indian nodded, smiled, and

lay back with only a slight pain-grimace against the elm-trunk where they left him—all this time, the tall man talked. It was in bits and snatches of revelation; it was never the prideful, frog-bellying, importantly reminiscing way most old men of Jemmy's acquaintance did. This man talked to Jemmy, not for his amazement.

Jemmy's inner eyes—the eyes of his mind—were growing larger. There was speculation like a whisper of wonder in his soul. Old tales . . . old half-legends. Of a man who'd once lived in these parts. A man who'd carved them out of the long grass and the silent trees and the yelling redskins. Who'd made towns.

He didn't voice his suspicions right now. The stranger's voice took up again, musingly, not proudly: "You get too many houses and somethin' happens. Oh, Lord, son, I know you got to have 'em. But when they come in somethin' in you starts to die. Just naturally shrivels up, like you say that old storekeep done. When we cut the Wilderness Road—had thirty men to do it with me, three hundred miles from Watauga Shoals to the Kentuck' River—we were makin' something; but you never know what you make until you grow old and see it there. Wasn't a bad road, not a bad job of making . . ." He sighed. Then smiled. "Now, here's your storekeep's place. Never mind the daunciness of an old man like me. Step up nice and tell him and his lady it weren't my fault."

"It wasn't your fault," Jemmy said.

I Out of the woods, they crossed the stubble. The storekeep and Miss Lucy had sighted them, and were running toward them. A knot of people—the townsfolk on this side of town. Jemmy thought with some scorn, those who'd kept their heads respectfully hidden while the Indian menace was loose—came streaming after Miss Lucy and the storekeep over the bright, furzy ground. Jemmy looked down at his own shadow, considerably short and not projecting far beyond the shadows of pack-horses and the great lengthening shadow of the old man and the hound's slabby shadow on this ground, though he was pacing a trifle ahead of them. He sucked in breath, and made the plunge.

"Wasn't a near bit of it your fault, Colonel Boone." Then he stood still. Pack horses and hound ambled on a mite of a way, the hound looking back and whining. The babbling townsfolk of Lexington and Miss Lucy and Jemmy's employer the storekeep were coming fast. "I'm just proud to know you, sir."

The old man's eyes looked pleased. He smiled that whisker of satisfaction again. His hand was a grip like grinding stones, though Jemmy could tell he lightened it on purpose.

"Why," he said, "they remember me

roundabout, then. I wa'n't sure they would. All the way comin' back from the Femme Osage country. I kept kind of wondering. It's nice to be recalled."

Daniel Boone didn't open up much with the townsfolk around; it was only later, in the back section of the store, where Miss Lucy a year before had fixed up pretty admirable living quarters, considering what she had to work with, that he sort of expanded and let loose. The storekeep had five gallons of flower-wine; they'd all drunk a thimble.

Now light spread in a special table-cloth of its own making over the broad table, and the storekeep and Boone eyed each other contentedly above the remnants of the meal. You could tell they were exactly the same breed of cat. It was something about the way each sat; the trifling motions of the pipe Boone drew on, his fingers thoughtful on the clay stem; the light that had always lived in the storekeep's eyes, ever since Jemmy remembered coming to work for him and Miss Lucy.

Boone was saying, ". . . no sir. I won't say there wa'n't bitterness in me for a time. When my claims got confounded in the law courts, when I heard the gummint men dividing up what I'd staked out as rightfully mine—it hurt my heart, sir. For I'm not much of a talking man, for all I've yarned in the past—there's something words won't say, about the wilderness. It was there, and it waited; and by thunder, it's still there!" He leaned forward. "They haven't divvied it up like a pie yet, sir—back in Mississip'. I've got a land-tract. Got it from the Spanish—" His eyes looked puzzled. "And that's a queer thing; to be gifted by the Spanish, and not your own people . . . but I reckon it don't make a hill o' beans where you get it—oh," he said, "Oh." He passed a hand over his eyes. "I was forgetting. That was lifted away from me, too. When they lofted the American flag in Saint Louis—there went that land."

Odd there was nothing pitiful or self-pitying about the words of this man who'd been, in many ways, robbed by his own countrymen. Odd to see his eyes flare with old remembrance as if they saw the Gap again, for nearly the first time; for the first time in white man's realization. That was when they looked the youngest. That strength got in them now.

"**M**ister! I'm bumfoozling you with chatter. They tell me you're an accomplished artist. Boy tells me you've taught him to read, taught him some art-tricks too."

The storekeep nodded. "He is eager. When that is there—" He shrugged. "It becomes not a matter of teaching, but simply of guidance. Yes, I would like you to see my paintings; my drawings."

The Indian summer would stay a day or two, no doubt. But this evening Jemmy felt the most restlessness in him he'd ever felt. It was a quality of the seeking air. It smelled faint of winter coming and yet all the sap and resin of the gone summer lived in the core of it, too. He could see it was in Miss Lucy as well; she was pretty, bending there over the table, drawing her fingers along a heron's feather. The feather lived like an exotic, wondrous part of the world brought here as a blood-pounding reminder of parts unknown, still unexplored now in 1810.

It had been brought here by a traveler from the Gulf country.

As he rose from the table, the storekeep's eyes saw Miss Lucy dangling the feather.

"Dieu," he said soft. "To follow those birds; to go into the marshes. To put them down on paper . . . to, perhaps, make a book of them—"

Oh, yes, he was half-wild himself. Like Boone. You could see it in them. And Miss Lucy said, as soft as he'd been speaking, "Listen. There's a flight coming now."

For the past few seconds the drumming had been in the air. It was that. Jemmy knew, which had made the restlessness. For something charmed and open—as if the air itself brought a message from God—came into the air at these times, with that sound. The storekeep had already wheeled around and taken down a big arm-long sheaf of his drawings and paintings from one of the high cabinets. Jemmy flicked a glance at them; there was a woodpecker's head, and the colors flashed so swift to the eye, the black and the scarlet and the clear, amber eye, that he felt his heart yearn toward the art, as it always did.

But though Boone reached to take the nearest painting—a tanager, it was—and exclaimed under his breath as the full glory stared up in a sunlight-shaft—late light—Miss Lucy and the storekeep were as if hovering impatiently above the table, now.

Jemmy couldn't keep shut any longer.

"Sir! Colonel Boone! It's a pigeon flight—would you watch it with us, sir?"

"Yes," said Daniel Boone. He was looking into the eyes of the storekeep though, not at Jemmy. He had found something, his eyes reported: all at once, in the small room here back of the store, he had discovered something. It looked to be as big and awesome to him as the Cumberland Gap. "I'd be pleased to watch the pigeons with you. Let's go."

Through the store—the smells of cheeses, of clabber and whey and nails and harness—out the front door. Shadows were rising. The last of the sun was falling over the trees. The pack-horses of Colonel Boone, his hound sleeping

nearby, were tethered over there near the storehouse-ell where the two sorry Indians had tried theirfeat of daring. They paid no mind to the pigeons.

They were, all of them, in the yard. Miss Lucy's dress fluttered in the night-wind. "Oh!" she said. "They're coming from the east." Then she could say no more, holding her throat with fingertips just touching it, staring up.

The storekeep stared. His long-boned face, his dark rich eyes, opened wide and wider. A flush of something like joy, like need, came into his face. His lips were open. His hands moved in slight quiet motions at his flanks as though he were sculpturing, painting, drawing, bringing the birds as they were into form that every man could see forever.

Boone stood easy, huge against gathering night. The drumming had turned to thunder, the thunder to a long roll of continuous music. In the semi-light, suddenly cut off as the first wave of passenger pigeons rolled above. Boone's whole face was lighted and he might have been nineteen, and Jemmy, seeing it, wished to cry out, to mark it down somehow; but then he knew he would remember anyway. And in his veins he felt the whispering consciousness, which children sometimes know, that men would remember, that the living minute would be graven. He didn't even have to tell anybody about it, in future or now; it would be remembered because of the will of the men. Nobody forgets will and enchantment and love of the wild.

Wave on wave came the pigeons; their breasts burned in the last of the light. They flew into the seas of light and were swallowed.

Minutes later when they had gone—a small flight, but Jemmy himself had seen them darken the sky for a day—Boone said without breaking the spell, but as if he too were both maker and holder of a spell. "Sir, Mr. Audubon. Why, sir, don't worry about it. You'll go into the wilderness. You'll make all your bird-pictures. They'll get done."

It was like a vow shared, a pledge shot from one to the other of the men.

"Of course he will," said Miss Lucy sweetly. "And your grandsons, Colonel Boone, will read the books."

"Sure," Jemmy said, because it was right for him to talk now. And anyhow, he felt positive. "It's—reckon it's something like you did, Colonel Boone. It's something—"

But none of them had to speak any longer then; they all knew what it was. It lived in the sky above Kentucky toward which the two men were again staring, side by side, as if they would fathom the last secrets beyond the west and print them as true gifts for America.

THE END



Cosmopolitan's Complete Mystery Novel

SLEEP LONG, MY LOVE

In the secret bedroom where their love had died, he held her in his arms and made a horrible decision.

BY HILLARY WAUGH

ILLUSTRATED BY ALEX ROSS

It was ink black in the back bedroom of the little house, black and suffocatingly warm. With the shades down, the windows closed, and the furnace going full blast, he could feel the room pressing in on him, holding and smothering him.

He couldn't see the naked girl in the bed beside him but he could feel her, feel her head on his shoulder, her arm across his chest, her body against his. He stared up into the blackness and wondered if she was asleep. He wondered if he'd waited long enough. Slowly he turned his head toward the radium dial of the clock. He moved very carefully, holding the rest of his body still, but his hair rustled on the pillow.

The woman raised her head. "Stay the night, Johnny," she whispered.

He turned back and stared again at the warm, close darkness above. "You know I can't do that," he answered woodenly.

She struggled to one elbow and he could feel her warm breath in his face. "Come on, Johnny," she murmured. "The hell with anything else. What do you care?"

He pushed her aside firmly and sat up, fumbling for and lighting a cigarette. She moved in against him, her head against his. "Johnny, what's the matter? Everything's going to work out fine." She rubbed a finger lovingly over the mole on his right shoulder blade and he hated it. He wanted to lash out at her but he was careful to give no sign. "That's just the

point; it won't work out," he said harshly.

She snapped on the light and there was a touch of fear in her voice. "What do you mean it won't work out?"

"Just that." He stared at the floor. "It's no good. We might just as well face it."

She spoke fiercely. "You can't say that. It will work. I'm not going to let it not work!"

He looked at her then and he couldn't keep the anger entirely out of his voice. "Will you grow up? You're not a child any more. I agreed to give it a try and we've tried it and it doesn't work."

"You agreed to try for three months. It's not even one month."

"I don't need three months," he replied, sighing.

Her voice rasped with sudden bitterness. "You didn't need one month. I'll bet. You had no intention of giving us a chance when you started!" She climbed from the bed and got to her knees in front of him. "Johnny. Johnny, please. Let's not fight. If you'd only do it right! If you'd only tell your wife you're going on a trip and come stay with me so we could really live together, then you'd see. This isn't any good, just evenings, you coming in and going home again."

He looked at her and his eyes were cold. He said. "Can't you know a man hates a clinging vine? Can't you tell when something's over?"

She sank back slowly, then met his eyes. "I'm not going to let you go, Johnny," she said.

Grimly the cops unpacked the trunk. With a sudden shriek, Restlin bolted.

His mouth tightened. "What do you want out of me? Is it money? I'll give you money."

She shook her head, watching as he puffed jerkily on the cigarette. "I'll tell you what I want," the girl said, gazing at him evenly. "I want a father for my baby."

He started. "Your baby?"

She nodded. "I didn't want to tell you. I didn't want to hold it over you. But you forced me. You're going to have to marry me."

He reached numbly and mashed out the cigarette. She came beside him again, whispering. "It's all right, Johnny. You can get your divorce in Reno and I'll go out with you. I'll make you happy, Johnny. You see if I don't—"

She kept on talking but he had stopped listening. He had hoped against hope he would be able to discourage her. He had hoped there would be some other way to get her out of his life, but the baby queered it all.

Now he knew that he would have to kill her.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 26, 1959. Since it was vacation and he didn't have to drop his two little girls off at school, Raymond Watly, thirty-five-year-old real estate agent, didn't leave his home in Ashmun until eight-forty and didn't arrive at the Restlin Real Estate Office in Stockford, Connecticut, until ten minutes of nine. He entered through the rear of the converted frame house

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SLEEP LONG, MY LOVE

(continued)

whistling a tune, but he stopped at the office door and stared. There was a hole in the glass, as if someone had put a fist through it close to the knob. Mr. Watly wasted no time. He let himself in and called Mr. Restlin, his employer.

Frank Restlin was a bustling little man, a gray-haired, gnomelike creature who had found real estate a more likely prospect than women and had married his business. The operation was a mistress of many facets. Not only did the Restlin Company act as agent in sales and renting, but in many cases acted as landlord for its clients. In addition, Mr. Restlin was a landlord himself, so there were few phases of real estate that he didn't handle. It was a company that had grown fat under his watchful eye and he was on the scene five minutes after Watly's call, alert and anxious. He almost ran to Watly on the stoop, saying, "What is it, Ray? They take anything?" It didn't matter that Watly hadn't found anything missing. Restlin took one look at the hole in the glass and called the police.

The call was taken by Chief Fred C. Fellows in his office back of the main desk. He listened quietly to the real estate man's expostulations and then said, "A broken window? What are we supposed to do about that, Mr. Restlin?"

"It's not just a broken window," Restlin snapped. "It's breaking and entering, that's what it is. It's burglary."

Fellows said he'd send someone over and hung up with a sigh. He went to his door and gestured. "All right, Sid," he said to Detective Sergeant Sidney G. Wilks. "You'd better go over to Restlin Real Estate. He thinks he's been robbed."

Restlin's was two blocks away from headquarters in downtown Stockford, and Wilks walked both ways. The chief was talking over at the main desk when he returned to the basement room in the town hall three quarters of an hour later, pulling off his heavy clothing and complaining about the cold. "What was it?" Fellows said. "A false alarm?"

"No. It was for real. All Restlin's leases were stolen."

"His what?"

"His leases. I'm not kidding." Wilks leaned on the desk to tell him the details of the discovery. He was a husky man, six feet tall, with wide shoulders and a big, heavy frame.

Fellows listened. He was a big man. He too, but older, and some of his weight was in the paunch around his stomach. "That's the damnedest thing I ever heard," he said when Wilks was through. "Now what would anybody want those leases for?"

"I'd say somebody wants to renege on the rent some way. If there's no lease, he can't be accused of it. I'm having Restlin

check to see who's behind in his payments."

The chief took a plug of chewing tobacco from his shirt pocket and bit off a piece. "Now that reminds me of a story," he said. "There was this hunter who wasn't a very bright guy and when he was coming home empty-handed one evening, he came upon a sign which said, 'Ten-dollar fine for trespassing.' Well, it was late and he was tired so he cut through the forbidden property anyway and he didn't get far before he had the bad luck to run into the owner. The owner grabbed him and said, 'You're under arrest for trespassing.' So you know what the hunter did? He shot and killed the owner.

So, what happened was he got caught and hanged for murder, but that not-so-bright hunter died with a smile on his lips. You know why? Because he was thinking to himself: 'I never did get fined that ten dollars.'"

Wilks said, "Get to the point, Fred."

Fellows scratched a cheek. "The point is I don't think many people are as dumb as that hunter. If a guy wants to run out on a lease, why doesn't he just run? Breaking and entering is a crime." He chewed thoughtfully. "Seems to me a fellow'd only do that to hide a worse crime, not a lesser one."

"You take this seriously, then?"

"Yes, I guess I do." He reached under the counter for the phone book and found Restlin's number. He dialed, asked the man what he'd found, and then said. "Well, I'll tell you what you do. You hold off hunting for delinquent tenants and, instead, look up everybody who's on a short-term lease right now. Then you call me back."

He hung up and Wilks said, "You got something on your mind, Fred?"

"Like I said. Who'd commit a crime to break a lease?"

THURSDAY, 11 A.M.—12. Restlin called back in three quarters of an hour. He was both nervous and excited. "I want to tell you, Chief. I did like you said and there's one house. There's this guy, name of Campbell, who took the house for a month, signed a month's lease, signed it in January. There's something funny going on around there because it's available the first of March and yesterday in the afternoon Watly took a prospect out to look at it and the place was all locked up. Nobody was home, not even his wife."

The chief said, "That's your only short-term lease?"

"Yes, and he paid in advance. I don't know why you think anything's wrong there. He can't gyp me."

"All the same, Mr. Restlin, suppose we go out and have a look. We'll pick you up." He put down the phone as Wilks came in with two containers of coffee. He said, "Drink up, Sid. We're going to look at a house."

"Empty, I suppose."

"It was yesterday afternoon, at least."

"But you don't think it's lease-breaking. You think somebody used it for a hideout?"

Fellows shrugged. "Hideout, stolen goods, I don't know. Maybe for nothing."

Wilks and Fellows picked up Restlin about twenty after eleven and he directed them to the place, which was three miles out of town just off Old Town Road on Highland. It was a white bungalow with five small rooms, a cellar and an attic, set back fifty feet with a dry lawn, an unpainted garage, and an acre of woods around it. The nearest house was a hundred yards away across the street.

The place was empty, locked and cold, and Restlin let the officers in through the back door. He entered first, almost tripping over two suitcases standing just inside; then he let out an anguished shriek and hurried to the sink beside the stove. "The furnace is out! The pipes! The water!" No water came from the tap and Restlin ran to the cellar door and clattered down the stairs.

Fellows shook his head. "I'll bet that man's got an ulcer." He paused and sniffed. "What's that smell?"

It was a faint, slightly unpleasant and unidentifiable odor, but it didn't interest Wilks. He was studying the green lacquered plastic suitcases, which were packed and locked and which bore the initials J.S. stamped in gold. "J.S.," he said, "doesn't stand for Campbell."

The chief sniffed the air again and said, "Well, let's take a look around."

He stepped through an open door on the left into a tiny hall with three other doors. One led to a small, darkened back bedroom with the shades down and a double bed stripped to the mattress, the next to a bathroom with a scummy tub, the last to a still smaller bedroom with another double bed carelessly made. Fellows wandered through the latter bedroom, then to a neat dining room at the front and then into an L-shaped living room. He was still sniffing. The fireplace was around the corner near the kitchen and he got down in front of it. "Something they burned?" he asked Wilks. The ashes were old and gray with some charred bits in them. There was a blackened stub of log but everything else had been consumed.

Restlin pulled open the kitchen door and leaned over a chair towards the chief. "The pipes've burst," he said as if he wanted to cry. "They let the fire go out and they didn't turn off the water."

"That's too bad," Fellows said, poking the ashes. A blackened piece of metal showed and the chief removed a glove to reach for it.

Restlin edged closer around the chair. "What's that?"

"A carving knife, wouldn't you say?" He handed it to Wilks and poked again and pulled out a hacksaw, also with the

handle burned away. Wilks said. "What does burnt flesh smell like, Fred? I'm thinking—"

Fellows said quietly. "I know what you're thinking, Sid. You'd better leave those things here and we'll take a look down cellar."

Restlin went with them, complaining that while they were wasting time the culprits were escaping. Fellows ignored him. He checked the wood and coal bins and the preserve closet. In the cold furnace he found some more strange-looking ashes. Wilks lifted a sheet covering a trunk and said. "Look here, Fred." It was a green metal trunk, and his finger was pointed to two worn initials painted in yellow on the top. They were the initials J.S.

Fellows tested the lock and sniffed at the corners. Then he said. "Get a screwdriver, Sid. Let's see if we can't force this thing."

When they broke it open, they found it crammed with feminine clothes; they started lifting them out grimly, piling them on the sheet. They tried to crowd Restlin out but he hovered, attempting to get a look. He found his chance when the last of the clothes were being removed. He leaned over the side, then shrieked and ran up the cellar stairs.

THURSDAY, 12:45—2:15. Dr. James MacFarlane, the Stockford Medical Examiner, trudged slowly up the cellar stairs with his little black bag in his hand. He found the chief talking to reporters in the living room.

"It's a woman's body," Fellows was saying. "Head, arms, and legs cut off." He turned when MacFarlane came up. "Well, Jim, anything you can add?"

The medical examiner shrugged. "She's been dead anywhere from three days to a week or even longer. May be pretty hard to determine what the cause of death was. I'll do an autopsy at the hospital. By the way, it looks as if some of the abdominal organs have been removed."

"Any skill involved?"

"None whatsoever. Whoever did it knows nothing about anatomy—not so much as a butcher."

Fellows nodded. He told MacFarlane he could remove the body; then he ordered the fireplace and furnace ashes to be collected and sent to the State Police lab. Three men were put to work fingerprinting and inventorying the house.

Sergeant Wilks came in and found Fellows in the kitchen sitting over a cup of black coffee. "I've been talking to the woman in the house down the way," he said, taking a seat at the table. "Where'd you get that?"

"There's a pot on the stove and sugar here. No milk. It's sour."

Wilks helped himself and came back. "It's quite a story she tells."

"The woman in the house?"

Wilks nodded. "She's one of those nosy neighbors. Nobody could set foot out of this place without her knowing it."

"So what's she say?"

"She says the people who had this house were named Campbell and she saw the woman at a distance occasionally and called on her once. Mrs. Campbell was blonde, about five and a half feet, and not a very friendly person. She last saw her about a week ago. Mr. Campbell, she says, she only saw once, but she knew his comings and goings. There was a pattern to them. Every night, about five-thirty, she'd see the lights of his car when he came in. He'd stay about twenty minutes and drive off again. About eight o'clock he'd come back but usually only for a couple of hours. Then off he goes again. Some nights he was there until after the woman went to bed but she says his car was always gone in the morning. And he was never there weekends."

"But she did see him once?"

Wilks nodded. "That was the break in the pattern. He came home in the afternoon. She even knew the date, Friday the thirteenth. He pulled up in front of the house about three o'clock, and went up to the door with a vacuum cleaner, a new one. His wife let him in

and about twenty minutes later he came out in his shirt-sleeves and put the car in the drive. At just that time a grocery truck stopped with a delivery. He paid the boy and took the things in. Then, by quarter of five he was gone again, just about dark. Half an hour later, back he comes and this time he stayed. He was still there when the woman went to bed, but he was gone again the next morning when she got up."

"A vacuum cleaner?" Fellows said musically. "What would he want that for? There's an old one in the closet here that works fine."

"Search me. You didn't find a second vacuum cleaner?"

"Nope. He must have taken it away again." Fellows sipped his coffee. "This woman tell you what Campbell looked like?"

"Only that he was tall and had dark hair. Her house is pretty far away."

One of the men doing the fingerprinting came into the kitchen shaking his head. "It's useless," he complained. "The whole place is wiped clean, Chief."

"Keep trying," Fellows told him. He finished his coffee and got up. "You take over here, Sid. I'm going in and see Restlin." He paused. "One thing you can do. Set someone tracing the grocery boy."



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SLEEP LONG, MY LOVE

(continued)

Frank Restlin wasn't in his office. "He went home," Watly told the chief. "He was feeling sick. Was it really a murderer?"

"There was a body. We don't know how she died." Fellows pulled off his gloves and cap and unzipped his jacket. "You ever see this man Campbell?"

"Yes, sir. In fact, I was the one who handled the deal. Mr. Restlin was out with another client that day."

"Want to tell me about it?"

Watly wet his lips. He got out cigarettes and offered one to Fellows, who shook his head and resorted to his chewing tobacco instead. "I wish I hadn't handled it now, believe me," the real estate agent complained. "Mr. Restlin blames me for what happened—the pipes freezing, especially. He's feeling pretty bad about that."

"Worse than about the body, I'll bet."

Watly smiled wanly. "You're probably right, but certainly I couldn't see anything wrong with the man."

"He came in looking for a house to rent?"

"That's right. Twenty-third of January. I looked it up. He was in his thirties, I'd say, pretty well heeled. He had dark hair like mine but he was about two inches shorter. About five-ten, I'd say. He said he'd only be in town a short time and he wanted a house for a month. He wanted it completely furnished and he wanted it cheap. What he took was the cheapest we had. It's way out in the woods, but he said his wife preferred it that way. I showed it to him and he signed the lease and paid the money. He had it on him."

"His wife with him?"

"No. I never saw her at all. I gave him two keys and said I'd turn on the water and start the furnace the last day of January, which I did, and when or if they moved in I didn't know until I heard about the body. Poor Mr. Restlin. He's got this new prospect I took out yesterday who wants the place for a year, but the pipes have burst."

"What about Campbell's references?"

"They're on his application." Watly went to the file cabinet for it and handed it to the chief, then sat down.

Employed by Gary Hardware Company, Erie, Pennsylvania," Fellows said and looked up. "I don't see any character references listed."

"He said anyone at Gary from the president on down would be glad to vouch for him."

"You check on this?"

"Mr. Restlin didn't bother. It's a reputable firm."

"No last address?"

"He said he was usually in hotels. He moved around a lot."

Fellows laid the paper on the desk. "This application isn't very well filled out. It's not even signed."

Watly looked most uncomfortable. "That's my fault. I filled it out. He was in a hurry and he had paid cash and Mr. Restlin wouldn't want to lose out on the deal so I didn't want to be fussy. I guess I made a mistake."

"All right, no matter. I have an idea he planned it that way. Any copies of his signature around?"

Watly shook his head. "Only on the lease and that's gone."

"And that," said Fellows, getting up. "is probably the reason it's gone."

THURSDAY, 3:30—7:00 P.M.

042 File 2 Pd Stockford Ct Feb 26-59
PD Erie Penna.

*Request info John Campbell dark hair
5-10 wt 160 age 30-40 employed Gary
Hardware Co ur city wanted on suspicion
of murder please confirm
Auth F C Fellows Opr Norton 3-30 PM
ZZZZZ*

064 File 8 PD Erie Penna Feb 26-59

PD Stockford Ct
Campbell Vice Pres Gary Hardware Co
age 53 ht 5-9 wt 165 hair gray request
instructions
Auth T F Prendergast Opr Rikers 4-29
PM
ZZZZ

042 File 2 PD Stockford Ct Feb 26-59

PD Erie Penna
Investigate whereabouts John Campbell
Feb 1-26 age and hair wrong can you
send photo Campbell
Auth F C Fellows Opr Norton 4-47 PM
ZZZZZ

064 File 8 PD Erie Penna Feb 26-59

PD Stockford Ct
Campbell in Nassau Jan 23-Feb 23 re-
turned to work Feb 24 confirm hair
gray age 53 only John Campbell in
Gary Hardware records sending photo
Auth T C Prendergast Opr Rikers 5-19
PM
ZZZZ

Chief Fellows was looking over the shoulder of the girl in communications when the last message came in. He tore off the sheet and scowled at it. "Tell them to hold up—no. Tell them I want that alibi checked out, Doris." He took the paper with him back to the headquarters room downstairs.

Three reporters were there, talking with Wilks and plainclothesman Edward N. Lewis. Fellows let them all see the message and Lewis said, "That time element's interesting. Campbell left for Nassau on the twenty-third of January and that's the day Campbell rented the house."

One of the reporters said, "Think it's the same guy, Chief?"

Fellows smiled. "Now wouldn't I be a fool to go speculate in front of the press?"

"What's the next move?"

"Sergeant Wilks and I are going out to look over the house again."

Wilks said, "Hey. I've been all over it. Fred. It's been checked very thoroughly."

"Not by me." He smiled. "Come on, Sid. What do you want to do, go home early?"

There was a reporter at the house, talking to the patrolman on guard, when Wilks and Fellows arrived. He was a dark-haired, youngish man who introduced himself as Hilders of the Bridgeport *Courier* and said he'd been assigned to the case. "That's a coincidence," Fellows told him. "I've been assigned to it too."

"I've been wanting to see the house."

Fellows shook his head. "Nobody but authorized personnel gets inside, Mr. Hilders. If we find anything, we'll let you know—back at headquarters."

"It's my aim to conduct an investigation on my own."

"Okay. You find something, you can let us know."

The chief and Wilks went inside, leaving Hilders behind. Fellows walked through the house turning on all the lights. They ended in the kitchen and looked around. Wilks said, "This Mr. Campbell won't be the vice-president at Gary, that's for sure. It might be somebody who knew him, or who had heard of him, though."

"And," Fellows added, "the woman wouldn't be his wife. Not with assumed names. Probably one or both of them were married to someone else, though."

"Why married, necessarily?"

"Same reason. Assumed name."

Wilks nodded. "And he probably meant to kill her all along. This is a nice love-nest setup and he could sell it to her for that, but it's even better for a murderer. Nobody would still suspect anything if he hadn't stolen the leases."

"That's the one thing I wonder about," Fellows said. "Cutting up the body was obviously for purposes of disposal. Why did he steal the lease before he finished getting rid of it?" There was no answer to that question and he poked around the kitchen a little. "Pretty bare," he said. "Our friend was kind of careful about clues."

"He was," Wilks said. "No papers, no writing, no fingerprints. No nothing except these two suitcases."

"We'll have a locksmith open them in the morning."

They started an examination of the house then. Fellows went to the rear bedroom with its drawn shades and stripped mattress. He shook his head. "This is the larger bedroom, two-view exposure and three windows, but the

other bedroom's where they slept. Now why would they pick the worse room?"

Wilks said, "What's the answer got to do with finding Campbell?"

"If we can find the answers to enough questions, we'll turn him up."

"That's not the kind of question I'd ask."

Fellows turned. "All right, Sid, what questions have you got?"

"I'd ask why are the shades down, the bed stripped and the sheets missing? And I'd answer by saying she was probably killed here or hidden here."

"Okay. I'll go along. Next question?"

"What did he do with the missing parts of the body? The saw and knife you found in the fireplace means to me he burned them."

Fellows laughed. "I guess that's a fair deduction all right."

"Those are the kind of questions that lead us somewhere. Fred. What difference does it make where they slept?"

"I don't know, Sid. I just ask them to satisfy myself. I guess. For instance, I'd kind of like to know where he burned the parts."

"The furnace, of course. And maybe the fireplace."

"But if the fireplace, why, Sid? You try it and you'll smell up the neighborhood."

"Which may be why the guy got panicked and didn't finish."

Fellows clapped him on the shoulder. "You're quite a detective, Sid. I'd promote you except that'd put me out of a job and I'm not aiming to retire for quite a spell."

Fellows went into the bathroom then and studied the tub. "What's your detective ability tell you about this? You think maybe he sawed her up in here?"

"That's where I'd do it, and there's no blood anywhere. It would have to be here."

Fellows seemed satisfied. He moved into the smaller bedroom, examined the closet, the drawers and the floor. Then he peeled the covers off the bed one at a time, examining the way it was made. The two pillows showed indentations, and Fellows reached between them, withdrawing a long black hair which he put into an envelope and sealed. "These floors are dusty," he said. "Better have it collected and sent to the lab. Better empty that vacuum cleaner too." He walked into the dining room making a face. "I hate working with dust but that's about all the guy's left us."

He found no clues there, and moved into the living room, climbing the attic stairs back of the fireplace for a brief check. The pad on the telephone table caught his eye on his return. "Something was written on the sheet above this blank sheet," he said. "There're faint indentations on it."

"Nothing legible. I looked."

"Not yet, anyway," answered the chief.

Next, they went down to the cellar. The clothes from the trunk were still piled on the sheet and the trunk itself sat open and empty. Fellows closed the lid and looked at the initials. He said, "This is the girl's trunk and she was single. I have to guess the man was married."

"How do you know she was single?"

"Stands to reason. These are old initials. The suitcases are new and the initials are the same. She wasn't married. I'd put a bet on it."

"Not with me you won't."

Fellows stared down at the trunk in the dim light of the naked bulb by the furnace. "But who was she and where did she come from?" Then, as if an idea had struck him, he lifted the trunk by one handle and turned it over. There, on the bottom, was a brand new express label on which was printed in ink, "Mrs. John Campbell, 2 Highland Road, Stockford, Conn."

Wilks said, "Hey, boy," and Fellows smiled. "Just happened to remember nobody looked at the bottom when the body was in it. Well, the trunk was shipped. That makes it easier."

When they came up the stairs again, Wilks was beaming, but Fellows wasn't finished. "Now for the telephone pad," he said. He tore off the top sheet, found iodine in the medicine cabinet and a large cooking spoon and candles in the kitchen. He filled the spoon with iodine and, with Wilks' help, heated it over a candle, holding the paper above the vapors for several minutes. "It's not accepted laboratory technique," he said, "but we might get some results."

When the paper was permeated, he removed it to cool. As they watched, the sheet took on a faintly bluish cast, and as the cooling progressed, the indentations turned a slightly darker blue. When the process was complete, the writing was clearly legible. It was in a feminine hand and said, "Jean Sherman, 402 Westville Street, Bridgeport, Connecticut."

"Voila," said Fellows. "The missing girl."

"Nice of her to leave her name and address."

"Right nice." The chief tucked the paper carefully into a bulging wallet and the two drove back to headquarters. "I guess you know what to do tomorrow," the chief said.

"Trace the trunk and find the grocery boy. I suppose you're going to Bridgeport?"

Fellows sighed unhappily. "Somebody has to."

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 27. Fred Fellows made the trip Friday morning. The sun was out and the weather warmer, but it wasn't a pleasant drive for the chief. As many times as he had delivered news of

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death in his career, he still could not inure himself to the pain of such misisions. In this case it was doubly painful, for he had also to question the grieving parents afterwards.

The Sherman house was a one-family dwelling like the others on the block. The door was answered by an attractive brunette in her late twenties, a quite pretty girl, yet stamped with a wallflower look. Fellows, in his leather jacket, cap, and mittens, was not recognizable as an officer, and she said a questioning, "Yes?"

He noted the girl's lack of lipstick, lack of a wedding ring, and he said, "Is a Jean Sherman known here, Miss?"

"Yes."

"I wonder if I could speak to someone close to her. Her father, perhaps."

"He isn't home. Nobody's home." Her brow clouded. "But if it's about me, I think you should talk to me first anyway."

For once in his life the chief was startled. "You?"

"Yes, me. I'm Jean Sherman."

Fellows was nonplussed. He introduced himself and asked to come in. He thought she paled a little at the mention of "police" and "Stockford," but he was too befuddled to be sure.

She showed him to a couch and took a facing chair. "Now please," she said. "Would you tell me what this is all about?"

"Well," Fellows laughed haltingly. "Maybe you can tell me. What do you know about a man who calls himself John Campbell?"

Jean shook her head and said she'd never heard of him.

Fellows described the man and the house but she denied ever having met such a man or having been to Stockford. She had spent the preceding weekend in New York, visiting her sister and her husband, and the rest of the month of February had been spent hardly leaving the house which she kept for her father. She leaned forward. "But what's happened? Why do you come to me?"

"Your name," the chief said, "and your address, Miss Sherman, were found written on a pad in a house rented to a John Campbell in Stockford."

"I don't know how it could have got there."

Fellows leaned forward. "I don't think Mr. Campbell found it in a crystal ball, Miss Sherman. This is a serious matter. I warn you, you'd better be telling the truth."

She said very evenly, "Why should I lie?"

Fellows sighed and stood up. "I'm going to check with your sister, Miss Sherman. You mind writing out her name and address?"

"Not at all." She hunted through a table drawer for paper and pencil, saying, "You'll find I was there, don't worry." She scribbled rapidly and handed him the sheet a bit peremptorily and waited for him to go. Instead, he reached for his wallet and produced a faintly blued slip of paper and matched it alongside. He said, "Miss Sherman, this is just a guess, but I'd be glad to back it with a small wager that handwriting experts will be willing to get up in court and swear that the address we found in the house and the one you just gave me were both written by the same hand."

Miss Sherman went white and sank back in her chair. The chief put both papers away and said, "You want to tell me about it, Miss Sherman?"

She started to cry a little. "I met him on the train."

"When you went to New York?"

She nodded and fumbled for a handkerchief. Between weeping and blowing her nose, she told the story. She had taken a late train to New York on Friday night, the nine-fifty-three from Bridgeport, and the man called Campbell got on at Stamford and took the seat beside her. He started a conversation and he was so dashing and charming and she was so lonely that she couldn't resist his blandishments. Though she couldn't go out with him that evening, she did consent to a drink and he took her to a fancy cocktail lounge and charmed her some more. She was, in fact, so taken by the man that when he suggested she stop off at his house on her return Sunday, she wasn't horrified, as she felt she should have been, but instead, half agreed to the proposal.



She kept on talking, talking... "Get the divorce, Johnny," she whined.

She wrestled with her conscience that night, for she had never had an affair before, but the prospect of life as a dreary old maid with not so much as a memory to console her weighed heavily on the other side of the scales, and when he called her the next day, full of endearing terms and promises for the future, she capitulated.

She met him at the station Sunday, and they took the train back together early that evening. He took her to his house, where she spent the night, and after breakfast the next morning, he put her on the nine o'clock local train in Stockford and that was the last she had heard from him, though she left him her address.

"I know it was wrong," she finished. I looking up at Fellows, red-eyed and pleading. "I know I shouldn't have done it. I didn't know I'd get caught. Will I go to jail?"

Fellows, taking notes, shook his head and looked up. "If you're telling the truth and if you cooperate with us, I doubt that anything will happen to you at all."

He questioned her then. She said Campbell put her on the nine o'clock train because he had to go to work. She didn't know what his work was but he said something about hardware. As for the car he owned, she couldn't remember anything about it, either make or color. She lived those hours in a daze. On Campbell's description, she was better. He was dark-haired, around six feet, slender, brown eyes, fair skin, good-looking. As for distinguishing marks, she recalled a mole on his right shoulder blade. No, she said, she hadn't left her suitcases behind. Hers was brown and she brought it home with her.

Fellows made notes. "Now, Miss Sherman," he said. "I suppose while you were there you looked over the whole house?"

She hesitated. "Not all of it. There was one back room he kept locked. He said he used it for his office and it contained valuable papers."

"You didn't question this?"

"No. I wasn't interested in his valuable papers."

Fellows said slowly, "Miss Sherman, I hope you realize you were extremely foolish to take up with a man you knew nothing about. It wasn't valuable papers he kept in that room. He was keeping the dead body of another woman."

The girl came half out of the chair in horror. "No! You're fooling!"

"That's not something we fool about. And if you had become too suspicious, I don't doubt he would have killed you too."

Jean Sherman shrieked. She covered her face and began to scream hysterically. Fellows went to her in alarm. He shook her and slapped her, but he couldn't stop the screaming. She tore at

her hair and writhed in his grip until he carried her into the bedroom and put her on the bed. She lay there still screaming until he twice filled a glass with water and threw it in her face. The second time she sputtered and choked and came out of it. She rolled over and sobbed bitterly while the chief put the glass away. "I'm sorry, Miss Sherman," he said compassionately. "I didn't mean to upset you like that."

"I wish I was dead," she moaned.

He stood over her, shaking his head. "If I were you, Miss Sherman, I'd consider myself mighty lucky to be alive. I wouldn't wish for anything like that."

"But he—but a murderer! I meant nothing to him. He would have killed me."

He helped her to her feet. "Now don't think about that. Come back and think how you're going to help us catch him."

Jean was white-faced when she sat down again. "Who was the woman?"

"We don't know. And we don't know who or where he is." He leaned forward. "Would you be willing to meet him again?"

She groaned at the thought. "I couldn't stand to see him ever again."

"The point is, he may call you. If he does, would you agree to meet him wherever he says and then call the police? You wouldn't have to go yourself."

She brushed her cheeks. "I can try. But I don't think—He'd know something was wrong by my voice."

"Do the best you can."

She nodded. "But he wouldn't call. Not with the police looking for him."

"He might, Miss Sherman," the chief said. "Judging from what we've found out about him, he very well might."

FRIDAY, 1:10—6:45. It was early afternoon when Fellows got back to his office. Wilks was eating lunch out of a paper bag at his desk. "You get coffee on those papers," Fellows said, "and I'll skin you."

"You sound like a man without a lunch. You want some?"

"I'm on a diet. I'll take some of your coffee, though."

Wilks handed him the thermos. "That picture of John Campbell came in this morning. Watly says it's not the same Campbell."

"What about the suitcases?"

"Nothing but odd items and women's clothes. No identification. And MacFarlane's report came in. It's under your papers somewhere."

"What's it say?"

"The girl was around thirty and, this will surprise you, she wasn't pregnant. She died sometime between Friday afternoon and Saturday evening, and it's impossible to determine what the cause of death was due to the fact parts of the body were missing. It could have been accident, murder, or suicide, which is a big help."

"Whatever it was, it took place Friday," Fellows said.

"How do you know?"

He told Wilks about the Jean Sherman affair and how the similarity of initials had thrown them off. Wilks shook his head and whistled. "What kind of a guy is he? He presumably kills a girl, leaves her in the house while he goes to New York for the weekend, and then brings another girl back to the house with him? I didn't know anybody got that hard up."

"It starts to give us a picture of him," Fellows said.

"That's mumbo-jumbo, Fred. Theorizing won't solve this case. What you need are facts, like where'd he buy the saw and knife, where'd the trunk come from, what kind of a car does he drive. Guessing what he's like won't do it."

"It helps, Sid. It tells us where to look for the facts. For instance, I would guess he lives in a neighboring town."

Wilks showed interest. "How did you dream that bit up and why?"

"Stockford's too small for a man to change his name and set up a love-nest if he lived here. On the other hand, he wouldn't want to travel too far. And that bit about him showing up at five-thirty every evening, leaving and coming back, know what that sounds like? He finishes work, picks up groceries and drops them off, then goes home to dinner and comes back to the love-nest in the evening."

"Nice of his wife to be so permissive," said Wilks.

"He might pretend he has to work evenings."

"Some job. Long hours and no income."

"The guy would have to work for himself. That's the way I see it. He's got a store or something and pretends he has to go back after supper to catch up on the books."

Wilks tilted his chair back. "The trouble with you is you operate too high up in the stratosphere. You ought to reason from the facts and stop reasoning from the reasoning. You'll end up in outer space."

"I'll place a little wager John Campbell, or whatever his name is, doesn't live in Stockford, but lives in a town not too far away."

Wilks grinned. "You throw in that he's also married and owns a store and I'll take it."

"No thanks. I'm not that cock-eyed."

Hilders, the *Courier* reporter, was in that afternoon. He wasn't interested in official statements; he wanted scandal. "This case has got juice in it," he told the chief. "A girl's living with a man. He murders her. You know something about those people. You know dirt about them. That's what my paper wants. The dirt."

On that, Fellows wouldn't oblige. Any dirt Hilders wanted, he'd have to dig up

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(continued)

himself, the chief said, and thereafter shut himself in his office.

At five after five, the first break came in. Patrolman Lerner, checking hardware stores in plainclothes, called in to announce that the knife, and presumably the saw, too, has been purchased at Cutler's Hardware Store down near the station.

"When?" Fellows wanted to know.

"That's just it. They don't know. They're the only store selling that brand of knife. It's theirs, but they don't keep any sales records at all. It could have been bought any time."

Fellows hung up. "You wait all day for a break," he grumbled, "and when you get it, it doesn't do you a damned bit of good."

But the next report promised more. Patrolman Harris phoned from Peck's Grocery that their boy had delivered the order to the Campbell house. "He's out right now, but he'll be back any minute."

"Keep him there," Fellows said. "I'm coming over."

The boy's name was Andy Palekowski and he returned in a battered blue panel truck a few minutes after the chief arrived. He entered the rear door of the store wearing a quilted cloth jacket and no gloves and his eyes widened when Fellows told him what they wanted.

"Geez. That's the dame that got killed, ain't it? I was telling Mr. Peck I almost got to see her."

"You remember the delivery?"

He nodded eagerly. "Sure I remember it. I gave the stuff to the guy who killed her. He paid me. I wouldn't forget that."

"What happened?"

"When I turned the corner, this guy Campbell, he'd just pulled his car in the drive. I stop in front and he comes over and says, 'This for Campbell?' or something like that and I tell him. 'Yeah,' and he pays me and takes the stuff inside."

Andy's description of the man fitted the others. He was tall and dark with a moderate build and a happy-go-lucky way. "And I guess he was in his thirties somewhere," Andy told the chief. "He looked like he'd been around."

Fellows said, "I guess he had. What about the car? Remember it?"

The boy fished in his jacket pocket for a cigarette to augment his sense of importance. "You can bet I do. I know cars. This one was a 1957 Ford two-door sedan." He lighted the cigarette. "Tan car and a dented left rear fender." He looked again at Fellows. "How's that?"

"That's good. Andy. And you'd know this guy if you saw him again?"

"Any time. You bring him around and I'll identify him for you."

"We'll bring him around, son. You'll get your chance."

When Fellows got back to headquarters, Ed Lewis was waiting in the main room. The chief pulled off his cap and jacket and said, "Cee. Ed. I thought you died or something."

"I've been collecting information on that trunk."

"You ought to have the encyclopedia by now." He said to the desk sergeant. "Go out and get some coffee. Will you? I'm hungry and cold."

"You want a sandwich to go with it?"

Wilks, who was with them, said, "Just get him coffee. He's on a diet."

"Coffee and cigarettes," Fellows said. "It's great for the weight. How is it, Ed? Good?"

"I think it is." Lewis took out a notebook and flipped the pages. The trunk, he told the chief, was shipped from Townsend, a neighboring town three miles south of Ashmun on the way to Stamford. "It was checked through on the girl's train ticket, shipped Saturday and arrived here on Monday, that's the second of February. It was delivered that afternoon. I hunted up the guy who made the delivery but he didn't have much to tell except describe the girl. Brunette, about thirty, good build, about five-six and a half. He says she was rather pretty, but kind of hard. Not tough-looking, but like a girl who knew her way around."

"Like it wasn't the first time she'd been with a man?"

"Like it wasn't even the second."

The girl, Lewis went on, had arrived in town on the first of February and he'd talked to the cab driver who took her from the station to the house. "He remembers her because she was the only one who got off and she had two suitcases. She had a bite in the lunch counter across the street and then took his cab. He drove her out and she didn't talk much but she did admit she was new in town and she and her husband were going to live at the place for three months—"

"Three months?" Fellows interrupted.

"That's what she told him."

"But the house was only rented for one month." Fellows rubbed his chin. "I guess this man Campbell was snowing that girl right down the line."

Sounds like it. So he took her bags to the door and she paid him off and let herself in and that's that."

"I don't get it," Fellows grumbled. "If she had a key, then Campbell'd been in touch with her right along. Why did he rent a house for her? It wasn't to live with her, just visit evenings, which he could do wherever she already was living. That means he must have planned to kill her all the time. She probably told him she was pregnant and he wanted to get rid of her."

Lewis said, "I thought MacFarlane

said that the woman wasn't pregnant."

"That doesn't stop her from telling him she is, does it?" He scratched his cheek. "But why does she take the house? Why does she go into this weird setup?"

Wilks laughed. "Come on, Fred. Haven't you ever heard of a girl getting set up in an apartment a boy friend pays the rent on?"

"**Y**ep. But not for three months, or one month, or whatever. That's like

The art collector who paid a thousand bucks to an Eskimo sculptor for a hunk of carving he fancied, only when it arrived at his house, it was nothing but a pail of water because the Eskimo worked in ice. I mean, what's this girl buying?" No one could answer that and he shrugged. "Anything else, Ed?"

"I checked in Townsend. They remembered the trunk. The porter at the station said it was brought by a man and a girl in a pick-up truck. And get this. The man was dark-haired, fairly tall, medium build, and he was wearing work clothes."

"Any name on the truck?"

"No, but it and the man's clothes were dusty, like he was in construction, maybe."

The sergeant came back with the coffee and the men chipped in. "Well, we've got leads to both the man and the girl," Fellows said, fondling his paper container. "Tomorrow we're going to hit the Motor Vehicle Department for a list of all tan 1957 Fords in the state. Meanwhile, every available man is going to be put on tracking that car. It had a dented rear fender, so I want every garage south as far as Stamford, north as far as Danbury, west to the state line, and east to Bridgeport, canvassed to see if any repair work was done on such a fender. In addition, we're going to hit all service stations in all the towns around for customers owning tan Fords. One way or another we're going to find that car."

"As for the girl, the evidence is that she lives in Townsend and I'd guess the man probably lives there too. In either case, we shouldn't have too much trouble. It's a small town. If we're good and lucky, and we should be, we ought to have the man in jail by tomorrow night."

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 28. The inquest was Saturday morning. It was a private one, held in the chambers of Judge Cobbitt Reed, and the only people present were Leonard Merrill, the town prosecutor, Dr. MacFarlane, Wilks, and Fellows. The session lasted only half an hour and Reed was obviously nettled at the lack of evidence. All that was known was that the man was not the John Campbell of Gary Hardware and the girl was not Jean Sherman of Bridgeport. Three people had seen Campbell and his car had been described, but that was all. Watly and the grocery boy were going

to Hartford that afternoon to look through the rogues' gallery, and other lines of investigation were being followed up, but at that moment no one knew the girl or the man, or even how the girl had died. At its conclusion, Reed said, "What this court wants is the cause of death and the identity of the man." As an afterthought, he added, "And the identity of the girl."

Newspaper reporters surrounded the men on their departure, but they were given only the most general reports, and no mention was made of Jean Sherman. It was Fellows' orders that she be kept out of the papers in the hope that the mysterious Mr. Campbell would try to see her.

Hilders was the reporter who attached himself to the chief. He followed Fellows back to headquarters and complained at the handouts. "You keep blocking me. You won't let me into the murder house, for instance."

"There's nothing there in the first place," Fellows told him, "and it's not our affair in the second."

"All right, since you're so cooperative, who's the other girl in the case?"

Fellows turned a little too quickly for casual innocence. "What other girl?"

"I've heard rumors," Hilders said. "There was another girl in that house, wasn't there? He had two women."

Fellows' face got flinty. He said. "There's no story of any other girl and you'd better not try to print any."

Hilders grinned. "In that case, maybe you wouldn't mind calling old man Restlin and getting him—"

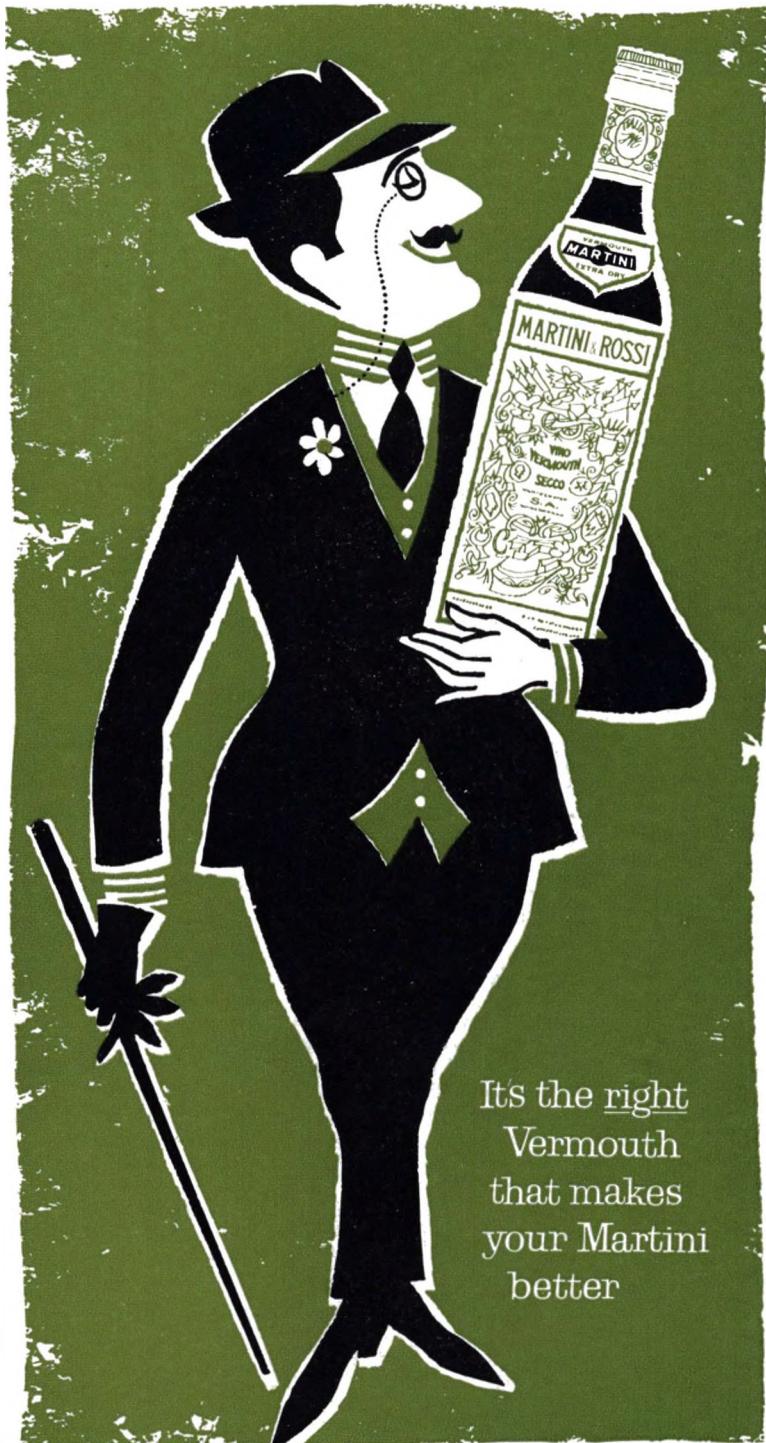
Fellows pointed his finger and said, emphatically, "I'm going to tell you something, boy. You play along with me and I'll give you everything I can, newswise. But you just once print something against my wishes and the only news you'll get on this case is what you steal from other papers." He turned his back on Hilders and said to the desk sergeant. "Pass the word. No cop is to talk to any reporter. No one!" He heckled to Wilks. "Come on. You and I are going for a ride."

The ride they took was to Townsend and its frame-house police headquarters, where they found Chief Delbert Ramsey eating a hot lunch sent from a chili parlor across the street. The chief was a small, sour man, and the fact that he didn't scowl meant he was glad to see them. "Well, come in," he said. "It's ten after twelve. You had lunch?"

Fellows said. "I hadn't even thought of it," while shaking the limp, thin hand the chief held out as a matter of formality.

"You oughta eat," Ramsey said. "This crap is lousy but it's hot. Raises hell with my ulcer. You got an ulcer, Fellows?"

"Not yet I haven't."



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"That's 'cause you got an eighteen-man force. You try to work with six sometime. Take last night. Accident on the highway. Two people killed. I got five men and myself. Two of them and me were up till after two in the morning. You can send somebody else, but I got to show up in person and look at all that blood. Why don't I send out for some chili for you and I'll tell you about it. Two teenagers wrapped themselves around a tree. It was a mess."

Fellows and Wilks decided they could do with a sandwich, and Ramsey called in the desk man and sent him out. "See?" he said. "He goes across the street and there's nobody at the desk. What can you do with five men?"

The two Stockford policemen took chairs and watched Ramsey gulp more of his chili. Fellows said, "We're trying to identify the body we found. Her trunk was sent from here."

"We ain't got nobody missing. Fellows."

"She'd make plans to be away. What we want to do is check all the S's. Does Townsend have a town directory?"

Ramsey snorted. "This town ain't got enough dough to pay its police chief a decent salary. I sweat and work extra hours and get peanuts. There ain't no dough for a directory."

Fellows sighed. "Then it's the telephone book, I guess. Can we make calls from here?"

Ramsey made a face. "I suppose so. I got two phones in the other room you can use. I hope it won't take long. I don't like my wires being tied up."

Fellows and Wilks took their leave and got to work. They started with the three female J.S.'s listed in the phone book, got no results, and then started alphabetically, calling families, asking if any female member had left town on or around the first of February.

It was a long, fruitless task. No call even showed promise. When they finished, they thanked Ramsey and went to the chili parlor for some coffee. It was strong coffee with a bitter taste and it suited their mood. "I feel like we're chasing a shadow," Wilks grumbled. "Maybe she borrowed the luggage, and her initials don't have a J or an S in them."

"Who're you going to borrow new suitcases from for three months, Sid? No, those are her initials and what it means is her family doesn't live here and whatever phone she uses isn't in her name. That tell you anything?"

"She works here and lives in a boarding house or with some other girls or something."

"That's the way I see it," Fellows agreed. "So first thing on Monday we'll

start hitting all the businesses in town."

Wilks said, "I got a funny feeling that won't do us any good either."

Fellows clapped him on the shoulder. "You're a pessimist, Sid. Let's go back to headquarters. Maybe something good's come in."

Some things had come in, they found on their return, but they weren't of much help. The lab reported bone ash and charred bits of flesh in the fireplace and furnace ashes, but that only confirmed what the police had already suspected, that the missing parts of the body had been burned. Bridgeport police reported no calls from Jean Sherman, and the hunt for the tan 1957 Ford with the dented fender had produced nothing so far.

Hilders, the reporter, was there, and observing Fellows' long face, said, "Seems to me you'd have a better chance of picking up your man if you broadcast a picture of his face instead of a description of his car."

Fellows, getting into his jacket, managed a smile. "You got an idea where we can get one?"

"Sure. You've got three people who've seen him, right? Get them together with an artist and let him make a drawing."

Fellows said, "Three people?"

"Watly, the grocery boy, and the girl. I know there's a girl in it."

Fellows shook his head sadly. "Now listen, Hilders. I'm not quite dumb enough to fall into that trap. I told you I'm keeping the girl's identity secret."

Hilders grinned. "You can't blame a guy for trying. All right, you've still got two men who've seen him. I wasn't trying to pitch you a curve. The two men could still describe him to an artist."

Fellows shrugged. "It's something to think about," he admitted.

SUNDAY AND MONDAY, MARCH 1-2. If Fellows had been hoping Watly and the grocery boy would find the mysterious Mr. Campbell's picture in the rogues' gallery, he was disappointed. If Campbell had a criminal record, it wasn't in Connecticut. Sunday afternoon, therefore, he decided to take Hilders' advice. He persuaded the most talented art student in Stockford High School to come down to his office, and there he had her draw a sketch of a man according to descriptions that Watly and the grocery boy could give her. The process took two hours and the results weren't overly satisfying. The girl did the best she could, but neither Watly nor the boy, though both claimed they could recognize the man, could be specific about the details of his appearance. Constructing from memory was a good deal different from recognizing from memory. Fellows, nevertheless, sent the picture out for newspaper publication. If that brought no results, at least the accompanying story that police thought the dead girl came

from Townsend might bring in some information.

The Monday morning papers printed the news, but it was the sketch of Campbell that drew the calls. Five came in during the course of the day, all five were checked out, and all five were false alarms. Monday was the day, too, that brought in the report from the Motor Vehicle Department. Of the 873,000 passenger cars registered in the state, 43,000 were 1957 Fords and well over two thousand were tan, two-door sedans. Wilks took one look at the list and said, "I quit."

Fellows, poring over the roster in preparation for sending more men out on the filling-station detail, picked up the lists and tilted his chair back. "What's the matter, Sid?"

"Look at those addresses. Eight hundred and seventy-three thousand cars in a population of two million. Over two thousand of them match the one we're after. Do you know how long it'll take to check every one of these people?"

"Not long enough for Campbell to die of old age, Sid. Besides, that's not your baby. You're going back to Townsend and try to find that girl. Ed Lewis can break these lists down."

"I should have kept my mouth shut."

Fellows grinned. "You're the better detective. You get the harder job. Try to locate her, Sid. And keep in touch by phone in case someone calls in about her."

Wilks went out without much enthusiasm. His was the harder job, all right, and he didn't have many ideas about how to tackle it. In addition, it was snowing hard, a fitting climate for the day. He tried the employment agency in Townsend without results and phoned Fellows. "Try the contractors in town," the chief said. "Concentrate on the truck."

Late in the afternoon, Town Prosecutor Merrill came into Fellows' office to complain. "No leads, no nothing," he said. "It looks bad for the town. Fellows, when a man can commit murder and get away with it."

"Who said he's going to get away with it?"

"That's what he's doing, isn't it? You haven't learned a damned thing since the inquest, have you?"

Fellows sighed. "Wheels are grinding. I guess that's about all I can say."

The wheels aren't making any noise. People in this town are thinking. You're sitting on your hands."

"You been out taking a poll or something?"

"This isn't something to joke about."

"I'm not joking. I'm just reminded of this guy who had a BB gun he liked to play with. So one day he fired a shot into the ceiling and the whole ceiling fell in on him. At the hospital, one of

the doctors asked him why he did it and he said he didn't think the ceiling would fall in. He'd been shooting BBs into it for three years and it never happened before."

Merrill said, "What are you telling me a thing like that for?"

"I'm just saying, you don't want to be like that guy with the BB gun, Len. Sure, the wheels grinding don't make much noise and you wouldn't hardly know anything was happening. But you just wait and one of these days the ceiling's going to fall down and it's going to land right on our boy."

MONDAY. 7:30—9:00. The ceiling showed signs of crumbling that evening. At dinner the chief's phone rang and his oldest son said it was for him. When he answered, there was suppressed excitement in the other voice. "Chief? This is Harris. I'm in Stamford. I've been checking filling-stations, trying to finish up now so I won't have to come back tomorrow. I found a guy who serviced a tan Ford with a bent rear fender. I showed him the sketch. He thinks it might be the same man."

"He know him?"

"He says his name is Clyde Burchard, lives at 62 West Hartford Street. He's home right now."

Fellows took a pencil and scribbled the address. "Go to the Stamford police," he ordered. "Tell them what we've got. Tell them I'm coming down. Ask them to send somebody with you. Stake out the house but don't tip the guy off and don't touch him unless he tries to leave. Wilks and I will be there in half an hour."

The trip took longer than Fellows had expected, for the snow was deep and still falling heavily and he was delayed trying to find Watly or the grocery boy to go with them. Both witnesses were out and Fellows and Wilks made the trip alone.

They were met outside the Burchard address by Harris and two Stamford officers, Captain McGarrity and Detective Lieutenant Paulus. "We're backing you up, Chief," McGarrity said. "Whatever you want to do."

Harris said, "His apartment is 2C. He doesn't know he's being watched."

"All right. We'll go in and talk to him."

They mounted the porch and rang the bell, and after a long time, a dark-haired man in shirt-sleeves came down the stairs and opened the door. He was in his thirties, an inch or two under six feet, slender and good-looking, and he admitted his name was Clyde Burchard.

"We're police officers," Fellows told him, showing his badge. "We'd like to ask you a few questions if you don't mind."

Burchard apparently did mind, but there was little he could do about it. He

led the five men up the stairs and down a hall to a small apartment consisting of a living room, bedroom and bath furnished with the kind of furniture landlords leave in what they call "furnished" rooms. Burchard closed the door and tucked his hands in his belt. "Well, what is it?"

As Fellows and the captain sat down on a daybed, Wilks and Paulus took a look into the rest of the rooms and Harris stood against the door. Fellows scratched his head. "You read anything about that body that was found in Stockford last Thursday—in the house at Two Highland Road?"

Burchard's eyes flickered a little. He said, "No."

"You own a tan Ford with a bent fender?"

"Yes. What about it?"

"The fellow who lived there had a car like that."

"What?" Burchard exhaled and sat down suddenly.

"You happen to have rented that house by any chance?"

"No," he breathed. "And anybody who says I did is a liar."

Wilks reappeared in the bedroom doorway. He said, "C'mere a minute, will you, Fred?"

Fellows and McGarrity both followed

him into the bedroom. It was small and cramped, but what caught their eye was the pictures on the bureau. There were a dozen or more snapshots and photographs of girls, and no two were of the same person.

Fellows nodded with thoughtful interest and started an examination of all the brunettes. McGarrity said, "You think one of them might be the girl?"

"Wouldn't be surprised. Captain," Fellows replied thoughtfully. "This fellow gets around. I wouldn't be surprised at all."

He selected three likely prospects and took them back to the living room. Burchard was on the edge of his chair, licking his lips nervously. "I said I didn't know anything about it," he blurted out.

"You married, Mr. Burchard?"

"No."

"What about that harem in your bedroom?"

"All right. I go out with girls. Is that a crime?"

"Not when Congress last reconvened. What's your occupation?"

"I sell vacuum cleaners."

Fellows had had a faint hope he might mention hardware. This answer was even better. It went a long way to explain that strange event of Mr. Campbell's bringing home a vacuum cleaner when

Why Did They Name It . . .

CHEVROLET

In 1904, behind the Buick plant which he headed in Flint, Michigan, William C. Durant, fabulous boy-wonder of the emerging automobile industry, raced two daring young Frenchmen—Louis Chevrolet and his brother Arthur. On the dirt track, "with the wind whistling through his magnificent mustache," Louis Chevrolet came in first. To Louis' disgust, Durant then hired brother Arthur as his personal chauffeur because he had taken no crazy chances in the race.

Louis went on to fame and headlines as a daredevil racing driver, but, with Durant's backing, also designed an engine for a light car, and in 1911 directed the assembling of the "Classic Six"—a five-passenger touring car. Because race drivers were heroes of the day and also because he felt the name

Chevrolet "had a musical sound and the romance of foreign origin," Durant called his new automobile—and the company organized to make it—Chevrolet. The famous Chevrolet name plate appeared in 1913 on the Baby Grand Touring Car. Whence came the design for the name plate? From a scrap of wallpaper which world-traveler Durant had torn from the walls in a French hotel room years before. Showing it to friends, he explained that he thought it would make a good name plate for a car—"it appeared to be marching off into infinity."—ELIZABETH FRANKLIN



SLEEP LONG, MY LOVE

(continued)

the house already had one. Burchard, seeing the look that passed between Wilks and the chief, said, "Is that supposed to be against the law too?"

Fellows turned to him. "I think, Mr. Burchard, you'd better recognize you're in something of a jam here. Can you prove you didn't rent such a house?"

"What do you mean prove it? You can't prove I did."

"That remains to be seen." He held out one of the pictures. "Want to tell us this girl's name?"

"No. Why should I? It's none of your business. What right have you got coming in here asking me a lot of questions? I haven't done anything."

Fellows gave up with a sigh. "Can you tell us what you did last weekend? The one before this one?"

He said, "I was out of town that weekend."

"Where?"

"I went to New York."

"How did you get there?"

"On the six o'clock train."

"Six o'clock train?" Fellows nodded. "You see anybody you knew on the train, Mr. Burchard? Someone who could kind of back up your story?"

"No."

Fellows switched subjects then. He asked about vacuum cleaners and how he sold them. Burchard said he did it by blind calls. He'd pick a neighborhood and hit all the houses. "It's a percentage," he explained nervously. "You pick the right neighborhood, one that's not too classy, and you can figure on so many calls to make a sale."

"You canvas houses in Townsend when you're trying to sell vacuum cleaners?"

"I go all over this area."

"How about showing us your records?"

He jumped a little. "Records? What records?"

"Of your calls. You must keep a record, Burchard."

"It's in my head. I don't write that stuff down."

The chief said, with sudden impatience. "Listen, Burchard, I want to know who you called on in Townsend. The more you stall, the deeper in you get. Now tell me."

He put a hand to his forehead. "I can't remember. You've got me all mixed up."

Fellows got up and looked around. There were no papers in the living room, but he found some in the bureau in the bedroom. The only informative ones were order form duplicates that contained names and addresses of sales made. Most were in the Stamford area, but there were four in Townsend, one in Ashmun, and three in Stockford. Fellows copied the Townsend ones and returned. "All right," he said. "Maybe tomorrow you

can show us all the places you've been to in Townsend, all the calls you made there."

"I can't. I'll be on the road."

Fellows shook his head at McGarrity and the captain snapped, "Not tomorrow, Burchard. We're holding you."

"Holding me? For what?"

Fellows said, "Suspicion of murder."

Burchard came out of his chair. "You think I killed that woman in Stockford? You're crazy. I've never even been to Stockford."

"You sold three vacuum cleaners there, Burchard. You've been there all right, and we don't think making calls is all you did." Fellows raised a hand as Burchard tried to protest. "Now don't tell me again how innocent you are. Just get your coat and anything else you want and come along."

MONDAY, 10:30 P.M.—TUESDAY, 12:45 A.M. Arrangements were made to book Burchard in Stockford, and he was put in a cell in the block behind the police waiting room at ten-thirty that evening. Wilks and Harris took the contents of his pockets, his wrist watch, belt, garters, and shoelaces and gave him a receipt while Fellows called up the grocery boy again. He hung up and said, "He's in now. He's coming down."

Wilks said, "You going to let him identify Burchard tonight?"

"Why not? If we're wrong, I don't want to keep the guy in jail. If we're right, the sooner we know it the better."

Andy arrived ten minutes later and Fellows told him they wanted him to look at a man. "Just tell us if you've ever seen him before," Fellows said. "That's all."

"Sure. I get it. Is this the guy?"

"I'm not saying who it is or why we want you to look at him, Andy. Just follow us and don't say anything while you're there."

They took the boy into the block to the end cell where Burchard sat slumped in dejection. Fellows said, "Are you comfortable, Mr. Burchard?"

The man answered with a snort. "Mister Burchard!" He spat at the wall. "You come in like the Gestapo and pull a guy out of his house and slap him in jail and you think if you act like Emily Post it's going to be all right."

"Just doing my job, Mr. Burchard. All right, Andy?"

The boy nodded and they started back, but Andy couldn't contain himself completely. "It's him," he whispered loudly. "That's the guy."

They sent the boy home and Wilks clapped Fellows on the back. "How about that, Freddie, boy? You going to call Merrill?"

Fellows cocked an ear. There was shouting in the cell block. He went back and unlocked the steel door and stalked down the corridor. "All right," he said.

"Quiet down, Burchard. You can talk to a lawyer in the morning."

"Listen," Burchard was saying. "Listen to me. Who was that kid?"

"I guess I can tell you he's a witness."

"Is he claiming I'm Campbell?"

"He's swearing to it, if you want to know."

"That's not true. Who is he? Where did he claim he saw me?"

"He delivered groceries to you, Mr. Burchard. Friday the thirteenth of last month, to be exact. At the dead woman's house."

Burchard sagged. He swallowed. "Listen, Chief, I want to talk."

They brought the man into the chief's office and got Ed Lewis down to take notes. Wilks and Fellows completed the party with the chief at the head of the table, and when Lewis was ready, he said, "All right, Mr. Burchard. You want to make a statement."

He swallowed. "I do." He wet his lips. "First off, I want to say I'm innocent. I want to get that down on the record."

"All right, Mr. Lewis has that down. I hope you have more than that."

Burchard nodded. He asked for the envelope with his belongings and when the chief brought it in, he told Fellows to take out a notebook and look at it. "It's my record book. I told you I didn't have one but I did. That's a complete list of my calls, addresses of all the houses. Read what it says for Friday the thirteenth."

The chief read with a blank face and put the book down in front of him. "What's this supposed to prove?"

"Don't you see it there? Two Highland Road, Stockford?"

"I saw it. With an asterisk beside it."

"Well, don't you see? I made a call there. That's how the delivery boy saw me. I was trying to sell the woman a vacuum cleaner."

"And you pay for the groceries and you come out of the house in your shirt-sleeves and park your car in the drive? And when you're asked about it you lie and say you never went near the place? Is that what we're supposed to believe?" Fellows scanned the page again. "And you said your method was to saturate a neighborhood but that's the only address around that area. Since it's the last entry on that day, I'd guess you wrote it in some other time to cover yourself."

"I can explain all that," Burchard said desperately. "You see that asterisk beside the name? You know what that means?"

"No."

"It means the lady is willing."

Fellows was silent as he turned through the other pages in the book. "I count four other asterisks, Mr. Burchard. Are you trying to tell me those ladies are also willing?"

He nodded. "But please don't let it get

in the papers. Those women are married."

Fellows closed the notebook and tossed it onto the desk behind him. "So far, Mr. Burchard, I don't see that you've explained anything."

Burchard spread his hands. "Look, this is what happened. I lied to you about knowing the woman because, hell, I can't go around letting it be known that some of the people I call on don't mind a little play on the side. I was out making calls, see? So I decide I'll hit that area. The first house I stop at is this number two, corner house. The woman's nice-looking, not beautiful, but pretty good. Now I don't make passes at everyone who opens a door, but a man gets so he can tell when a woman would be interested. I'm telling you, she was. Well, I don't know she's married. In fact, I thought she wasn't on account of she wasn't wearing any ring. So when she acted friendly, I figure, okay, anything she wants. I'll take her up on. She wasn't any kid. She knew her way around as well as I did. We spoke the same language right from the start and it was obvious what we were talking about wasn't going to be vacuum cleaners."

"I make myself at home and she gets out a bottle and she looks out the window and says I should move the car. It'd look bad for some salesman's car to be sitting out front for an hour or more, especially, she says, since there's a nosy dame across the way who'd be sure to notice. So I move into the drive and just then this grocery truck comes up. I don't want that kid coming in the house and wondering what it's all about so I pay him off and take the stuff in myself. Joan—that was her name—paid me back for them as soon as I came in. I wasn't even buying her anything."

"So anyway, I was there until nearly five o'clock, I guess. You wonder why I wasn't making any more calls in that area? Do you think I'd call on someone else and then have the neighbors know I'm selling vacuum cleaners? Me, spending an hour and a half with that Joan Campbell? I got a little more respect for women than that. And besides, it was quitting time anyway." He paused and looked around. "Now that's my story and it's the truth."

Fellows and Wilks questioned him then, but they couldn't shake him on any of his tale. He denied that any of the photographs in his apartment were of the dead girl, and insisted the latest one in his collection was at least five years old.

There was nothing to do but put him back in a cell until Raymond Watly could get a look at him in the morning. There was one other thing, and Fellows did it before going home. He copied all the Townsend addresses from Burchard's notebook. It would help break down his

story if they found the murder victim had lived at one of them.

"At least," Wilks said as they departed from headquarters late that night, "we can guess the J in her initials stands for Joan."

TUESDAY, MARCH 3. The snow was melting fast on Tuesday, but sunshine was about the only good thing the day brought. Watly was summoned early that morning, and after taking one look at Burchard shook his head. "That's not the man, Chief," he said. "That's not the John Campbell I met."

Burchard was released with a warning to keep his calls strictly business in the future, and with his departure the police lost the only suspect they had in the case.

With the hunt for the man at a dead end, Fellows redoubled the search for the woman's identity. Two men were sent to Townsend to check out the addresses in Burchard's notebook. In addition, three other men were sent there to work with Chief Ramsey, asking questions of shopkeepers and business establishments, trying to find someone with those J.S. initials who worked for or traded with such people. The chief had his men pay particular attention to beauty parlors and drugstores.

But the notebook addresses produced nothing. At noon the report was in that only one of them had a woman with those initials living there, but she had answered the door. By the end of the working day, all other reports were in and they were equally disappointing.

"I keep thinking more and more that the girl didn't live there," Wilks said as he sat with Fellows looking over the negative results. "We've hit every office and shop in that town. Where else would she work?"

"But she wouldn't carry the trunk to Townsend from some other place, would she? Be sensible, Sid."

"All right. She lived there. Why don't we turn her up?"

"We aren't asking the right people."

"Name some right people we haven't been asking."

Fellows smiled. He thought for a moment and suddenly snapped his fingers. "I really am stupid."

"What?"

"Dentists. There's a possible clue."

"Dentists? How dentists?"

"She'd go to one, wouldn't she? That's one place a person would almost certainly go where she'd be known." He snatched up his phone.

There were three dentists in Townsend, all in the same building, and Fellows caught them before they left their offices. They were reluctant to hunt up the information the chief wanted until he said it would help solve a murder, and then they became willing and eager.

They called back in half an hour with a list of eight women who had the initials

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(continued)

J.S. Fellows jotted them down along with any pertinent information and then checked against the lists he had. Six of the eight were immediately eliminated, either because they were too young or too old, or because they had been checked before. There were, however, two new J.S.'s that all other efforts had failed to uncover. Joan Simpson at 535 Market Street and Jane Smathers at 169 Eastwood Drive.

"Let's try Joan first," Fellows said, picking up the phone.

The call was answered by a girl's voice and the chief said, "May I speak to Joan Simpson, please?"

There was a moment's silence, and then the girl said, "Joan doesn't live here any more."

"When did she leave?"

"She moved out the end of January. Who is this?"

Fellows introduced himself and found out the girl's name was Ruth Cary. "Could you tell me why she left and where she went?" he asked, holding his breath.

"She got married. I don't know where they're living. I haven't heard yet."

That was enough for Fellows. He said, "This is important. Will you arrange to be home at eight o'clock this evening? I want to talk to you."

TUESDAY, 8:00—9:00 p.m. Ruth Cary was a pretty redhead in her middle twenties, and she looked at Wilks and Fellows soberly when they appeared with two suitcases at her door. "Are those Joan's?" she asked, letting them in. "What happened?"

Fellows said, "That's what we'd like to know." He sat down with Wilks on the couch as Miss Cary took a chair uncertainly. "What did Joan do?"

"You read about the dead woman found in Stockford?"

"I read something about it. I don't know anything really." She leaned forward a little. "You don't mean it was Joan, do you?"

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"That's what we're trying to find out. These suitcases and a green trunk were found in the house. Do you recognize the suitcases?"

Ruth Cary was uncertain. "Joan had a couple of suitcases like those. But she got married and moved out west."

Fellows lifted one of the suitcases to the cushion beside him and opened it. "Maybe you can identify some of her things. Would you care to take a look?"

The girl came over reluctantly. Fellows took out a blouse, a dress, and a sweater. Ruth Cary said tensely, "Those are hers." She drew out an item herself. She said, "That's my blouse," and burst into tears.

Fellows helped her back to her chair and she said she was sorry and blew her nose. He repacked the suitcase and said, "We're all pretty sorry about it, Miss Cary. We hope you can help us find out who did it."

She dried her eyes. "I want to."

"You said she got married, or she told you she got married. We'd like to know who the man was."

"I haven't the faintest idea. I never met him."

"We think he may have been the man who took her trunk to the station in a pick-up truck. That ring any bells?"

She smiled a little. "That was Bob Herald. He's my other roommate's beau. He has a chicken farm and that was his truck."

Fellows sighed in disappointment. Then he asked her to tell everything she could about Joan Simpson. Joan, she related, worked as a secretary in the Fizz-Rite Cola Company. Originally she had been in their main office in Bridgeport, but when a branch bottling plant was opened between Townsend and Stamford two years before, she had been transferred. Through another girl she learned of the apartment Ruth and her roommate shared and that they would not be averse to having an additional roommate to help pay the rent. They met and talked and Joan moved in at the beginning of the previous February. Joan was older and didn't have any beaus, but they got along well and the atmosphere was congenial. Then, during the preceding April or May, Joan had a date herself, and after that she started going out now and then. "It wasn't every night or even every other night," Ruth said, "but maybe every week or two she'd be going out. She never did say much about herself, but we kept after her and finally got her to break down and admit she had a boy friend. She wouldn't tell us his name, though, only that it was Johnny.

"That kept on all through the summer, and we tried to get her to bring him around, but she never would. Then, two or three months ago, she didn't go out any more. You could tell something had happened because her face got longer

and longer. We suspected they'd broken up, but we didn't dare ask her about it."

"Then in January, like a bolt out of the blue, she suddenly said she was going to move out. It was only about ten days before the end of the month. At first she wouldn't say why. All she'd admit was she was quitting her job and leaving town, but she finally broke down and said she was getting married. She said it was Johnny and we couldn't get over it. They had broken up for a while, she told us, but then he'd come back and proposed and they were going to be married right away."

"We wanted to help her get ready, but she said it would be a quiet affair and she didn't know where. Johnny had been transferred out west somewhere and she was going out there to marry him. She couldn't even tell us where they were going to live, she said, because she didn't know, and she wouldn't even tell us what her married name would be. All she'd say was that as soon as they were settled, she'd write and tell us all about it."

The girl brushed a hand over her forehead. "On that Friday night, the last Friday in January, she packed all her things and Saturday morning Bob came over in his truck and took the trunk to the station for her and she shipped it out. She left here on Sunday. She took a taxi to the station with those suitcases and that's the last we ever saw or heard of her."

Fellows stroked his chin when the girl's story was finished. He had expected that when he learned the victim's identity he'd automatically discover the man's, but it hadn't come so easily. The man, whoever he was, had operated completely under cover, had apparently sold Joan Simpson a fast line and convinced her he should never be revealed. It was a discouraging turn of affairs, and he and Wilks were grumbling in frustration when they left.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 4. Wednesday morning Ed Lewis was put in charge of a new project, that of checking every motel in the area for guests by the name of John Campbell. At the same time, Wilks made a trip to the Fizz-Rite Bottling Company to ask questions. He returned before lunch with the information that Joan had been in the Bridgeport plant from September 1954 until September 1957, when she had been transferred. Before that she had worked for the Masters Toy Company in Bridgeport.

As for the question of men in her life, no one there admitted knowing a thing. "I even tried that business about anything special happening at the plant last spring, back last April or May, when she started going with the guy, but nothing did. We've got nothing."

"Not quite nothing," Fellows said reflectively. "Joan Simpson met that man

somehow. Now if it wasn't through the office, how was it?"

"How would I know?"

"Burchard made his connection with her by ringing the doorbell. Maybe Johnny did it the same way."

"When's she home?"

"On a weekend when the other roommates are away. Or maybe at night. The other girls are out and Joan is home. He's selling something."

Wilks gave him a quizzical smile. "Trying to make a quota, Fred?"

"People sell at night, Sid." He tilted his chair back and stared into space. "He could work during the day. He's got a job. In the evening he makes extra dough selling door to door."

Wilks wasn't impressed. "That's one way he could meet her. There're a hundred others."

But this way explains things that none of the others would. For instance, we guess he's married. We guess he then must work evenings because he'd have to have some kind of excuse to see Joan every night. Going out selling could be the job."

"It's something to consider."

"That's right. And the other things to consider are the motels. A philanderer like Campbell would almost certainly use them. And while Ed's checking them, you and I can see what we can find out in Bridgeport."

WEDNESDAY, 1:00—2:30 P.M. In Bridgeport that afternoon, Wilks visited the Fizz-Rite Company while Fellows made his second trip to tell unaware parents of the death of a daughter. The Simpsons lived in a lower-class suburban house perched on a postage stamp lawn, and both Mr. and Mrs. Simpson were home. They let him in and sat down and said they had a daughter, Joan.

"I want to talk to you about her," Fellows said, trying in his mind to phrase sentences.

It was Mr. Simpson who spoke then. "She got herself into trouble, didn't she?"

"I'm afraid so."

"I'm not surprised," the man snapped. "She's a tramp."

"She's a good girl," his wife said defensively.

"It was with a man, wasn't it?" Simpson said.

"Yes."

"That's what I thought. She's a no-good tramp. Whatever she done she deserves what she gets. Always playing around with men."

His wife said, "Now, Robert, you don't know that."

"What do you mean I don't know it?" he said back. "I do know it. How about that guy in the toy company? You think she got those presents because she took shorthand good?"

Mrs. Simpson turned her attention to

the chief. "What kind of trouble is she in?"

Fellows would have stalled but the question was direct and there was no way to avoid an answer. "We think she's been killed," he said quietly.

Both parents said, "No!" together, and Mrs. Simpson leaned forward. "That can't be."

"We found a body," the chief said, "which has been tentatively identified as being a Joan Simpson who worked for the Fizz-Rite Company in Townsend. We've been told you are her parents."

Mr. Simpson's heavily lined face crinkled up. A choking sob came out of his mouth, and tears started from the creases that hid his eyes. "My baby!" he cried. "My Joan." He began to sob and stumbled blindly out of the room, his cries echoing back through the house until a door slammed.

Mrs. Simpson sat perfectly still for a long time. Finally she looked painfully at Fellows. "Is there—any chance of a mistake?"

Fellows said, "Of course, until your husband or you view the remains it's not positive, but I'm afraid there isn't much question."

She nodded and stared emptily once more. "You—said—someone killed her?"

"We believe so. I'm hoping you can help us catch him."

"We'll help." She was silent a moment and then said, "Please excuse my husband. He really loved her very much."

"I never doubted that." Fellows made a move to get up. "If you'd rather I came back later—"

"No," she said. "It's—I don't mind talking about her. I'd like to talk about her."

"Maybe you could tell me something about her life, particularly from high school on."

Mrs. Simpson nodded. She talked at length, and to a large extent irrelevantly, but Fellows made no effort to stop or direct her. Joan, he was told, had always lived in their present house. After high school there followed two years in a secretarial school, after which she got a job in an accounting firm but didn't care much for it and, in October 1950, took another job as private secretary to E. M. Busso, Vice-President of the Masters Toy Company. Mr. Busso was very attentive to Joan, took her out and brought her presents and gave the family their present television set. "My husband thinks she wasn't a nice girl with Mr. Busso," Mrs. Simpson said. "I don't think that's right. He was a very fine man and very rich and he wanted to see young girls get ahead. When he let Joan go, which was back five years, it was to give a new girl a chance. As he explained it to Joan, she was ready for better things. Joan was quite bitter, but I'm sure Mr. Busso knew best."

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SLEEP LONG, MY LOVE

(continued)

The following fall she obtained her job with the Fizz-Rite Company and continued to live at home until she was transferred to the newly opened branch bottling plant. That was when she moved to Townsend and started sharing an apartment with two other girls. "We didn't see her much after that. She had to catch the local into Stamford and then get the train to Bridgeport and it was quite difficult. And she wasn't making as much money, and her new boss wasn't generous, like Mr. Busso, and he didn't give her presents."

As for men in her life, Mrs. Simpson said that Joan had been very popular. She was a belle in high school. "Of course," the woman said, "when she went to business college she didn't have much time for dates but she had quite a few. After she got her job, though, it was different. I guess she didn't meet so many single men." She said sadly. "I think perhaps Joan discouraged boys from coming around. I think maybe she hoped to marry Mr. Busso. Maybe that was a mistake. She should have known Mr. Busso was only interested in seeing her get ahead."

WEDNESDAY, 3:00-5:00. Wilks and Fellows compared notes over coffee in a Bridgeport diner in the middle of the afternoon. According to the detective sergeant, none of the men at Fizz-Rite had dated her, and, so far as he could learn, there was no such thing as a man in Joan's life. "There isn't any in Jean Sherman's life either," he said. "I checked with the police, and Campbell hasn't tried to see her."

Fellows said, "From what I learned, it sounds like Joan had her hooks out for Busso. Maybe she had them out for Campbell too and he rented the house to keep her quiet."

"Meaning he had a wife she was threatening to go see?"

"Sounds like it. Maybe she thought she could persuade him to get a divorce. You notice she wouldn't tell her roommates what her married name would be. If she was merely going to live with him and then call it quits, she wouldn't have to act like that. She'd give them some name and never see them again. Her promising to write all about it sounds as if she really expected to get married, as if she could come back and parade a wedding ring. She didn't want them to know her as Mrs. Campbell, not if she could hitch onto his real name."

Wilks shook his head. "Now that's good theorizing, Fred, or at least I guess it is, but what's the use of it? That doesn't move us one inch closer to this guy."

"Well, let's see what they can tell us at Masters'. Maybe that will."

Mr. Busso was a stout man, but advancing age, receding hair, and encroaching fat didn't remove the air of the lecher he wore as a permanent badge of his bachelorhood. "It's a shame about Joan," he said in reference to their phone call. "Of course I'll help any way I can, but I don't know what I could tell you. I haven't seen her since she left here."

He called Joan a capable secretary and had no complaints about her work. On the subject that mattered, the men in her life, he denied any knowledge. "I don't think she had many dates."

"We've had it from other sources," Fellows said, "that some of the people here did date her when she started work."

Busso worked his lips thoughtfully. "Well now, I guess that's right. I guess she did have a few. I guess a couple of the men took her out."

"Which men?"

Busso hemmed and hawed a moment or two. "I know one," he finally said. "Man by the name of Lawrence. Used to be in sales. He chased her quite a bit. He wasn't with us long, though."

"Lawrence? Know where he lives?"

"I only know his name is John Lawrence. Personnel might still have him listed. He was a Bridgeport man, young, dark, slender, about six feet tall."

That was all they could get from him, but Personnel brought better results. The man in charge grinned at the mention of Lawrence. "I remember the whole thing," he said. "I ought to. Joan was one of Busso's girls. He buys a new edition about every four years. They're always bright, shiny, and eye-catching, but everyone around here knows you don't touch the merchandise. This fellow Lawrence, though, he was working here when Busso brought in Joan Simpson. I knew him quite well. He was a character, that boy. No woman between six and sixty was safe around him."

"When it came to Joan, old John knew he shouldn't touch, but she was real Lawrence bait and he liked the challenge. He went after her, hot and heavy, and, of course, alongside of Busso, this guy was Prince Charming. Joan knew the score, of course, and she was playing both ends against the middle, holding hands with Busso, so to speak, on top of the table and playing footsie with Lawrence underneath."

"Busso caught wise, of course, and when he did, out went Lawrence. After that he had no more trouble."

Fellows said, "This lad Lawrence sounds like a guy who can't stay away from women no matter what the risk. Did he keep on seeing Joan?"

The man shook his head. "I don't think he did. He was the kind of guy who could forget a girl pretty fast. I think he'd look around where he was rather than waste effort trying to keep on with her when he wasn't working here."

"You don't know where he is now?"

"I ran into him on the street a couple of years later and he said he was selling cars in town. Of course that was six years ago. I don't know where he'd be now."

Fellows said, "We ought to be able to find out." He and Wilks thanked the man and left.

THURSDAY, MARCH 5. John Lawrence was not in the Bridgeport phone book nor was he listed in Townsend, Stockford, or any of the other neighboring towns. This fact awakened the chief's interest but didn't have the same effect on his detective sergeant. "He could be anywhere," Wilks said. "He lost his job and sold cars for a while and then got another job up in Maine or out in Pordunk. Just because—"

"I know all that," Fellows told him. "I just want to find out."

It was Thursday morning, and the reports on the chief's desk were mostly negative. A check of motel registers had failed to turn up the name John Campbell; dust from the house had been found clueless. The only positive development was the report that Mr. and Mrs. Simpson had identified the body as being their daughter and had taken it home for burial.

Wilks gestured at the cluttered desk. "You're getting desperate, Fred. You're desperate so you're going after an eight-year-old affair that has nothing to show it's held over at all."

"I'm going after everything everywhere," Fellows admitted, "but it's not because I'm desperate. I'm trying to be thorough."

Fellows' thoroughness in this matter consisted of sending a team of men to Bridgeport to check all automobile franchises and another team to cover the motels again, this time in a hunt for John Lawrences. And when Hilders of the Bridgeport *Courier* came in, Fellows asked him if he'd heard of a man named Lawrence.

Hilders hadn't, but he caught the hint. "You think Lawrence is Campbell's real name, don't you?"

"Off the record, we think it might be, but remember, Mr. Hilders, that is off the record."

The automobile business fell through. No one named John Lawrence had been in that field over the last ten years. The motel detail did better, however. At half-past eleven, patrolman Wilson called in. "This time you got it, Chief. A John Lawrence checked in at the Cozy Cove Motel south of Townsend on December nineteenth. 'Mr. and Mrs. John Lawrence,' and the address is a phoney."

Fellows liked that. His smile broke into a grin. "Bring in his card. I want his handwriting."

By the time Wilks came in at three-thirty, three more John Lawrence regis-

trations had turned up, and Fellows was walking on wires. "Campbell is Lawrence," he said, clapping Wilks on the shoulder. "I know it as sure as I'm born."

Wilks was less inclined to enthusiasm. "So what's that prove?" He sat down in the chief's chair and tilted it back. "It's your diet, Fred. It's making you dizzy. John Lawrence is just as phoney as John Campbell. Finding another alias doesn't find the man."

"But it tells us about him. It tells us he used to know Joan Simpson. And the motel dates are week nights. One is Friday, two are Tuesdays, and one's a Thursday. The guy is free any night in the week. Therefore, if he's married, it's certain he has some evening job."

"Or he isn't married and doesn't work nights at all. You're making unwarranted assumptions just because he uses a phoney name."

"But if he isn't married," said Fellows, grinning, "why wouldn't he have his girls come to his apartment?"

Wilks laughed and shook his head. "You sound like Sherlock Holmes reading a man's life history from the dents in his watch. You could be all wet, you know."

"I'll be wrong on some things, but, by God, I'll be right on most. You wait and see."

"All right. What else are you going to be right on?"

"I think he's got a jail record."

"Oh, he has? What about Watly being all through the mug files and not finding him?"

"He could have it in some other state."

"All right, Mr. Bones. Tell me why you think he's got a record."

"Because he uses the name Lawrence not only signing in at motels, but he also used it when he worked for the toy company. A man would only use an alias if he were hiding a record. Furthermore, he's a salesman of some kind. Everything points to that. The evidence also suggests he does some selling at night. It's probably door to door on his own, since he can take nights off and wouldn't have to account to a wife for not making money."

"**B**rother!" said Wilks. "What rabbits you pull out of what hats." He sat back. "You know, Fred. I'll bet you're so wrapped up in these surmises you haven't even thought of the logical way of finding the guy."

"Which is what?"

"Getting these motel owners to report in the next time a John Lawrence signs a card."

"We're doing that, Sid, but we aren't passing up our other chances."

"Which are what?"

"We check with Washington for a crook with a John Lawrence alias and we're going to have all the police departments around investigate all men with a reputation as a libertine. As you

say, Sid. I may be all wet on a lot of these suppositions, but I'm not going to be wrong on all of them, and one of the right ones is going to turn up our boy."

FRIDAY AND SATURDAY, MARCH 6-7. Chief Fred Fellows was, at the least, inventive, but the bad luck that seemed to dog him held up against his best efforts. The FBI reported no Lawrences or Campbells who could possibly be connected with the Simpson case, and the printing on the motel cards could not be matched. Negative information was all that resulted from the search for known libertines. Two possibilities had been shown to Watly, who had ruled them out without hesitation.

The bitterest blow was struck Friday night. The editor of the *Courier* pulled reporter John Hilders off a case that produced so little interest, and Hilders, no longer needing the good graces of Fred Fellows, blew the lid off in his article. **BRIDGEPORT GIRL MADE LOVE IN MURDER HOUSE** was the headline, and the story revealed all that Hilders knew and suspected, including the fact that John Campbell was believed to use the name John Lawrence. It was a revelation that Mr. John Campbell-Lawrence could hardly miss, and it insured the futility of catching the man in the traps the police had set.

Fellows was dispirited Saturday afternoon, and even Wilks couldn't cheer him up. "You've done everything you could," the detective sergeant told him. "All that stratosphere stuff! That's more than I'd have thought of."

"All of that stratosphere stuff looks kind of cock-eyed now, doesn't it? But I guess it did to you all along."

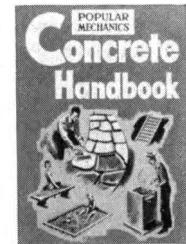
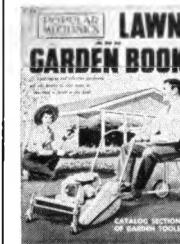
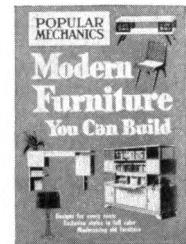
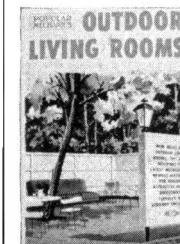
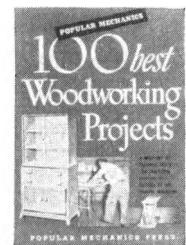
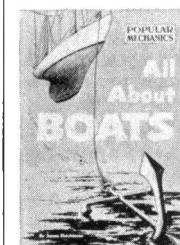
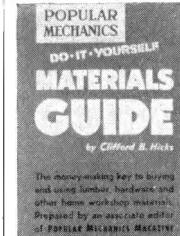
"You've done your best, Fred. Nobody blames you. Stop thinking you ought to be Superman."

Fellows shook his head. "I'm not satisfied. I don't think it is my best." He gestured at the mass of papers on his desk, the reports and information on the case. "There's an answer in that mess somewhere. I don't know what or where, but there's got to be." He started to pick the papers up one by one, putting them together. "You know what I think I'll do, Sid? I'm going to take these home and study them. Maybe I can think of something."

SATURDAY, 8:30-9:30 P.M. Early that evening Fellows dropped in on Sid Wilks, and found the detective sergeant in his basement working on model trains. "I couldn't spot any flaws, Sid, but I've got some ideas."

Wilks hitched his hip onto the table and pulled out his chewing tobacco. "Shoot."

"Here's the way I see this guy. He's married, he lives in a nearby town and he does selling at night. In the daytime, though, he must have a regular job. His arriving at Joan's house every night about



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SLEEP LONG, MY LOVE

(continued)

five-thirty is too consistent to mean anything else."

"I'll agree for kicks. Go on."

"If that's so, and if he stopped for groceries, then he must work within a ten-minute drive of the murder house. That would mean the center of Stockford."

"Granting the assumption, the reasoning is valid. What does that prove?"

"If he worked in town before the murder, he still works here, or he's recently left a job here. This is going to be a rough assignment, Sid, but we're going to canvas every single business establishment in the Stockford Center area. Any man who might possibly fit the description we've got, we're going to have Watly look at. Any who've left jobs recently, we're going to track down. This is going to be a big job, but starting Monday every available man is going to be put to work on it. That man is around here and we're going to find him."

"Well, let's say you're never at a loss for some new path to follow."

"Something's got to break somewhere and it's got to be this because if it fails, all that's left are two real brain-teasers."

"Yeah?" Wilks was curious if not really interested. "What?"

"Why did he break into Restlin's office and steal the lease? That's one. The other is, why did he start to destroy the body and then stop and run?"

Wilks shrugged. "The answer to the first is that he didn't want us to have a copy of his signature. The answer to the second is he was afraid of discovery. Did you say brain-teasers?"

Brain-teasers, because the answers to those answers are 'why?' and 'why?' Why didn't he want us to have a copy of his handwriting? And what made him so scared he was going to be discovered?"

"He doesn't want us to have a sample of his handwriting because he's somebody we're likely to investigate and that would damn him."

Fellows nodded. "That's just what I mean when I say he must work in this neighborhood. But, since Watly has seen him, he can be identified anyway, without the handwriting."

"That identification might not stand up in court. The handwriting would."

"And what about running off and leaving the body?"

Wilks scratched the back of his neck. "Let's see. He starts burning the body in the furnace. Then, for some reason the furnace goes out and he switches to the fireplace. That creates such a smell he's afraid the neighbors will notice, so he quits."

"I checked that whole neighborhood late this afternoon. None of the neighbors

noticed any smell or anything else about that house."

"That wouldn't keep him from being afraid they might."

"That's not the answer, Sid. A man bold enough to bring another woman to that house isn't going to run away because the neighbors *might* notice. He'd have to have reason to believe someone *did* notice."

"Who, if not the neighbors?"

"That, Sid, is the brain-teaser."

MONDAY THROUGH WEDNESDAY. The mammoth search through the center of town got under way Monday morning. Watly cooperated, but unwillingly. His role as sole witness made him uneasy, nor could Fellows' assurances of his safety completely restore him. He was called out three times Monday morning and four more times that afternoon, but the results were all the same. The men he looked at were not John Campbell.

By Tuesday afternoon the number of false alarms had risen to ten, and when Wednesday also passed without results, an air of gloom settled on headquarters. All the most likely firms had been covered and only the dregs remained.

Even Sid Wilks was showing the effects. "You know what's going to happen?" he said to Fellows. "We're not going to find him. We're going to wrap it up tomorrow and we're not going to find him."

"We still might."

"Don't kid yourself. It's what I've been telling you. You try to read too much into your clues. The guy doesn't work in Stockford. You just stretched your clues so fine you jump from one intangible to another and you end up in outer space."

THURSDAY, MARCH 12. When the detective sergeant came in Thursday morning, a man was sitting in Fellows' office with the chief. "This is Mr. Bunnell," Fellows said, introducing them. "Mr. Bunnell is the man Watly showed the house to the day before the robbery. You remember?"

"Yeah, I remember," Wilks said, looking sideways at the chief.

"That was the twenty-fifth of February. Mr. Bunnell, would you tell us everything that happened?"

Bunnell didn't have much to tell. He was a school teacher, new in town, looking for a place to settle. He talked to Restlin about homes, and the real estate agent had Watly show him the Highland Road house, which was to be available the first of March. They drove out and looked around and Bunnell, pleased with the site, wanted to see the interior. The house, however, was shut up tight and no one was home. They returned to the office, where plans were made for Bunnell to bring his wife the following day and they'd go out again with a key.

"Of course, none of that happened. I

went back the next day, and Mr. Restlin was home and Mr. Watly was in a dither because of the body you people discovered."

Fellows questioned Bunnell very carefully on the subject of who knew he planned to go inside the house the following day, but none of the friends he might have told could possibly have been Campbell.

"And what," Wilks said when the man had gone, "was the meaning of all that?"

Fellows shrugged. "I'm still trying to figure out why Campbell left the body and ran."

"But why Bunnell?"

"What it boils down to, I think, is the expectation of discovery. He must have known or thought he would be interrupted. Bunnell and Watly going into the house is the only interruption I can think of."

"And that idea's fallen through, so what have you got?"

Fellows grinned wryly. "There's still an angle or two left, Sid. We'll work them out."

FRIDAY, MARCH 13. The canvassing of the center of Stockford ended in failure Thursday afternoon, but Fellows had still not given up. He was late for muster Friday morning, and when he came in, he had a girl with him. He took her into his office and then called Wilks. "This is Jean Sherman," he said. "I think it's about time we got her into this again." He went to the door and leaned out to say to the desk sergeant, "Get hold of Watly, will you? Ask him to come over right away." He closed the door and seated Miss Sherman in his swivel chair.

Wilks said, "Don't tell me what this is all about. I only work here."

"It's more of my stratosphere stuff. It probably won't pay off, but by the law of averages, Sid, if you keep trying long enough, something's bound to happen."

"What's supposed to happen this time?"

"Figure it out. She and Watly are the only two people we know of who've seen Campbell."

"You're not going to have them draw another picture, are you?"

"That's one possibility," Fellows admitted, "but I'm hoping just a little bit that we won't have to resort to that."

At quarter of nine the desk sergeant opened the door. "Mr. Watly's here."

Fellows brightened. He went out to greet him. "Sorry, Mr. Watly. We're taking up a lot of your time."

Watly nodded. He had passed the stage of enjoying any of this. He had even passed the stage of complaining.

Fellows stood aside and let him enter the office first. In the chief's chair, Jean Sherman shrank back, then stumbled to her feet. Her voice was a shriek. "It's him! It's John Campbell!"

FRIDAY 8:45 A.M.-4:30. At Jean's scream

Wilks froze, and Watly sagged and collapsed suddenly in a chair. Only Fellows seemed to know what he was doing. He closed the door and bent over the stunned real estate man. "How about it, Mr. Watly? You want to tell us about it?"

Watly buried his face in his hands. "It's been driving me crazy. I haven't been able to sleep or eat for waiting." He looked up. "Let me explain," he begged. "I can explain everything if you'll only listen."

"We'll listen. You just wait here." Fellows opened the door and ushered Jean Sherman out into the arms of the flabbergasted desk sergeant. He thanked her and told the sergeant to take her upstairs for a statement. "And get Ed Lewis. I'm going to want him for Watly's confession."

Wilks came out as the two departed, and he was eyeing Fellows suspiciously. "Something tells me this wasn't pure accident, your bringing Watly and the girl together."

Fellows grinned and moved to the door, where he could watch Watly. "I wanted to satisfy myself," he said to Wilks.

"You might prepare a guy for a shock like that. I'm not a young man anymore."

"I couldn't. Sid. I knew if I was wrong I'd be the laughing stock of the town."

"How did you do it?"

"I added up my theories, Sid. We figured Campbell was married, that he worked in downtown Stockford, but lived in another town not too far away. We had him a salesman, one who worked regular hours in the daytime and did door to door selling at night. And we thought he abandoned the body because he was sure of discovery—and the only certainty of discovery was by a prospect coming out to look at the house.

"So then, thinking about this guy Bunnell, it occurred to me that the only man who resembled Campbell's description at all and who could have known Bunnell would go to the house was Watly. As soon as I thought of that, I realized there was still one person who worked in Stockford Center who hadn't been

cleared by Watly—Watly again. The more I thought about it, the less I thought I was crazy. He's married. He works in Stockford but he lives in Ashmun. He's in real estate. That's a selling job. And he was out the night we went to see Burchard. He could have been out selling." Fellows shrugged. "It'd have been rough if I'd been wrong this time. This was the last gasp."

Wilks looked in the office door and said, "Now it's only rough on Watly."

Half an hour later Ed Lewis came in and the three policemen sat down with Watly to take his statement. The real estate agent had recovered his composure, and as he unfolded his story he became more and more fluent. "It was a terrible thing," he began. "But I didn't kill her. Please believe that." He looked around at the stony faces of his listeners and started to explain. He'd met Joan Simpson when he was working at the Masters Toy Company under the name of Lawrence and he'd been fired by Busso for dating her. He hadn't seen her after that.

"You married back then?" Fellows asked.

Watly hesitated and finally nodded. "But don't get wrong ideas. Please don't get prejudiced against me because of that."

"Go on with the story."

Then I got another job selling beauty preparations door to door. I still do."

"Under what name?"

"My own. Raymond Watly."

"You ever been arrested, Watly?"

Watly nodded faintly.

"What for?"

"I was arrested for burglary a couple of times when I was in my teens. But that was when I was a kid. Honest, I never did anything after that. I left town and started over. I changed my name to Lawrence and got a job in a war plant and when I got laid off after the war, I sold refrigerators for a couple of years and then got a job in the sales department of a bakery and I never touched a penny. I did a good job, an honest job.

for all those people. After that I got an offer from the toy company. I had to work there under the name Lawrence, but when I got the beauty preparation job, my wife wanted me to use my real name because we were going to have a baby and I was honest then and nobody'd hold it against me that I was an ex-con so I started using my real name and I've used that ever since.

After the baby came, I got a job as car salesman and sold the beauty stuff at night. We bought the house in Ashmun and then I started a real estate business there so I wouldn't have to commute. I had my own business for two years and then Restlin offered me a job with him and it was a better opportunity so I took it. I've been with him ever since. Ask him if I'm not honest."

"All right, you're honest. Let's get back to Joan Simpson."

Watly covered his face with his hands. "That was an accident, a bad accident. I called at her place once, selling beauty stuff, and we got acquainted again." He looked up. "We started up again but it wasn't the way it used to be any more. Now she had her hooks out. She wanted to get married. I dropped her when she started clutching at me and I thought that was the end of it because she only knew me as John Lawrence. But she found out my real name through the company and where I lived and she followed me and threatened to tell my wife. She wanted us to live together so she could prove how much I needed her. I didn't want to, but I had to give in. I rented the house for a month—"

"You told her three months," Fellows interjected.

Watly was momentarily flustered. Then he said. "I thought one month would satisfy her. If it didn't, I could renew the lease." He glanced around, trying to measure the hostility in the atmosphere.

"I rented the house as John Campbell and she called herself Mrs. Campbell and I came to see her every night but that didn't satisfy her for long. One Friday she made me come for dinner, which

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SLEEP LONG, MY LOVE

(continued)

she ordered and cooked herself. Then she wanted me to spend a weekend with her. There was nothing I could do except tell my wife I was going on a business trip and go out there. That was Friday the twentieth. That was the night I decided I couldn't stand it any longer. We had a fight and when she saw I was going to leave her, she grabbed a kitchen knife and ran at me. I tripped trying to get out of the way and she fell over me and hit her head against the fireplace."

Watly looked up with a tortured expression. "I carried her into the bedroom and I couldn't revive her and then I found out she was—dead. She'd hit her head and done something and she was dead."

He looked up pleadingly. "I was frantic. I didn't dare call the police because of the way it would look. I didn't know what to do."

"So you decided to go to New York," Fellows said sarcastically.

"I had to get away where I could think. I couldn't go home without an explanation. I had to get away—far away. So I banked the furnace and locked the room and the house and got the train to New York."

"And made a date with Miss Sherman."

Watly rubbed his face. "I know that sounds terrible, but you don't understand. I needed companionship, an uncomplicated relationship with a woman. I'm made that way. And somehow it wouldn't seem quite so terrible going back to that house if I had someone with me."

"We just spent that one night and I put her on the train next morning and went to work. Mr. Restlin takes Mondays off because he works weekends, so I didn't have to face him with all that terrible thing on my mind."

"I'd decided the best thing to do was try to dispose of the body if I possibly could and I decided to burn it in the furnace. I went out there Monday night and did part of the job and then I went out again Tuesday to try to finish it, only I'd been so upset I forgot to bank the furnace the night before and when I got there, the fire was out. I tried using the fireplace but that didn't work and I had to quit and I decided the next night to get the furnace going again, only that was the day that that man Bunnell wanted to look at the house."

"I'd left it locked, but I knew he'd get in the next day and I couldn't start the fire and finish the job in one night so I put the body in the trunk and packed all her things, only I didn't know what to do with her suitcases. I didn't want to take them with me, so I left

them there. Then I went down to the office and took all the leases and then punched a hole in the glass in the door and left." He looked around. "I wasn't trying to be a burglar. I guess I did the wrong things all around, but you've got to understand how frightened I was. I knew it'd be all up with me if you caught me. I knew it would look bad. I was afraid I wouldn't be able to convince you I was innocent."

Silence fell when he had finished and Fellows let it sit for a long time. Finally he shook his head. "Most of what you told us, I guess, is true. Mr. Watly. But that part about her coming at you with a knife—that part, I think, is a lie."

Watly, white-faced, said, "Every word is true. I told it exactly as it happened."

"Mr. Watly, I think you killed her. You killed her because she told you she was going to have a baby."

"She didn't tell me that. I swear it. She wasn't going to have a baby. She never said she was."

The chief raised his eyes. "You say you didn't kill her but you bought a knife and hacksaw. You purchased them at Cutler's. We traced them there."

"I know that. I admit it, but I didn't buy them before she died. I bought them afterwards."

"When?"

"I bought them—let's see—Monday." He reaffirmed it. "I put Jean Sherman on the train and then I bought the saw and knife. That hardware store is near the station. That's why I bought them there."

Fellows said, "I don't believe you, Mr. Watly. I think you bought them there before Monday."

"I wasn't near the station before Monday. I wouldn't have bought them near the station if I hadn't been taking Jean to the train."

"You'd buy them there because it's out of the way. You work in this town. You wouldn't shop where you might be known."

"I swear it. She fell and hit her head. I bought them Monday."

Fellows exhaled. "All right, Mr. Watly. Now we'll go over your story again. You tell us the whole thing all over again, just what you did and what she did."

"Why? I told it to you once."

"Tell it to us again."

Watly repeated the story, but this time he was interrupted with question after question by Fellows. Despite the jarring effect of the chief, he made no change, he didn't trip himself. She had rushed at him with a knife, tripped and struck her head.

He was made to tell it a third time and this time Wilks as well as Fellows kept interrupting, kept quizzing him on major points and minor details. It came out the same way.

At noon they took a break for lunch

and they went at it again and still again, always with the same result. He wouldn't be shaken on his claim that she had rushed at him in a rage, fallen headlong against the brick fireplace and dropped dead.

By four o'clock Watly was nearly in tears and nervous prostration but he clung to his story with an earnestness that was pathetic and, because it was pathetic, it was convincing. But Fellows and Wilks wouldn't be convinced.

They gave up finally and had him put in a cell. Lewis departed to type up the statement and Fellows and Wilks stayed behind in the office, angry and frustrated.

"The trouble is," Wilks complained bitterly, "we can't prove otherwise."

"I don't care how often he denies it, he killed her. I'd bet my life on it."

"What good does betting do? We're over a barrel. How did she die? Nobody knows. It could have been an accident like he says. As for the knife and saw, Cutler's has no record. How're we going to prove that he bought them on Friday or before? It could have been Monday like he says."

Fellows got up and stalked into the main room, where he glowered with his hands on his hips at the steel door to the cell block. He turned and said in unaccustomed anger. "This damned room looks like a pigsty. Sweep this place up, Gorman."

Fellows' tone was so foreign to his nature that the sergeant jumped to obey. The chief said. "And empty those ashtrays. God damn it, what are we running here?" He jammed his hands in his pockets and his eyes searched out the room for more omissions. His voice came up sharply again but this time there was a different note in it. "And who's the sloppy guy in charge of this office? It's March. What's February still doing on the calendar?"

He strode to the bulletin board, tore off the offending sheet, and thrust it at Gorman. "Here," he snapped. "Never mind the broom. Take this in to Watly. Tell him it's a present from me."

Gorman hastened to obey. He opened the steel door and hurried down the concrete corridor. Wilks moved up beside the chief and looked sideways at the glint in Fellows' eyes. "What's all that big act for?"

Fellows' face broke into a sly grin. "You know something, Sid? I'm a lousy detective. I don't know when I'd've caught on if I hadn't looked at that calendar. Monday, the twenty-third of February, the day Watly claims he bought the knife? That's in red numbers. It's a legal holiday. The stores were closed."

From the cell at the end of the hall there came the sudden sound of sobbing.

THE END

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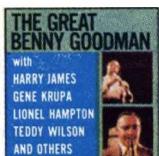
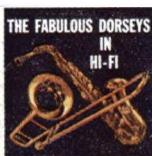
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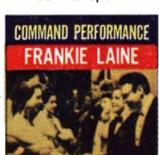
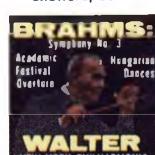
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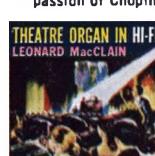
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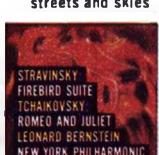
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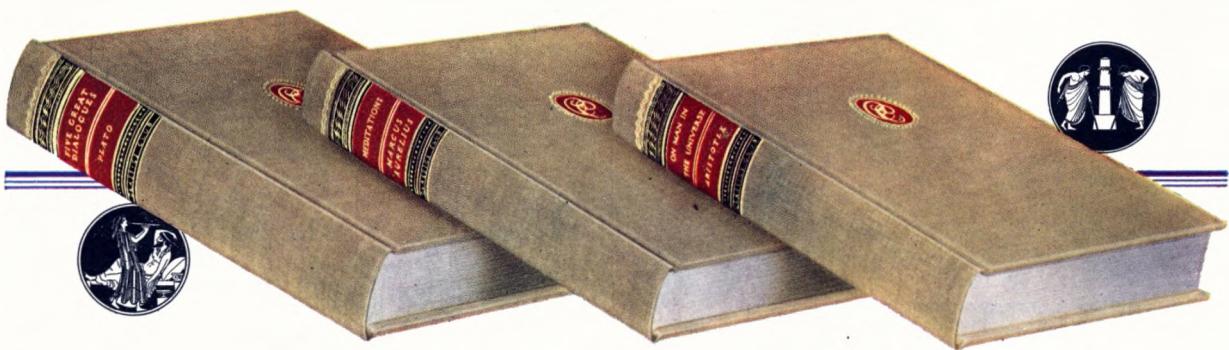
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