

SEEING

AMERICA

On the Cuff!
Law

FRANK GILL, JR. ■
PAUL ^{and} LIVINGSTONE



THE GOUGHUE
PORT ARTHUR,^{COM}
HARVEY INN, MOTEL
Tap Room

HOTEL DEL MONTE
DEL MONTE, CALIFORNIA

HC
The Wellman
Opera House

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Al Levy's Tavern

THE TOWN HOUSE
LOS ANGELES

HOTEL

MARCUS WARDEN
THE NEW WARDEN
NIRBY EAST - AT WOODWARD
Same address in Detroit

All States Co.
St. Petersburg, Florida

WHITMAN
NEW'S

PHILADELPHIA

THE PALMS MOTOR HOTEL
WASHINGTON

ANNET HOTEL
TEXAS



200

200

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SEEING AMERICA

On The Cuff



**SEEING
AMERICA**
On the Cuff

As told to . . .

FRANK GILL, JR.

By . . .

PAUL LIVINGSTONE



MURRAY & GEE
H O L L Y W O O D

Copyright, 1940

by

FRANK GILL, JR. and PAUL LIVINGSTONE

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Printed in The United States of America

TO MY WIFE

DIANA . . . goddess of the chase and guardian of
the name of Livingstone—inspiration for
all that is good in or about me this
book is lovingly dedicated.

. . . Paul Livingstone



APERITIF

The story that Paul Livingstone has to tell is one that Mr. Ripley might well include in his "Believe It Or Nots," and it is one that you won't hear again, for it is the first of its kind, and therefore the most interesting.

By way of preparation let me tell you just how the writing of this book occurred. Pursuing my career as a writer of humor for several leading radio comedians, I had just returned to my office from a quiet fit of the staring horrors at Palm Springs, the desert retreat of Hollywood celebrities. I had cleaned up the last remaining traces of a season's labors and was ready to embark on a long vacation over the summer months, when the door opened and in walked Paul Livingstone. That was the end of my vacation and the beginning of this book.

You will learn shortly of Paul's amazing ability as a salesman, just as I learned the day he walked into my office. With nothing but a scrapbook under his arm and a beautifully smooth line of saletalk on his tongue, he persuaded a tired,

jittery writer to forego his vacation and undertake the writing of a book—for nothing! Free, gratis, without compensation. Immediately there springs to your mind's eye a picture of a human dynamo, the high-pressure, fast-talking type that always leaves you with \$10,000 more life insurance than you can possibly afford; the kind that with a smile full of teeth watches you drive out of the Auto Show with a Packard when you went in to make a down payment on a Chevrolet; the kind that—oh well, you must have been a sucker at least once in your life. But Paul isn't this type at all. He doesn't talk nearly as fast as I do, for instance. But how he can sell! It isn't his appearance that does it, either. Of average height, about the usual weight, with brownish hair and average features, he's well, average. Only his eyes jump at you when you meet him. Those electric blue eyes that seem to pin you back in your chair until you've heard what he has to say, taking his own sweet time to say it. Maybe the man gave me the Evil Eye, maybe he put a hex on me, I don't know. All I remember is that exactly one hour after Paul Livingstone walked into my office I had agreed to write his story—but what a story. It did not need writing, it simply needed telling.

This is, I believe, enough of an aperitif, a preparation for the most amazing story of a man and his wife that it has been my pleasure to listen to in lo, these many years. It is unbelievable, yet absolutely and demonstrably true. All I can say is a repeat of what so many people have written in Paul's battered scrapbook, a word heard from coast to coast for three long years—"Damfitaintso"!!

—FRANK GILL, JR.

Hollywood, California.
1940.

This edition limited to eleven
hundred copies, of which this is

Number

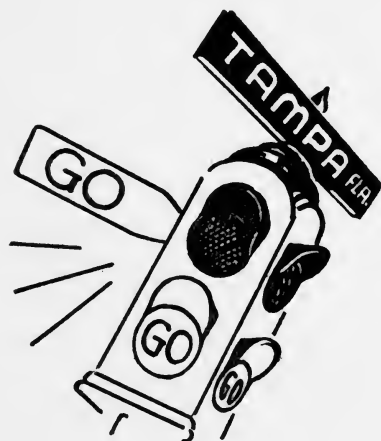
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And is Autographed by

To - Hillary & ^{and}
with sincere best wishes
Paul Clyde Livingston
Hollywood, Cal.
August 9-1940



SEEING AMERICA *On The Cuff*



“All my life I’ve been crazy about . . . traveling.”

CHAPTER ONE

All my life I've been crazy about two things—traveling and selling. Well, maybe three things, if you include Rye. The first two are the reason for this book being written. The third is the reason why it took so long to write it.

I'm not, however, a traveling salesman in the strict sense of the word. My wife always traveled with me, and after all, there's a limit to what the farmer's daughter will put up with. So with all respect to that itinerant gentry, I'm not a traveling salesman. At the risk of offending the Fourth Estate, who suffer a mezzanine nervous breakdown when they see a reporter in the movies, I'm going to describe myself as a newspaper man. I've run a couple of sheets in New England, batted around on some others, and that—coupled with the fact that there's room on this year's quota of first novels by ex-reporters—gives me reason enough to call myself a newspaper man. Besides, it lends a high-class touch, don't you think?

I'd probably still be hollering "Copy!" in my shrill falsetto if it hadn't been for that itch to travel that has shaped my life ever since I can remember. I even tried the sea, but you don't move fast enough afloat, and it's a long time between bars. A few years after the War, which I fought and won in Camp Mead, Maryland, this urge to be on the move got the better of me in Rhode Island, where I was running a newspaper, "The Weekly Advertiser." I decided to hang up my typewriter for good and leave the newspaper world to fate and William Randolph Hearst.

Having decided to travel, I needed something to travel in, so I spent most of my savings on \$1485 worth of Elcar and set out on a vacation with the remainder. After roaming

around a few weeks I found that there was a jarring note in my rhapsody of freedom, i.e., I was paying for it out of my own pocket. That thought, coupled with the fact that my pocket was rapidly emptying, forced me to stop and take a quick personal inventory. It wasn't too encouraging. My assets totaled up to a well developed wanderlust, an average mental equipment, and a gift of gab. My problem was to find an idea that would earn a living for me, using as ingredients, those three doubtful assets.

If I'd learned anything at all as far as I'd gone through life, it was the fact that I wasn't the only man who loved the well known open road and adventure. Bromidic though it may be, there's a kindred love buried down there among the inhibitions of every man you meet. He'll answer the call of any kind of adventure like a prizefighter answers the gong, and he's going to get his release mechanism working even if he has to do it vicariously. Working on this principle, I came to the conclusion that there might be a very nice living in acting as Mr. Average Business Man's proxy.

My first venture was prosaic enough as I look back at it now, but in those days it had just enough of the feeling of adventure to it to give it appeal. I conceived the idea of touring the country selling merchandise of some sort from a traveling showcase, and I believe I introduced what is now a fixture in sales methods. I set about to figure out how my Elcar could be converted into a showcase on wheels, and the result was a pen and ink sketch of a vehicle that looked like a truck with a multitude of glass doors. This I hoped to stock with some unwary manufacturer's products and travel the hinterlands, making my way on a commission basis. The

sketch was no masterpiece of the draughtsman's art, but I hoped to cover my lack of skill with that gift of gab I had so bravely listed as an asset. Now there was just one little detail left to take care of—selling the idea. So with a mental hitching up of the pants I set out to market Livingstone, Preferred.

Armed, in a low calibre sort of way, with my drawing of the bus, I called on my first angel, Mr. B—, president of a Rhode Island auto tool and accessory manufacturing company. In the unnerving light of what later happened, I'm sure Mr. B— will be d—glad that I've concealed his identity herein. Mr. B— proved to be a progressive business man with a reputation for shrewdness and a flair for mild sensationalism. Inasmuch as it's pretty difficult to inject sensationalism into the tool manufacturing business, Mr. B— was in a fair way to develop a carefully concealed canker of the soul until I hustled into his office. He listened to my idea in almost complete silence, partly due to the fact that I didn't even stop for breath. I'd taken a deep one just before going in, and if that wouldn't do, the hell with it. My speech was carefully rehearsed, but scarcely long enough to go on without some slight interruption, so I started improvising. It was in this improvisation that I reached a plane of abstract beauty—in fact, I was beginning to get sold on the idea myself.

Still no responsive light in the cold, clear eye of Mr. B—. It was no easy task to unwrap the protective coverings from his gambling instinct, but finally it began to emerge—dripping inhibitions. His eye began to lose its hardness, and an almost dreamy expression crept in.

I shifted from *allegro fortissimo* to an insinuating, sooth-

ing andante cantabile, with just a touch of schmaltz. He responded like the fine old violin he was.

"The possibilities of this are tremendous, Mr. B—. I'm sure you'll agree with me on that, at least."

"Ungh," said Mr. B—.

Encouraged by this sign of approaching hysteria, I continued.

"It's never been done before. That alone makes it worth its weight in gold—or certified checks, if you prefer!" This last with a polite executive laugh, for a change of pace intended to disarm the victim.

"Ungh," said Mr. B—.

So that was going to be his attitude, was it? By now I was getting so I could field his "unghs" with my bare hand.

"This will give the tool manufacturing business what it's always lacked—glamour, romance, adventure!" This last with all stops open.

"Well,," said Mr. B—.

That was all I needed. The man had cracked. My first venture was a howling success, with me doing most of the howling. It was only a matter of tucking his gambling instinct back where the air couldn't get at it—also some less inspired salesman—and the deal was completed. I left his office with a check for \$200 and a somewhat frayed scalp dangling from my belt. From here on in, it was easy. In two weeks, I'd signed thirty eight tool and accessory manufacturers to contribute \$200 apiece with the exception of two whom I sneaked in at \$100. A total of \$7400 in the bank at the cost of thirty-five cents for pen, ink and paper, and \$1 for a soothing throat spray.

Now the work started. I took my Elcar and with the aid of one mechanic, ripped the body apart. Together we expanded the frame until it supported a home-made bus body of twenty-feet in length, ten feet in height and eight feet in width. Completed, it carried thirty-eight panels of glass which averaged two feet by three feet in size and set into the body from four to ten inches deep. These panels, backed by wall boards, formed the walls of my living quarters inside the bus, a cozy little nook that always gave me the feeling of setting up housekeeping behind the men's underwear counter in Macy's Basement. But it was home. Inside the glass panels was equipment to hold samples of the wares of my thirty-eight angels—angels who carried valve-grinders, etc., instead of the conventional harp, but angels none the less.

In the rear of my traveling showcase I hitched on a one-ton trailer to carry stock, as I had also wound up with a selling tie-up from many of my thirty-eight bosses. The bus had cost over \$4000 to build, and various things had eaten up most of the remainder, so I was starting out on my venture from scratch, a place to become so familiar to me in later years that I now regard it as home, with an occasional week-end spent behind the eight-ball or in the doghouse.

I had decided on the New York-Miami itinerary because in the first place I like Florida, and in the second place I wanted to do some deep-sea fishing. This seemed just as sensible to me as darting off for an airplane ride into the Pacific, setting a route that nobody else would be crazy enough to follow anyway. At any rate, late in 1928, I gave my wandering goldfish bowl the gas, and set out as one of the first free wheeling traveling salesmen.

I left a trail of sales, large and small, all the way to Florida. Business men in small towns ate up the idea of personalized buying, and in addition, the local papers always carried the advance information that I was there to see Mr. So-and-So of the So-and-So Company, which put him rather on the spot. Also, Mr. So-and-So would have been a darned peculiar so-and-so if he hadn't liked seeing his name in print, along with the free advertising. I counted on this bit of elementary psychology and I wasn't mistaken. After all, a business man is a very human being, and there isn't a human being worthy of the term who doesn't like a little service now and then. That was what I was giving them, service, bringing the factory right up to their doors along with a bit of free advertising and they responded right nobly and tangibly with order after order.

Finally I arrived in Miami and let the bus cool off a bit while I did some deep sea fishing. My peculiar personality left swordfish and pompano singularly unmoved, however, so I resumed my trip, striking up the East Coast through Georgia to land finally in Cincinnati, on the banks of the Beautiful Ohio. Someday I'm going back there and find out why it's called the Beautiful Ohio. All the time I was there it was full of mud. Maybe you have to sneak up on it. Anyway, it was in Cincinnati that I decided to relax. And when I relax, that word takes on a new and sinister meaning. Perhaps this story wouldn't have been written if I hadn't walked into a speakeasy and instantly liked the imperturbable spirit who presided there with a bar-towel and jigger. As I walked in, he uncorked a cheery smile and a gay "What'll it be, friend?"

"Here," I said to myself, "is a veritable haven for the weary pilgrim." "Here," I added, "is a cheery soul—a happy

spirit—untouched by the struggle of Big Business—a dispenser of soothing potions, a companion, an oracle of homely philosophy—in short, a bartender. Another smile, made radiantly beautiful by a mouthful of gold forever free from the machinations of international capitalists.’

“I think,” I said, “I’ll have something long and cool.”

It was a long drink, all right, exactly two months long. It consisted of an attempt to prove that one man can drink the stuff as fast as they can make it, a branch of research in experimental chemistry long since proved abortive.

I came to, in a nice way, in my bus which was gathering dust in a Dayton parking lot. How and when I had made the trip from Cincinnati to Dayton is still a mystery. A quick inventory showed assets to the amount of twenty cents. I oozed myself out into the sunlight, and found myself confronted by the owner of the parking lot. I essayed a cheery smile, which exertion sent the Little People back to working on my head with sledge and gimlet. After a slight wave of death had passed, I asked the proprietor how much I owed for parking, as I was anxious to be on my way.

“Ninety dollars,” he replied grimly, fixing me with a suspicious stare.

“Of course. Ninety—HUH!”

He leaned closer and leered menacingly. “Ninety bucks, I said. You pay it or you don’t turn a wheel.”

I got his point rather quickly, even in my rubbery condition, and retired into the soothing darkness of the bus. My radio impertinently blared the information that the time was exactly two months after my first drink. Two months parking, at fifty

cents for two hours, each additional hour ten cents—well, you figure it out.

I wasn't particularly worried about an overcharge as I only had twenty cents anyway. That night, I said goodbye to my traveling showcase, and started out on foot. My obligations were more than fulfilled. I'd gone past the agreed terminus of the trip by many miles and sales, so I could call the whole thing off without a qualm. This I did, except for the qualm part of it. I had plenty of those, chiefly because my stomach had taken a terrific beating, and I had a childish wonder as to what I was going to do next. My condition at the time is best illustrated by the fact that I spent my last twenty cents for a Hershey bar and some peanuts.

I wandered back to Cincinnati, and wound up at the Y.M.C.A., which is a fine place to take a hangover. Here I told my sad story, and they took me in. I take back everything I've ever said about the Y.M.C.A. that wasn't of the best. They gave me a room and a steam bath, for which largess I will be ever their humble slave.

But now the problem of what to do with nothing to do it with reared its revolting head. I decided that I might as well set myself up in business, especially as I had no means of transportation to parts distant or more promising. Now setting oneself up in business is not an easy task, and setting oneself up in business in Cincinnati on a shoe-string is starting with two strikes and an unfriendly umpire against you.

I might have gone to the local newspapers and signed myself on as chattel, but I'd become used to being my own boss by this time, and I had sense enough to realize that I was

probably the only boss who'd have any use for me. Hence my decision to plunge into Big Business.

I was sitting in my room, talking back to an empty stomach, and naturally my thoughts drifted to restaurants. Also naturally, I dreamed of the splendid meals I'd prepare for my best customer., i. e. me—if I owned a restaurant. Then suddenly I thought— why not? No reasonable objection being forthcoming, I began to figure out how I could start a restaurant with no capital. I'd noticed a small store for rent near the Y.M.C.A., a long, narrow affair. The next step was to decide on something to make it different. I recalled of an idea that first had come to me years ago when I was in the army at Camp Mead, Maryland—a restaurant to be called “The Dugout”—furnished with rough wooden benches and tables, sandbag walls, all the atmosphere of a dugout in the front lines. I drew a pen and ink sketch of my proposed mecca for the hungry. I would have loved to have made it a mecca for the thirsty, too, but two strong factors worked against this. One, this was during the tenure of Volstead's Dream, and two, I would have been my own bar's best customer. However I made what I think was an excellent compromise by keeping a pint or two of high-octane moonshine under the counter, this for myself and an occasional customer when something “on the house” was indicated. I take great moral pride in the fact that at no time did I offer these forbidden libations for sale. In an era of law-breaking, I carried high the banner of honesty and good citizenship, besides, after a few hookers of that internal anschluss I'd have given the restaurant away, let alone a drink. The next step was to get the store. I sold the proprietor the idea with my sketch, getting a month's free rent out of him. Then I

tackled the City of Cincinnati for a restaurant permit which I got free for thirty days also. The American Legion then donated a machine-gun, hand grenades, mess kits and assorted paraphernalia of war which I used to decorate the place. From here on in it was easy to promote such commonplace things as dishes, stove, silver,—and food. The last gave me a bit of trouble. I had to hock my overcoat as a down payment, but I didn't think I'd be outside much anyway, so I gave it cheerfully.

“The Dugout” was ready for the Grand Opening. I'd been giving free sandwiches and sneaking drinks to the policeman on the beat and any flying squad members that cared to drop in while the place was in the preparation stage, so I had some valuable word-of-mouth advertising ready when I said the word.

I said the word. I got some old Roman candles and red fire to set off outside the place on opening night, to give my ptomaine premiere a Hollywood touch. I even took my prop machine gun outside and managed to fire off a couple of blanks before the thing jammed on me. Perhaps this was just as well, as I understand the good citizens of Cincinnati are very narrow-minded on the subject of machine-gun fire. In spite of this I opened with what is technically known to the trade as a bang. I'd gotten a chef by promising him a half interest in the receipts, hence I was pretty sure he'd be in there punching. So here I was—proprietor of a restaurant, with thirty days to make good. Once more, the old pen and ink sketch had given me a start. I often close the day, even now, with a silent prayer of thanks to whomever was responsible for my dabbling in Mechanical Drawing when I was a kid in school.

The first month went by and I broke even, in spite of feeding

and moistening many of Cincinnati's down and outers free of charge. I started the second month at odds—on favorite to wind up in the local Bastille for non-payment of debts, with the consolation of being the only inmate to go to jail for feeding the hungry. I still might have made a go of it if I hadn't been on the taking end of the double-cross. Of course, if I hadn't been double-crossed, I might never have married the woman who now shares the heavily mortgaged name of Livingstone. But before this adventure gets too involved, let me tell you what happened—and it shouldn't have happened even to a dog.*

On Christmas Eve, shortly after we opened, a couple of girls came in with a member of a police "flying squad"—a tough Irishman who led the "flying squad" of one of the toughest police forces in the country. His name I won't reveal, for reasons soon apparent, and also because he's still alive, and as long as that baby's alive my chances of being not are much too good.

One of the girls was this policeman's fiancee, and the other was a tall girl with huge dark eyes that gave me more lift than I'd ever gotten out of a bottle, and that's a lot of lift, gentlemen.

From the top of her head, sheathed in hair the color of desert midnight, to the tip of her shapely foot, she was made to order for me. Her name was Diana, and I knew imme-

*EDITOR'S NOTE: Mrs. Livingstone is still slightly suspicious that the above refers to her marriages to Paul Livingstone. He, exercising the prerogative of the creative artist, refuses to explain, saying "Perhaps posterity will discover what contemporaries see only with their eyes." Which is pretty involved and silly, if you ask me.

diately that for this particular Goddess of the Chase, the chase was over. Needless to say, I devoted myself to her the rest of the evening, and I'm still doing it. But that comes later.

It was the custom in "The Dugout" to scribble on the wall any little sentiment that might come to mind. That is—any *nice* sentiment. There was however, a certain school of white-wall poetry that we discouraged.

After the cop and the two young ladies left, I found that Diana, the tall girl with the 200 proof eyes, had written, "Happiness is a perfume that you cannot pour on others without getting a few drops on yourself." Before she left that night, I was soaked. I also managed to break the house record as my own best non-paying customer, and woke up the next morning with a hangover, a memory of a girl, and no telephone number. At that time, my working capital was about two dollars, which amount I spent calling every Diana in the phone book, with no results, but several good leads in case I couldn't find the Diana I was looking for.

New Years Day she called me. "Hello," she said, "I'd like to speak to Paul Livingstone."

I recognized her voice and got excited. "Hello, is this you?"

"Who else?" she replied. She had a great mind for detail.

"I mean, the girl who spills the perfume on people—the one with eyes like a policeman's badge. You know."

"Still plastered, eh?"

"No, I'm not plastered. I'm just a little punchy from calling every Diana in the Cincinnati phone book. I've been trying to get in touch with you on account of I'm crazy about you."

"Look," Diana said, "Drink a lot of black coffee, take a cold bath and I'll call you back in a couple of hours. Bye."

“Wait a minute!” I hollered. “Don’t hang up! I’m serious, honest I am. I’ve been trying to find you ever since you came in here the other night.”

“What’s the matter—something wrong with the check?”

I got sore. Here I was, pouring out my heart in all its cloistered beauty, and all I was getting was a lot of broken down quips.

“Listen you, no woman can give me the runaround like this. At this point, the odds are in your favor to ruin my life, to play with my heart as you will—but you might at least do it as though you enjoyed it!”

The laugh left her voice, and she spoke very quietly.

“I called you, didn’t I?”

She had me there. . . .



... and any romantic ideas I might have had went out the moment she started to talk!



CHAPTER TWO

That night Diana came to the Dugout, and any romantic ideas I might have had went out the moment she started to talk. She was excited, and the glow of it in her cheeks made it hard for me to keep my mind on what she was saying, but not for long.

“How much money are you making in the Dugout, Paul?” she asked.

I looked at her a minute, then smirked, “Well,” I said, “It’s rather sudden, Diana,—I don’t think I’m making enough to keep you in the style—.”

“Stop it, Paul,” she interrupted, “I’m not fooling. Have you enough money to pull out of this business?”

“Pull out?”

“Yes, pull out before you get run out. Our friend, on the squad, wants the Dugout himself. He’s going to turn you in for violation of the 18th Amendment.”

I couldn’t believe it for a while. Why, I’d been keeping him in whiskey ever since the place opened. But Diana soon made me see what I was up against. His girl friend had fallen in love with the place, and he’d simply decided to appropriate it as a present for her. The idea was to get a warrant out for me, telling me of course that it was someone higher up who’d put the pressure on. He would then offer me a few dollars for the place, and help get me out of town. I’d fall for it, and be glad to practically give the Dugout to him. Yes—like hell I would!

So Diana asked me again how I stood on finances. I had to tell her that although the place was making money, I was

also spending it, and had a free list as long as one of Doc Townsend's Old Age Pension petitions. I also had to disclose the embarrassing fact that again I'd hocked my overcoat to pay for some pork chops, which I found later the chef took home to his wife. All in all, I wasn't exactly a demon executive, in the strict sense of the word. Diana put it much more tersely in good old-fashioned Anglo-Saxon.

She had hoped I'd made enough money to pull out of the restaurant business with something besides my tail feathers, and was all consolation and sympathy when she found out that I was not only broke, but up to my neck in debt, with everything in the restaurant, plus the restaurant itself, under obligation.

I was at my wit's end, which isn't much of a journey even under ideal traveling conditions. And here it was that Diana took over the management of the Livingstone family. She went to the man who owned the store I was renting, and signed the Dugout over to him, with the understanding that he was to pay off all obligations I had incurred. She then told the chef he was fired. He protested that he was a partner of mine, and Diana told him that was just dandy, in that case we could share a double cell in the City Jail. That took care of the chef very tenderly. She next went to the pawnshop, which evidently I was using as a clothes closet. She got my clothes out of the hands of the usurers, and returned them to me. Next she moved me out of my living quarters above the Dugout and into a small apartment. Plumping me down in a chair, for all the world like a little boy who'd run out on his music lesson, she told me to get busy with some of the great ideas I'd hinted at in a burst

of alcoholic bravado. In short, I was to quit talking, and start producing.

After Diana left, I gathered together the scattered remnants of my ego, bathed them in a few healing tears, and began to really punch for an idea. It wasn't easy. First of all, I had to talk myself into that state of implicit confidence that always seemed to spawn results. That in itself was a chore, because I wasn't so sure of myself after the beating I'd just taken. There were a couple of other smart guys in the world besides P. Livingstone. But after a day or two I began to doubt that, then I knew I was all right again. I'd had an idea in the back of my head for some time that I thought was a sure success, and I dragged it out and gave it a thorough working over. The result even pleased me. You've seen those small strip mileage maps that the automobile clubs of the various states introduced a few years ago, haven't you? Well, at that time they were as yet unthought of, and that was the idea that came to me.

I went to a nearby printer and sold him the idea of printing me some sample maps. I would travel by car from coast to coast, stopping in each large town to sell the advertising space on the map to the local hotel, garage, restaurant or what's new? Tying up with a hotel keeper and merchant in each town, as well as their Chamber of Commerce, would pay a nice profit over and above the cost of the map and my traveling expenses. The printer thought that it was a great idea and got hold of his partner to set the deal. They bought me an Austin Coupe and a tailored semi-military uniform, complete with Sam Browne belt, and I went home to call Diana and tell her that I was about to embark on the first cross-continental tour ever made in a Baby Austin. I'd chosen the Austin above a standard make

of car because at that time the Austin was still thought of as a book-end rather than automobile, and I knew that at least half the small towns had never seen one. The publicity I'd get, and did get, for my choice of transportation was to prove a big factor in the venture.

When I told Diana about it, she started to laugh, then sobered suddenly and said, "Say, you know—it's not a bad idea."

Encouraged, I told her that somebody had to go along to help me pull the Austin out of gopher holes, and that if she'd marry me, I'd do all the night driving. Out of the corner of my eye I could see that she wasn't impressed by my gay love-making, so I settled down to sell her the idea of becoming my wife. That, gentlemen, was the toughest sale I ever made! I'd never engaged in the doubtful sport of offering my bed and board before, and I thought all you had to do was to mention the idea to the prospective bride, wait for her answering giggle, then move in on her line, "Well, aren't you going to kiss me?"

So I wasn't prepared for the sudden freeze I got. The freeze wasn't occasioned by lack of desire on her part for a *grande amour*, but a natural curiosity as to just what kind of a life a woman could expect married to a screwball. I drew a mental picture of a life of Adventure—a William Powell-Myrna Loy sort of menage that would make "The Thin Man" pretty dull reading. I drew the picture, then drew it again, this time in Technicolor. Still Diana was not quite convinced, to put it nicely. Finally she told me that if I could prove to her that my trip wouldn't turn into a cross-country cocktail tour, she'd marry me. I told her that I'd go out alone for a week, then if I made a success of it, she could join me and we'd be

united in a veritable shower of strip-maps. Diana looked at me, sighed, and said, "Paul, if I hadn't been a mental nurse for years, I'd never have the nerve to marry a psychopathic case." A tender thought to mark such a milestone, but then—Diana always was poetic.

Perhaps I'd better acquaint you with the young lady who didn't have sense enough to realize how lucky she was. Just to make it tough for her, I'll start with her age. She was just twenty-one when I met her, but in her own way she'd packed a lot of experience into the few years that had elapsed since her school days. Born in Asheville, North Carolina, she was the first Southern girl I'd ever met who didn't insist on calling it No'th Cah'lina, for which I loved her very dearly. After a happy childhood spent on the old plantation—and on the level, her parents really had one—she entered a nurses' training school, winding up at the famous Robert S. Carroll Mental and Nervous Hospital in Asheville. Now there is really a lovely spot to take your neuroses for a romp. It's expensive, but you certainly meet a nice class of nervous breakdowns. Diana went on to the Beth Israel Hospital in Brooklyn, a large hospital right near the cemetery where the Dodgers are buried each season. From there to the Beth David in New York, where she finished her training, and from there to a little nervous breakdown she whipped up for herself. At this point, Diana decided to indulge herself in her pet luxury—travel. She'd always loved it, but she thought that there were more important vocations in the world than simply being a sucker for a railroad ticket. However, now that she'd contracted a touch of the weirdies herself, she decided to travel. She went to Havana, just escaped going native, and after a spell in Miami, motored across the

country and wound up in Cincinnati, where the Beautiful Ohio is always Beautiful after you run it through a sieve. There, experiencing an intense nostalgia for the gay abandon of the psychopathic ward, she met me and realized that she had come home at long last.

That is the background of the girl who was going to share my Austin Coupe come weal, come woe. As to her character, that will come out as this saga progresses.

As per our agreement, I started out alone to make the country strip-map conscious. I got as far as Lexington, Kentucky, and wired Diana that the trip looked like a success and that she could join me without fear of my mixing too much alcohol with business. In a way, it was the truth, because it was most difficult to get a drink in that pre-repeal desert that lies between the Ohio River and my old Kentucky Home. That is, a drink of whiskey. There was plenty of that bottled D.T.s they call White Mule.

Well, Diana got my wire and arrived in Lexington. I'll never forget that day, marked as it was by two of the greatest events of my life. One, I was married; and two, I succeeded in raising the largest hangover of my career on the aforementioned White Mule. There was a strange, austere beauty about that hangover, something above the mundane experiences that form our pattern of Life. It is best described as a sort of spirituous schizophrenia, in which the two entities of my split personality suffered as one. Many times in later years I have looked back on that hangover with appreciation and awe, and it has been well said that "a thing of beauty is a joy forever." I wonder if Shelley ever tried White Mule?

Diana arrived while I was still in bed, struggling to come

back from another horrible world. She pitched in and soon had me on my feet, and I am proud to say that I was married in a vertical position, just like some of our finest citizens. I later asked Diana what made her decide to marry me in spite of the dark prospect of our future together, and she said, "I guess it was the bus ride. There's something about a bus ride that burns your bridges behind you—and other things." Confucius himself never topped that bit of philosophy.

So, Mr. and Mrs. Livingstone spent their honeymoon in the Austin, going first to Miami, then heading for the West Coast. The trip was uneventful, and while we made money selling our strip-map idea, expenses seemed to eat most of it up. The printer in Cincinnati was getting nervous by this time, and several pleading letters followed the Austin on its way to Hollywood, our objective. Another contributing factor to our lack of spectacular success was the fact that when our trip was about three quarters over, strip-maps were brought out by the Automobile Clubs, and we were out in the cold.

I bear no malice toward the anonymous gentleman who thought of the strip-map idea for the A.A.A. I only wish he'd remained dormant for a few months more. However, the fact that the automobile clubs had accepted an idea similar to mine gave me reason to crow a little, so I sent in a letter to the printer pointing out the fact that a genius was working for him for mere expenses. That shut him up for a while.

But it didn't shut Diana up, more's the pity. She began jarring my brain's delicate mechanism with loud cries for another inspiration, so I hurried to complete the trip to Hollywood, as my only assets at the time were a Baby Austin and a trick uniform.

This uniform got us out of an international incident, though, en route to Sunny Cal. At Del Rio, Texas, I lured Diana over into Mexico with bright promises of a super-tamale. My objective was the nearest saloon. We crossed the border, but in doing so neglected to stop at the Mexican Customs Office. Now they'd never seen an Austin before in Old Mexico, so while they gathered in excited groups and made unbelieving gestures, they didn't interfere with our progress. However, a member of the Mexican constabulary kept vigilant guard over our strange craft where it was parked at the curb outside my objective, i.e., the nearest saloon. Diana was so frightened she refused to leave the car, and sat huddled far in one corner, a great trick if you can do it in an Austin.

Finally I came out of the emporium of false cheer, hopped in the car, and headed for the border, all four cylinders droning in a mighty diapason of power and speed. Again I chose to ignore the Mexican Custom Officials, but this time they overcame their superstitious fear and blocked the road with two soldiers with crossed rifles. Nodding pleasantly at them, I back-fired a salute to the Mexican Government and kept on going. True to their Latin heritage, the soldiers began to scream curses and fire their rifles in the air. True to their military heritage as well, they didn't hit anything. But I'd heard it said that the only time you aren't in danger of getting plugged by a soldado's bullet is when he's aiming *at* you, and here these characters were firing at random, which might well turn out to be me. I therefore stopped the car. To say that they scared the pants off me is a great opus of understatement. As for Diana, she quietly passed out.

I was at once surrounded by a small regiment of screaming

Mexican soldiers. They yelled at me in machine-gun Spanish, and I tried to explain in English. After a few minutes of this, it began to dawn on me that we weren't getting anywhere, so I began yelling at them in pig-Latin. This must have impressed them, for one of them ran back and returned with an officer, shoulder-straps, tiny black mustachio and all.

The general, or whatever he was, opened the door of the car and motioned me out. With a glance at Diana, still peacefully passed out, I obeyed. When they got a look at my uniform, they went into a routine right out of musical comedy. First they looked blank, then at a command from the officer, they fell in line and grounded their rifles. I thought it was the opening gambit in a firing squad game, so I didn't pay much attention to their sudden change in attitude. Then the officer saluted, and spoke to me in Spanish. I saluted, and spoke to him in English. He saluted and asked me a question. I saluted and replied "No sabe," whereupon he beat me to the next salute and barked an order to his army. They snapped to attention and presented arms, and the officer made it three up with another salute and a stiff bow.

I made up my mind that we weren't going to exchange bows there all night, so I made a pass at the door handle of the car as though to get in. The officer made a leap for the car, throwing in another salute for good measure. For a second I didn't know whether to salute or not, but he solved my problem by opening the door of the car for me and bowing. I got in, wondering just what was going on. First they shout at me, then they make military love to me. I didn't know what the hell was going on, but I figured the best thing to do was to get out of there as quickly as I could. Just at that moment Diana came

to, saw the layout and screamed. That made up my mind for me, and I headed for the American side with my foot pushing the floor board. A glance at the rear view mirror disclosed the army still there, with the officer smiling and holding a salute to end all salutes. He had a fighting heart, that lad, didn't know the meaning of "quit."

When we got to the American side, I asked the customs boys there if they could tell me what it was all about. After hearing my story, they started to laugh. They told me that in all probability it was my uniform that had saved me from spending the night in a Mexican jail, than which there is none whicher. My saluting friend had thought my fancy uniform belonged to at least a General in the United States Army, and they weren't going to let me go back to the States with an unpleasant incident to spoil my memories of Old Mexico. When I heard that, I was all for going back and enjoying myself with my pal, the officer, but Diana threatened to spill the beans and leave me to scratch in a Mexican jail if I even turned the car around.

But some day I'm going back there and look up that officer. With a little training, I ought to be able to give him some stiff competition at that saluting game, and he deserves something better than wasting his time in a minor league.

Leaving relations between the United States and Mexico even more chummy than we found them, Diana and I set out for Hollywood. We arrived in the Magic City the day they inaugurated the Hollywood Citizen-News, a grand little non-partisan newspaper that today ranks among the best. In the best Hollywood manner, they were opening the newspaper with all the accoutrements of a picture premiere, arc lights, movie stars, crowds, loudspeakers—all the trappings dear to the heart

of the Hollywood Boulevardier. The late Lilyan Tashman was then in the height of her glory as the screen's sophisticated lady, and Diana and I gawked with the rest as she paraded in and out of the Citizen-News offices in the dedication ceremonies. That was our first trip to the fabulous cinema capital of the world.

Even the odor of printer's ink that hovered over the Citizen-News opening failed to arouse any desire to shove my feet under a typewriter, for Diana and I were by this time confirmed vagabonds. But the immediate problem of finance put a stop to our wanderings, for a time at least.

With no capital and no local connections, it was only natural that I should open a restaurant. I'd done it once, and this time I knew we could make a success of it if we'd just steer clear of making too many friends on the police force. So with my last experience still fresh in my mind, I set about bucking the Hollywood restaurant trust.

First off, I sold the Austin. It was pretty well worn out and I didn't get much for it, but it was something, anyway. Then Diana got a job at Max Factor's cosmetic mill, which kept us in the necessary vitamins for the next six months, while I was busy promoting.

The location I finally landed was in the basement of the Hillcrest Apartment Hotel, on Hollywood Boulevard at Hudson. I started remodeling the place into an English village, for that was to be my contribution to Hollywood night life. Each booth was a miniature English peasant's cottage, built around a small central dance floor. The place had several innovations, among which was a floor show, one of the first in Hollywood to enter-

tain during dinner. All in all, not a bad spot to have a dinner and a dance without a cover charge.

The English Village opened in Hollywood style, Otto K. Olson spotlights included. I'd arranged for our music while in the midst of sampling a bottle of liquor, purely in the interest of the business, I assure you, and as a result, when opening night came, TWO bands showed up. Each had a contract, moreover. I couldn't possibly see what two bands could do that one couldn't do just as well, unless it was to break the lease, so I was in a bit of quandary. It seems that one band, the first I hired, said they might not be able to make it so I hired a second orchestra. But the first had been needlessly pessimistic, and showed up right on the dot, so that the English Village was positively infested with musicians. Here Diana stepped in—good old Diana. What she said to them I'll never know, but we paid the second band in cash, and Band Number One stayed and played for their dinners and all they could drink, (my own private stock, of course.)

I had opened a charge account with a Hollywood bootlegger, and in lieu of cash payments, gave him *carte blanche* in my Cafe. *Carte blanche*, to this baby, was *carte very blanche*, and he showed up with several of his lady friends every other night, to the consternation of Diana and the cash register.

It began to look like the merry-go-round all over again. The pay-off came one night when the bootlegger took me home with him to sample a new shipment they'd just shipped, or scraped, off the boat. Along about four in the morning Diana began to get worried. She called my scofflaw friend, and threatened to phone the police if he didn't bring me home right that very instant. A few minutes later, just as the sun crept over

the warm, brown California hills, I crept over the doorstep. I would like to deny that I was intoxicated, but offhand I can't give any other reason for the fact that I was creeping on all fours. Just as I reached up for the place where the keyhole would be on its next downward swing, Diana opened the door.

"Well!" she snorted, and a broth of a snort it was, "Just who do you think you are?"

I pondered a moment, then with a proud toss of the head, made reply. "I," and my voice was clear and strong, "am Chiseltooth The Beaver." Whereupon I smoothed my fur with a tiny pink tongue and rolled over on my back.

Diana missed her first slap and then resorted to "la savate" with more success, her second kick catching me where my broad, spatulate tail would have been attached had I really been a beaver.

This angered me. Who was this woman to kick Chiseltooth, a fine beaver even as beavers go? My ancestral beavers for generations back shuddered at the insult. "Be careful," I said ominously, "or I'll gnaw you."

"You won't be able to gnaw anything when I get through with you!" This from Diana along with a neat one-two kick that I'd never seen before.

"Aha!" I chortled as I dodged the kicks, "you see, I am a very nimble beaver. In fact, the very nimblest of all the beavers. It was I who ran to warn the others when the big dam broke."

Diana's reply here sounded like somebody calling trains with his head halfway through a sweatshirt.

I started crawling upstairs. "If you try to stop me, I shall call all my little furry friends, and with our very sharp teeth

we'll bite your legs, and we'll put all sorts of tiny chips of bark and wood in your bed. For we are a proud, though little, people!"

With that I made the first landing, and then it's all mystery and darkness. Diana tells me that for some time after I kept hollering for the mounted police to come and protect the beavers, but I suspect her of taking advantage of my condition. At any rate, I woke late the next afternoon completely cured of my beaver-fixation, and it was many weeks before I went back to rejoin my little friends, this time as Willie The Wood Tick.

Needless to say, that ended the English Village, as far as the Livingstones were concerned. The following night I sold our interest in the cafe to one of our entertainers for \$100, and Diana and I took the two A.M. bus for San Francisco. Why San Francisco, the gentleman asks. Well, Diana had always wanted to visit the Golden Gate, and it seemed as good a place as any at the time.

At this juncture, the reader may be fighting off a suspicion that I have an over-fondness for the flowing bowl, wine and wassail or call it what you will. May I say in my defense that the various bouts with John Barleycorn recorded herein are included for historical veracity alone, not to indicate that I am a hard drinker, because I can stop any time I want to—just like that! Well, maybe like t-h-a-t—. Anyway, the course of events may have been influenced from time to time by a slight over-indulgence on my part, true enough, but never has it become a dangerous influence in my life. A few drinks are as much a part of my day as eating and sleeping, and I can do without sleep if necessary. However, I want to correct any wrong impression while it is still in the process of formation.

After seeing San Francisco from Fisherman's Wharf to Nob Hill, both Diana and I again felt that old urge to be on the move again, and it was then that I suddenly had an idea which was forerunner to the Big Brainstorm that carried us on three trips from coast to coast without spending one penny.

Sitting in our light-housekeeping room one night, it suddenly occurred to me that people might be interested in a book telling the story of two just such vagabonds as Diana and me. That is, providing we really were vagabonds. This developed into an idea for a de luxe bumming trip from San Francisco to Miami, where the deep-sea fishing always lured me whenever I had time to think where I'd like to go next. I talked to Diana about it, and she thought it would be great if we could do it. The next day I went to a publishing house in San Francisco and had them make me up a book dummy, that is, a regular book, novel size, but with blank pages. I also designed a jacket for it, a montage effect showing a wheezy Ford Model T, with a man and woman in it, leaving a trail of nuts and bolts and patched tires all over a map of the United States. The title, "A Year and a Day," was blazoned across the top of the jacket, and more modestly on the book within.

My intention was to take the book, and travel to Miami by car, showing the book and telling my story in each hotel we visited. The idea behind the trip was to see if two people could bum their way from coast to coast in the grand manner, in other words, live off the country they were traveling through. But live on only the best of food, in the best hotels, with free gas, oil and repairs for the car, and necessary clothing, drugs, etc. for the occupants.

It may sound like the ravings of a deranged mind, but that

was exactly my plan and that was exactly what we did. We left San Francisco in a \$12.50 Model T. Ford, and landed in Miami, Florida a month and a half later, having traveled over three thousand miles without spending one thin dime. Believe-it-or-not-Ripley, we did it. We stopped only at the best hotels, or if the town was too small to boast a hotel, then the tourist camp. We ate in the finest restaurants West and East of the Rockies. We went to theatres whenever we liked, even got our cigarettes, magazines and postage stamps for nothing. All we had to offer was a feeling of kinship, of vicarious participation, in an adventure, and the people in every State from California to Florida responded, almost without exception. Small pay for the hospitality we enjoyed, it's true, but something priceless to those who accepted a thrill as legal tender for that hospitality. We brought excitement and romance to their doors, and they welcomed us as though we were bringing a panacea for all ills, which in a way, we were. So we found out that the market for Adventure was still a flourishing one, and we resolved to capitalize on it more completely in the not too distant future.

* * * * *

For the time being, our objective was accomplished, and we settled down for a vacation, which to us meant staying in one place. I fished, and Diana swam and sunned herself on the Miami beaches — postponed writing the book simply because all my notes, my receipted bills for hotel accommodations, meals, all we'd enjoyed on our trip, along with the names of the gracious donors, were destroyed when our car caught

fire the day after we arrived in Miami, burning into a neat crisp everything we owned. I felt badly about this, felt that I'd done something irreparable to those who had trusted us. They'd never see our adventure in print, but what was more important, it would sour just a little more their faith in human nature, which curdles day by day through the simple process of living. So as I watched the last of our baggage go up in smoke, I felt that I was letting them all down—running out on a responsibility. But later on, the importance of the whole trip began to dim, and soon we seldom, if ever, thought about it. It hadn't been my fault, after all, so best forget it.

After a few weeks, again we began to look at the open highway with mental tongue hanging out. Finally it was a case of "must", no matter where, no matter how. I wrote home to my mother who was always ready to supply a bit of the necessary at a moment's notice, and she wired money enough for us to buy a cheap car and still have enough left to get out on the road again.

We drove to Denver, Colorado, for some reason that neither Diana nor I can think of at this writing. But then that was the way we usually started on a trip, we just picked out a place and went there. And so to ruggedly beautiful Colorado, and its queen city, Denver. We tried to go on to Colorado Springs, but the salubrious climate had little effect on our car, another old Model T, and she coughed so heartbreakingly going up the hills in Colorado Springs that we were forced, out of sheer sympathy, to return to Denver.

I guess the high altitude did something to my thinking processes, because I tried to market another traveling showcase similar to the one I'd sold for a mess of parking in Dayton.

I even made a model this time, and it was a little beauty. With it I tried to interest the Chamber of Commerce on a year's tour throughout the United States, showing motion pictures of beautiful Colorado to promote the tourist trade, the pictures to be shown by a projection machine inside the bus, and viewed through the glass panels along the side of the body. The Chamber of Commerce was most enthusiastic until they learned that the estimated cost of building the bus, plus our traveling and living expenses, would amount to the tidy sum of \$30,000. That was just about \$25,000 too much for the State of Colorado, I guess, because the enthusiasm perished in the high altitudes.

About this time our money began to run out, and it behooved me to get busy immediately. Now I'm in the habit of rolling my own cigarettes, and I had heard that cigarette papers were mostly made in Europe, for some reason or other. I didn't see any good reason why they couldn't be made by an American paper company, so I went to a large paper concern in Denver and started talking. I left with an agreement whereby the paper company was to manufacture some sample American cigarette papers, which I would hawk around the country, sending in the orders to Denver after taking out my commission. When I got home I figured out the possibilities of the junket, and realized that to make any money, I'd have to leave at least twelve States of the Union ankle deep in rice-paper. I couldn't even say "what the hell, it's a living", because I wasn't sure myself whether it would be or not.

It didn't take long to prove that it wasn't. I made a few dollars, and got as far as Columbus, Ohio, before I finally decided that there are too few rugged individualists left who

roll their own. By that time I was even beginning to suspect the movie cowboys of using studio props instead of the "mak-in's". So I made a neat little blaze of the remainder of my samples and began looking around for something else.

You've probably noticed by this time that I picked some weird merchandise to sell. Why not vacuum-cleaners, or insurance, or even Fuller Brushes? My only answer is that both Diana and myself hated any form of regimentation. We wanted to be free to go where we pleased, do what we pleased when we pleased. And I don't think there's a vacuum cleaner concern in the country that would enjoy the spectacle of their star salesman busy angling swordfish instead of housewives. Besides, there's a distinct thrill in trying something no one else has tried. Some do it with an airplane, some with expeditions into remote corners of the earth; we did it with strip-maps and cigarette papers. No matter how you looked at it, it was Adventure, duly capitalized. After all, that was what we were after, and we were learning that there is as much Adventure lying in wait along the super-highways that lace the forty-eight States as ever lurked in far-off Oonkland. There are some strange tribes living right in back of our filling stations. We who live here take America too much for granted, and whoever said "See America First" was a most profound hombre. Try it sometime.

At any rate, we found ourselves in Columbus, Ohio in the approximate condition that we landed in Denver—in a word, insolvent. The trip had provided some thrills, however, and made an addition to our family in the form of a toy English Sheepdog. You know, the dog with the knee-length bangs over his eyes. Buddy, the pup, literally blew into our lives.

At Hays, Kansas, we were on the receiving end of one of that State's most famous products, cyclones. Boy when they say a cyclone is coming in Kansas, they're not fooling. We weren't in the center of it, so only a few houses blew down and we only had to contribute the top of our car to the general fun. Buddy showed up the next day, while the populace was licking its wounds and saying "You should'a seen the twister we had coupla years back. Now there was a wind. This'n was nothing." Nothing, maybe, but nothing as only Kansas can produce. Diana was walking around town watching the natives tack their walls back on, when she noticed a little woolly dog following her. Diana is mad about dogs, and it was all I could do to keep her from turning our car into a portable doghouse when we began our wanderings. After all, if anyone has to be in the doghouse it's going to be me, and usually is. But Buddy turned the trick. Diana fell for him on the spot, and after inquiring around about him, found that he was a stray and, as such, eligible for adoption. She came home that afternoon with what looked like a washrag with legs. By the determined look on her face I knew what had happened, and also knew it would be useless to argue with her, so Buddy became Livingstone Number Three. In later days, I was to regret my giving in so easily, as Buddy developed a nasty habit of digging up any bottles I might have hidden from Diana, but more of that anon.

Buddy was with us, then, when we reached Columbus and called it a day with the cigarette papers. We were staying in a large tourist camp on the edge of the city, when a paying proposition was dumped in our laps. A fellow tourist, walking up and down the camp damning himself for a sucker, had

paid a dollar for a gallon of windshield cleaner, which turned out to be simply a colored solution of bicarbonate of soda and water. He could have made a gallon of it himself for the cost of a package of baking soda . . . I proved to him that the sale was legitimate, because soda and water is one of the best cleaning agents for glass that there is. If he'd paid his dollar for a little coloring matter, that was, after all, his hard luck. Moreover, he'd never have thought of bicarbonate of soda to clean his windshield, so the dollar was well invested. His good nature began to return, and then I pointed out that many of the dentifrices that demand a fancy price today are using the same cleansing base, and that base—sodium perborate, can be purchased in any drug store for a few cents. The difference pays the advertising and flavoring costs. My friend was feeling better by the minute, and I was only telling the absolute truth. There are many products on the market that are simple formulas which cost practically nothing, many of them Grandma's practical household remedies and gadgets. But the public loves to be sold, that's the secret. Even religion has to be sold these days, as witness the signs in front of so many churches with catch-line phrases as sermon titles. I've seen them, "God Wins Friends and Influences People," "Little Man, What Now? Try Jesus," and more of the same. And it doesn't take a mighty brain to figure out that there are millions waiting for the man who can find another such sales-inspiring word as "halitosis". People didn't worry about a little bad breath, but "halitosis" . . . !

I wasn't at all amazed that bicarbonate of soda and water could be sold for a dollar a gallon; in fact, I thought that it was a lot easier than selling cigarette papers, because

you can't buy clean windshields in packages of one hundred for five cents. That night I talked it over with Diana. The result was Livingstone's "Oil O'Pine Concentrate," obtainable at one dollar the pint bottle, said pint bottle containing enough concentrate to make five gallons of cleaning fluid. Diana supplied the pine touch, it was her favorite in bath salts and soap. With our last dollar, we bought some oil of pine needle, some soda and a few bottles. Our recipe, hereby handed down to posterity to the confusion of the street corner vendor, follows! In one pint of water, place three teaspoons of bicarbonate of soda, six drops oil of pine needle, and six drops of green vegetable coloring. Don't use pine oil that happens to be a well-known wood by-product called turpentine.

With this Borgian formula we set out for Miami once more. Maybe it sounds like a product of my always-implicit D.T.s, but all you have to do is look at the record. We made enough money selling our "Oil O'Pine Concentrate" to pay all expenses, buy new clothes, and land in Florida with our first nest egg.

The only complaint we received on our "Oil O'Pine Concentrate" throughout the entire trip came from a Southern farmer who must have been an old man when Sherman passed through on his way to the sea. This old man, deaf as a movie casting director, bought a pint bottle of the concentrate, and both Diana and I scrutinized his dollar bill to make sure it wasn't Confederate. Next day he came back and demanded the return of his money.

"What's the matter, not satisfied?" I asked. I had to yell it three times before he shook his hoary head.

"I should say I ain't," he replied.

"Didn't it work? I SAID, DIDN'T IT WORK?"

"That's jest it, I reckon it's worked too much. It's the fust drink in twenty years that gimme the belches."

Well, after all, what does a guy expect for twenty cents a gallon?

SEEING AMERICA ON THE CUFF



. . . Diana and Buddy got their personalities all mixed up, with the result that Diana barked at me and Buddy cried . . .

CHAPTER THREE

In the preceding chapters, I think I've given you a rough idea of the sort of people Diana and I were, and still are. Also I've laid the foundations for this, the actual story of our 1001 American Nights, three years of travel on three cross-continent trips without spending a cent; living on the very finest of everything obtainable in this very finest of countries.

We'd made our way selling things that most people seldom hear of, and on more than one occasion, by selling nothing but ourselves. I repeat all this because in the light of what we had already done up to this point, what we were about to do will not seem the impossibility that everyone thought.

The idea for our three year jaunt wasn't long in coming after we reached Miami in March. By this time we were confirmed vagabonds. Our intentions were always good, and even after so much travel we always planned to settle down, a symptom that occurred often enough to be regarded as merely a symptom.

We moved to Tampa, as Diana had some school friends there, and it was as good a place as any for me to look for work—if that was to be my fate-worse-than-death. We went to a modest boarding house presided over by Mrs. MacDonald, a lovable woman with a generous place in her Scotch heart for two such scatterbrains as she insisted we were. As in most boarding houses, there was a peculiar assortment of peculiar characters in Chez McDonald. There was Mr. MacDonald, who was supposed to be selling stocks—"A most dis-

couraging occupation, my friend. Roosevelt is to blame, he's frightened prospective speculators, frightened them, I say!" I say "supposed to be," for actually Mr. MacDonald walked to the park each morning at eight, complete with walking stick, portfolio and lunch. There he sat and put hexes on the administration until five o'clock, when he returned home for his usual twelve ounce steak. A Major Puffle come to life. There was Jules, forty year old son of a watchman in Tampa who had an apartment with his father and lived in constant dread of the D.T.s, which jolly release from things mundane he had enjoyed on more than one occasion. Not knowing this, and thinking him merely a fellow worshipper of Bacchus, I went out with him one night and got both of us swacked to the eyes. When we returned to the boarding house, Diana and Buddy, the sheepdog, got their personalities all mixed up with the result that Diana barked at me and Buddy cried. I remember being duly impressed by this startling proof of the transmigration of souls. Diana ended her peroration by slamming our door in my face, so I went in to sleep with Jules and his father. I woke up in the middle of the night to find Jules standing in the middle of the floor screaming. The snakes had arrived. Carloads of them, to judge from Jules' plaintive cries. He leaped for the chandelier and I leaped for the door, where I fought a losing battle with the father, who was on his way to points unknown. Jules kept up his yelling, and everything was going fine until I thought I saw some snakes myself, on the floor by the window, through which a Florida moon poured its tropic light. That settled it. I began to yell too, and between the two of us, we wakened everyone in the house. Diana and Buddy were there

by this time, adding to the clamor, and all we needed to make it official was the Mayor of Tampa. Diana finally got me out of the room and into my own bed. In my weakened condition I was willing to drink anything, and Diana took advantage of this to give me half a bottle of castor oil in a glass of ginger ale. Sort of a family-style Mickey Finn. Soon, however, I passed out cold—the excitement had been too much, I awoke early next morning, very early, due to Diana's ministrations the night before, and learned that Jules had been taken care of by a doctor, and that all was quiet now along the Gulf Stream. Incidentally, I found out that the snakes I swore I saw were a handful of neckties thrown on the floor by Jules. But way down deep, to this very day, I have a sneaking suspicion that those neckties had cold, staring eyes.

My efforts to find work that suited my peculiar temperament hadn't been very successful, and I was casting around for an idea that would take us out on the high road again, when the almost-forgotten book popped into my mind. We'd made one trip on the strength of writing a book, why not make another, but this time make sure that our notes would not be destroyed. I broached it to Diana, and found her not too keen for it. She felt we'd simply been lucky, where I knew that we had been employing a workable principle that would work again. But Diana was always my toughest customer to sell, so I didn't despair. I'd sold her on marrying me, and anything after that ought to be a cinch.

I kept on ballyhooing another trip, what it would mean to us, what it would do for us, but Diana remained as unyielding as a boarding house mattress. Her reasons were vague

and it finally dawned on me that she was holding something back.

“Look, honey,” I said, “you’re holding something out on me. What’s the matter, do you think our last trip was an accident? Haven’t you any confidence in me?”

Diana took my hand and squeezed it. “I have all the confidence in the world in you, Paul. It’s what other people do to you that bothers me.”

“Meaning?”

“The drinking,” Diana said. I started to protest but she cut in. “Don’t you see, Paul, it’s not you I’m worried about. Ordinarily you’ll take a drink or two to be sociable and let it go at that. But on these trips it’s a different set-up. There are more opportunities to be sociable — occasions when you’re offered a drink you can’t very well refuse. You make a call and tell your story. The man who hears it is impressed, takes a liking to you and invariably winds up by offering you a drink. You want to be a good fellow, one drink leads to another, you come home slightly whiffed and then I see red. You’re not to blame, Paul, but can’t you see what it does to us?”

She was right. I couldn’t get mad, I could only be grateful that she realized that I was not altogether at fault. There was only one thing to do and I did it. I promised her I’d hold the drinking down to a minimum, and when it came to a question of being a good fellow, let people like me for my pearly teeth and big blue eyes and not my ability to hold quantities of “Old Saddlestitch, A Blend”. It was a deal.

The next day I called on the publisher of the Tampa Tribune, Albert W. Hirsch, and told him my plan. At first he was skeptical. I kept on, telling him about the previous

trip we'd made when the notes were destroyed, and he began to thaw a little. Finally, when I offered to prove it to him by outfitting myself free of charge right there in Tampa, he gave in. "What do you want of me?" he asked.

I told him I wanted a scrap book made up, stout enough to take a terrible beating. In this book I'd put a receipt for everything we got on the entire trip; hotels, meals, gas and oil, cigarettes, etc. Then when the trip was over, I'd use it as fact-material for the writing of my book. Hirsch thought a minute, then told me to come back in three days. I wondered why it would take so long to knock out a scrap book, but when I called on him again three days later, I found out why. He'd prepared a canvas-bound book nearly three feet square. It had a loose-leaf system and was built like the Bank of England. The book cost over \$25 to make, and what it would retail for I had no idea. I was tickled to death with it, and promised that before we ever left Tampa, he'd be convinced that our trip would be a success.

Now came the toughest obstacle to conquer—my first call.

Diana and I planned to travel for a year and a day, and title the book accordingly—"A Year And A Day". With this in mind I went to a Tampa printer, Owen A. Coile, and sold him on making me, free of charge, a thousand calling cards. In the making of these a new title popped up which clung to us throughout the entire trip. The front of my calling card read:

"DAMFITAINTSO"

Paul Livingstone

En Route

(over)

and on the reverse side, this little piece of, I hoped, verbal bait:

What would YOU do if forced to leave home and friends, sentenced to travel throughout the country for "a year and a day," yet denied the use of money in any form? How would YOU overcome the obstacles in your way? It can be done, you may not believe it, but

"DAMFITAINTSO"

And "DAMFITAINTSO" became better known across the country than our own name. I was dubbed "the DAMFITAINTSO fellow", and the book referred to as "the DAMFITAINTSO" book.

Armed with my new calling cards, I set out to make my first sale, if you can call it that. We needed a car for our undertaking, and that's about all the car we got was good for—undertaking. I called on G. M. Holsinger, president of the Holsinger Motor Co. Inc., Ford dealers. I told him my story, showed him the scrapbook, with one lonely entry in it, that of Coile, the printer who'd made my calling cards. Then after a brisk warm-up, I asked him for a second hand Ford in which to make the trip. Well, he hemmed and hawed, torn between a desire to get in on our adventure and a shrewd sense of good business. Finally in desperation, I made him a proposition. The cost of the Ford I'd selected ran into the staggering figure of \$15 plus a dollar for transfer of title. I said I'd go to two other dealers and have them send him checks to cover the cost of the car. Holsinger laughed, and told me to go ahead, that he'd decided to give me the car anyway, but he doubted if I could get any other dealers to aid in buying a car from him. This put me just a little on the muscle, so I went out of there with a full head of steam. I made two calls in forty-five minutes, one on a

Dodge dealer and the second on a Chevrolet dispenser, each of whom gave me a five dollar check, their best wishes, and asked that their names be withheld inasmuch as it wasn't good business practice to do what they were doing. I went back to Holtsinger, handed him the two checks, and told him that was proof enough for anybody, and he could kick in the other five himself. He looked at me, laughed and said, "Okay Livingstone, damfittaintso!" I rolled out of his garage in a 1927 Ford Coach with no spare, no windshield, no cushion in the back seat. All in all, a rolling junkheap, but it ran, anyway.

I drove this prehistoric relic back to the boarding house and pulled up in front in a puddle of oil. Proudly I honked the horn and Diana came out. "Well," I said, "Here it is!"

Diana didn't change expression. "That's fine," she murmured, "But what is it?"

"It's our car," I told her.

"You mean we're going across the country in that?" she asked incredulously.

"Why not?" I replied. "All she needs is a few parts here and there, maybe a spare tire, and we're off."

"We certainly must be", was all she said.

I reminded her that after all she couldn't expect me to get a Cadillac in exchange for a little personality.

"On that basis, I guess we're getting the best of it," she said. "But I'll never get in that car without feeling like a sadist."

"Now wait a minute, Di, this Ford isn't so very old," I protested.

"Maybe not, maybe the hair in the upholstery is just prematurely grey," she said.

I got mad. "There's nothing wrong with this car that a few spare parts won't fix," I shouted, red in the face.

Diana looked at me and smiled. "Well," she said, "I'm glad I married the fun-loving Rover, anyway. Run along after your spare parts, and include one for me."

"What?" I asked.

"A squirrel on the back end to pick up the nuts." And with that she turned and walked into the house. I wish Diana would stop reading the comic sections.

When I finally cooled off I began to think of necessary plans.

The first thing to do was get the car in shape to travel. At first I was tempted to just jack up the horn and run a new car under it, but instead I took it from garage to garage, getting a few repairs in each. Everytime old Liz bumped out of a garage, she wheezed less and less, until finally she ran with the quiet precision of a fine cement-mixer. A rough idea of my garage-to-garage hookup may be gained by a partial list of repairs and where they were made:

MOTOR PARTS COMPANY INC.

1 Timer and Roller Assembly.

1 Fan Belt and Fan.

1 Set Transmission Lining.

BROOKS AUTO PARTS.

Door Glass Installed.

WEST COAST RADIATOR & BODY WORKS,

"Wrecks a Specialty".

(I called 'em on that one!) Radiator Repaired.

ERIE METER SYSTEMS INC.

1 Socket Wrench Set.

BAILIFF GARAGE.

Align wheels.

TAMPA FLORIDA BREWERY COMPANY.

1 Case beer. . . . (How did that get in there?)

PIONEER TIRE COMPANY.

Tire repairs, tubes.

WADSWORTH GARAGE COMPANY.

Motor repair.

And many more. These contacts were made just to get the car well enough to move, that's all.

You no doubt wonder just what sort of approach I used to put across the idea to these people that they should give me something for nothing. The technique is not startling; in cold print it may look even prosaic, but as the miles rolled up under our tottering wheels, as hotel after hotel pasted receipted bills amounting to hundreds of dollars in my scrap-book; as grocery store, gasoline stations, drug stores, haberdashers, cafes, theatres and even night-clubs added their entries, it constituted ample proof that whatever it was I said to them, it got results. At the risk of shattering whatever illusion may have thus far been built up in the mind of the reader, the following is a rough transcript of the procedure I followed when making a request call.

Let us suppose, for example, that you are the manager of a hotel. During your day in the office, a calling card is sent in—a card such as I have described. You wonder what this guy's racket is. You want to refuse to see him, you almost do, then that devilish little bug of curiosity begins to bite, and

you figure what the hell, you've handled all kinds of moochers in your time, you can certainly handle one more. After all you're nobody's fool; you're just as smart as this fellow any day. Yeah, smarter. Let him come in, what can you lose? You don't have to fall for whatever he's selling, no matter what it is. Besides, whatever it is, you don't want any, and that's settled? If you get in a corner remember, a pleasant but firm smile, a shake of the head, and "Sorry, but I'm not interested." Then rise to your feet, look at the door, and clear your throat. That'll do the trick. Certainly got rid of that supply salesman from Chicago, didn't it? If you should feel yourself weaken, a quick glance at the five volumes of "An Abbreviated Encyclopaedia and World Atlas" that blonde with the nice legs stuck you with should pull you up with a jerk. So let him come in.

Enter Paul Livingstone with a scrapbook three feet square under his arm. "O ho," you say to yourself, "A book salesman, hey? I'll nip this in the bud!"

Then Livingstone introduces himself, and the panic is on. The first crack out of the box this fellow says, "Mr. Blank, I'm not a salesman." In spite of yourself, five separate sets of muscles relax. "Furthermore," this mystery man continues, "I do not want you to misunderstand this call—there is absolutely nothing being sold." Three more sets of muscles go back to normal, and respiration becomes more regular. You begin to listen.

"I was formerly a newspaper reporter, and I've always wanted to write a book; you know how it is. But until now I'd never found a suitable subject. I have always been a great admirer of Bob Ripley and his Believe-It-Or-Not, and one day

an idea came to me which, if successful, will go Ripley one better." Here you emit sort of a friendly grunt. It looks like everything's under control. "In order to secure the actual material for this book, Mrs. Livingstone and I voluntarily appeared at the office of the Tampa Tribune and in the presence of Mr. Hirsch, the publisher, made the following statement under oath. That we would leave Tampa and travel throughout the United States continuously for a period of a year and one day. During this year and a day tour, I am to contact strangers in various lines of business to secure the material for this book. We are to live a life of the utmost possible luxury, stop at the most expensive and most exclusive hotels, attend night clubs, theatres, play golf and tennis, ride, hunt and fish, clothe ourselves, yet at the conclusion of the tour, I am to produce and turn over to my ultimate publisher positive proof to substantiate my claim that neither Mrs. Livingstone nor I have had anything to do with currency or coin in any shape or fashion.

Here you look up suddenly. This fellow said something about hotels. Oh, so he does want something after all! Well, if what he says is true, it's a hell of an idea, at that. But—

"I wish you would look at my scrapbook, Mr. Blank. It may help you to understand my objective." And in front of you pops this impressive canvas-covered number. Wow!

At this point, gentle reader, I'd open the book and show receipted bills of various kinds, for postage stamps even. It never failed to do something to the beholder. Comprehension, amazement, admiration followed themselves across the faces of those I interviewed. But *then* my book was woefully empty. Instead of showing the book, I had to keep punching! And

how I used to talk! By this time my prospect knew I wanted something, so he'd say something on the order of "Hmmm. Sure interesting, all right." Then I'd say, "In this particular case, Mr. Blank, if my story appeals to you, and if you find yourself in a position to do so, financially and otherwise, grant my request. If my story does not appeal to you, just refuse me and please believe that there will be no misunderstanding." Now the fat was in the fire, the cat out of the bag, the bridges burned behind me. So I'd pop the question, making my request, whatever it was. I always made it clear that they'd get nothing in return, that I wanted a receipted bill for whatever I got, and that whatever I got must be the best. In the case of a hotel, a suite of rooms, not just a room, meals, served in my suite if possible, if not, then a good table in the dining room with the headwaiter instructed that those serving me could expect no tips, as I did not touch money. Carte blanche at the bar, magazine and cigar counters. In fact, the works, just as a wealthy guest might enjoy it. The very audacity of the request seemed to favor the granting of it. I'm sure that if I'd wanted a small, cheap room and a sandwich, they'd have thrown me out on my ear or whatever hit the ground first. I've seen expensive cafes that were serving us a special dinner turn down a request for a handout while we were carving steak. It's all in how you go about it, and if you ask for the most and the best, you usually get it. We got it, that I'm sure of.

The little pep talk I've described above varied, of course, to fit the situation and the request, but it always remained substantially the same. And I can say this, no matter how lousy that old pep talk may look in print, it was successful in

90 per cent of the request calls I made. Ten refusals per one hundred calls. Not a bad average for a bush leaguer.

But this favorable balance in our favor was yet to be established, and the first calls were mighty tough ones, believe me. That is only natural, and the calls didn't get much easier as I went along, for the simple reason that every man or woman I contacted was an individual problem. Having a book full of successful calls doesn't make a lot of difference if you don't get a chance to open the book and each call remained a separate study in human nature, a subject I was to major in for the next three years.

I continued my merry-go-round of request calls in Tampa for four days after Mr. Hirsch presented me with my scrapbook. In between auto repair contacts, I had to outfit both Diana and myself for the trip. The merchants of Tampa came through in grand style, and Diana gradually acquired a complete wardrobe; dresses, shoes, hats, underwear, hose, everything. I even got her a permanent wave and manicure. For myself, I got a sports outfit, but neglected to get a coat of any kind, which I was to regret many times later. I kept warm in Tampa with the aid of the climate and several bottles of Bacardi that I got as the result of a call. I made up my mind that from then on, one call a day would be set aside to provide me with the artificial stimulant I was sure I needed. Even if I didn't need it.

A few more calls gave us a stock of canned goods and groceries, for when we stopped at tourist camps, Diana was going to cook. All we needed then was some gas, and we were ready to face the future with courage and a scrapbook. We never worried, never fretted about what the next

day would bring, as long as it brought breakfast for Diana. That is the phobia that Diana carries around with her—a clutching fear of missing breakfast. But once you pour some orange juice, an egg and some coffee down her throat, she's ready for anything. As for Buddy, Prohibitionist sheep-dog, nothing bothered him.

On April third we were ready to start, and I called on the Yeats Garage for the necessary gasoline. Dwight Yeats, the owner was a grand person to meet. He was so thrilled with the idea that he couldn't stand still, and hopped around his garage, arranging for our gas to the tune of repeated "my my's", and "think of that's". He insisted on draining gasoline from his wrecking cars to put in our 1927 flyer, saying it would be good luck, as he'd never had an accident with one of his wreckers. Peering inside our car, he hopped back into the darkness of the garage and came forth with a Cadillac seat cushion for our rear seat. "Got to be comfortable. My my, got to be comfortable." On his letterhead stationery he wrote "Full tank of gasoline siphoned from wrecker for Paul Livingstone's tour, also one Cadillac seat for his comfort. Success, Dwight L. Yeats." Our meeting with Yeats started our trip off with a comfort that was more than physical. I knew that if the folks we met along the road felt as he did about our adventure, it was bound to be a success.

On the morning of April 4th, Diana, Buddy and I stowed our loot in the old Model T and started our crawl across the map of the United States. Our objective, California. Our time limit, a year and a day. The eternal sun of Florida was just reaching its golden fingers over the edge of Tampa Bay, and the zircon blue waters sparkled and danced under the

touch. Tall palms waved a friendly farewell, and ahead the silver grey asphalt shimmered and beckoned with a thousand promises. We were off to Vagabondia on a trip no one had ever before attempted, and our faces shone with the thrill of it. We were traveling salesmen of Adventure, with a continent for our market, and even Buddy sniffed eagerly ahead to catch the first tingling scent of an exciting future. . . .



... We covered the staggering sum of twenty miles ...



CHAPTER FOUR

The first day out we covered the staggering sum of twenty miles to Lakeland, Florida. We wanted to take it easy on our initial hop and that was as easy as we could take it without remaining in Tampa. I was still a little jittery about making request calls, and during this breaking-period I wanted to allow plenty of time to get the family set for the night. Whatever fears I may have had were groundless, however, for ten minutes after we came to a shuddering stop in Lakeland, I had the best tourist bungalow in town and four drinks under my belt. Both the bungalow and the drinks came from C. A. Hayes, owner of the Hayes Villa Tourist Camp. When I walked into his office he was in the midst of ceremonies having to do with the burial of a dead soldier, in which solemn rite I was invited to join before I had a chance to say a word. After we laid the bottle to rest among numerous ancestors in a lower desk drawer, Hayes asked me what he could do for me. I tossed my scrapbook in a chair—this job was right up my alley. By the time I'd gotten through my speech, he was already writing on a registration card, and he handed me the keys to his best bungalow, a three room affair with its own separate garage. Friend Hayes remained generous all the time we were there. In fact, later that day, while I attended to a few calls in town, he offered Diana a half interest in the tourist camp!

Next day we went on to Orlando, where we were the dinner guests of Mrs. Washburn, mother of Bryant Washburn, the screen idol of the silent days. Mrs. Washburn was in charge of the Fort Gatlin Coffee Shop, and a more charming woman

would be hard to find, even as thoroughly as we combed the country. She took an instant liking to Buddy, which meant that she could have had Diana thown in for nothing.

The third day we had our first trouble with the car, that is, the first trouble that wasn't chronic. About nine miles out of Ocala, the connecting rods tried to push themselves out through the motor for a breath of air, and darned near succeeded, too. By the time we limped into the Ocala Motor Company garage, the old Ford was kicking up a racket like its pappy at the mention of the C.I.O. I told my story to a man bearing the strange name of Wisdom O'Neal, manager of the Ford agency. He told me to put the car in for repairs and forget about it. About that time, forgetting that car was a pleasure in itself, so Diana, Buddy and I went to the Hotel Marion, where Manager Norton Baskin added to my scrap-book this ambiguous greeting: "Even if it is a racket it's a smart one. I fed this guy and got a kick out of it."

We called O'Neal at the garage to find out if our fiery steed had developed any lesions, and he told us that he'd decided to do a complete motor overhaul. "It can stand it," he added needlessly. I only hoped that when they opened up the motor they wouldn't be frightened by the horrible creatures that must live inside, to judge from the moans and tortured cries that issued from it when the ignition was turned on.

While Henry the Eighth was being overhauled, the garage loaned us a used car and we took a side trip to beautiful Silver Springs, one of Florida's enchanted spots. These crystal clear springs, small lakes really, they claim, emit 500,000,000 (count 'em) gallons of aqua very pura per day. They even

have glass-bottomed boats running over the depths, which in places, they say, reach one hundred and fifty feet, although the water is so clear that it does not look more than six feet deep.

A legend goes with the springs, a story of beauty which so overwrought Diana that she added a good inch of salty tears to the general moist condition.

According to the legend, many years ago a poor but virtuous girl fell in love with a rich man's son. Realizing that she could never find a place in the society in which he moved, she threw herself into the springs. (Hollywood, please copy.) The wealthy youth, searching for her, chanced to see her frail body lying on the bottom and torn with anguish, threw himself in after her. At that moment, the waters began to bubble and seethe, hiding the watery grave of these two young lovers. Today, the water quiets occasionally to reveal a crypt-like formation in the rocks on the bottom, where they are supposed to lie locked in each others arms. This knocked Diana cold.

The tears of the young girl have taken the form of a bridal-veil flower of delicate beauty, which grows under water only in these Silver Springs. According to the legend, any unmarried boy or girl who picks one of these submarine blossoms will be married within the year.

I was standing alongside Diana when they told her the later bit of fantasy, and I broke into a laugh. "I wonder how many women have been drowned fishing for a husband," I said.

Diana froze and snapped, "I don't know, but sometimes drowning is better than the shock of seeing what you caught!" I often wonder what she meant.

In all seriousness, these Silver Springs are a garden spot, and I must confess that gliding noiselessly over the surface of these crystal lagoons, looking through the unearthly light to the sharply-etched rocks and ferns on the bottom, I almost believed the legend myself. It was only the fact that I suddenly found myself staring face to face at a giant catfish that dispelled the illusion.

Incidentally, those catfish will swim up to the boat and literally eat out of your hand. One of them, called Old Grandpa by the natives, is very fussy, accepting only bread, not crusts either. I think he caught that frying-pan gleam in my fisherman's eye, because he took one look at me, and with the disdain that only a catfish can assume, finned along his leisurely way. Or perhaps he's getting tired of so many tourists. You never know, these catfish are whimsical folk. . . .

Our car repaired, we left Wisdom O'Neal with our heartfelt thanks and a practically new motor. Our next stop was Gainesville, home of the University of Florida. This was another short trip, but Diana and I felt that four hours driving in our traveling vibrator was plenty for a day's chore, and besides, we always liked to get into a town early enough to make arrangements for staying the night. If we arrived late, a refusal would leave us only one alternative, sleeping in the steaming bosom of Henry. At Gainesville we received the hospitality of the Whitehouse Hotel, and a few additional repairs for Henry at the local Ford Dealer.

Over into Georgia we went, stopping at Quitman, where we lunched and had our first interview with a newspaper reporter, a young lady, by the way.

And so on to Thomasville, where we arrived at noon in

a pouring rain. It was here that we found out for the first time that the roof of our car was intended for a filter. The water that came through was a hundred per cent pure, but it was also wet. Now Thomasville is the winter home of many wealthy Northerners, including the Devereaux, the Lamars of Washington, and Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney and any five of her horses you care to name. The hostelry there is the Rosemary Inn, a beautiful Colonial structure with a select guest list. Of all the towns in Georgia we had to pick this hideaway of the ultra rich, and here we were driving up in a 1927 motorized nightmare, soaked to the skin and looking like filling-station hold-ups.

The manager of the Rosemary Inn was absent, and wouldn't return until six o'clock. That worried me, for if he should refuse us, we'd be stuck for a night in the car and forced to sleep in a pair of water wings. I went to what amounted to a rooming house and made tentative reservations for the night. When I came out and climbed into the car, Diana looked at me and said, "Some adventure, Marco Polo!"

"A fine sport you are," I said. "As long as we're in a suite of rooms you're willing to rough it."

"I don't mind roughing it, but I'm allergic to drowning," she answered. "If I get any wetter I'm going to come all unglued."

Then Buddy started barking. I said, "For Pete's sake shut that hound up, will you?"

Diana put her arm around the pooch and said, "Don't antagonize Buddy, darling, the way things are going we may have to use him to dry off on."

We sat in that four wheel seitz-bath for five hours until

six o'clock finally rolled around, and I went back to the Rosemary Inn to see the manager, R. C. Rolt. He turned out to be a swell fellow. I stood by the desk in the lobby and told him my story, creating a large puddle on his expensive rugs. I don't think my sales talk was exactly fiery, but at any rate we were invited to partake of the best the house had to offer, and it was plenty good.

When we entered the dining room, amidst the elite of both North and South, I was a pretty picture. I didn't have a complete change of clothes, so I had taken the blotter from the writing desk in our room, and had it placed in a strategic position just below the end of my spinal column. It made an embarrassing bulge, but it was dry, anyway. When I look back on it now, I'm increasingly amazed at what will appeal to the hard-boiled business man. We were wet, we looked like thieves, and we had every hotel-man's incubus, a dog. But even under such conditions they seemed to respond to the novelty of what we were doing, and we always wound up with the best that local life had to offer.

After this damp episode, we traveled on through Montgomery, Alabama, "White House of the Confederacy," where Jeff Davis was born, to Troy, where we helped ourselves to a little more hard luck, and Henry suffered a relapse.

Just at the top of a long hill that leads down into Troy, we slowed down to almost a complete stop to make plans for our stay in that fair city. My attention was attracted by a lurch of the car and the uncommon spectacle of an auto wheel bounding merrily on its way to town without a car attached to it.

"Some damn fool lost his wheel," I remarked.

“Yes,” said Diana, “And you’re it.” Just then the car slewed into a rut and I knew that I was the one that was three-wheeling. There were about two thousand acres of fertile Alabama soil spread out on all sides of us, and only about four or five of them were swamp, but my adventurous wheel displayed a rare selective ability and landed in the middle of the ooziest part. So that was it. Henry was shedding. I was just getting out of the car, ready to wade in when without a word, two plumbers in a small truck stopped, retrieved the wheel, and started to put it back on my jalopy, still without a word. Finally the silence got on my nerve, and I got down alongside them and pleaded, ‘Look boys, for God’s sake, say something—if only ‘that’ll be four bits please!’”

The two chatterboxes gave a final twist of a wrench, got up, looked at me and said, “Next garage you come to, better put a cotter pin in there,” and walked off. The noise of their motor drowned my thanks. I was so amazed that I stayed where I was until Diana poked her head out and said, “You look like a praying mantis.” I scrambled back into the car mumbling strangely about “Southern hospitality,” showing you what an ungrateful beast the average motorist can be. They fixed my wheel, and I was sore because they didn’t run up a little small talk with it!

That night in Troy we went to the Princess Theatre, and most of the entertainment was furnished by the manager, J. G. Crouch, the local Ben Bernie. He talked like the Old Maestro, and even looked like him. When I approached him for a pass, he opened up with “Greetings and salutations,” listened to my story which he punctuated with a few “yowsahs” and “heah heahs” and wound up by handing me a complimentary

for two. I had to explain that we were just married to account for the absence of "all the lads and lassies" he included in his invitation. What a character he was. He sold tickets in the box office with one hand, and reached out the side to collect them with the other. Under pressure, he could turn out a nice job of ushering, too. When we went into the theatre, I fully expected him to sing a vocal chorus during intermission, but I learned that he only did that at parties when, as a matter of fact, you couldn't stop him. One of the old Alabama Bernies, I guess, and he even signed my receipt with a "yowsah", "so 'elp me"!

The largest city we'd yet visited was next on our list, the charming city of Birmingham. Here we ran into our first convention, a plague that was to follow us from coast to coast. The Tutwiler Hotel, where I tried to wiggle in, was up to its lightning rod in conventioners, and we couldn't get a room for love nor money. Burt Orndorff, the popular hotel man who was my host at the famous hostelry apologized all over the place, and insisted that we at least have lunch with him. After luncheon I went over to the Redmont Hotel where Roland Eaton gave us the best in the house.

On our way to Evansville next day we came to our first toll bridge. This was a new one to wrestle with. Diana and I had pledged ourselves not to handle money, and toll bridge employees usually have about as much authority as an unemployed husband, so it was no use talking to them. Then I got a brilliant idea, and drove back to a Ford dealer along the way. He was J. C. Sugg, and in spite of his name sounding like someone pulling the cork out of a molasses jug, he proved to be a good sport and a fellow-adventurer at heart. After

hearing my story, told this time with everything I had on the ball, he solved our difficulty by riding up to the bridge himself and paying the toll. And that, gentlemen, is something. It takes but a few words to tell, but what a perspective it gave us on the "hard-boiled business man" of story-telling fame. Incidents like that I've just mentioned make me believe the tales of captains of finance who sail paper airplanes out of skyscraper windows. There isn't one of them that doesn't relish an opportunity to be human if he doesn't get caught at it.

F. Harold Van Orman, one of the country's best known and most successful hotel men is further proof of my contention. Here is a man who manages an enterprise which runs into the big money, yet finds time for moments as screwy as a ping pong ball.

I walked into his headquarters, the Hotel McCurdy in Evansville, Indiana, and asked for the manager. He, after listening to my story said, "Mr. Livingstone, there is another gentleman here that would be most interested in your story. Would you mind repeating it to him?" I said I'd be only too delighted, and I was ushered into the office of F. H. Van Orman. The manager introduced me to him, and he in turn introduced me to a very young man sitting by his desk with "Meet my grandfather." That was only the beginning, however. Before I had a chance to say a word, he quietly frisked me, saying he was on the lookout for a notorious slingshot smuggler who was in the pay of Tokio to supply arms for a revolution of the Chambermaid's Union. By this time I was keeping one ear cocked for the sound of the wagon pulling up in front. Van Orman then seated himself and asked me to tell my story. I did, all the while wondering whether I'd get a better deal or

not if I convinced him I was Josephine, as I was sure he thought he was Napoleon. When I finished, he picked up the phone and asked for the manager. "I feel sorry for this young man," he said. "He's cold, tired and hungry." It was ninety in the shade and I'd just told him that we had our lunch across the street. "See if you can't find him a little hole in the wall someplace, something with hot and cold running window shades," he continued, "and don't forget—a fresh cocoanut for dinner." He put the phone down, smiled at me and said, "Livingstone, if you don't have the best goddam time of your life in this hotel, you let me know!" That was my introduction to F. Harold Van Orman, one of the finest hotel properties presidents in these United States.

To say we had the kind of time he predicted is to put it feebly. Diana walked into our room to find it filled with roses, some of the Van Orman magic. A bottle of Graves gin stood on a bedside table, more magic of which I was heartily appreciative. Our dinner was served en suite that evening, and what a dinner it was. To even attempt to write about it would bring on an attack of gastric hysteria, so we'll let it go with a word—sumptuous. Even Buddy came in for special attention in the form of choice bones and bits of tender steak. Buddy was a very fussy animal indeed. He always made the rounds of our rooms, and made a special point of investigating the closets. If they were large and roomy, he'd lie down and drop off into a nap. If not, he'd trot right back into the hall and look around as if to say, "Come on, let's blow the joint." He has the soul of an aristocrat, in his canine way, and he'll doubtless be one of the first to be liquidated "come the Revolution."

Evansville was full of the types of which stories like these are made. William Sherwood III, manager of the Claremont Apartment Hotel whose food shop we raided, came through with this tasty little inscription in our scrapbook:

“To Paul—just Paul—that’s all:

You are a man after our own heart. When we availed ourselves of the privilege of discounting your bill one half, you, in turn, met us with equal generosity and knocked off the other half. That makes us quits.

Come and see us again,

Very truly yours,

W. E. S.”

Van Orman’s sense of humor must have permeated the entire population of Evansville.

At Terre Haute, Indiana, the Ford flouted the reputation of its name with another mechanical sit-down strike. Here Frank Boyer, another of those swell Ford dealers came to the rescue with a motor tune up, repacking the wheels, and a bellyful of gas and grease for our Juggernaut.

At Fort Wayne, Indiana, I went into Suedhof and Butler’s Men’s Shop for a pair of golf hose. The proprietors didn’t like my knickers so they gave me a new pair and wished me luck.

At South Bend, Indiana, Henry went in for more repairs, this time given by Holycross and Nye, Ford dealers.

At Gary, Indiana, Bill Defenbacher, manager of the Gary Hotel, gave me carte blanche in the cocktail lounge, which gave me a hangover, which gave Diana an excuse to threaten me with a taste of a hot Hereafter if I didn’t stop using my stomach as a barrel for the aging of whiskey.

And so to Chicago . . . Three and a half million people intent on keeping Chicago the industrial center of the Middle West, the second largest city in the United States, and the greatest railway center in the world. Three and a half millions of notes in the syncopated song of a great metropolis, beating to a nervous rhythm, turning minutes and seconds into dollars and cents. Here the task of finding the pulse of Adventure in this mighty bloodstream loomed as a hopeless one. Our glorious journey seemed dwarfed among the turrets and towers thrown skyward by John Root, Louis Sullivan and Frank Lloyd Wright, architects to His Majesty, The Almighty Dollar. I confess that I shuddered at the prospect of trying to quiet the clamor of this great city long enough to get my story across, yet here was the chance to see just how good my theories were, so I plunged in.

The plunge landed me in a beautiful apartment in the Hotel Windermere for ten days, listening to a new \$40 Zenith radio while I drank a bottle of fifteen year old Kummel. On the beds were piles of packages; shirts, underwear, socks for myself, dresses, hose, what-nots for Diana, and a plaid blanket for Buddy. In the closet were canned foods and meats of all description; in my pocket a claim check for Henry at a garage where his innards were being stuffed with gasoline, and on the dresser, theatre tickets and an invitation from the Board of Trustees of the Century of Progress International Exposition to participate in the opening ceremonies. That was just part of the spray kicked up by the plunge.

The answer to all this is contained in the fact that Mr. and Mrs. Chicago responded to my story with as much, or more, enthusiasm as did Mr. and Mrs. Tampa or Mr. and Mrs.

Terre Haute. I didn't get the key to the city, true, but I got what was more important, the key to the heart of the city.

First, our hotel accommodations, among Chicago's best, were given us through B. F. Swenson, then assistant manager of the Windermere. The radio came direct from the Zenith Radio Corporation with best wishes for good listening from Parker Erickson, one of our better executives.

OLD BEAR LIQUOR CO.

5473 Lake Park Avenue
CHICAGO, ILL., U.S.A.

May 22, 1934

Mr. Paul Livingstone,
Damfitaintso Tour

Please accept this bottle of "ECKAU KUMMEL", formerly the property of the late Mr. Lebensberger, owner of the famous "225" Chicago Nite Club.

Mr. Lebensberger, when cornered, committed suicide, rather than force the machine gunners to do their work, and his stock of fancy liquors was confiscated by the government.

The Old Bear Liquor Co., eventually purchased this stock of liquor from the government and take great pleasure in presenting you with the last bottle of "Dead Man's Liquor" in stock, which carried an original valuation of \$15.00.

Very truly yours,

Wm. H. Berelish

OLD BEAR LIQUOR COMPANY

The bottle of fifteen-year-old Kummel—well, that's a thumb-nail sketch of Chicago in itself. Passing by a liquor store, a habit it was easy for me to break, I stopped, more to keep my record clean than anything else. As I looked in the windows at the display of assorted hangovers, my eye caught on a bottle of liquor that was at least ambrosia, judging from the way it

was wrapped and enthroned amongst the lesser spiritum frumenti. Intrigued, I went inside and told my story to the manager of the store through parched lips. He said he'd give me anything in the house, and I gestured toward the magnificent bottle that had caught my fancy. After a second's hesitation, he smiled good naturedly and lifted it reverently out of the window. The letter he wrote me as testimonial to his great sacrifice tells the story.

. . . Sic transit gloria Lebensberger! A considerate and thoughtful gentleman, if ever there was one—and there was one.

The piles of packages that adorned our beds were the loot taken in a raid on the largest office building in the world, the Merchandise Mart. Emboldened by a few successes and figuring myself a sure-enough slicker by this time, I stormed the gates of the nation's manufacturers, most of whom have offices in the Mart.

I had made two calls, one on the Rollins Hosiery Mills for Diana, and the other on the Ide Shirt Company for little Paulsie, when I was hauled up short by a particularly burly and authoritative policeman. He invited me to accompany him to the office of the building, where I had to explain my story to the head of the private police that are paid to keep fellows like me the hell out of the Merchandise Mart. As a result of this little skirmish I emerged with a pass that gave me the freedom of the building, and I made the most of it. I finally got so many bundles in my arms that I had to call upon my friend, the burly officer, to assist me. He was eager to help, and carried all the overflow. That's what I call hospitality.

The canned foods and meats came direct from the warehouses of Monarch Foods, where R. B. Newton handed me a

list of their products and told me to help myself to what I wanted. This is one case where my resolve to take nothing I didn't actually need stood me in good stead. If I hadn't held a firm grip on myself, we'd have had to move the beds out of our suite to make room for the canned goods. As it was, the clothes closets were half full, and if you opened the medicine cabinet for your toothbrush you were liable to be knocked out by a few cans of Monarch Coffee.

The next big item, and a distinct thrill for us, were the passes to the World's Fair and invitations to the opening ceremonies.

We had been given pre-Fair passes, as the Fair was not officially open, and Diana and I made the most of them. That gal walked me until my feet felt like a crepe sole from the ankles down. That night when I went to bed, I took my shoes off and the minute they hit the floor, they started walking again! Oh, my poor feet. My left one had a blister that was so big, if you put a propeller on it you could fly it. Buddy stood the trip pretty well, though. His paws only swelled up until it looked like he was wearing boxing gloves on all four. And the Fair hadn't even started yet! I made up my mind that the next time we went, I was going to ride Buddy.

About that time the invitations to the opening ceremonies arrived, looking very snazzy in their engraved underwear and all. I gleaned the fact that President and Mrs. Roosevelt were to press a button in Washington and thus turn the lights on and open "A Century of Progress" in a blaze of Neon. That decided it for me, as I was anxious to see the initial illumination. Seeing something else lit up besides me made a nice change for Diana, too.

It really was quite an honor to receive those invitations, and we'll always be indebted to Raymond Rogers, sterling publicity chappie, for giving us this opportunity. It was a beautiful spectacle, and I would have enjoyed it much more if I hadn't almost frozen to death in one of those balmy lake breezes that Chicago whips up along in May. You know the kind—Summer is just around the corner but there's a long stretch of red flannels between you and the corner.

I'd still, for some unknown reason, neglected to provide myself with a coat of any kind when making my request calls, and so I had to sit there in a Lake Michigan breeze (which stops as soon as the weather gets warm) and quiver in a Florida Flash Sport shirt and a light pullover sweater that left virgin wool still virgin as far as that sweater was concerned. Finally Diana took off her coat and put it around me, amid sniffs of disapproval from the local D.A.R. girls who didn't like Mrs. Roosevelt anyway and wished somebody'd make a break for the exit and set a precedent.

An old gal sitting in back of us watched Diana cover me up with audible disapproval. She looked like something that ought to be in an aspic.

"He's probably drunk!" she snorted.

I wished I was.

"Running around in this weather with those clothes. Hmph! These college boys."

That made me rather like the old battleaxe, then I caught Diana snickering so I got very interested in the ceremonies that were going on with a dreadful precision. The girl friend in back of us made a few more cracks while I tried to pull myself all the way under the coat and Diana slowly began to

burn. Finally, in a very loud voice, our suffragette heckler said, "We'd ostracize a man who acted like that when I was a girl!"

Diana turned around with a nice vinegary smile. "What for," she cooed, "disgracing the Confederate uniform?"

I solemnly raised Diana's right hand in token of victory as everyone around us laughed.

Finally the Century of Progress was officially launched and we went home, where I at once sent Buddy to Coventry for spilling a bottle of Ancient Bottle rye that I had parked on the floor. Diana defended her W.C.T.U. sheepdog, so we just sat and glared at each other until I warmed up enough to go to bed.

The rest of our stay in Chicago consisted of attending various theatres and raiding stores to stock up with what we needed to continue our trip. During this time, our Ford had been a house guest at several garages, each of which had added their bit toward giving Henry the cure.

Instead of left-turning to California, we headed East with the idea of spending a week-end with my mother, whom I hadn't seen in many months. Accordingly, we pointed the steaming nose of Henry toward the sunrise. We stopped overnight in St. Joseph, Michigan, in the lovely New Whitcomb Hotel, which boasts natural sulphur springs not quite so lovely. A heavy odor hangs over parts of St. Joseph that reminds one of the time lightning struck the stock-yards.

On June 10, we were the guests of Glenn Jacobs, promoter of the big Speedway at Jackson, Michigan. Watching the races, I bet Diana a bottle of bourbon on the outcome of the main event, and as she is slightly color blind and we were picking

cars by colors, I managed to convince her that the blue racer that won was the green entry I bet on. This gave me an opportunity to sample the product of the local bars, which I did. So much so that the narrative will skip the next day entirely.

In Dearborn, Michigan, we stayed at the famous Dearborn Inn, run by Henry Ford—as is almost everything else in the state of Michigan. I can only say that he did a terrific job in this case. The Inn's early American atmosphere of spindle-legged chairs and maple bedsteads, feather ticks, colonial ballroom, all contributed to a warm, charming picture. Our stay there was delightful, made more so by the attentions of the resident manager, John S. Packard, who took us through Greenfield Village with its unique collection of historical buildings and Americana, and the Edison Institute of Technology, creations brought to life by the untold millions of revenue from the sale of automobiles like the one that was bouncing us around America.

It was in Dearborn that we ran across a young woman reporter, hardly a credit to her craft, and because of this, nameless here. She insisted on an interview with us for her paper, adding as a clincher that she'd surely get a by-line from a story such as ours, and I knew only too well the importance of a by-line to any young reporter. We granted the interview, and I really opened up for the girl. When she had our complete story, technique, and future plans, she proceeded to embark on a trip identical with the one we were taking, even to the book tie-up. She was going to send articles detailing her experiences back to her paper from time to time. Cute kid, eh? Fortunately for us, she lacked two things essential

to success on an undertaking of this kind—sincerity, and brains. She flopped badly on her little junket, and came back later with her tail between her legs. Not a nice expression to use for a lady, but then, she was no lady!

At Dearborn, too, we met the great scientist, Henry Piccard, who was then preparing for his first stratosphere flight which ended so triumphantly for him. Piccard was most interested in our venture, amazed that such a thing could be accomplished. That from a man who considered penetrating miles into the stratosphere in a tin ball all in a day's work! Even as he talked to me, his eyes were far away—perhaps his mind too, or a portion of it, never left that rarified atmosphere where his interest and his work lay. A true scientist, Mr. Piccard, risking his invaluable life daily that the ignorant and unappreciative like you and me may learn something about life above the thin layer of gas we breathe. I was tremendously impressed by my chat with this man, and long after could summon instantly a mental picture of those quiet, baffling eyes—clouded from ordinary understanding by the knowledge of centuries that lay behind them.



... After three days at the Detroit-Leland we moved our baggage uptown to the ultra-exclusive Wardell Apartment. Hotel ...

CHAPTER FIVE

We arrived in Detroit in the midst of the waiter's strike, but one in a long procession of uprisings that were fast becoming the Auto City's favorite outdoor sport. But the strikes didn't seem to have impaired Detroit's hospitality any, and for a week we sampled the best this historic old city had to offer.

For three days we were the guests of the Detroit-Leland Hotel, then moved uptown a bit to Detroit's lovely Art Center, where we were housed by M. V. MacKinnon of the ultra-exclusive Wardell Apartment-Hotel. We had a suite overlooking the new Museum of Arts and the magnificent Public Library, with beautiful landscaped grounds surrounding them. Buddy made the most of all this for his best romp since leaving Florida, and showed what an intelligent dog he is by crashing the Library without even a guest-card. There was a certain statue that drew him like a magnet—but no matter. Buddy has always been a bit of a critic in his way.

I continued to make what were by now routine calls; drugs, clothes, haircut, beauty shop, theatres and an occasional dispensary of liquid sunshine. We went on to the Chateau Frontenac for a couple of days, were entertained by the manager of the swank Whittier on the Detroit River, and finally left Detroit just as another strike set the Motor City back on its haunches. It was discouraging to see so much unrest in industry. Conditions were so bad that going to a moving picture theatre one night, Diana and I fell into what we thought was a queue moving up to the box-office, and had walked nearly half a block before we found out it was a picket line!

In Toledo, Ohio, our next stop, I had my first real setback. A hotel manager, not only refused my request, but took it upon himself to bawl me out in a shrill voice to the astonishment of a lobby full of guests. What started out as a protest against my "racket," as he love-termed it, turned into a tirade against the current Administration, Communism, and the Japanese foreign policy. I reminded him that all he had to do was simply say "no", but evidently I was the first person he'd found in years that would listen to him, so he got everything off his chest that he'd been storing since he was a playful child loosening bearings on his grandmother's wheel-chair.

I did a crisp burn and walked out on him, still spouting. In a murderous mood, I walked into another hotel with a chip on my shoulder the size of a surfboard. I purposely picked out a very smart looking apartment hotel, The Hillcrest, and the manager, Johnny Riley, gave us the largess of a warm Irish heart with the best he had to offer. Before I could completely cool off from my recent experience we found ourselves in a suite of rooms, filled with flowers as fast as a bell-boy could make the trip. We stayed with Riley two days, and his limitless hospitality more than balanced the rudeness of my friend the orator.

Diana and Buddy particularly enjoyed this stop, developing a new game which they played constantly. The elevators at the Hillcrest were automatic, the doors staying open for just about ten seconds to allow a passenger to disembark, then closing of their own accord. Buddy would start up in the elevator with Diana, then when the doors opened, dart out with some other guest. The doors closed before Diana could follow, and she had to ride all the way up and come back

down again to look for Buddy, who by this time would be at least three floors away. Diana lost four pounds in two days chasing Buddy, who was having the time of his life. For a long time thereafter, whenever Buddy would see an elevator he'd cock his head, look at Diana and bark as much as to say, "Hold your hats, here we go again!"

En route to Cleveland, we stopped at Fremont, Ohio, where I made my first call at a state-controlled liquor store. Now talking a private individual out of a bottle is one thing, and tackling a State government is decidedly another, as I found out almost immediately. The gentleman in charge was sympathetic, but firm. In short, no dice. But I saw before me a long line of State liquor stores scattered throughout the country, and I had to find a way to lick the situation. The solution was not long in arriving, and extremely simple. I suggested that the manager of the store and his two clerks chip in out of their own pockets and buy me a bottle of the best! It was my own idea, and while I didn't say so, I began to regard my whole venture with a new respect amounting to great awe. It began to look as though I really had something there. With a salute to Messrs. Schwartz, Humbel and McMahan, those understanding gentlemen, I departed with my spoils.

At Sandusky, Ohio, our Ford threw a wheel, and we tied up for repairs. The poor Ford dealers suffered again, this time the Baumgardner Motor Sales coming to the rescue with a new wheel, a change of oil and a few incidental repairs to what was left of our motor. Slowly but surely we were building a new car as we went along, but we knew that it would take a hell of a long trip to build it into anything but a rubber-tired vibrating machine.

After a day or two in Cleveland, we went on to Buffalo, N. Y., where we had the most spacious quarters of our entire trip. We were lodged in a modest little \$27-a-day suite at the Hotel Statler, partaking of that Statler Service than which there is none whicher. I call it a suite, but it had three bedrooms and no one knows how many baths. We shut off half of it when Buddy got lost playing hide-and-seek with Diana. If Judge Crater doesn't turn up pretty soon, there's a bedroom and bath located about Latitude 67, W. Logtitude 45 N. a day's march from our sitting room that would bear investigation.

After spending the Fourth of July in mild celebration at Buffalo, we went on to Niagara Falls, where Diana and I spent our honeymoon. That is, Niagara Falls made it official. Now all I had to do was cover Diana with furs and load her down with diamonds, and I would have made good all my pre-election promises.

Besides adding to our knowledge of the country, Niagara Falls provided us with one of the screwiest experiences we'd ever had. We were staying at the Red Coach Inn, and I'd parked old Henry in a nearby garage, appropriately named the Cataract. Mr. Johnson who ran the garage was fascinated by our story, and retailed it between grease jobs to any and all who would listen. A young chap named Eddie Fearn heard the tale and called on us at the Hotel. He asked us if we would be his guests for a trip over to the Canadian side. We had many offers of this kind in the months we'd been out, but never accepted any, following our rule of accepting nothing we did not actually need. But Fearn was so much in earnest, so eager to take us that we accepted.

He called for us in a Cadillac limousine, and the moment

we looked at it we pegged him for a play-boy out for a lark. This was strengthened by the almost prodigal way he drove around, showing us a good time. We went to a night-club, took the scenic drives, had a dinner at a roadhouse where an ex-wrestler sold pictures of himself at twenty-five cents each. This wrestler, incidentally, got sore when Diana asked for a picture and didn't want to pay for it. He thought that, what he called our racket, made his look pretty small, and resented it with every fat-covered muscle in his body. Resented it in a loud voice, moreover, and I was just getting ready to do something about it when Eddie came to our rescue and appeased the giant with a quarter. We finally arrived back at the Red Coach Inn about three in the morning, having had a grand time.

The next day I went to the garage to get our car, as we were leaving in an hour for points East. Mr. Johnson asked me if we'd enjoyed our trip to Canada with Eddie. I told him we certainly had. Then he went on to relate the astounding fact that Eddie wasn't the wealthy scion we had thought him, but a hack driver and that he had borrowed the Cadillac, the gasoline, and the money that he had spent. His reason for this strange procedure was simple, and more than a little pathetic. Chained to a humdrum job, poorly paid, his big adventure a weekly movie, he had yielded to the temptation to take part in what he felt was a grand adventure. I felt terrible about it and told Mr. Johnson I was going to make some calls in town and get enough donors to pay Eddie back, but he said it was useless, that Eddie wouldn't accept it, and that it would break his heart if he thought we knew the truth. It was his big fling, his beau geste, and it would only hurt him to prick the bubble of his happiness. So I left, leaving a receipt for a good time

written on the back of a souvenir postcard. I was beginning to realize just how much people want to escape from themselves, if only for a few ephemeral moments of unreality; that Diana and I were spending daily the precious thrills hoarded by those less fortunate than ourselves. I hope that Eddie Fearn reads this, for I'd like him to know that he gave Diana and me an experience that we never will forget, . . . the memory of a fellow who borrowed against his future that someday he might re-live again in the past. . . . We've kept a place for him among our souvenirs, too. . . .

On we went, to Rochester, where Henry went on strike again, and then to Syracuse. Here I got mixed up in one of those American Legion Conventions that seem to pop up every five minutes or so throughout the year, practising municipal mayhem upon the unsuspecting citizenry. Syracuse was pretty well covered with resolutions and empty bottles by the time we arrived, but I was not too late to add my bit to the prevalent confusion. The convention had progressed to the point where the police were having a good cry to relieve their frustration when I joined the happy throng. There was a parade going on, as there inevitably and exhaustingly is, and after a few toasts to whatever it was the Legion was celebrating, I fell in line. There is a blank in my memory that covers the next few hours, and all I remember is boots, boots, boots marching up and down again until daybreak, when I pulled into the hotel in a neat column of squads and demobilized myself in the shower. Still marching, I went downstairs to get our bill, marched back upstairs just to keep the feel of the thing, got Diana and left for Utica.

I was so tired that I couldn't even see the white line in the center of the road, a fact which Diana called my attention to in

time to keep from disrupting oncoming traffic. I pulled over to the side of the road, and in the midst of a particularly scintillating lecture from Mrs. L. drifted off into snoring slumber. I am forced to take Diana's word for the snoring, which she claims was a lovely, though nasal rendition of the 1812 Overture. I woke up to find Diana and Buddy out in the road thumbing a ride. The ensuing argument need not be described in detail here, but I often wonder just where Diana learned all those naughty words.

We just made Utica that night, and I climbed wearily out of the car to find lodgings for a wife, dog and a hangover. This time, however, I varied my sales talk. Detecting what I hoped was a sympathetic gleam in the eye of Mr. Hale, of the Hotel Utica, I told him what had happened and how I felt. He took me to the bar and served me a double rye highball with a touch of absinthe, to straighten me out. It did. Straighten me out is right! In fact, in five minutes I was positively rigid. We spent the night under Hale's wing, and left next morning for Albany.

Arriving in Albany late Sunday afternoon, we found the manager absent from the hotel of our choice. After waiting three hours, the clerk took it upon himself to put us up, and we raided the dining room before he'd got the words out of his mouth. Diana decided then to give Buddy a bath in a hurry, just in case the manager wasn't a kindly soul. Her woman's intuition was batting a thousand percent that day, for the manager turned out to have a heart as cold as an Eskimo's nose. He told us he thought the whole thing ridiculous, and that the hotel managers who had extended us hospitality thus far "were a little loose somewhere"! I wish I could have whistled for my

gang right then, and with Van Orman leading, paraded past this flinty agent with thumbs at salute. Wishing wasn't getting, however, so we retreated gracefully. Our predicament struck us all of a sudden—it was Sunday in Albany. That may not sound very terrifying to most of you who read this, but Sunday in Albany is really Sunday! The town is closed tighter than a Scotchman's fist, and most hotel managers are away playing golf or whatever hotel managers play when there's nothing to do. After several fruitless attempts to find a place for the night, I looked at Diana and told her we'd have to break our pledge right then and there unless she wanted to sleep in the park, if they had a park. There wasn't anything else to do, so I went into a little commercial hotel, the Raleigh, and registered for a room for the night. We were a sorry family when we turned in, even Buddy seemed to sense the defeat that hung in the room like a dismal fog.

Next morning, however, I looked up the manager of the hotel. His office was in the same building as the hotel, but it was a loan office, the hotel being a side line with Mr. Robert V. Tarsey. I walked in and told him my story just as I had nearly every day for the past three months, except that in conclusion I told him I'd already had the room. If the story appealed to him, I wanted him to call it square. A fine thing to hit a loan man with! But after a moment, he smiled and said, "Okay, Paul, Damfitaintso!" I was so relieved that I almost kissed him. After seeing our trip go glimmering with a broken pledge, you can imagine how it felt to be boosted right back up there in the clouds again. His modest little receipt tucked obscurely away in my scrapbook is none the less the most important entry in it, for without that slip of paper our "Year And A Day"

would have been terminated less than four months after it began. It was the closest shave we ever had.

From here we went to the Wellington Hotel after finding the manager in and willing. I set out to look for a barber shop as by this time I was beginning to look like a Hawaiian, and finally selected a nice one, nameless here for reasons later apparent. After telling the proprietor my story, he gladly cut my hair, and wound up with an offer of a permanent wave and manicure for Diana if I would send her in. This I refused. At that he blew up like a bottle of home-brew.

“What!” he said, “You refuse?”

I said “Yes. You see, she doesn’t need it, and we never accept anything we don’t need.”

The proprietor snorted. “What do you mean, she doesn’t need it?” he said. “Women always need a permanent wave. If they didn’t, I wouldn’t be in business.”

I admitted that was so.

“Besides, its your wife I’m making this offer to, not you. She ought to give you hell!”

I admitted that she often did.

“You’ve got a lot of nerve, young fella. You walk in here and ask for a free haircut, then you insult me!” he hollered.

“The idea,” he puffed, “The very idea! That’s gratitude. That gives you an idea of what the American business man has to put up with. It’s Communism, that’s what it is!” He looked around the shop for approval and support.

By this time I’d gotten my fill of my explosive friend, and I thought I saw one of the barber’s sharpening his razor with what looked like an ugly leer on his face. In brief, I scrambled.

When I got back to the hotel, I told Diana what had hap-

pened, and the fight started all over again. She saw eye to eye with the proprietor of the barber shop, and went into detail describing what an unmitigated boor and ungrateful scoundrel I was. The upshot of the whole thing was that Diana went out on her first call. She marched to the barber shop and introduced herself. She got a permanent wave, a manicure, a pedicure and an invitation to dinner if she could get rid of me. The latter she related to me with that "Oh, it's nothing really" air that women employ when they're trying to make you realize how lucky you are. I almost got mad enough to tell her the meaning of those initials under the tattoo mark on my chest, but I managed to hold on to that greedily sought information for future use.

Albany proved full of surprises. A bell boy at the hotel had been watching me with a peculiar expression on his face. It began to get on my nerves after a while, and I finally collared him and asked him what the plot was. He handed me a letter wishing me luck and success on our "high adventure" as he called it. The letter was signed "Paul Livingstone." He was my namesake, and that was the reason for his unnerving scrutiny. I was so relieved that I offered to don his uniform and hop bells for a while, so that we might change places for a bit. He declined the invitation, however—maybe he knew the kind of mood Diana was in and figured that a similarity in names was plenty. Come to think of it, he was a smart kid!

Diana continued to be unpredictable the next day, and on the way to Northampton, Massachusetts, made up her mind that she wanted a mountain view. After a brief and unsuccessful rebellion, I stopped and asked directions of a farmer. He told us we'd have a tough time getting up any hills in that part of the

country, with our car, and that decided things for Diana. She insisted we find a mountain view. Accordingly, we started up a mountain grade in very low gear. The low speed band was all shot, so I had to press the pedal down to the floor boards to get any results. We crawled slowly up the grade, and all of a sudden Henry gave a groan and slowed down almost to a stop. I halted a moment, looked things over, and started once more. Again the same routine, a groan, and slackening speed. Again I stopped, wondering what was causing it, as it was a different symptom than any Henry had displayed so far on the trip. After this happened a few times, I began to think Henry was haunted. We finally got to the top. Diana took a quick look and said, "Okay, let's go." After all that trouble, she wanted to go now! Well, I don't believe in a man striking his wife, it's a bestial thing to do; but there are times—! Anyway, we coasted down the other side of the mountain and went on into Northampton. There we found out what caused Henry's fainting spells. It's a phenomenon peculiar to that locality, and as nearly as can be described, it's a series of "air pockets" that affect the carburetor of a car, causing it to suffer a power loss. The make of car makes no difference; rich man and poor man alike have their cars die on them going up these mountains. That made us feel a little better, and we looked at Henry with something of the old love in our eyes.

Northampton, Calvin Coolidge's birthplace, is a charming little town located in the Connecticut River Valley at the foot of the Berkshires. It is also the home of Smith College. Ever dated a Smith girl? Oh, well. . . .

Driving along Northampton's quaint, shady streets in our rattle-trap Ford we came to the Northampton Hotel and "Wig-

gins Old Tavern," an inn known throughout the country for its hospitality and charm. The manager was away at the time, but his assistant took us in and made us welcome. For an old New Hampshire Yankee like me, it was like coming home. The proprietor of "Wiggins Old Tavern," parts of which were built in 1786, told us much about this historic inn, coming down from father to son to its present owner, L. N. Wiggins. The many oak-beamed rooms of the Tavern contain Colonial relics of great value, furnished as they are exactly as in the days when General Washington's men stabled their horses on this very spot. I am glad to relate here that Mr. Wiggins owns perhaps the only tavern in New England that does not contain "the bed George Washington slept in." If all these tales are true, Washington would have spent the entire Revolutionary War in a feather tick.

It was at this same hospitable Inn that Diana and I were subjected to our first discourtesy on the part of an employee of an hotel. Settled in our rooms we came down for lunch, and after seating ourselves waited for service. Nothing happened. Allowing 15 minutes for Colonial atmosphere and charm, we still weren't served, nor had our order been taken. I called the hostess and told her how long we'd been waiting, and she immediately spoke to the waitress that was assigned to our table. "Will you please take the order," the hostess said.

"I will not!" the waitress, a tall, bony, unpleasant looking individual replied.

The hostess looked embarrassed. The other guests looked interested. Diana and I looked at each other.

"If somebody has to wait on those people," the waitress

grew shrill, "It's going to be somebody else! I won't waste my time on folks like that who can't afford to leave a tip!"

The effect of her words was startling. The hostess grew red in the face, the waitress grew purple, the guests turned back to their tables embarrassedly and the Livingstones looked for a hole to crawl into. In a moment, however, the hostess recovered. She sent the girl out, came to our table and apologized, taking our order herself. From then on you should have seen the service. Calvin Coolidge himself was never served in his home town as we were. Various employees came by and apologized for the girl's rudeness, and we were more embarrassed by the unwanted attention than we had been by the outburst. It was simply one of those things where the employees of the hotel, hearing our story by the bellhop-to-kitchen radio, rallied 'round the old hotel and saved her fair name. What eventually happened to the waitress I don't know. Probably she never went farther than the kitchen where she waited for us to leave. At any rate, she deserved whatever she got, for in the finest hotels in America the courtesy of the employees has even exceeded that of the managers. I put the whole thing down to rugged individualism and let it go at that.

And so on to Boston, where I planned to have my Mother come for a visit. The first night we stopped at the Kenmore Hotel, and next day went to the exclusive Copley-Plaza. Diana always giggles when she thinks of our entrance into staid Boston's most decorous hotel lobby. We looked like a parade of something Ellis Island didn't want. Diana in a red dress shrunk up to her knees, a toy sheepdog in need of a bath, and your Wandering Minstrel in a sport outfit still without a coat. Boston, it is agreed, is a mite on the conservative side, and those

checkered golf knickers of mine were the loudest thing to hit Boston since Bunker Hill. As I look back at it now, I guess it wasn't my salestalk that got us into these fine hotels, it must have been sheer amazement on the part of the managers at what seemed to be inhuman nerve. It must have been that in this case at any rate, for no salesman in the world could have overcome the affront of those knickers in the Copley-Plaza lobby. In addition to this I was wearing a sweater and no coat, and was hatless as well. Hatless, mind you, in a city so caste-conscious that even the English sparrow, true to his heritage, scorns anything but a top hat as the object of his attentions.

The shock must have left the Copley-Plaza staff in a complete state of mental paralysis, for we found ourselves in a suite billed at \$25 a day, with the trimmings in proportion. All our meals were served en suite, perhaps to keep the frightening spectacle out of the dining room. At any rate, we were treated royally.

The next day I furthered our contact with the Statler Hotels and we moved over to Boston's Statler. Another suite this time, along with the manager's invitation to have my Mother visit me at his expense. I went to the Western Union and sold them on a free wire to my Mother in Rhode Island. The next day she arrived, to find a lovely room with flowers in every possible corner waiting for her.

Mother, of course, couldn't believe it, and waited in constant fear for the sound of the sheriff's feet. All this luxury looked spurious to her, which in a way it was. I finally convinced her that we wouldn't spend the remainder of the week-end in a Boston hoosegow, and she relaxed a bit.

We spent most of the week-end taking baths, as we each had our individual *salle de lather*. Buddy got his first, of course, and also, of course, in my bath-tub. Diana had a cute way of giving Buddy first crack at my tub, and I usually emerged from a refreshing dip to find myself covered with sheep-dog hairs and looking like a somewhat collegiate gorilla. But baths were our chief source of recreation on our wanderings, and by the time we'd finished our trip, I think we'd taken enough ablutions to wash the entire United States Army after a hot day in a wheat field!

Next day, we drove Mother back to Rhode Island and dropped her off a few miles from home at Providence. I think she left us at Providence because she didn't want to alarm her neighbors and friends by the sight of our terrible three in a fire-snorting dragon. I'd never suspected Mother of being a snob, but then I suppose after all, she had to live there.

We went on to Hartford, Connecticut, and the Hotel Bond. It was during our one-day stay at the Hotel Bond that I met two very interesting people—Harry S. Bond, proprietor of the hotel bearing his name, and Armida, fiery Mexican actress and dancer. Leaving Diana in the suite with Buddy, I called a meeting of Livingstone Enterprises, Incorporated, in the hotel bar. I ordered a bit of champagne in Armida's honor, charging it to our suite, of course. Well, one bottle of champagne doesn't go very far, and in the course of the evening it developed that several bottles of champagne followed the first. When I went to see Mr. Bond the following morning about our bill, I was just a little nervous about the champagne item. Not really nervous, you understand, just fighting off a peculiar cold chill that shook me every time I thought about the evening before.

However, I braced him with what confidence I could muster, and he proved to be a most understanding soul.

“Livingstone,” he said, “You understand of course that we don’t usually furnish champagne with our suites here.”

“I realize that, Mr. Bond, and I’m terribly sorry. You see—”

“I’m sorry you did what you did, my friend. It shakes my faith in my fellow man. I’ve thought it over very carefully. Naturally, I can only censure you for breaking the code of a gentleman, Livingstone, a code that knows no mutations, no exceptions to its inflexible rule.”

“Yes sir,” I responded very, very meekly.

“The least you might have done was invite me to join you.” he added.

I was very sorry I hadn’t invited Bond to the festivities he was paying for. We might have cracked a few more bottles if he’d been there. I didn’t tell him that Miss Armida was at her theatre during the champagne episode. The champagne went to the Board of Directors of Livingstone Enterprises, Incorporated. Well, he didn’t ask me, did he?

After spending a night at the Pickwick Arms in Greenwich, Connecticut, a beautiful spot if ever there was one, we went on through the beauty of the New England Summer to New York. Here Diana put her foot down, and when her foot goes down, something has to give. She insisted that we avoid New York and its traffic and go on to New Jersey, why I’ll never know. But by this time I was catching on to the fact that you could save a lot of breath if you didn’t argue when she had her mind made up, so I agreed to leave New York to

the ticket-scalpers and proceed to the territory where New Jersey used to be before Hague took it over.

By this time, however, we were already on Manhattan Island, and we had to find means of transporting ourselves across the Hudson. No matter how you go across the river, it costs money, so it looked like another job for a Ford dealer. Accordingly, I called at the Watson-McKenna Motor Company on Dyckman Street, where I persuaded three gallant gentlemen, Messrs. Barrett, Hamburger and Sylver, to defray the expenses of one ferry-passage to the Jersey shores.

Our arrival in New Jersey was not as quiet as it might have been, due to Buddy escaping on the Dyckman Street Ferry and winding up biting at the captain's heels in the pilot-house. I furtively tore up the return trip ticket we had been given, and drove off onto the pier.

It was quite late, so we decided not to barge around looking for the best hotel, but be satisfied with the first hostelry that presented itself. This turned out to be the Holland Hotel, a tiny commercial inn where the largest room would give a midget claustrophobia.

H. H. Tinney, the manager of the Holland, was a grand person. He told us he didn't have any suites, but that, by God, he'd make us one, and proceeded to hook up two of his largest rooms for us.

Newark was next, and a feature story about us in the Newark Ledger. This was becoming a regular occurrence, but this write-up was unique in that the accompanying picture had a girl in it, and you couldn't see much of her legs. I guess that made it news.

Thanks to a pair of those friendly Ford dealers in Eliza-

beth and Trenton, N. J. respectively, our old hack was given some more much-needed ministrations and was able to go right through to Philadelphia, a feat for anyone in a weakened condition.

At Wilmington, Delaware, we sampled the fruits of the Du Pont Kingdom, and found them good. As guests of the Hotel Du Pont, we were given the royal suite, reserved for members of the dynasty themselves. Everything in the hotel, in the town moreover, is Du Pont made, and the historic site of the Battle of Brandywine is almost eclipsed in the glory that is Du Pont de Nemours.

The hotel is beautifully appointed, with Du Pont furniture, metals, and even Du Pont explosives to blow it up in case of emergency. This last is mere speculation, engendered by the sensation of sleeping next to a million tons of H. E. spawned in the local munitions plant.

The explosive quality of the town wasn't the only thing that gave us a scare, however. On our arrival we learned that the police had just picked up a couple who had been traveling high, living on a truly Lucullan scale, and passing resilient checks in return. The man had tried it in Wilmington some time before, and finding the town an easy touch, returned to paper the place with checks that even the Du Pont chemists couldn't stop from bouncing.

As a result of this, Diana and I felt that everyone in town looked at us with increasing suspicion, waiting for the pay off, as it were. Mine looked to be a newer racket, but a racket just the same. It was all our imagination, however, and we were treated royally. I must admit, however, that the maitre de hotel looked about him frantically when I asked for a

check, to be vastly relieved when he found that it was the dinner tariff that I wanted. All in all, it was a most pleasant stay at this ultra-modern inn, where a light flashes in your room when the clerk puts a letter in your box, so modern is the mood. Indeed, there were so many tell-tale devices installed for the convenience of the traveller that I was almost afraid to go to the bathroom for fear they'd know about it in the lobby!

In Baltimore, Maryland, our next stop, we varied the constant diet of hotels by staying at a tourist camp, after successive days spent at the hotel Emerson, Lord Baltimore, Belvedere and Southern. There was a restlessness about town due to a butcher's convention, which had descended on Baltimore in a cloud of suet and ground round. You couldn't walk along the street for half a block without meeting a slightly tipsy butcher, and I remarked to Diana that the boys must be having themselves a hell of a time. "I can see them now," I said, "behind locked doors with a side of beef and a meat-axe apiece, having a jam session."

"Quit kidding," Diana answered. "At least these men wait until they have a convention to get drunk. Sometimes I wish you were more of a butcher."

Buddy was the next to yield to the decidedly meaty atmosphere of Baltimore during that convention. While at the tourist camp, with Diana presiding over the kitchen, Buddy yielded to temptation and stole a bologna sausage while her back was turned. Diana asked me to teach him a lesson, but I replied that he'd probably get his lesson when he ate the bologna, which I had already sampled and found wanting. Diana was Justice Outraged, however, so she chased Buddy with a rolled up

newspaper. After three laps around the camp, Diana was beginning to show the pace, but Buddy never looked better. As they came around again, I saw that Diana had made her bid, and now looked like a sure loser. I accordingly cheered Buddy, with the net result that I got the remaining slab of bologna just back of my left ear. Diana insists that she was throwing it at Buddy, but come, come—a woman's aim isn't that bad! He learned his lesson from this episode, however, and never stole anything from that day on. He was always proving himself smarter than I am.

At the Willard Hotel in Washington, D. C., we had the distinct and unique pleasure of meeting a Senator who made up his own mind about national problems. But lest this startling expose rock our democracy with its iconoclastic message, let me add that he had not yet taken his seat in the Senate, and had not as yet learned that while Washington is the seat of the Government, the taxpayer is the pants pocket.

This unique personage was newly-elected Rush Holt, of Virginia, who was waiting for his next birthday to make legal his appointment. He was too young to serve in the current session of Congress, and eagerly awaited the opportunity to pour his fresh, invigorating ideas into the sluggish stream of national politics. Diana and I talked to Mr. Holt for an hour, revelling in his enthusiasm and ideals. It somehow made us feel more optimistic just to talk to him, and his vital personality seemed almost out of place in this city of tradition and behind-door politics. I often wonder when his enthusiasm took its first beating, and how it has weathered the incessant hammering through the years.

Another interesting person made our Washington junket

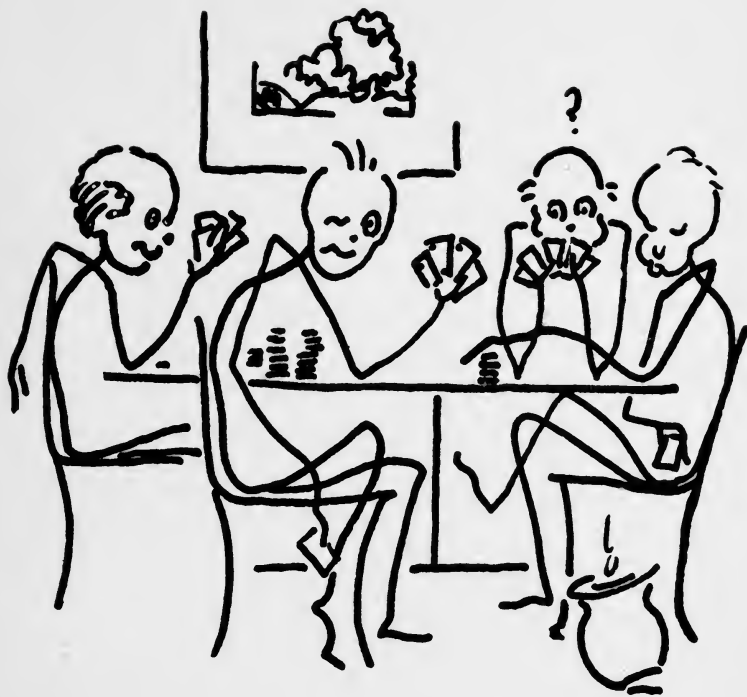
worth the remembering. The young lady who was in charge of the coffee shop at the Willard Hotel was destined to mother the children of Max Baer, a reputed pugilist. She was altogether charming, and has succeeded in using her management ability to good effect in the affairs of Clown Prince Max.

Here, too, Buddy had his first bout with illness. He came down with a touch of ptomaine poisoning, probably the result of biting a Congressman. Diana's nursing experience stood her in good stead and she soon had Buddy back on his feet and in my hair, for he was fast developing his nasty habit of scenting out my hidden bottles of medicinal liquor. This snarking ability of his was to cause me many unhappy moments and 'dry spells. In fact, our last day in the camp at Baltimore had been an example of this. I had hidden a bottle of old rye in what I thought was a very clever hiding place, planning to return surreptitiously and spend a moment or two with the gods. Then Kismet stepped in in the guise of a toy sheepdog. He was walking with Diana past a little shack which housed some outdoor plumbing, and as he passed this Chic Sale Bungalow he stopped, sniffed, and started barking. Diana followed him over to the place and there in place of the conventional mail-order catalogue she found my bottle. That was the beginning of a strained feeling that sprung up between Buddy and me. I knew that our beautiful friendship was a thing of the past, and that if even a privy wasn't sacred to this hound, we would never have much in common in the future. I was right—we never did, and he began to dislike me with an intensity heretofore reserved for beef liver.

This feud continued at Hagerstown, Maryland, our next stop, where Buddy dug into the ground to unearth a quart of

Old Crow that I had hidden. To make me even unhappier, Hagerstown was also crowded with another convention, and all the big hotels were full. We were finally rescued by the manager of the Fort Cumberland Hotel. During our stay in Hagerstown we met Ralph De Palma, dean of speed-merchants. He was then testing cars, and I invited him to go for a spin in my Ford, which for some reason he politely declined. Oh well, professional jealousy, I guess.

That night Diana and I decided we'd been monkeying around long enough, and that California wouldn't wait forever, so we had old Henry groomed for the dash to the Pacific Coast. Our "Year And A Day" was almost half gone, so it behooved us to get busy. Accordingly, next morning we piled in the car, struck up an off-key version of "California, Here I Come," and pointed our steaming nose toward the sunset.



... I played my first poker game under the no-money rule ...

CHAPTER SIX

Before we left Hagerstown, I played in my first poker game under the no-money rule. A group of us at the hotel began this unique pastime with the understanding that if I lost, the others would make up the deficiency, and if I won somebody would take it out for me. It was really Put-And-Take without the "put". I won a few chips, and regretfully left them to be cashed and divided among the losers. Thus was the "Livingstone Touch Poker System" born, and I made use of it on many occasions thereafter, in fact, whenever I could make the necessary touch.

At Martinsburg, West Virginia, we crossed the Potomac along General Lee's route to fateful Gettysburg. Here we enlisted another kind Ford dealer, the Kershner-Steffie Motors Inc., and R. E. Kershner himself paid the twenty-five cent bridge toll. We arrived in Wheeling rather late in the afternoon, and were very lucky to find Mr. McLure of the McLure Hotel in his office and a willing listener.

After getting settled in our suite, I wandered downstairs and into the barber shop, as by this time I was beginning to look like Buddy. The manager of the shop proved to be hard of hearing, and I was well on my way to shouting a haircut out of him before I realized what a chore I had before me. I had to yell so loud that people passing by on the street stopped to listen. We finally got straightened out, and I had my fur clipped in grand style.

I had my fur clipped again in Chillicothe, Ohio, but in an entirely different way. Right here and now, let me say that if any Chillicotheans read this, my only beef is with one garage

man, not the Mayor, not the Chief of Police, not the citizenry.

The whole thing started when, after the Warner Hotel had given us of their best, I went looking for a garage to store our heap in. Or "in which to store our heap," if you want to be technical about it.

In this simple quest for an automobile dormitory I found a louse. Not the small, gregarious insect immortalized by Robert Burns, but a two-legged, narrow-minded, belligerent one. I could amplify this simple statement, but my innate dignity compels me to pass on without more excoriation than that word itself implies. All I did was ask this garage man if I could put Henry in his care for the night. That's all. No excitement, no bother, just a manly request that this native add his name to the hundreds of others who had aided us. I didn't want to match pennies with him, didn't make a pass at his wife—nothing. Just "can I store my car here tonight" and no smart cracks along with it. Well, you would have thought I'd just crawled out from under a log, all white and puffy. He called me everything in the language and a lot of neologisms that haven't been recognized by Mr. Webster as yet. After he'd covered the usual ground, doubtful paternity, unique status of female parent, odd sexual practices, et al—he really got going and started to cuss. By this time I was hanging on to myself and finally when I couldn't stand it any longer I shouted, "You'll remember this! After all, my book IS going to be written!" and walked out, slamming the door after me. I went back to the hotel and sat down a moment to cool off. While I was talking it over with a reporter who had interviewed us on our arrival, in came a policeman who told me that my presence was requested at headquarters. I went wonder-

ing what it was all about. During my conversation with the reporter it had started to rain, and the officer and I walked, if you please, in a driving downpour all the way to the station. I still didn't have a coat, so I was a nice mess when we got there. Even that wouldn't have been so bad, but they kept me waiting exactly two hours in a dingy, smoky and very sweaty anteroom while His Majesty, the Chief of Police, grappled with the terrific crime wave that threatened to engulf Chillicothe, Ohio, if he so much as relaxed for an instant.

Finally, I was ushered into The Presence. With him was the Mayor. I told them my story as briefly as possible, and they retaliated with the amazing information that the garage-man who had so roundly cursed me out had called the police and told them I'd threatened him. How do you like those apples! After an hour they finally let me go, because they had nothing on me. Dandy reception for the tourist, eh? As a parting shot, they suggested that I say nothing about the incident. So in case His Honor the Mayor of Chillicothe reads this I must excuse myself for forgetting the warning. I'm so darned absent-minded!

But Chillicothe was not without its minor triumphs. The next morning as we were leaving, the clerk handed me an envelope in which was a letter from a Shell Petroleum Corporation supervisor, M. F. Costello, along with an order for as much Shell gas as I could use. Mr. Costello had thumbed through my scrapbook which I'd left at the hotel desk at the request of the manager, and graciously added his unsolicited offering. I never met the gentleman, but I might add that his courtesy was reflected in every Shell Station we visited and we visited a great many from that time on.

Next stop, Cincinnati, so full of memories for both Diana and me. But this time we did things in grand style, stopping at the beautiful Alms Hotel, where we had a suite of rooms overlooking the lovely grounds, and the best the hotel had to offer. A lot of miles had passed under our feet since Diana wrote on the wall of the old "Dugout" there in Cincinnati, and a lot of happiness had been ours, too. Perhaps Diana had been prophetic that night when she wrote, "Happiness is a perfume that you cannot pour on others without getting a few drops on yourself"; and I felt that whatever scent of happiness we had sprinkled on those who enjoyed our adventure with us, most of it had fallen upon ourselves. It may have been my imagination, but when I walked with Diana to a high bluff overlooking the Ohio River, the waters seemed to have attained their boasted blue, and in the magic of that brief moment I saw for the first time the Beautiful Ohio.

* * * * *

A few days spent rolling across Indiana and Illinois brought us to St. Louis, the Mississippi River, and the gateway to the West. Crossing the Mississippi on the St. Louis Municipal Bridge, we came to a sign that said "Free Bridge, 10 Cents". Just then we noticed a group of men collecting a fee on the far side of the bridge. Perplexed, I attempted to turn Henry around in a stream of traffic. This I finally succeeded in doing, much to the confusion of drivers both East and West-bound, and we back tracked to find a kindly soul to pay our entrance fee into St. Louis. We found a service-station owner who not only was willing to defray the expense, but insisted on riding our running board across the bridge and paying the

toll in person. All he asked in return was our autograph and a picture, both of which I gave him on the spot. We were so pleased at the way it had turned out that we neglected to get his name in the scrapbook, and he was swallowed in the bridge traffic before I snapped out of it. But whoever you are, Mister, thanks!

Once in St. Louis, I spied the famous Statler sign, and looked no further. Sure enough, Mr. Abell, manager, proved as hospitable as had the other Statler men we'd contacted, and that night we slept in the famous Marshal Foch Suite in the Statler Hotel, St. Louis, Missouri, U.S.A.

Next day, Diana and I went to the Ambassador Theatre and requested passes for that evening. The manager's name was Eakin, and a swell fellow he was, too. Wanting to do something a little different, he gave us a schedule of the performances in lieu of a pass, and signed it for use in our scrap-book.

We moved from the Statler to the Mayfair Hotel and another suite. Reporters called to get a story, and I invited them to have the drinks "on the house" in the hotel bar. Oddly enough for newspaper men, they accepted. Here I introduced the double-rye-and-absinthe combination that I'd learned from my hotel manager friend, and the scribes of St. Louis went for it in a big way, as I noticed when I looked at the bill. After a few of these death-punches one reporter got so enthusiastic about my story that he could not be restrained from trying it out on the spot. He said, "By God, it sounds simple enough. If you can do it, I can," and with that, he straightened himself up and marched to the bar, where a singularly muscular bartender officiated.

"My name is G---- S----," the reporter said with dignity. The bartender looked at him a moment. "Yeah?"

"I'm traveling across the country without spending any money, going to wr' a book about 't." Here the reporter paused to lick his lips. The bartender simply put down his bar-towel and spread his hands on the polished surface.

"If you're in'erest'd in my story, I gotta reques' to make. You're not obliged to honor it, just say 'yès' or 'no'. My request is for a double rye with abs'nthe, an' I can't pay for it."

The bartender moved a couple of glasses out of harm's way. "Beat it," he said curtly.

The reporter bowed, and made his unsteady way back to our table. "Livingstone," he said, "You're a goddam liar. It can't be done!"

I endeavored to prove that it could be done by ordering a few more double ryes, but I'll never know whether I convinced him or not, for he disappeared shortly after in the fog that descended on me without warning. Darn tricky weather they have in St. Louis.

A lot of surprises greeted us in Mark Twain's home state, chief among which was our introduction to some honest-to-goodness Ozark Mountain folk. At Lebanon, in the southern part of Missouri where the terrain begins to swell into the foothills that lead up to the Ozarks, we ran across a family that seemed to step right out of the pages of Mark Twain. The family consisted of a mother and her six children, a tatterdemalion group, the children barefooted and goggle-eyed, but scrupulously clean. They had come down from the hills to wait for the Greyhound Bus at Lebanon. Lebanon does not exactly constitute a metropolis, but these quaint hill folk could

not have been more impressed if they had been dumped in the middle of Times Square, the Champs Elysees or Piccadilly. It was probably the first time they had ever been off their own property, a few scraggly, unproductive acres tucked away somewhere in the "back country," and at first they were numb with the newness of it all. They hovered around their gaunt, rawboned mother like baby chicks, until their senses recovered somewhat and they thawed out a little. Diana and I were as excited as they were, for they were the first people of their type we had ever seen, so their party and our party had a nice time out-staring one another. Finally Diana offered one of the little girls a piece of chewing gum, and the panic was on. We gave them piece after piece, and only after our supply was exhausted did we stop to wonder what was happening to all these yards of chewy stuff. Yes, they were swallowing it. Diana then gave them a brief course in the All-American sport of Wrigley-wrestling, and everybody was happy.

From the mother I learned that the family was bound for Oregon, where a relative had a large farm. Their father had recently died, and Mother had corresponded with her kinfolk until they got a response and an invitation from the Oregon branch of her family. She had the bus tickets and exactly five dollars to her name, and when I asked her how she expected to feed a family of six for the time it would take to get to Oregon from Missouri, she just tightened her mouth a little, and a determined look came into her sun-faded eyes. "We'll make out, I reckon," she said. Just looking at her, taut with the courage that comes from the soil, I knew that she'd "make out". But I felt better when I learned that the Greyhound people would help that mother in her determination to make

such a long trip on such slender funds. The Greyhound Company assume responsibility for the safe arrival of passengers on their busses, and the family would be fed at the company's expense. I felt a little warmer toward the large corporations that run our transportation systems along the paved highways, and couldn't help a sneaking suspicion that the mighty railroads, the Empire Builders, to hear them tell it, might have been just a little less anxious to assume responsibility for feeding those six hungry mouths. Somehow I can't see the haughty dining car steward shepherding the six tattered ones into the dining car, but then perhaps I am mistaken. I hope I am. At any rate, our meeting with these simple people of the Ozarks was as great a thrill as we'd had so far, silly though it may sound. Yet it awakened in us that strange pioneer feeling, as though we'd discovered something, a strange tribe perhaps—or a country untrod by the foot of civilized man. I felt as explorers must feel, as we all feel upon contact with something strange, something new. All this at a Greyhound But Station! It simply proves how starved the average man is for adventure of any sort, and explains in a measure the reason for our success on our cross-country mooch.

At Joplin, Missouri we got our first touch of Hollywood. Here the natives were exploiting a room in a private home reputed to be the one Janet Gaynor had used for scenes in a picture. A look at this room was yours for the sum of twenty-five cents. The fact that Janet Gaynor made all those scenes within a stone's throw of Hollywood Boulevard made no difference to these quaint folk for, after all, a quarter is a quarter, and it ain't hay—not in Missouri, anyway.

Still we headed into the setting sun, and, after a day or

two in Tulsa, we landed in Oklahoma City in the middle of a September hot spell. It doesn't really get hot in Oklahoma; after the mercury gets into the three figure bracket you have to find some other word for it. We stopped at the Oklahoma Biltmore, the city's best, and for the first time really appreciated air-conditioning. Prior to this air-conditioning had been hot and dusty. Our car was a nervous wreck and had suffered what must have been a sun-stroke just outside the city limits, so we turned it over to Fred Jones the Ford dealer and let him take up where the last dealer had left off. By this time the only original parts left on the car were the left front tire and a few assorted nuts; everything else had been replaced along the road.

One of Diana's shoes had lost a heel or something, and I asked a bell boy where I might have it repaired. He knew our story, and appeared doubtful. Then he said there was a shoe shop right around the corner, but if I could get anything for nothing from them, I was a miracle man. I finally wheedled the story out of him, and learned that the proprietress was a local terror. Salesmen, even customers lived in fear of her tongue and her big voice. I thought that here was a test at last, so I took my scrap-book and Diana's shoe and went to slay the dragon.

The lady lived up to her description, even beggared it. Her voice had the rumble of thunder in high places, her eyes shooting lightning as devastating as any bolt that scars the rocky heights. I immediately realized that I'd bitten off a large hunk, but it was too late to back out, and besides I hated to go back to the hotel and admit defeat after talking the manager of the city's best hotel out of a suite of rooms and a brace

of cocktails. I muttered a silent prayer and plunged into battle. As luck would have it, I hit the right line of approach. I explained my story very briefly, and wound up by telling her that I had been told that she would turn me down. When she heard this, she bellowed like a bull full of banderillos. She then grabbed the shoe out of my hand and put a man to work on it, making him drop the work he was already doing. While the shoe was being repaired, we chatted of this and that, mostly of the goddam folks who said those goddam things about her. Even her rage had the majesty of a mountain storm, and I sincerely liked her and told her so. Whereupon she told me not to be a you-know-what fool and shoved the repaired shoe into my hand. I thanked her, and she filled out a bill for me to include in my scrapbook. All she asked was that I "show it to those goddam folks back at that goddam hotel!" All in all, she was the goddamdest woman I ever met!

At Amarillo, Texas, I met another veteran of the speedways in Fred Frame, Indianapolis champion and then test driver for Henry Ford. Again I offered my car for experimental purposes, and again, as in the case of Ralph De Palma, I was refused. I almost began to think that something was wrong with my road-king. But my feelings weren't hurt, for Mr. Frame and I were halfway through a quart of excellent rye at the time. Diana and Buddy having gone for a walk, I felt no qualms about quenching the burning thirst which had seized me late the same afternoon. The heat, no doubt. At any rate, Fred and I sipped and talked, talked and sipped, and finally—just sipped. I must have sipped more than my customary amount, however, for I vaguely remember allowing Fred to take me out for a trial run in an experimental car. It was

a Ford V8, and I don't know what it had inside of it; all I know was that before my very eyes the speedometer climbed up past the city speed law, doubled and redoubled. This pleased me no end until I took note of the scenery that was pouring past me, and found that we were on the town's main street! Now going through Amarillo doesn't take very long in any case, and at the rate we were traveling we must have criss-crossed that town ten times every lap. We were going so fast that every time we turned a corner I was afraid we'd run head-on into ourselves coming the other way! Finally I got Fred to let me off at my hotel, while he roared off in a cloud of dust headed for "somewhere where I can get some room to roll in," as he quaintly phrased it. Well, he had the whole state of Texas before him, and at the speed he was going he must have covered most of it. I never learned what happened after I left, as I was playing host to a beautiful hangover the next morning.

That afternoon, Diana and I were the guests of Tom Mix, beloved of kids and grown-ups alike, at his circus which was playing Amarillo. Mix was charming to us, showed us around personally, and wrote a letter for my scrap-book, as well as giving Diana a picture of himself that she stammeringly asked for between blushes. Where she gets that false modesty I don't know, because when we're alone, she is without doubt the—oops, sorry, my love. I was only fooling!

On we went into the painted deserts of New Mexico and our first glimpse of the rugged grandeur that is the Sunshine State. At Las Vegas I made my first contact with the Fred Harvey Hotel System, a contact that I was to enjoy upon eight different occasions during our travels. This stretch was with-

out incident save that after the burning heat we'd been through, our car froze up in Las Vegas and we couldn't start it! And it was September at that. Those desert nights can be terribly cold, as I found out in my own pull-over sweater way.

At Santa Fe, the headquarters of the Fred Harvey system, we stopped at the La Fonda Inn on the Old Santa Fe Trail. After hearing our story, the manager of the inn asked me if I would mind repeating it to Fred Harvey himself. I assented gladly. Then I was ushered up to meet the dynamic character, whose dining car cuisine and depot restaurants are as much a part of America as the railroads themselves. To use Mr. Harvey's own words, he was enchanted with our story. He moved Mrs. Harvey out of his personal suite and turned it over to us, the Harvey's taking a room across the hall. I felt embarrassed about it, but he insisted, so in we moved, Buddy and all. Then he asked me to attend a director's meeting that afternoon. I wonderingly agreed.

When I arrived, Mr. Harvey introduced me to his board of directors, and asked me to tell my story again. From that time on there was no work done, that afternoon at least. From two o'clock until after four I talked and answered questions about our trip. Every man there acted like a kid, and reacted the same way. They thumbed through my scrap-book time and again, and fired more questions at me.

When we finally broke up, they all knew as much about us and our adventures as we did ourselves. After thanking me, Mr. Harvey asked me to let him write a letter giving us *carte blanche* at all Harvey hotels. This I courteously refused, explaining that I wanted to make the trip on its merits from start to finish. If I couldn't sell each manager of a Harvey hotel,

then I'd go someplace else. Harvey smiled as I told him this, and I know he admired me the more for my refusal. Fred Harvey was a grand gentleman, as everyone who knew and worked for him will attest. His last words, when he lay dying after an airplane crash, were, "Slice the ham thin, boys, and feed the tramps." Thus after his death, as before, it remained an inflexible rule that no one was ever refused a handout at a Harvey restaurant. My meeting with Fred Harvey is a glowing memory, one that no amount of time or trouble can erase. Perhaps it is because we so seldom meet a man who fits the meaning of that simple word, "gentleman" that we treasure the souvenir of such a meeting. And Fred Harvey was such a man. . . .

At Albuquerque we stopped at another Harvey Hotel, as we did at least five more times before reaching the California border. We stopped at Needles, dreading the border inspection we knew was to come, for we had no registration certificate for the heap of steaming metal we were pleased to call our car. But the only thing that bothered us at Needles was a number of giant bats which swooped down on us and drove us back indoors. At Barstow, California, where the inspectors lay in wait for the unwary traveler, I told them my story, showed them my book, and the chief inspector finally slapped a visitor's permit on the windshield. As we drove off, he smiled and said, "You're okay; I guess you didn't steal *that* car!" I wonder what he meant by that?

We drove on without incident, across the Mojave Desert and through the mountains to San Bernardino, just sixty-five miles from Los Angeles. Here I pulled a cute stunt—I lost the scrap-book! I had taken it out on a few calls, run across a

hospitable bartender, and in the mild celebration that ensued, left my precious record behind. I awoke the next morning in a high fog, with the deep bell-buoy of Diana's voice calling me back from the Never-Never Land. I laid my head carefully on a table, and tried to take it apart and find out where I'd left the book. What Diana said to me doesn't matter now, but it was quite adequate, I recall. I finally lurched back along Memory Lane and remembered something hazy about a theatre. Whereupon I called on every theatre manager in town until I finally located the scrap-book with the aid of a kindly janitor. I had left it in the office of a manager who had laid it aside in order to get in his desk to serve me a drink.

Diana kept up a running commentary all the way to Pasadena, where we were given a bungalow at the swank Vista Del Arroyo Hotel. The only drawback was the view, looking out as it did on the famous Suicide Bridge. This momento of shattered lives was very unnerving, the more so because Diana kept looking out at the bridge, then back to me with a peculiar look in her eye. Needless to say, I didn't take the hint!

In Los Angeles at last, our car broke down—but good this time. While it was being coaxed back into running condition again, I made many calls to stock up on the things we needed. Then we drove uptown to what is probably Los Angeles' most exclusive apartment-hotel, the Town House. After hearing our adventure through, they offered us their finest suite. The suite, however, was the least of it. Diana was assigned a personal maid, a pretty French girl who's mind was always on her business, darn it. In addition to this, we were given all our meals, incidentals, and wonders of wonders—access to their liquor department. The latter accommodation made me very happy,

and I could see Diana stiffen and Buddy growl when the manager mentioned it. Only one request was made of us—that we use all the facilities of the Town House. That is, we were to make use of the dining room one day, then room service the next, and following that prepare our own meals in our own kitchen from the abundant supply of delicacies in the commissary. So for one week we were to enjoy the almost unlimited facilities of perhaps the finest apartment-hotel in town. Not a hard dose to take, that.

I rose to the exigencies of the occasion by breaking down and procuring a coat for myself. I was still shirt-sleeve Charlie when we arrived in Los Angeles, but Diana put her foot down and refused to go into the dining room until I'd replaced my pull-over sweater with something more in keeping. I trundled down to the Brooks clothing store in L. A. and made my request for a coat. They insisted on giving me a suit. I held out for a coat. They said a suit or nothing. I took the suit. Thus arrayed in all my sartorial glory, I did some shopping for Diana, and deciding to raise hell, got a bar of pine soap for Buddy. Incidentally Buddy spent quite a week—his diet consisting of choice bones from T-bone steaks with an occasional hunk of filet of sole for a change of pace. Diana also pampered her appetite with odd delicacies here and there that the chef prepared especially for her. As for me, well—it wasn't a long walk down to that wine counter in the commissary, and I fared excellently, if somewhat liquidly.

While our Ford was tied up for repairs, the Town House Garage provided us with a limousine, and a chauffeur, with which transportation we attended the neighborhood movies.

It must have struck certain communities as a bit showy for two people to attend a forty cent movie in a \$5000 limousine.

But Hollywood was deliciously near at hand, so after a week as guests of Richard C. Kaiser, President of the Town House Corporation, we rolled old Henry up in front of that imposing facade, packed our well-worn baggage, and shoved off for the capital of Cineland. Our stay at the Town House left us with a receipted bill for well over two hundred dollars, not including a sizeable chit for garage, limousine rental and a few minor items. Our trip was ending in a blaze of dollar signs, if not glory.

Hollywood added its hospitality to our rapidly growing list. At the Roosevelt Hotel, where it seems that everyone of importance in every imaginable business establishes headquarters for a time at least, we were given a suite by Al Weingand, a genial young hotel man with a genius for making one as comfortable as possible in the shortest possible time. He later took this flair with him into his own enterprise, the San Ysidro Ranch near Santa Barbara, a quiet and exclusive dude ranch where nice people go for a nice rest.

After a day at the Roosevelt, we went to the Hollywood Knickerbocker, for three days, then to the Chateau Elysee Apartments, where we had the entire top floor and roof garden as guests of Mrs. Thomas Ince, widow of the motion picture director.

We roamed Hollywood Boulevard, looking at the great and near great, watching them stop on the street to sign some precocious youngster's autograph book. It was this annoying practice that gave Diana a good laugh at my expense.

We were wandering down Franklin Avenue toward the

Chateau Elysee when a little fellow about ten years old rushed up all out of breath, stuck a grimy piece of paper into my stomach and demanded "Aut'graph". I automatically took the paper, then stopped to look at this youngster. Very bored with it all, he was gazing abstractly down the street. No excitement—to him it was simply another scalp to be added to his collection, large or small. Having signed quite a few autograph books in the course of our trip I proceeded to scrawl my name on the paper and handed it back to him. He muttered "Th'nks" and started to walk away when he glanced down to look at the name written on the paper. All of a sudden he started, looked up at me with indescribable disgust and said, "Aw, I thought you was *somebody!*" and with that he crumpled the paper up, threw it in the gutter and strode off with his hands jammed in his pants pockets.

You could hear Diana laugh all the way to the Los Angeles city limits.

"Very funny," I said.

"You're telling me," she choked.

"It was a very natural mistake," I replied coldly.

"Oh, of course," she said. "After all, you do look like a movie star, Paul. With a good make-up you might pass for Donald Duck."

I laughed, but not from the heart. "Well," I said, "I guess that's Hollywood, eh?"

"Yes, I guess that's Hollywood."

We walked on to the hotel in a somewhat strained silence. As we came into the lobby, I sauntered, for I was sauntering now, over to the desk and out of sheer bravado asked if there was any mail for me. Of course there wasn't. Whereupon

Diana said to the clerk, "Mr. Livingstone is suffering from homesickness. Why don't you write him a little note tonight so you can surprise him in the morning? If you do, maybe he will give you his autograph."

What I said has no place in a book destined to find its way into the American home.

We spent a couple of weeks in Hollywood, during which time we gusted at the famous Brown Derby restaurant, Al Levy's Tavern, and other landmarks of Movietown. It was at one of these landmarks that I returned Diana's horselaugh about the autograph, with interest. Grauman's Chinese Theatre was taking the rap for our company one evening, and after the show I got separated from Diana in the crowd coming out. Wandering around the famous forecourt, where the screen's great have attained pavement immortality by inscribing their footprints in cement slabs, I finally spied Diana. She was furtively trying out Joan Crawford's footprints for size. She moved over to another star's meta-tarsal signature, and tried again. Several natives had gathered behind her to watch her with not too well suppressed amusement, but Diana was oblivious to everything but what she was doing. Jean Harlow, Norma Shearer, Shirley Temple, and still she couldn't find a fit. I sneaked up behind her and in a rather loud voice said: "What's the matter Cinderella, don't they come in your size?" The people watching laughed, and Diana fried. I was even up.

Our Year and A Day tour still had some time to go; so we packed up our duffle and headed north.

At Santa Barbara, where the higher income-tax brackets meet the sea, we again sampled the best at the Santa Barbara Biltmore. The very word "Biltmore" seems to do something

to the people who work under it, and they gave service until it hurt.

And so along El Camino Real, or Royal Highway, north along the shores of the blue Pacific. Through the vast lands of the Dons adjoining San Luis Obispo, Paso Robles, Salinas and Monterey to beautiful Carmel, where the coastline attains a rugged beauty found nowhere else along this Pacific Paradise. We stayed at the famous Hotel Del Monte, playground of millionaires, hugging the Monterey Peninsula as it reaches out to sea. Its almost unbelievable beauty and grandeur lent a spell to the place, and little wonder that people come from all over the world to bask in the sunshine at this American Riviera, whose 600 acres of forest, mountain and shore nestle like a gem on the blue bosom of the Pacific.

San Francisco and the Golden Gate at last. Arriving on the day before University of California's big Thanksgiving Day football game, we found all the big hotels full to overflowing with alumnae, would-be alumnae, undergraduates, film stars and the rest of the retinue of pigskin worshippers. After trying several hotels, Mr. Edwards, of the Huntington Hotel, called a friend of his who ran the smaller Lankershim, and offered to pay out of his own pocket for our accommodations, as he too was full to the rain-gutters. That night we stayed at the Lankershim, but after the football crowd had dispersed, we sampled the leading hotels in order—the Mark Hopkins, the Palace, the William Taylor, the Whitcomb, and many more. After a month at the Stanford Court Apartments atop San Francisco's celebrated Nob Hill, and a grand Xmas generously provided by various merchants of the Golden Gate, we secured a beach bungalow for a three month period and settled down

to write FINIS to our glorious trip. A word in re Nob Hill, and other San Francisco hills. Our valiant little car, which had served us so nobly, simply took one look at those hills, gave one convulsive shudder, and lay down to die. The hills were asking too much, and the trusty Henry just couldn't take it, so rather than sell him into a slavery more horrible than death I simply drove in to a garage, got a claim check, walked out and tore it up. Henry may have been left an orphan, but a slave never! So with a tear for auld lang syne we leave the isle of—but no, I've been seeing too many travelogues.

Settled in our beach bungalow, we found we had everything we needed, a home, unlimited supplies, a radio, fishing tackle, the use of a boat, in fact everything. We even had passes on both the Market Street and Municipal railways, and a letter signed by the president giving us permission to take Buddy aboard the company's cars. This gave us plenty of laughs as time went on. Every time we'd board a street car the conductor would signal the motorman to stop and then politely tell us that Buddy would have to get off. Just as politely we'd tell him he was mistaken, whereupon we'd hold up progress while the conductor read the president's letter and retreated muttering to himself. Buddy seemed to sense his importance, for he'd look at the other passengers with an air of disdain worthy of a Brahmin midst a horde of Untouchables. Yes, we were sitting jolie, not to coin a phrase, and Diana looked at me, sighed, and mentally took her shoes off. This was home. We were through wandering like lost souls. I would write my book, find work in San Francisco, and we would become sober citizens and take our place in the community. Even Buddy began to cast around for a lady friend, a sure sign of permanence.

For a year we had been nonpaying guests of Mr. and Mrs. America. We'd seen everything, done everything from coast to coast without spending one penny. What more could two insatiable vagabonds ask? I looked at Diana and said, "Well, Di, looks like we've done it. The material for our book is lying on the table. I want to confess, now that it's all over, that at first I sometimes doubted myself that two people and a mutt could live for a year in the middle of a Depression without spending a dime, but—" and I glanced at one of the letters in my scrapbook lying open before me, "Damfitaintso!"

Diana smiled a very small, very tired smile. "Yes Paul," she replied, "Damfitaintso," and proceeded to fall asleep.



... I tore up draft after draft of my story ...

CHAPTER SEVEN

As a chapter in a book, as well as a chapter in our lives, the next three months were unimportant. I tore up draft after draft of my story. It just wouldn't jell somehow. Diana and Buddy roamed the beach, running and playing, yet I knew instinctively that they weren't happy either. But I tore into my work, and wrote all through the lazy winter days that followed.

Then suddenly I realized what was wrong with the book, wrong with Diana and Buddy and me. Our story wasn't complete. It had the feeling of suspended motion, as when a bird alights to preen itself, the beholder breathless for the instant of flight, the answer to a call from distant places. Then I knew that our travels had just begun, that the challenge of the adventure we had embarked upon was as yet unanswered, the call of the open road as irresistible as ever.

Diana came home that evening to find me burning the pages of my unfinished manuscript in the fireplace. She didn't say a word. She just smiled, walked into the bedroom and hauled out our battered suitcase.

"Paul," she said, "before we start I think you had better get me some new stockings. Buddy ruined my last pair this morning."

As for Buddy, I think he scampered out the door to cancel his future dates.



*. . . I talked a San Francisco dealer out of a used-car,
valued at \$35.00*

CHAPTER EIGHT

This was March. I dug out our scrap-book and talked a San Francisco dealer out of a used car, my ultimate choice being a 1927 Chevrolet coupe, valued at \$35.00. I made request calls now, our trip was on again, our story picked up midway. After repairing the Chevvie, I painted it, leaving it to dry in the sun. The enamel was dark blue, but a windstorm whipped enough sand onto the sticky coat to give it a snappy stucco finish, something new in automobile decor, I think. By this time our supplies were running low, so we hopped in the car and started for Florida on what was to be Leg Number Two of our glorious adventure.

Our trip south from San Francisco proved uneventful and three days later we found ourself in Long Beach. I found that the old scrap-book was just as good as ever, and just as productive. From Long Beach we went on to La Jolla, a lovely beach resort just a few miles North of San Diego. At La Jolla we spent a couple of days, drinking in the gorgeous view from the ragged cliffs that front the water, reaching down to the sea with long granite fingers.

Then it occurred to us to make this crossing of the country something in the nature of a speed dash, and we resolved to waste no more time, stopping only when and where necessary.

At Phoenix, Arizona, we had our first real adventure. In fact, just outside of Phoenix we almost had our adventure ended for us once and for all. It seems to be the custom in that part of the country to load trucks with as much stuff as two would ordinarily carry. Approaching a sharp curve in the road, we found ourselves behind a big truck and trailer piled high, too

high, with baled hay. Once around the curve, I pulled out to pass it. The trailer was still swaying from the curve, and just as I got fairly alongside, the whole thing started to topple. Diana screamed and I slapped the accelerator against the floorboard. Just as we cleared the trailer, it gave a final lurch and turned over on its side. Shaken, I stopped and ran back expecting to find the driver crushed and dying. Imagine my feelings when he climbed out of his truck, stuck a cigarette in his mouth and said, "Got a match, mister?" The narrow escape hadn't impressed this hardy son of the West. Muttering to myself, I went back to my car, to find bits of hay lodged in my rear bumper to testify to our flirtation with death. That was the closest Diana and I have ever come to shuffling off this mortal soil, and the feeling was far from pleasant.

In Phoenix, Diana was sitting in the car with Buddy, waiting for me to return from a request call. She noticed a beautiful young girl in slacks, wearing over them a gorgeous mink coat. She paid little attention to the girl, no more than a passing glance of admiration. Then a young man came up to Miss Mink Coat and started what looked like a sizeable argument. At what seemed to be the psychological moment, the young man hauled off and slapped the beautiful female on what radio comedians refer to as "the puss". This was more entertainment than Diana had bargained for, and she reached for the car door preparatory to getting in on the battle herself, when a quiet, determined looking gentleman stepped up to the car. He proved to be from the sheriff's office, and asked Diana if she had seen what had just taken place. Diana was just getting ready to take this man on as a sparring partner when he told her that the young lady she was so anxious to rescue was on

her way to the cooler, although she herself didn't know it. It seems that the girl was the pawn in an old, old racket. The gag was simple, but because of her fresh beauty, nearly always successful. Doffing her mink coat and leaving it with her pugilistic friend, she would go into a store, hotel, or restaurant, turning on the tears as she came. She told whoever was picked out as the sucker that she was traveling to Hollywood, had lost her money, and was left destitute by a young man who had promised her a ride to California in his car, intimating that said young man had swiped her funds. That story, coupled with her obviously marvelous ability as a dramatic actress, usually turned the trick and she seldom departed empty handed. The ruse successfully executed, she'd leave a phoney name and address and join her gentleman friend, slipping on her mink coat before splitting the loot with him. That they were successful was attested to by the coat, which wasn't dyed alley-rat by any manner of means.

The man from the Sheriff's office had been following the pair, watched them make a successful call, and watched, too, the subsequent argument. He then moved off in pursuit of the pair who, tired of slugging each other perhaps, had gone on to new and fresher fields of endeavor.

When I came back to the car, Diana told me about the incident and suggested that we get out of Phoenix as fast as our shimmying wheels would take us and I agreed. We had to find a place to spend the night but the city jail wasn't our number one choice!

We bowled along across Arizona, New Mexico, Texas and into Louisiana without much incident save those brought about by the car we were driving. Our Chevrolet seemed to suffer

from some mysterious pulmonary disease, wheezing along for a few miles and then, with a tired "whoosh", coast to a silent stop. None of the mechanics from California to Florida could diagnose the ailment, the best they could do was patch her up and send us off with ten gallons of gas and a prayer. The prayer kept Chevvie running when the gas wouldn't, and we finally limped into Shreveport, La., where we stopped long enough to stock up on things we needed. Some fresh clothes for Diana, a new set of tires and a battery for the car, some odds and ends and we were ready to push on.

A fairly short hop brought us to the banks of the Mississippi again, a different Mississippi than we had known, swollen and raging in a spring flood. Because of the flood the ferries were not running, and it was a case of crossing on the \$1.25 toll bridge or drive many miles North before coming to another bridge or ferry. Inasmuch as this bridge was State owned, it presented a slightly knotty problem. The employees would not have the authority to grant us free passage across the bridge, and even in politics-ridden Louisiana it might be a long time before the Governor came around to check up on the voters. I learned at the tool-house that a member of the State Board of Governors was practising law in a small town about five miles back along the road over which we'd come, so there was nothing to do but wheel our bus around and take a crack at Fortune from the rear.

Our benefactor, for such he became, was George Wesley Smith, a fine example of Southern gentleman of the old, story book type. He wrote a letter to the bridge authorities, requesting free passage for us and also asking that we be permitted to keep his letter, properly stamped, as a matter of record.

That there might be no slip-up, he telephoned a friend of his in Vicksburg to stand by ready to pay our toll if anything should go wrong, but nothing did and we crossed into the city of Vicksburg, from the battle of the same name. Here we visited the national park and military monument, dedicated to the heroes of the great Siege of Vicksburg in 1863, climaxed by our meeting another of those quaint characters that have furnished the bright threads in the tapestry of travel we wove for over three years.

Looking for a likely place to spend the night, Diana and I were attracted by the sight of a large, obviously new tourist camp. I stopped the car and went in to make the necessary arrangements. I laid my scrap-book down on a large mahogany table, and looked around for the manager. No one was in sight. The furniture was new, most attractive, and the magazine rack was laden with all the current magazines in shiny new covers, but not a soul guarded this office and what lay within. I sat down and lit a cigarette, then almost swallowed it as a door opened and in walked Abraham Lincoln! I stared rudely for a moment, gulped, and reached for my scrapbook. Then and there I knew that I'd taken my last drink.

Seeing snakes is one thing; you know they're coming and after all, a snake is a snake. But when you start seeing Abraham Lincolns—you're in trouble! No telling who is liable to pop up next, from Genghis Khan to the Hunchback of Notre Dame. And what does a guy say to such famous people? Surely not "scram!" The problem was too much for me, and I shut my eyes. Then he spoke to me. The voice was Lincoln's, I know it even now. A slow, even drawl, asking me what he could do for me. I was just about to say, "You can go away,"

when I realized what was happening. The man was a double for Lincoln, even to the whiskers and sideburns. His clothes, a sombre black, added to his likeness to the Great Emancipator. And he knew it. I began to breathe easier, and even had corralled enough self-control to laugh when he handed me a card which read "Abe Lincoln's De Luxe Tourist Court"! What a commentary on the great American business man! To say that nothing is sacred is a masterpiece of understatement. Imagine a pub in England trying to get away with "King George VI's Saloon." Why they'd have the lad in the Tower so fast he wouldn't have time to get the suds off his vest. But here was a typical American business enterprise labeled "Abe Lincoln's De Luxe Tourist Court. No Noise, No Dust, Private Baths—Hot. See me before you sleep!" I wiped my forehead and sat down. I had to.

Lincoln heard my story through, stammered though it was, with the courteous dignity of his illustrious namesake. He granted my request for lodgings for the night, then told me to get Mrs. Livingstone and he'd show us to our quarters. At that I nearly fainted—what would Diana say when she got a load of him! He was standing patiently by the door, so there was nothing to do but hold my breath and go through with it.

As I walked out to the car, Diana saw me coming and met me halfway. I didn't have time to say anything to her before the door opened again and there stood Lincoln! Diana looked at him, turned her head away, then snapped it back in focus so hard I thought she'd break her neck. "My God!" was all she said.

I heard her muttering to herself all the while we walked along the row of bungalows. Finally this Lincoln in swing-

time stopped, turned a key in a door and stepped aside. "This," he said in a manner worthy of the Gettysburg Address, "is the Bridal Suite. It is yours with the compliments of Abe Lincoln's De Luxe Tourist Court. Pray Enter."

He smiled, bowed, and strode away. We found out later that his real name is N. W. Thayer, but though both Diana and I are too young to have lived during the Civil War, we both stoutly claim to this day that we have seen Abraham Lincoln.

In Vicksburg we ran into another of the rackets that tend to make the business man a tough customer to deal with unless you lay it on the line. A young man had just been arrested after taking quite a few of the native's doubloons away from them. His racket was deadly in its simplicity. He would walk into a store, act slightly embarrassed, then tell the shop-keeper that he was on the road and was broke and needed three cents to mail a letter which he had in his hand, to his mother who was ill. Who would refuse a man three cents? In fact, many people were so relieved at his small request that they'd arbitrarily hand him a quarter or more. That doesn't sound like a very productive scheme, but when you stop to consider that this young man would walk right next door and pull the same trick, repeating it in every shop on both sides of the street, you can readily see that he did very nicely for a day's work. In fact, he'd been traveling for two years around the country before he finally got caught in Vicksburg. It was people like this that were making it tough for people like us. At least, we were on the level!

At Jackson, Mississippi, we stayed at another auto camp, selecting Bradley's from the many in and around Jackson. When I made my call I found that they were full, except for

one cabin that was not quite completed. The manager insisted on our staying, however, and moved us into the unfinished cabin. Now everything went fine until Diana was left alone in the cabin, then her curiosity nearly cost her her life. Hearing a hissing noise, Diana tried to locate it, but in vain. She tried every place in the cabin that might possibly be the source of the strange sound, and still couldn't find it. Later she went to the gas stove, opened the oven and—lit a match! It was then that she found it! All she remembers is one big "booom!" She was unharmed save for a few singed eyelashes and a complete absence of eyebrows. For days she looked horribly naked from the neck up, and flew into a rage whenever I snickered, which I couldn't help doing from time to time. She still says she isn't convinced that she was damn fool enough to light a match around a leaky gas stove, but I'm sure she isn't that dumb, I hope-I-hope-I-hope!

Next stop, Biloxi, Mississippi, and another toll bridge, this one with a legend attached to it. At night near the bridge, one can hear an eerie singing sound. Natives have it that it is the ghostly singing of the Indians who were driven by the white man into the sea at this spot, singing as they went to their death rather than surrender. A more practical explanation is that the wind, blowing off the water along the shore, makes this singing sound, although the exact physical reason for this phenomenon is still a mystery.

About this time, our lives became a succession of toll bridges, each presenting its own peculiar problem. Just outside Mobile, Alabama, we came to the famous Cochrane Bridge across Mobile Bay. Here again, the charge was \$1.25 or go to hell. This bridge is privately owned, and although it has

paid for itself many times over, they still charge the fee and, what is more, collect it. They even made it a rule that families of bridge employees must pay their toll just like anyone else, so it wasn't with the greatest enthusiasm that I went to ask for free passage over this precious bridge. Oddly enough, I had absolutely no trouble. Mr. Cochrane greeted me with a smile, and sent me on my way with the requested letter and another broad grin. When I presented the letter to the toll collectors they almost fainted. They even phoned the Cochrane office to find out if it were genuine. I later learned that in the memories of the men who worked for Cochrane, mine was the first pass they had ever seen. Once more I patted my scrapbook lovingly and began to regard it more as an Aladdin's Lamp than a three-by-three foot canvas-bound book.

Finally we crossed the State line into Florida, and what we intended to be the end of our journey was in sight. At Pensacola we were the first guests at an unfinished, as yet un-named beach resort. The owner had a cabin put in shape for us, and we ate our meals in the handsome Casino, which at that time was only used to feed the men working at the resort. While resting a day or two, we had a chance to see some Navy flyers in action, as the Pensacola Training Station of the United States Navy was close by. Allow me to amend my previous statement and make it "*student* Navy fliers." They seemed to be rather unpopular thereabouts, due to a habit of zooming their planes down low over fishing boats off the coast. Complaints to the authorities were of little use, as once the planes were back at the Station, they couldn't very well be identified. There were regulations against this practice, to be sure, but young pilots just sprouting wings have a habit of disregarding regulations

once they're in the air. I suppose when you feel like a bird you have to do something about it, and it's still a physical impossibility to lay an egg.

From Pensacola we traveled along a route which skirts the Gulf to Panama City, a town off the beaten track, but a lovely spot withal. The road we took hugged the water for miles, and although I've seen a lot of beautiful coastline, this stretch from Pensacola to Panama City tops everything for tropical beauty. The aquamarine blue of the Gulf on one side forms a contrast with the swamps and tropical groves on the other, and often we could see fish swimming in the crystal clear waters a few feet from shore, while the other window of the car framed the picture of strange birds drowsing in the sun as they have done since the dawn of history. It was like passing into another world, with only the chuffing of the motor to remind us that this was the twentieth, not the first century.

From this ancient peace we emerged into civilization again at Tallahassee, Florida's capital. From there it was a matter of eating up the miles to arrive in St. Petersburg, our objective, a little over two months after leaving her competitor, Los Angeles, California. For us, this was a record crossing.

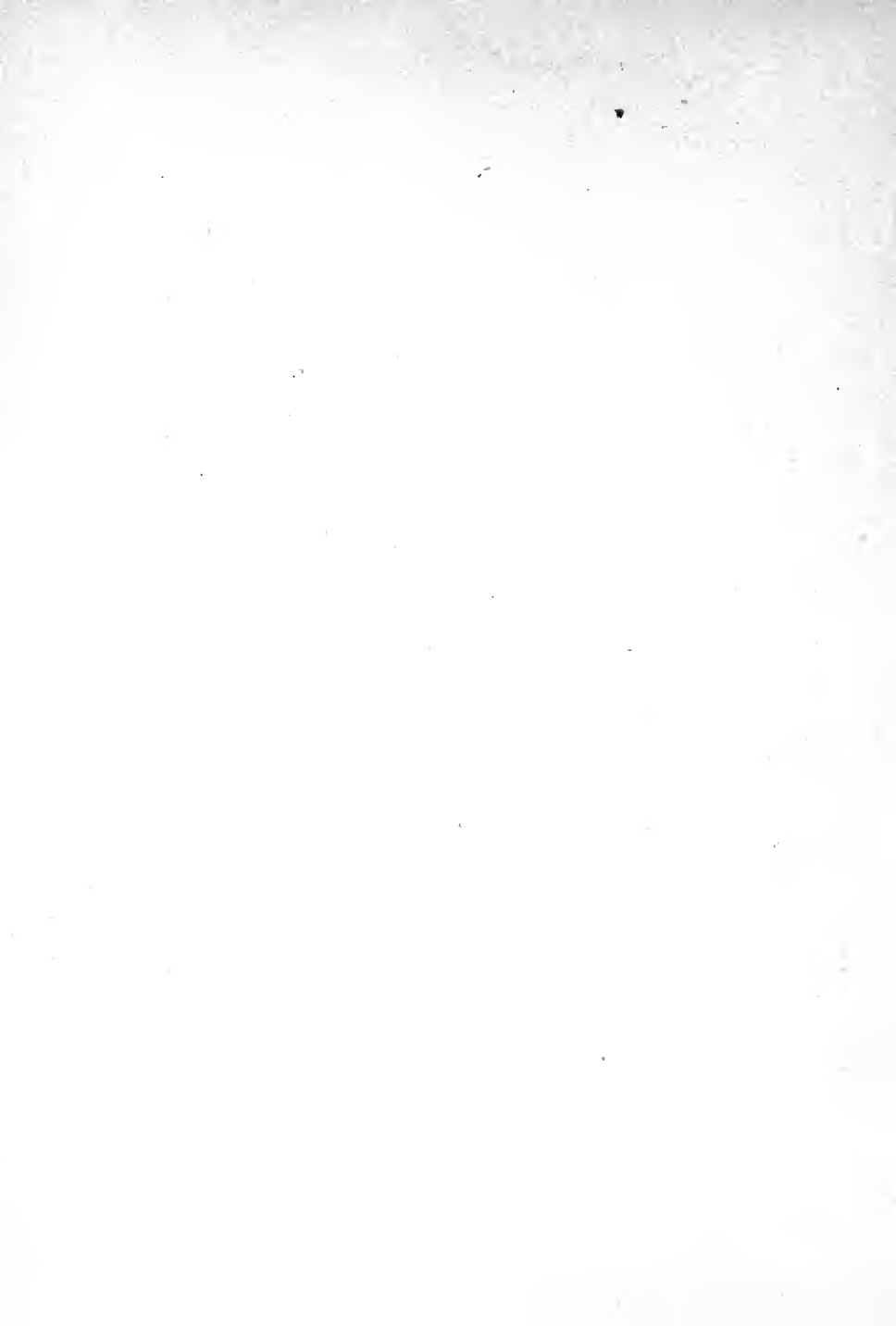
Here Diana put her foot down once again, and demanded that we stop our wanderings and lay the foundations for a permanent home. She enjoyed our vagabondia, true, but she realized that we could not keep it up forever, and with a woman's instinct for security, was anxious for me to acquire some stability. Though she preferred California to Florida for a permanent home, she was willing to forego her preference as long as it was a home, and permanent. After a long discussion, I finally agreed. It wasn't easy for me to close my

beloved scrap-book with such an air of finality. To me it spelled Adventure, Excitement, Living — all mentally capitalized as component parts of my release from a humdrum existence. It wasn't without a feeling of sadness, therefore, and a silent salute to those happy, carefree days that I buckled the strap around my book and laid it on the shelf to settle down to the serious business of earning a living. For that was the immediate problem—even would-be authors must eat.





... I was so tangled up in twine that I expected any minute someone would step up and ask me what I was knitting ...



CHAPTER NINE

This, then, was really to be the end of our travels. In the light of what later happened I can only say that our intentions were sincere, even if events, or lack of them, were to force us back on the road again for our third vagabond trek.

I was anxious to get at the actual writing of the book, but had to postpone it while I engaged in that very dull business of making an honest dollar. I wasn't even so sure it had to be honest, but the dollar part of it I was positive about. I might have starved somewhere in a garret while I penned this profound volume, but then I've always thought that genius works a hell of a lot better on good thick steaks.

The immediate issue being grocery money, I solved the problem neatly by putting Diana to work. To tell the honest truth, she went out and got a job in the Dennis Hotel Cafeteria while I was sitting around waiting for an inspiration. This shamed me. After all, a Livingstone doesn't sit around and let his woman work for him, especially when she doesn't make enough to live comfortably on. Just at this crucial moment the inspiration came. At that time in St. Petersburg, the stores and markets did their advertising, if any, in the local newspaper. In California I had seen excellent results gained from a mimeographed throw-away on which were bargains of all kinds, daily specials run by the markets and groceries, distributed from door to door and passed out on the streets and I thought that I might make a success out of such a paper in Florida.

I sold the Chevrolet for eighteen dollars and then I advertised in the newspapers for a partner. I received a reply from a

fellow named Hunter whose wife had just inherited a sum of money and he was willing to take a plunge with it.

We took a plunge all right. We just barely had time for the proverbial three "Helps" before we went under. But good.

Diana hadn't liked the idea and from the very beginning had predicted the venture would go floppo. But Diana turned out to be a good winner as well as a good loser and failed to exercise her wifely prerogative of the last word. She allowed me to weep in my beer undisturbed.

I managed to sell some of our office supplies and equipment that we'd paid cash for, and after divvying with my partner, Diana and I were just twenty-two dollars and a Model T coupe ahead of the wolf.

There was only one thing left for us to do, and that was revert to our old occupation of traveling salesmen, which had proved more or less lucrative a couple of years past. We decided to revive the good old "Oil O'Pine Concentrate", which didn't require much initial capital and had always yielded a little folding-money in return for correspondingly little effort. The decision made, both Diana and I felt like celebrating. Well, as it happened, I did the celebrating.

On the Fourth of July, I set out on a fishing trip. After fortifying myself against whatever a man fortifies himself against, I went fishing off the Million Dollar Pier at St. Petersburg by way of Ybor City, a suburb of Tampa. The reason for the devious route I never did discover, but I guess it must have seemed like a good idea at the time. At any rate, I found myself in Ybor City eating a "poorboy" sandwich and washing it down with a pail of beer. These famous sandwiches are known throughout the South, but perhaps might do with a bit of

explanation here. The "poorboy" sandwich consists of a loaf of hard crusty French bread about twelve inches in length. These are sliced the long way, from stem to stern, as it were, and the inside decorated with a wafer-thin slice of ham, then a slice of cheese, then another transparent slice of ham. A gob of sauce being spread over the ham and cheese, the top of the loaf placed tenderly atop—the "poorboy" sandwich is ready to go with a schooner of beer for fifteen cents. I seriously suspect that many a sandwich man has gone blind from eyestrain resulting from the close work of slicing that ham and cheese so that it will hold light, but not mustard. However the sandwich is so big that it fills you up, and that's all you can expect for fifteen cents.

After wandering around Ybor City for a while, watching the curious parade of Mexicans, Cubans, and Filipinos that throng the streets in this headquarters of cigar-makers, I found my way back to the Million Dollar Pier and my fishing expedition. I still had a card entitling me to free pole and bait which I had wangled nearly a year ago with the aid of my scrap-book. This and a quart of very powerful distilled things-and-stuff which I had purchased gave me the necessary equipment with which to try my skill with the denizens of the deep, so I went out to the end of the pier and began a little high class angling. The quart had about disappeared when I got my first strike, so I was in a very gay mood as I hauled in on the line. I'd hooked a mighty fish, and a terrific battle ensued, in the fighting of which I got all tangled up in the line. That fish knew more tricks than a fan-dancer in a high wind. He crisscrossed, doublecrossed, charged and retreated until I had only about ten feet of line left—the rest of it was wound around me like

a net. I was so tangled up in twine that I expected any minute someone would step up and ask me what I was knitting.

A crowd had collected to watch the battle, and their cheers of encouragement caused me to stop battling a moment and take a bow, at which point the fish gave a tug that nearly knocked my feet out from under me. Finally the fish became embarrassed about the whole thing, and gave up. I hauled him in, all sixty pounds of him, and slightly confused by the excitement and the rye, I set off uptown at a dog-trot dragging the fish behind me.

Now there are several accepted methods of carrying a fish, ranging from wrapping in newspaper to salt-packed containers. In my triumphant mood I, however, elected the novel if not sanitary method of cutting off three feet of the line, throwing it over my shoulder and dragging the fish along the ground much like the man on the trademark for Scott's Emulsion. To say that when I waltzed through the main streets of St. Petersburg with my fish in tow I stopped traffic, would be a gross exaggeration, but I certainly did slow it up. Even in a fisherman's paradise the sight of an inebriated gentleman hauling a fish that weighed half as much as the gentleman is unusual, to say the least. I recall that a kindly traffic policeman simply stood in the middle of the street gaping while I tripped gaily cross the intersection, my piscatorial prize leaving a damp streak in its wake.

At last, weary from the exertion, I sat down on a bench in the park, pulled my finny chum up into my lap, and with my arms around him in loving embrace went to sleep. I woke up in a singularly odorous cell in St. Petersburg jail. The fish was gone, but the memory lingered on, which accounted for

the odor. Whereupon I sat down to ponder over the fate of my scaly friend. I was interrupted by a familiar voice in the jail corridor and soon Diana's forbidding stare penetrated the bars and pinned me to the cell wall. What words passed between us on that memorable occasion I shall not record. Instead, let us cut to the scene in the courtroom when the judge called me to account for my extraordinary conduct. My memory of the occasion is extremely faulty, but Diana has recalled it to me, oh! so many times! I feel certain therefore that the following is a reasonably accurate transcript of the dialogue that took place.

After a few legal preliminaries, the Judge looked at me and said, "Are you Paul Livingstone?"

Still under the evil influence of "white mule", I mumbled something.

"Livingstone," the Judge began, "I don't know exactly what to charge you with."

Deeply touched by his appeal, I said, "Would my being drunk help any?"

"Look at you," he said, "standing there reeking with the fumes of liquor while your patient wife waits for you to come home."

"You bet she's waiting for me to come home. . . ."

"Silence! Have you anything to say?"

"Well, I did have, but you interrupted me, Your Honor."

"Order! Order!" Here the Judge pounded with his gavel.

There seemed to be an undercurrent of sacrilegious tittering going on.

"Livingstone, have you anything to say before I pass sentence?"

"Well," I began, "I—".

"Speak up! HAVE YOU ANYTHING TO SAY!"

"Yes," I replied. "Where's my fish?"

I guess the Judge must have burst a blood vessel or two, because it was quite a while before he said any more. In the meantime I wandered over to an officer standing nearby and asked him if he, perchance, had seen my fish. He hadn't. I was beginning to feel very sad about the whole thing. Florida had robbed me of two businesses, and now my fish. It wasn't fair. There was a Constitution, after all. They were taking the bread out of my mouth. Here I became slightly confused as to whether the law preventing them from taking the bread out of my mouth applied to fish. I asked the Judge.

"Take this man back to the cell. Mrs. Livingstone, will you step up here, please?" His Honor was turning a beautiful purple.

As Diana passed me, I whispered hoarsely, "Psst. Di! Offer to settle for half the fish!" . . . Diana only turned her nose up a little higher and swept by me. At that I don't blame her for turning up her nose. It was a big fish.

I spent some time in my cell, just how long I don't know, because I fell asleep and dreamed I was catching a big tarpon. Every time I'd haul him in, he'd reach out a fin and rap me on the head. Anyway, I woke up to find Diana pulling at my arm. "Come on home. The Judge has released you in my custody."

"Oh!" I said, "You're a deputy sheriff now. Fine thing, and right in my own family, too."

"I'm not a deputy, my mackerel-headed friend. I'm simply responsible for you, that's all. Come on, Izaak Walton, we're going home." And Diana smiled grimly.

I don't want it thought that it was this unfortunate occurrence that crystalized my desire to leave town. We were going to leave anyway, but the fact that I couldn't catch a fish without doing time for it didn't make me want to hang around exactly. In fact, the next day I set about getting ready to leave.

With the last of our funds, we bought a few empty bottles and some oil of pine. Equipped, we set out to sell "Oil O'Pine Concentrate", the miracle windshield cleaner. It proved to be just as good as it ever was, and paid our way as far as Mobile, Alabama, where I fell ill. For two weeks I was a pretty sick boy, and Diana's nursing experience stood us in good stead. Eventually she got me back on my feet, but I was still too weak to travel, so we sold our Ford, took a housekeeping room and stocked it with groceries against the coming campaign to make a living. I got into the advertising business in a small way and was doing fairly well until the Colonel came to town. That was the beginning of my undoing. The Colonel blew in with a good-looking secretary, plenty of ready cash and a lot of ideas. His chief, and I later learned his only, idea was a variation of the script racket. He sold script money to various merchants in Mobile, then held weekly auctions at which canned goods, meats, etc., provided by him could be bid for and purchased with the script money which was given to each customer of the various stores with every regular purchase. Thus if a customer bought a dollar's worth of goods, he was given fifty cents in script which he could use in the weekly auctions.

I had met the Colonel when he first came to Mobile, and after learning my background he asked me to come into the deal with him. As I was not earning any too much, and also because this script idea could make money if it was properly

handled, I accepted. Everything went fine for a couple of weeks, with more and more merchants buying script. Then the people attending the auctions noticed that the canned goods and meats the Colonel was providing were anything but tasty—in fact, most of the stuff was spoiled. I went to the Colonel to thresh this out, also to collect my share. The Colonel, unfortunately, had departed with his secretary for a week-end trip, leaving me in charge! And that was the last we ever saw of the Colonel. I tried to run the auctions legitimately, but the public had been scared off by the rotten foodstuffs, so it was only a matter of a couple of weeks or so when the whole enterprise collapsed. Diana and I were right back where we started, and for the next few days we barely had enough to eat. It may have occurred to you before now that I might have tried the more conventional forms of work, but if you will recall conditions as they were at that time, you can readily see that I didn't have much choice, especially in the economic state the South enjoyed during that period. I was only one of an army that would have been very happy to find a steady job.

All this time my scrap-book lay under the bed collecting dust. Neither Diana nor myself ever gave it a thought. We had become so set on settling down that we didn't even think of taking up our rambling where we'd left off. The book I was to write was a thing of the future, to be thought of when our minds weren't wracked with the problem of getting enough to eat.

There was little use in our remaining in Mobile, so I wired my mother for enough money to get us out of town, and so after our first real meal in several days, Diana and I took the train for New Orleans. Here I managed to get by for a short time selling automobile tools, but again, I just barely got by. I tried

everything, but we couldn't do more than keep body and soul together, providing the body would give the soul the best of it. I'm not talking for effect when I say that even Buddy was beginning to show a whipped, hopeless spirit that was more heart-breaking than what we were going through ourselves.

Still no thought of our scrap-book, until one night the idea hit me right between the eyes, and I reached under the bed and pulled it out. "Get ready, Diana, this will give us another start," I said. And so began the third leg of our original Year And A Day Tour that eventually turned into a thousand and one nights.



... We found the Texans to be peculiar people ...

CHAPTER TEN

The next day I walked out of our shabby room with my book under my arm. After lugging it two miles in the hot Louisiana sun, I came to the beautiful Ponchartrain Apartment Hotel. For a moment I paused, full of doubts. Then in spite of myself, a smile came over my face. This was *my* idea; it worked for *me*, and I was doing something I knew how to do, sell! With that my spirits went up like so many rockets, and I walked into that cool lobby on air. In fifteen minutes time we had a suite of rooms in the best apartment hotel in New Orleans, for a period of ten days. I felt reprieved, and somehow, in that moment, knew that our troubles were over—that the book would be written at last.

Those ten days we spent stocking up and fattening up, for our choice of diet had suffered for a long, long time. From Ben C. Davis I got a \$25 Ford Coach and his wishes for our success. Followed in rapid succession calls for tires, gasoline, clothes, canned foods, haircuts, permanent waves, cooking utensils and camping equipment—for Diana and I were going to eschew expensive hotels in favor of tourist camps. We had seen one side of the country through its expensive hotels, now we were going to find out how Mr. Average Tourist fares when he sets out on his vacation.

Business may not have been good that summer in New Orleans, but the merchants responded nobly to my requests. For the third time my scrap-book held written proof that men can always spare something to help the cause of Adventure—even in the modest way we wooed that exciting goddess. Someone who knew what he was talking about penned these lines—

"The soul of no man is impervious to the call of Adventure, however small. We who stay at home send a little of ourselves as vicarious tribute with those who fare forth along the High Road."

September saw us on the road again, rumbling along, our faces turned once more toward the setting sun. This time our happiness had a definite quality about it, as we knew that we were heading toward our real goal at last. The thought of California made Diana ecstatically happy, and I felt freer, somehow, now that we had left the South behind. On Labor Day we pulled into Galveston, Texas, our first visit to this Gulf city. We stayed at the Miramar Court, which gave us our first real hint as to how well a man can travel as well as how cheaply. By this time the Ford needed attention, as our automobile always did, so we spent a day or two bathing and fishing while Henry had his breathing spell.

From Galveston we went north to Dallas, but there wasn't even a rat-hole in town that didn't have people waiting to get in because of the Exposition. Finally, just outside of town, I stopped at a service station to find out where we might find accommodations for the night. A terrific storm was blowing up, and it behooved us to get under cover before the rain made a sponge out of the top of our car. While I was in the service station, the storm broke, and how! It was a cloudburst, one of those Texas deluges that comes along every now and then, and Diana and Buddy were stranded in the car, not daring to get out and come across the street to the service station where I was. For nearly an hour Diana held a piece of canvas over the spot where the rear window should have been, and barely escaped drowning.

Finally the rain eased up into a gentle torrent, and I got back to the car. The service station attendant had offered to pay for our night's lodging at the home of a friend of his. This proved to be as pleasant a stop as we made on the entire trip. The lady who owned the house wanted us to stay on for the winter, for the rest of our lives, if we wanted to, and wouldn't take a cent from the attendant or anyone else. And, wonder of wonders, she asked, even made us promise, that her name would not be used in this book. I don't know what prompted this, for she was such a hospitable soul that she couldn't have been trying to avoid someone else taking advantage of her generosity. If honoring her request will in any way repay the kindness she showed a wet, tired threesome, her secret will always be our secret.

In Cisco, Texas, our car broke down again. While waiting for repairs, we stayed at a small commercial hotel, there being no tourist camps that looked good in that particular stretch of the desert. The hotel was owned by a woman, Maud U. Daniels, whose three initials formed the nickname which she insisted we use with a "Just call me Mud, folks." Well, Mud or Maud, she was a grand person. Again we received an invitation to make the place our home, and the only thing that worried us for a moment was the fact that she served no meals.

Our worries were needless, however. The clerk at the hotel, a confirmed bachelor, had transformed one of his two rooms into a complete kitchen stocked with everything that comes in cans and cellophane, and he turned this gastronomic workshop over to us—lock, stock and can-opener. He took time off from his clerical duties to bake a pie, and what with the delicacies

supplied by Mr. Campbell, Mr. Heinz, Mr. Libby and Mr. Hormel, we fared exceedingly well.

Everything went well indeed, until I went to get my car. We had brought it in with a broken rear end, and the repair job being a costly one necessitating several new parts, I had made the following proposition. The Nance Motor Company, Ford dealers, were to furnish the new parts if I succeeded in obtaining the necessary labor from the local Chevrolet dealer. It was a deal. I got the parts and took them to the A-G Motor Company and the fun began. A young mechanic on duty was more at home with Chevrolets than he was with vintage Fords, and he hauled down the rear end with most unusual results. I think he must have been the mechanic for "Wrong Way" Corrigan, because when I got in the car and shoved it in low, the Ford backed into the wall! Amusing, true, but quite a handicap in an emergency. I couldn't see myself backing toward California, so I asked him to do something about it. He was worn out from working well into the night, but felt so badly about his mistake that he went to work on the spot and tore poor Henry's stern out once more. He called me at the hotel when the job was done, and although he knew he wouldn't make the same mistake twice, I notice he stood away from the rear end when I got in to try the car out. This time everything was as it should be, and he felt so relieved that he took me over to the Negro section of town and bought me a pint of moonshine, Texas variety. There sure must have been blood on the moon the night they made that devil's brew. Two drinks and I was all for tearing the rear end out again and trying to fix it so the car would run sideways.

Nothing much happened that was out of the ordinary for

the next few days; we had the usual stops, the usual meals, the usual break-downs. We found the Texans to be peculiar people, in that they were hard to sell on an idea, gave in only grudgingly, then once they had given in turned on the hospitality full force. Though this comparison may sound odd, I found the Texans to be very much similar to the New England Yankees in this respect. The same initial suspicion, hard exterior, leaving it up to you to find the warmth and friendship that invariably lay underneath the flinty crust. Once found, however, it was yours for eternity.

We had an example of this in Big Springs, Texas. I stopped at the Tex Hotel and interviewed the owner and manager, C. C. Crumm. Perhaps it is their heritage of hardships that made these frontier-bred people resent the fact that I expected for the asking the very things that they must struggle for. At any rate it was a tough selling job to convince them—and I'm used to tough selling jobs. Mr. Crumm proved no exception, but once he had granted my request, he couldn't do enough for Diana, Buddy and me. He insisted that when we reached Pico we must stop with his ex-partner who owned a hotel there. I agreed, with a sinking feeling that was forewarning of another battle to come. I was earning everything I got during this portion of the trip, believe me.

In Big Spring we ate our meals at the Home Cafe, owned by a fat, jolly German named Sheets who was as unlike his neighbors as his steaks were unlike the unbroken steer Texas has come to call beef. At dinner he served sizzling T-Bone steaks that must have been raised with a mother's care so tender were they. In addition to this his own biscuits made with his own recipe which no amount of pleading from Diana could pry

from him. They were light as air, or, as Sheets put it, "If you threw 'em up in the air it'd take 'em a hell of a long time to come down!"

At Midland we got caught in another Texas flood where the sky empties itself in as short a space of time as possible. It was raining so hard I couldn't see to drive, so I pulled up in front of the Scharbauer Hotel, the best hotel in town. If I was refused in this one, we were in a nice mess, and a wet one. The car leaked so badly I was sure the roof was made of paper towels, and if you reached up to stop a leak, your finger would go right on out through the top. I walked into the hotel, expecting to find a wood-stove in the center of the lobby, and damn near fell flat in my own puddle. The lobby was filled with typical Texas cow-men, booted, spurred, with ten-gallon or more hats tilted back on their heads and smoking long black cigars. They were seated in front of a huge fireplace, strolling nonchalantly over deep pile rugs, or lounging in leather upholstered chairs. The interior looked like the lounge of an exclusive men's club, save for the occupants. Built with oil money, the Scharbauer Hotel was magnificent, a credit to any large city, and here it was stuck out on the Texas desert like a gardenia in a cactus garden.

The manager Mr. Howell, came over to me and asked me if he could help me. I told him the story, showed him the book, and asked for a room. He said he noticed that there were a lot of suites listed in my book and that he thought they might dig up a suite for us there. And what a suite it was! Fifty dollars a day and if one had that kind of money to spend, worth every cent in it. The hotel I understand was built by the Humble Oil Company, and the suite we had was reserved for the Gov-

ernor of Texas on his infrequent visits, or the three Humble brothers on their frequent parties. Diana couldn't get over the luxury of the rooms, furnished in exquisite taste by someone who had been told not to spare the money. Here was another example of the luxury that the black gold had brought to the oil country, a luxury that had its serio-comic aspect in the old days when Oklahoma Indians used \$5000 concert grand pianos for chicken roosts in their back yards.

Very comfortable and cozy in our suite, I hated to go out in the downpour to make any request calls, but Diana impressed on me her urgent need for two spools of thread, so I braved the storm and trudged out like a good boy. In search of a spool of white and a spool of black, I spied a small store and went in. Dropping my scrap-book on the counter with a splash, I made my wants known to the proprietors, two gentleman of foreign birth. They listened to my story without a word, smiling and nodding to each other. I hated to go through the whole rigamarole for two spools of thread, but I always had to even if it was a postage stamp I was after.

Finally I made my request, and the battle started. I wanted something for nothing, hey? I've never heard two men talk so loud nor so fast. When I at last managed to get a word in, I told them that all they had to do was say "no". That didn't even hinder the flow of verbiage. They wouldn't say "no", but they said everything else in the lexicon of at least two languages. They were amazed, astounded, mortified, shocked, embarrassed, horrified, and a few variations thereof. They were stupefied, flabbergasted, incredulous, overwhelmed, resentful, wrathful, irritated, and just plain mad. They scowled, pouted, knit brows, frowned, and ground their teeth. All this

time I was trying to get out of the place, but they wouldn't let me go. They were evidently having their first good work-out in weeks.

By this time I was almost reduced to tears from sheer frustration, and all I wanted to do was get the hell out of there, thread or no thread. Then as suddenly as it began, the torrent of abuse stopped. The elder partner looked at me, and said, "Okay. I'll give you von spool of thread—just to show you I'm no piker!" Vot color do you vant—black or vite?"

And as Heaven is my witness, he handed me a small spool of thread while the other partner opened the door and waited expectantly for my departure. I came back to the hotel a beaten man. I felt as though I'd just kicked the crutches out from under a cripple because he'd tried to stop me beating up an old lady in a wheel chair who censured me for stealing a crust of bread from a starving Chinese refugee. After a while my sense of humor crept back with its tail between its legs, and I had a good laugh, something Diana had been enjoying ever since I came in. After wrangling \$50.00 a day Governor's suite in fifteen minutes flat, I wound up taking over an hour to get a five cent spool of thread—and at that I got the wrong color.

Leaving Midland we traveled through mile after mile of black volcanic rock and sand to Pecos, Texas, glorified by Zane Grey and other chroniclers of the wild and woolly West. At Pecos we stopped with Crumm's old partner, Buddy Riesenberg of the Hotel Westex. Like Mike and Ike, they were Tex and Westex. Riesenberg was a bit of a screwball in his own western way. As Diana and I came into the lobby after a bath before dinner, Riesenberg saw us and yelled at the top of his lungs to another guest coming down the stairs, "Hey, there

they are! Haven't got any money and they're bumming their way de luxe across the whole damn country!" Anything to make a guest feel at home, I guess.

The background of these two old friends was interesting, as were the tall tales of the oil boom with which our host delighted in regaling us tenderfeet. He and Crumm had jointly owned a hotel in the midst of the oil country. Prosperous oil men would come to town and bid for a room, the price running to a fabulous figure for a night's lodging. They had one customer that used to come to town from his oil holdings about once a month. First thing he'd buy a car, then after using it during his stay of two or three days he'd give the car, with the paint scarce off the tires, to Buddy and his pal and depart for another month or two of hard work. This happened regularly for a couple of years, and Messrs. Crumm and Riesenberger made a tidy sum selling the cars back to the dealer, in addition to the miscellaneous things such as hunting rifles, new boots, store clothes, etc., that this prodigal son would leave with the automobile. This was but one of many such cases of tremendous and sudden wealth in a country where money could purchase few of life's luxuries, and Riesenberger's stories of big spending in the oil-boom days were enough to make your hair curl. One fellow they said used to light his cigars with thousand dollar bills! Of such stories and such men was America made. Little wonder that Europeans will not believe that every American tourist isn't at least a millionaire.

September was almost over when we pulled into Van Horn, Texas, and saw the sign inviting us to stop at the Camp Royal, a tourist camp on the main highway. A brand new filling station held down the corner, and as I started to walk inside the

proprietor met me at the door. He was dressed in what I call a "Texas formal" business suit—salt-and-pepper homespun suit, cowboy hat and high-heeled boots. He was a fine looking man, and proved to be just as fine as his appearance, making us comfortable in a spacious cabin which offered the last word in comfort. I left my scrap-book in the filling station for him to look over, and next morning when I went to get my bill I found a young lady thumbing the pages. I introduced myself and told her I wanted to get a receipt for our stop for the scrap-book. She said, "Mr. Livingstone, I don't think Father is going to give you anything for your book."

I asked her why, wonderingly. "Well," she replied, "Mother has seen the book, and you have a swear-word in it. Mother doesn't allow anything like that around here, and she wouldn't be interested in having her name mentioned in your book because the title of it is a swear-word."

What she was getting at was the repeated use of "Damfit-aintso" by those who had written in my scrap-book.

Diana and I managed not to laugh when we saw she was serious and asked her to thank her father as we were leaving at once.

At El Paso I went across the Mexican border into Juarez, and as Diana wanted a Mexican dinner, I tackled the problem of making a Mexican restaurant owner understand why two gringos should eat the best food in the house without a peso in return. I accomplished it without too much difficulty, then climaxed the evening by talking myself into a two-dollar stack of chips at a gambling house and running it up to a sizeable pile. I had a brief wrestling bout with Temptation, that cloven-hoofed fiend, and finally emerged victorious to return

the chips to the owner of the place and beat it back to the United States before I changed my mind. Our pledge to refrain from accepting money was intact, but shaky.

I met a charming individual the next day when I went into a drugstore and propositioned the owner for luncheon a deux at his counter. He was a sarcastic fellow, but finally told me to "bring her in, and I'll stick around." I told him that wasn't necessary—if he'd just sign a receipt for my scrapbook we could do nicely without his presence, or words to that effect. Whereupon he said, "You don't know El Paso, mister. If you had lunch and told the boys at the counter I'd okayed it, and I wasn't here to prove it—you'd get the nicest bum's rush you ever had in your life. My boys are trained." He signed himself "Bull Lanier" and I think other comment would be superfluous.

We had been stopping at the Cortez Hotel, and next day we went back to the tourist camps. Just outside of El Paso we found the Del Camino Courts, the most modern camp we had seen in sometime. A court such as the Del Camino explains why so many people who can afford hotels stop at the wayside havens for the weary motorist. Our bungalow had a living room, bed room, large kitchen with breakfast nook, electric range, refrigerator, and built-in heaters. It was air-conditioned and boasted steam heat for the winter months. Individual garages and all tile baths and showers completed the advantages offered the tourist for from \$1.50 to \$5 a day.

Rambling across New Mexico, we made but few stops, one of them with an ex-cameraman from Hollywood named Holtz, who ran a tourist camp with his wife, a former blues singer. They were a charming couple, but their town of

Lordsburg was a little too much for us, being sort of a headquarters for railroad men, and as noisy as that statement implies. We kept on going, until we reached Douglas, Arizona, where we broke training and stayed at a hotel, the Gadsden, owned and operated by F. O. Mackey. There is a story behind Mr. Mackey and his hotel, a story as strange and beautiful as the desert which eternally licks at the edges of the town as though anxious to reclaim its own.

F. O. Mackey is reputed to be a millionaire, and during Prohibition was a partner in the D & M Distilleries in Mexico. Just before the repeal of the 18th Amendment, he sold his interest in the corporation. His wife, in later years an invalid, had but one interest in life, and that was travel. Perhaps because of this he took the trouble to tell us this story.

Devoted to his wife, Mackey was spending the remaining years of his life doing her bidding, and it was their habit to pack up at a moment's notice and dash off to some strange place which had caught his wife's fancy. It was during one of those trips that they had come to Douglas, Arizona. His wife had fallen in love with the hotel there, and without a moment's hesitation he bought it. He spent lots of money on improvements and then, on the night before the formal opening, it burned to the ground. "That made me a little mad," he told us. He built a modern fireproof structure that is now one of the finest hotels in the Far West, an oasis in the rugged heart of the copper country. The hotel is in the nature of a monument to his wife, and it contains some beautiful art-glass work in the form of murals which so intrigued Zane Grey that he sat for hours watching the changing patterns as the sun shone through in a kaleidoscope of color.

Mr. Mackey sent us on our way with a letter to the Benson Motor Company, which he also owned, in Benson, Arizona. The letter gave us anything we wanted, up to and including a complete rebuilding job. He was a fine gentleman, a wonderful husband whose only aim in life was to make his invalid wife happy, a mission he fulfilled so beautifully.

Next came Tombstone, Arizona, where our pictures were published in that slightly grisly periodical, the "Tombstone Epitaph." Little remains of the glory that was Tombstone when it was a rip-roaring mining camp. A few ruins of old gambling dens; the Birdcage Theatre, Oriental Saloon, Crystal Palace Bar, and of course the famous "Boot Hill" where, it is said, lie the bones and rusting six-shooters of Westerners who died with their boots on. The natives of Tombstone are endeavouring to resurrect the atmosphere of the old West and are bent on preserving it for tourists and posterity—mostly for tourists.

Buddy got a taste of the wild West when he stepped in a colony of giant red ants. They have fangs like lobster claws, ripping the flesh they come in contact with. Buddy had to have his paws bandaged, and remained a very unhappy dog for several days. Even now when he sees an ant he breaks into a full gallop in the opposite direction!

Those giant red ants have earned themselves a reputation for toughness in a country where you have to be tough to get along. The story goes that one day a two-gun hombre held up a stagecoach, killed the driver and shot up the sheriff's office on his way through town. Indignant citizens flocked to the office of the sheriff to find him oiling his gun. "The posse leave yet?" they asked. "What posse?" the sheriff wanted to know.

The citizens were frantic. "Why, the posse to get Black Ned who just killed the coach driver!" they shouted. "Shucks," drawled the sheriff, "Is that all ye're worryin' about! There ain't no posse, I'm goin' after him alone. Black Ned'll have to sleep out tonight, an' when the ants git through with him, it won't take more'n one man to bring him back!"

A striking contrast to the Wild West atmosphere of Tombstone was the Rosetree Inn, in the patio of which grows what is reputed to be the world's largest rosebush. I doubt that any amateur horticulturist will soon challenge this claim, for the rosebush covers no less than two thousand square feet! That's a lot of rosebush, folks. It was planted in the days when Boot Hill was a going concern, by a young English girl who came West to marry a pioneer after traveling over six thousand miles from her native England. She sent home for a slip of some flower to remind her of the land she had forsaken forever, and they sent her the slip of this rosebush which now covers an area over twice the size of a badminton court. Thus the charm of an old English garden is preserved in the midst of an American desert, a flowery monument to the nostalgia of a lonely daughter of Great Britain and a further proof of the old saying that "the sun never sets on the British Empire".

After a stop at Benson, where we availed ourselves of Mackey's letter to the Benson Motor Company to the extent of a tankful of gas and some oil, we arrived at Tucson to eventually meet the meanest man of the trip. The day was Sunday, and I walked into the Santa Rita Hotel to find the manager, N. C. Hall, hugging the radio for the opening of the World Series. Not exactly a propitious moment for a de luxe mooch, but I had to make the best of it and succeeded in

pulling him away from the loudspeaker long enough to tell him my story, punctuated by the sounds of basehits and cheers from the radio. He was a good sport, and granted my request to the tune of a suite of rooms before going back to his World Series Broadcast. That was the first time I'd had to compete with such a strong outfit as the New York Yankees—or is that the year they *didn't* win the pennant?

I then drove our car to a garage for overnight parking. The manager was away for the day, so I explained my story to an attendant. He assured me that it would be all right with the boss, so I drove the car in and went back to the Santa Rita.

Next day we moved over to the Pioneer Hotel, where J. M. Proctor carried on his friendly rivalry with the Santa Rita by offering us an even more luxurious suite than we had occupied the night before. Everything was just ducky until I went to get our car out of the garage, where it was stored. The owner not only flatly refused to let me take the car out without first paying a fifty cent parking charge, but when the manager of the hotel called him and told him to charge it to the hotel, this kindly soul told him to send the cash or the car would rot there. Nice playmate, eh? Neither the hotel manager nor anyone thereabouts could figure out what the big idea was, and the only solution I could offer was that this big-hearted Benny was out to spoil my record, which he almost did. Someday I'm going back there and spend a delightful week-end listening to his arteries harden.

From Tucson we took the shortcut through Casa Grande and Gila Bend to Yuma, Arizona, where eloping couples from Hollywood come to get married then make the swing North to Reno for the customary divorce. It's the fashionable way to

spend a vacation. In fact, if you have two weeks to fritter away on sheer pleasure, you can first get rid of your current mate at Tia Juana, Mexico, drive a day to Yuma where you take on your second mate, dump him, or her in Reno and walk next door to the church for the third spouse, to be back in Hollywood in time to apply for an interlocutory decree of divorce which will leave you free for another gay holiday around Xmas time. That's what they mean in Hollywood when they say a person has a sense of Yuma!

At the Arizona-California State line, we tangled once more with the California Highway Patrol, as I had no Registration Certificate for this car, either. Again the State Police banked on the fact that no one in his right mind would steal a car as ancient and dilapidated as the one we were driving, and so granted us a non-resident registration permit. Chief Cato's men proved courteous as always, and after spending an hour or more looking at the scrap-book, now swelled to impressive proportions, they bade us the state trooper's versions of God-speed and sent us on our way.

On to Los Angeles again, past the Salton Sea, where Diana swore she saw the fabled ship mirage, whereupon I sneaked a look under the hood of the car where I'd hidden a bottle against the ravaging thirst of the desert, or something. Arriving in Glendale, California, I went to the post office to collect my Soldier's Bonus, which I had ordered forwarded there. When I finally got it, it amounted to exactly \$38 after certain deductions were duly deducted. I was very angry at this miserable pittance which was flung in my face after I had offered my life in the service of my country, until I remembered that I'd spent most of our portion of the war resting in a train-

ing camp on my differential, with the exception of two weeks in the hospital after I sprained my back turning cartwheels the day I got my honorable discharge. I decided not to see my Senator after all.

It was December, with the California rainy season just about due, so Diana and I postponed our trek into the Pacific Northwest until the California sun should come back under control of the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce. Accordingly, we took a small apartment in Santa Monica; Diana installed herself as housekeeper to a wealthy Beverly Hills family, and I yielded to a boyish impulse and built a trailer. That, folks, is why your Uncle Paul always travels with a man in a white coat—he once built a trailer.



... We moved into our Wandering Bungalow ...

CHAPTER ELEVEN

By Spring the trailer was built, everything having been obtained with our scrap-book, and as Diana was exhausted, we moved into our Wandering Bungalow and went down to the beach to give her a rest before resuming our trip, which was to take us North then back to Hollywood and the end, but no fooling this time, of our three year trek.

The trailer, be it said, was slightly on the masterpiece side, in a home-made sort of way. A studio couch at each end, kerosene range, electric lights, radio and a small privy made it indeed a home on wheels. Especially the privy. I might go on at length about this necessary part of any home, for it was a beauty, but then little Junior might pick up this book by accident, and I've always felt that it should be the parents' duty to Tell Him All.

Our slaphappy threesome went to Coral Beach, which lies just past exclusive Malibu where the movie stars and their options lay out in the sun. This was another selling job, netting us two months free parking and electricity.

Coral Beach is unique in that it doesn't cater particularly to tourists, although they are most welcome, of course. It is rather a sort of middle-class Riviera, peopled largely by studio folk—cameramen, technical workers, writers, even a few directors. They are mostly seasonal tenants, and their abodes range from Packard-drawn trailers to home-made itinerant cottages like my own. Some people leave trailers parked at Coral Beach the year around, using them for week-ends and longer vacations. It was to this assemblage of the great

and near great that Diana, Buddy and I added our persons and our effects.

We found our place between a cameraman and his family on one side, and a bachelor of mysterious means on the other.

When furniture is shipped to this country from Germany, it comes in great crate-like affairs built of stout wood an inch and a half thick, large as a good-sized room. These crates can be purchased from certain warehouses for as little as seven dollars, and hauled to the beach for an additional eleven dollars. A carpenter knocks a window and door in it, and lo, for about twenty-five dollars you have a beach home that will compare favorably with those built at much greater expense. Several of these homes dotted the beach when we joined the colony.

Coral Beach was and is a glorious spot, and we three spent a wonderful two months playing in the sun and sand. Baby seals frolicked on the beach and you had to shoo them back in the water to get them out of your way. These, and the warm ocean kept Diana and Buddy busy, while I took advantage of the deep-sea fishing.

When we left Coral Beach at last and said "goodbye" to Mr. Madge, it was not because we had worn out our welcome or the enjoyment of the place, but because we were the principals in a typical bit of Hollywood skullduggery.

A woman writer, well known to the movie industry, was spending a prolonged vacation at the beach with a female companion. I'm not going to mention her name, simply because the studio for which she works probably thinks she's as honest as she obviously is capable, and there's little advantage

to be gained by disclosing her identity now that it's all over and done with.

This writer struck up a friendship with us and all was very merry and ducky until I thought that she might be instrumental in marketing my story to a picture studio. She was most enthusiastic about it, and lost no time getting busy. She told her agent about it, and he, seeing an opportunity to create a story along the line of my adventure and "steal my thunder" put another writer to work with her on a screenplay. This fellow, whose name I never learned, demurred on the grounds that it was unethical, to say the least, to steal the story which I had spent three years preparing. Whoever he was, I thank him now, for I would never have learned about the situation had not our writer friend gotten confidential one night, and, in a burst of remorse, spilled the story to Diana. She wanted Diana to get the scrapbook from me, for the studio had insisted that the authenticity be established, and she was now willing to pay a sum of money for the necessary data. What Diana replied has no place in this narrative. The next day we got ready to leave before we lost everything we had been working for so long.

I traded the trailer for a Ford sedan and fifty dollars in cash, which we spent on a complete camping kit, tent and all, intending to make this last part of our trip different again by camping out.

I got what is technically known as a complete rooking on this deal, as we found out later that the rear main bearing on the car was shot, and on that particular model there was only one way to fix it—tear the motor down completely, at least a twenty-five dollar job.

But we didn't have any twenty-five dollars by this time, so we drove the bus as it was, which was awful. We pulled into Salinas, California, for our first stop, and we camped out under the stars. Next day I swung back into the routine of request calls once again, and was so much in the groove that although it was Election Day in Salinas, I got sixteen drinks of excellent Bourbon served right across the bar. I don't remember who was elected that day; in fact, I don't even remember what happened after nine o'clock that night. It was my first celebration, however, and I excused it on the grounds that we were free again from the machinations of Hollywood and out on the road again. I say I excused it—Diana didn't.

Just outside of San Jose, the car threw a premature Fourth of July celebration, and when we came into town the people ran from their houses to see what the racket was about. It banged, it popped, it sizzled, it snorted; the new muffler I had installed went in the first two minutes, and then everything blew that wasn't bolted down. When I finally got it into a garage, it gave one last defiant explosion then sat there and steamed.

In San Jose I went out to stock up with a few things we needed, and in the course of my calls came to the Golden State Meat Products Company, owned and operated by one Jim MacMurtrie. He sat silent while I told my story. When I finished and made a request for a few of his products, he drew in a deep breath and burst into laughter. I stood wondering while he laughed for five minutes without stopping. I was just about to say, "It's not that funny," when he paused for a breath, then began afresh this Jovian laughter.

Still laughing, he took me around the plant and introduced me to his staff. He then sent next door for a bottle of Scotch, which we downed, to the accompaniment of this mysterious laughter. Finally he told me what he was getting hysterical about, and for the life of me I can't see the joke. He raises thoroughbred Saint Bernard dogs, champions all, and he had thought that I was going to ask him for one. When he found out that my long story was the prelude to a request for a baked ham, it tickled his peculiar sense of humor and he went into the laughing routine from Pagliacci without a second's pause. They say the Scotch have an odd sense of humor, and from that day on I have believed it. However, if he wanted to laugh me into a ten dollar supply of meats, I was all for it. He insisted on bringing Diana in for a drink, and I finally dragged her in for a Coca-Cola, thus breaking her rule of never interfering in my calls. MacMurtrie wound up by offering me one of his St. Bernard's, but if we'd taken him I'd have had to make the rest of the trip by bus and let the St. Bernard or Buddy drive the car. They weren't exactly lap-dogs, even in the day of Mae West.

After leaving this Laughing Boy, I went to a Ford dealer, Cuthbert Incorporated, to see how my car was doing. I found it assembled but still in pretty awful condition, through no fault of the mechanics. That car was born to be trouble. Cuthbert told me that if I could get free gas from the Plymouth dealer across the street, he'd give me a new Ford. I never did find out why this chore was supposed to be so tough, because Osen, of the Osen Motor Sales, filled my car with gasoline in less time than it takes to tell it. When I returned to Cuthbert to claim the wager, he looked at the letter and said, "Well,

you So and So!" I left with his undying admiration, but the same old Ford.

Before leaving San Jose, we visited the big tourist attraction—the Mystery House. In reality, there is no mystery about it. This strange house was built by the late Sarah L. Winchester, widow of the head of the Winchester Arms Company, after the death of her husband. Some say that this house, under constant construction for thirty-six years, was built by Mrs. Winchester to divert her mind from the grief of her husband's death. Others claim that she labored under the belief that her husband's spirit would remain in the house as long as it was under construction and there was hammering going on. Whatever the cause, it remains one of the wonders of architecture, in this or any country of the world.

The house rambles over acres of ground, and supplied some workmen with constant employment every day for twenty years! It is a mad array of 160 rooms, almost all on different levels, some of them having no doors or windows, being in reality sealed chambers, although furnished and papered throughout. There are stairways that end in mid-air; chimneys that go nowhere, closets that open into space. There are trap doors, secret passageways, thirteen bathrooms of which a few have screen doors.

The finest of materials were used in this jumble of construction; high-grade interior finishings of cedar, oak, ash, walnut, mahogany, cherry, even rosewood. Art windows valued at thousands of dollars add their beauty to the confusion of rooms. One room has four fireplaces and five hot-air radiators; some of the doors have golden hinges. There are three elevators in the Winchester house, forty-seven fireplaces of which none

have been used. It is a maze of blind passages, false stairways, bewildering doorways leading nowhere, and it has been said that a housekeeper of 18 years service in the family had never been over all of the house. This mad building ceased at last when Mrs. Winchester joined her husband in 1922, and the last nail in that mad pattern was driven after thirty-six years uninterrupted, aimless carpentry.

After viewing this architectural monstrosity, we continued North to Sacramento, California's capital. Here the Ford threw such a temper tantrum that I made up my mind to get rid of it. From the A. E. Boyd Company I obtained a 1930 Oakland sedan in excellent condition, to date our finest mode of transportation. As far as that goes, the Oakland still holds that distinction, as the jalopy I'm driving right now is no bargain!

From Sacramento we headed for the famous Redwood Highway, and the Oakland picked this beautiful route on which to develop nasty symptoms. The power would die out suddenly and inexplicably, then just as suddenly return. We had it in garages at Marysville, Yuba City, every town along the line, and still the reason for the trouble remained a mystery. Finally at Colusa we pulled into a Ford garage owned by the sheriff. He had just come back from picking up a Mexican couple suspected of murdering their child. It later turned out that the child had died from natural causes; they had buried it in their back yard and fled, thinking that they would get into trouble, although they did not know why. Neighbors became suspicious and reported to the sheriff that the couple had committed a murder, whereupon he got on their trail and brought them back for trial. His recent success evidently had put him in a good frame of mind, for he had his mechanics rip the innards out

of the Oakland to find the trouble once and for all. They did; it was something about a leak in the fuel pump diaphragm, and the car never troubled us from that day on.

From Colusa we cut toward the coast and Ukiah, a winding drive through Italian vineyards which bordered peaceful lakes. Beautiful country, this, reminding one of the travel folders of Lake Como in Italy. The road hugged the sides of great rolling hills, with the vineyards sleeping far below in the sun.

Following this lovely stretch of country we came to Willets, California, and the beginning of the Redwood Highway. Here I leave the description to those whose command of the panegyric is greater than mine. Nothing less than a great flight of prose or a tone poem can describe the beauty, the majesty, of the giant redwoods. One is dwarfed spiritually by their grandeur, their shaggy heads rising to such heights that at noonday in certain parts of the great forest it is so dark that you can use your headlights to good advantage. It remains one of the most enchanting and inspiring sights that Diana and I have ever witnessed. Camping there in the heart of the redwood country, I would awaken in the morning to smell the tangy odor of the redwoods mingled with the scent of frying bacon and boiling coffee. This particular mingling of scents has been described many times before, and I can only add my pittance of praise to that indescribable perfume. I am not essentially an outdoor man, but the smell of the fire and cooking things on a nippy morning always makes me want to pick up a rifle and say, "Where's that grizzly!"

The region around Dyersville is a game preserve, and when you're not playing host to a flock of playful chipmunks that scamper around looking for things to steal, you are looking

into the soft brown eyes of a faun, doe or buck deer. That trite phrase of the Chamber of Commerce pamphlets, "God's country," seems to lose its hackneyed flavor, for out among those redwood giants, with shy creatures of the forest all about you and a star-studded sky innocent of clouds above you, you feel just a little closer to the God that made you.

In Eureka, California, we met another of those interesting characters that turn the national highways into high roads of adventure. His name was Banjo Sam, and he ran a little tourist camp which reflected in every way his strange background and character. A native of Kentucky, he had hauled his six feet three inches and two hundred odd pounds across the country as a mere boy, earning his sobriquet of Banjo Sam as a string plucking, song singing medicine man. He sold everything from the famous Indian Herb Remedy to combination can-opener-bootjacks, acting as his own barker, entertainer and sales department, and what he didn't know about people and places isn't worth knowing. His knowledge was largely empirical, but for catch-as-catch-can with life it was invaluable and unlimited. Mrs. Banjo or Mrs. Sam was a humorous contrast to his great bulk, standing little over four feet tall and small proportionately. But she made up for her lack of size in other ways, as a black eye Sam was wearing bore colorful testimony. I quizzed him about it.

"How come the mousey optic, Sam?" I said.

"Huh?" said Sam, shifting his bulk in the chair as he propped up against the side of the house.

"The eye—where did you get it?"

"The little woman give it to me." I had to laugh as I pictured the midget-woman swinging on Sam.

"Guess I had it coming to me, though," added Sam reflectively, "I reached off the water wagon for a couple of quick ones an' she caught me."

"If my wife slugged me every time I took a drink I'd take more punishment than a punching bag," I told him.

"Well, the little woman sort of put me on a diet. She allows me three bottles of beer a day, but sometimes it just don't seem to be enough to satisfy a man with a taste for hard liquor," Sam continued. "I sure married ninety-six pounds of dynamite when I thought I was gettin' a woman."

That night Sam entertained us with a rendition of his complete repertoire on the banjo, and as he massaged the pluck-box he drank his three beers like a little major. His instrument was a beauty, hand inlaid and ge-gawed by a friend of his back in old "Kaintuck", and Sam knew what to do with it once he got it in his hands.

But banjo-playing wasn't Sam's only hobby or point of interest by any manner of means. He was a collector of old newspapers and almanacs, and in a garage he had stored an almost priceless collection dating back to the early 1800's. It was a unique bit of Americana that Sam had stowed in his garage, but his cottage had a few things to make collectors gasp also. In his living room there is one of the first nickle-in-the-slot phonographs manufactured, one of two remaining in this country. Thomas Edison had one, and Banjo Sam had salvaged the other in some strange corner of the United States during his wanderings with his medicine show. Henry Ford has offered him most attractive sums repeatedly for this old machine, but Sam says, "Henry Ford ain't the only collector in the country, you know," and that seems to be the end of it,

for the present at least. However, he painfully scrawled a note to Ford telling him that if he ever decided to sell the machine, he'd let him know. What price Capitalism when it bucks up against our Banjo Sam?

Our last stop in California was Crescent City. Just before reaching it, the highway winds through giant trees, then bursts out of the wood high above the sea, with the town glittering like a jewel washed with foaming surf far below. Plunging down to meet the sea, the road winds so sharply in its defiance of gravity that poor Buddy was car sick for the first time, and Diana had to get out of the car several times to breathe through her mouth so that she wouldn't join Buddy in his misery. After two days at The Breakers, which at the time was filled with motion picture great and near great, we went on to Oregon and the Great Northwest.

First stop—Gold Beach, so named because in the Roaring Forties the Rogue River washed free gold down from the mountains and conveniently deposited it at this spot, but, like everything else, gold went farther in those days. Here I thought I might get in a little salmon fishing; however the salmon, like the gold, had deserted the place. The river was blood red with clay and silt, and as it emptied into the ocean it made a great circle of sullen red on the surface of the blue sea. The salmon refused to come in, spawn of the North or no spawn of the North, until the water of the river had cleared. So I was forced to wait for my first glimpse of the Chinook salmon in its pristine glory, before donning its more formal tin wear.

On the road to Marshfield, Oregon, we passed through the remains of a town destroyed by a forest fire that had decimated the surrounding redwoods less than a week before. The only

dwelling left standing were those of an auto camp, showing that the Lord is on the side of the A.A.A. The townspeople seemed little put out at their misfortune, and were busily engaged in fashioning a new village from the remaining redwoods. Why they didn't build a fireproof town I can't understand, their answer probably being that wood is so plentiful it's cheaper to run up a few buildings every now and again.

At Marshfield we sampled the excellent clams inhabiting the marshes that give the town its name. I found them all I had anticipated. Diana did a little fancy clamming of her own, but Buddy got hold of one of the squishy delicacies and knocked himself out. We woke up in the middle of the night to find him running a fever and tearing his fur out with his teeth, so great was his agony. By morning, the poor little fellow looked as though he'd been run through a cotton gin. I did a Paul Revere from door to door until I found a veterinary, and hustled him to Buddy. The veterinary found out that the cause of it all was one innocent little clam. After just seeing Buddy go through the tortures of the damned, I wondered what I was in for when the dozen or more I had consumed got in their dirty work. All remained quiet below decks but I spent a night of horrible anticipation.

At Lake Tahkenitch we stopped at the auto camp of the same name, and what a name. Two cub bears disported themselves on the front lawn, and Buddy found two new, if somewhat rough, playmates. The bears were quite famous in that region, for one of them had aided in the capture of four criminals wanted by the police. It proved to be just another case of *cherchez la femme*, as a woman was the undoing of the foursome. The cubs were playing in the grass as usual

when the two men and their gals drove by in a stolen car, headed for the state line and safety. One of the girls insisted on having a cub for her very villainous own, so her boy friend added the charge of bear-stealing to his long list of misdemeanors. This proved his undoing, for they were identified by the possession of the cub when detectives finally caught up with them. The little bruin returned to his playmate, a bit proudly no doubt, for it isn't often that a cub gets a chance to dabble in criminology. That is, a cub bear—if you know what I mean, and I think you do!

From Lake Whatsit we went on to Tillamook, where that famous Oregon cheese is made. I was given gas and oil by Mr. Swett, His Honor the Mayor, who presides over the destinies of the Tillamook Motor Company as a distributor of Ford cars when he isn't politicianing. It must be wonderful to be mayor of a city where the cheeses are not in politics!

Seaside, Oregon, farthest Northern point of the Lewis and Clarke Expedition; Astoria, where Diana took her turn getting sick on clams; then Portland, self-styled City of Roses. Diana complained that she didn't see a single rosebush, but we managed to hush that up and smuggle her out of town. Here I got a haircut from a chiropractor, and oddly enough he didn't break the hairs off one by one. He was a true barber by day, and only in the stillness of the night did he prowl about as a bone juggler. By this time I was getting used to unusual people, so he didn't bother me too much, although I had a moment when he allowed his fingers to caress my top vertebrae in what was no doubt a sudden effusion of professional pride.

We stayed on in Portland, stocking up on things we needed. I managed to add the Pendleton Woolen Mills to my list with

a new suit and sport coat for Diana, through the courtesy of Charles Wintermute, General Sales Manager. If I have spelled his name incorrectly herein, it is his own fault and due to his undecipherable scribbling on the receipt to which he added, "This bill was paid with buttons which we will keep to remind us of the day we were taken by a master salesman. Look us up when you want a job." The buttons referred to were neatly snipped from the suit given me by the Pendleton Woolen people, when I refused one of the sixty dollar garments in favor of a twenty-five dollar ensemble which I have to this day.

The Pendleton folks did me another good turn also. I called on the Hirsch-Weiss Company for a pair of slacks, and the son gave them to me in his father's absence. However, when the elder man returned, he learned what had happened and was about to call the police when a phone call to his close friend at the Pendleton plant for advice saved the day, and my pants.

Leaving Portland, with Diana still howling about the lack of roses, we crossed the Columbia River into Washington. After a week in Seattle where we partook fully of local hospitality, we headed back for Hollywood, this time by the inland route.

Little happened that is deserving of mention until we came to Ellensburg, Washington, a town that will be ever in my memory but I wish Diana would forget about it.

Here it was, after days of exemplary conduct and Puritan sobriety, that I fell from a fast moving water wagon and suffered abrasions, contusions and severe shock. Perhaps it was the movies I'd been seeing, several of which featured hard drinking, fast talking reporters who always wound up in the Editor's

chair with a Pulitzer Prize in one hand and a bromo seltzer in the other. Perhaps it was the fact that I'd sent in innumerable cereal box-tops and had not yet received my Buck Rogers Pistol. At any rate, I fell from my watery perch with a sickening thud.

Because of rigid State liquor control in Oregon and Washington, my libations for some time had been of the more innocuous variety, the strongest of these being a shot of Haut Sauterne; so when at Ellensburg the owner of a tourist camp where we lodged for the night broke out a quart of the hard, I concentrated on its consumption as I rather missed my friends, the Little People, who formerly had spent each night in archery practice at the foot of my bed. In favor of the excellent brew, I missed my dinner, and when night fell I had a double-bladed edge on.

That afternoon, I had arranged for theatre passes with the son of the manager of said cathedral of celluloid entertainment. Accordingly, as the spirits rose within me and fell within the bottle, it seemed only fitting that I should cap the gaiety of the day with the mad abandon of a double feature. I set out for the theatre alone, Diana having left in a well fitting huff some time before. Here Fate stepped in and dealt me as nasty a blow as I have ever received. Unknown to me, Diana went to the theatre, picked up the passes at the box-office, and went inside to forget her sorrows in the fascination of Robert Taylor's widow's-peak. Sometime later I came up to the box-office on a close-hauled port tack, came up into the wind neatly, and dropped sail square in front of the manager.

Now this estimable gentleman was a teetotaler of the more fanatic type, and when he got a whiff of the devil's brew he

drew himself up in disgust with a forbidding frown in which his very eyebrows seemed to cry, "Unclean, Unclean!" Undaunted and with a gay laugh, I charged, or rather WE charged, for by this time the Little People were at my back, led by a small white bearded man in a long chinchilla overcoat. In other words, I was plastered.

The manager knew nothing about any passes, as his son had simply left them at the box-office where Diana picked them up long before my entrance. Moreover, he didn't like drinkers and disliked me more than any he had ever seen. He made this lucidly clear, but I persisted. The argument got hotter and hotter, and then I had the devastating sensation of being picked up by the seat of the pants and the coat collar and hoisted through the door into the street. I forgot to mention that the manager of the theatre was well over six feet and toted at least two hundred pounds of non-alcoholic tissue. The only thing that saved my life was the fact that I landed on my face instead of some more vulnerable portion of my anatomy. Even at that, there is a Great Blackness that covers the next few hours, and the rest of this is mere hearsay.

As Diana tells it, when she can control herself well enough to tell it, she came home after the show and went to bed to be awakened some time later by alarms and excursions without. A small truck was pulling into the tourist camp, followed by some of the population of Ellensburg. In the back of the truck, his pale face turned to the tranquil sky, lay the author. My face had given up most of its skin during a slide along the pavement, and Diana thought I was dead. I looked it, certainly, and most assuredly felt it. However, my breath was still coming in short pants, so my good wife knew that I still

lived. She took me into our cottage, where she deliberately threw her nurse's training out the window and gave me Spartan treatment with a large bottle of iodine. That brought me out of it. Did you ever have iodine poured over raw flesh like salad dressing? Did you ever see a dream walking? Well, I did! One half of my face looked like a burnt waffle, and the other side looked like a truck had skidded on it. As Ed Wynn, humor's master of description, was wont to shrill—"He wath a meth, Graham, a meth." To paraphrase another of the Beloved Clown's favorites, "His face had so many scratches on it—it looked like a road map!"

Well, to this day I carry around a few small scars, visible evidence of the ravages of grog—and iodine. I will always harbor a gnawing suspicion that Diana forswore her Hippocratic oath, if nurses are included in that credo, and doused me with that fiery panacea to teach me a lesson. If such was her intent, the little woman succeeded. I will always be allergic to theatre managers, and as each day passes, look upon the product of the distiller's art with increasing distrust. Who knows—perhaps one day Buddy and I will romp together as friends and equals, and enter a saloon only to express our disgust; I in the form of W.C.T.U. posters, and Buddy in that form of criticism peculiar to dogs.



*... I had to make my calls armed with an alibi ... to account
for my scrambled profile ...*

CHAPTER TWELVE

For some time after my experience at Ellensburg, I had to make my calls armed with an alibi of an auto accident to account for my scrambled profile. This, however, only added to the success of the calls, fortunately for us. At Yakima, Washington, we stopped for a bit to explore this heart of the apple country. Although this terrain is dry, it is slashed into ribbons by the Yakima and other large, small and medium rivers, whose waters give the cheap irrigation that has turned near desert into fertile land.

Taking a short cut through the great wheat country, we arrived at Pendleton, Oregon. Here we left the tourist camps for a bit and stopped at the Pendleton Hotel, whose manager, Dusty Rhodes, is world-famous as head man for the Pendleton Round-Up, which ranks as one of the two or three greatest rodeos in the world. When we arrived, the town was full of cow-pokes, cattle men, ranchers of all kinds, even Indians in full regalia, all adding their numbers to the thousands headed Pendleton way for the round-up. Dusty Rhodes invited us to remain for the event, but Diana was restless, anxious to be on her way to Hollywood, so we declined, with thanks.

From Pendleton we traveled north a bit to the Columbia River Highway, to my way of thinking the most beautiful scenic drive in the world. For miles, the highway makes its graceful way through the Dalles, besides the rushing torrent of the mighty Columbia. At Bonneville Dam, a gigantic, P.W.A. project which has made the Columbia navigable for 400 miles, we saw great salmon fight their way up the series of steps around the dam known as "Salmon elevators". Continuing

down the highway, we passed Portland this time and went on to Oregon City, a town built by a paper mill. Here the vigorous atmosphere of the old time lumber mills still persists, and from one's window in the hotel can be seen the thrilling spectacle of redwood logs tumbling from huge trucks into the river for the trip to the sawmill.

At Salem, capital of Oregon, I asked for and received my first driver's license in over three years of driving! I told my story to Earl Snell, Secretary of State, who graciously made out my license in his own hand and waived the strict mental and physical examination that makes Oregon one of the safest states in which to drive. In Salem, too, I handled the first and only money while on actual tour. In front of 555 Cheme-keta Street, I found a dime lying on the sidewalk. Seems like a simple enough thing to pick it up and forget about it. But to do so would be to violate the spirit and the letter of the pledge we had taken, and I wasn't going to spoil things at this late date at those prices! I therefore picked up the dime and walked inside the doorway of 555, to the offices of C. Shrock, a used car dealer. There I told my story, and came out with the following letter.

"To Whom It May Concern:

"Paul Livingstone touched the first money in 988 days by picking up a dime that had been dropped in front of our office. He brought it in to us immediately and it is still in our possession.

"With the best wishes for success to him,

Hazel L. Gunnell, (stenographer.)"

I guess this makes the late John D. Rockefeller and me

the only two men to give away dimes and get any publicity out of it!

Two more stops in Oregon, and we rolled over the Siskiyou Pass into California with our goal in sight at last, and we were on the last lap of the last leg of our last trip of 1001 American Nights.

At the Yreka Inn at Yreka, California, we shared in the wild rumors that stirred this little town into a furore when truck after truck loaded with American soldiers passed through on their way north. This occurred immediately after the Panay bombing, and we were sure we were witnessing the departure of an Expeditionary Force to war-ravaged China. The rumor proved groundless, however, as the soldiers were changing their base to some encampment farther north along this vital coastline. I hope now, as I did then, that such troop movements in America will always be mere routine maneuvers, and not part of the terror now spreading over dictator-wracked Europe.

At Redding, California, we sank once more into the great American scheme when we found the hotels crowded with the advance guard of a motion picture company which had selected Redding as a location for outdoor scenes in "Gold Is Where You Fnd It". That title rather tickled me, as gold had most certainly been where we had found it, or rather, requested it. I told the hotel manager that he might suggest the title, "Gold Is Where You Ask For It," and he ruefully admitted I was right as he signed our receipt for a night at the Golden Eagle Hotel.

More Hollywood atmosphere greeted us at Chico, where the same studio had filmed forest scenes for "Robin Hood," the picture that had such great influence on Hollywood custom,

changing good form to an arrow in the back instead of the traditional knife.

Southward again, through the peach country, the orchards black with men picking and packing the ripe golden fruit. Through the shimmering heat of the San Joaquin Valley to Tulare, where we met Emory Whilton, proprietor of the Hotel Tulare and self-confessed Champion Liar of San Joaquin Valley. His hotel is a veritable museum of California wild life, most of which Mr. Whilton claims to have brought low with his trusty rifle. More than five hundred species adorn the walls of this unique inn. It's a toss-up whether Whilton is a better liar or rifle-shot; at any rate he also admits to being "The Champion Large and Small Game Hunter Of The Entire Universe," in the same letter that he designates me as "The Champion First Class Bum Of The World". It's easy to see how we "champions" found much in common.

Now the distance yet to travel grew shorter and shorter, and with each mile covered we drew nearer to our dual objective, the writing of this book and a permanent home, for this time we were dead serious and resolved to make a go of both these objectives.

The rest of the trip passed swiftly, and after a stop at Bakersfield we rolled into San Fernando, California, for our last night on the road after better than three years spent on its winding way. Here we were guests of the Mayor at his Porter Hotel. And here I made arrangements to dispose of our car, as we were but a few short miles from Hollywood, even then in sight of her preview spotlights reaching skyward over the Hollywood hills.

I went to a junk dealer to see what kind of a deal I could

make for my car. My personality smile was working under forced draught as I asked him to name a price.

"I'd rather you named a price," he said.

"Oh no, *you* name it," I replied politely.

"Listen," he said firmly, "I haven't got time to outstare you. Name your price. Whatever you get for that car ought to be clear profit, because it looks like you made it out of an old Meccano set."

"Now wait a minute," I protested. "This car has carried my wife and me many miles."

"Who carried the car?" he quipped.

I saw what I was up against. The town comic was in the junk business.

"I'll bet you murder 'em at the Elk's Minstrels," I said.

"Hey?"

"Quite a wit, aren't you?"

"Well, if I didn't have a sense of humor, I wouldn't wanna buy that car."

"That's not very funny. The way I heard it the wife says to her husband, —"

"Listen, do you want fifteen bucks or don't you?"

That did it. Fifteen dollars for the car that had shaken its way into my very heart. I quietly climbed in, stepped on the starter and buzzed off in search of a junk man who would make a deal without dialogue.

I found my man and got a pretty good offer for the car, but left it open with the option of meeting him in Burbank if I could not improve on his offer in Hollywood. With this detail disposed of, we climbed in the car, a little sadly too, for it was the last time. In Hollywood I toured the junk yards

trying to flush a better price for the car, but it was useless, and I notified the dealer in San Fernando to meet me as planned.

Diana found a light housekeeping room on Sunset Boulevard and unpacked while I took the car to keep my appointment. I met the dealer, got a \$15 deposit from him so I could pay for our room, and told him to come out for the car that afternoon. He came with the balance, amounting to \$18—our total capital after three years of luxury. This we spent on groceries and supplies against the seige of the future, the frightening, unknown future as we felt it to be. And our aloneness was increased by the sight of the man from San Fernando climbing into our car—the car that had taken us so many miles through so many exciting days—shifting into gear, and driving off. Perhaps it was my imagination, perhaps I'm unduly sentimental, but I could not stop a choked feeling as the old bus turned the corner at a traffic light; and the light itself wrote *finis* to our wanderings as it turned from green to red just as the car passed, flashing the stop signal to our *de luxe vagabondia*, our 1001 nights of adventure, American style.



... I take my hat off to the Service Clubs that go to make Americans the most progressive, most tolerant and understanding creatures in existence . . .

CHAPTER THIRTEEN

Well, that was the end of my story, or at least I thought it was. What I was going to do from then until Social Security days was of no concern to you, gentle reader. After all, the fun was over, what remained was just detail, like a radio program when they get down to the last commercial. But I had no kick coming. I was willing to slip quietly back into oblivion without a struggle. The book would be written, and I would forget the high life. That's the trouble with being an adventurer, large or small as the scale may be. We're only interesting as long as we're doing something. Who cares what Admiral Byrd eats for breakfast, unless he's eating it at the South Pole? And if Mr. and Mrs. America could struggle along without a play by play account of Byrd's private life, it was a cinch they wouldn't send a Stanley after this particular Livingstone when he dropped out of sight. So, I repeat, I was resigned to being a nobody once again now that my story was over.

But Fate, or whatever it is that rolls the dice, had other ideas. I was on the edge of something hot, and didn't know it, and it turned out to be that well known threshold that pops up in a man's life when he's trying to stumble on something, so why not the threshold of a new career? Let me tell you how it happened that I became an honest toiler, a cog in the mundane machine, a link in the cosmic chain, in other words—a plain old citizen who works for a living.

Our trip over, there was the very necessary business of getting my book written. As I have already mentioned in these pulsating pages, I had tried once before to put my thoughts

and experiences on paper with little result. It was impossible for me to concentrate. I had lived my story but could not write it. What I needed was the assistance of an experienced scribe, someone who could take the mass of material I had collected and whip it into readable form. How I tracked Frank Gill, Jr. to his lair, sold him the idea of writing this book for nothing, (how he groans even now when he thinks of it!) how I worked out the deal with his very hard-boiled business manager Frank Gill, Sr., has no place here. The deal was made and we'll let it go at that. However there was plenty of work in store for all of us. For weeks I sat with Gill in his home while he made pages upon pages of notes. I say sat in his home, but that's a masterpiece of mis-statement. I followed Gill on his rounds as a radio writer and comedian, and the locale of our various conferences ranged from the Brown Derby bar to the Men's Room of the Columbia Broadcasting studios. Why such a bizarre spot for collaboration? Well, Gill was very busy that season.

Finally the note-taking was complete, and I was on my own for a bit while Gill got down to the actual writing. I had only one little dark cloud to blemish my otherwise blue sky, and that was how to make a living until the book was finished. Diana was doing her bit to make ends approach each other, at least. She had taken charge of a vacationing family in the role of housekeeper, in exchange for which we got an apartment and a small monthly check. (I cut and watered the grass once a week.) Nice while it lasted, but the family returned to New York quite suddenly, leaving us on our own. I tried to find something to do, without success, so we were again looking Hard Times square in the kisser. There was only one

thing to do, and we did it. We decided to continue our tour, and write in the details to Gill so that he might include them in the book. It looked like it might turn into a vicious circle, with Gill writing like mad while we traveled and furnished more to write about, but there was no alternative. All we could do was keep moving and pray that Gill could write faster than we could travel.

I went about the process of getting a car, and finally managed a 1929 Reo sedan, price \$55, from the Hollywood Brake Shop, for what was left of our cash and a promise to pay if and when. My huge scrap-book, with all records of our three years on the cuff, including receipted bills, testimonials, etc., was virtually impounded for use during preparation of the book, so I was forced to start from scratch. A new scrapbook was indicated, and Woolworth's dime emporium provided one for two bits. (I wonder what ever became of the old Ten Cent Store?) Armed with this familiar weapon in miniature, Diana, Buddy and I set off on a motor cruise to places undecided.

Our first problem was to establish the authenticity of the book, and it looked like it might be our last. We had absolutely nothing to go on this time. Again Fate dumped the jackpot into our laps, this time in Redondo Beach, where we had gone to be near the ocean for swimming or drowning purposes, depending on our luck. I called on Glenn W. Moor, Notary Public, with a wild idea in mind. If he could be convinced of our honesty, he might be willing to notarize an affidavit to the effect that our book was in preparation, that our trip was on the up and up, and that a scrap-book containing records of three years success actually existed. It was a crazy idea, and it only goes to prove that all the screwballs extant aren't tied

up in canvas cardigans. But Mr. Moor listened to my story, listened and laughed. Fortunately he was laughing with and not at. After investigating my claims, he signed a statement which was to be our passport to Free-for-nothing-gratis Land. Right here and now I'd like to offer a slight prayer for gentlemen like Glenn W. Moor, in the hope that wherever he may be notarizing in the Hereafter, he'll get the same kind of a break he gave others. They say that every time a certain Buddhist prayer is repeated, copied or read it gives you another ticket on Bank Night with the gods. Well, I'm working now on a Hindu version of "Glenn Moor For Head Man" to repeat as a toast every time I take a drink, which I figure is the way I can work it into the conversation the greatest number of times. One might think I'm overdoing the grateful act, but let it be here recorded that Mr. Moor, who is an insurance salesman in his extra-legal moments, missed an appointment to sell a policy to some solid Redondo burgher in order to take care of my request. "May his tribe increase!"

For the next four months we were guests of the beach cities, Laguna, Long Beach, Hermosa Beach, and most of the other beaches from Los Angeles to the Mexican border, with the little post-scrapbook working like a charm. Then we came back to Hollywood to dump this additional material into our slightly feverish author's limp hands. After suffering a mild attack of the green horrors he went to work again, and once more we had time, and little else, on our hands. It was then that my new career began as a brain child of Diana's.

This splendid spouse "than whom the potentates of Araby no greater treasure hath," whilst perusing the daily paper came upon an article that gave her an idea. She saw a list

of speakers who were scheduled to work out at various service clubs during their luncheon and evening sessions. These speakers, she noticed, included in their number many who might bear the term "adventurer", being gentlemen whose experiences made interesting telling. "Why not Paul?" she asked herself. "Why not you?" she asked me. I cut it right down to the nub with "Why not?", and got busy.

We were stopping at one of the better motor courts in San Fernando Valley, stamping ground of various and sundry motion picture star mayors. A short trip took me to Van Nuys, Mr. Andy Devine's mayoralty, where I interviewed the program chairman of the Canoga Park-Reseda Kiwanis Club, Mr. Simpson of the Simpson Furniture Company. After hearing my story, he told me that while the club budget wouldn't stand another speaker at that particular time, he would pay my modest fee out of his own pocket. And there, my friends, you have the story of how Paul Livingstone, gentleman, vagabond and wine-bibber, became a professional speaker.

From this beginning, my lecturing business grew apace. While waiting for my engagement at the Kiwanis Club, I happened in to a Safeway Store in North Hollywood in search of provender for me and mine. Upon hearing my story, the manager of the store, Carl Hannemann, suggested that I speak at the Lion's Club. This suggestion came out of the blue, as I told him nothing about my date to speak at Canoga Park. That cinched it. I was now on the speaker's platform for good, or so I hoped. Both ventures proved very successful, for while I am not a particularly good speaker, my story carried the mail with the audiences, and they ate it up.

I then went to Frank Gill, Sr., a showman of many years

experience, and asked him what to do with my new found career. He suggested that I keep at it, so we went to work and between us lined up a series of talks before service clubs all over Southern California. When these were exhausted for the moment, I headed North on a tour which I had booked in advance.

We spent the summer at Santa Cruz, filling engagements thereabouts, staying meanwhile at Mr. Fridley's Sycamore Grove Camp, a beauty spot in a forest of giant sycamore trees that boasted a stream full of trout and crawfish. At the mention of crawfish my stomach does a power dive to this day, and here's the reason.

One day I was wandering along the banks of the stream, gazing at the trout which were unfortunately out of season, when I noticed some kids fishing. All the tackle they had was a twig, a piece of store string, a hunk of liver and a net. Being a fisherman of fine frenzy, I investigated. They were indulging in the gentle art of crawfish fishing, which sounds like stuttering but is actually great sport. The idea is to lower a piece of liver, bacon or what have you into the water, and when the crawfish grabs it with his claw, you draw him gently but firmly out of the water and catch him in the net when he lets go upon hitting the air. You have to be quick with the net, for when the crawfish gets a snootful of ozone he lets go in a hell of a hurry. Well, I outfitted myself with the necessary tackle, and for a month Diana, Buddy and I ate crawfish until I developed a neat allergy. Boiled, fried, steamed crawfish, crawfish cocktails, omelettes, chowder. Three hours catch would average over a hundred of these succulent crustaceans, and we gorged on the stuff until today all you have to do is mention the word

and I turn alternately red and green like a traffic light.

Previous to leaving Hollywood, arrangements had been made for Gill to contact me if I was needed, and the point of contact was, I think, unique. Gill, as half the team of Gill and Demling, was writing the entire radio show of Joe E. Brown for a food sponsor, as well as sharing comedy honors with the gentleman of the famous mouth. His idea was that if I was needed in Hollywood, he'd insert my name somewhere in the broadcast, to which Diana and I listened religiously. So far so good, but the radio we had at Sycamore Grove went into a decline, and we missed hearing Gill and Demling do a Stanley and Livingstone skit for my sole benefit. For three weeks running Gill worked Livingstone and his playmate Stanley into the script until Joe E. Brown began to wonder just what it was all about. It's against broadcast law to speak to anyone directly over the air, and Gill was knocking his and his partner's brains against the wall trying to get some comedy out of Stanley and Livingstone so that I could be reached. But this was all to no avail, as the receiving end was dead. Finally someone at Sycamore Grove happened to mention the coincidence the day after one of the broadcasts, and I knew we were wanted in Hollywood. Back we went, to find that Gill Sr. had arranged an appearance for me on the coast to coast radio show "Strange As It Seems", by John Hix. And that, dear reader, is how I broke into big time radio all in a lump! My speaking engagements stood me in good stead here, and I rattled off my story with nary a hitch. The fee I received for this transcontinental broadcast gave me a tidy stake, which with speaking engagements, carried me right up to the time this book was published.

So here I am, with a book developed, written and published

on the cuff. My tale is definitely over this time, and now instead of the oblivion I expected to enfold me I am enjoying a modest success as a speaker, but not—on the cuff! Many people ask me what I intend doing now. Some of them have suggested that Diana and I try putting Europe on the cuff as we did America, but I don't know. I think we'd better wait and see what's left of it first. Maybe I can beat the rap of obscurity by trying South America. They say it offers opportunities to the American business man, but then mine is a most unusual business. However, Diana and I are going to study Spanish, in preparation for a Pan-American vagabondia that may materialize some day.

In the meantime, we'll just wait for another opportunity to grab Dame Adventure by the scruff of her neck when she comes along.

I suppose I should have something to say in the nature of a summing up of our three years trek, but I haven't, really. Now that it's all down in black and white I feel I've just come out of a tailspin.

<i>Total mileage covered</i>	85000*
<i>Number of calls made</i>	Over 5300
<i>Refusals received</i>	Less than 7% of total calls
<i>Value of merchandise and service received</i>	\$32,864.00

There remains but one more word to write—finis. My collaborator now complains that we haven't a punch to finish our story. All right, Gill, so we haven't a punch. The whole thing is pretty silly, if you ask me. For over three years I've wheeled and wheedled across the continent, beating the De-

*Compiled from speedometer and road-map records; includes mileage covered on daily request calls about town and on sight-seeing tours.

pression by a nose in almost every state in the Union, talking a pretty nice living out of some mighty tough customers, with thousands of miles under my feet and millions of words piled up in every middlesex, village and farm, and now I've got to worry about finishing with a punch!

All I have to say on that score is this: If you, gentle reader, have gotten this far, then you must have found some enjoyment in doing it or else you're a glutton for punishment. Furthermore, if three years of such an adventure as you have just read is going to be thrown in the—ah, ashcan just because I can't dig up a punchy finish, then I say the whole thing is spinach and the hell with it!

To thank individually the hundreds of people who made this book possible, to verbally shake the countless helping hands that were extended to me in my crossing and criss-crossing of America's motor trails, would be impossible and would run into words and pages that would make "Gone With The Wind" look like a pamphlet. Although my gratitude to them knows no bounds, my publisher does, so I must take this simple way of saying "my humble thank you" to them as a group.

As I look back over the years of meeting people, all kinds of people, wondering how they coagulate into a single group or type, I see that they all have characteristics in common with one another, characteristics that determine and influence their way of thinking, their way of living. What are they? Well, they're pretty hard to define exactly. My psychology and sociology are limited, so let me rather define the result of these characteristics, these ways of thinking and living in relation to other Mr. and Mrs. Human Beings. Call it the American way. The American way of doing things, of analyzing and accepting

things done to you, for you. The American way of boundless enthusiasm for the vital, emotional experiences of life, that seeking spirit that is far from dead in your American boy and man. The American way of retaining a little of that boy in the mature man, underneath the drive and dynamism that go to make up the American business man. The American way of being just a little more tolerant, a little more understanding, a little more willing to help than any one else. I know these thoughts are far from original, but they mean a lot to me because I thought them all out for myself, made my own discovery of the type of citizen that is keeping this country Number One on Your Hit Parade.

It has been suggested that I try my experiment in some other country, attempt to do, say, South America on the cuff. I wonder if it can be done? My ability to sell my story wouldn't undergo any great change, but the recipients would, and I seriously doubt that success would be nearly as easy as it was made for me in America. Which all goes to prove one thing, that faith in the people of America is justly bestowed, that they're pretty grand people from any angle and from wherever you're sitting. Maybe I'm getting patriotic in my old age, but I don't think that's all of it. What happened to me was the re-learning, through experience, what I was taught as a boy in New England—that there is no man as good as a good man, and no good man as good as a good American. They're all pretty much the same from border to border and coast to coast. In the South they say a Southerner is the salt of the earth, in the West that a Westerner is square on four sides, in the North that a Northerner is the pillar of democracy, in the East that an Easterner is the cream of the crop—each section sings its own praises.

But take it from one who knows them all, knows that what makes them the salt and the four-square and the pillar and the cream is the fact that there is no essential difference between them, because they're all Americans, living the American way.

Recently, as I've told you, I've found a new career as a public speaker. Well, not a speaker really, for I'll never be a speaker, but a retailer of adventure, for it's always my story, not me, that appeals to my audiences wherever I go. In the practice of this new venture, I have in my own mind blasted one of those mock-sophistications that we sometimes affect, and I'd like to pass it on to you.

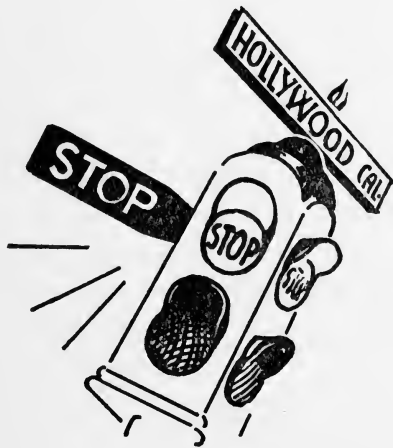
Most of my speaking engagements are before service clubs. That term should need no definition, for these clubs are formed not for social purposes, but to service you, Mr. American Citizen, to more closely knit the facilities for living that we enjoy, make them mean more to you and produce more for you. The Rotarians, The Kiwanians, the Lions, the Optimists, the Exchange, the 20-30, the Chambers of Commerce that dot America, these and many more are your service clubs. And may I now blast a bit of snobbery that has become the fad among certain people in recent years. You often hear a wiseacre say "aw, he's a Rotarian!" That is supposed to be a term of mild derision. Defined, Mr. Wise-Guy offers this—"he's the kind of a guy who puts on women's hats at parties, who blows his auto horn in a tunnel, in other words he's corny". Novelists, playwrights, radio scribes have come to use this term freely, and it is a tip off that they're trying to be sophisticated when they are simply ignorant. Oh, I'll admit that I thought I was pretty much of a hot shot myself, and was just as ignorant as the rest of the so-called wise guys. But "lo, I have learned, and learn-

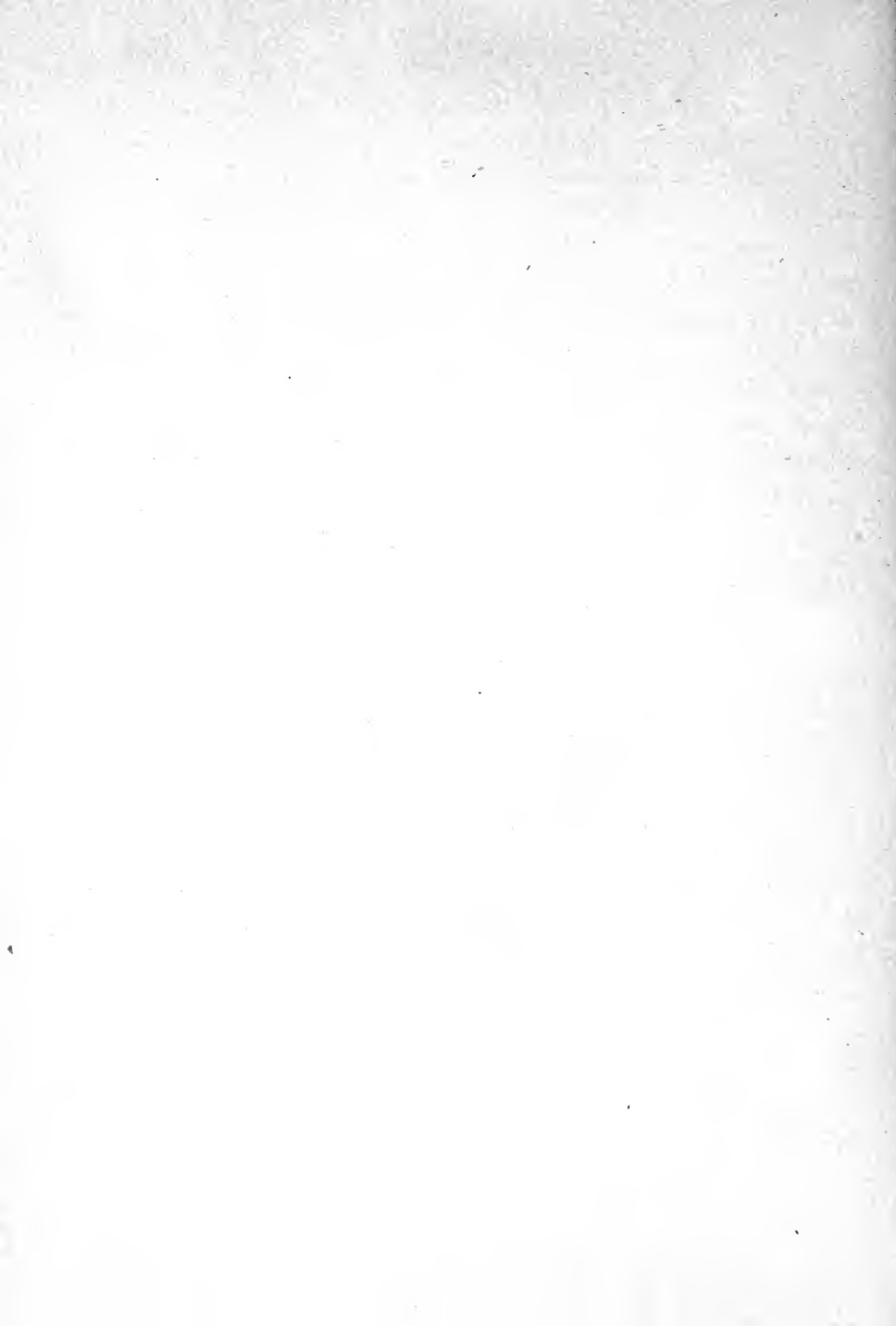
ing—hide my head that my face shall not reveal my stupidity.” I’ve forgotten who said that. But whoever he was he must have been a Rotarian, a Kiwanian or a Lion or something like it, because these are the lads who really deserve the term “wise guy”. They know. They use their luncheon hours or dinner hours to learn something new, something that will enlarge their intellectual background, enrich their knowledge of the world and the people in it. In many cases they pay out good American dollars to have speakers relate their experiences or give their opinions. They who have not time to travel bring the world to their door, in order to satisfy their thirst for living. The fellows who say “corny” aren’t the fellows who would rather hear a speaker tell about the state of the government in Washington, or how the natives live in Borneo. They are the fellows who would rather go to a burlesque show. But just attend a Kiwanian, Rotarian or a Lion luncheon some time. You’ll find a bunch of typical American business men forgetting their own problems for the moment in the absorption of another man’s ideas. If that’s corny, folks, then here I come right off the cob!

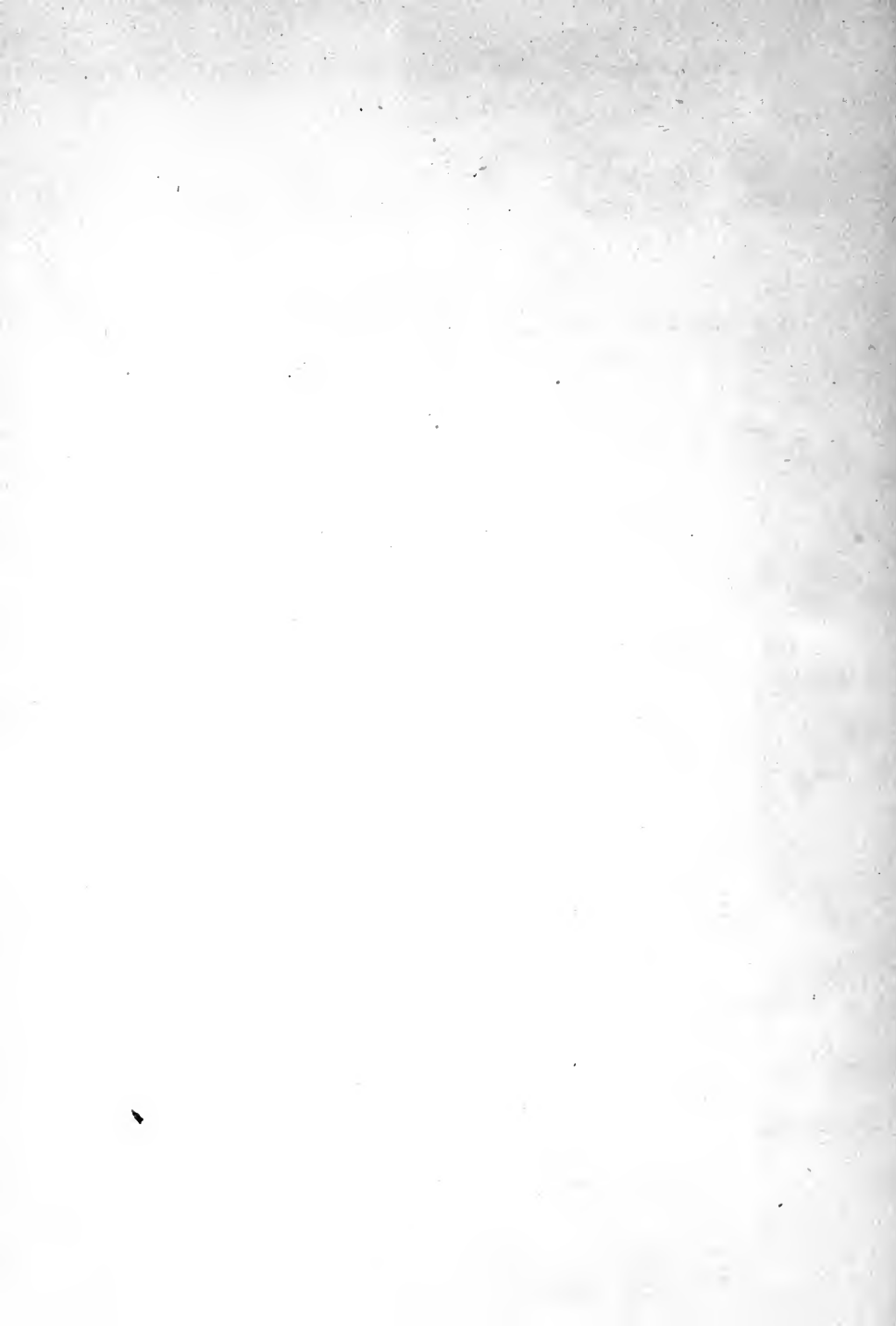
I hope that in the future some of our so-called “wise guys” will be a little more careful with their use of that word “Rotarian”, and find out first before they toss it around what these service clubs do and what they stand for. The backbone of American citizenry isn’t found in New York City, it’s a long string of vertebrae stretching from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and each individual vertebrae is made up of service clubs in each community, clubs that represent the real American business man and his family, hence the real America.

So, may I take my hat off to the Rotary, Kiwanis, Lion, Optimist, Exchange and 20-30 Clubs of America, the Chamber

of Commerce groups, the innumerable women's clubs that go to make up the most progressive, most tolerant and understanding creature in existence—the American Citizen. That I may talk daily to groups such as these, have them interested in what I have done and mean to do, is unquestionably the finest result of my three years on the road. Now I understand why I was able to put America On The Cuff. For I know now that I am not or never was such a hell of a salesman, that my much vaunted gift of gab is not what brought me what I have. I was, and am, merely the recipient of the innate kindness, understanding and humanitarianism that are the products of—the American way!











HOTEL DEL MONTE

DEL MONTE, CALIFORNIA

Al Levy's Tavern

THE GOOCHUE
PORT ARTHUR
HARVEY
MOTEL
Cap Room

HC
The Wellington
COUNTRY
SAN CARLO
Blue Bay of Monterey
MONTEREY, CALIFOR
COPLEY
Opera House
VENETIAN
HOTEL MORE
COMMONWE
AT KENM
BOSTON, M

TORT
CHATEAU
FENWAY THEATRE
BOSTON, MASS.
PLYSEE
PLAZA
Cali
Mark Hopkins
San Fran.

THE TOWN HOUSE
LOS ANGELES

HOTEL HILTON
ST
The Benjamin Franklin
PHILADELPHIA

MARCUS
The Wardell
Wardell
Wardell
Wardell

All States Co.
St. Petersburg, Florida

WHITMAN
Wardell
Wardell
Wardell

NEW'S
ANNET HOTEL
TER, TEXAS

LANE'S
REDW
THE PALMS MOTEL
THE WILK
WASHINGTON

STANFORD COURT
SAN FRANCISCO

HUSHMAN
L. 1234

elbede Hotel

HOTEL

CONCOLO
LORD B.

ARE

ANS
TREATRE

IS LA
COTTA
MOBILE BAY

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T. O

EL TULARE
Lavern

VERN
Mudmone

Loew's Jersey City Theatre
The Lake
USA

HOTEL
HOTEL

ROSE

CHINESE

Stacy-Trent
LAWRENCE

Dearbo

The Burns Dr
Detroit

THE

HURON

Louis's Place

HOTEL

HOUSE

TEL
Coach Inn

Wiggins
Northern

THE NIAGARA
Chateau Frontenac



