



Upon straightening up, Judy found herself looking at a quizzical young man. "Oho!" he said.



Capt. George N. Robillard, co-author of this article, makes friends with the Gorgon, one of the Navy's guided missiles, at the Naval Academy.

GUS PASQUARELLA



Dr. Vannevar Bush marshaled our scientific talent against German and Jap with the National Defense Research Board. He is a spare-time genius himself.

WIDE WORLD



The late Simon Lake, who invented the modern submarine, advocated this type of 7500-ton, cargo-carrying, deep-submerging undersea vessel in 1939.

ACME

Are We Stifling the Inventors?

By **CAPT. GEORGE N. ROBILLARD, USN**, Patent Counsel for the Navy; Ass't. Chief of Naval Research for Patents,
with **BEVERLY SMITH**, Washington Editor of *The Saturday Evening Post*

A submarine? An atom bomb? Radar? Crackpot notions, we once sneered. We still brush off—and rarely reward—the lonely genius pattering in a cellar workshop. Now, says the Navy's patent shark, we must give inventors a fair chance—if we want to survive.

AMERICA must invent or die. It is as simple as that. We and our allies are engaged in a struggle, the end of which no man can foresee, against the communist powers dominated by the Soviet Union. To counterbalance their greater manpower we have, for the time being, technical superiority in land, sea, air and atomic weapons. So far, this has deterred the men in the Kremlin from attempting a world-wide war of conquest. If our technical superiority is ever lost or even seriously narrowed down, we may find ourselves in a conflict which will destroy civilization as we know it.

(The opinions expressed in this article are the private ones of the writer and are not to be construed as official or reflecting the views of the Navy Department or of the naval service at large.)

If, on the other hand, we can widen our technical margin in weapons, meanwhile maintaining adequate armed forces to handle the finished product, the prospects for peace will brighten. The Soviet leaders are not likely to start a world war unless they think they can win.

What then has America to fear? Aren't we renowned for our inventiveness? Don't we have the greatest research laboratories in the world, the largest number of trained scientists, engineers, technicians and production men? Undoubtedly so.

Yet there are flaws at the heart of our inventive system which, unless corrected, may prove fatal. The flaws have not attracted the attention of the President, or the Congress, or the general public, because they are obscure, insidious flaws, like a

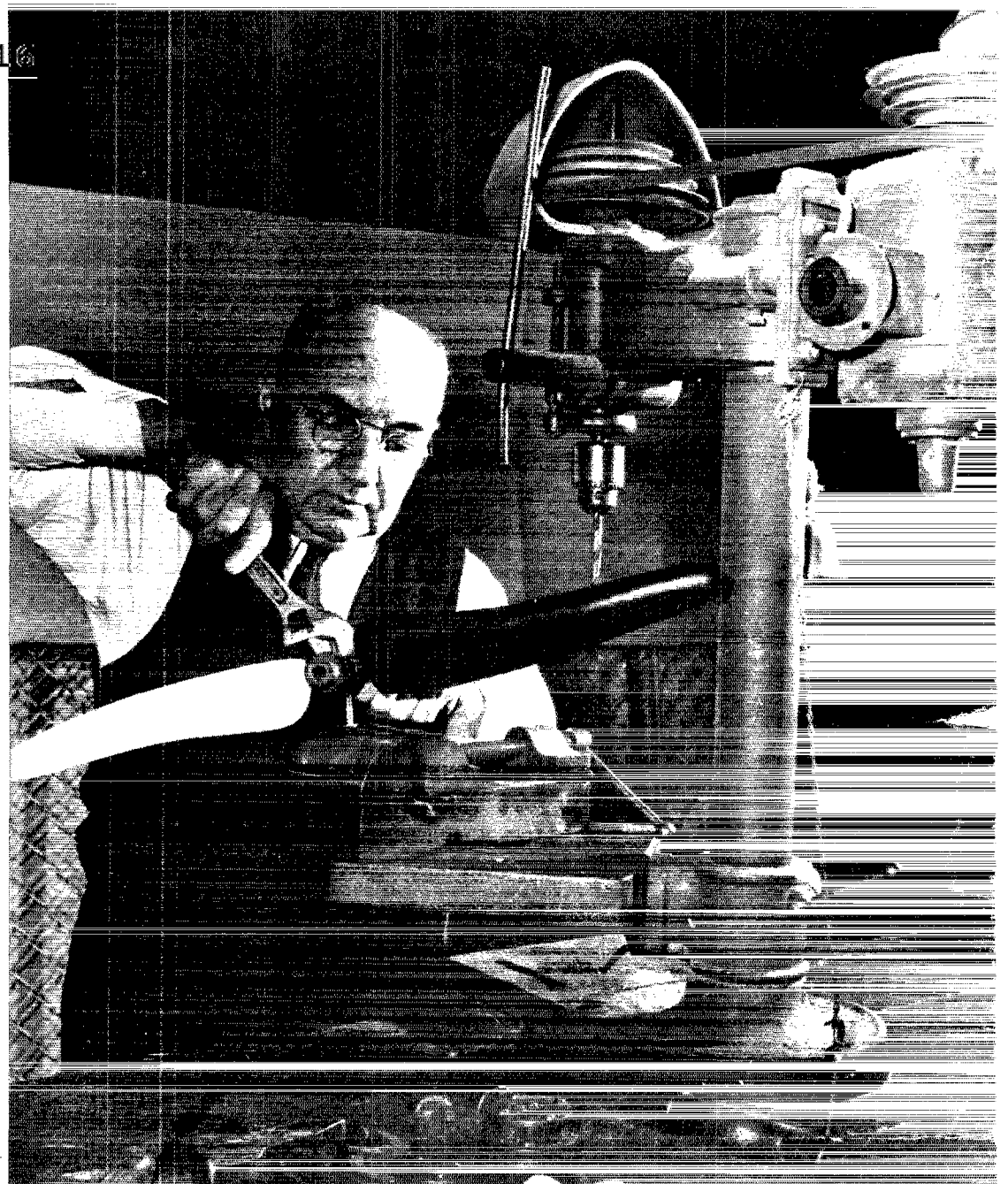
vitamin deficiency which covertly weakens an apparently well-nourished man. These flaws concern our system of stimulating, evaluating, testing and rewarding inventions primarily useful for military purposes.

My work as patent counsel for the Navy has given me an intimate view of the intricate channels through which military inventions flow—or are supposed to flow—from the mind of the inventor into eventual acceptance and use by the armed forces. This study has forced me to the following reluctant conclusions: (1) the stimulus, the incentive, to make such inventions is weak, especially as it affects the independent inventor or the inventor employed by the Government; (2) methods of evaluating and testing such inventions are inadequate; (3) the re-

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Air Commodore Frank Whittle is a jet propulsion pioneer. Grateful Britain has rewarded him with 100,000 pounds—tax free.



Typical of the anonymous citizens who dream up mighty machines in home workshops is Alfred M. Caddell, of Philadelphia, here building an experimental propeller.

wards for such inventions are usually capricious or paltry; and (4) the situation has grown worse rather than better in the last sixteen months.

This situation is not the fault of any individual. My colleagues in other departments who deal with military inventions are as anxious as I am to stimulate, develop and reward valuable new ideas. But we are all caught in a complex of laws, regulations, orders and customs. Many of these barriers were originally designed to protect the Government against the occasional greedy and unscrupulous inventor, but they also serve to discourage the great majority of inventors who are honest and patriotic. Uncle Sam is now so well protected against inventors that he may well miss out on the very inventions which could save his neck.

I don't want to paint too dark a picture. Our inventors, despite the red-tape entanglements and legal booby traps in the path, are continuing to devise a fair number of valuable new military items. Some of these men go broke; some—especially if they have strong corporate backing—are suitably rewarded. In Government laboratories many gifted technicians, on modest salaries, are devoting to military invention a talent which, if employed in the industrial world, would bring them big money. They continue to do this, although the Government has recently curtailed their chance of ever sharing in the profits which their patents may later yield commercially. But some of these men, I know, are unhappy and discouraged under the new restrictions—a state of mind not conducive to the best results.

Yes, in spite of all the difficulties, Americans are still coming up with some new military ideas. Out of the vast reservoir of American ingenuity and inventiveness, we are getting at least a trickle devoted to the little matter of national survival. Even

with this trickle, we may be outinventing the Russians. I hope so, but we cannot be sure.

We like to think of the Russians as a technically backward folk, baffled by the complexities of a wheelbarrow. This smug view is not shared by the seasoned American jet pilots who have been dueling with Russian MIG-15 jet planes over the Yalu River. So far, we have more than held our own with the MIG's, but news reports from Korea indicate that this is not because our jets are better, but because our superbly trained pilots are superior to the anonymous airmen—we don't even know whether they are Russians or Chinese—who fly the MIG's. Some of our pilots assert that the MIG is actually a better and faster plane than ours. Gen. Carl Spaatz, USAF (Ret.), who knows his airplanes, says the MIG-15 is "about as good as our own," and further points out—in a recent issue of Newsweek—that "any nation which can produce as good a fighter as the MIG-15 also is capable of producing a first-class bomber, and sooner or later will do so."

The deliverability of atomic bombs depends largely on airplane capabilities. Our margin here has been a major deterrent to war. Now it appears that this margin is more precarious than had been realized.

It may be argued that the Russians did not invent the jet engine—just copied it. It is true that in 1945 Russia captured many German jets, and later, in the illusory era of good feeling after the war, was allowed to purchase some British Nene jet engines. But the MIG-15 represents a swift advance over these early models, and indicates extraordinary achievement in invention, research, development and production. This goes far beyond mere copying.

Incidentally, the Russians have been extremely canny in Korea. The only important modern wea-

pon they have unveiled has been the MIG-15, and they have cautiously flown it well back of the lines. Consequently the MIG's which we have shot down have crashed in communist territory. Meanwhile some of our best jets, challenging near the Yalu, have fallen into communist hands. In the ground fighting the Russians have supplied their cannon-fodder comrades—Chinese and Korean—with obsolescent weapons. We, confronted with superior numbers, have had to throw in many of our new weapons, some of which have been captured by the Reds and promptly rushed, no doubt, to the Soviet research laboratories. The Russians have learned more than we in the exchange—another dent in our technical margin.

The Russians are producing atomic bombs. It is true that they stole some of the plans from us, via espionage and treason. But even with this help, as any atomic expert will tell you, they showed a high order of technical skill in getting the bomb into production so quickly. America has an apparently commanding lead in quantity of A-bombs. We should be able to hold it for many years. But how about deliverability? As we have noted, new techniques and inventions could shift the balance there rather quickly—in which case our big atomic stockpile would lose much of its deterrent value.

How can backward Russia compete, inventively and technically, with America, the world's greatest industrial nation? On an all-around basis she can't. But so long as the Soviet Union intensively cultivates the field of military invention, and we neglect it, we are in danger.

Stalin long ago recognized the technical backwardness of Russia and has worked feverishly to repair it through an enormous system of technical schools, research institutes and engineering laboratories. Every year since (Continued on Page 111)



It was mass hysteria. The princess gave him her diamond collar, the countess a triple rope of pearls. Penhaligon accepted calmly.

(Continued from Page 56)

compact and lipstick from the stern seat. "You might use these, with improvement," he suggested, dropping them into her hand.

Brenda flung them into the sea. "I'm sorry," she apologized. "I'll get you new ones. Have you a favorite brand in lipstick?"

"Raspberry," he answered. "And at this season, a sun-tan type of powder." He began rowing.

Brenda tried not to see Mr. Bellamy's beautiful brown legs or the muscles in his brown arms. She had never, she thought, met a more obnoxious human being than Mr. Bellamy.

She jumped out when the boat was six feet from the beach. "Thank you," she said. She picked up her beach robe

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

COMMENCEMENT AT A WOMEN'S COLLEGE

By Kate Brackett

The Freshmen Sing:

The old grads come, in
costume. . . . Must we lose
All dignity and grace? They hug,
they scream. . . .
Forget them! Lean and harmonize
and dream.
We are the slim and scornful, who
refuse
This travesty. Sing on the steps,
and choose
Peace, wisdom, beauty. We are
the extreme
Darlings of all the centuries,
whose stream
Has fed these meadows for our
feet to use.
But they—they wrote our
anthems and our airs;
They had the music then, the
vision springing.
Peace, beauty, joy. . . . They must
have had their shares,
But lost them, and forgot the
high hymns ringing. . . .
Ah, we will make a lovelier world
than theirs,
When we have done with sitting
here and singing!

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

and walked to the car without looking back.

There was another note from Nancy on the table. "Gone to a picnic with Peggy at the beach. Please come." Brenda told the cook to put her supper on a tray and went to her room.

She used to be so pretty, she thought, looking at her reflection. Carter had said that she was the prettiest girl he had ever seen. It was seven o'clock. Carter and Lydia were having their first dinner together as man and wife. . .

At twelve-thirty Brenda telephoned Peggy's house.

"Nancy will be along soon," Peggy assured her. "Dave Bellamy said he'd drive her home. Is she the lucky girl!"

Mr. Bellamy apparently had the same light touch with a car that he had with a boat, because Brenda, waiting in the living room, heard no sound until Nancy opened the door. It was two o'clock.

"Oh, hello!" said Nancy brightly. "You still up?"

"No, I'm sound asleep in bed!" snapped Brenda. "Nancy Cutting,

what are you thinking of to stay out so late?"

"Oh, Brenda!" said Nancy. "Honest, it was all right. Dave and I got talking — Brenda, he is divine!"

"He is not divine!" said Brenda. "He's an insolent, bad-mannered, self-centered —" She stopped.

"You're upset," Nancy said. "Mr. — I mean David — is really a very moral, idealistic person. The things he's been saying to me! I mean good advice, as bad as mother!"

"It's a good approach," Brenda said. "One of the oldest and best. Myself, I think your Mr. David Bellamy is a plain wolf. In sheep's —" Her eyes flashed. "In no clothing," she amended, remembering the bronzed beautiful legs, the rippling muscles beneath the smooth brown shoulders.

"How do you know so much about him?" demanded Nancy.

Brenda flushed. "We'd better go to bed," she said.

The next morning, Brenda drove to the village and bought a raspberry-flavored lipstick and a compact of sun-tan powder. Then she drove out over the new road to the new beach.

Mr. Bellamy, in bathing trunks, was typewriting when she knocked at his door.

"I'm returning your cosmetics," said Brenda.

"Someone left them in my boat. I don't know who." He looked at her thoughtfully. "Won't you sit down, Mrs. Heath?"

Brenda sat down. There were a great many books in the room, piled on chairs and tables, stacked in heaps. A phonograph with a case of record albums stood against a wall.

"I wanted to talk with you," said Brenda. "I was worried about Nancy last night. You know she is only seventeen?"

"Yes, indeed," said Mr. Bellamy agreeably.

"Well!" said Brenda. "Don't you think that two o'clock is too late for a girl that age to be out?"

Mr. Bellamy smiled. "It never occurred to me that Nancy's bedtime was my responsibility," he answered. "However —"

Brenda said, "Really, you are the most —" and bit her tongue. "My parents are in Europe and I am in charge of Nancy —"

"Did you bring your shotgun, Mrs. Heath?"

Brenda jumped up. Mr. Bellamy was leaning against the wall, looking more like a Greek statue than any living man should. She glared at him. "Why don't you put on some clothes?" she demanded.

"In my opinion," he answered gently, "clothes are something to take off . . . like lipstick."

He moved so slowly that she stood incredulous. He kissed her, and it was like a slowed-up moving picture, except that this she felt. It took her several seconds to bring up her hand and slap his face and run from the cottage.

Nancy was in her bathing suit when Brenda reached home.

"Has mother seen that number?" Brenda demanded.

"It's a Bikini," said Nancy. "Sure, she's seen it."

Brenda felt old. She was shocked. And Nancy was off for the beach and her flagrant pursuit of Mr. Bellamy. It was obviously her duty to accompany her sister; in a costume like that, Nancy should be kept on a leash.

Mr. Bellamy was working on his tan. Brenda frowned at him. Nancy said, "Hi, David!"



Model illustrated NA-11. Trim and specifications subject to change without notice.

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(Meals are so much easier for them to prepare, too!)

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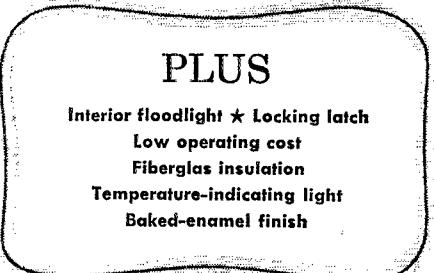
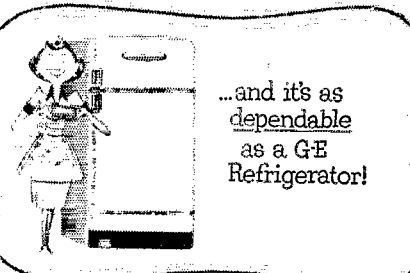
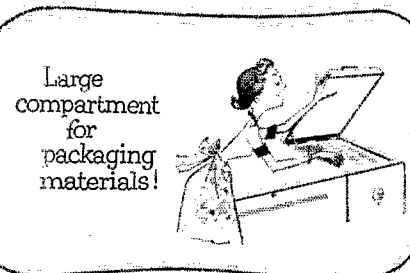
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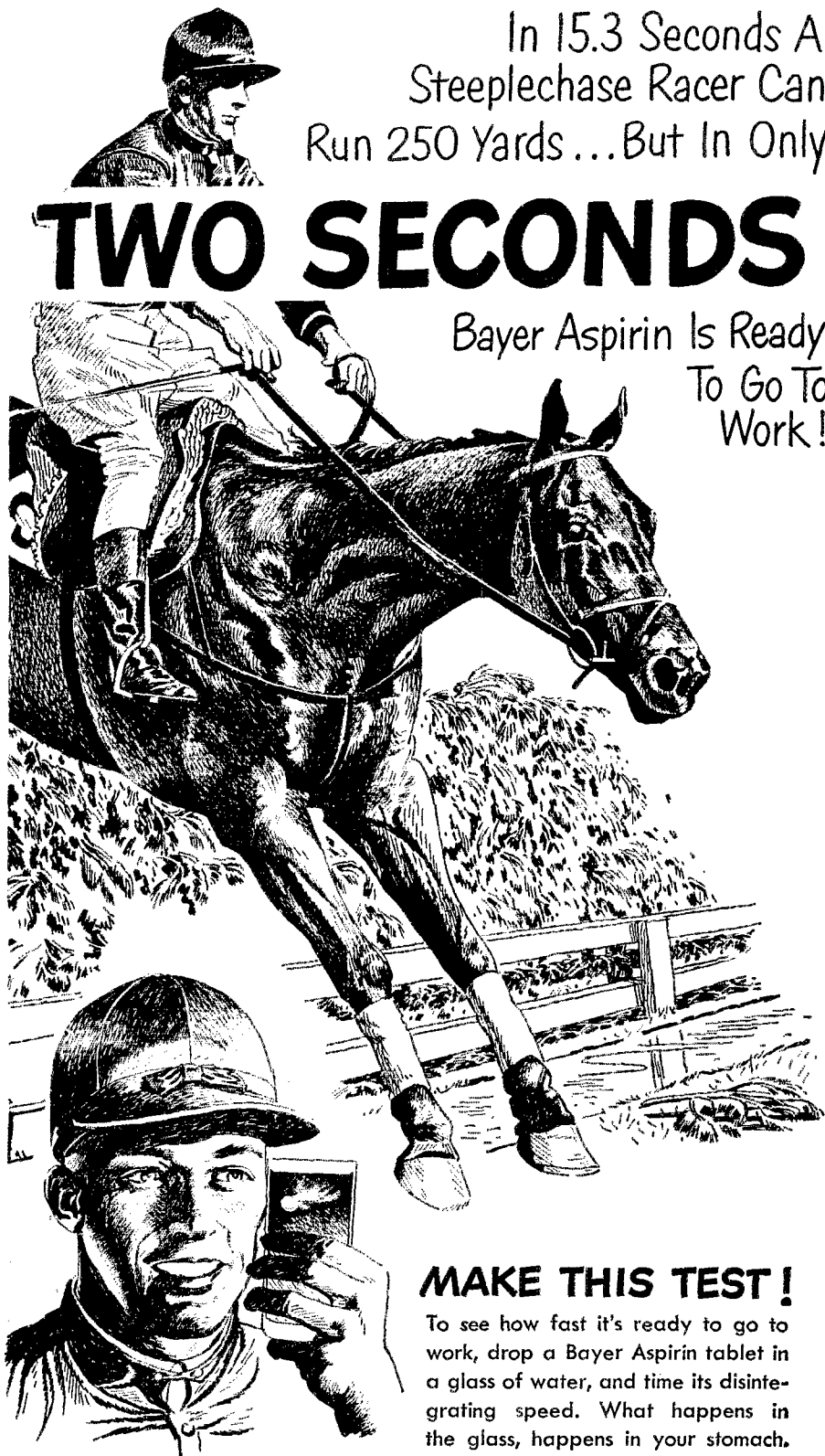
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Steeplechase Racer Can
Run 250 Yards... But In Only

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To Go To
Work!



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Because no other pain reliever can match its record of use by millions of normal people, without ill effect, one thing you can take with complete confidence is genuine

BAYER ASPIRIN

Mr. Bellamy's eyes were amused. "Bet I can beat you to the raft," he addressed Nancy.

Brenda stood, feeling like a duenna, as the two bronzed figures raced to the water. She took off her beach coat and surveyed her white legs distastefully. Before she married Carter, she used to have the deepest tan of any girl on the cove. There were moth holes in the old wool suit. Suddenly she wanted to hide.

Someone spoke to her, and she looked up at Grace Fairlee, fatter than ever. Grace arranged her impedimenta and settled herself beside Brenda, her fingers busy with knitting.

"How these children grow up! Nancy's a little beauty, isn't she? Mr. Bellamy seems to find her attractive."

Brenda asked, "Just who is he?"

"Nobody seems to know. But I saw the senator talking with him once. Personally, I never trust a man as good looking as that. . . Oh, didn't I hear that your handsome ex has got married again?"

"That's right," said Brenda. She blinked her eyes and the beach resolved slowly into focus. "Where's Nancy?"

"She and that Bellamy walked up the beach," said Grace. "It's not any of my business, of course, but —"

Brenda's feet scattered sand on Grace's knitting as she got up. She said, "Sorry," curtly, and ran down to the water.

Lois and Freddy were on the raft. They greeted her warmly.

"Do you two know this Bellamy character?" asked Brenda.

"I rather like the guy," said Freddy.

Lois giggled. "And is he burning some people up! Poor Grace Fairlee . . . and Tom Lewis . . . you know what a busybody he is! He tried to pump him and got strictly nowhere. He offered Mr. Bellamy a guest card to the club, and Mr. B. said thanks, but he wasn't going to put on a pair of pants all summer if he could help it!"

Brenda did not smile. "He seems to fancy himself in shorts," she said. . .

Brenda bought a new bathing suit and wore it first on Sunday morning. Everyone was on the beach.

"Good Lord, it's like running a gantlet!" she muttered to Nancy. They had been stopped by group after group of brown people on the sand.

"Hi, David!" called Nancy.

"Good morning," David Bellamy responded. He added, formally, "Mrs. Heath," and collapsed on the sand, his face against his arm.

Tom Lewis, wearing a batik robe, dark sunglasses and a straw hat, exclaimed, "Dear Brenda! What a joy! Good day, Bellamy."

David Bellamy rolled over. "Come on, Nancy; let's walk."

Nancy seemed even more excited than usual when they finally returned. David Bellamy went into his cottage, and Nancy cried, "Brenda! Guess what! David just told me that he saw you at a party in Washington before—I mean when you were a young girl!"

"Really?" Brenda said. "How very interesting, I'm thrilled."

Nancy's face fell. "Why do you have to be like that?" she demanded. "What have you got against David?"

"Oh, honey —" said Brenda, feeling helpless.

"You aren't really afraid that he's going to elope with me, are you?" She giggled. "Brenda, he's twenty-seven years old . . . worse luck."

"That's not exactly senile," said Brenda. Three years ago Carter Heath had been twenty-nine. She frowned. Carter was thirty-two now. When she reached thirty, he would be forty! Ten years was quite a gulf. Too wide a gulf, she realized, for the first time. Five was plenty to be between husband and wife.

Nancy was still giggling. "I'm glad you're not interested," she said. "I'd hate to have to compete with you, if you were, Brenda."

On the beach the next day, she looked at David Bellamy curiously. "Nancy says we've met before."

"Oh, did she tell you that?" he asked. "We didn't meet. I saw you."

"What?" Her eyes looked puzzled.

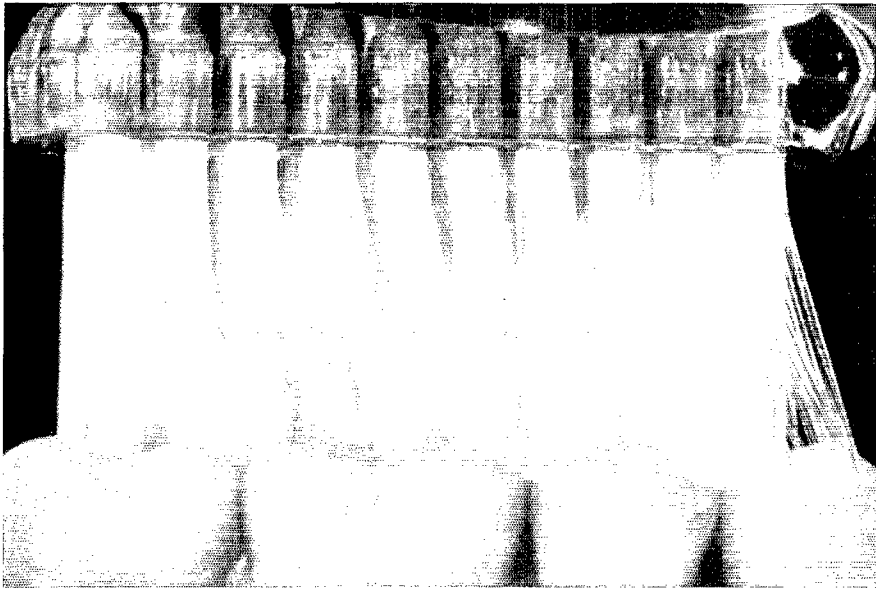
"You were wearing a pale gray dress," said Mr. Bellamy. "Misty and silvery, like fog in moonlight."

(Continued on Page 62)

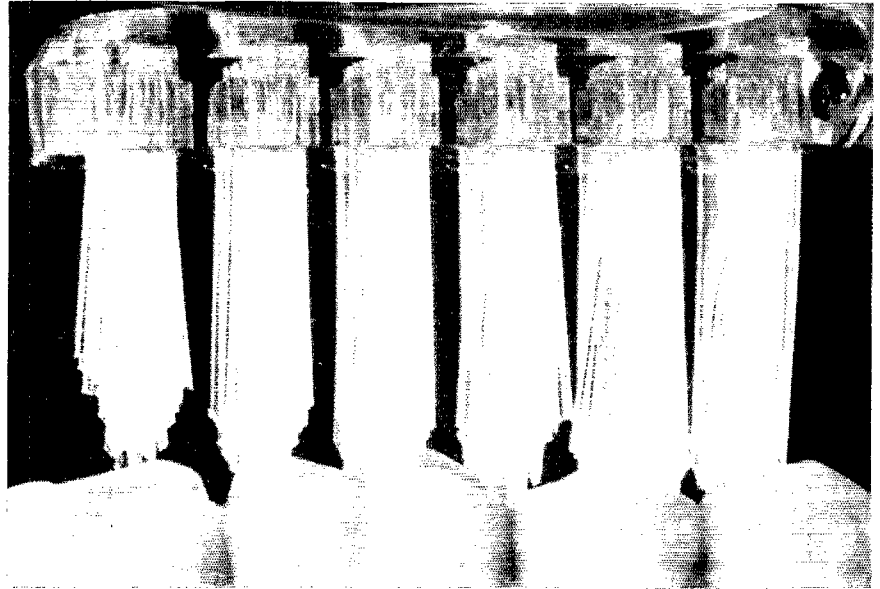


"See what I mean? Every time I snap this switch his feet go up."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

**"1600" BRISTLES**

Enlarged 3½ times, these pictures show you the dramatic difference in bristles under identical pressure. Under only a gentle half-pound weight (see how photos were taken

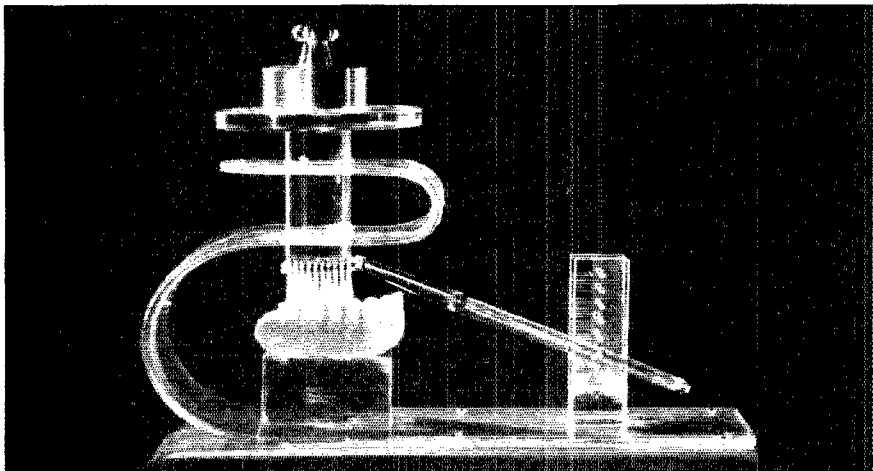


below) hundreds of tiny bristle ends in the "1600" Angle **STANDARD BRISTLES** Toothbrush combine to sweep clean every exposed surface. They separate to get into crevices with new ease.

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New Cleaning Principle. The cleaning power of the standard hard or medium toothbrush lies in a relatively few and relatively coarse individual bristles. The "1600" Angle Toothbrush, in contrast, puts together many hundreds of resilient, fine, flexible bristles which combine to sweep, rather than pick, food particles away.

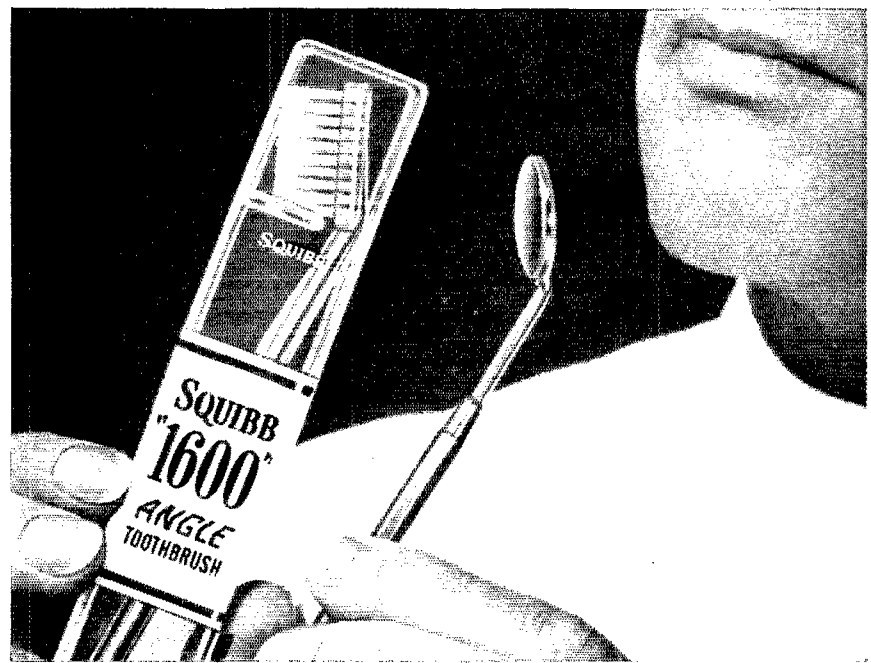
New Safety for Teeth and Gums. The "1600" bristles are not soft. They have exceptional strength, yet are so slender, so flexible, that you can brush vigorously with less danger of lacerating gums and of scoring tooth surfaces.



Many Different Types of brushes and bristles were photographed in this device, in identical positions under identical pressure. "1600" Angle Toothbrush from which above enlargement was made is shown here.

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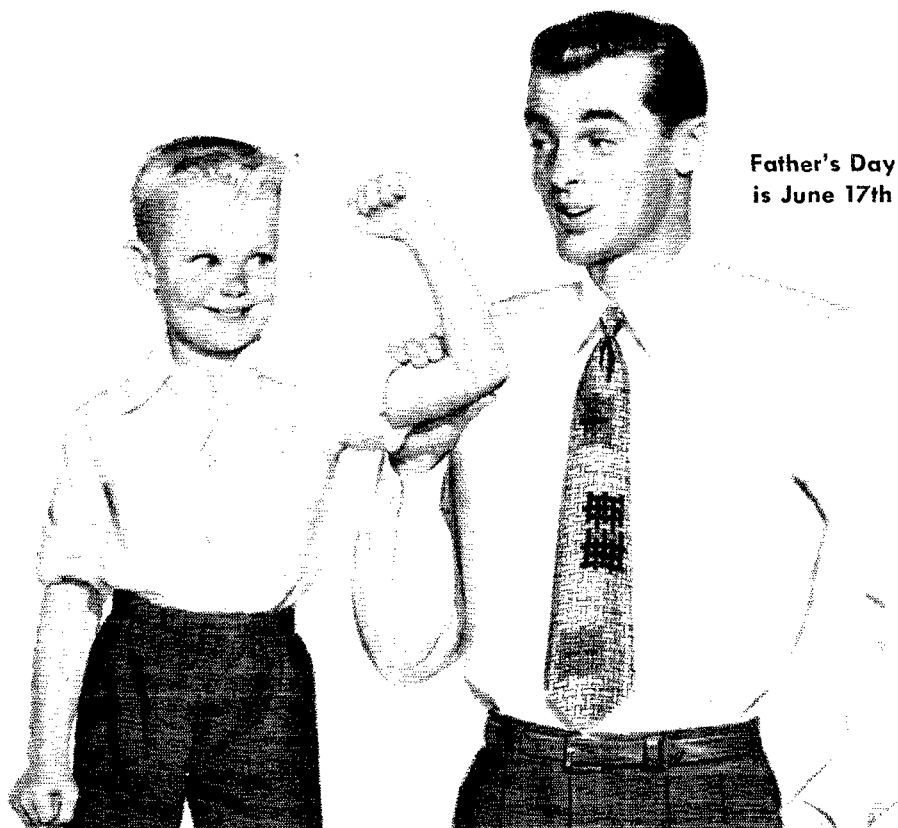


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In white, wide-spread or regular collars, single or French cuffs — in two weaves of fine broadcloth. **\$3.95, \$4.95**

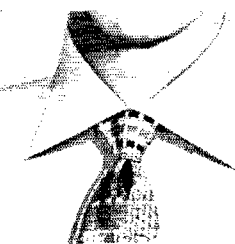
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(Continued from Page 60)

"I remember that dress!" said Brenda. It had been chiffon, with silver ribbons. "So long ago," she added.

"October, 1946," he said. "Ten o'clock in the evening."

"And you actually remembered Brenda all that long time!" cried Nancy excitedly.

"I remembered her," said David Bellamy.

Brenda put her face on her arms. Was this why he had been so angry with her the day she had—well, swum too far? Her cheeks grew hot, remembering.

"I have always felt that I owed you a debt of gratitude, Mrs. Heath," he continued. "Four years ago I was callow and romantic. I thought you were the loveliest girl I had ever seen." Brenda shivered. It was Carter who had said that! "Then, sometime afterward, I saw a photograph of you in a magazine. I did not cut it out, because the caption said that you were the charming young wife of Carter Heath."

It seemed to Brenda that his voice was ironic; she could not decide whether he was being flattering or insulting.

"I don't understand the gratitude part," she said.

"Oh, that," said Mr. Bellamy. "Merely that I—shall I say, smothered my regret at your unavailability in my work?"

"What is your work, Mr. Bellamy?" asked Brenda.

He sat up. "Ah!" he exclaimed. "That's a question! . . . Nancy, want to take a turn up the beach?" . . .

It was a couple of weeks later, weeks in which they had seen each other daily, when Brenda said, "Why don't you come back and have dinner with us tonight?"

"Thank you, no," he said.

"Oh, please, David!" begged Nancy.

He smiled. "I'd have to get dressed," he said.

Brenda was torn between amusement and irritation. "Is this a vow or an election bet or something?" she inquired.

"No," he answered. "I just don't like clothes."

Clothes are something to take off . . . like lipstick. Brenda was annoyed with herself for remembering that.

"Perhaps you have a Narcissus complex?" she suggested.

He continued to smile. "You should see me in a double-breasted blue flannel," he told her modestly.

"Oh, really!" said Brenda.

It was a new experience to Brenda to get nowhere with a young man. Carter, of course, had fallen in love with Lydia, but that was different. Carter had been crazy about her first. She realized, now, that she had been too young for marriage. . . .

August came in, hot and breathless, and Brenda and Nancy took picnic lunches to the beach, lay all the long days on the sand, dipping in the cool water, coming out to bake again beneath the hot sun. Brenda was as brown as her sister; her hair was flecked with golden lights, sun-bleached and wind-blown.

"Squall coming up!" Nancy predicted one sultry afternoon.

They watched the sooty clouds which scudded across the blue sky, blotting out the sun. People picked up their umbrellas and their children; the engines of cars roared in the parking lot. The air cooled and the first thin raindrops sprinkled down. Finally only David Bellamy and Brenda and Nancy were left on the beach.

"I'm going in the water!" said Nancy. "I sheerly adore swimming in the rain!"

"That's a sweet kid," said David Bellamy.

The rain was pelting now, hitting against their bodies.

"Why, it's hailing!" said Brenda. "What fun!"

Nancy was standing on the raft. The wind had built up waves; the float was whipping, straining at its mooring.

"I should have known you'd like a storm too," said David.

Brenda lifted her face to the hail. A jagged line of lightning ripped through a cloud; a roll of thunder echoed against the sand cliffs.

"Let's go out too," she said. "We couldn't be wetter!" She seized both his hands and pulled him to his feet. For an instant, his cold wet chest touched her cold skin as he found his footing, and she felt the beating of his heart.

They ran hand in hand through the downpour, and flung themselves, still keeping their hold on each other, into the water. The emptied squall clouds collapsed and evaporated; the sun appeared, burning hot, in a burning blue sky.

Brenda said, "It's sheerly magic!"

David Bellamy repeated it, "Sheerly magic."

She looked at him, her wet lips parted, her eyes wide with wonder. Then she dived into the water and swam to shore.

The telephone rang just as Brenda and Nancy were starting for the beach, two days before their parents were to return.

"It's for you, Brenda!" Nancy called.

Walking toward the hall, Brenda saw her reflection in a mirror. Her entire body, except for the two shirred wisps of turquoise nylon which were her bathing suit, was an even, apricot-tinted brown.

She said, "Hello," gaily.

"Brenda?"

She sat down on the stool, her legs turned to water.

"Is that you, Brenda?"

She said, "Yes," to the familiar voice.

"I'm here in town," said Carter Heath. "I want to see you."

"You're here?" she echoed. "You mean, you and Lydia?"

Nancy clapped her hand to her mouth, her eyes enormous.

"Just me," said Carter. "Lydia and I called it off. Didn't you know?"

"No," said Brenda. "No, I didn't know that, Carter."

"I'll be with you in five minutes," he said.

"Shouldn't you get dressed?" asked Nancy. "Do you want me to go away?"

"No," said Brenda. "Goodness, no!" She lighted a cigarette, although she had one burning in the ash tray before her.

Carter looked handsome and distinguished in white linen and a pale hat. He looked at Brenda without speaking. He smiled at Nancy, and said, "Hello, Nancy. Good-by, Nancy."

"No!" said Brenda.

Carter was smiling his old easy smile. "Don't be absurd, darling. I've just driven six hundred miles to talk to you." He patted Nancy's head. "See you later, little sister."

Brenda straightened her shoulders. "Okay, Nancy. Take the car to the beach. Carter can drop me there before he goes."

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Carter said, "Oh?" He looked at her intently. "You've never been so beautiful, Brenda."

"Thank you, Carter," she said. She met his eyes. "I've never been so happy," she added.

A muscle twitched beside his mouth. "So?" he said. "Lydia and I called the marriage off because we both came to realize that it takes more than a trip to Reno —" He smiled faintly. "Shall I say to consummate a divorce?"

"I'm sorry, Carter," said Brenda quietly.

The muscle beside his mouth twitched again. "Who is he?" he asked.

"No one you know," she answered. She did not want to hurt Carter any more than she had wanted to hurt Andy Wheeler.

"I've come a long way," said Carter. "I waited too long."

"No," said Brenda. "No, it isn't that, Carter."

"You're quite sure?"

"I'm quite sure, Carter," she answered steadily.

"What a pity," he murmured. He picked up his hat.

Brenda's face was gentle. "Don't you want to stay for lunch, Carter?"

"No, thanks," he said. "I'll drop you at the beach. That's where you were going, I believe?" He looked at her hard. "Is he very attractive, Brenda?"

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

When a boy comes home early from playing ball, it's time to check the neighbors' windows.

—BILL VIELHAUER.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

I can see it in your eyes. He's younger and taller and better-looking than I. Yes?"

"Don't, Carter," she said.

Nancy was waiting at the parking lot when Carter stopped the car. Brenda watched the rear license plate out of sight. Then she caught Nancy about the waist and spun her, dizzily, over the hard cinder surface. "May I have this dance?" she asked.

Nancy, giggling, cried, "Let me go, Brenda! What's the matter with you? What happened?"

Brenda did not answer. David Bellamy was standing at the edge of the water. As she looked at him he dived into the surf.

"Nancy," said Brenda, "be a big girl and go talk to somebody awhile."

Nancy looked at her sister's face. "Okay," she said.

When Brenda's head appeared from beneath the water and she shook her dripping hair back from her shining eyes, David Bellamy said, "You do turn up in the wettest places!"

She looked at him, and then dived like a porpoise, from sheer exhilaration. "Oh, David!" she said, when she reappeared. "I'm so happy! Carter was just here! He didn't get married, after all!"

David stared at her. Then he said, "Really. How very interesting." He dived, too, and came up at some distance, swimming rapidly away from her.

Brenda, treading water, watched him incredulously.

She did not stop to find Nancy. The keys were in the car, and she drove back to the house. "Who is he?" Carter had asked. Both she and Carter had taken too much for granted. . . .

When Nancy burst into her room, Brenda was lying face down on the bed. "Please go away," she said.

"But, Brenda —"

"Please go," Brenda repeated.

By dinnertime she had pulled herself together. Six weeks before, when she stepped off the plane from Reno, she had thought that she was unhappy. Six weeks before, she had been a child.

"Won't it be nice to see mother and father?" she asked Nancy brightly. "We must make the house pretty for them."

Nancy said, "Did you quarrel with David this morning?"

"Of course not!" said Brenda.

"What a silly idea!"

She had no time to go to the beach the next day, and the day after that her parents returned.

"Guess what!" Brenda told them vivaciously. "I have a job! I phoned Charley Baxter, and he's making a place for me in his New York office. I'm leaving tomorrow."

The senator said, "Is that so?"

Mrs. Cutting looked disappointed. She said, "Oh, dear. Your letters have been so gay, and somehow I hoped —"

"I've had a wonderful six weeks," interrupted Brenda. "Now I have to be serious about life."

The senator and Nancy drove her to the airport.

"How did you like my young friend, Dave Bellamy?" asked the senator.

Nancy was looking intently at the landscape.

"I didn't know he was a friend of yours," said Brenda.

"You didn't!" exclaimed her father. "Why, I'm devoted to him. Brilliant lad. Did he talk to you about his work?"

"Work?" echoed Brenda stupidly. "Does he work?"

"He's one of the foremost scientists on atomic research," said the senator.

"He had a near collapse last spring, so I got him to come up here and relax." Brenda made a strange sound, and her father asked politely, "Bone?"

Nancy giggled.

They turned in at the airport gate. "I don't believe I said good-by to David," Brenda murmured to Nancy. "Will you —" Her voice died. A tall figure in gray flannels and a Panama hat was standing beside the plane.

"Why, there's Dave now!" said the senator innocently. . . . "Bellamy! What a coincidence!"

David Bellamy's pewter-gray eyes went to Brenda's face.

"Fancy seeing you with clothes on!" she said. "And a necktie too!"

He did not smile; he was looking at her tensely.

The senator was jovial, loquacious. Brenda kissed him good-by and hugged Nancy. David followed her into the plane and sat down beside her.

"Brenda!" he said.

"Yes?" she answered politely.

His face was drawn. "I've gone through hell," he said. "I thought— didn't you know that I thought you were telling me you were going back to Heath?"

"What?" cried Brenda.

"Four years ago, when I hadn't even met you, it was bad enough," he said. "But after this summer —"

"David!" said Brenda. She looked suddenly as though someone had thrown a switch and turned on all the current. Her face, her eyes, her hair, all sparkled. "David dear!" she said.

The fat man with gentle blue eyes who had the seat just behind them unfolded a newspaper to its broadest capacity, in the manner of one pulling down a window shade for privacy.

THE END



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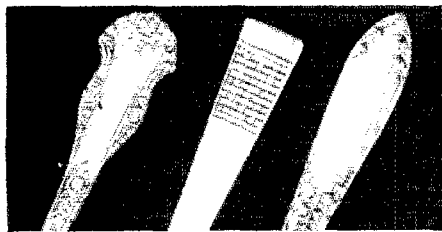
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BUCCANEER OF THE BARRENS

(Continued from Page 47)

tanks, you know. It was my first view of that section of the mountains, so I flitted about among the peaks. A sort of tour. Then I saw this storm coming and rushed in like a frightened rabbit." He raised a questioning eyebrow. "Was someone alarmed?"

"Mr. Travis was a little concerned," said the Mountie gravely. "I'll note the cause of your delay in my report. . . . Have you had breakfast, sir?"

"No, but I was about to go on the prowl. You'll join me?"

"I was about to ask you to join us, Mr. Ravenhill. Colonel Cookingham, Father Breban and I usually breakfast together over at the Myrtle Café, near my headquarters. This morning there's a fourth—Mr. Travis." There was cautious humor in McLean's eyes. "Colonel Cookingham, retired, is the new stipendiary magistrate here," he explained. "He asked me to present his compliments and invite you to sit in with us."

This was obviously an order. Ravenhill was inwardly delighted. He couldn't have arranged a more convenient meeting to test Travis' strength. He knew he must walk warily, however. This was Travis' ground.

"A pleasure of course, McLean. Let's proceed."

As they quartered across the wind, circling the Rock, Ravenhill plotted his play. First he must defy Travis, and dispose of him quickly. The next and perhaps more formidable hurdle was the priest, Father Breban. The most skilled maneuvering might be required there.

"How official is this invitation of the colonel's, McLean? Travis instigated it?"

"That's correct, sir. It's in the nature of an unofficial hearing. Travis is prepared to file an information against you."

"I'm completely unnerved!" Ravenhill asserted. "An information, did you say?"

"It's merely a statement, subject to proof, that Travis has known you in the Yukon and Alaska, and that you are an unreliable person."

Ravenhill did not find this disturbing. It was helpful, in fact. Travis had exposed his own weakness—at least his uncertainty—by not filing the information forthwith.

"What sort of chap, personally, is this Father Breban?"

"Father Breban's tops," said McLean. "He deals equally well with natives, bush pilots and miners. He talks their language. He's a good poker player, incidentally."

"Excellent!" Ravenhill applauded. This, too, was encouraging. Ravenhill had long since observed that while many sterling citizens did not play poker, few good poker players were not also gentlemen of discernment.

At the Myrtle Café, McLean introduced Ravenhill to the three waiting there, and Ravenhill gave each a brief but all-inclusive scrutiny.

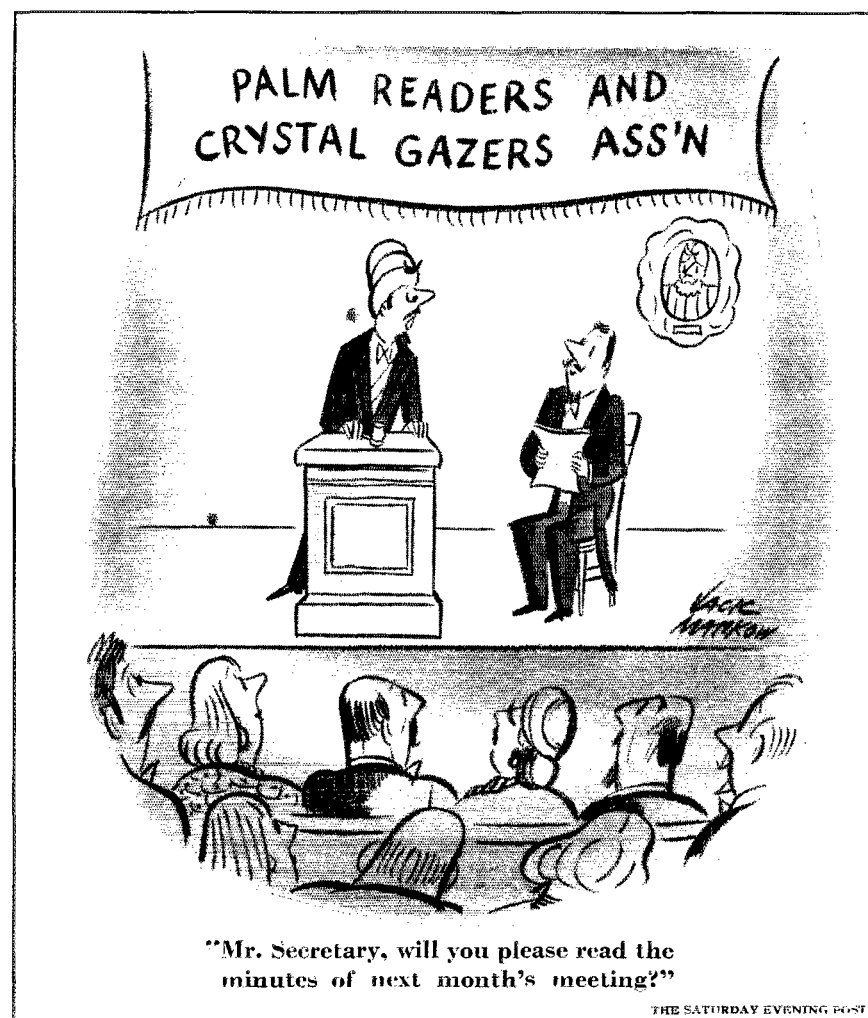
Travis was confident, but watchful. "It's great to have a reputation, Riv," he greeted. "Not many tourists rate a reception committee of this caliber."

Ravenhill gestured cheerfully. "I'm overwhelmed. Thoughtful of you to arrange it, Travis."

The colonel he could have identified in any gathering. He was typically British in the old-school tradition: stiffly erect, florid of face, his white hair and military mustache impeccable. The moment Ravenhill met his formidable blue eyes he knew some rough going lay ahead.

Ravenhill hastily reared his armor against that savage glare. This was one

(Continued on Page 66)



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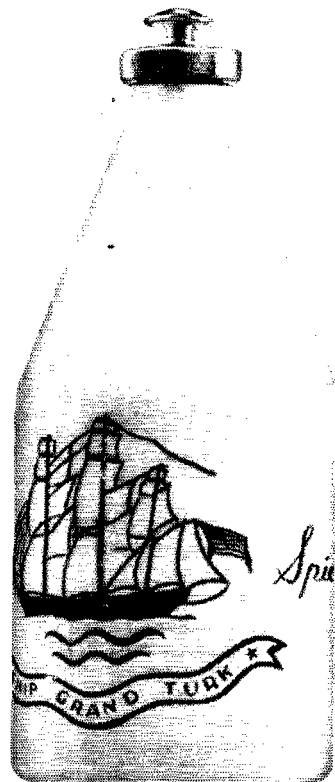
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SHULTON

New York Toronto

(Continued from Page 64)

of the things he had fled to the most distant corner of the old empire to escape, but occasionally it overhauled him still. Here was a pompous but honorable old soldier, retired after a lifetime of service to the Crown. Only his official position could force him to speak with outward civility to one who was, in his view, the lowest of all social outcasts: an ex-officer, dishonored and dismissed from His Majesty's service.

The colonel did not offer to shake hands, nor did Ravenhill. Each inclined his head stiffly, their glances meeting like bitterly opposed steel; and for an instant, though his guards were raised and his glance did not waver, Ravenhill was gripped by a black, ego-shattering mood.

The black mood passed as Father Breban gripped his hand firmly. The priest's face was as bony as his hand; thin-lipped, scholarly, with a sensitive, high-arched nose. Ravenhill had seldom looked into eyes more placid and intelligent.

"This is a pleasure, Mr. Ravenhill," he said. "Travis has been telling us some of your adventures in the Yukon. If half of them are true—which I frankly doubt—this is no ordinary occasion, sir."

"I can't hope to live up to all this fanfare," Ravenhill returned. "Travis flatters me, I'm sure. One merely struggles along."

These pleasantries seemed to irk the colonel. "Be seated, gentlemen," he said gruffly, stressing the last word a little. "Will you place your order, Ravenhill?"

A semiformal air persisted throughout the meal. No official business was mentioned while they ate. Ravenhill and the priest led the small talk on such varied subjects as the late storm, the future of mining in the Loehiel region, and finally to the differing racial characteristics of the natives in the Yukon as opposed to those indigenous to the Mackenzie.

Storm clouds were gathering about the colonel, however. His florid hue deepened minute by minute. He was plainly irked by Ravenhill's ease of manner, his cool assumption that this was merely a pleasant interlude during which one ate, exchanged intellectual titbits, thanked his host and sauntered on, yawning.

Ravenhill played the role to the last. When the table was cleared and their coffee cups refilled, he glanced at his wrist watch with a touch of apology.

"This has been most pleasant, sir," he told the colonel. "I must dash along now, I'm afraid." He turned to Father Breban. "I'm flying over to the Great Bear immediately—weather and Constable McLean permitting. I've a spot of business with the mission there. St. Cyr, I believe?"

The priest nodded, his pleasant manner becoming more formal. "May I assist you in any way?"

"You may indeed, sir. I was about to suggest a private word together, if you have the time. I'd appreciate your advice."

The colonel cleared his throat ominously. "We've a spot of business for you here, Ravenhill. Has Constable McLean informed you of the purpose of this meeting?"

"He has, sir. But Travis won't proceed, I'm quite sure. We'll achieve a meeting of minds the moment he learns why I'm here."

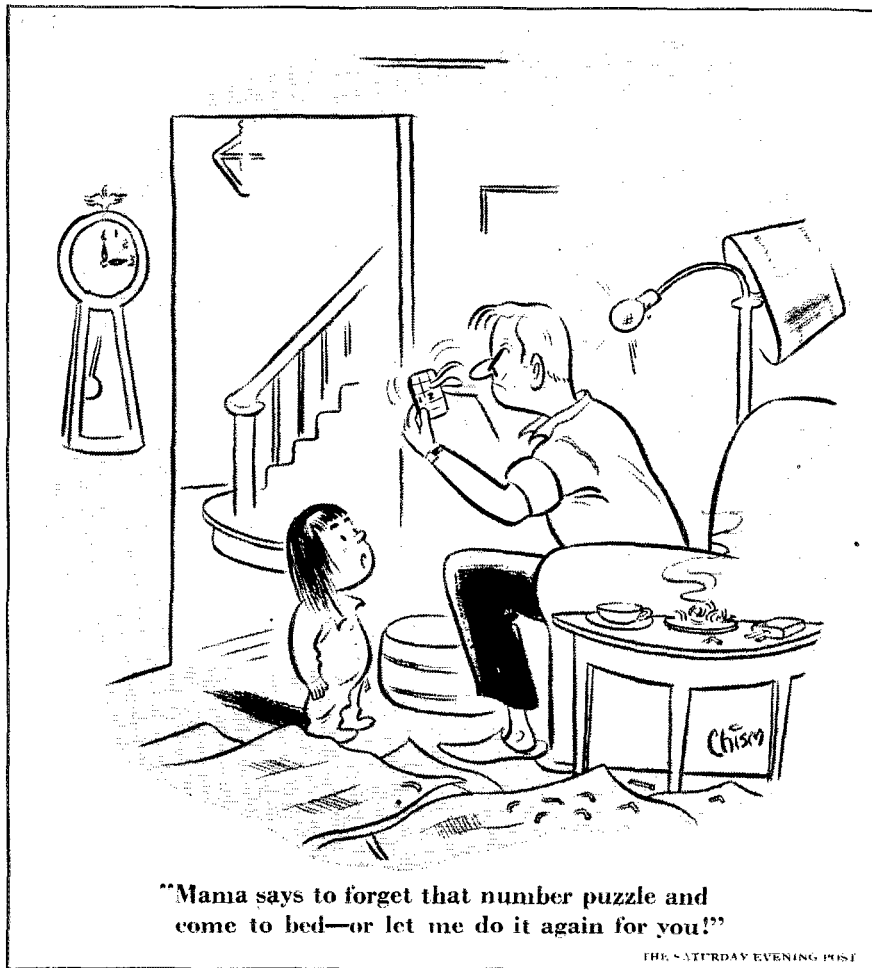
"Don't bet on it, Riv," Travis advised. "You're not in Nome now, you know. This is Northwest Territory."

Ravenhill gave him a cool glance. "I'm here on a benevolent mission, Travis. Your mercenary heart will be touched by it. You wondered, perhaps, why I was a little overdue on my flight from Henderson Falls?"

"Yes," Travis agreed. "I wondered about that."

"Listen closely, then. I detoured by a certain lake on the way over. It's called Chandalar's Lake. There I came upon a small half-breed girl—a charm-

(Continued on Page 68)



(Continued from Page 109)

Mrs. Mitchell didn't say anything for a long time. At least, it seemed like a long time, but maybe it was only a few seconds. When she spoke, there was a kind of coldness in her voice. "What happened? Were you dusting it?"

Jessie shook her head. "I . . . picked it up to look at it. It was so pretty. I didn't mean —" She tightened her mouth at the corners the way she'd taught herself to do.

Mrs. Mitchell got up from the sofa. She took the brown paper out of Jessie's hands, the paper and the broken pieces, and she put them down on the table, staring at them hard. "It can't be mended," she said.

Jessie said, "No, ma'am."

Mrs. Mitchell looked at her, and Jessie looked back, trying hard not to show how frightened she was. And then, all of a sudden, the coldness went out of Mrs. Mitchell's voice, and she sounded quite different. "Don't worry, Jessie," she said. "It's all right." She stirred the pieces with the tip of her finger. "It's just something I picked up once in a secondhand shop. I thought it was pretty, like you did."

Jessie said, "Mrs. Mitchell —" In another minute, folding her lips wasn't going to help any. She could feel the tears behind her eyelids.

"Don't look like that, Jessie. It isn't even valuable. Anyone can have an accident." She gave the brown paper a sudden push, shoving it away from both of them. Neither of them spoke for a minute, then Mrs. Mitchell said briskly, "Can you come next week at the same time?"

"Yes," said Jessie. She wanted to say something more, but even that one syllable nearly choked her.

ARE WE STIFLING THE INVENTORS?

(Continued from Page 23)

the 1920's, tens of thousands of the brightest Russian youngsters have been selected for technical training, and evidently the process is beginning to show results.

Stalin also recognized that science, research and engineering are not enough. They can go only so far unless they are fed and fertilized by new concepts, new ideas, new inventions. He reasoned that inventors invent better if they are stimulated by the prospect of large rewards—prizes which glitter in the night, keeping the inventor awake to puzzle over his budding new ideas.

And so from time to time we read in the papers dispatches such as this one of a few weeks ago:

MOSCOW, Mar. 16 (A.P.)—Another list of 249 Stalin prizes, totaling 17 million rubles, for instrument manufacture, metallurgy and other achievements was announced today.

The list was on top of 141 prizes, totaling 11 million rubles, announced yesterday for scientific research and invention.

The lengthy new list covered five full pages in Moscow's principal newspapers.

Such prizes run as high as 200,000 rubles apiece. However you value the ruble, that is a lot of money to a Russian. Note, too, that the successful inventors get a play in the newspapers comparable to that which we accord movie stars and World Series heroes. The inventor also gets something perhaps more precious to the Russian than money or fame: his "certificate of invention" moves him into the privi-

"That's fine." Mrs. Mitchell's voice sounded absent, as if her mind had gone off somewhere. "I'll expect you."

Jessie nodded. She pulled her coat tight around her, and then she gave Mrs. Mitchell a quick soft look and went fast to the door, pulling it open and closing it behind her.

There was such a loud singing in her heart that it didn't seem possible Mrs. Mitchell couldn't hear it. It was the first singing there had been since Dave had left, because if one miracle could happen maybe another could too. She had something to go on now, and it was like a promise.

After the door closed, Mrs. Mitchell stood in the middle of her living room for quite a long time. Finally she reached out and picked up one of the broken pieces of the cup. It was a wide triangular piece, and all the lovely colors showed on it—deep blue, warm blue, pale clear blue, and at the bottom no blue at all.

She remembered the cup being in her grandmother's house, and how she had loved it. She remembered the day it was given to her, how old it was and how beautifully made. She remembered how she had put it up there on its shelf, even before the rugs were down, when the apartment was new.

The cup was broken and could never be mended. She didn't try to explain to herself the impulse that had made her tell Jessie it didn't matter. All she knew for certain was that her grandmother had been the kindest person she had ever known, and that her cup which was so lovely mustn't be allowed to hurt anyone.

"I'll keep just this one piece," Mrs. Mitchell said aloud to the empty room.

leged ranks of the technical fraternity, with all that this involves in the way of better housing, food, clothes and service. And the military inventor is the most privileged of all.

Thus Stalin, the realist, in the nationally vital matter of stimulating new inventions, does not hesitate to use the profit motive, with trimmings. He knows that the profit motive, operating through the American patent system, made the United States industrially great. Unfortunately, Uncle Sam, so far-sightedly generous toward commercial invention, has absent-mindedly drifted into a fumbling, near-sighted, penny-wise-pound-foolish policy toward military invention.

America's founding fathers fully understood the crucial importance of invention, and the need for stimulating and rewarding it. At least two of them, Franklin and Jefferson, were themselves men of inventive genius. And so, in the very first Article of the Constitution, Congress was empowered to give inventors "exclusive rights . . . for limited times" to their discoveries.

The founders hated monopoly, but they considered invention so important that they gave the inventor a temporary monopoly—later set by Congress at seventeen years—to enable him to profit from his invention. He could either manufacture and sell the invention himself or he could shop around among competing manufacturers and sell or license his patent to the best bidder. The system is not always equitable and has its abuses, but it holds out glittering rewards which have enormously encouraged American ingenuity and brought to our shores countless valuable foreign inventions to enrich the general welfare.

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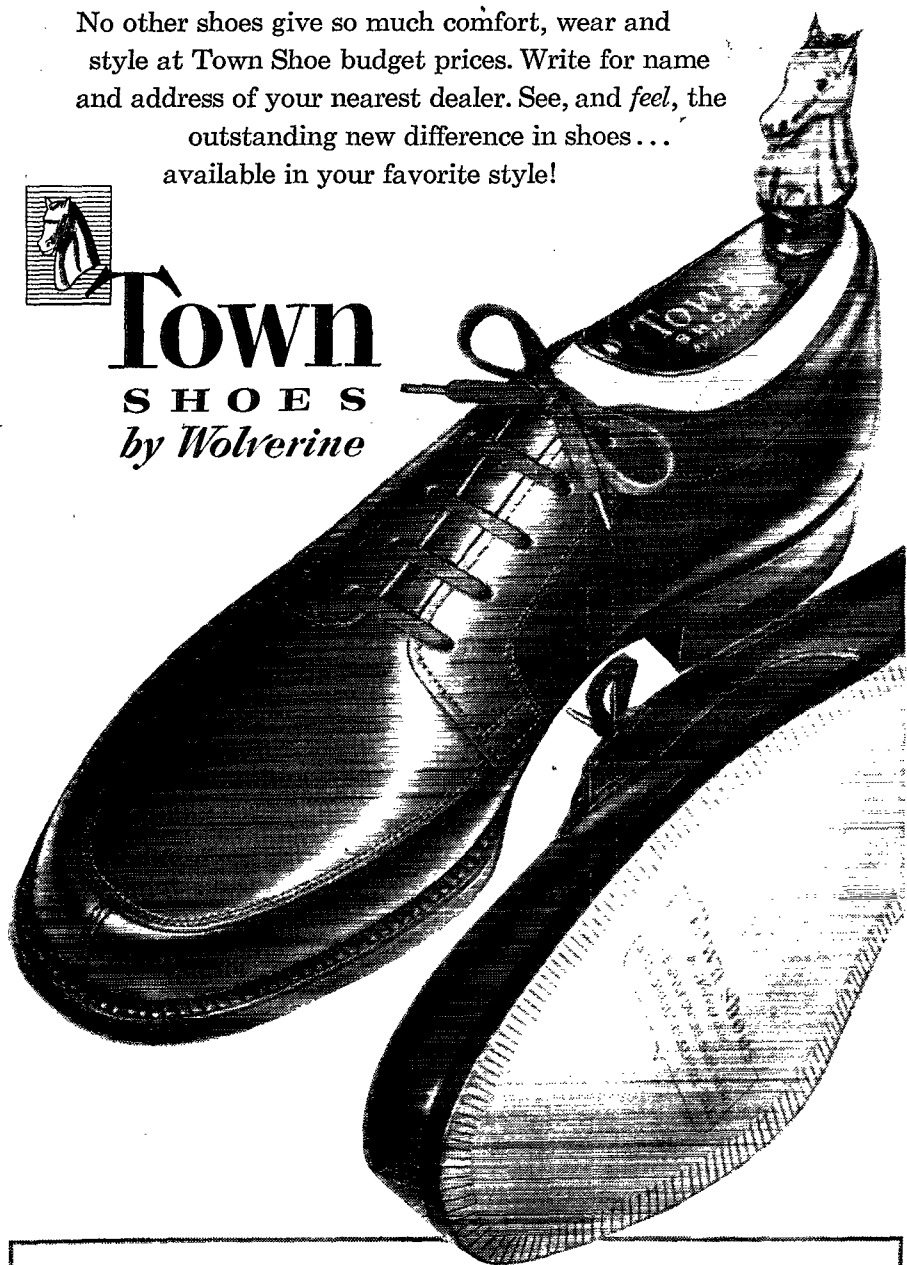
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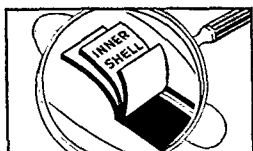
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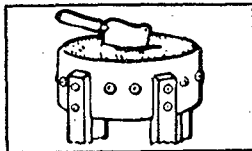
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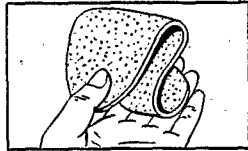
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Naturally it did not occur to the authors of the Constitution, living in the age of musketry and sail, that the survival of this country might someday depend on military invention. They provided no special incentives or protections for the military inventor. Consequently he has been, from the first, under certain inherent disadvantages as compared with the commercial inventor.

In the first place, the inventor of a purely military device has very little bargaining power. His only ultimate customer is the Government. He can take what the Government offers him—or nothing. Or he can peddle his invention to foreign nations, which many Americans have been driven to do. Suppose our Government does not pay him for his invention, but uses it anyway. Until Civil War days, the inventor was not even allowed to sue the Government. Thereafter he had, under certain conditions, a right to sue in the Court of Claims. This used to be an almost interminable procedure. In recent years the court has speeded up its cases, but it still takes a hardy inventor to venture a patent suit there because of (a) the expense, (b) the battery of legal talent and expert testimony which the Government has at its disposal and (c) the difficulty of digging the necessary information out of the Government departments.

Often the military inventor cannot even find out whether the Government is using or infringing his patent. Why can't we bureaucrats get off our pedestals and tell him? Because there is a law (18 USC 198) which makes it a crime for a Government employee to assist anyone in prosecuting a claim against the U. S. A. This law was well intended. It was aimed at a real evil: in the past there were instances where Government employees used their inside information to stir up claims against the Government in order to share in the fees or proceeds. But one curious result is this: even if we in the Government know that an inventor is being cheated of his just patent rights, we can't legally tell him so.

If the invention is so valuable that it is placed under military secrecy, the inventor's position is even tougher. Unless he is specially employed on further development, he can't find out anything. But he can hope. If he lives

long enough the secrecy may be lifted. The problem of rewarding inventions on the secrecy list and at the same time protecting military security is admittedly a puzzler. But there are ways in which it could be done.

The military inventor has, besides his inferior bargaining power and shaky legal position, another disadvantage as compared with the commercial inventor. He has—at least in peacetime—a harder selling job. The manufacturer who is shown a new idea smells profits. The peacetime military officer who is shown a new idea smells trouble. He knows that even the most promising military invention is a long-shot gamble. It will cost a lot of money and many a headache to carry it through the stages of research, development and manufacture. Even then it may prove a flop in practice, thus casting a shadow on the officer's career. The temptation is to play it safe; to give the inventor the brush-off; to say, in the classic phrase of one officer, "Your idea is very interesting, but we are not interested."

An officer assigned to pass on new inventions has a trying job. Inventors are often cantankerous and troublesome. And the pseudo, or crackpot, inventors, who are the most persistent and numerous, are hard to distinguish from the genuine article. After a dozen phony geniuses in succession have twisted your arm and bent your ears, you are apt to forget that the next inventor who comes in the door may have real magic up his ruffled sleeve.

If the invention gets past these first hurdles and surmounts possible roadblocks among the higher echelons, it may eventually come under consideration by the men in the research labs and proving grounds. Here it encounters a new psychological hazard, sometimes called the "N.I.H. factor"—or "Not Invented Here." Since the men in the labs and testing grounds are themselves working on weapon improvement and have ideas of their own on the fire, they are inclined to take a dim view of some outsider who thinks he is smarter than they are.

Some armored-force officers believe this N.I.H. factor kept the Army from making full use of the inventive talent of the late Walter Christie, an American tank pioneer. I cannot pass

(Continued on Page 114)



"Look, Ed—isn't this where you stumbled with the garden seeds?"

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"...everything one could wish for—fast, smooth, close, easy to clean, safe."

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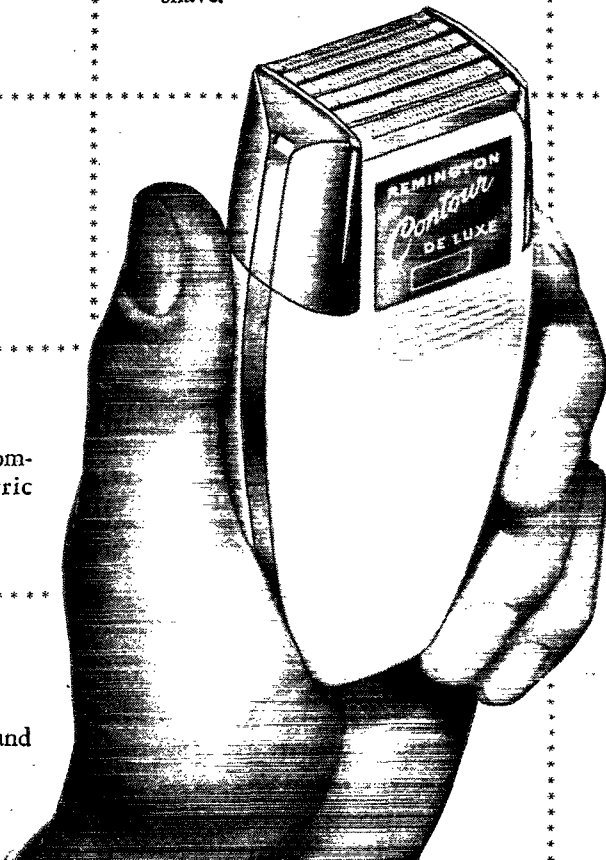
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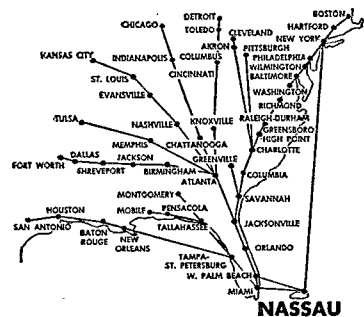


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(Continued from Page 112)

on this involved controversy. The Army bought a number of Christie's ideas, and it may well be that he was treated with all fairness. But if this inventor had been treated more sympathetically and generously in America, perhaps his models would not have gone to Russia, where they were developed into some of the most formidable tanks in the world. Twenty years ago, I should note on Christie's behalf, distant Russia was not thought of as a military threat to the United States.

Another barrier to military inventions is "No Requirement." Hard-headed, practical, common-sense men say, "We don't need it, couldn't use it." It takes rare imagination to grasp the possibilities of a new invention. Early in World War II someone devised a method for attaching a bulldozer to a tank. It was rejected and forgotten. A tank can knock down or roll over obstacles. Why clutter it with a bulldozer? No one foresaw the hedge-rows of Normandy. Within a week after the invasion our tanks were stopped cold by these primitive, massive, root-tangled earthen walls. An earth-cutting tank attachment had to be invented all over again. Precious time and lives were lost, but GI ingenuity saved the day. Sgt. Curtis Culin, Lt. Steve Litton, Capt. James Depew and others improvised a 'dozer-cutter within a few weeks and the tanks sliced forward in the historic St. Lô breakthrough.

Late in World War II, Germany gave us a scare with her snorkel submarine, which was almost immune from radar detection. If she had developed it a bit sooner we would have been in a dangerous fix. Yet this "amazing device" was invented early in this century by Simon Lake, the American submarine genius, and described by him in his U. S. Patent #803,176 for "an air-supply apparatus for submarine vessels." Why didn't we snap up and develop Lake's invention? No requirement. In those preradar days a sub could safely surface at night for air and recharging. Years passed, radar came along, and Lake's ideas continued to sleep in the Patent Office. Then Dutch inventors hit upon the snorkel, the Germans stole or captured it from the Dutch, and soon the Atlantic teemed with tin fish where no tin fish ought to be.

Now, of course, we have the snorkel. We got it from the Germans. So did the Russians, who also scooped up some of the best German U-boat technicians. The Russians are building a lot of snorkels, and perhaps other new sub types. We believe we can cope with them. We hope so.

In World War II, Germany came up with other "amazing devices" such as the magnetic mine, the acoustic or homing torpedo and jet engines. They gave the Allies a bad time. Yet we had, tucked away in the Patent Office, designs by American inventors for all these devices. (Magnetic mine, 1917, L. J. Husted. Acoustic torpedo, 1926, R. S. Blair. Jets, 1932 and 1934, Urquhart and Goddard.) Read 'em and weep. Each of these inventions would, of course, have required extensive research and development. Somehow, whether from lack of initiative, or money, or imagination, we did not develop them.

Other, poorer nations did. One of these, fortunately, was Britain, from whom we get most of our jet techniques. Britain came up with jet planes in time to counter the swarming German buzz-bombs. The chief British jet

inventor was an air-force officer, Frank Whittle, who was specifically assigned to research and invention. Under our present thrifty American system—Executive Order 10,096—Whittle would not have received a penny for his inventions, either from the Government or from the commercial rights, because he was "employed . . . to invent or improve."

The British, however, since their close squeak in World War I, have found that it pays to reward military invention. So the British royal commission, set up to do justice in these matters, cut through all legal technicalities and awarded Air Commodore Whittle \$403,000, tax free—an independent fortune.

Since 1919, British royal commissions have made awards totaling many millions of dollars to military inventors, individual or corporate. The awards are not based on any narrow view of the patent law—some of the most valuable ideas are not even patentable—but on the contribution made to the national security. Possibly that is why England, with a third of our population and maybe a tenth of our technical personnel and facilities, was ahead of us in many basic military inventions in World War II; and why she was ready in 1940 with the plane types and radar which won the Battle of Britain.

Once World War II got under way, America woke up and performed prodigies of invention, research and development to make up for lost time. Agencies such as the Office of Scientific Research and Development, under Dr. Vannevar Bush, marshaled the nation's scientific and research talent. The stress of war supplied a powerful stimulus for military invention. The armed-services suddenly had plenty of money to experiment with new weapons. And Lawrence Langner, of New York, persuaded President Roosevelt to establish the National Inventors Council.

This council was headed by Charles F. (Boss) Kettering, of General Motors, and included many of America's other top inventors. During the war the council and its staff examined 200,000 inventions, and found 6000 of them worth passing along to various Army or Navy bureaus. By the war's end 1000 of these were still under test and 150 had been accepted, including the land-mine detector which saved countless allied lives.

The National Inventors Council still carries on under the chairmanship of Mr. Kettering, and performs a valuable though too-little-publicized function. Many inventors do not know about it. The military inventor coming to Washington should go to the council's offices, Room 1319 Commerce Building. The council at present has no money to pay inventors or to help them develop pilot models, but it can give them honest advice, steer them to the right channels and save them sweat and shoe leather.

During the war America was also fortunate in being able to apply its accumulated commercial invention—which we have always encouraged—to many military uses. The automotive industry helped out on trucks, jeeps and tanks; commercial aviation—wisely subsidized by air-mail contracts—helped on engines and bombers; the radio industry helped make possible the proximity fuse. The Navy, if a Navy man may say so, did a generally good technical job—partly because we had been allowed to encourage our inventors with some prospect of eventual commercial rewards. Since

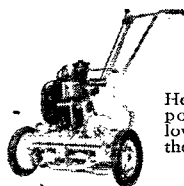


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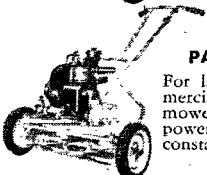
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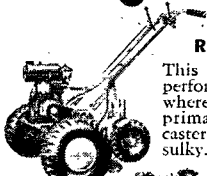
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then we, as well as the Army and the Air Force, have been handcuffed by Executive Order 10,096 and other rules to preserve military inventors against the contamination of monetary reward.

In development and production, America was tops. Britain, for example, was ahead of us in the vital matter of radar. But after we teamed up with the British we were able to improve and mass-produce radar in a manner beyond the capacity of the British, and to the great advantage of both nations.

America's most resounding achievement was the atomic bomb. That was not an invention by an individual. It grew out of the discoveries of many men in many lands. Becquerel and Curie in France, Rutherford in England, and Einstein in Germany started the ball rolling many years ago. From 1939 on, such scientists as Bohr, of Denmark; Fermi, of Italy; Szilard, of Hungary; Chadwick, of England, and German refugees Frisch and Meitner helped encourage America to attempt the bomb, and assisted American scientists in working out the fundamentals. Which should remind us of what we would lose if we "pull back behind the Atlantic." Europe's inventive fertility and scientific genius alone—apart from all questions of honor, friendship, humanity and industrial power—make it essential to have her on our side in the struggle against Soviet power.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

The driver who speeds past a school is often the same fellow who took so long going through one.

—LEO J. BURKE.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Fortunately, America's leaders realized that the atomic bomb was too big to "go through channels." Rules, red tape and false economy were brushed aside. The pressure was on and the sky was the limit. The results were seen at Hiroshima and Nagasaki.

There were other less-spectacular effects. Military men who had formerly looked down their noses at the "long hairs" acquired a tremendous respect for scientists. Military budgets now provide generously for research projects. For the fiscal year beginning this July first, the huge sum of \$1,500,000,000 is projected for military research. This is fine, but it overlooks one thing—the inventor. The most elaborate research in the world drifts toward sterility unless it is fed and reinvigorated by new seed ideas, germinal concepts—in other words, by inventive genius.

Invention and science are not synonymous. The quality called inventive genius is sparsely spotted about among the entire population and is rare even among scientists. The popular idea now is that if we spend enough millions on research we can solve any problem we want. There is some truth in this, if we know just what we want. The trick in this is that many great inventions are things which nobody thought of wanting—except that queer bird, the inventor.

Nobody wanted Lake's snorkel. Nobody wanted John L. Bogert's brilliant idea, in 1917, for using carriers to escort convoys, though we got around to it in a desperate hurry a quarter century later. In 1875 electrical science and research had the techniques needed to transmit speech. The scientists did not think of wanting this. But Alexander Graham Bell did. He made

a telephone. The eminent scientist Sir James Maxwell referred contemptuously to Bell as an amateur electrician who had discovered nothing new—merely tinkered together some familiar objects into a device which could talk at a distance. Unfortunately, this disdain of the scientist for the inventor—who is sometimes a mechanic or tinkerer with only a haphazard scientific education—lingers on and colors our thinking today. Actually each is essential to the other. Kettering compares scientists and inventors to the warp and woof of a cloth. "And just try," he suggests, "sleeping in a hammock which is all warp and no woof."

Since Hiroshima the prestige of the scientist has risen sky high. The inventor remains out in the cold. Indeed his position is even weaker, as I say, under the various restrictions, regulations and orders. He also suffers from the idea that invention has now zoomed so far off into the scientific stratosphere that only great teams of researchers can do any good. Therefore, it is argued, the individual or independent inventor is not important any more and the garret or cellar inventor is a joke. This is another half-truth. The germinal idea still arises in the individual mind. And the untutored genius can still sometimes hit the mark where the research teams fail.

Let me give you a few examples from my own recent experience. Since these inventions are within the secrecy zone, I shall have to disguise the circumstances, but I can give enough of the facts to illustrate the point.

One day a small-town auto mechanic came into the Office of Naval Research with a device about as big as your two fists. It is a cheap, simple little thing, made with ordinary tools. But as we examined it and our research people checked it over, we found that this device could do a little trick which nobody had ever thought of before. And this little trick, applied on a scale and scope the inventor never dreamed of, may save hundreds of thousands of American lives in case of global war.

This is one of the rare cases in which the inventor can, I believe, be reasonably compensated. He is not employed by the Government; the technicalities of his patent position are being handled by a good lawyer; and he himself has "actually reduced the invention to practice." This last is most important, because if the Government has to spend a substantial sum of money in reducing the invention to practice, then the Government must—according to regulations—demand a free license, generously leaving to the inventor his commercial rights, if any, when, as and if secrecy, if imposed, is lifted. Get it? Neither do many inventors, who therefore steer clear of military inventions, and devote their talents to such nationally constructive and remunerative fields as depilatories, pens that will write under water upside down, and bubble gum.

On another recent occasion a veterinarian, without apparent scientific background except among animals, sent us some formulas for making a new propellant fuel. Our trained chemists pointed out that the constituent parts, if mixed as directed, would explode. But the letter was so convincing that they made a cautious try. No explosion. The resulting composition gives every promise of becoming a valuable fuel for missiles.

Here the inventor is out of luck. Since the Government must spend money to "actually reduce the invention to practice," it takes a free license,

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leaving to the inventor his commercial rights, which are apparently nil. He himself has no facilities for handling a research-and-development contract. Possibly a way can be found for compensating him indirectly, by putting him on the Government payroll or by some roundabout arrangement with the company which develops the new fuel. It is strange to see Uncle Sam reduced to such shenanigans in dealing with men on whom his survival may depend.

One morning not long ago the mail brought us in a complete set of drawings. They disclosed a weapon of such a revolutionary nature and with such accurate detail and execution that our experts were first startled, then alarmed. Our people had been working along similar lines, and it seemed that this inventor must have got hold of our secret information and then gone on from there. We hastily tracked him down and checked him from A to Z. He turned out to be an obscure Government employee, on a salary of less than \$2000 a year, located in a remote part of the United States. He had no special training in science or in abstruse weapons. He had no possible access to secret military information. He just happened to have a strong and original mechanical gift.

His weapon has great possibilities and we are spending a lot of money to develop it. But no money can go to the inventor. In the first place, he is employed by the Government, and admittedly conceived and drew his designs (1) "during working hours," using (2) Government "materials"—pencils and paper. Therefore the Government takes all "right, title and interest" to his invention [see Executive Order 10,096, Jan. 23, 1950, Sec. 1, (a), (1) and (2)]. In the second place, he did not reduce his invention to "actual practice," which he might have done if he had had \$1,000,000, private arsenals and proving grounds, and a few other things. But he can still draw his little salary and may someday receive a handsomely engraved certificate of commendation from his grateful Government.

It is true that the Government has an "employee-suggestion" system providing modest—very modest—rewards for bright ideas which save the Government money. Thus R. L. Graumann, an engineer in the Washington Navy Yard, suggested during the war an idea that saved the Government \$236,000,000 in the manufacture of 40-mm. shells. He was awarded the munificent sum of \$5550. Dick Hoffman, who works for the Corps of Engineers, conceived a pump vent for Army dredges which saved \$4,349,000 the first year. He was given \$2300. But a new weapon does not ordinarily save money—only lives—so again the military inventor is out of luck.

How did America drift into this dangerous and self-defeating attitude toward military invention, and what can be done about it?

Mainly it is the result of accretion and indirection rather than intention. Our patent system was designed for commercial rather than military invention. Watchdogs of the Treasury, over the decades, created barriers which now protect us better against the ingenuity of inventors than they do against the ingenuity of crooks. And in the long years of our safe isolation behind the oceans, all military expenditures were regarded as wasteful, if not immoral. As for military invention: "A million farmers with shotguns will spring to arms overnight."

During the 1930's and continuing into the 1940's a new factor appeared. The bright young men who swarmed to Washington thought well of Government ownership and were determined to wipe out "monopoly." The eager beavers of the Antitrust Division apparently reasoned as follows: invention means patent, patent means monopoly, monopoly means evil; therefore anything which protects the inventor is evil. They could not see that the patent right is a very special kind of temporary monopoly, designed to benefit rather than injure the public, and for this reason expressly sanctioned by the Constitution. "Patents are bad, Government ownership is good." Therefore the Government should, wherever possible, grab ownership, without compensation, of any patents within reach—and the inventions easiest to reach are those made by Government employees and those having contractual relations with the Government.

In 1943 President Roosevelt asked Attorney General Francis Biddle to make a study of Government policy toward inventions made by employees and contractors. Naturally, Mr. Biddle could not make such a study himself. The task was passed down the line to the bright young lawyers. They worked on it for years. In 1947 they finally came up with a monumental final report of 982 closely printed pages. By then the Attorney General was Tom Clark—now Mr. Justice Clark. He signed the report and forwarded it to President Truman. With all respect to Mr. Clark and the President, I do not believe their busy lives permitted them fully to study, digest and ponder those 982 pages or to understand the harm the report's recommendations might do to the national security. I trust the well-meaning men who wrote the report did not understand this either.

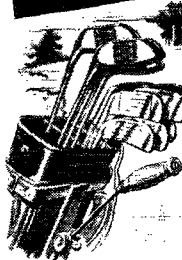
Most of the authors of the report have long since left the Government. But their massive recommendations linger on, carrying the authority of the nation's highest legal officer. They were a primary influence behind Executive Order 10,096, to which I have referred, and exert a continuing pressure against all inventors, military or otherwise, who work for or have dealings with the Government. If only the inventors were hurt, I might just say, "Too bad!" But it is the national defense which is threatened.

So there we are. What can we do?

If we had time to spare, I would suggest that Congress study and overhaul the entire jungle of laws, rules, orders and regulations which are involved. But these are incredibly complex—I have been able only to skim the surface here. Careful revision might take years, and Stalin's boys may not give us that long.

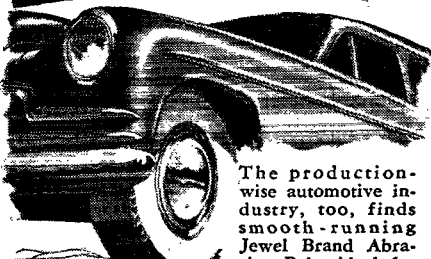
The quickest and simplest move would be for Congress to establish an awards board somewhat along the lines of the British royal commissions which I have mentioned. The British have tested this idea now for thirty-two years and it works. The reports of the royal commissions show that the members, chosen from top technical and scientific men of the nation, have been up against the same kind of sticky problems we face in America, and have solved them. They don't tamper with the existing legal and patent system. But when the existing system provides no reward or an inadequate reward to an inventor, native or foreign, who has well served Great Britain, the commission cuts through the red tape and gives him just compensation.

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KIWI SHOE POLISH

(KEE-WEE)

Since I am not a legislator I would not venture to say just how such an American awards board should be set up. But I suggest that the value of the board would depend on the character and brains of its members rather than on any rigid system of rules. For example, men of the caliber of Conant, Coolidge, Compton, Buckley, Kettering and Waterman could be relied on not to squander public money uselessly. They should be given a competent staff of young technicians, a free hand and a continuing fund of perhaps \$5,000,000, subject perhaps to congressional approval of any award over \$250,000.

The National Inventors Council has become deeply concerned about our lag in military invention, and at a recent meeting suggested an awards board somewhat similar to that outlined above.

So much for stimulus and rewards. How about better evaluation of new military inventions? Here I think Congress should give the Secretary of Defense the funds and, if necessary, additional authority to set up special invention evaluation boards in the

military services. Evaluation officers should be chosen with the utmost care for their technical brains, their creative imagination and that slant of mind which will enable them to understand that queer bird, the inventor.

If these evaluation boards come upon an invention which seems to have brilliant and useful possibilities, they should not be stopped cold when somebody along the line says, "No requirement." They should be given the funds and authority to look a little further, to help the inventor build a pilot model and to see that the model gets a fair test.

I have not written this article out of concern for inventors, but out of concern for the United States. The subject is an immensely intricate one, and in trying to simplify it I have made some statements which are open to exceptions, qualifications or argument. But there can be no argument on the main point—that America is not fully utilizing its immense inventive genius in the struggle for survival. I have suggested certain remedies, in the hope that better minds can improve upon them.

THE END



YOU BE THE JUDGE

By BRUCE JONES

DURING his lifetime, Mabel's wealthy father did his best to discourage her romance with young Lawyer Brown, whom he regarded as unpromising. He even drew up his will with a double-barreled clause aimed at making her marry someone else. It provided that she should receive her inheritance immediately upon her father's death if she was married to anyone other than Brown, but if unmarried or married to Brown, she was not to inherit until after Brown's death.

When her father passed away, Mabel, still unmarried, wanted both Brown and her inheritance right away. So she asked him to be her lawyer in suing to knock out the clause against their marriage.

"Mabel's father was entirely within his rights in drawing his will as he did," counsel for his estate argued.

"Not so," Brown contended wholeheartedly. "It's against public policy to restrain marriage or encourage murder. That clause tends to do both. It's like putting a price on my head, for Mabel to marry and murder me. The court should throw it out."

If you were the judge, would you agree with Mabel and her lawyer?

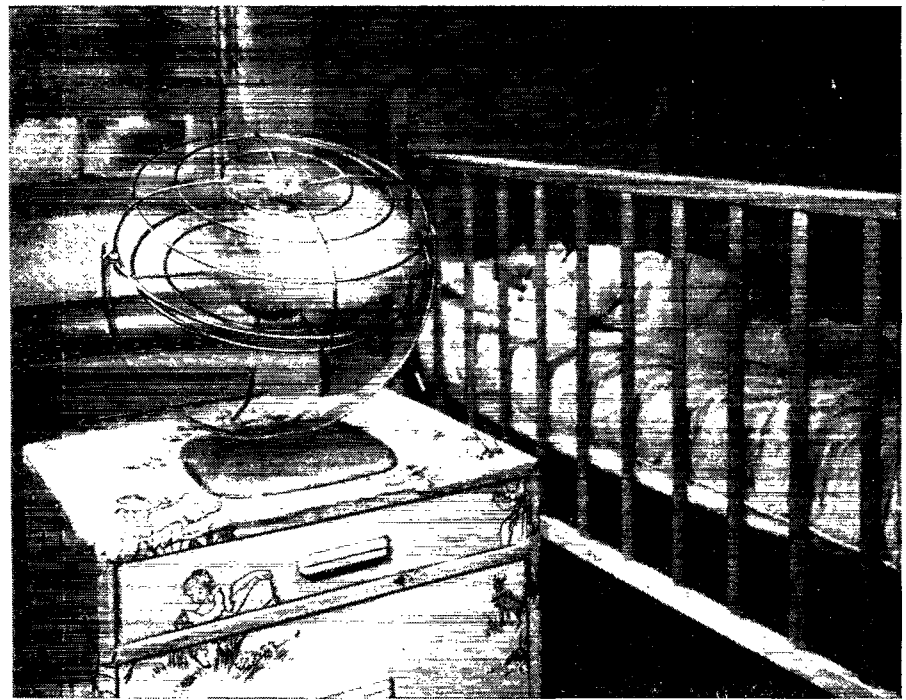
★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Mabel and her amorous attorney lost. The court said that while a general restraint against marriage was void, provisions to discourage marriage with a particular person were valid. It added that while it was quite natural for Lawyer

Brown to feel slighted by the terms of the will, "that fact does not justify him in distorting the provisions of the will into an invitation to murder."

Based upon a 1916 decision of the Court of Appeals of New York.

You Be the Judge is primarily for entertainment, not advice. As state laws vary, these decisions may not apply everywhere nor at all times. This department is well stocked. Further contributions are not wanted.



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**FINGER
TIP
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GIVE DAD A GEM—Then watch him rub his fingers over his face after he shaves. Watch him smile as he agrees, "Gem's best! Smoothest, cleanest shave I've ever known!"

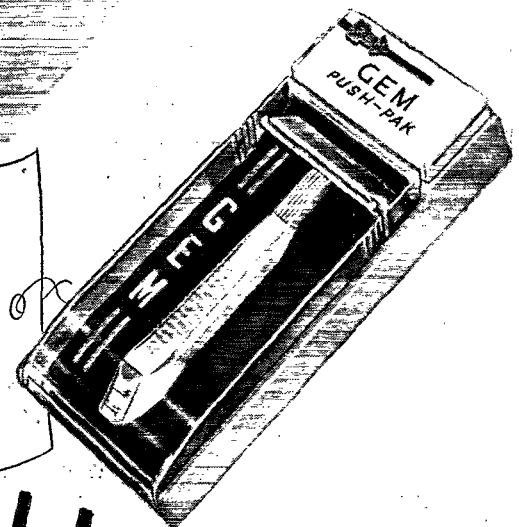
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for a great guy.*

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in permanent crystalline case.



Avoid '5 o'clock
shadow' with

NEW

Feather Weight

PRECISION **ASR** PRODUCTS

GEM RAZOR

(Continued from Page 150)
with enough capital to put together a sixty-minute vaudeville unit entitled, prophetically enough, Bring on the Dames. This tabloid revue was such a success in the provinces that Todd, in 1936, figured he was ready for Broadway.

His first two shows, Call Me Ziggy and The Man From Cairo, were quick flops and rocked him back on his heels, but he rebounded with a jazzed-up version of Gilbert and Sullivan, The Hot Mikado, starring Bill Robinson. The show got rave notices, but Todd petitioned Equity for the right to cut the salaries of his dancers. Equity refused and a violent hassle ensued. A drama reporter, asking Todd for a statement, said, "Your accountant has been showing Equity figures that your show is losing money, while your press agent continues to insist that The Hot Mikado is the biggest hit on Broadway. How do you reconcile this discrepancy?"

"All I have to say," Todd replied, "is that each department is functioning perfectly."

Todd lives by himself in a magnificent five-room duplex-penthouse terrace apartment on the nineteenth floor of a modernistic house at Park Avenue and 70th Street. From about 9:30 until 2:00 P.M., he operates from his home base with the telephone as the nerve center. After his morning cigar and several calls, he makes himself breakfast, consisting of a bowl of breakfast food with cream and fruit, cake and coffee. He carries a tray of food upstairs to a glass-enclosed room on the terrace.

The room has a television set, coffee table and a portable table with bottles of soda and whisky. He receives a case of Scotch, gratis, every week. Any producer who has a scene in which wine or whisky or champagne is used as a prop can receive a case of some brand every week as long as the same brand is used on stage.

The producer spoons up portions of breakfast food with one hand and holds a phone with the other. After breakfast he lies down on a green couch and continues transacting business from a horizontal position. The business ranges from such serious matters as hiring a director for Tevye's Daughters, a folk musical based on life in pre-war Poland on which Todd has taken

an option, to giving his permission to the American Feline Society, which is sponsoring National Cat Week, to make a tie-up with Lily Christine. Perhaps 20 per cent of Todd's time is wasted in getting tickets for friends—sometimes he has to go out to a ticket speculator and buy seats to his own show—getting tickets to other producers' shows, and in soothing the sensitive egos of the talents with whom he works.

The big headache with actors is their almost childlike sensitivity—they are hurt by even the vaguest criticism. Todd treats his actors with great respect and warmth and such morale-building rituals as repeating, "You were terrific last night. You were sensational. I'm not kidding you. Everybody is talking about it."

Pressure comes from all directions. An executive of the National Broadcasting Company may phone to say that the *première* Bobby Clark show on television was great, but it needs more girls. "Everybody expects a Mike Todd production to have girls, lots of girls," the executive says.

"I had lots of girls," Todd fires back. "I had thirty girls in that show."

"We feel the next production should emphasize the girl theme more."

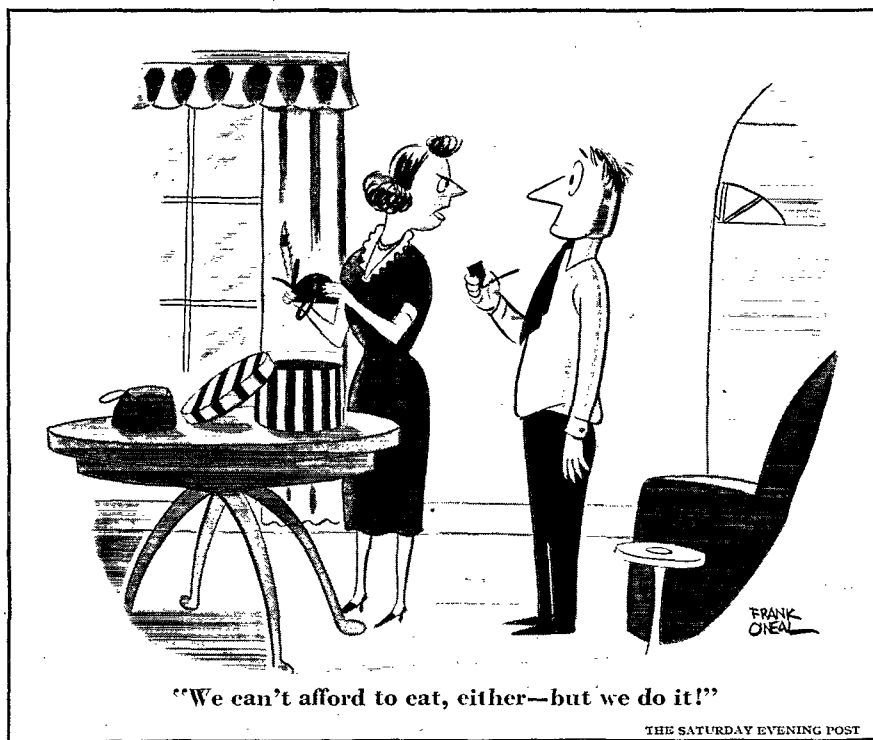
"What do you guys want—the girls should walk out of the television screens into their living rooms?" Todd shouts.

There is the pressure from agents—all kinds of agents. Agents such as Hermann Fialkoff, who telegraphs:

WORLD FAMOUS LITTLE SINGERS FROM PARIS. 40 BOY CHOIR AVAILABLE TV DEBUT AND RADIO. LIMITED AMERICAN TOUR. SUCCESS CARNEGIE HALL CONCERT. ADVISE IMMEDIATE RESPONSE.

"I need a forty-boy choir like a hole in the head," Todd muses.

And agents such as small, dignified Dr. Edmond Pauker, who handles Playwright Irving Elman, author of Tevye's Daughters. Pauker wants to know when Todd is going to stop beating around the bush and get down to producing Tevye's Daughters. In September, Todd paid Elman \$1000 for a thirty-day option on the script. When the option expired, Todd took a two-month renewal on it, paying another \$1500. Todd tells Pauker he is still looking for a director. Pauker wants to



"We can't afford to eat, either—but we do it!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



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know when he is going to hire a director. Todd says he has been negotiating for several weeks with Daniel Mann, who directed last season's hit, *Come Back, Little Sheba*. Mann likes the script, he thinks, and he is going to have a conference with Mann one of these days.

Todd calls Bill Liebling, Mann's agent, and asks him when he can see Mann. Liebling starts playing cagey and implies that Mann has offers to do several other plays.

"Anyway, let's get together," Todd insists. "Set up a date with him in my office. Any afternoon."

The office is a fairly modest room with a large Empire desk on which are piled scripts and a phonograph. The vermilion walls are covered with posters and advertisements of old Todd hits. Todd is wearing a brown shark-skin suit, a solid brown tie and a brown shirt. Like a reporter in a movie, he keeps his hat on during office hours.

Mann turns out to be a stocky, self-confident chap in a gray flannel suit and blue sweater. He starts by uttering the standard Broadway opinion of a script, "It's good, Mike, but it needs work—a lot of work."

"Well," Todd inquires bluntly, "do you want to work on it?"

"It's hard to say. I've sort of committed myself to doing Sunday Breakfast for Steven Scheuer, but I don't know when he wants to go into rehearsal. Do you want to go to bat on Tevye right away?"

"I'm ready to start casting tomorrow, if you want to do the show," Todd says. "Incidentally, what's the matter with the script?"

"It's too episodic," Mann replies. "It needs a strong central conflict to tie it all together. We don't get to know the main characters well enough. In the last act, when the mood becomes serious, we don't really know the characters deeply enough to worry about them. In other words, we don't *participate*—Mann looks owlishly through his horn-rimmed glasses as he accents the word—"in their emotions and struggles. But it's a good script; it's got a real folk quality."

"Would you be willing to talk to the author?"

"Sure, I'd be willing to talk to the author."

"All right, I'll set up a date for Monday morning."

The Monday-morning session develops into a battle of wits and nerves between the author and the potential director. The author fights for his script. The director fights for revisions. Todd tries to keep both parties from beating out each other's brains. (The following day Mann signed to direct *The Rose Tattoo*, a play by Tennessee Williams, which subsequently became a hit.) Once again Todd has to begin hunting for a good director—and a good director is almost impossible to find. Once more he has to start the interminable conversations with agents and their clients.

He also has to keep the author happy. The author gets restless whenever option time comes up. Perhaps he will tell his agent to take the script to another producer who has promised him action.

Todd also has to worry about Joseph Buloff, with whom he has an understanding to the effect that Buloff is going to play Tevye. Buloff is getting nervous too. If Buloff gets too nervous and goes into another play, Todd will not only be without a director but he will also be without his leading man.

In one way or another, some specter is always threatening Todd's talent. One day it is the United States Immigration Service in the person of a young inspector who comes with Clifford Guest in tow. Guest is a clever Australian ventriloquist who does a six-minute specialty routine with his dummy in *Peep Show*, and also acts in some of the sketches. Guest has already had a six-month visitor's visa and two six-month extensions. His application for another extension has been rejected. He is now appealing the rejection, citing the fact that he is an important member of the show.

The inspector cross-examines Todd, "Is this man essential to your show?"

Todd paces around the desk. "It would work a great hardship on me if you chase this boy out of the country."

"Well, is he or isn't he important to the show?"

"He's very important. He does his own turn and he works in the sketches."

"Is he one of the stars?"

"Definitely. He gets billing."

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

PRAYER

FOR A SICK LAD

By Virginia Moran Evans

Lord, let him be cross tomorrow,
Let him whine and fuss and
fume,
Protesting with his old-time
vigor
Confinement to this little room!

Today he has been sweet and
patient,
Resigned to illness and its
fetter;
Lord, tomorrow let him grumble,
So we'll know he's getting
better!

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

"Could you replace him?"

"Not till the first of the year."

"Approximately how long do you expect *Peep Show* to run?"

"At least a year . . . I hope more."

"Would that be until next June?"

"At least," Todd says.

"Well, would you say it would work a hardship on you if you lose this actor?"

"Listen, sweetheart, in this business it works a hardship if I lose one chorus girl."

Every week Todd loses at least one chorus girl, sometimes two or three. They get married, or they go to Hollywood, or they go into television, or they grow old. A show girl is an old lady by the time she's twenty-three. The average age of the eleven dancers in *Peep Show* was nineteen. That of the show girls was twenty-two. So at least once a week Todd held an audition in the afternoon at the Winter Garden. The stage is bare, lit only by a pilot light and a bank of back lights. In the pit sits a pianist. In the huge vacant theater there are only Stage Manager Hall, Press Agent Gendel, Todd and a big man with puffy eyes named Wally Wanger, who specializes in training show girls and dancers. The girls are waiting around in the wings. The atmosphere is gloomy and the air is chill.

"All right," Todd calls out, "let's go!"

(Continued on Page 156)

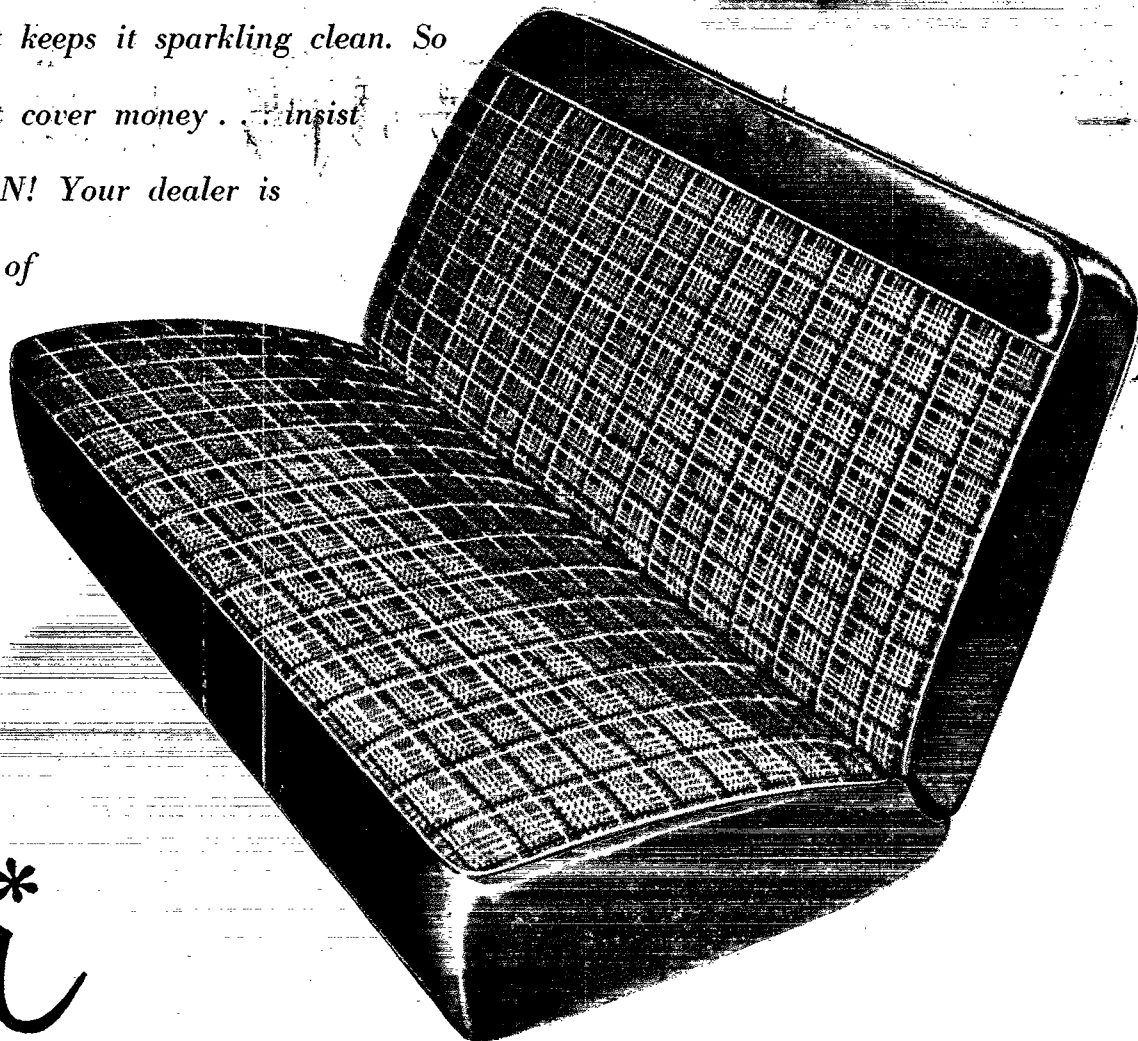
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No Wonder more Acushnets are sold
over Pro Shop counters than any other ball.

ACUSHNET

GOLF BALLS

Sold the world over through Pro Shops only

(Continued from Page 154)

Five girls step out. They are wearing bathing suits. They all look beautiful, with perfectly proportioned bodies. You wonder how Todd will ever manage to make a selection of one.

"Play a little music, professor," Todd commands. The pianist bangs out a chorus of A Pretty Girl is Like a Melody. As if they were jerked by strings, the five girls begin a haltingly rhythmic parade in a circle.

Wanger whispers, "That last girl on the left was in the line at the Copa."

"She's too stiff," Todd says. Aloud, he cries, "Listen, you kids bring your dancing shoes?"

They go out and return wearing ballet slippers or tap shoes.

"You," Todd says, "the one in the center with the leaves on your bathing suit, can you do a time-step?"

She fumbles through a tap routine. Then he has all the girls do a time-step, so nobody will feel slighted.

"Smile," he says. They march about, wearing forced mechanical smiles.

"She's good," Hall remarks of the girl in the white bathing suit with the black leaves. "She's young. She's got lots of pep."

"I like her," Todd says. "She doesn't look hard. What's her name?"

"Pat Conway," Hall says.

"Let's hire her. You'll have to help her with make-up, Frank. Her eyes are set very deep."

All week long, Todd is pursuing talent. This pursuit brings him into contact with agents like Eddie Elkort, the American representative of Lew & Leslie Grade, an English firm that exports continental acts to this country. One afternoon Elkort dashes into Todd's office in a flurry of excitement.

"I just got a cable from London!" he cries. "We signed up Sonia Gamal! You can have her for Peep Show! Only \$300 a performance."

"Who's Sonia Gamal?" Todd murmurs, looking utterly bored.

"Who's Sonia Gamal? Are you kidding, Mike? She's the girl who danced a command performance for the King of Egypt. She's probably the most famous dancer in the world."

"Yes?" Todd says.

"Why don't you make her an offer?" "How can I make her an offer when you start out with a ridiculous figure like \$300 a performance? That's \$2400 a week."

"But think of the business she'll bring in."

"I'm doing capacity now."

"Think of the publicity you'll get if you bring her over."

But Todd is still uninterested in Sonia. He asks, "You got any good novelty acts?"

Finally, Elkort sells him The Ivankos, a Danish aerialist act, and Rudi Horn, a German unicyclist who juggles twelve plates while pedaling his contraction around a stage.

Meanwhile, during all this month, besides trying to keep Peep Show in good running order and getting Tevye's Daughters into production, Todd was organizing the second Bobby Clark television show. Throughout one week he was tangling with every agent in town, trying to line up a good guest star. Typical was a conference with Lew Weiss from the William Morris Agency. Weiss arrives with a loose-leaf notebook containing lists of all the Morris clients.

Todd starts right out with, "What you got?"

Weiss ripostes, "What do you want?"

"A dame," replies Todd succinctly.

"Big name. Singer, maybe, who can

read lines. Work with Bobby Clark in a sketch. Let's hear who you got."

"How much you want to spend?"

"Who you got?"

"Maybe we could get you Mitzi Green."

"She was on Berle's show. Who else you got?"

"Vivian Blaine. We got Connee Boswell. How about Sophie Tucker?"

As Weiss riffles pages, Todd says, "How about Fannie Brice—you handling her?"

"She's not available for television."

"That's great. How about Gracie Fields?"

"She's not available for television. Georgia Gibbs would be perfect for you. She's hot right now. She just finished an engagement at the Chez Paree in Chicago."

"How much?"

"Her television salary is \$650."

"I don't know if she's a big enough name."

"She's good."

"She's damn good . . . but I'm afraid I need a name. How about Dorothy Kirsten?"

"She's not available for television."

"Everybody I want is not available for television. Is Tallulah Bankhead available for television?"

"Yeah," Weiss says, "but she wants \$50,000 for one show."

"For fifty grand I'd go on television myself," Todd cries.

"Mike, here's something: Gertrude Niesen will be available the end of December."

"I'm worried about October twenty-ninth. See if you can dig me up somebody for the twenty-ninth, sweetheart."

"Let me work on it, Mike."

Finally, Mike buys Frances Langford, the Hollywood soprano, for \$2000. For this sum of money she sings two songs and acts in one sketch on the October twenty-ninth program.

The television conferences—with Star Bobby Clark, Frank Smith, Director Sammy Lambert, Scriptor Vic McLeod and Songwriters Sammy Stept and Ted Koehler—begin on October second and continue day after day. Every phase of a problem is explored before rehearsals begin on October twenty-second. Although a major television production like the Bobby Clark show is done only once, it is produced almost as intensively as a Broadway musical that runs a whole year.

Todd tells Clark that he owns a sketch about a psychiatrist and a horse who comes to him for psychoanalysis because he can't win horse races due to the fact that he doesn't want to be a race horse, but wants to be ridden by Roy Rogers in cowboy pictures. A big argument ensues as to whether the "horse" they hire should be operated by one man or two men. Todd and McLeod are in favor of a two-man horse. Lambert and Clark favor a one-man horse. Stept and Koehler don't care.

"You can do more with a one-man horse," Clark says, as seriously as an automobile executive might express an opinion concerning the fenders on a new model, "because a one-man horse can be more natural. For instance, he can lie down on the couch and fold his hoofs under his head."

The conferences and the arguments go on day after day—arguments over the music, the sketches, the arrangements, the lyrics, the dance routines, the costumes.

Summing up the life of a Broadway producer, Todd recently said, "It's a hard way to make an easy living."

THE END