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Use of any person's name in Britain, semi-fictional articles or homonymous figures is to be regarded as a coincidence and not as the responsability of Esquire. It is never done knowingly.

Sing a song of summer time

This is Esquire's fourth July. In July a measurable proportion of advertisers take to the tall timber, not to come out into the open again until the leaves begin to turn, and most magazines enter this period of the year with the same menu reduced to famine proportions, resulting in summer editions so light that they could hardly serve as paperweights. Not so with this one. You could use this as a doorgrip. This July for the fourth time, our song of the season is Keep the Quantity Up.

Thought flies east of Miami

Speaking of songs of the season, two words in this month's fashion pages tickle the soles of our feet, and set us dancing with that old itch to get away from it all. Those two little words are Bimini Blue. Boy, to be in Bimini, now that's July is here. That's when the big ones come to Bimini. And they don't come any bigger anywhere. Bimini Blues by the gospel of pages 124 and 170 is the color of a dainty suit, a jumper affair resembling abbreviated pajama, and very pretty, too, for lounging about the beach or boat or boardwalk. But Bimini Blue in our memory book means blue water, blue sky, you've ever seen anywhere, and blue marble, ligher and blacker than you'd believe. They look the size of tank cars when they first clear the water after they've been hooked. Kip Farrington says there'll be more record fish taken there in the next ten years than anywhere else in the world. We couldn't know about that, because the best we've done so far is lose them. But seeing them come out of the water like flying submarines is thrill enough. It's better to loose 'em in Bimini than catch 'em anywhere else.

Getting at the facts of life

To get our minds back on our work, we recommend to your considered and careful attention the thesis in this issue, beginning on page 35, devoted to a serious though far from solemn study of The Facts of Life. Don't let the forbidding aspect of this chart scare you off this piece of homework. If you persist and follow the results of the research done by this anonymous (for darn good reasons) author, as developed out of statistical tabulation of 138 case histories, you will learn, perhaps to your surprise, that "the average girl goes on her first date when she is fifteen years old. She is kissed for the first time within a very few months, and receives her first proposal at eighteen, either in an automobile or in a living room. The proposal occurs in the spring of the year at ten o'clock in the evening. The girl is married at twenty-three. Three times out of four, she is not a virgin, having been seduced at the age of seventeen by a man of twenty-five whom she had known less than a year, as the result of a heated petting-party stimulated by liquor. Her seduction took place in the spring, at eleven p.m., in a automobile or a living room. If she was never subjected to any pedantry, the chances are that she never regretted her seduction, and the probability is that she remained faithful after marriage, except for one or two mistresses."

Life and death of two rumors

And now, please, may we be fairly and finally deny that the first issue of Esquire is worth three thousand dollars? May we also, while we are at it, deny that the first issue of Coronet is worth three hundred dollars? Hardly a day goes by that we don't get letters, a week that we don't get telegrams, ten days that we don't get long distance calls, all in earnest inquiry about these two personal rumors. When we explain that the sale of the first issue of Esquire exceeded a hundred thousand copies, and most people saved 'em, you can readily see how stupid the three thousand dollar a copy legend is. Assuming that only one of them is still in existence after three and a half years, that would still mean a total valuation of $150,000,000. The putative three hundred dollar a copy valuation of the first issue of Coronet is equally cock-eyed, as were well over a quarter of a million of those sold, and after a mere eight months there might easily be two hundred thousand still extant. Ergo, a $60,000,000 total price tag on that item. Now as far as we know there's no first issue of any magazine worth more, as a collector's item at today's prices, than around seventy-five dollars. Yet we have learned in recent months of copies of the first issue of Esquire being sold for us high as a hundred and fifty. The only possible explanation is that somebody, banking on that nine-lived rumor about the three thousand dollar collectible, was willing to go as high as a hundred and fifty only because he was sure he was putting over a fast one and could turn over the deal at a profit of $2,500. Here's hoping that all such purchasers have to eat their copies to get rid of them. The value of a copy of the first issue of Esquire as a collector's item, is actually about twelve dollars. In fact, it is twenty years ago, when it was hovering around five dollars, we bought up a sufficient quantity of those copies, for file and binding purposes, at that price. We don't want any more, not even for nothing. We're sick of the whole silly business.
Mussolini of Music

Local Union No. 10 was nothing but a club till Jimmy Petrillo seen an opening for a smart guy

by MILTON S. MAYER

Local Union No. 10 was a typical musicians' union, with a rabbit hutch for its headquarters, when Jimmy Petrillo first appeared on the scene. The musician traditionally performs for what he can get. There are too many of him and he is fit for nothing else. In 1917 Joe Winkler had been president of Local No. 10 since Little David played on his harp. Joe was a nice guy and a pretty good cornetist. But the union was nothing but a club. As Petrillo blandly admits, "I seen an opening for a smart guy."

Jimmy got hold of a trombone (his father was a scavenger) at an early age, and when he was eight years old he was playing in the Chicago Daily News band. He was no dreamy-eyed musician. He was, as he recalls, "a tough little bozo runnin' around de streets." And the streets were Taylor and Halsted—one of the toughest intersections in town. Jimmy went to grammar school long enough to learn that he could learn just as much in and around the saloons at Taylor and Halsted. He was small and hard and fast, and a fighter. And he wasn't a musician. When he joined the union twenty years after his début with the Daily News band, he found he wasn't so hot on the trombone. He sat around the clubrooms with the rest of the boys who weren't so hot, and after a while he decided he was a business man. He was boisterous and aggressive, and he had a lot of humor. At the weekly meetings he made speeches. His speeches were ungrammatical, oratorical, inflammatory; the burden of all of them was that the men on the floor was oppressed by the employers and the union wasn't doing anything about it. Look at the teamsters. Look at the janitors. Jimmy was right. Prohibition came and the musicians were turned out of the beerhalls and cafés. In 1919 Jimmy was elected vice-president of Local No. 10. In 1922 he took the union away from Joe Winkler and he's been president ever since.

The first thing he did was abolish all meetings. Then he told the men that contracts could be made only with the union's sanction. Then he began raising the wage scale. The union's membership mounted to 8,000 by 1925 and remained there through-out the depression. The men knew that Jimmy was square and they knew he was smart. If Jimmy called them out on strike, out they went. Sooner or later they returned to work with a 10 per cent raise. Jimmy was a despot, a benevolent despot. You couldn't take care of yourself, so you paid your $16 a year dues and Jimmy took care of you. Before long the musicians of the city discovered that if they didn't join the union they couldn't get work. Chicago had become a "closed" town.

Jimmy's idea of an administrator is Mussolini. Or rather, was. Their close relationship (of which Mussolini was unaware) came to a bitter end a few years ago. It seems that Sig. Giuseppe Castruccio, the Italian consul, invited the local Italian societies to participate in an International Jubilee to be held in Chicago. Now the Italians, with the exception of Jimmy Petrillo, are a musical lot, and every second one of them toots something on Sundays. On week-days they are vegetable purveyors, waiters, half-sole-and-heeleers, etc. Naturally, they are not members of the Musicians' Union. When Petrillo discovered the Italian societies were going to jubilate with nonunion bands, he called Castruccio in some heat. Giuseppe tried to pacify Jimmy by reminding him— 

Continued on page 171
patriots, that their common an-
cestors had snatched catfish in the
Bay of Naples, that
"They," roared Jimmy into the
telephone, "do you understand
English?"
"Why, yes, indeed, to be sure," said Giuseppe, in English.
"Well," roared Jimmy, in Eng-
lish, "you can go — yourself."
Jimmy's temper, notoriously short, was well out of hand by
this time. He decided that he and
Musolino had stood about enough
from Giuseppe. So he sent a cable
message—costing the union $175
—to Il Duca:
"Of the many consuls in this
city has ever taken in a major en-
gagement—and it took Mussolini
to do it. But Jimmy isn't sore at
Benito. He holds no grudges. His
daily life is composed entirely of
disputes, and when they are set-
tled, they are forgotten. Business
is business. Both of the grand old
parties have counted him because
of his influence among the Ita-
lians, but when duty has called he
has taken up the cudgel against
Duce's dictators and Republicans,
licked them, and then forgotten
about it.

When Big Bill Thompson
was running for re-election against
Tony Cermak, Petriello notified
the radio stations that the Repub-
lican Party was about to be put
on the unfair list for using phonog-
raph music on sound trucks. This
was "canned music"—Jim-
my's No. 1 phobia. He announced,
further, that 1,000 union musi-
cians, paid by the union, would
parade through the downtown
streets advocating the election of
all Democrats—unless the Repub-
licans hired living musicians. The
Republicans tried to compromise.
They made Jimmy such offers as
the Republican Party has been
known to make before. But Jim-
ny wasn't interested. They would
hire union musicians at $11 apiece
or off the air they would go. With
in twelve hours the party of Abra-
had Lincoln had capitulated to
J. Petriello.

Cermak was elected and ap-
pointed Jimmy commissioner of
the West Side parks. But when
Jimmy got wind of Tony's plan to
have a high school band broad-
cast at his inauguration, he in-
formed the radio stations that
HIs Honor the Mayor was about
to be placed on the unfair list.
Cermak protested to Petriello that
he had spent $17,000 on union
musicians during his campaign
and simply wanted the high school
band to have the honor of par-
taking in the glorious cere-
mony. Jimmy said he didn't care
if Tony had spent $17,000,000—
there wasn't going to be any broad-
casting by nonunion musicians
while union musicians were starv-
ing. So the high school band was
told off, and Cermak, with aching
heart, hired fifty union musicians
"out of my own pocket."

A couple of years later, Cermak
lay dying on death's edge in
Miami while the Chicago Federa-
tion of Musicians dedicated its
new $100,000 building with a fan-
tastic featuring the occasion, Jimmy
stepped up to the microphone
(the radio stations saw to it that
commercial programs didn't inter-
ference with that broadcast) and
said, "I set the dedication of this
building for the 28th because my
good friend Mayor Cermak said
he could attend that night." And
Jimmy's tears rolled out into the
ether.

Petriello's first act as park com-
missioner (after accepting a dia-
mond-studded star from Local
No. 10) was to announce that the
eighteen recreation halls in the
park system would be closed to
nonunion musicians — including
high school bands. As usual, the
Chicago press—Petriello's pawns,
since the papers all owned radio
stations—rose to the occasion and
said nothing, except for the Daily
News, which had just sold its sta-
tion to NBC. The News smote
"the dictator" hip and thigh. The
order stood. Clubwomen flooded
the governor with letters of pro-
test. "Please don't disfranchise
us," they write to the governor.
The order stands to this day.

Two years ago the Chicago
park systems were consolidated,
and Mayor Kelly appointed Jim-
my one of five commissioners of
the entire system, with its
$50,000,000 budget. In 1935 Jim-
my built a bandshell in Grant
Park, on the lake front, and the
union paid for a summer of free
nightly concerts. They were a tre-
mendous success; almost 2,000,000
people attended. Last year the
park system appropriated $50,000
for the cost of the summer
concerts, and 3,000,000 Chicago-
ans attended. Everybody—not
the least of whom are the musi-
cians who were given away—
agrees that the Grant Park con-
certs are one of the best things
that ever happened to Chicago.

The Italian consul, the Repub-
licity... to use Quaker State

Continued from page 172

Before gleaming gasoline
palaces, and before the back-roads gar-
ge, you find the familiar Quaker State green
and-white sign. It's the greatest common
denominator of motoring. The supreme lubricat-
ing luxury the millionaire can lavish on his
Rolls-Royce... the most economical lubrication
the thrifty man can buy. Quaker State gives the
utmost in protection to any motor. And it is
 economical because you don't need to add oil
so often between changes. Retail price, 35¢ a
quart. Quaker State Oil Refining Corporation,
Oil City, Pennsylvania.
Right now or in the next few weeks, the great American Public will make some great American decisions testing whether this family or that family will take to the mountains or the sea-shore, to a ship or the rails or the car or the air and whether their vacation period this summer will be spent in hunting, fishing, golf, tennis, bathing or just sitting—or perhaps a combination of all activities.

Then come the questions of where to go, what to wear, what to take along and what to do when you get there. Don’t be alarmed. Lean back. Take it easy. You’ve had a hard winter. “Esquire’s Holiday Handbook” has been especially designed for smart vacationists. It will answer all your “wears” and “wheres.”

Esquire’s “holiday handbook” comes to you for 25c in stamps to cover costs of handling.

Mussolini of Music
Continued from pages 60-71

livians, the Democrats, and the clubwomen are all in the day’s work for the Mussolini of music. The tough assignment has been to defend the organized Musicians against the radio, the talkies and the depression. Here the real struggle has been Petrillo vs. Nature. And Nature is just one more rugged individualist in the clutch of Jimmy’s maw.

“The coming of radio,” said Jimmy, in one of his expansive moods, while the press hung upon his words, “caused a great fear to grip the hearts of musicians—a fear that this marvel of science would do away with orchestras in theatres, dance halls, hotels and restaurants. Today the radio stations within the jurisdiction of the Chicago local pay musicians in excess of $1,000,000 annually.”

How did it happen? Jimmy “took the necessary means,” as he likes to phrase it. On March 21, 1924—musicians were broadcasting just for the publicity in those days—Petrillo announced that henceforth no union musician would be allowed to play over the radio without receiving a minimum of $8 for three hours or less. In addition, action would be taken at the forthcoming convention of the American Federation of Musicians to demand a 50% per cent increase in wages for hotel orchestras broadcasting by remote control.

The effect of this announcement was immediate on both fronts. Local No. 10 acquired 1,000 new members. (The initiation fee is $100. If an applicant fails to pass the entrance test he is admitted anyway.) The radio stations, in their first frenzied dash for cover, turned to phonograph records. This was a bad move. Jimmy conferred with President Joe Weber of the A. F. of M., with the result that the Federation sent a lobbyist to Washington and convinced the Radio Commission that it was unconstitutional to broadcast music from a radio record without announcing that it was a transcription—“a poor substitute for the flesh-and-blood artist.” Then for good measure Local No. 10 slapped on a regulation that the man who turned the phonograph records would have to belong to the union and receive $15 an engagement, whether he turned one record or a hundred.

Jimmy kept the wage scale up fast. In December of 1931, with the scale at $140 a week, the rumor reached Jimmy that the radio stations were going to re-trench. He at once waited on the Chicago Broadcasters Association with his demands for the 1932 contract:

1. Wages were not to be cut.
2. Working hours were to be reduced from 35 to 30 a week.
3. Station orchestras were to be increased from 10 to 15 men.
4. The man who “monitored” the control board—an engineer—was to be a union musician. 5. Records being made to be eliminated from commercial programs.

Demands No. 4 and 5 were put in the dummy, Petrillo always includes one or two points that have no interest in winning, and then conceives them, one at a time, with the combined effect of convincing the public that he is really compromising and at the same time enabling the opposition to save its face by winning the dummy points. The stations refused to sign, and Jimmy called a strike for New Year’s Eve. Anticipating that the stations might get the national chains to pipe them music from other cities, Jimmy ran down to New York for a conference with Joe Weber and returned with the announcement that if the chains tried to feed programs to the Chicago stations, “the strike will be kept and Jimmy would lead the pickets outside the stations.”

This meant that the U.S. would have no music that New Year’s Eve. A little after 7 p.m. of December 31, the stations began to broadcast the customary Petrillo compromise had been reached—Petrillo got everything. The broadcasters were bitter. The new contracts, they said, would mean 150 per cent increase in operating expenses. Jimmy was so jubilant that he called a meeting of the union and made his dignity-of-labor speech. “Look at the teamsters—a 10% cut. Look at the musicians—a 15% raise.” The musicians were glad they weren’t teamsters.

A year later, Jimmy has pushed up the minimum number of musicians for each station. When NBC and CBS went into the booking business, Jimmy, who didn’t believe it was fair for the chains to force hotels and cabarets to hire chain-managed orchestras, immediately announced that refusing to broadcast the programs was “taking the necessary means,” including a strike of hotel musicians, and a couple of words about the national chains abandoning the looking business. Did Petrillo have anything to do with their decision? “You bet he did,” said one of the chain officials bitterly.

The coming of “canned music” to the movie houses accounts for the deepest wrinkles in Jimmy Petrillo’s bald forehead. It wasn’t a question of the wage scale. which was $86—although in the process of “negotiations” his home had been bombed and he had to double his bodyguard and carry a gun himself. The real difficulty lay in the disorganization of the small picture houses to retain the old four-man orchestra in every pit.

The operators of the big houses saw an opportunity to hamstring Petrillo and joined the cause of the little fellows, pleading that the ruling would put the little fellows out of business. Strikes were called every year after year, and the Petrillo compromises were to be enforced each time. The big houses dared not come out in the open; they were using stage shows, and the stage-hands’ local, working
hand-in-glove with Petroillo, was ready to call out its men at a signal from Jimmy.

Early in 1929 Petroillo ruled that every picture house must employ a union organizer. Some of the small houses that had mechanical organs backed the order; they were losing their patrons as it was, without hiring any goddamned union organizer. Several of these houses caught fire—mysteriously. Several bombs were thrown in others—mysteriously. One was broken into and the organ chopped to pieces—mysteriously. The union filed suit against one owner for insinuating that it was responsible for the vandalism. The owner went out of business soon after. The suit never came to trial.

In August of 1929 Jimmy demanded the usual 10 per cent wage increase. (At that time the city’s 400 houses were employing 800 musicians, in contrast to the 1200 they employed before the advent of the talkies.) The exhibitors demurred and the union struck—on Labor Day. The wage increase was granted, but Jimmy took a voluntary defeat in his war with nature—he let the minimum number requirement slide. But a few weeks ago, with something under 100 musicians in the Chicago picture houses, Jimmy announced that no theatre charging more than 25 cents admission may use any sound film made in Chicago (there aren’t many) without paying as many musicians as were used in making the film.

The legitimate theatres were easier to bulldoze, because of the working agreement between Jimmy and George Browne of the stage-hands’ union. Every playhouse operating in Chicago has to maintain a five-man orchestra in the pit at $500 a week, whether the men are playing or not. Plays that have no use for orchestras have to hire them anyway. A show that brings its own orchestra to town with it has to hire Jimmy’s boys, man for man, before the immersed band can play a note. When pictures like Romeo and Juliet have their premières in playhouses, pit orchestras cannot possibly be used—but they have to be hired.

Jimmy’s tacit ally in his disputes with thećanner commercial enterprises is the public, which listens with well-earned satisfaction to the groans of the oppressed musicians. This indifference vitiated the late Chicago Civic Opera Company’s efforts to break the union’s strangle hold. (The members of the orchestra were getting $170 a week when the company folded.) Insull’s tony regime had about as much sympathy from the public as did Kahn’s in New York. But the Chicago Symphony Orchestra was different.

Year after year the Orchestra announced that it would have to disband in the face of Petroillo’s demands. Year after year his demands were met. In 1927, the Orchestra really meant it, it seemed. Jimmy figured that his new wage scale would increase the expense of the season $30,000. He suggested the amount be raised by popular subscription. The Daily News (which still owned a radio station) raised the $20,000. Petroillo had compromized.

But in 1932, Jimmy gave in, dramatically accepted a wage cut, and was hosannased as the savior of the Symphony. Last year he demanded, and got, a restoration of the wage cut and an increase in the number of players.

Without Petroillo, most of the musicians of Chicago—and of the other towns that have followed his lead—would be starving. There simply is no replacing the men displaced by the talkies, the radio, and the disappearance of the great brass bands of yesteryear. With him, those who are working—up considerably from the 1932 low of less than 50 per cent—make exorbitant money, those who are starving are fed by the union. Jimmy himself, with a heart as big as a bass viol, takes care of a score or more of them. The annual dues of $16 is probably the lowest union dues in the country, and it carries a thousand-dollar life insurance policy. The employment fund, maintained by 2 per cent of the members’ earnings, has distributed $300,000 in the past ten years, paying the unemployed brothers union wages to play at charity institutions. The books of the union are open to any and all.

The principal source of Local No. 10’s income is fines. The fines are stiff. Jimmy doesn’t permit any backsliding. Fines of $25,000 and $50,000 have been levied on bands that hired out ostensibly at the union scale and “kicked back” to the employer. At a typical meeting of the Trial Board $1,800 in fines was levied. The Trial Board meets once a month.

Salaries of the union’s officers are fixed once a year in an open meeting in which the officers have no vote. Jimmy’s $500 a week (plus a Lincoln and chauffeur) tops a generous payroll. Jimmy is satisfied.

Even if he wanted to turn out old Joe Wesler as National President, he wouldn’t want to move to New York and surrender his diamond-studded park commission’s star. On $500 a week it’s no trick to have a wife and three kids and tickets to the fights and enough to drink and a summer cottage in Michigan. What else is there?

“I am not supposed to steal,” says Jimmy. “When I want any- thing, I ask for it and the boys give it to me. I take care of them and they take care of me. I have had to fight them, as well as fight for them. But the wage scale has been raised, and the men live better and raise their children better. Ain’t it worth it? How about the men who didn’t get anything?”

Jimmy Petroillo sees himself as a symbol, a symbol of the Musicians. The Musician, as Jimmy sees him, is an inalienable appendage of every form of human di- version, and the union is the

Continued at top of page 174
GERANIUM ROSE Eau de Cologne...a refreshingly feminine miss reminding of cool shadows caught and held by the spell of her fragrant midsummer rose garden.

TROIKA Eau de Cologne...youthful partner ready for any sport under summer skies, remarkably stimulating in her own immaculate way.

TOSCA Eau de Cologne...the third of the summer's graces, whose enchanting presence adds just the formal touch for closing the day with an evening of romance.

CLASSIC Eau de Cologne...the basic essence of grace shared by all three, and known to women and men of exquisite taste everywhere since 1792 as the original "4711" Classic Eau de Cologne.

Spraying "4711" CLASSIC Eau de Cologne early became a "4711" habit, whether to heighten the charm of person or boudoir. Today, the atomizer worthily carries on this "4711" tradition, diffusing the refreshing essences of "4711's" newest Eau de Cologne graces.

Mussolini of Music

Continued from pages 60-117-173

Against that day Jimmy is bleeding the capitalists, just as the capitalists would bleed Jimmy if they were smart enough. Sooner or later he will be bleeding the capitalists all through the country if there are any capitalists left—because he is only forty-four and Joe Weber, who is in his seventies, can't last forever. It is paradoxical that the fate of so ethereal a business should rest with so coarse a man as Jimmy Petrillo. His philosophy of getting his boys not a reasonable amount of money, nor even an exorbitant amount of money, but all the money he can get, is as anti-social as it must ultimately be unworkable. He believes with Herbie Hoover, whom he does not otherwise resemble, in the theory of dog eat dog. The main difference between them is that Petrillo's dog happens to be the under one.

The Whole World Is Outside

Continued from page 45

"Yes, Mummie," they said together.

"Now go and leave the door a tiny bit open; just a crack. And Peter, take your sister's hand when you are outside. The whole world is outside and may God love you and watch over you."

The fingers of one hand were close to her mouth but the other hand was raised out from under the quilt and waved very slowly.

The children stood at the door and also waved to their mother. They saw her smile and they smiled back, not a full broad smile, only a little stiffened smile. Slowly they backed out and Peter closed the door leaving just a crack.

As they walked down the stairs Ellen suddenly stopped, waved her arm and called: "Good-bye, Mummie."

"She can't see you from here," said Peter. "Come."

As soon as the door had closed the woman in bed could restrain herself no longer. Cast iron would have melted long before this. She put her fingers in her mouth and sobbed, and a tiny rivulet in zig-zag path streamed down her face and into the pillow. And now the last hold was torn away and it seemed easy to stretch her limbs and close her eyes.

It was a dozen blocks to Grand Central Station and these the children walked hand in hand. They were now walking in the great world that is outside. Now and then they paused to look into the shop windows where toys or novelties were displayed and when they had paused long enough Peter said: "Come."

Once they stopped before a movie house and looked at the big colored poster showing a man embracing a woman. This was a kind of love; but they hated this love and thought it quite unnecessary. It was not like the love their mother had for them. They did not tarry long.

At the station Peter paused beside a newsstand and bought a strawberry lollipop with five pennies that he happened to have in his pocket. He gave it to Ellen as though she were a child and he the parent.

They walked to the information desk and displayed the card.

"So you want to go to Fairwoods?"

"Yes," he showed the dollar.

"Who is this person in Fairwoods?"

"Our Auntie Pauline."

The clerk called a colored porter who brought them to a ticket window and bought them two one-half tickets to Fairwoods.

There was a little change from the dollar which Peter put in his pocket.

"This way," said the porter.

"As they crossed the big hall Peter drew out the silver watch and compared it with the station clock. Ellen looked at him to see if he was doing this worldly business properly. And while she looked at him she sucked on the strawberry lollipop.

While walking down the platform the porter spoke to the children.

"Where your mother is?"

"She has gone away."

"On a trip?"

"Yes."

"Where did she go?"

"She went where people go when they go to die."

"Lorrie, Lorrie. Is that so?"

"Yes sir. She did not want to tell us but we know."

And Ellen nodded her head to say that this was true.

Jerry nearly jumped out of his skin when he discovered the children walking up the drive hand-in-hand. He knew now that he would have someone to play with. He ran out on the lawn and found his rubber ball and brought it close to the house.
When you say Pabst

When the sun beats down, Pabst is a satisfying all day companion. Here's a beer you can depend upon — a beer that has its refreshment, purity and wholesomeness brewed into it by ninety-three years of experience.

At work — at mealtime — or at play — there's a heap of cooling comfort ready for you in the moment from the famous TapaCan or handy new style bottle. Pabst, with all its extra quality, is every man's beer — the favorite of millions the country over. You get so much more in cooling refreshment when you say Pabst.