

LONG-TIME PARTNERSHIP

By Scotty Ogletree

"MISS CARSTON," Vicki's boss said, "Take Miss Plimsoll and show her the Eberlein place. I believe you are familiar with it."

"Yes, Mr. Williams," Vicki nodded brightly to the elderly Miss Plimsoll and got her hat. Indeed she was familiar with the Eberlein place. Hadn't she and Chuck Eberlein been partners when she had lived next door? Suppose that had been years ago?

As she drew up to the place those years seemed to slip away. Vicki was seven. She had gone in the house with Chuck, eating her half of the stick of candy his penny had bought, and listening worshipfully as he talked.

"She's my new partner," he had told his mother proudly. "I gave her half of my candy and we're partners—for always."

When she was nine they made a 'partnership' wagon, using the wheels from both their old tricycles. It had endured for two furious days on the walk in front of their houses.

At eleven, Vicki had found the kittens in the Carston shed, and had told only Chuck. Fearful that her father would drown them, they had kept the secret for days. "Don't tell anybody," Chuck had said. "Partners keep secrets from everyone else."

She wondered nostalgically what had happened to the kittens. Something had; just as things had happened to her, and Chuck, and to her childish dream of someday being his real partner and living in the Eberlein house.

The Eberleins moved to Hartford and Chuck had gone there from college. News drifted back to Lewistown occasionally. The Eberleins bought a house at Hartford. Chuck was a reporter for the Hartford Times. Then—the Eberleins had had an accident; fatal. Chuck had gone to New York. That was the last, but Chuck still owned the house at Lewistown. She held to that knowledge as meaning that

he would come back eventually.

Now Vicki was showing the house to a prospective buyer, hearing their voices echo in the vacant rooms. Why, she wondered, should their tall emptiness stir her more poignantly than the place next door where she had lived? She came out of her reverie to hear the last of Miss Plimsoll's words—"just isn't quite suitable. I guess I'd better look a little further before deciding definitely."

With the old lady back in the car, Vicki was about to go to the driver's side when another car pulled up behind. A man was getting out. Her heart almost stopped. It was Chuck!

He came up smiling; took both her hands. "Vicki! What luck! You're right here to meet me!"

A trembling urgency was in his voice as she answered. "You like my being here, Chuck?"

"More than anything. More even than being home again. How have you been, Vicki?"

"Oh—alright." Her voice was surer now. "Until today. I worked for Williams and Freeman, you know. I came out to try and see your house. I-I felt like a traitor. Like I was trying to sell friend; or a partner."

"You really felt that, Vicki? His voice dropped. "I'm glad."

"I know," Chuck smiled. "I won't be selling now, Vicki. I'm free lancing now and I'm coming back to Lewistown. I." He glanced at her waiting passenger. "I won't keep you now, Vicki, but suppose I come by the office? We could have lunch, and talk about my coming back, and about furniture for the house, and about our partnership. Want to?"

"Do I?" She asked, then before going to her car she gave Miss Plimsoll something to wonder about. She stepped in close to Chuck and as his arm rose naturally about her shoulders, pursed her lips and turned them up at him. "Put 'er there, partner." •



NICE MAIDEN . . . Jocelyn Mercier, 16, of Nice, France, was selected "Miss Festival" at Cannes international film festival.

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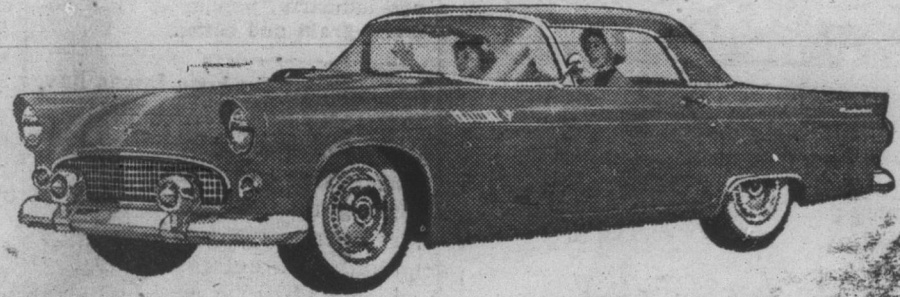
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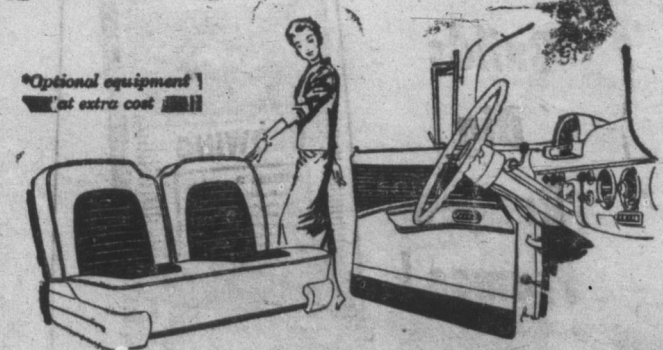


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DALE CARNEGIE

★ AUTHOR OF "HOW TO STOP WORRYING AND START LIVING" ★

ANTHONY STRUSZ, 4027 W. Irving Park Road, Chicago, Illinois, was told when he started to work that the man he was to work for was one of the smartest men in the machine shop business. After working with him for several weeks, Anthony agreed that he was a smart man.

He liked Anthony and he told him that he was going to teach him the tricks of the trade. As they worked together, Anthony would get ideas of his own about improving the jobs and he would tell his boss, who would listen, look at him and say, "Tony your ideas are good, but they ain't worth a damn."

This went on for ten years. Anthony Strusz's ideas were considered "not worth a damn." This worried him, for he knew some of them were good. Their Superintendent was in an auto accident which didn't appear serious at first—but a week later he died. Anthony's boss was moved up into the Superintendent spot, leaving a good job open. There were a number of men in the plant who would be considered and Anthony was afraid he didn't have a chance.

A few days later he was called into the main office, all of the directors of the company were there. One said, "Tony, I understand you have a lot of ideas that aren't worth a damn, so you are elected to run the machine shop." Anthony was stunned, all he could say was, "I'll do my best."

Last year checking took place. In his peak year Anthony produced \$15,000 controls with 85 employees where formerly there was produced 75,000 to \$5,000 controls as the peak year with 75 employees.

He says maybe he wasn't glad he stuck to the job with ideas that weren't worth a damn.



CARNEGIE



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(A true story based on Company File No. NY336KAL2443)

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