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# Keeping Posted

## Our Dauntless Reporters



At work in L.A.: Frank McCulloch.

Frank McCulloch, forty-one, once labeled "a thrower, not a pitcher" by a major-league scout, went the distance for the Los Angeles Sports-writers in their May and June three-inning benefit games with the Radio-TV Stars. McCulloch lost both games. In one he gave up a home run to ex-football star Elroy (Crazy-legs) Hirsch; in the other he had had a 3-0 shutout going in the final inning with two out and two strikes on the batter. Then the floodgates opened and eight unearned runs

crossed the plate. Final score: 8-3. "McCulloch," reported the Los Angeles Times the next morning, "got as much support as a deserted wife."

The Times had reason to shift the blame from McCulloch: He is their day managing editor. This veteran newspaperman of the Far West (Winnemucca and Reno, Nevada; Susanville, Woodland and San Francisco, California) makes his *Post* debut with WILL THE WEST TAKE OVER? (page 18). He joined *Time* magazine in 1953 and was their Western bureau chief last December, when he took his present job.

While toiling for *Time* in Los Angeles, McCulloch frequently fell behind in reading the wire-service dispatches—as is illustrated in the photograph at left by Davis Thomas, then a *Life* correspondent, now one of *The Post's* photography editors.

THE MYSTERY OF DE GAULLE (page 26) is our first article by freelance correspondent Joseph Kraft, thirty-six, since I SAW THE ALGERIAN REBELS IN ACTION, a 1958 two-partier which won the Overseas Press Club award for that year's Best Magazine Reporting From Abroad. The De Gaulle article is drawn from Kraft's book, *The Struggle for Algeria*, to be published in October by Doubleday. Kraft, a Kennedy speechwriter of last fall, studied diplomatic history at the Institute for Advanced Study in Princeton, New Jersey, and has seen De Gaulle in action on many occasions.

You might say James Joyce Donahue, forty-one, and his wife Betty, age undisclosed, stumbled onto FATHER DAN'S BIG ADVENTURE (page 18); or you might say they were pushed into it. While in Venezuela on a South American trip, the Donahues met a Trinidadian cabdriver with a fondness for Americans. When they mentioned that their itinerary included Peru, the cabdriver said one of his wife's relatives in Peru wrote often of an American padre who had become a hero to the Indians of the Andes. Donahue listened politely but quickly forgot the padre. Later, in Lima, Peru, when the Donahues were arranging for a trip to the Inca ruins



Parked in D.C.: Jim Donahue, Father McLellan.

at Cuzco, a guide suggested, "Why not go farther on to Puno? The American padre there, he fights the bull." Finally, Donahue, a veteran news sniffer of Pittsburgh, Boston and New York, sensed a story.

Reporter Donahue visited "Father Dan" again in Washington, D.C., recently (see photo above, at a Faragut Square bench). The Peruvian prime minister had come to negotiate a loan for housing development, and he thought the persuasive padre would be a good man to have along.

## Loopy Ladies, Ancient Autos



In the sun in Holland: H. E. Bates.

H. E. Bates of *The Granary*, Little Chart, Ashford, Kent, England—and of such distinguished *Post* fiction as FAIR STOOD THE WIND FOR FRANCE, THE PURPLE PLAIN and THE DARLING BUDS OF MAY—writes: "Not the least enchanting thing about

life in the English countryside is the extent to which it is populated by large numbers of eccentrics. These are mildly loopy and mainly female. Occasionally they form tenacious if innocuous attachments to some male of the species, notably parsons or retired officers. I find these people more fascinating to write about than bright beauties, sex-twisted teen-agers or unwashed beatniks. They ought to be figures of fun; somehow they aren't. They haunt me and they're often tragic." Two such "figures of fun" may be found in MISUNDERSTANDING of page 24.

At right please find Prentiss Combs, author of the antique-car opus, TREASURE ON WHEELS (page 16), and owner of a 1950 station wagon. (The treasure on wheels pictured with him belongs to his wife's cousin.) Combs was a salesman in Puerto Rico when he sold us his first *Post* story in 1955; since



In the sun in Arizona: Prentiss Combs.

then he has been a full-time writer. He and his family are residing temporarily in Scottsdale, Arizona, where he is busy expanding his 1957 *Post* novelette, THE MAN ON THE BEACH, into a full-scale novel for Harper and Brothers.