

Dope Doll

Chapter One

Snow in My Club

Make mine rum and coke, bud. It used to be my only tonsil lotion. I quit it for a while and tried champagne. There was trouble. Me, from now on it's the good old cuba libre again—all the time.

In New York, the more dough you got the more trouble you can buy yourself without spending a plugged nickel. Yeah, I know it sounds crazy. Look at it this way. In the old days, when I was pushing a pencil for the *Saturn* I was broke most of the time. I never had trouble. Worries, such as when do I eat again, or how do I take this dame out, or will the rent stand up for another week, yes. Worries I had. But trouble, real trouble, no. Then I went west and made a small stack on the ponies in California. I come back here to old Manhattan, and what do you know? First thing, I'm in trouble with a dangerous doll calling herself Alys Depree. What I called her, never mind. She had a squad of Strong-arm boys and an itch to bump me off. I lived, I guess. She didn't. I bought over the night club she ran and settled down to being the big business mogul. I thought.