

DR. GLAZER AND THE FROZEN MAN

There is a coffee shop in the District of Columbia, near Foggy Bottom, which has the good fortune to enjoy an extremely popular clientele, busy at all hours of the day. There was, however, an instance a year or two ago in which something occurred that might have shaken the reputation of the store to its foundations, if it were not rescued by the quick and incisive response of Dr. Manfred Glazer, dentist, now retired.

One crowded afternoon at peak time, Alice, the pretty girl who could throw together the most sublime concoction of coffees with the snap of her fingers, saw something remarkable which no one else in the busy staff had yet noticed. A man was standing about three feet aside from the steadily moving line on its way to submit its orders - and had been standing there for over half an hour. What's more, Alice could swear that this powerfully built man with his fiercely grinning face and exceptionally large teeth, had no more moved a step than did any of the Civil War statues nearby.

She vigorously rubbed her eyes just to be sure, and when she opened them again to find the man still looking at her with his frozen grin, she rushed over to the boss to inform him of this unwelcome phenomenon.

“Come on!” laughed the boss, “You’re putting me on, eh, Alice baby?”
trying to dance playfully with her.

“I know what I’m seeing, Vole,” she said, pulling away from him.
“Go down and see for yourself!”

The boss quickly lost his sense of humor the way frost kills corn.
Alice, a woman, had been right. He had surreptitiously probed and pinched
the guy but got no response. *The guy is a load of concrete!* What could he
do to get rid of him? Everything involves police, hospitals, screaming,
maybe fighting! Pandemonium could ensue. And yet, if they didn’t do
something soon, somebody was bound to notice the weird guy any minute,
and that could start the real war. What should he do?

A member of his staff suggested that they avoid problems with the
customers by telling them that the man had been hired to wear a sign,
saying, “I can’t leave this coffee shop!” When Vole asked to see such a
sign, Alice became almost hysterical, saying she would leave the coffee shop
forever if he did that, and that “he has to find an answer to end this thing!”

At just that moment, a young boy of twelve came to the counter. He
had been listening to the heated controversies of the staff through a special
phone enlarging sound by twenty two times. “Hello,” he said, “my name is

Krauss. I'm sorry about your situation, about the person now standing here motionless ...I believe, rigid for about 45 minutes".

"I don't know what you're talking about, kid. Get lost," growled the boss.

"I know someone who can help you. He's older and a nice guy, amazingly smart."

But Vole wasn't interested, until the kid mentioned that he's referring to a doctor. "The doctor'll come here? Just him?"

"If I can get him, yeah!" (And he was a doctor – even if a dentist only.)

"Let's try, Boss, " broke in Alice. "I trust this boy – his eyes tell me that."

Grudgingly, the boss agreed, and Krauss quickly rang up Dr. Glazer, who was almost always to be found at home watching black and white movies at TCR. At first he didn't recognize Krauss because of his Alzheimers, but that did not stop them for very long. Their private signal was: "Come in Hop Harrigan," - a popular kid show during World War Two. It never failed to arouse the great dentist, and he was his crisp self again.

As the cab took them to their destination, they went over the case together, finding it certainly a mystery. “I hope he hasn’t been injected with medications; that will make things that much more difficult.”

“I don’t think they’ve used injections,” said Krauss thoughtfully.

“Good. And I hope he’s not Chinese. The only time I picked up some of the language was during a week or two in China when assigned to General Chennault, when he was in command of the Flying Tigers in World War Two.”

The cab drew up to the curb and the two went into the coffee shop, where Dr. Glazer, an eighty year old man with bright eyes and a cheerful smile, said hello to all, and walked around the still polarized man five or six continuous times, when he told Vole he was “prepared to try to awaken him.” Watching from the counter level, everyone holding their breath, they saw Glazer stand up as high as possible and whisper something only they could hear.

A moment later, the body of the Asian suddenly relaxed, sighing with relief, shaking the doctor’s two hands with gratitude.

With twenty dollar gift cards, one for Dr. Glazer and, after Alice castigated Vole, one for Krauss also, they walked out to the street.

“What did you say to him, sir?” Young Krauss asked Dr. Glazer.

“Nothing much. Only, ‘Wake up – please.’”

“That’s all?” marveled Krauss.

“Yes. Simple. We are never fully at sleep - never.” He thought for a moment, and then, as the cab drew up, he wanted to make a final point. “For example, Krauss,” he said: “I have a friend, a dentist, Dr. Manfred Glazer...”

“No kidding!” chortled Krauss, throwing his arm around his elderly companion. “You’re a lot closer than that.”

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