NEW WAY TO STOP BEING TENSE

Bluebook

APRIL 1956 ★ 25¢

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help you

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short novel
5 stories


Why your wife says "No"...
It's hardly news that there are deep differences between males and females in their attitudes toward sex. Yet only recently have sociologists and psychologists been able to shed light on the real causes of these differences and how they affect sexual relations. In one of the frankest and most enlightening articles ever published, John Kord Lagemann presents them in
NEXT MONTH'S BLUEBOOK—
ON YOUR NEWSSTAND
APRIL 26

Bluebook

APRIL 1956
VOL. 102 No. 6
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The short stories and novel herein are fiction and intended as such. They do not refer to real characters or actual events. If the name of any living person is used, it is a coincidence.

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Pro and Con

Faceless Accusers

Your article about "18 million on U.S. Black List" (January) surprised me, but on investigation I found that this system is used at some of the U.S. institutions here. Someone may accuse you, but you aren't allowed to know the informer's name.

This practice, as you say, encourages sick-minded people and people who are stuffed with their own self-importance to vent their spite without the least chance of getting hurt.

I surely hate to see this fine government of ours deteriorate to that point.

C. Colby, *Leavenworth, Kan.*

Put Speed Limit on Cars

Why don't our legislatures wake up to the fact that to eliminate an evil you have to get to the root of it?

Instead of posting a speed limit on highways, why not make cars so they can't go faster than a certain legal speed? The game in our country has more protection than

the people. The kill was taken out of our shotguns, but more kill was put in our cars, which are available to maniacs who would drive 500 miles an hour if the cars would do it.

It's just like giving a kid a rifle and 100 rounds of ammunition and telling him not to shoot it.

O. W. Raney, *Baylis, Ill.*

Scholarships for Fathers

My husband and I enjoyed your article, "Anybody Can Afford College," very much. However, our problem is still unsolved.

We have two small sons and so, of course, our living expenses are far above those of single students. Having served in the USAF from 1948 to 1950, my husband is considered a peacetime soldier and therefore is not entitled to any GI benefits.

What we would like to know is this: Is there any institution, individual or business firm who would give a very capable man of 26 employment and a reasonable amount of time for studies for an educational loan to be repaid after he earns his business-administration degree?

Mrs. Ernest C. Wayland, *Pharr, Tex.*

The author, Norman Lobsenz, says: "There are colleges, organizations and businesses that do make available scholarship aids so that people like your husband can go to school and work part-time. The article specifically mentioned the work-and-study systems now in effect at several colleges. I suggest you check the references listed at the end of the article and the educational advisor of your nearest Veterans Administration office."

The Senator Who Isn't

I know it will come as a surprise to our voters in Washington state that Senator Harry P. Cain, according to BLUEBOOK, is back in office. I understood that Warren G. Magnuson and Henry Jackson were our honorable senators from the Evergreen State!

Mrs. A. J. Brazell, *Brunswick, Ga.*

In the article "You Are On a Blacklist," January, 1955, we correctly identified ex-Senator Cain. In the blurb on the inside front cover we just as correctly used his courtesy *title—which he shares with every other former senator.*—ED.

Automation in the Post Office

Have been trying to get the book, "The Natural House," by Frank Lloyd Wright (Horizon Press), ever since I read about it in May, 1955 BLUEBOOK.

Since I am overseas in the Philippines, I've had difficulties. The letter enclosed was mailed to the only address available, which the New York post office said was incorrect. They sent the letter back to me.

Would you please address it correctly?

Lt. Cmdr. H. R. Barnhorst, *U.S.N.*

The Post Office is too busy to look up New York City correct addresses, but we had a minute, so—the address of the Horizon Press is 220 West 42nd Street, New York 36, N.Y.—ED.

Do Opals Digest?

In "Watch the Jools" (January), I don't know much

about jools, but are you sure SiO_2-nH_2O could stand exposure to HCl?

R. B. Duke, *Tawas City, Mich.*

For a while we weren't even sure of what you meant, but then we decided it was this: Would the digestive juices of the stomach have dissolved the opal swallowed by the villain? Having flunked high-school chemistry, we wouldn't know. Anybody out there a chemist?—ED.

The Great Outdoors

Many times while rambling far afield, I have been overwhelmed by the splendor of the beautiful mountains and meadows about me. Words that describe these scenes do not come easy, but one day not too long ago, while sitting under a pine tree, I put down in writing these thoughts about our great outdoors. I hope other sportsmen share my thoughts:

You may ask, "What is the great outdoors?" The puny symbols we call words cannot begin to describe this wonderful way of life. You live it, breathe it, are an integral

part of it. A person dedicated to the great outdoors is a fragment of the gentle breeze that lazes through the tall pines on a clear sunlit day, a part of the living, wonderfully complex animals and plants that reflect our Creator's great glory, and he shares in the laughter of a snow-fed stream as it tumbles gaily across the forest floor. When a lover of the outdoors walks through the woods and fields, he realizes the peace and inner contentment that all the money and success in the world cannot give.

Don't know why I wrote this letter. If it doesn't make sense, file it in the nearest wastepaper basket.

David Saunders, *Puente, Calif.*

Makes sense to us.—Ed.

Even Barbers Can Be Wrong

The story of Woody Main ("The Other Guy's Job: Barber") in the December issue is excellent. The Fairchild Aircraft Division of Hagerstown, Md., for whom I speak and for whom Mr. Main once worked, wants to congratulate him on his success as an independent businessman.

However, Fairchild Aircraft believes that Woody might like to know that his estimate of the aircraft industry, and of Fairchild in particular, was erroneous.

In 1947 he left Fairchild because, as the article states, he "saw no future in the aircraft industry now that peace had come." In reality, Fairchild Aircraft has remained quite busy and today employs nearly 10,000 people.

Joseph M. Crockett,
Public Relations Manager
Fairchild Aircraft
Hagerstown, Md.

Being an old Long Island neighbor of a Fairchild Aircraft plant, we, of course, knew Woody was wrong in his 1947 opinion. But he sure had a right to it.—Ed.

In the Groove

I read in your December "Man Around the House" that there is some deep-grooved plywood used for shelf work. Can you tell me where to get this plywood?

Kelly Page, *Easton, Wash.*

Try any large lumberyard; ask for Texture 111.—Ed.

Nothing But Bluebook

A small complaint: The balance of your January issue is 10 to 6 in favor of fact articles over fiction stories.

Aside from this, I want to say that your magazine is the best man's book on the market. In fact, it's the only one my lovely wife will allow me to bring in the house.

James Paris, *South Gate, Calif.*

Your lovely wife shows good judgment. Despite your count of titles, more pages of the January issue—as of all other issues—were devoted to fiction than to nonfiction.—Ed.

New Cure for Alcoholics?

As one of the few physicians here in America who uses apomorphia in treating alcoholics with a non-aversion technique similar to that originated by Dr. John Y. Dent of London, I was very much interested in William Brown Hartley's "New Cure for Alcoholics?" (November). You are fortunate in having a Bluebook researcher who can wade through a mass of technical data and medical terminology and come up with such a clear and concise report for your readers.

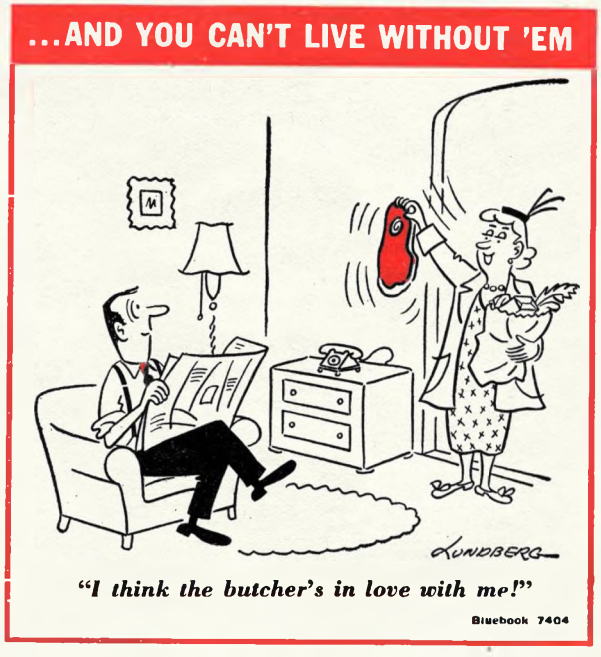
Maurice Pruitt, M.D., *Chattanooga, Tenn.*

No Credit for Caplin

I just purchased a copy of the February issue and was very pleased with the way the cover came out. I was disappointed, however, in the omission of a credit line.

Harvey Caplin, *Alameda, N. M.*

Harvey Caplin, who shot the beautiful ski scene for Bluebook's *February cover, certainly deserves a lot of credit. We're sorry that, through an oversight, we didn't identify him as the photographer.*—Ed.



The HEAD MAN

by Oren Arnold

Give me an axe, some waterproof matches, a Dutch oven, a skillet, a long-bladed pocket knife, and a black tin coffee-pot, and I can whip up as fine a meal as the next man. But in my wife's streamlined, chromium-decked, pushbutton-controlled culinary emporium I am a lost soul.

●

In this great land of opportunity, a young man can start out digging in the soil with his hands and soon progress to a fine white-collar job behind a desk. Provided, of course, he doesn't mind the reduced income.

●

No matter how hard you slave to escape it, work is inevitable. Even the huge ash-hopper under our fireplace eventually has to be emptied.

●

There is no evidence to prove that a wife who drives from the back seat is any worse than the husband who cooks from the dining-room table.

●

Don't be so stuffy as to ignore a purse on the sidewalk this April Fool's Day, gentlemen; it won't hurt you to let the kids have some fun.

Besides, it just might be genuine, with money in it.

●

This is the month in which the United States government and my family develop common interests. Each demands a large hunk of my income, explaining that this is essential for proper maintenance and service.

●

Her teacher asked my smarty daughter Gail, who is an unreasonable facsimile of her mother, what is meant by the term "top secret." As her mom would have done, she shot right back—"A toupee."

College daughter Rosemary is scheduled to marry a fine redhead two months hence. They are approaching the deadline with complete calm, whereas Mom and I have been jittery since they first announced their engagement over a year ago. I just don't see how I'm gonna make it down that church aisle without falling on my face.

●

I take any member of our family to the doctor whenever there's a serious illness or accident. But of course I have a trained mechanic check, grease and oil our car every thousand miles, as a preventive measure.

●

"If I had my life to live over," I overheard 10-year-old neighbor Candy Smith say to a pal, "I'd want to live over a soda fountain."

●

No woman has ever made a fool out of me. But over the years some have given me opportunities to exercise my natural capacities in that direction.

●

No matter what business you're in, don't build a social fence around yourself, young man. To get ahead in this world it takes a lot of know-who.

●

Bud Hale's wife bought a fancy new dress, spent six hours at a beauty parlor, borrowed some expensive jewelry and generally diked herself out like a new three-toned convertible. All because she was going to meet a woman Bud once was engaged to.

●

This is the season of the year when I like to sit under a full moon with my Adele, and just hold hands and not say much of anything. Come to think of it, there are three other seasons when I enjoy that sort of thing, too.

●

Among the male phenomena that wives can never understand is how 18 minutes of yard-raking, flowerbed spading or lawn-mower pushing will utterly incapacitate a man for work at his office next week; whereas 18 holes of golf (about seven miles) will tone up his muscles and leave him prepared to face a cruel business world.

●

I enjoy the sign young Ross Randolph has on his new midget automobile: DON'T BE A BULLY. HIT SOMEBODY YOUR OWN SIZE.

●

John Griffith went hunting last winter and stayed in a mountain cabin. Afterward he had a highly unusual story to tell. Remembering he had $450 in his wallet, he hid it in the cold cabin stove at bedtime. In the chill at dawn he kindled a fire hurriedly. Being no fool, he took his wallet out of the stove first.

●

Why is it that every time I tell a hilariously funny story I have to be punished for it by listening to a couple of poor ones?

●

There's quite a contest going on in our family this month, what with spring freshets, mud and all. Object is to determine who can ignore our dirty car the longest without breaking down and washing it.

●

I've been a father more years than I haven't been, and never once have I impulsively bawled out a child without being punished myself by the hurt look of disappointment in his eyes.

Editor's Note:

There's a poignant story that goes along with "The Long Shot," which you'll find on page 31, a story with 16 tons of what editors call "reader identification." This particular brand of "that could have happened to me" concerns the story's author, Gordon McDonell; Mrs. McDonell; and a horse named Liege at Santa Anita.

Seems McDonell used to do a good deal of riding as an amateur when he was in India with the British Army. (It was all perfectly legal since he's a Briton.) He rode in the Calcutta flat race, hurdle race and steeplechase. A bout of rheumatic fever put an end to all that—and turned him to writing—but did not change his determination, born perhaps of familiarity, never to bet on a horse race.

So anyway, one day he was at Santa Anita and the horse called Liege was running at 100 to 1. Once McDonell had lived in Liege, Belgium.

As any horse expert would know, this was a natural; there was absolutely no chance that the horse wouldn't win. But McDonell, a strong-willed type, didn't break his rule. Liege romped home ahead, paid $220 for a $2 ticket; McDonell told his wife who immediately reached for the old 12-gauge in the corner.

By dint of fast and persuasive talking McDonell convinced her not to shoot on the promise he'd turn the whole miserable affair into a profit by writing a story. He did.

The bus-driver story which adorns page 22 is the normal outgrowth of a thing that happened once when John Keats was assigned by the Washington *Daily News* to cover an affair given by the Capital Transit Company at a Washington club. Seems the Transit Co. officials were entertaining a delegation of French bus-company brass who were visiting the nation's capital. None of the Transit people could speak French; none of the French could speak English. Conversation consisted mostly of people nodding energetically and smiling interminably at each other across the table.

But way down at the foot of the festive board, far from the big wheels, one Transit Co. man was having a hell of a time. He was the driver of the bus that had taken the French on a tour of the city; he'd been a G.I. in Europe, had married a French gal, and was mixing it up in fluent French with all the important visitors.

It struck Keats that he was the only complete man in the crowd. He knew all about the company he worked for, could explain things to the French in their own language, and was also the only man at the table who could actually drive a bus.

"From that moment," Keats says, "I began to suspect that competence and greatness might not be confined to vice-presidents of public relations. Nor, as I think my piece on Bill Secrist proves, is genuine happiness and a decent adjustment to one's talents the exclusive province of head-feelers, the rich or the hermits. I'm glad BLUEBOOK gave me the chance to discover for myself these home truths."

John Keats

B. M. Atkinson, Jr., (see page 16) recounts the turning point in his life as follows: "While attending Baylor Prep School in Chattanooga at the age of 17, I fell off a cliff on my head and decided to become a newspaperman." Subsequently he worked on the Atlanta *Journal*, Macon *Telegraph* and Louisville *Times*.

"Spent four years in Army," he continues, "under the Square-Peg-Round-Hole Dept.—Coast Artillery, Tank Destroyers, Amphibian Tanks, Amphibian Tractors—and never left California. Came back to the *Times* and started writing daily column—the only form of legal suicide in the books. It's a scientific thing dealing with such bizarre subjects as Wives and Children. Being inspired by an unpaid-for third child, I started writing fiction in 1949."

And, we'll add since he's a little modest, he's been doing terrifically well at it, amusing great hosts of people ever since. And good humor is about the scarcest thing around these shores.—*A.F.*

A BLUEBOOK BOOK-LENGTH FEATURE

The Golden Years

BY THOMAS COLLINS

This warmly entertaining book-length feature is for any man who has ever worried about the security of his later years. He will find it a treasury of down-to-earth information, common-sense advice, and deep comfort. Reading it can well mean the difference between misery and happiness. Indeed, it may save your life.

Chapter 1

The Precious Gift of Retirement

NOWHERE IN THE SPAN of your life will you come by a more precious gift than the one you get when you walk out into the sunlight at 65 with a pension that will buy your daily bread.

No matter who you are or where you have worked—in plant or office, in schoolroom or for government, at a counter or in the executive suite—you will inherit on retirement day a treasure of freedom.

At no other time in your life will you have had anything quite like it.

It is freedom from the alarm clock, to be sure. It is freedom from the rules of an organized business world. But these, you will find after a while, do not mean much. The greater freedoms—this treasure that you inherit—are the freedom of your particular mind, and the freedom of your particular spirit.

You have not thought with complete freedom since the day you cried to escape a crib. You learned then to think in the pattern of your mother . . . that was the only way you ever got out of the crib. All of your life since you have thought in the pattern of somebody else: in the pattern of your teachers in school, in the pattern of your business, in the pattern of the men and women around you who also worked for a living.

And your spirit—the indefinable yearning in your breast to reach up and out for something—that has never been free, not really, because at 10 o'clock on the April mornings there have always been duties to do, and in the rustles of the September evenings there has always been a tomorrow to meet.

There are no duties, and there will not have to be any tomorrows, if you have a pension that will feed you. You are free. And you can reach for a bucket of stars.

In such an atmosphere nobody could possibly know what splendid things will come up out of you.

This is the situation retirement invites you into. Consider for a moment the person it invites:

If you are past the age of 50, you have a remarkable record of survival. History has little that is comparable to it. You survived World War I. You did not die in the flu epidemic that followed it. You did not poison yourself on the home brew and bathtub gin in the 1920's, nor did you fall victim to the riotous living of that era.

You survived the stock-market crash. Your heart and nerves were strong enough to withstand the economic and political upheavals that followed. You lived through the Depression.

The Spanish Civil War did not lure you to the flame. The rise of Hitler and Mussolini left you intact, and when World War II came, you survived. The post-war readjustment, income taxes, Korea—all these you lived through. And up until today you have survived The Bomb and the automobile.

What a foundation you have for faith as you move into your later years!

This is how George S. Washburn expressed it following his retirement at 65. He was sitting on the front step of a small cottage he had bought in Clearwater, Florida.

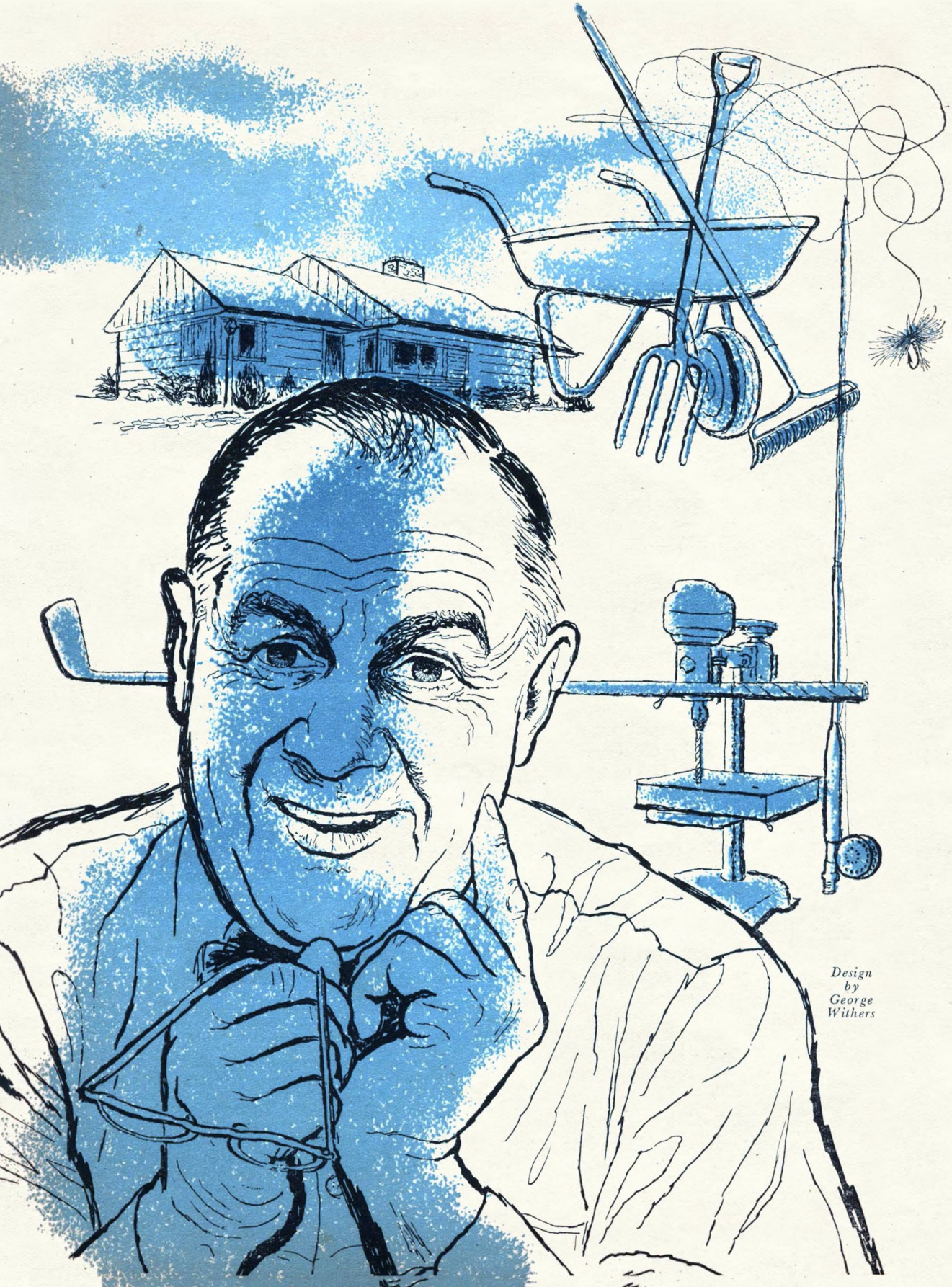
"You don't pluck faith in yourself from the air. You don't get it by listening to a sermon or reading a book. You find it by assessing yourself as a tax man assesses a house. You size up the foundation and you consider the stability, the wearability, the improvements.

"I assessed myself that way as I began to worry about my approaching retirement.

"I had eaten and I had had clothes and shelter for many years. I had had them for most of the time through my own efforts. Why should I fear that after 65 I would fail to provide them?

"I had made friends and lived in reasonable peace with my fellow man for 65 years. Why fear that I couldn't after 65?

"I had started out as a young man with a weekly wage that wouldn't buy a steak dinner today. By age 65 I had improved enough, and achieved enough, to have a home, an automobile, a vacation every year, and a respected place in



Design by George Withers

my community. I decided that no witch was going to fly in the day I reached retirement and sprinkle an evil potion around that would stop this development in me.

"So, to put it poetically, I was going into retirement with a heritage. I had no fear."

Few people who reach retirement age ever appraise with much accuracy the wisdom they have acquired. But you can't live to retirement age without acquiring wisdom. How many things you know! How many mistakes you see all around you that you could have avoided. How many opportunities you see others are missing. How much tolerance you have learned. How much patience you have achieved. All this is your wisdom, and out of that comes the third part of your invitation to retirement—hope.

On a park bench in Denver, Colorado, a man named Eugene McDowell told how he found it.

"I was a religious man," he said, "and in what I knew of the Bible I could see hope in the years that would lie beyond my retirement. But one thing worried me, my physical health.

"I wasn't ill and was in no worse condition than most others my age. But doctors and others competent to judge were advising that I come to terms with my body after 65. Everybody I knew seemed of the opinion that this was the age to stop work, lay aside the cares of the world, and begin nursing my feeble old frame.

"In other words I could have my hope, but I was 65 and therefore a worn-out old man. So it didn't matter much."

This puzzled him for a long time, he said, and finally came the answer.

"I simply decided that a man or woman was not old at 65, no matter what the compulsory retirement policies of government and business implied, no matter what the impression of the public was. Age 65 was not old and it was not a doorway to the end.

"I thought about professional athletes. The football players faded out after their twenties. The baseball players and the prize fighters couldn't continue very far into their thirties. They were too old. They moved on to other work.

"Teen-agers didn't play Indians any more. They were too old. Men and women at 40 didn't enter beauty contests any more. They were too old. Grandparents at 50 usually didn't have any more babies. They were too old.

"So all of life was a continuing process of growing too old for something. At worst, age 65 was only that. Yet, oddly, no business could prove that a man was too old to work at 65. So that milestone, however you wanted to look at it, was artificial. The others in life were not."

So Eugene McDowell retired at 65 with hope and a conviction he wasn't old.

At the Chicago department store where he had worked for 30 years, he told his friends good-by, enrolled in a real-estate school, and a year later was energetically, and profitably, selling real estate in the suburbs.

Once each year he was visiting Colorado to sit and gaze at the Rockies. "It is my way of continuing to remind myself of the grandeur there can be in this life," he said.

The hope that lies beyond 65 is not necessarily in the bigger things of the world. Most people of retirement age sooner or later have England's Winston Churchill pointed out to them, or General Douglas MacArthur, or an impressive list of other men and women who have achieved greatness in their 70's and 80's.

They find a passing inspiration in this, perhaps, but famous people never ate the particular kind of omelette that life served them. They need the hope that fits the employee of the 20th Century business concern or institution who is retired arbitrarily at 65 on a pension one-fourth what his working income has been.

Such hope is all around them. It does not show up in the newspapers and historical books, so they seldom see it. But it is all around.

Not many months ago a retail merchandising man retired on a pension and Social Security sufficient for the needs of his wife and himself. He had no particular desire to work again, but a department store approached him and asked if he would like to take over one of its weaker departments. There was a bad personnel situation in the department, the store said, and it needed this man for only a year or so until younger men could be trained.

He took the job, and the financial arrangement was that his income would be a percentage of the sales.

The store was somewhat old-fashioned. The man found that the personnel situation was bad because sales were bad. And in turn the unhappy personnel made sales worse.

The showcases in the department were old tier arrangements, three cases stacked one on top of the other. He decided to eliminate the top case all over the department to give it a low, more modern look. Then he would display the displaced merchandise on tables in the aisles.

The graybeards of the store reacted sternly. He was hired to sell merchandise, not to redesign the store.

He responded, in writing, just as sternly:

"This store is 20 years behind the times. The only chance of reviving my department is to modernize it. I am going to modernize it, or else I am going to Fort Lauderdale, Florida, and raise oranges."

The man still heads his department. There is not a three-tiered showcase left in the entire store.

This man would never have asserted himself in this fashion on his old job. He would not have dared. But his retirement and pension had given him the magnificent privilege—it is not a parlor phrase but nothing else quite describes it—the magnificent privilege of telling people to go to hell.

One of the first self-service hardware stores in America was brought about by a retired man who didn't need a job but who was working in the store to help out during a labor shortage. He grew weary of waiting on the nickel customers who wanted a nut and a bolt. He told the store to put such items on a self-service basis, or he was going fishing. It did.

A retired school teacher who was getting by very well on her pension was asked to come back to teach on a temporary basis at her old school. She did, and after a few days walked nonchalantly into the superintendent's office and told him everything that was wrong with the teaching in the fourth and fifth grades. Reforms that she had been afraid to mention for three years were put into effect.

There is almost a medicinal value to a pension. If psychiatrists could write a prescription for a pension and a drug store could bottle it, half the mental ills of the world could be cured. For the independence of a pension not only gives you the privilege of begging to differ. It gives you the ability to agree.

Much of what made things difficult for you in the years on your job constituted a threat to you—to your prestige, your career, your livelihood. With retirement you no longer have to defend those ramparts. What was once vital no longer matters.

You are free. You are wise beyond the years of most people now living. You have magnificent reasons for faith. Nobody could possibly know what splendid things will come up out of you.

Chapter 2

Should You Live Somewhere Else?

RETIREMENT IS A SIREN with a beckoning finger. It is the enchantment of the open road. It is the almost universal illusion that no matter where you are, the best possible place to spend your Golden Years is somewhere else.

By the thousands every year men and women are reaching 65, taking their pensions, and changing their mailing addresses.

What's worrying you is: should you follow them?

First, the reasons why you shouldn't:

The Golden Years Are Not Climate. A New Englander who shoveled snow for 25 years of his life, John R. McCutcheon, learned that with an effort. "I went to Southern California when I retired. Didn't everybody, if they had the money? It was the fashion to go there or to Florida. In fact, it was so generally accepted that a person should escape the New England winters if he could, I would have felt a bit stupid not to.

"So my wife and I went to California. And for a year and a half we enjoyed the always-warm, nearly-always beautiful weather. Then it began to pall on us. A good retirement was friends . . . . we had none there. It was something to do . . . . we were idle."

He said he had to live in the sunshine for a year to learn that it takes cold rains and snowstorms to make sunshine beautiful. It takes a winter to make a spring.

"So we went back to Boston," he said, "and for the first time a very simple truth dawned on me. In retirement in New England there aren't any bad winters, not if you have a freezer and a television set and know how to buy canned goods.

"We could sit out in 72-degree comfort—for weeks—any blizzard that came. It was only the poor souls who still had to go to work at nine A.M. who had a bad winter.

"Of course there were storm windows. And there was snow to shovel still. But these jobs had been distasteful primarily because the storm windows had to be washed and put up on the precious week-ends, and the snow had to be shoveled after eight long hours at an office.

"A man in retirement has seventy or so hours a week to take care of these jobs, and in this sort of perspective they simply are no problem.

"Everything being equal, I would rather spend my retirement in a reasonably moderate climate than in a Boston blizzard. But the person who retires to climate alone, is retiring to a false goddess. Climate can't make anybody happy."

Your Children Can't Go Along. A couple who can be identified only as the John Smiths sold their home in Cincinnati when the husband retired, and set off in high spirits for Biloxi, Miss., which they had chosen for a retirement home.

"There was nothing wrong with that, on the face of it," the wife said. "And Biloxi was a fine place. But we have two children, a son living in Chicago and a daughter who is married to an engineer in Buffalo, N. Y.

"You have no idea how far Biloxi is from Chicago and Buffalo, and how close Cincinnati once was. You see, Cincinnati was home. It always tugged at the children, particularly with Daddy and me in the picture there. John and Mary would travel in to meet each other. At various times during the year they would find the time and the money to run in separately for a visit.

"But when we moved to Biloxi the spell broke. There was no longer a home-place to go back to. A more practical consideration was that there were more miles to travel to see us, which meant more expense to children with growing families.

"And there was another thing. In Cincinnati the rooms of the son and daughter had been left intact. When they came home they went upstairs and made themselves at home, at no cost. They ate, and telephoned, and had their friends in, at no cost.

"But in Biloxi they had to bed their families down in a hotel or a tourist cabin and buy their own meals, because Daddy and I were living in a three-room apartment."

Three years after they fled to their paradise, the John Smiths went back to Cincinnati in an effort to recapture their children. They even rented a big house. But three years had brought a new pattern of week-ends and a new pattern of summer vacations to their children's lives. A strange house in Cincinnati did not fit into the patterns.

Your Friends Can't Go Along, Either. Friendships are not written in blood these days. A friend is a neighbor who is tolerant, a grouchy old fellow who lives down the street but says hello in the morning, the courteous Jones family across the street. "But when you try to swap such people for some 72-year-old pensioners in Sarasota, Florida, you're making one of the sorriest deals of your life."

These are the sentiments of a kindly little woman everybody always knew as Mrs. Jennifer McDonald. Her husband died at 64. With what he left her she moved to Sarasota to find her Golden Years in the afternoon sun of a veranda. All she found were idle hours and loneliness, a sort of vacuum in which other people like herself sat in chairs and waited for somebody to come and be friendly. Nobody ever came.

"Whether you like your friends very much or not," she said, "isn't too important. Whether or not you see them often isn't. But to know that people are around who have known you a long time is comforting and reassuring when you grow older. You seldom know how much so until you go away.

"You can't expect old friends to seek you out where you have gone. The whole time I was in Sarasota, which was better than two years, I never saw an old friend come to visit any of the retired people who were there."

You Won't Save Much Money. Generally speaking, if you move anywhere in the United States, and live on the same social plane in a community of about the same size, you will pay essentially what you are paying now. You can move from a city to a small town and effect some savings. You can move from, say, New York State or Ohio to Arkansas and effect some savings. But in both cases you are changing your pattern of life.

Most people do not really want to change their pattern when they retire, and you often see them kidding themselves as they pack their belongings and go. If they are city-bred and they tell you they are going to a small town, it will often be to a little town nestling in the urbane shadows of a city. And the living costs will be about the same as those they left behind.

If they are accustomed to the highly-developed counties of New York State and Ohio you will find them neatly skirting the pig pens and dirt roads of Arkansas and traveling on to the more inviting resort country of the Ozarks.

If you will get the living costs of your proposed paradise from the U.S. Department of Commerce, compare the taxes, utilities, housing and food, you will usually have to find some reason besides economy to warrant your pulling up your roots.

It May Cost You Money. In your home are treasures you hold dear: the wedding gifts that are left, Grandma Brown's needlepoint chair, the innerspring mattress, and a television set. You and things like this are friends. You are not going to part with them. But have you checked with a trucking company or a railroad on what it will cost to transport them to where you are going? And have you figured what the simplest household furnishings will cost you in paradise if you have to buy them over again?

One of the saddest sights in the whole realm of retirement is to see a retired couple put their household furnishings up for sale and hear some uncouth stranger say "I'll give you a buck and six bits" for the rocking chair they nursed their first baby in.

Hold to your dreams—you can still spend your Golden Years under some faraway palm tree, and there are some very good reasons why you should. But there is one more reason why you should not:

Problems. Merritt Doane thought the smartest thing he could do when he retired at 65 after 20 years in the automobile business was to get away from the problems of Detroit.

"It was a labor town; I didn't like strikes and turmoil. It was attracting thousands of Negroes from the South and there were many social readjustments that would be made, and should be made. I didn't care to live through that coming-of-age period. Then there was the problem of all those factories, the international tensions, and that terrible Bomb. I saw no reason to be blown to bits if everything went to pot."

Continued on page 67

BY ARTHUR FELDMAN

"What would your husband do," he asked, "if he found out about us?"

"Something pretty awful," she said—and thought of the axe. . . .

"NOW THAT'S a funny thing to say, Harriet."

"But answer me, Paul. Would you? Tell me truthfully—and no evasions. Would you?"

They were in the beech copse below the crest of the hill, holding hands.

"You think of the craziest things," said Paul.

"You were saying, darling, that my hands are beautiful," said Harriet.

"And so's all the rest of you. But your hands are—exquisite."

Her left hand with the plain gold band around the third finger lay across his broad palm. Her tapered fingers were delicately strong. The filbert-shaped fingernails, unpolished, were pale violet beneath the filtering sunlight.

"Answer me, Paul. If some awful injury happened to my hands, would you still love me?" Her eyes, brown as autumn leaf, were tender.

"Of course I'd love you."

"I mean, would you continue to love me as we just did?"

"You certainly say the craziest things," said Paul, nipping her ear with his sharp, white teeth.

She ran her fingers through his shock of dark hair, lifted up her face for his kiss. "I wonder, Paul."

Down through the woods, a mile beyond the bluff, they could see the Ohio roll, brown and sluggish. Across the river the Kentucky hills were purple in the October haze. In the copse a crow cawed insistently.

The hot Indian summer sun shimmered through the beeches, warming their backs as they lay side by side, cushioned by the dark-olive beech leaves. On the hill's crest, the treeless road led to the woman's cottage.

As they sunned themselves, a tall man, carrying an axe across his shoulder, loomed up from the west along the high road. He was dressed in corduroys and checkered cap, leading a black-and-white-spotted dog by leash.

Harriet pinched Paul's wrist. "Look up there through the trees! There's Jim! My husband! Going to the house."

"I see him," Paul murmured. "I thought he always stayed across river, Sunday afternoons. If the dog scents you out we're in a spot!"

"Don't worry about the dog. That dog doesn't know me. It's a new one, a pup, from the looks of it. Jim probably picked it up over in Kentucky. That's why he's back so early. Jim doesn't suspect anything."

The tall man with the axe moved across the hill top, pulling along the reluctant animal. Repeatedly, the dog would plant his paws on the ground, tugging against the man's pull and sliding on its haunches. The couple in the grove could see it all.

When he reached the middle of the crest, the man halted and looked around. He bent down and rubbed the scruff of the dog's neck, and the animal began jumping about the man's shoulders, barking excitedly.

They heard it in the beech grove. "Good dog," they heard Jim McVey say. He sat on the ground with the dog's head against his knee. Resting the axe over his lap, he fished out a cigarette.

In the copse, a chipmunk skittered through the leaves. The crow cawed forlornly. Beneath Harriet's fingers, Paul's wrist felt cold. It seemed the wrist of a stranger.

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Which Outboard Cruiser For You?

BY ROBERT SCHARFF

The most dramatic thing that's happened in boating in recent years is the bantam cruiser. There are so many on the market that a guy gets confused. Here an expert tells what you can get for how much.

ALMOST EVERYONE loves boats. The city kid sails a paper boat in the gutter after a rain. The country kid builds a raft and sails it on a nearby creek. When the kid—city or country variety—grows up, he never forgets those "boating" experiences. Until recently, however, the average person's boating was limited just to dreaming about it. The boat that has done more than any other to convert armchair yachtsmen into actual salt-encrusted skippers is the outboard cruiser.

The outboard cruiser isn't just any boat hull with a portable power plant clamped to the stern. Instead, it's a specially designed craft to provide you and your family with the nautical comforts of an inboard cruiser, but at lower cost and without requiring skilled seamanship or a passionate devotion to maintenance. And you can now buy an outboard cruiser—suitable for fishing, weekend cruising or a two-week marine vacation—for less than the price of the average family car.

Current prices for cruiser hulls run all the way from $600 to about $3,500. A good average for a

Obviously, this 12-foot aluminum runabout—and *(ogle, ogle)* what's in it—could be dandy fun.

cruiser you can spend the night on, is around $1,500, and you may be able to do much better than that by buying a second-hand hull. The motor will cost you slightly over $400, if you want a 25 hp. However, again you may be able to cut this figure if you have a smaller motor to trade in or if you'll be satisfied with a smaller one. Add another $100 for controls, dock lines, other ship's gear and incidentals. Total: about $2,100. Many banks have "easy-payment" plans for financing outboard cruisers.

With more than 75 firms turning out hulls, we find many models of outboard cruisers gracing America's waterfronts today. But basically they break down into two types: the day cruiser and the overnighter. Both have some form of cabin arrangement. Although the day cruiser has no bunks, its cabin being used for storage and utility space, air mattresses or sleeping bags can be spread out on the cockpit or cabin floor for an occasional night aboard. Because it has no overnight facilities and equipment, the day cruiser, naturally, is cheaper.

For families who want to make like Captain Horatio Hornblower, but want to get away from other hornblowers, this 20-foot, molded-plywood cruiser is a sound answer.

For weekends and vacations aboard, the overnight cabin cruiser is the deal. Designers have done wonders in cramming equipment inside the cabin. Some models have bunks, stove, ice box, toilet and adequate storage space for boat and personal equipment.

One of the smallest commercial outboard cruisers is a 12-foot aluminum job, which has a pair of six-foot, two-inch bunks flanking the cabin forward of a 38-square-foot cockpit. The hull requires a draft of only four inches with five persons aboard. One of the largest outboard cruisers on the market has a 22-foot, 8-inch molded-fiberglas hull with a seven-foot, eight-inch beam and five-foot, nine-inch cabin height. A completely furnished forward cabin sleeps four adults and a child.

One of the major problems in designing an overnight cruiser is cabin headroom. Generally, you won't get standing headroom in the cabin unless you buy an oversized craft that is minus fine design lines. But since the cabin is used mostly for sleeping, eating and

sweating out inclement weather, enough headroom for comfortable sitting is usually adequate. A top-heavy hull will roll and pitch uncomfortably in even mild seas. A low profile boat offers better balance, which is especially important if you plan it for off-shore use.

The size of the hull you select will depend partly on your usual number of passengers and partly on whether you want to trail the boat. Cruisers under 18 feet are easier to trail than the 22-footers, but the additional four feet or so means quite a bit more comfort if you plan to carry more than four persons. Most beams don't exceed eight feet because of highway restrictions when trailering.

The choice of hull construction—plywood, aluminum and fiberglas—will depend on your budget and the amount of time you wish to spend on maintenance. The cheapest construction is sheet plywood, but this requires more painting and general maintenance than the other types. Patching a plywood hull in the event of a puncture is a fairly simple job. Wood plank, clinker and strip-built hulls are generally too heavy for outboard cruiser use.

Aluminum boats have three strong advantages: They are extremely light, which makes them ideal for carrying by trailer. They are exceptionally strong and watertight, and will remain so despite hard usage. And they don't need periodic repainting when used in fresh water.

On the debit side, in addition to high first cost, is the difficulty of neatly patching an aluminum hull which has been punctured. When used in salt water, aluminum hulls, despite chemical treatment, tend to corrode and need all the care, or more of a plywood hull. They also have considerably more vibration noise than the other types. To overcome this, many manufacturers are using soundproofing or dampening materials on the inside bottom, under decks and seats.

One commonplace but false criticism of aluminum cruisers is that if they turn over, they'll sink. On the contrary, all aluminum hulls on the market today will float even though capsized and they will support the weight of the motor as well as that of the passengers.

Plastic or fiberglas hulls have several points in their favor. Marine growths, fungus, teredos and the like, which damage wood hulls, have no effect on them. Thickness for thickness, fiberglas is 12 times stronger in splitting resistance than is plywood. Fiberglas hulls can be punctured, but punctures and breaks are more easily repaired than in any other type of hull. Whether used in fresh or salt water, they never need to be repainted. As with aluminum hulls, flotation gear is needed and provided.

Other than their high first cost, the only detrimental fact that can be pointed out about fiberglas boats is that they are so new that no one knows whether or not they can stand the test of time.

In between sheet plywood and plastic or aluminum, both in cost and amount of maintenance needed, is molded plywood—distinguished from sheet plywood in that it is shaped under heat and pressure. Because it's almost seamless, you don't have to worry about leaks or deterioration, and only an occasional varnishing is required to keep a molded plywood hull good-looking. Patching is fairly easy.

There are countless number of small details

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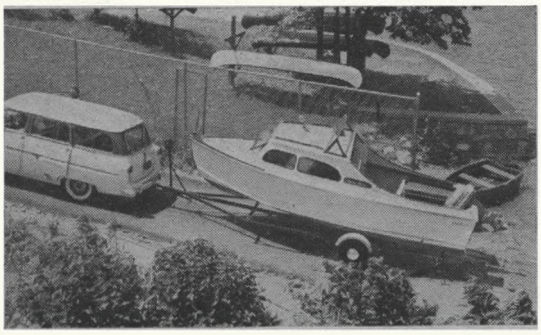
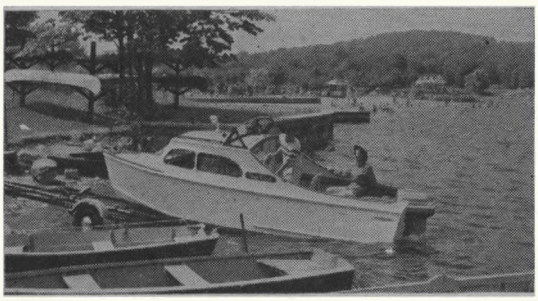
LAUNCHING FROM A TRAILER

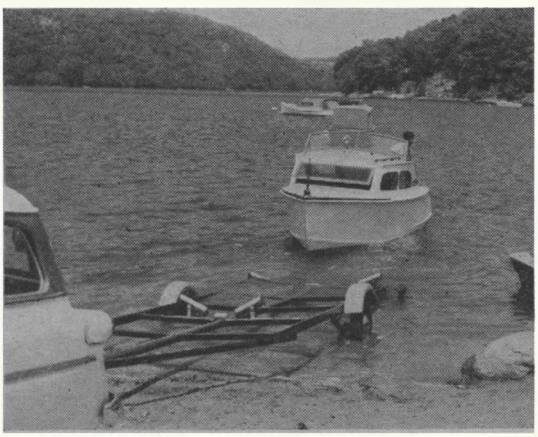
Photos by Oristano Assoc.



Back the trailer and boat down the beach.



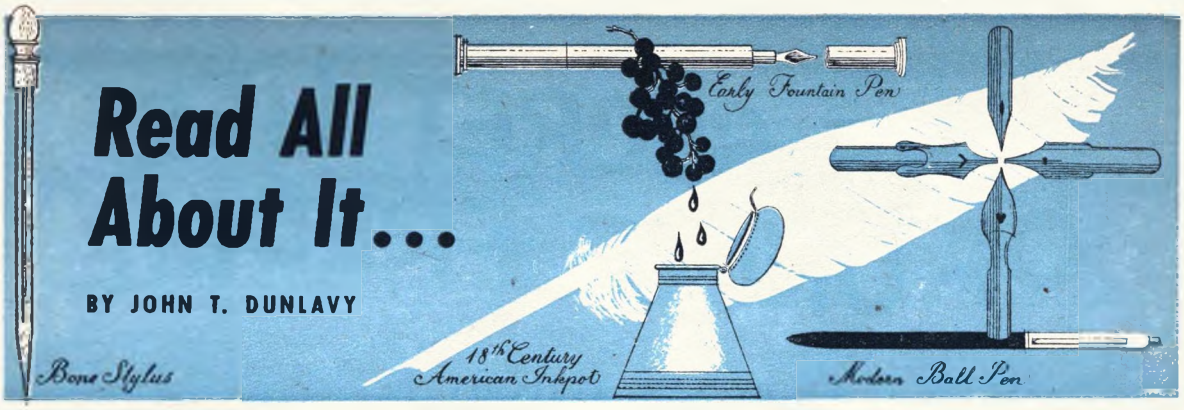
If water's deep enough, back off with motor.



And we're off for the seven seas, or somewhere.

Read All About It...

BY JOHN T. DUNLAVY



PENS & INK

WHAT MAKES a pen write? The flow of ink from pen to paper is not dependent on sheer gravity as we might think. When the tip of a pen is drawn across a paper surface, the capillary cells in the paper actually draw the ink from the slit in the nib. In a fountain pen the ink is held in the reservoir by a balance of outside and inside pressure which overcomes the force of gravity. In writing, capillary action breaks this balance and causes a flow of ink from the reservoir to the slit in the nib.

THE STYLUS, a painted piece of ivory, metal or bone, was likely the earliest writing instrument. It was used to cut figures on tablets covered with wax. Later it was discovered that to write efficiently with ink or similar liquids the instrument had to be able to store enough fluid to permit capillary action. The earliest pens, made of the hollow stalks of the calamus reed, were frayed at the ends; later the Greeks and Romans slit them like modern pens. One of the earliest "fountain pens" was an Egyptian reed with a hollow stem that was filled with ink and squeezed when more writing fluid was necessary.

EARLY IN the Middle Ages, quill pens were introduced. They were made from swan, crow, eagle, owl, hawk, peacock and turkey feathers, the finest being from the wing feathers of geese. Quills were popular for more than 1,200 years, being generally replaced by steel pens in the 1800's.

QUILLS ARE still used today by the Supreme Court of the United States, which buys 1,800 quill pens a year from Mr. Lewis Glazer of New Haven, Conn. Lawyers making their first appearance before the High Court are given a quill as a memento. Mr. Glazer turns out some 75,000 handmade quill pens per year. His primary customers are national shrines and museums where the quills are sold as souvenirs.

ALTHOUGH metallic pens were known back in the days of Pompeii, they were used very little until the 19th Century, when steel pens came into popularity. Steel pens are made from sheets of fine steel that is heated, cooled and rolled. Then the pens are stamped out, the hole is punched and the pen is heated and tempered again. In final operations, the pen is slit and rounded into shape. The annual production of steel pens in the United States has been as high as 400 million.

THE FIRST American pen patent was granted in 1809 to Peregrine Williamson, a Baltimore shoemaker and shot manufacturer. The first fountain pen patent was awarded in 1830 to Dr. Hyde of Reading, Pa. First to achieve a practical fountain pen with a smooth flow of ink was L. E. Waterman in 1883. The first fountain pens were entirely handmade and had to be filled with an eye dropper. The lever-action fountain pen was the invention of W. A. Sheaffer, an Iowa jeweler, in 1908.

TODAY'S fountain pens have anywhere from five to 35 separate parts, including a nib, a barrel, a feed regulator, a holder connecting the feed and the nib, and a cap. Even the simplest pens require more than 200 separate manufacturing processes, while it takes up to six weeks and 318 separate operations to make a fine pen.

BALL-POINT pens are not particularly new. Patents on them were issued in several countries in the last century. The requirements of the Quartermaster of the U.S. Army in 1944 for pens with a leakproof, long-lasting, quick-drying ink supply revived the idea. Ball points were at first thought to be a fad, but improved inks, better quality, and lower costs of manufacture have brought ball points to the number one spot in volume. American pen manufacturers now turn out an estimated 122 million ball point pens annually as against 42 million fountain pens—enough to provide every man, woman and child in the United States with a pen.

AMONG THE PENS now on manufacturers' drawing boards is an "atomic" pen that "writes" by burning impressions on paper and a "pointless pen" that uses neither a ball nor a conventional nib. It has a cone-like tip of porous metal. Thick ink filters through the tiny holes and capillary action draws the ink from the tip to the paper.

"LIQUID LEAD pencils" are really more like pens than pencils. Instead of ink they use liquid graphite which make an erasable mark. Conventional pencils are made of graphite suspended in clay.

IN ITS earliest form, ink was made of soot and charcoal mixed with gum, vegetable stains and berry juices. One of the oldest books known, the maxims of the Egyptian ruler Ptah-hotep, dating from before 2500 B.C., shows the use of red and black inks. . . . In Africa there is a river which turns to ink as it passes under iron deposits in the earth. . . . In pre-Christian times, different colors of inks represented certain values. Purple ink was used by royalty, crimson and red ink represented blood and human life, and green indicated vigor and prosperity. After the Christian era, violet ink indicated sorrow; black, death and destruction; red, fire and love.

THE SECRET LIFE OF UNCLE FREDDIE

BY B. M. ATKINSON, JR.

Kids, pretty young widows and sponsors all loved WTAL-TV's "Uncle Freddie." But I knew him and I had an irresistible urge to punch his nose.

FREDDIE MATTHEWS was a big, heavy-set, good-looking young fellow with curly, blond hair, rosy cheeks, twinkling blue eyes, lots of talent, loads of personality and one fault: he was a no-good bum.

His kiddie show, "Uncle Freddie's Birthday Party," was WTAL-TV's biggest attraction. Every child within a hundred miles of the station loved him and from four to five Mondays through Fridays he loved them. The rest of the time he made King Herod sound like Pinky Lee. He loathed children.

Loathed them, that is, unless they had pretty, widowed mothers. He preyed on pretty, widowed mothers.

Well, I, George Temple—"Cousin George," the announcer for "Uncle Freddie's Birthday Party"—fell in love with a pretty, widowed mother, Mary Jane Scott. Uncle Freddie started preying on *her*.

Did it through her skinny, snaggle-toothed, seven-year-old son, Johnny. His daddy had been killed in Korea and Mary Jane had then built her life around the lad. Which was why I didn't ask her to marry me the very first day we met. I knew I'd have to win Johnny over first. It could have been a very simple operation except for one thing. He decided to celebrate his seventh birthday by coming down to Uncle Freddie's Party. Uncle Freddie, he thought, was the greatest thing alive.

As soon as they walked into the studio I knew there was going to be trouble. Mary Jane is an ash blonde with greenish-blue eyes. Ordinarily she looks just real cute and cuddly. When she dresses up, though, Boy Scouts forget their vows. This time she was dressed up in a tailored, navy blue suit. It accentuated all her positives. Uncle Freddie who had been drummed out of the Scouts as a Cub, fell over three props, four children and somebody's aunt watching her.

After the show, when we were standing outside the studio door bidding his hooting, hollering disciples good-by, he really went to work. "Don't tell me you don't know her, George" he snapped, waving to Johnny at the end of the line, "I saw her speak to you!"

Well, I wasn't about to expose her to a technique like this. He'd latch onto some little boy with a beautiful, widowed mother and then be so nice to the little boy that the beautiful mother—overwhelmed by his charm and her own gratitude—would fall in love with him. With Uncle Freddie that led to everything but marriage.

"I know her just well enough to leave her alone," I lied.

"What's that mean?"

"That means," I said, "that her husband is a judo instructor at the Y. He killed a guy once for messing with her. Stuck his thumbs in the guy's ears and popped his eyeballs out!"

"Look," he leered, "for a little time with her he can stick his thumbs in my eyeballs and pop my ears out. That her kid with her? The little jerk with no teeth?"

Like I say, he loathed children. He'd started out with us as a disk jockey. Then he saw the money that could be made out of the kiddie show. He asked Uncle Tom Mills, who had the show then, to let him appear as a guest star. Just for kicks, he said. He took up practically the whole show and being a second-rate comic, a second-rate magician and a second-rate mimic he made Uncle Tom, a third-rate guitar-picker, look sick. The next week

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Twenty small boys piled on Uncle Freddie, tore his shirt to shreds, and paraded back to their studio seats waving the pieces triumphantly.


WTAL
NBS

Man in Chicago has discovered that by relaxing your muscles, you can also relax your worries, get rid of nervous headaches and other troubles caused by tension.

BY JOHN KORD LAGEMANN

NEW WAY TO STOP

WHEN YOU WORRY, where is the worry located? Most people would say it's in your head. Dr. Edmund Jacobson of Chicago would say it's also in your muscles—and tell you how to get rid of the worry by getting rid of muscle tension. His method of doing this is called "progressive relaxation" and it's the only method that is widely approved and prescribed by the medical profession. To find out how it works I recently went to Chicago to visit Dr. Jacobson at his Laboratory for Clinical Physiology.

"Our muscles participate in all our mental and emotional activities," Dr. Jacobson told me. This is the key to an understanding of his relaxation method. Worry, fear, anxiety, shyness, touchiness and other states of feeling exist not in the brain alone, but as patterns of what Dr. Jacobson calls "residual tension"—that is, muscle contractions which linger on even after you think you've let go. Nervous headaches, backaches, indigestion and many other psychosomatic ailments are also caused by elusive muscle tension and cured by relaxation, or, as Dr. Jacobson would say, "by not doing the tensing."

"The ability to recognize and discontinue muscle tension in various parts of the body is a skill like any other," Dr. Jacobson told me. "The average healthy person can teach himself to relax with no more trouble than he can learn to play golf, dance the mambo or play a good game of bridge."

It's hard to realize how much inner tension you carry around with you until you actually see it on a screen. I had this experience in Dr. Jacobson's laboratory, where I sat on a comfortable divan facing a television-like instrument called an electro-myogram. Instead of being tuned in to Omnibus or a wrestling match, the machine was tuned in on my inner tensions, via two, tiny, hair-line platinum electrodes stuck into the skin of my right arm. These transmitted variations in the electrical potential of near-by muscles and the machine translated them into movements of an electron beam within a cathode tube.

"When you're relaxed, the electron beam will trace an almost flat line on the screen," a lab assistant told me.

"I'm perfectly relaxed," I said. Then I glanced at the screen. The electron beam traced huge waves which rolled across the screen as if driven by gale force. Dr. Jacobson smiled reassuringly.

"That's not at all unusual," he said. "Most people don't know when they're tense. All they know is that they occasionally feel anxious, or driven or worried, irritable or whatnot."

"Imagine picking up a heavy suitcase," the lab assistant told me. My arm didn't stir but the waves of light on the screen erupted as if a depth charge had been set off. "Think of playing tennis," said the lab assistant. I did, and watched the wavy line on the screen explode each time I imagined hitting the ball.

"Every time you imagine doing something, your muscles tense ever so slightly as if they were doing it." Dr. Jacobson told me.

The lab assistant moved the electrodes to my throat and told me to think of a tune. When I did I could follow the rhythm of the tune in the fluctuation on the screen. The electrodes were moved to my brow. At first the electron beam pulsated in a

Dr. Jacobson tests a subject's tension. The attachments transmit electrical discharges from arm and facial muscles, variations in which show up on the oscilloscope. A fairly even line, as here, means mental and physical relaxation. A subject may feel perfectly relaxed, yet actually be tense because of action-filled thoughts—as on page 99.

steady wave motion. Suddenly it fluctuated wildly. I had just thought of a blonde I knew.

Visual imagination produces minute contractions in the muscles of the eyes and eyelids. Dr. Jacobson has recorded tracings on photographic paper and some of the graphs even looked like the things imagined. The tension pattern for imagining the Eiffel Tower, for example, was a soaring peak—almost identical with the pattern for looking up and down with the eyes actually open. The pattern for imagining a passing automobile was a horizontal streak —practically identical with the pattern made by the same subject actually watching a passing automobile.

When you think in words, the muscles of your tongue and lips contract as if to say words. Plato called thinking "inner speech" and Dr. Jacobson's experiments show that this is literally true.

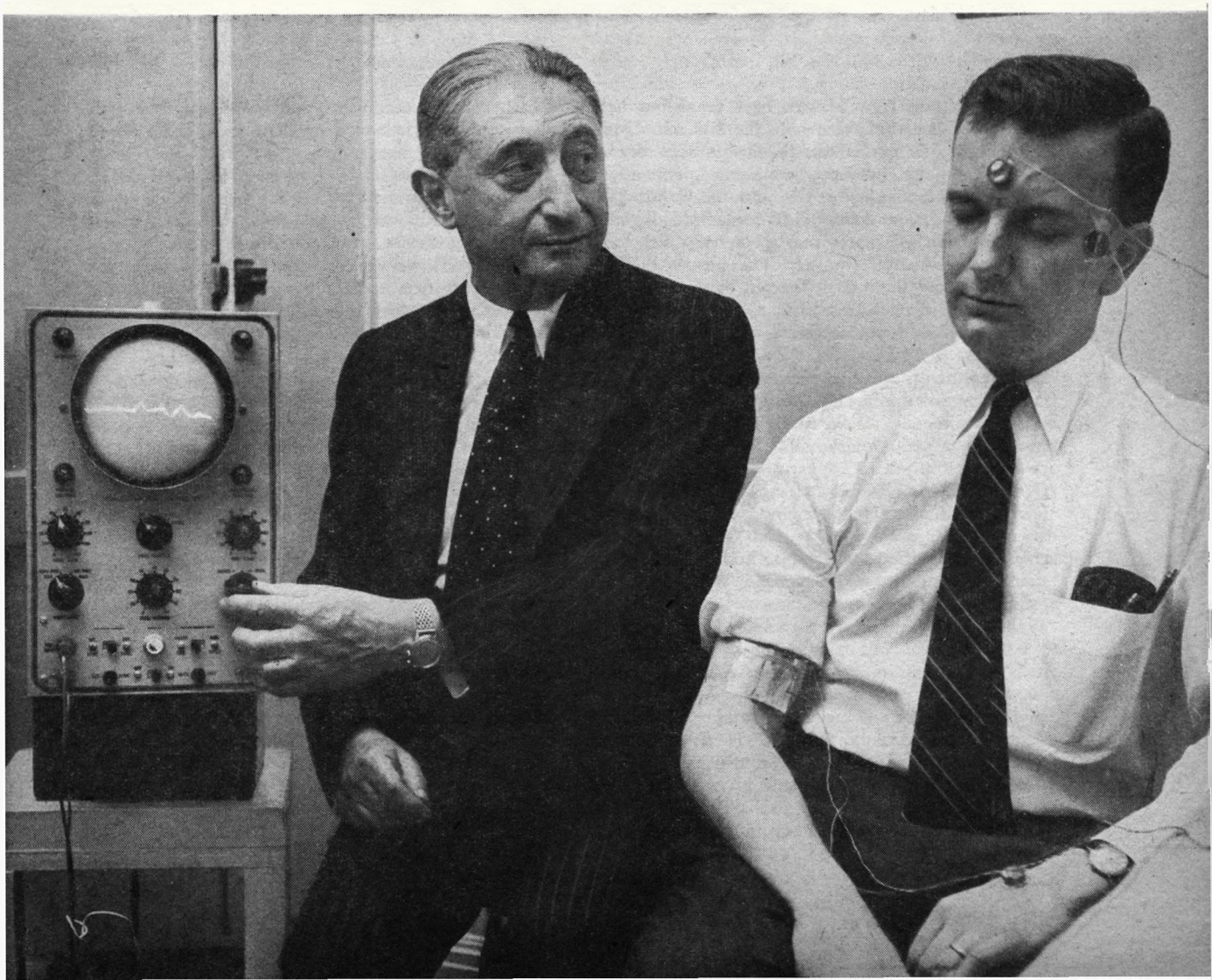
The discovery that every feeling and thinking state involves a pattern of minute muscle contraction led Dr. Jacobson to the even more significant finding that no mental or emotional state could exist without such contractions. This meant that by learning to relax residual tension we could gain a large measure of control over our minds and our emotions.

Later I'll outline a step-by-step beginner's course in how to relax, approved by Dr. Jacobson. The secret of relaxing consists of "not doing the tensing."

Take worry, for instance. "The muscle tensions involved in worry are you doing the worrying," says

Continued on page 97

BEING TENSE . . .



the Procession

BY RICHARD WORMSER

The pen couldn't hold him and no mere human could keep him from getting what he wanted. Why should such a man get mixed up in a back-country religious festival?

He'd been in New Mexico four years, but he'd never seen the state; only the few miles from the Arizona line to Gallup, the inside of a bar at Gallup and—this he knew well—the penitentiary grounds here in Santa Fe. Oh, and the Gallup jail, and the Gallup courtroom. He'd seen those all right.

One drink too many, maybe, or one quick flash of anger or—it didn't matter. The jury in Gallup, the warden and the guards here in Santa Fe hadn't cared why he'd made his mistake. Twenty years to life they'd given him, and now, four years later, he was free.

It was night, as it had been when they drove him from Gallup. Four years ago. Four terrible years, making penitentiary brick, eating penitentiary meals, sleeping on a penitentiary bed. Dreaming penitentiary dreams, too—of escaping, always of escaping.

And now he was out.

He went along the tree-lined street beside the dry river bed. Cars were parked thick, and once, across the street, he passed a bar, light streaming out, juke box music playing. Not for him. He didn't have any money.

But that would be fixed. And soon. It had better be. They wouldn't miss him for a while back in the pen. Not for another hour or two. . . . Somebody had better come for his car. Now.

His anger was a living thing, walking beside him, under the trees, through the dark. He'd waited four years for this. Four years, two months and 11 days. Waited for money in his pocket, a car wheel in his hands, a glass in front of him, and a girl.

But first somebody had to come through the dark to where these cars were, and he was furious with that somebody; he was being kept waiting. He'd had enough waiting.

There. Car coming down the street. Going slow, looking for a parking place. He hadn't thought of that; he'd been waiting for someone to come claim a car and get what was coming to him.

Back a ways was an empty space. They were rare. He trotted back, pressed himself behind the next car, where turning headlights wouldn't find him. Come on stupid. Park your car, mister—no, it was a woman.

She turned in, and as the headlights raked past him, he stepped out, got between the right-hand side of the car he'd been hiding behind and the left-hand side of the new car. To the rear. There.

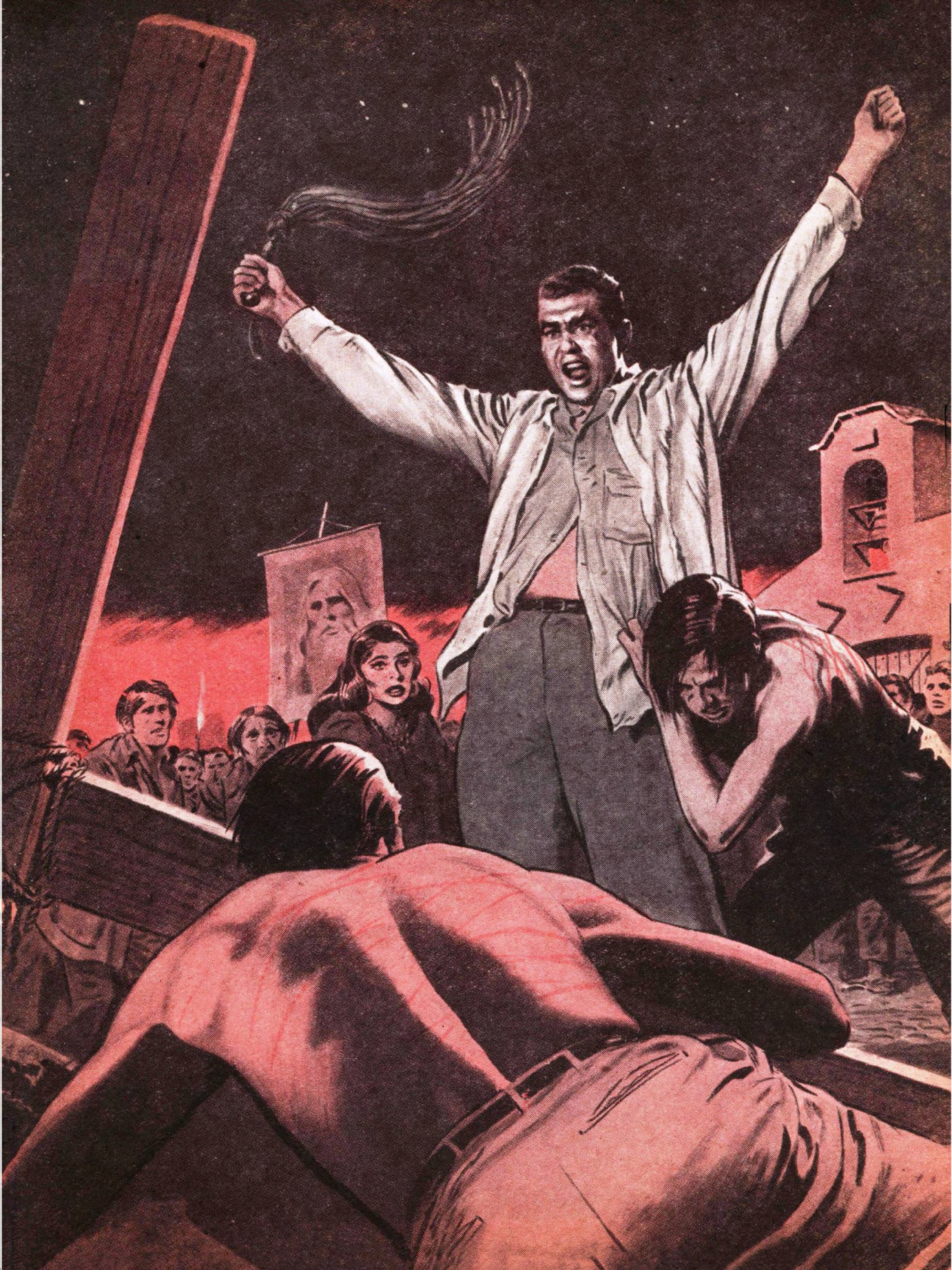
The motor was turned off. The dome light came on as she opened the door. Young woman, too. Her skirt slid over her knee as she got out, careless in the dark night. He caught his breath, felt his lip quiver, his hands sweat, but there'd be no time for that. . . .

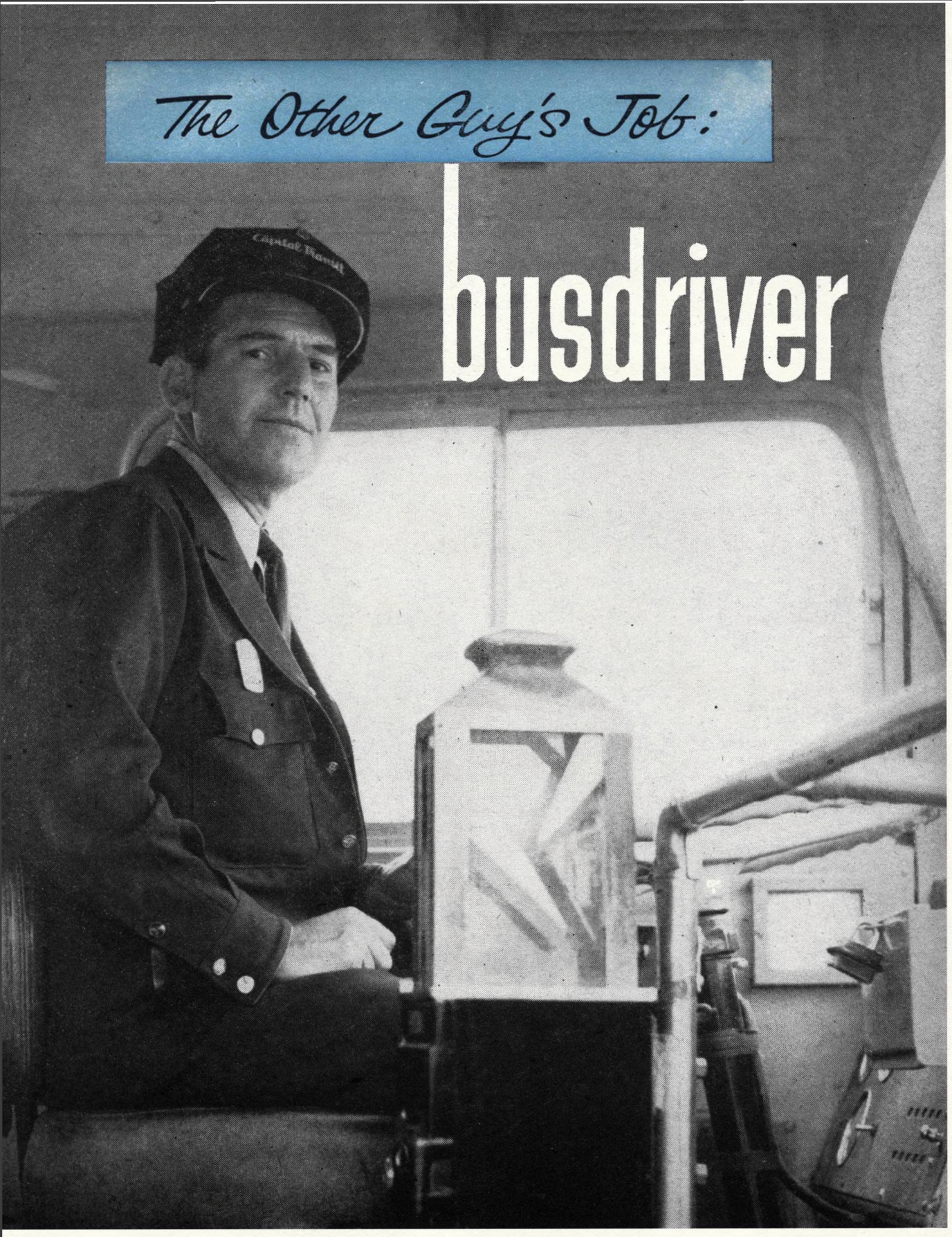
She slammed the door, turned to the rear and took one step; it brought her almost up against him. She gasped, and before she could scream, he swung the sockful of river-bed sand, and she went down. Nothing more than that gasp and a grunt.

But she'd fallen half under her car, and he had to move her; if he ran over her legs she might come to and yell, and anyway he didn't want the tires of the car—his car, now—marked up. He grabbed her carelessly under the arms, tugged her across the grass to the river.

Continued on page 101

Illustrated by John Prentice




The Other Guy's Job:
busdriver

Each weekday Bill Secrist wrestles a 71-passenger bus through the snarls of Washington, D.C. streets, besides driving his own car 28 miles to and from work. He leaves home at 6:30 A.M., gets home for keeps at 8:30 P.M., and still says it's the easiest way he knows of making a buck!

BY JOHN KEATS

IN 24 MORE YEARS Bill Secrist will be right back where he started—deep in Virginia's Blue Ridge Mountains, eating his wife's corn-meal pancakes, and sausage made from his own hogs. To get there, Bill will have to drive a bus several million miles through the traffic-choked streets of Washington, D. C. But the prospect doesn't discourage him. Indeed, he planned it that way.

At age 41 things are going pretty much according to plan for Bill. His take-home pay (after deductions for taxes, social security, hospitalization and company pension) is $80 a week. This is enough to cover the $58-a-month mortgage payment on his three-bedroom house, and feed and clothe Bill, his wife and their two children. In addition, the $80 a week keeps the family '49 Ford in gas, tires and oil, allows the family an annual spring pilgrimage to the Shenandoah apple-blossom festival, permits Bill to go deep-sea fishing off the Delaware coast on summer weekends, and supports Bill's favorite hobby—model electric trains.

But most important, that same $80 a week also enables Bill to squirrel away a little savings each year; and these savings, plus the company retirement benefits, plus whatever his house will bring in 1980's market, will send Bill back to the hills of home.

Bill is not driving a bus solely for the money, however. He likes his work, as is obvious from his attitude: "The other day at rush hour it was raining and this lady comes on the bus, her arms loaded with packages," Bill said. "She stands in the door, fumbling with her purse, while all the other people wait in the rain outside. Finally she dumps her pocketbook in my lap and says, 'I know there's a token in here *some*where; see if you can find it.'

"It didn't irritate me. If I let things like that irritate me, I wouldn't drive a bus. Besides, it was something that hadn't happened before and that's another thing I like about the job. There's always something new."

It's an odd fact that the woman who entrusted Bill with her purse didn't give him much of a glance or a thought. Like thousands of other city bus riders, she looked past Bill without seeing him, searching for an empty seat. Most bus passengers simply drop a coin in the slot with never a thought in the world about the man in whose hands they've just placed their lives, but Bill accepts this philosophically.

"You shouldn't get to know your passengers," he said. "You can't help looking in the rear-view mirror down through the bus and noticing the same regular faces, and you get to know that such and such a man always gets on at such and such a corner every morning. But you shouldn't really get too much involved, because some mornings when you're at the corner, and he isn't there, you look up the block and see him coming nearly half a block away. You can't wait for him and you can't just leave without him. I most always wait, whenever I can. Sometimes he'll see you wait and thank you, and sometimes he'll never say a word."

There's one man Bill always looks for, however—the President of the United States. Bill's first run from Lafayette Park, right across from the White House, leaves at 7:42 A.M.

"Each day I look across at the White House," Bill said. "I guess it's to see if I'll see the President standing there on the porch steps. I nearly saw Harry Truman once. His motorcycle escort cut me off, and three big black limousines went past. I guess Mr. Truman was in the first car, but I couldn't really see in. I haven't seen Mr. Eisenhower yet, but I keep thinking maybe he'll be out on the front porch some morning."

As he said this, still with something of the wistfulness of the country boy, it was easy to envision Bill as he must have looked when he first came out of the mountains to seek his fortune in the big town. In early 1942 he was a tall, lithe, hawk-nosed mountaineer, soft-spoken, even-tempered and polite—as Virginia hill folk are apt to be. He was completely fascinated by the excitement of the city. If his Washington job gave him a plan and a purpose in life, it must also be said that, like many a man, Bill hit upon his career by chance.

Things, as Bill says, were kind of flat in the depression, so he left school after seven grades to earn some money. By the time he was 19 he had a steady job that paid him 30 cents an hour. He worked near his home town of Gore, Va. (pop. 200), and the minute she turned 15 he married the girl he'd re-

membered as the cutest second-grader in the elementary school.

Bill and Margaret Secrist were content in their hillside home, raising tomatoes and garden truck, canning fruit and vegetables against the winter, slaughtering their own hogs. But, from time to time, they wondered—as all young people do—about life in the wide world outside.

"We had friends who lived in the city," Bill said. "They'd come up to see us in the summers and it was a treat for them to see the way country people lived. On the other hand, the things they told us made us want to see the city."

In late 1941 Bill and Margaret decided to take a vacation the following summer in the Great Smokies, but war came that winter and Bill figured he'd better go to Washington to visit his city friends and see if he couldn't get some kind of essential job.

Instead, his friend took him to his own place of business—Capital Transit Company's carbarn—and it was a case of love at first sight.

"I'd always loved big machines and trucks," Bill said. "I drove a truck whenever I could in Virginia."

Shortly thereafter, Bill was going through his training period as a streetcar operator. He'd no sooner finished his apprenticeship than the Army scooped him up, gave him a truck to drive. Bill was late getting overseas. He shipped out of California just as a hideous light burst over Hiroshima and he returned from Okinawa in May, 1946, to reclaim his job plus the seniority accumulated while he'd been away.

Every afternoon at three o'clock for the next nine years Bill drove the seven miles from his home in the suburbs to Washington, where he threaded his way through the osmosis of rush-hour traffic to the carbarn where he picked up his streetcar. He was working "late straights"—the late afternoon shift that wound up in the midwatches of the night—and he'd get home at two or three in the morning.

During these years, Bill decided he'd found his life's work and planned his future accordingly within the framework of the company's retirement plans. He liked everything about his job except the hours.

The only way Bill could get better hours and weekends off was by accumulating sufficient seniority, so he contented himself with the realization that all things come to him who waits and concentrated on becoming a model motorman.

A year-and-a-half ago Bill reached the point in seniority where he could pick himself out a better schedule and put in for a transfer to a bus.

I rode Bill's bus route with him from start to finish one March day of typical Washington spring weather—rain in the morning, burning sun at noon, windy afternoon and increasing cold as the day drew to a close.

Continued on page 104

To passengers, driver Bill Secrist is a faceless man who gets them where they're going.

Photos by Bill Lewis

FAMOUS FIRSTS IN SPORTS:

Illustration by William Heyer

American Bowling Congress

THE 53rd National Bowling Tournament is now in progress at Rochester, New York. The event has come a long way since the first one was held back in 1910 in Chicago.

Today's bowling classic is the largest (over 30,000 contestants), longest (about eight weeks—March 3 to May 19) and richest (some $400,000 in prizes) sports event in the world. By comparison, that first four-day tournament (January 8 to 11) was strictly bush league.

A half-dozen spanking new alleys had been constructed on the second floor of the Welsbach Building at 68-70 Wabash Avenue. Some 800 spectators and 205 bowlers applauded as Dr. Henry Timm of New York, President of the ABC, heaved the first ball. Poor Henry was destined to be a three-time loser. He came down with a fearful case of grippe in the heavy snowstorm that blanketed the Windy City. Then he ended a five-year reign by resigning, seeking an infusion of Western blood into the leadership. Finally, his bum bowling contributed heavily to his team's (The Cyclones of New York) last-place finish. The good doctor alibied: "We didn't realize these new floors would be that slippery, so we didn't bring any rubber shoes along."

The ABC, organized in New York City on September 9th, 1895 with the lofty aim of standardizing the equipment and rules, still had a lot of unfinished business by the time that first tournament was inaugurated. The Eastern bowlers used all kinds of balls, including loaded and oversized ones. Johnny Voorhees, of New York, copped the doubles money, despite a strong protest over his ball. Harry Kiene, of the Standard Club of Chicago, beefed to ABC officials: "Voorhees is using an oversized ball and should be disqualified." Sure enough, when measured, Johnny's ball proved to be a quarter-inch over the regulation 27 inches. A committee sat on it overnight, then President Timm advised him: "Half the Easterners are using balls like his, and if we disqualified all of them, we'd have no tournament. Protest not allowed." So Johnny and his partner won the handsome sum of $80 apiece on their 1203 total.

The 1955 doubles champs pulled down a thousand bucks between them on their 1365 score.

Frank Brill, a popular local star, was top man in that first tourney. He won the singles with 648, racking up two turkeys and a four-timer to give him games of 212, 237, 199. This was worth $55 to him. He also landed the all events with a 1736, but all he got for his skill was a line in the records—as the ABC wasn't shelling out anything for it that year.

In 1955, the 738 singles winner pocketed $500, and the all-event (1993) win was worth $1,000. Poor Frank was born half a century before his time.

The team money, $200, was won by the Standards of Chicago on their 2720. Their 1955 counterpart went home with $2,500 apiece on their 3136 mark. All told, the ABC gave out $1592 in that first meet.

After it was all over, the host bowlers threw a rollicking stag party for the visitors. You can be sure the non-winners went home satisfied one way or another.

If you want to know how far away and long ago 1901 was, we refer you to this advice to New York bowlers in the *Bowling Magazine* of the period: "Delegates and visitors to the Chicago Tournament are advised that excellent hotel accommodations can be had three blocks from the alleys, at the Windsor-Clifton Hotel, for 75c a day."

—BY BILL GOTTLIEB

a shot in the dark

By Timothy Fuller

Years ago he had conceived the perfect murder and had written a story about it. Nobody bought the story . . . but it appeared that someone had borrowed the plot.

"I BELIEVE I solved a murder yesterday," said Rollin Tubbs.

There were a dozen of us lunching at the club's long table and we all fell silent. Tubbs was no man to make such an announcement flippantly, being the quiet type who speaks only when he has something of value to say.

"Tell us about it, Rollin," someone suggested.

"I'd like to," said Tubbs, "but it is such an amazing affair you are certain to keep interrupting me with questions."

"We'll fine anyone who does," I said. "One dollar a question goes into the club treasury."

Everyone agreed to my plan.

"Very well," said Tubbs.

IT BEGAN 15 years ago, he said, when I conceived a perfect method of murder. It was such an excellent scheme I worked it up into story form and sent off an outline to a publisher. The outline was returned with a note complimenting me on the ingenuity of my method, but explaining much more was needed for a book—more characters, more scenes, more action. They were right, of course. I realized I was no writer and abandoned the project.

Last week I happened to read in the newspaper of the suicide of a man named B. S. Parker of Jamesbury. Perhaps some of you saw it yourselves. At any rate Mr. Parker was a bachelor, 67 years old, and he had killed himself in his home at two o'clock in the morning with his shotgun. A Mrs. Norris, his housekeeper, was awakened by the blast, rushed downstairs and found Parker dead or dying on a couch in the den, his 20-gauge shotgun beside him. She immediately telephoned a doctor, the police, and Otis Beckwith, Parker's nephew.

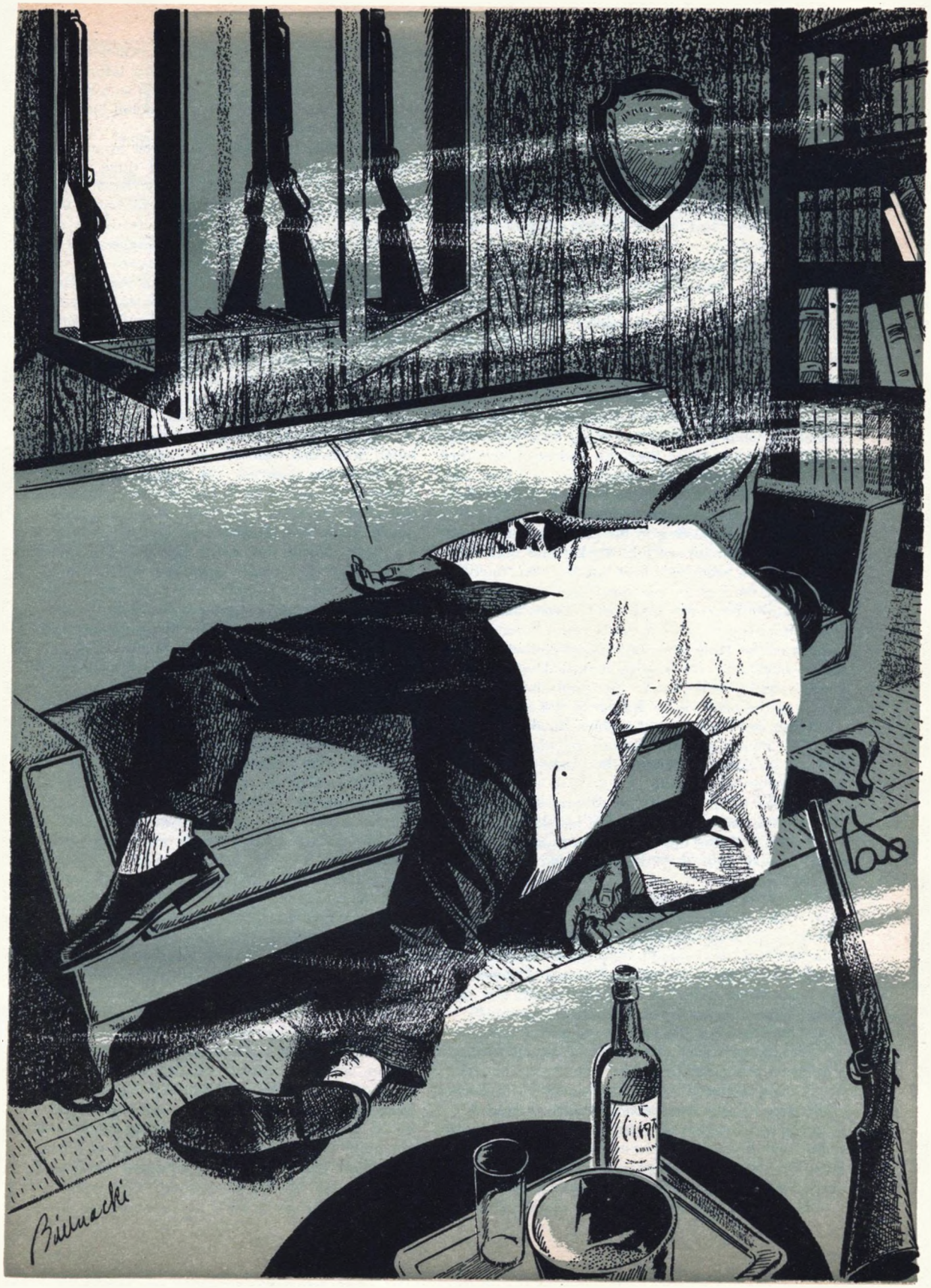
As I read the story, the name of Otis Beckwith and the others meant nothing to me. What did interest me were the facts, brought out in the newspaper, that Beckwith had spent the evening with his uncle and that there had been no suicide note. However, Parker had been suffering from a heart condition and, under the circumstances, the police quite properly called it suicide.

No doubt you gentlemen have already guessed my perfect murder method revolves around a simulated suicide. It does indeed. It requires that the victim shoot himself with a shotgun or rifle while the murderer is miles away with an unassailable alibi for the time of the shooting. And I will hasten to add, before one of you foolishly spends a dollar to ask, that my method includes no electric timing devices, no accomplices, no gadgets of any kind.

Naturally the meager evidence in the paper was not enough to send me off to Jamesbury. Parker appeared to have been a man of substance, but there was nothing to indicate that Otis Beckwith had been his heir. Still, the similarity between the circumstances of Parker's death and my fictional case was enough to send me to my files, where for 15 years I had preserved my outline. Clipped to the few typewritten pages was the rejection note from the publisher and I need not dwell on the shock I received when I noticed its signature. The man who had complimented me on the ingenuity of my murder method was none other than Otis Beckwith.

AT THIS POINT Tubbs broke off his story and attacked his lamb chop. There was not one of us at the table unwilling to part with a dollar right then to learn the secret of his murder method, but no

Parker was found on a couch in the den, his 20-gauge shotgun on the floor beside him.



one made the offer. We watched in silence as Tubbs unhurriedly cleaned his plate. At last he took a sip of water and dabbed his lips with his napkin.

"You are all remarkably patient," he said, "or stingy."

It is one thing, he continued, to participate vicariously in a murder mystery through the newspapers or fiction, but quite another to be thrust suddenly and innocently into a real one. I delayed going to Jamesbury until yesterday because I had hoped some new evidence would appear in the press to relieve me of that necessity. None did. A brief notice of Parker's funeral appeared in the Jamesbury paper, but it told me nothing I had not known before.

In the first few minutes of our interview I'm sure Chief Hayden of the Jamesbury police was certain he was dealing with a lunatic. It was my wish to say nothing of my connection with the case until I learned that such a connection did in fact exist. There was an outside chance I had the wrong Otis Beckwith, there was the possibility Beckwith had no motive for murdering his uncle, and it might very well turn out that the actual conditions of the Parker case precluded the successful operation of my method.

In fact, before going to the police station, I had driven past the homes of both Parker and Beckwith. Parker's was a solid, well-kept but far from ostentatious house on a quiet side street near the center of town, while Beckwith lived in a respectable but definitely low-cost development out beyond the campus of the Jamesbury College for Women. From this I concluded—correctly as it turned out—that I had the right Otis Beckwith. From publishing he had turned to the teaching of English at the college.

Once in his office I told Chief Hayden I had a personal interest in Mr. Parker's suicide and wondered if he knew of anyone who might have had a motive for murdering him.

"Parker killed himself," he told me shortly. "He blew off the top of his head with his shotgun."

I admitted this was true but repeated my question. It was then that the policeman decided to humor me.

"Well, now let's see," he said and rubbed his chin. "Mrs. Norris, his housekeeper, was left a little money. Something under $5,000, as I understand it."

"And Otis Beckwith?"

"Now see here, Mr. Tubbs," he said. "Beckwith was home in bed when Parker killed himself. His wife had to wake him up when Mrs. Norris phoned."

"Then he does inherit something?" I persisted.

He nodded wearily. "The whole estate. Around a hundred thousand, I hear."

I then produced my mystery outline with Beckwith's note attached and asked Hayden to read it.

You can imagine his reaction, gentlemen. I will simply say he was thunderstruck. Fifteen minutes later Otis Beckwith, summoned from his home for questioning, stood before us.

He was a man in his mid-40's with a long, rather ugly face, and wore horn-rimmed spectacles. He appeared outwardly calm when Hayden informed him something had come up in connection with his uncle's death and asked him to recount in detail his last evening with Parker.

"Certainly," he said. "I arrived at my uncle's house at eight o'clock, we played three games of chess, and I left just after 11. I have been doing the same thing every Thursday night for more than a year."

"Mr. Parker was a heavy drinker, was he not?" Hayden asked.

Beckwith shook his head. "Not really. He was encouraged by his doctor to drink as much as he pleased. We each had three highballs during the evening. I made the drinks myself in the kitchen and I recall we discussed whether or not to open another bottle since there was only enough left in the old bottle for one more drink. We decided not to bother."

"That must have been the empty bottle that was found in the den beside Parker's body," said Hayden.

Beckwith shrugged. "I suppose so. I feel I could be of more help to you if you'd tell me what this is all about."

Hayden ignored this.

"Mrs. Norris was asleep upstairs when you left. Is that right?"

"She said so. I didn't see her that evening."

Chief Hayden then showed Beckwith the note he had written to me 15 years before and asked if he recalled anything about it. I watched him closely but he showed no sign of emotion other than curiosity.

"I must have written it," he said, handing it back to Hayden, "because I was working there at the time, but I don't remember the manuscript. Of course, I wrote hundreds of letters like this."

"Please look at this," Hayden said, "and gave him my outline."

Beckwith read swiftly. It was unnecessary for him to read it through. I do not exaggerate, my friends, when I say his face turned gray.

Tubbs' dessert had arrived. Before he could lift his spoon there were three dollar bills on the table.

"I believe Mr. Peters was first," said Tubbs, reaching for the bill. "Very well. My murder method was really quite simple. If a man is thoroughly unconscious as a result of drink or drugs, a shotgun may be placed with the muzzle in his open mouth and the forefingers of each hand locked between the trigger and the trigger guard. As consciousness eventually returns he will feel the pressure of the gun in his mouth and fight to free his hands. The gun will go off and the fact that he has killed himself while not quite conscious isn't likely to occur to anyone."

There was a moment of reflective silence at the table.

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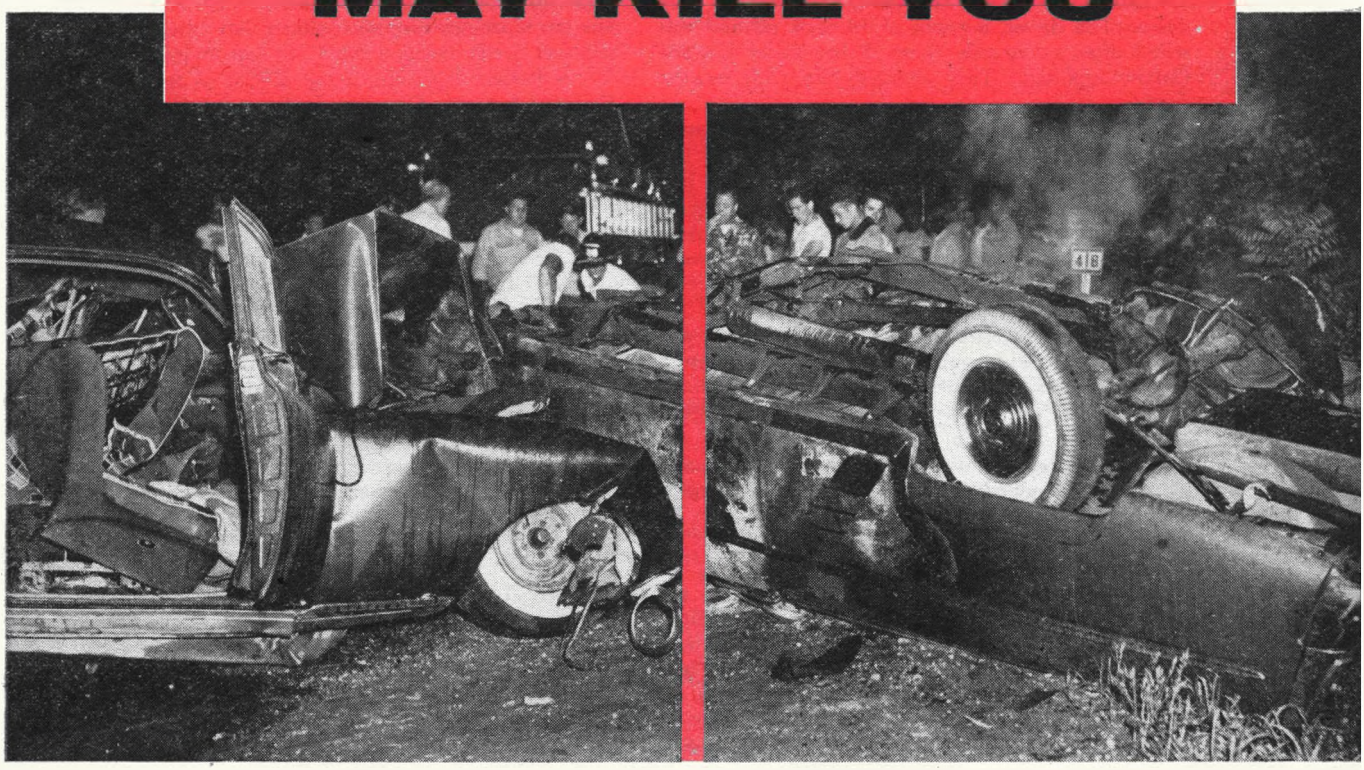
CARS:

THE GUY WHO MAY KILL YOU



BY LESTER DAVID

Behind the wheel of perhaps every tenth car you meet on the road is a driver who has been involved in many traffic violations and accidents. Maybe he has killed several people and is looking for another smashup.

It was one of the worst highway crashes in the history of the country. One car, the state policeman said, literally exploded in a ball of flame. The other was crushed and twisted into charred wreckage.

Maryland never had one as bad as this. It was so gruesome the state used pictures of the massacre as part of its campaign for safe driving, hoping the shock effect would give motorists pause.

It happened last summer about 40 miles from Washington, D. C., near the Maryland resort town of North Beach. The weather was fine and two automobiles were racing along Route 416 at speeds estimated at 70 miles per hour. One car, roaring along the wrong side of the road, had drawn up even with the other when another car suddenly approached from around a curve.

There was a head-on crash, a deafening blast and 10 human beings perished almost at once. The five in the first car were seared to ashes. The five in the second were mashed to pulp. A young man ran up, watched the bodies burn and suffered such a severe shock that he had to be strapped to a stretcher en route to the hospital.

The driver who had been racing on the wrong side of the road was only 24—yet already had a record of eight violations. His license had been sus-

pended, then reissued. And exactly a year before, he had been fined for exactly the same offense as the one which killed him and nine others.

On a warm August day, James J. McElvarr, a 36-year-old baker, was strolling with his wife, Myrtle, on the shoulder of a road near Bellmawr, N. J. An automobile came barreling along and knocked him down. The driver, a youth of 19, took off and was seized after a two-mile chase, Police Chief Edward Garrity reported. They charged him with reckless driving.

The baker? He was killed. He had six small children.

Five months before, the driver of the car had been convicted for the fourth time on charges of careless driving, and his license had been revoked. But it had been handed back to him just one week before the accident.

A year ago, a mechanic in a southern town was late for a date with a girl. He turned his car into a residential area too fast, skidded onto a sidewalk, and killed two children who were talking in front of a house.

The mechanic was arrested, taken to court and his record examined. It showed 16 previous traffic violations and eight accidents.

By now you've doubtless caught the pitch.

Accident repeaters and chronic violators are being allowed to churn along our highways with little hindrance. Drivers with records as long as your arm continue to chalk up more violations and get into more crackups—and still nobody thumbs them off the roads for good.

I examined the records of numerous crashes, spoke to motor-vehicle administrators in half a dozen states, had long, frank discussions with traffic-safety experts and insurance-company executives and listened to hair-raising tales told by police officials.

And I can tell you this:

At the steering wheels of automobiles right now, with licenses all nice and legal in their wallets, are people who have killed, maimed and scarred; who have smashed up their own and other people's cars a number of times; who have been in and out of traffic courts the way you go to the delicatessen; who have broken and continue to break almost every traffic rule in the book.

When I finished looking into the whole shocking situation, I was plain scared. Scared because of facts like these:

● In a southern state, I came across the record of a man who had 38 violations. He has killed two people, has been involved in a hit-and-run case, has done virtually everything he shouldn't do, has had his license revoked several times. But he's still allowed to drive.

● A police official told me: "The guy who scraped the paint off your fender on that hill yesterday when you were driving your kids to the in-laws had nine arrests in the past three years. The fellow who's going to cut you off on the parkway as you drive home from here has had 13 accidents in six years. I'm no fortune teller, but it's no trick to predict things like that. That's how bad it is."

● Thomas N. Boate, for many years chief of the traffic division of the Pennsylvania State Police and now an insurance executive, asserts that "these public menaces aren't being weeded out fast enough."

● Robert I. Catlin, a top official of the Aetna Casualty & Surety Company in Hartford, Conn., has a list, an explosive, damning list of persons who are—at this moment, no doubt—driving fast, heavy automobiles along the streets, on the parkways and freeways and through residential areas where kids are playing. This is just a part of the list—read it and then try to tell me you're not scared too:

Mr. A. Age 40. Convicted six times for drunken driving, once for reckless driving, twice for speeding and four times for operating without a license.

Mr. B. Age 35. Four accidents in four years, one involving four pedestrians, two of whom were killed and two injured. Convicted four times of traffic violations. Investigation shows subject drinks to excess and drives after he has been drinking.

Mr. C. Age 28. Considered a wild and reckless driver, drinks to excess, involved in several accidents, one where three people were killed and one seriously injured.

Mr. D. Age 45. Ten arrests in nine years. Convicted seven times for violating rules of the road, nine times for passing stop signs, twice for speeding, once for criminal negligence and twice for operating car while license was suspended.

Mr. E. Age 80. Car 17 years old. Five accidents in a year and a half.

And so on.

Does all this add up to a major problem in traffic safety? Would you have a better chance of surviving your next auto trip if the repeaters were wiped off the roads?

Get your answer in Connecticut. A federal survey there, covering a six-year period, showed that four percent of the licensed drivers were involved in 36 percent of the accidents. The four percent—about 1,200 drivers—had an accident average 15 times higher than that of the remaining 28,800 drivers in the state.

Get your answer in New Jersey. The New York University Center for Safety Education reports that 947 chronic violators had been involved in 283 accidents in just one year's time. This adds up to one accident for every 3⅓ persons. But the rate of accident involvement for all New Jersey drivers during the same year was one for every 16 drivers. Concludes Dr. Leon Brody, the center's research director: Chronic violators were involved in about five times as many accidents as the average driver in New Jersey.

Continued on page 110

THE LONG SHOT...

A Short Short Story
by Gordon McDonell

HE SHADED HIS EYES against the sun, watching them come round the turn into the home stretch. Sombrero, Never Rain and Betsy. And there was Francina way behind in the bunch and boxed in at that.

Even if she got out it was too late for her now. With Francina you had to take her to the front from the gate. She never came from behind.

He had three tickets in his hand. He began to crunch them up in his fingers.

At the furlong pole it was Sombrero, Never Rain and Betsy. Someone was making a bid on the outside. It was Macaroon. He was coming like a train. It was Sombrero, Macaroon, Betsy, Never Rain. As they passed him, going into the wire, it was Macaroon by a nose, Sombrero, and Betsy by three lengths. And there was Francina, eighth of thirteen.

The noise was deafening. He didn't hear it. He was looking at the tote. Forty-seven tickets on Macaroon. He looked at the winner total and made a quick calcula-

tion. It was incredible. It would pay between $220 and $230. For one lousy $2 ticket. It didn't happen.

All around there was a sudden hush. They were all doing what he was doing. Calculating. Waiting.

The horses came back. Nobody looked at them. Everyone was watching the tote. waiting.

It flashed up. $220.40. There was a sudden roar from 60,000 throats.

Already he could see the headlines. $220 LONG SHOT AT SANTA ANITA. And he had been there. Right there. On Francina.

He turned away. Without a bet left in him. Just a bus ticket, some change, a dollar bill. He might have had three times $220. He'd been so sure of Francina. The jockey hadn't even tried on her.

He eyed the jockeys going back to the paddock room and spotted Francina's. He yelled. "Hey, you ploughboy, why don'cha drop dead!" The jockey didn't hear him.

He walked up the slope to the stands, sidestepping through the crowd. He could have got some wallets as he went. But his spirits were too low, he just wasn't in the mood. He might fumble and get caught. Then the dreary routine with the law, the sojourn in the jail.

He'd just go and sit in the bus and wait for the last race. He walked through the big hall, past the infield tunnel, past the tote windows.

A few were already buying on the next race. It was too early for the long lines yet. He went on out toward the paddock and the sunlight.

On the other side of the tote the lucky few were lining up to be paid off. At each pay-out window a small line was forming. He looked at them a moment on his way out to the sunlight and then he thought of it.

He stopped in the sunlight. It tingled down his spine, into his nerves, and down through his finger tips.

He felt it now, his inner self. It had come back to him. He was aflame with it. Once more he was Fingers Johnson of Arcadia, the toast of Charlie's bar.

He turned toward the line nearest him. the stalker to his prey. It was a challenge. Wallets were easy. They were not held clutched in the hand, concentrated on, like the winning ticket. This needed bold finesse of the highest order. He studied them thoughtfully, selectively, his face a bland mask of innocence.

Beyond them he caught sight of Chuck Wilson and Al Stebbins conning the sheet together on the paddock steps. Hastily he ducked behind a large fat woman. They had not seen him yet. He did not want them to. This was no time for gossip and post mortem. He had work to do.

Over the woman's great bosom he watched them going down the steps. She was a large one, an ideal shield. All at once she reminded him of his mother. She gave the same aura, bouncing cozily along in her special haven.

She read the entries in a tabloid as she walked, casually. She held a ticket in her right hand, casually. It was a foot from his face. It was on Number Five in the fifth race. It was Macaroon. She was going to join the line. casually.

A woman in a million. Like his mother. Stealing from her would be as easy.

He leaned across her with his pencil, indicating Velvet Flame on the list of sixth-race entries.

"That's the one." he said.

She was startled, then relaxed when she saw his harmless face.

"You think so? He did no good in the Westerly."

"That! He wasn't ready. But today he has Shoemaker. You tell me why ain't Shoemaker on Piecrust?"

He had it now. She didn't even know it had left her fingers. Because she was holding another ticket in its place, a ticket on Francina.

In that second of the switch she never felt it. Because she felt something else. She felt a sharp jab in her left hand from his pencil.

"I'm sorry, lady. I was trying to mark Velvet Flame for you."

She said, "No. I don't want him. I want Steelman."

It would look suspicious to go too soon.

He said. "Steelman! Not a chance. Look at the betting, lady!"

She chuckled. comfortably.

"I like long shots," she said. "See?"

She held up the ticket in her right hand.

Already he had turned away and was running. He heard her cry.

"Stop that guy. He stole my ticket!"

He ducked in and out among the crowd, dropped to a walk. People turned their heads, but when they saw no one running they lost interest.

He got behind a pillar in the main hall. She had lost him. He could see her now. She went back and stood, arms akimbo, at the end of the line of the pay-out windows where she could see everyone paid off. He knew she would stand there all afternoon. Just like his mother.

He chuckled and went down the hall and out the other entrance. He would return another day to cash it. There were 14 more days. She would not return every day to watch. Or would she?

He passed the paddock and went out the exit and found his bus and sat in the empty bus and waited for the last race. As he sat waiting and waiting, he worried about her returning.

He was still worrying about this three hours later when the bus dropped him off in Arcadia. He headed for Charlie's. He might meet some friends there and cheer himself up.

The squad car picked him up at the door.

"All right, Fingers. Let's go," they said.

"What are you taking me in for? I ain't done nuthin!"

They did not answer. In the car he fingered the ticket in his pocket. Could she have given his description? He pushed the ticket through a hole inside the lining.

At the station they took him through to a line-up and put him in the middle of the line. There were 10 men, mostly friends.

Soon an inspector came in with a man in a brown suit. So it wasn't her after all. It was for something else. Relief flooded into him.

Brown Suit walked the line, up and down. Then he put his hand on Fingers' shoulder.

"That's him."

The inspector sighed.

"Might have known. Okay, search him."

Fingers said, "I never seen this guy."

They had everything from his coat piled in a heap on the inspector's desk. Pack of cigarettes, pencil, matches, pocket knife, three stamps and a postcard from Vegas that said, "Wish you were here, Baldy."

In his trousers they found $1.59.

"Where's the fifty dollars?"

Brown Suit said, "Fifty-three fifty-six. Cashier's check."

"I got no cashier's check," Fingers said. "I never seen this guy."

"Search the coat lining. Maybe he hasn't cashed it yet."

The sergeant's fingers found the ticket. His face lit up. He drew it out, looked at it and whistled.

"Look at this."

The inspector studied it. Then he looked at Brown Suit.

"You said three o'clock this afternoon in your market?"

"That's right."

"You've got the wrong man. This man was at the track then. Fifth race today was at three o'clock."

He turned to Fingers.

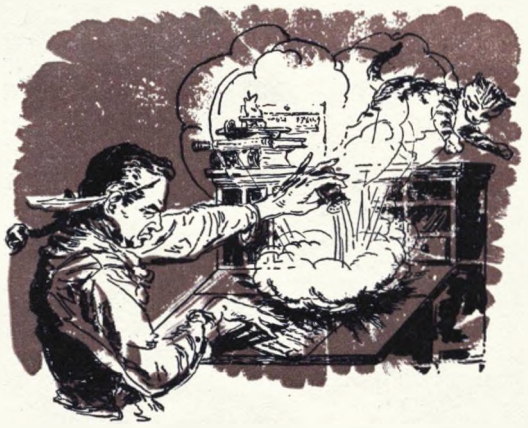
"Take your junk and go." He chuckled, looking at the ticket in his hand. "This was the best two dollars you ever invested on a loser, Fingers."

He laughed again and tore up the ticket and threw it in the trash basket and said, "Now scram and don't let me see you here again."

—By Gordon McDonell

TWIST OF FATE

How Pounce Got the Bounce



Know what pounce powder is—or was. Well, it was stuff like extremely fine sand, and it was very important for many, many years. For back in the days of satin knee-breeches, everyone who wrote with ink kept handy a shaker filled with pounce.

The pounce powder was a blotter. Sprinkled on the penned words it absorbed the ink and the surplus could be shaken off. It must have made even more mess than carelessly flicked ashes do today. And frequently the resultant page was filled with smudges. Viewing it from any angle, it was an untidy thing to use. But as so often happens, the item which put pounce powder on the shelf for good was discovered by accident.

In an English paper mill a workman, mixing up a great vat of pulp, neglected to add the last ingredient to his batch: the animal glue which was the sizing element. The mill owner promptly sacked the forgetful mill hand for his carelessness. But because he was a penurious soul, incapable of junking anything which had cost him money, he saved the useless, soft, absorbent paper that had been rolled out of the unhappy workman's incomplete formula. That vast stock of unsaleable stationery irritated the owner. Finally a brainstorm struck. He'd use it up himself for scratch pads! Whereupon he promptly fell into such a sizeable fortune that his previous bank balance seemed minute.

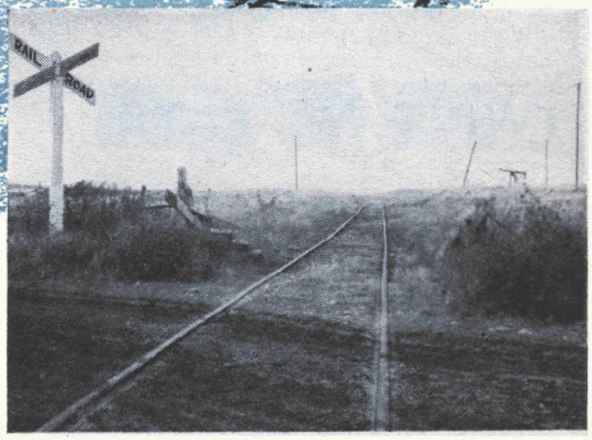
For, with his first attempt to put quill to paper, the ink was promptly absorbed. It spread out, obliterating the word he had attempted to write. He tried again. The result was the same. Perhaps the same thing had happened before, to other paper makers—but this particular man was smart enough to see the possibilities of the little rectangle on his desk. This, thought he, is far superior to pounce. . . .

Probably he had a touch of marketing genius along with his less commendable traits. In any event, shortly after he made his first experiment with writing on regulation paper and blotting the words with a little piece of his rough, unfinished stock, he created such a market for the product that his paper mill turned out nothing but his new "blotting paper."

—Mary Alkus

Stalking the Wild Osage Locomotive

By CLYDE CARLEY



We found sign at the crossing—fresh tracks! The monster had been that way only recently.

A RAIL FAN is the most dedicated hobbyist going. If proof of this is needed, I got it when I met Dr. William J. Husa, Jr., a young chemistry professor at Southwestern Missouri State College in Springfield, Mo.

I had written Dr. Husa about some railroad pictures he had that I needed. He replied that I was welcome to the pictures as soon as he could find a printer who wouldn't scratch his negatives.

He also made an urgent plea: The Osage Railway of Oklahoma was dying. It would be abandoned that year (this was a couple of years ago). He wanted to take some pictures before the end. He had no automobile and there was neither bus nor train service to the lair of the Osage. Could I drive him there from Tulsa? If I couldn't, would I pass his letter on to some other rail fan? (He assumed I was one of the clan.)

I wrote him to come ahead, and he said he'd be on Frisco's No. 9, arriving at Tulsa's Union Station at 5:30 A.M.

I'd already told him I wouldn't stir abroad before 7 A.M. unless we were getting photos of the end of the world. So when I arrived at the station at 8 A.M., I found the professor patiently waiting near the information booth, as arranged. He'd described himself in a letter so I could identify him. Take six inches off his height and you'd have automatically walked up to him and said, "Mr. Peepers, I presume?" And you'd have found him just as charming; an intelligent fellow on many topics—*if* you could get him off railroads.

Husa's train had left Springfield at 12:45 A.M., and he had ridden all night in a coach, which was a willing sacrifice to his love of railroads. He had a whopping suitcase, and I wondered why he had brought so many clothes. But it contained his photographic equipment: a Graflex about one cubic foot larger than my usual overnight case and a Rolleiflex for color shots, plus flashguns, light meters, etc.

We drove northwest from Tulsa through Pawhuska, via Skiatook. Osage County is the largest in Oklahoma. We struck out westward from Pawhuska, rather tearfully bidding some curious Indians good-by, turned north at the junction near Little Chief.

Suddenly we saw our quarry crouching in the tall grass. Right: And then he charged!

Thence to Shidler. This is the end of the pavement, and of explored territory.

We pushed on over a graveled road, which turned off into a gravel-and-boulder road *bed*. Someone had started to grade it about 1900, but had given it up as useless. No horse could have managed this road without breaking all four legs.

The Osage Railway, according to an old map apparently left Dr. Husa's father by a dying switchman he had befriended in the Big Railway Strike of '94, indicated that the line ran in a ragged loop 17.71 miles from Lyman to Webb City, Lep, Shidler and Foraker (all in Oklahoma near the Kansas line). Yard tracks and sidings amounted to another 3.91 miles. Rail was 65-pound and in recent years the line had operated only a single locomotive.

The Osage was an oil-boom line formed in 1921. With the decline of major oil-refining in the area, and the use of pipe lines for what refining was still done, the Osage's usefulness had come to an end.

We thought we had located the railroad near Shidler. "That's it, running alongside the hill there!" Husa cried. I couldn't see anything. Grass and weeds had taken over the railroad's entire right of way long ago, but he could spot its gradation. The main object of our trek was to chase down the line's only locomotive, a Consolidation type 2-8-0—and a very rare locomotive to be alive and steaming these days.

Driving on a few hundred miles in a circle, we at last located a pair of rails. For my part, this discovery was made only because the rails crossed our

We ducked and he hurtled by, puffing, toward his lair in a small thicket.

We moved on him from downwind via the Lep railroad station.

Thus approached from familiar quarters, the rare specimen proved gentle and friendly.

boulder-strewn highway. They looked like a pair of snakes twisting out of the grass; they had more kinks than a dime-store toy-track layout. At the "grade" crossing, which was not graded at all, Dr. Husa espied evidence that the monster had but recently passed along there.

"Sign," as we hunters say. The evidence, or its tracks, was the two lines of finely-crushed gravel on the rails where they crossed the road.

Three turns and a backtrack beyond nowhere, Dr. Husa cried out. "There she blows!" I saw some black

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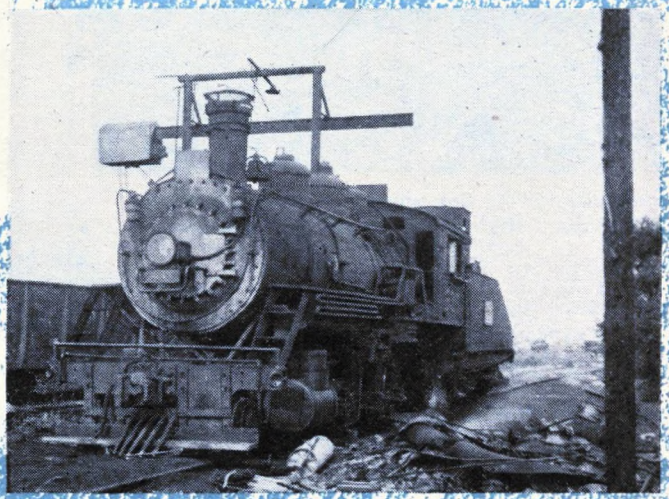
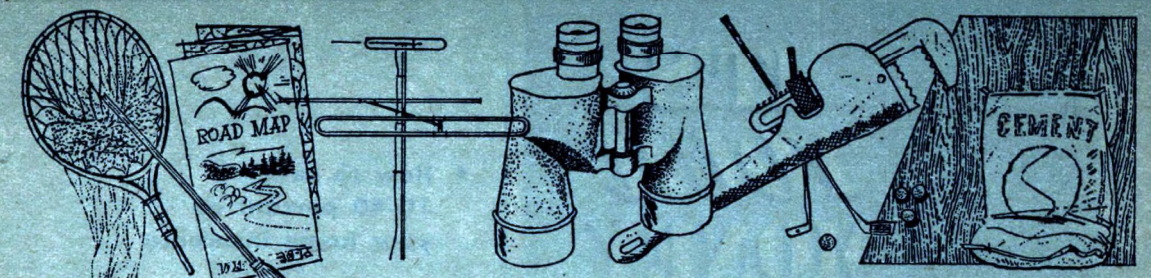


We found it to be a Baldwin-built Consolidation (2-8-0).



Bluebook's Lend-a-Hand Dept.

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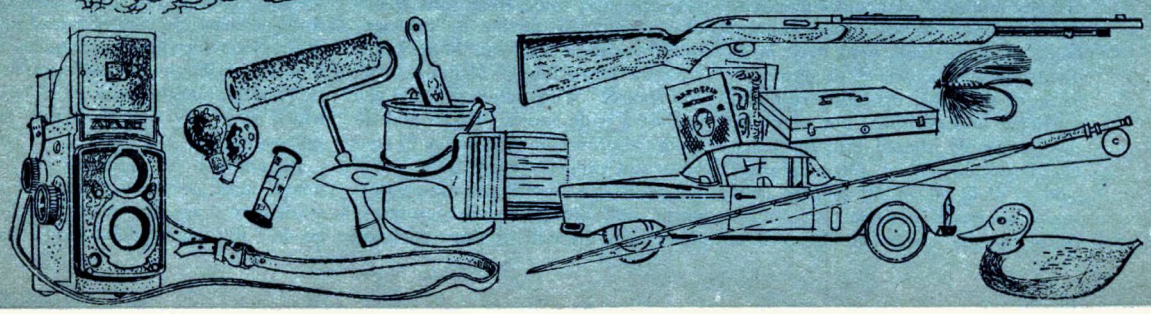
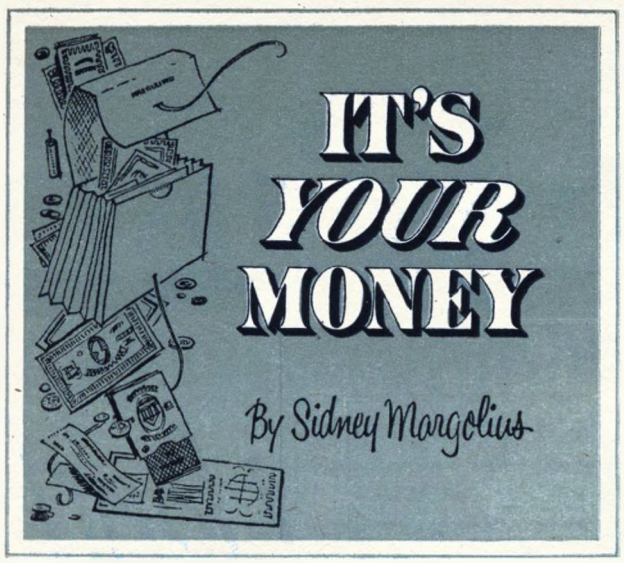




- **How to save 10-40 percent on your home insurance**
- **Higher interest rates**

RATES FOR fire and other property insurance are usually standard within each region of the country. But that doesn't mean you can't pare down your insurance bill. Competition between insurers has been getting brisker, and an increasing number of companies are offering savings, from 10 to 40 percent, in the form of either an outright discount, or a rebate or dividend at the end of the policy term.

On the facing page you'll find a list of 51 major companies that offer fire and other types of home insurance at the lowest costs. This list, compiled by a noted insurance authority, marks the first time a magazine has made this information widely available to the general public.

The savings listed are approximate rather than exact, since a company's rates may vary in different regions and for different types of property insurance. Also, some companies charge more if you live in an "unprotected" area with substandard fire protection.

The companies listed are the larger ones. There are many hundreds of smaller companies, licensed in only a few states, which also offer good savings, but it wouldn't be practical to list them all. In addition, there are many "county mutuals," companies that generally operate in only one county. Some of these have paid very large dividends over a period of years because of their low operating cost and restricted underwriting. For example, the Barnstable Mutual Fire Insurance Co., Barnstable, Mass., for many years paid a dividend of 50 percent, and is now paying 35 percent.

You might check in the yellow pages of your phone directory for regional or county insurers in your area, and find out how their rates compare with those listed. People in your local bank or savings-and-loan association might also be able to steer you to low-cost property insurance companies in your area.

Other companies worth considering are the "perpetual premium mutuals." You pay *only one premium* to these and your house is insured *for your lifetime*. But they insure only dwellings of fire-resistant construction (for example, brick or asbestos shingle). Each of these companies has such a huge surplus that the income from investments eliminates the need for more than the initial premium. They are: Philadelphia Contributionship, and Mutual Assurance Co., both of Philadelphia, Pa.; Mutual Assurance Society, Richmond, Va.; and Mutual Insurance Society, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Some insurance companies that usually charge standard rates are experimenting with reduced rates in certain parts of the country and for certain types of policies. Two of them are the Insurance Co. of North America and Northern Assurance of New York.

If you're looking for broad coverage, you can save, aside from your choice of company, by getting a "package" multiple-risk policy (see "More Insurance for Less Money," October, 1955, BLUEBOOK). This policy protects you against a wide variety of risks and includes insurance on your home, its contents and property away from home; public-liability insurance; glass insurance; and living-expense insurance. Sometimes the cost of these packages frightens homeowners. But if you want more complete protection, package policies cost 15 to 20 percent less than the same coverage bought separately.

For fire insurance on furniture, clothing and other belongings, not on a house itself, possibly the most reasonable source is the Workmen's Mutual Fire Insurance Society. The society was started after the great Chicago fire of 1871 by a group of New York workingmen seeking low-cost protection for their belongings from similar disaster. To buy this insurance, you join the society by depositing $9 for each $1,000 of insurance. This remains your money and is returned when you cancel your insurance. Cost of the insurance itself is $1 a year per $1,000 of coverage, as compared with a countrywide average of $2. The society has branches in California, Connecticut, Delaware, Illinois, Maryland, Michigan, Missouri, New Jersey, New York, Ohio, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, Washington and Wisconsin. Its headquarters are at 227 East 84th Street, New York.

In buying insurance, fire and extended coverage on the building are, of course, the most essential. Mortgage holders all insist on it. In fact, some mortgage companies insist that people seeking mortgages buy insurance through them in a kind of forced tie-in deal. Such installment payments for insurance make the bill seem temporarily painless, but also mask its real cost, which may very well be higher than necessary.

In addition to insurance on the house, most people buy fire and extended coverage on their household goods. But many folks don't have

Lowest-Cost Property-Insurance Companies

Company	Home Office	Usual Saving
Merchants' and Businessmen's Mutual Fire Ins. Co.	Harrisburg, Pa.	40%
Factory Mutual Liability Ins. Co.	Providence, R. I.	35%
Nat'l Farmers Union Property and Cas. Co.	Denver, Colo.	25-30%
Hardware Dealers Mutual Fire Ins. Co.	Stevens Point, Wis.	20-30%
Federated Mutual Implement & Hardware Ins. Co.	Owatonna, Minn.	20-30%
Millers Mutual Ins. Co.	Alton, Ill.	15-30%
Allied American Mutual Fire Ins. Co.	Boston, Mass.	25%
Liberty Mutual Fire Ins. Co.	Boston, Mass.	25%
American Hardware Mutual Ins. Co.	Minneapolis, Minn.	15-25%
Farmers Mutual Auto. Ins. Co.	Madison, Wis.	10-25%
Berkshire Mutual Fire Ins. Co.	Pittsfield, Mass.	20%
Central Mutual Ins. Co.	Van Wert, Ohio	20%
Employers Mutual Fire Ins. Co.	Wausau, Wis.	20%
Grain Dealers Mutual Ins. Co.	Indianapolis, Ind.	20%
Holyoke Mutual Fire Ins. Co.	Salem, Mass.	20%
Indiana Lumbermen's Mutual Ins. Co.	Indianapolis, Ind.	20%
Merrimack Mutual Fire Ins. Co.	Andover, Mass.	20%
Michigan Millers Mutual Ins. Co.	Lansing, Mich.	20%
Middlesex Mutual Fire Ins. Co.	Concord, Mass.	20%
Millers Mutual Fire Ins. Co.	Ft. Worth, Tex.	20%
Northwestern Mutual Fire Assoc.	Seattle, Wash.	20%
Oregon Mutual Ins. Co.	McMinnville, Ore.	20%
Pawtucket Mutual Ins. Co.	Pawtucket, R. I.	20%
State Farm Fire and Cas. Co.	Bloomington, Ill.	20%
Quincy Mutual Fire Ins. Co.	Quincy, Mass.	20%
Worcester Mutual Fire Ins. Co.	Worcester, Mass.	20%
Farmers Mutual Home Ins. Co.	Minneapolis, Minn.	15-20%
Federal Mutual Ins. Co.	Boston, Mass.	15-20%
Millers Mutual Fire Ins. Co.	Harrisburg, Pa.	15-20%
Mutual Service Cas. Ins. Co.	St. Paul, Minn.	15-20%
Norfolk & Dedham Mutual Fire Ins. Co.	Dedham, Mass.	15-20%
Penn Mutual Fire Ins. Co.	West Chester, Pa.	15-20%
Atlantic Mutual Fire Ins. Co.	Savannah, Ga.	10-20%
Badger Mutual Ins. Co.	Milwaukee, Wis.	10-20%
Farmers Alliance Mutual Ins. Co.	McPherson, Kan.	10-20%
Harford Mutual Ins. Co.	Bel Air, Md.	10-20%
Iowa Mutual Ins. Co.	DeWitt, Iowa	10-20%
Lititz Mutual Ins. Co.	Lititz, Pa.	10-20%
Pa. Lumbermen's Mutual Ins. Co.	Philadelphia, Pa.	10-20%
Pa. Millers Mutual Fire Ins. Co.	Wilkes-Barre, Pa.	10-20%
American Mfrs. Mutual Ins. Co.	Chicago, Ill.	15%
Atlantic Mutual Ins. Co.	New York, N. Y.	15%
Cambridge Mutual Fire Ins. Co.	Andover, Mass.	15%
Lumber Mutual Fire Ins. Co.	Boston, Mass.	15%
Lumbermen's Mutual Ins. Co.	Mansfield, Ohio	15%
Lumbermen's Mutual Cas. Ins. Co.	Chicago, Ill.	15%
Fire Insurance Exchange	Los Angeles, Calif.	15%
Allstate Insurance Co.	Chicago, Ill.	15%
General Ins. Co. of America	Seattle, Wash.	15%
Auto Owners Ins. Co.	Lansing, Mich.	10%
Nationwide Mutual Fire Ins. Co.	Columbus, Ohio	10%

enough of this insurance. One rule of thumb is that household goods should be insured for an amount equal to 40 percent of the value of the building. Another yardstick is $1,000 per room.

Probably the most serious gap in the average family's insurance defenses is comprehensive personal liability insurance. This protects a man from damage suits arising from accidents in his house, or caused by his family or pets, except for auto accidents. The average man usually is quick to purchase a few thousand insurance on his household goods and dwelling, but his greatest danger may be in this area of legal liability, A. Mason Blodgett, a leading insurance authority, points out.

Home owners who have large picture windows should also carry glass insurance. Earthquake insurance is available and should be considered especially in those areas, such as the West Coast, where quakes occur frequently. Windstorm damage is covered under the extended coverage. The major protection not available for dwellings is flood insurance, because, the insurance trade says, only people who live near rivers which overflow would buy it. But flood insurance *is* available for household goods and personal property.

Higher Interest Rates

"I am stationed in England and have noticed an increasing number of firms advertising in service newspapers investment or savings accounts with interest payments that exceed 3½ percent. Could you give me information regarding their deposit insurance and what risk is involved? These particular savings-and-loan associations are chiefly in Las Vegas, Nev., and one is in New Mexico. They pay as high as 5 percent interest."

—Capt. H. D. R., APO, New York

Very few savings-and-loan associations that carry deposit insurance pay over 3½ percent interest. The few that do pay as much as 4 percent rarely advertise for new accounts as there is a steady flow of deposits seeking their comparatively plump yield. Insured associations usually state specifically that deposits are insured. We ourselves have observed some high-paying associations advertising "Under federal supervision." Apparently they mean they are members of the Federal Home Loan Bank. This is an added assurance of safety, but it is not deposit insurance.

If you are not personally acquainted with an association's financial soundness, and above all want maximum safety, rather than a higher yield, you can feel more assured if the association has both deposit insurance and FHLB membership. This is not to say that some of the higher-paying uninsured associations are not sound. But if they don't have deposit insurance, it's best to investigate them personally.

Marvin Wolfson of the investment firm of B. C. Morton & Co., a specialist in savings associations, points out that all federally-chartered associations must carry deposit insurance. These associations have the word "federal" as part of their names. Some state-chartered associations also carry deposit insurance, but not all. If you are uncertain whether a savings association is insured, you can query the association itself or, Mr. Wolfson suggests, write for a list of insured associations to the Federal Savings & Loan Insurance Corp., Washington 25, D.C.

A Soldier's Taxes

"I recently re-enlisted in the USAF to fill my own vacancy, and received an interest payment on my soldier's deposit account. Is this interest subject to income tax and, if so, what is the percentage?"

—S. S., Westover AFB, Mass.

All interest is taxable (except that the annual increase in value of Government "E" bonds can be postponed until you actually cash them). But whether you actually have to pay any tax on this interest depends on your total income, and what exemptions and deductions you are entitled to. You simply add the interest to your other taxable income when you fill out your federal tax return. The tax rate on interest is no different from that on other income. It is determined by the tax bracket you fall into after you subtract your exemptions and other permissible deductions from your gross taxable income.

Mustering-out pay, however, is not taxable, nor are military subsistence and rental allowances. These should not be included in gross income.

Very importantly, too, the pay an enlisted man or officer gets while hospitalized is not taxable, just as some of a civilian's "sick pay" is now tax exempt. Any serviceman hospitalized in '55 should consult his post legal office for advice on how to get the tax advantage of this recent rule.

Family Death Benefits

"I served in the Navy from Oct. 1940 to Sept. 1945, receiving a medical discharge for malaria. At present I have an incurable infection, and may be bedridden. From '51 to now, I worked in a hospital, covered by social security. I wrote to the Social Security Administration in Baltimore for my standing, and was told I have credit for 16 quarters. But they did not mention credit for military service, which you say veterans are entitled to. Is my family entitled to benefits if I die in the next year or so? What happens if I am disabled and cannot work any longer? My wife has been working part time; does this add to my total time? Where can I write to get credit for time served in the Navy?"

—A.M.P., Philadelphia, Pa.

Veterans don't have to do anything about military social-security credit until they or their families become eligible for benefits. At that time the vet or his family simply shows the social-security office a copy of his military discharge, and the credits are then added to his military credits.

In your case, you have at least 36 quarters, counting both military and civilian coverage, and possibly more, as you don't cite exact dates. For a family to get death benefits, the breadwinner needs to be either "fully" or currently insured. You and your family are fully insured at the time you reach 65 or die, if you have at least one quarter of coverage for each two that have passed since Dec. 31, 1950, and the quarter you reach 65 or die. The maximum anyone needs is 40 quarters. If you were born after 1905, you need 40 to be fully insured.

You are "currently" insured if you have at least six quarters within the three years preceding death or retirement. In your own case, you are protected several ways: You will remain fully insured for quite a few years, even if you don't have 40 quarters. But, more importantly, if you become disabled to the extent that you can't undertake substantial work, you are eligible to apply to the social-security office for the disability freeze to protect your and your family's future right to benefits, and also how much you'll get. Otherwise, periods of no earnings drag down the average monthly wage on which benefits are based.

Your wife's coverage can't be credited to your account, but is building up social-security credits for her own account.

—By Sidney Margolius

Getting the best of that little man who hammers on pipes • A work bench you can build in a jiffy • Anchors are for houses, too

Bothered by water hammer? If you notice a thump when you turn off a faucet, that's water hammer. The water has been moving in the pipe at a velocity of several feet a second and when you suddenly block it, the recoil or shock wave is reflected back along the pipe. In time this will weaken joints and cause leaks.

To avoid or minimize water hammer, shock-absorbing chambers consisting merely of closed-end pipes about 12 inches long, filled with air, should be provided above every faucet branch. Sometimes these are omitted by the installing plumber; even if they are installed they can become ineffective if they've lost their air and become filled with water. To recharge with air, shut off the water at the intake valve in the cellar, open the faucets, and drain the part of the supply system which is affected. When the water is turned on again air will be trapped in the chambers.

This problem is becoming serious because of the increasing use of solenoid-operated valves in appliances, such as washing machines. In closing a faucet by hand you can avoid water hammer—if you can remember—by closing it slowly. Electrically operated valves close fast and the resulting recoil can be damaging.

If your plumbing system isn't equipped with closed-end pipes you can get rid of water hammer of this type by installing a shock absorber near the appliance. A shock absorber in the main supply line may also take care of water hammer in the entire system.

The Techniflex Corp. of Port Jervis, N. Y., offers a water hammer eliminator which incorporates a bronze bellows that stretches on impact. Over-all size is only 7 x 2¼ inches. Net trade prices are $7.95 for one that fits ½-inch pipe, $9.15 for ¾-inch. Another type of shock absorber, the Heyden, uses a rubber cushion in a spherical chamber. R-S Products Corp., 4530 Germantown Ave., Philadelphia 44, lists a "Junior" size for ½-inch pipe at $5.95, a "Domestic" size for 1-inch pipe at $17.50. The latter is about 6 inches high and 6 inches in diameter and probably would have a shock-absorbing effect on an entire water-supply system in a small- or medium-size house.

Easy-to-build work benches. All things considered, one of the best ways to build a heavy-duty work bench is to buy metal end sections or pedestals and mount a top of 2-inch lumber on them. We bought a pair of steel end sections, made by the Berger Manufacturing Division, Republic Steel Corp., for $11. We added a top 72 x 28 inches and had us a fine bench at a total cost of about $25. The steel end units were 32½ inches high and 27⅝ inches wide at the top.

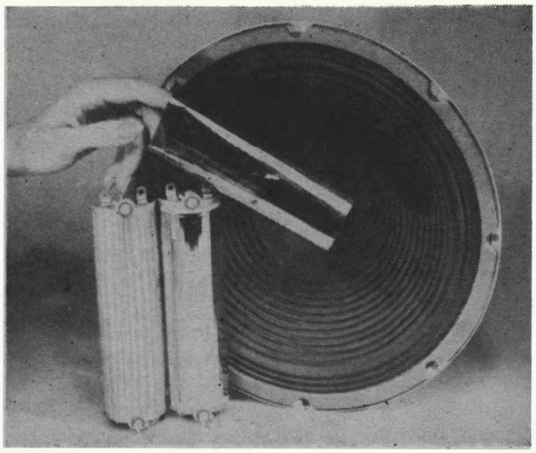
The Hoffman Iron & Steel Company of Vienna,

Ohio, makes somewhat smaller end pedestals of 18-gauge steel, 31 inches high and 18 inches wide, which will carry a top up to 24 inches deep and 72 inches long. The price is about $15.95 a pair. These make a handsome work bench, utility table, or cabinet; since the ends are solid, with rounded corners, you already have a good part of the cabinet built when you buy them.

Large hardware stores carry these end pedestals.

High-frequency speaker. Between them, Du Pont and Philco have engineered a significant advance in sound reproduction. It's a tough problem to change electricity into sound over the whole range of audible frequencies, from as low as 30 cycles per second to as high as 20,000. The conventional solution has been to increase the number of loud-speakers, with at least one "woofer" for the low frequencies and one "tweeter" for the highs.

The highs have never been entirely satisfactory, primarily because the speakers were all of the electro-



Well, sir, those engineers finally did it—came up with a practical electrostatic hi-fi speaker. One above is used in Philco phonos.

magnetic type, which has a back-and-forth or reciprocating motor in which a suspended wire coil moves a paper cone. Since the motion starts at the apex of the cone and moves outwards, the high frequencies get in each other's way along the cone itself. The answer, it has long been recognized, is an electrostatic speaker in which the actuating force would be applied uniformly to the entire vibrating surface. But although everybody knew that, building a practical electrostatic speaker was something else again. The engineers talked about it, but you couldn't buy one.

The electrostatic speaker used in the Philco high-fidelity phonograph uses a dielectric—the insulating sheet between the connecting surfaces or plates—of Du Pont "Mylar" polyester film. To be efficient, the film has to be very thin—half a thousandth of an inch in this case. It has to be very strong—"Mylar" has a tensile strength of over 23,000 pounds to the square inch. It has to be electrically strong too, and finally it must take a metallic surface.

The shape in this case is cylindrical and the speaker, which has a range of 7,000-20,000 cycles, is very compact. The stationary or internal electrode is a perforated aluminum cylinder. The outside or vibrating electrode, which produces the sound, is the metalized surface of the "Mylar" film which fits over the cylinder.

The Columbia 360K phonograph is equipped with four speakers, two of which are electrostatic. They'll all be coming out with electrostatic speakers soon.

Anchor that house! After a major earthquake or hurricane, you can always see houses which have stayed in one piece, but which have been blown or shaken right off their emplacements. This is costly proof of the need for every frame building to be bolted to its foundation. The bolts which hold the lowermost horizontal member, the sill or sill plate, to the foundation are called sill anchors. These are usually half-inch bolts imbedded in poured concrete or mortar, spaced not more than 8 feet apart and with a minimum of two on each side of the foundation.

You can use ordinary long-machine or carriage bolts for this purpose, imbedded at least 6 inches in poured concrete and 12 inches or more in mortar-filled concrete blocks. It is much more convenient, however, to use special anchors, such as Bethlehem Steel's foundation-hook anchor bolts. These are half-inch bolts from 6 to 20 inches in length, in even inches. They come plain or galvanized. Instead of a head, they have a hook at the unthreaded end. A square nut and round washer are furnished with each bolt. They cost no more than standard bolts. Get them at building-supply yards and hardware stores.

For uranium hunters. With spring, the uranium hunt will be resumed except in those places where it never stopped. For amateurs, there's little economic justification for spending much money for equipment. "El Dorado" Geiger counter PR-4, El-Tronics, Inc., Philadelphia 23 ($49.95 plus four pounds shipping cost at Sears, Roebuck) is a sensible buy. It has neon tube and telephone indication and comes in a metal case 7 x 4 x 1¾ inches weighing two pounds, with telephone receiver, headband, shoulder strap and literature. We've toted one around without finding uranium, but that wasn't the fault of the instrument.

The Radiac Company, Inc., 489 Fifth Ave., New York 17, announces an all-transistor Geiger counter with panel meter, flashing neon lamp, and telephone, which requires fewer batteries than vacuum tube models and will give 350 hours of service before requiring battery renewal. List price is $99.50.

These We've Tested

Buying a quarter-inch drill: PET *"Shopmate" 77H, length 11¼", pistol grip, hand-tightened chuck, 1,600 rpm no load, 1.6 amperes; $14.44.*

PET "Shopmate Zephyr" 320G, length 11", saw grip, gear-type chuck, 1,600 rpm no load, 1.6 amperes; $20.88.

PET "Shopmate" 740G, length 8", pistol grip, gear-type chuck, 1,600 rpm no load, 2.0 amperes; $19.88.

PET "Superduty" 1440G, length 7½", pistol grip, gear-type chuck, 1,500 rpm no load, 1.9 amperes; $24.95.

All four manufactured by Portable Electric Tools, Inc., 320 West 83 St., Chicago 20.

The ¼" drill is by far the most popular of electric tools and many home mechanics get along without any others. A great many new buyers, however, as well as some who have owned one or more drills, don't realize that there are very considerable differences in design, power and price. To go into a store and ask vaguely for a ¼" drill is much like setting out to buy an automobile without any idea as to size, body type, power or cost. Of course if the salesman is a good guy and knows his stuff (one without the other isn't enough) you may nevertheless come out with the tool you need, having paid what it's worth. But it usually pays to know something about what you're buying.

To get a measure of order into a rather confused situation, we may start by dividing the current product into three groups:

Class 1. Heavy-duty drills with a maximum output of about ⅓ horsepower. These drills are essentially industrial tools and most home mechanics can get along with a drill falling into one of the two lower classes.

Class 2. Medium-duty drills with maximum output of about 1/7 hp and name-plate current ratings of 1.6-2.4 amperes at normal load, with the majority rated at or near 2.0 amperes. These are priced over a wide range, from under $20 to over $35, and, as would be expected, some are subjected to severe price-cutting. This doesn't mean that all the drills are alike or that there shouldn't be a considerable differential, but the present range is too great, which is to say that the group includes some poor buys as well as some good ones. Up to $25 most of these drills are reasonably priced, but when they approach the $30-and-up range of the Class 1 drills, they aren't good buys, although they may still be good drills. The tools in this class will do all the drilling the average home mechanic has to do and will also drive most accessories satisfactorily, although with scant reserve power.

Class 3. Light-duty drills with maximum output averaging 1/10 hp and with name-plate current ratings of 1.2-1.6 amperes. List prices range from about $15 to $25, and should be nearer $15. Many stores sell below list. If you want the tool only for drilling in soft metals up to ¼" and in wood up to ½", you can manage with a drill in this class.

Besides power, there are several things to look for in a drill, some of which are a matter of individual preference. The two most common handles are the saw grip and the pistol grip. The saw grip is perhaps the firmer of the two, but it has the disadvantage of adding 3" to the length of the drill. There are three types of chucks: the hand-tightened, hexagonal or Allen key, and geared or Jacobs key. The least used is the hex key and deservedly so, because it is inconvenient to insert in the hole and requires tightening of the chuck both with the hand and the key. The hand-tightened chuck is the most convenient but also the least reliable; few mechanics can tighten it to the point where it will under no circumstances allow the drill point to slip. The best bet is the gear-type chuck, despite the added cost of $1-$3 and the fact that the key dangling from the power cord is something of a nuisance. An improvement in this respect is a rubber socket attached to the cord, near the drill, into which the handle of the key fits.

The better drills usually have long cords (10') and a third conductor for grounding the case of the drill. An ungrounded drill should *never* be used on a metal ladder, in any wet place, or where any part of your body may come in contact with a grounded object, such as a pipe, duct, metal lath, metal gutter, rain spout, pump, furnace or boiler. However, a two-conductor cord is just as safe if you ground the drill separately by running a wire from a screw on the case to a good ground, such as a water pipe, provided the connections are secure and the wire is No. 16 or larger and in good condition. Ground the drill *before* you plug it in.

We felt it would be instructive to examine a part of the ¼" drill line of one manufacturer to illustrate this general discussion. We are not comparing the PET drills with other makes since this is not a general survey, but they are fairly representative of medium- and low-priced tools in this field. This manufacturer offers many variations in handles, chucks and other details, and also distributes a number of Class 1 drills at higher prices. With one exception, those tested fall into Class 2. *(Continued on next page)*

The weights of the four drills tested are practically the same—close to 3 pounds each. Two are long and two are short. The 77H is long because it was designed that way, the 320G because of its saw grip. The short ones will get into a certain number of places where the long ones won't.

Each drill was taken apart and the gears, bearings and brushes examined. Machining and construction were judged to be good but a cursory inspection of this sort tells little about life expectancy from either a mechanical or electrical standpoint. Lubrication and changing brushes did not seem to present any special difficulties. Brush changing is easiest on the least expensive of the drills, the 77H, but the trigger on this model is rather flimsy and the trigger lock is inconvenient. All are neat-looking tools.

The drills were tested for power by the primitive expedient of grabbing the chuck in a heavy work glove at no-load speed. None of the drills could be stalled. One-inch holes were then drilled with each in turn through the same piece of 2" fir framing, using a 1" flat bit with ¼" shank. Heavy pressure was used in an effort to stall or overheat the drill. The 320G, 740G and 1440G handled this load with ease. The 77H overheated, as was to be expected. This one is a Class 3 or light-duty drill; the others would fall into Class 2, medium duty, with the 1440G and 740G apparently having greater power than the 320G.

Power cords of all the drills are 6' long and substantial, but with only two conductors. Instructions are clear as far as they go but nothing is said about the advisability of grounding the tool under adverse conditions. This should be a standard clause in the instructions for operating any electrical tool.

Packaged hi fi: *Dictograph Home Music System (Model 100 amplifier-player, Model A speaker); amplifier, 3-speed record changer and controls in wood-and-fabricoid cabinet 22 x 13½ x 9½ inches with separate speaker enclosure 20 x 16 x 12 inches, connected by 24-foot cord; Dictograph Products, Inc., Jamaica 35, N.Y.; $169.50.*

The hi-fi boom didn't really get under way till after World War II. What happened was that the majority of radio and phonograph manufacturers, although they improved the quality of their product, didn't improve it enough to compete with what music lovers could assemble from high-fidelity components—tuners, amplifiers, record changers, speakers—available on the market and in some cases put out by those same manufacturers. Yet it is only very recently that some of the big companies, realizing at last that there's big money in first-class reproduction, have begun to make a serious effort to meet the demand.

But if do-it-yourself has had a leading creative role in the reproduction of music, there are many people who want the plug-in-and-play product, and that's where Dictograph comes in. A package of this type affords highly acceptable reproduction—not the best, but good—with a minimum of bother and risk. By risk we mean the chance of paying out a lot of money—$1,000 isn't an extraordinary hi-fi investment and $500 is common—and not getting reproduction any better than less expensive components, plus know-how, can furnish.

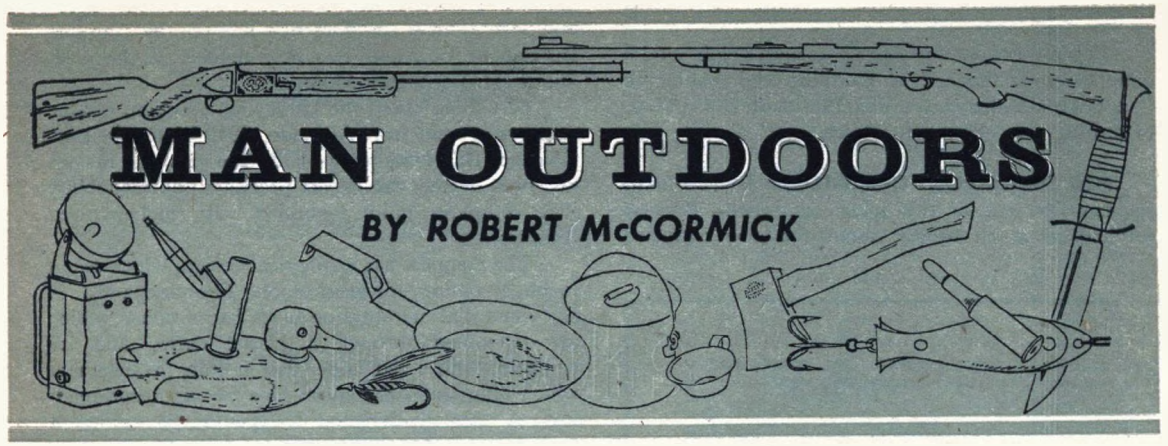
Also, there's no point in buying more than you can appreciate in the way of audio quality. Few people have what the audio fraternity calls a "golden ear." We, for example, can't tolerate gross distortion, whether in the artist's rendition or in the electrical processing which follows, but we're not sensitive to minor deviations from tonal rectitude. We've been listening to the Dictograph system for several months and we like it. It's just about our speed in this line, and we suspect a few thousand of our readers are in our class.

The Dictograph amplifier is of 10-watt output, which will provide all the volume you can use in a good-sized house and more than you can use in a city apartment without somebody calling the cops, but a certain level of distortion is inherent in an amplifier of this output. A 20-, or better, a 60-watt amplifier (at much higher cost) would reduce this distortion to negligible proportions, but at moderate volume we can scarcely hear it even with the 10-watt amplifier. The speaker enclosure is 1.75 cubic feet with two speakers, 8-inch for low frequencies and 3-inch for high. It would be better with 6 cubic feet and a bigger bass speaker, but we find the sound very agreeable as it is. The system was tested with the Vox DL 130A high-fidelity record and gave fairly uniform response from 30 to 10,000 cycles, which is good, if not superlative, and omits nothing essential. If you're used to the AM sound from table radio receivers, or the debased FM sound of most table TV receivers, what you'll get from the Dictograph speaker will be a notable improvement.

The record changer is the Collaro RC 54, a well-designed British product which we notice is included in Lafayette Radio's (New York, Boston, Newark and Plainfield, N.J.) $734.50 hi-fi system. If you add up the cost of the components in the Dictograph package, you practically arrive at the price of the assembled product—and they have done the wiring and provided the cabinets. And there are considerable acoustic advantages in separating the turntable-amplifier and the speaker, as they have done.

As described, the Dictograph is a phonograph only: input connections are provided for adding radio. My suggestion is the Radio Shack's (Boston) "Realist" FM tuner ($39.95). We haven't tested it but it comes highly recommended and would be hard to beat at the price. The Granco "Music Hall," reviewed here last September, is also sold as a tuner and is another FM possibility. If you're not within range of FM stations, Radio Shack has an AM "Realist" tuner at $29.95, Lafayette an AM-FM tuner at $49.50. No doubt there are also good buys at Allied Radio (Chicago) and other radio-supply houses which aim to give the customer his money's worth.

—By Carl Dreher



BB gun clubs keep kids out of trouble • New boat compass

Automatic tourniquet to stop bleeding

ONE OF THE BEST ways I know for outdoorsmen to insure the future of their sport is the proper training of their kids—in hunting, fishing, hiking and, of course, safe gun handling. Sometimes, too, organized effort on the part of sportsmen along these lines leads to an even more gratifying result—a decrease in juvenile delinquency.

Take, for example, the experience of Omaha, Neb. In the spring of 1953, such a large wave of gun accidents and juvenile vandalism swept the city that the Omaha Safety Council was forced to move in on the situation.

Omaha police reported an average of more than 90 cases of gun vandalism each month. Not from the .38 Special or the sawed-off shotgun; nor from the .22, or the even more deadly "zip-gun" of zoot-suited delinquents. What really gave them fits was the old-fashioned air rifle—the "BB" gun of your childhood!

But let Glenn L. Cavanaugh, president of the Omaha Safety Council, tell what happened. "After a lot of thought," says Cavanaugh, "we decided that the best way to reduce gun accidents and vandalism was to help form National Rifle Association-affiliated BB Gun Clubs among youngsters between the ages of 5 and 18.

"The program was a success from the very start. To date, more than 28 gun clubs with more than 450 members are active in the Omaha area. The Omaha Safety Council's annual BB Gun Tournament attracts more than 400 participants and some 2,000 spectators each year."

Practical results: "Police records," says Cavanaugh, "show that in three years gun vandalism has been reduced in Omaha from an average of 90 complaints a month to just nine."

Omaha's BB Gun Club program, I've found, is similar to those currently being sponsored by civic groups, cities and fraternal organizations in a fast-growing list of communities all over the land.

In Washington, D.C., the air rifle division of the Washington Boys Clubs has more than 150 members; the Lions Club of Iowa Falls, Iowa, not only sponsors that town's program but furnishes the supplies; in Hagerstown, Md., the four original Civitan Air Rifle Clubs have doubled in the first few years of the program's life; in Seattle, Wash., Mrs. Alice H. Bull, a former National Women's High Power Rifle Champion, teaches basic marksmanship to BB clubbers from among the city's Cub Scouts.

The BB Gun Club safety program was given a boost a few years ago when the National Rifle Association, parent body of high-power shooters everywhere, expanded its Junior rifle program to include spring-type air rifles like the well-remembered Daisy of our childhood. Under this program, pneumatic-type air rifles are banned in shooting the special, 15-foot junior marksmanship course set up especially for the BB gunners.

Next, the NRA people printed up official Junior BB Gun Targets, and made it possible for any boy or girl to earn air-rifle awards either through their clubs or at home, under parental supervision. What groups like the Omaha Safety Council did was to take it from there. The Boy Scouts of America helped, too, by permitting for the first time in 1953 the use of air rifles in earning its Marksmanship Merit Badge.

Prime mover in the program is, of course, the Daisy people themselves. Confronted with a rising tide of complaints about careless BB gun handling, the company has, among other things, published a

16-page brochure on "How to Organize and Conduct an Air Rifle Club."

If you want one for your sportsman's club, send a dime to cover the cost of handling and mailing to Cass S. Hough, Executive Vice President, Daisy Manufacturing Co., Plymouth, Mich.

FOR SMALL-BOAT OPERATORS: Several items got crowded out of this space last month because we had so much to say about the new outboard motors. These items include a new marine compass and several new speedometers put out by Airguide Instrument Co., and two new models of the well-known Hi-Lo Motor Mounts.

Best thing about the latest high-precision marine compass to come from Airguide (2210 Wabansia Ave., Chicago, Ill.) is its price—$15. For this, the makers say, boat owners can expect precision and readability that compares quite favorably with higher-priced compasses.

The compass has a spherical design, which seems to be becoming universal among fine compasses. It has white dial markings on black backgrounds, which are magnified through a plastic dome, and it's equipped with a red under-dial lighting arrangement which illuminates the entire face for nighttime reading. A specially-designed U-type bracket allows it to be mounted either athwartships or in line with the keel.

As for speedometers, Airguide says that this year it will have an entire series of new ones using its own patented Controlog® movement to give nearly uniform graduation over the entire dial, even down to the slowest possible speeds. Ranges: 0-15 mph, 0-30, 0-45 and 0-75, with the 15 and 30 mph units calibrated in both miles and knots. Price range: $8.95 and $10.95, plus $5 for the mount.

Latest news from the E. F. Vilter Co. (4161 N. Richards St., Milwaukee, Wis.) is the development of two new models of the firm's Hi-Lo Motor Mounts designed for use on outboard cabin or day cruisers and work boats. Both are patterned after the smaller, clamp-on Hi-Lo Mounts used for lower-horsepowered motors, and both have received exhaustive tests by several boat makers.

Vilter claims that being able to adjust the depth of heavy-duty outboard propellers by means of the outrigger-type suspension shown in the accompanying illustration makes for faster speeds in choppy waters with the motor in the "Lo" position; easier navigation through the shallows with the motor at the "Hi"; and easier trailering and launching.

Available in both the Heavy Duty Single and Twin, the mounts are priced at $129.50 for the former, $149.50 for the latter.

OUTDOOR SAFETY TIP: Now that spring is here, the time has come to give at least an annual thought to safety afield. One of the emergencies outdoorsmen face is stemming the flow of blood from nasty and sometimes near-fatal cuts.

Best aid I've seen is the new Automatic Tourniquet put out this year by the Robbins Instrument Corp. of Attleboro, Mass. Consisting of a small, carbon dioxide capsule which exerts a steady, eight-and-a-half pound pull on the tourniquet, the device is as foolproof as they come.

It's not cheap—the price is $34.50—but you and your hunting or fishing crowd might get together to buy one. If your local sporting-goods dealer can't supply you, write Frank Buckley at Robbins.

Trout Bass

Good—**Cold, springtime waters are probably high, so try trout at season's opener on worms, live minnows, wet flies and nymphs; fish downstream edges of riffles, under overhanging banks, and first deep hole below known stocking area. Good bet now: Catherine Creek, N. Y., for 8-12-pound spring-running rainbows beginning April 1; stream usually crowded, but fun.**

Better—**After ice-out in southern Maine and New Hampshire, try for landlocked salmon, togue (lake trout) and Lake Sunapee (N. H.) Golden Trout. Opening Day at Silver Lake (Wash.) is big rainbow producer. Michigan run of Great Lakes "steelhead" trout should begin later in month on Betsy, Manistee and other rivers, with trout sometimes being taken in Great Lakes off river's mouth.**

Best—**Now that vacationers are quitting southland, fishing is just beginning to get great, both fresh water and salt. Florida's bassing's terrific this month in entire state. Elsewhere, for bass, try entire TVA system, plus Caddo Lake on the Texas-Louisiana border; Norfolk in Arkansas and Missouri; Bull Shoals on same border; Oklahoma's Texoma. On salt-water front: all species are stirring off Florida and Southern California, especially around Catalina.**

man around the house...

BY
CARL T. SIGMAN

Keeping windows in good shape can save you money in fuel bills, add to your comfort in winter and summer. And following the advice here can save your time and temper.

A WINDOW or "wind eye," from which the word is derived—is an opening in a wall to admit light and air. That's what the dictionary says, but just to be cynical about it, windows also admit rain, snow and sleet; flies, mosquitoes and spiders; sometimes squirrels and birds; soot, dirt and unburned oil from other people's unregulated oil-fired furnaces (none from our own, of course). Windows also let out precious heat. They have to be washed, scraped, puttied and, at times, reglazed. In a word, they can be a helluva nuisance. At least mine were, and that's why I'm writing this.

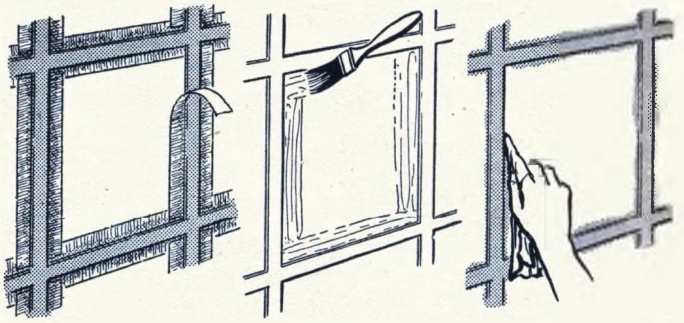
I had gazed out of, but not at, my windows for months on end, only to be startled one day at one window which was in terrible condition. Mine are steel casements, and they had become badly rusted. The roto adjuster which swung out the casement was full of guck and worked only with great difficulty. And the casement wouldn't close completely—in fact it never had. The copper screening of the inside screen had turned a deep-green color. The cross pieces of the Venetian-blind tape had broken in several places allowing slats to fall down at one end onto those below. And the slats were almost without paint. The paint on the window sill was gone where the sill met the window. There was also a sizable crack between casement and sill.

On window number one I took down the Venetian blind, removed the brackets supporting it, unhooked the screen, and started working on the steel casement. First I dispossessed all the subtenants, namely the spiders who had holed up for the winter in white cocoons around the edges of the casement. Then I started with a variety of sandpapers working from coarse to fine, and ending up with emery cloth and steel wool until the metal surfaces and edges were perfectly smooth. By that time, of course, I was through the rust and down to bare metal. Then I put on a coat of red lead following directions on the can. Red lead is primarily for outdoor use on steel to prevent rust, but actually windows are subjected to almost as much bad weather on the inside as on the outside.

A couple nights later I lightly sanded the red-lead coat and then painted the steel casement with a black automobile enamel. Painting the inside of windows is much easier and faster at night than in the daytime. When the sun is up you're looking into the light and it's hard to see the mullions (strips between panes) well enough to paint them. Sometime try painting a window by day and then look at it by lamplight. You'll be surprised and disgusted to see how many places you've missed. But if you have to paint a window during the day, use a flashlight.

Automobile enamel comes in so many colors, you can match or harmonize with any décor to your wife's heart's content. At first I hesitated to use a glossy paint on steel windows because I thought it would shine unpleasantly at night. But after experimenting with auto enamel, I found the shine didn't bother us. So I use auto enamel—which is harder than most other paints, will stand up much better and is easier to keep clean.

To keep paint off the glass, I've used liquid masking tape around the window panes, and it's quite

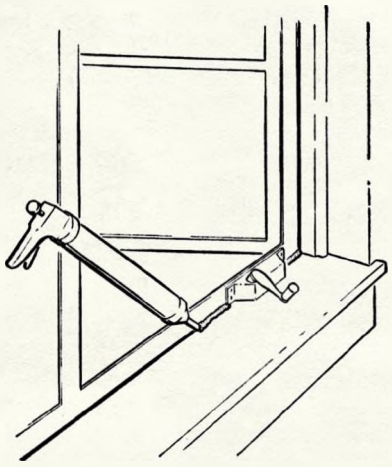


Three ways to keep paint off glass. Left to right: masking tape, liquid masking tape, and cloth dampened with turpentine.

satisfactory. I've also tried Scotch masking tape, and I can recommend it too. But I do about as well with an old piece of pajama leg dampened with turpentine.

I don't worry about paint getting on the sill because all that paint should come off anyway. You just can't do a simple repainting job on a sill where moisture has caused the paint to come off. You have to get down to the original surface of the entire sill with paint remover.

When the sill is completely dry, sand it lightly. Fill any cracks between casement and sill with your



Fill cracks along casement with caulking gun.

caulking gun, and paint the sill with the very best quality of semi-gloss paint, using two or preferably three coats following the manufacturer's directions for new wood. After laboring hard and long to prepare the sill for repainting, to use anything but the best paint or varnish would be the poorest economy.

My windows have plaster returns (the uprights forming the sides of a window opening). Where, as is usually the case, there is a wood return and trim, paint it following directions for old wood. But first caulk cracks around the casement. Use a masking tape on the newly-painted metal window to prevent daubing paint on it, particularly if the wood return and casement are to be painted different colors.

Clean and oil the casement opening mechanism and casement hinges. Remove the copper or brass locking handle and roto adjuster if you can. Polish them with a metal polish or steel wool, and then paint them with a clear lacquer.

Now take the Venetian blind down to your workbench and remove tape and cord. Take the tape to a hardware or department store and buy a new one *exactly the same size*. I once thought the tape width was all that it was necessary to ask for. After buying a new tape, painting a Venetian blind, putting it together and rehanging it, I found it failed to fall to the sill by 8 or 10 inches. Then I painfully discovered that there are tapes and tapes. Some, for example, hold the slats farther apart than others. So I had to take the blind all apart again, buy new tape, and curse out my luck.

Unfortunately, when it comes to buying new tapes, you're on the horns of a dilemma. White or cream-colored tapes get dirty in no time and colored ones—particularly greens and blues—fade to bilious shades in a year or two.

When I'd sanded the old paint off the slats, I stood them on end on a shelf in the basement and painted them all on one side. No longer do I repaint blinds cream or white. They show dirt too readily. And dark colors are more attractive, in my opinion. In bedrooms deep blues, greens and browns subdue the early summer sun.

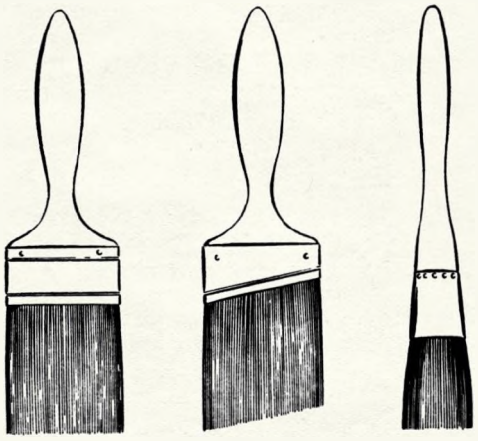
The next night I painted the other sides of the slats. That meant four nights and four turns of the slats for two coats of semi-gloss paint—or, if you don't mind the shine, an enamel. So, obviously, repainting Venetian blinds takes time and patience.

Once a blind is painted or varnished it has to be put together again. Humpty Dumpty is a simpler job. The only way is to take down an assembled blind and lay it pulled out on the floor as a guide and hope that yours will come out right too. Two people can do it better than one, each one working at the end of each slat. But don't tack the ends of the tape in place until you have held the blind up to see if it works. I know only too well how easy it is to get it cockeyed.

The inside casement screen should next be refinished in the same way the window itself was refinished. The copper or bronze screening should be cleaned with turpentine. If you want it brighter, sand it lightly with a fine sandpaper. Then apply spar varnish with an old piece of carpeting tacked to a block of wood.

For painting windows and Venetian blinds, three sizes and types of brushes illustrated here are suggested. For sills, trim and Venetian blinds, use an ordinary but not cheap 2-inch brush, preferably one fairly flexible. For mullions and muntins (sash bars), use an oval or round sash brush and an angular sash-and-trim brush.

—By Carl T. Sigman

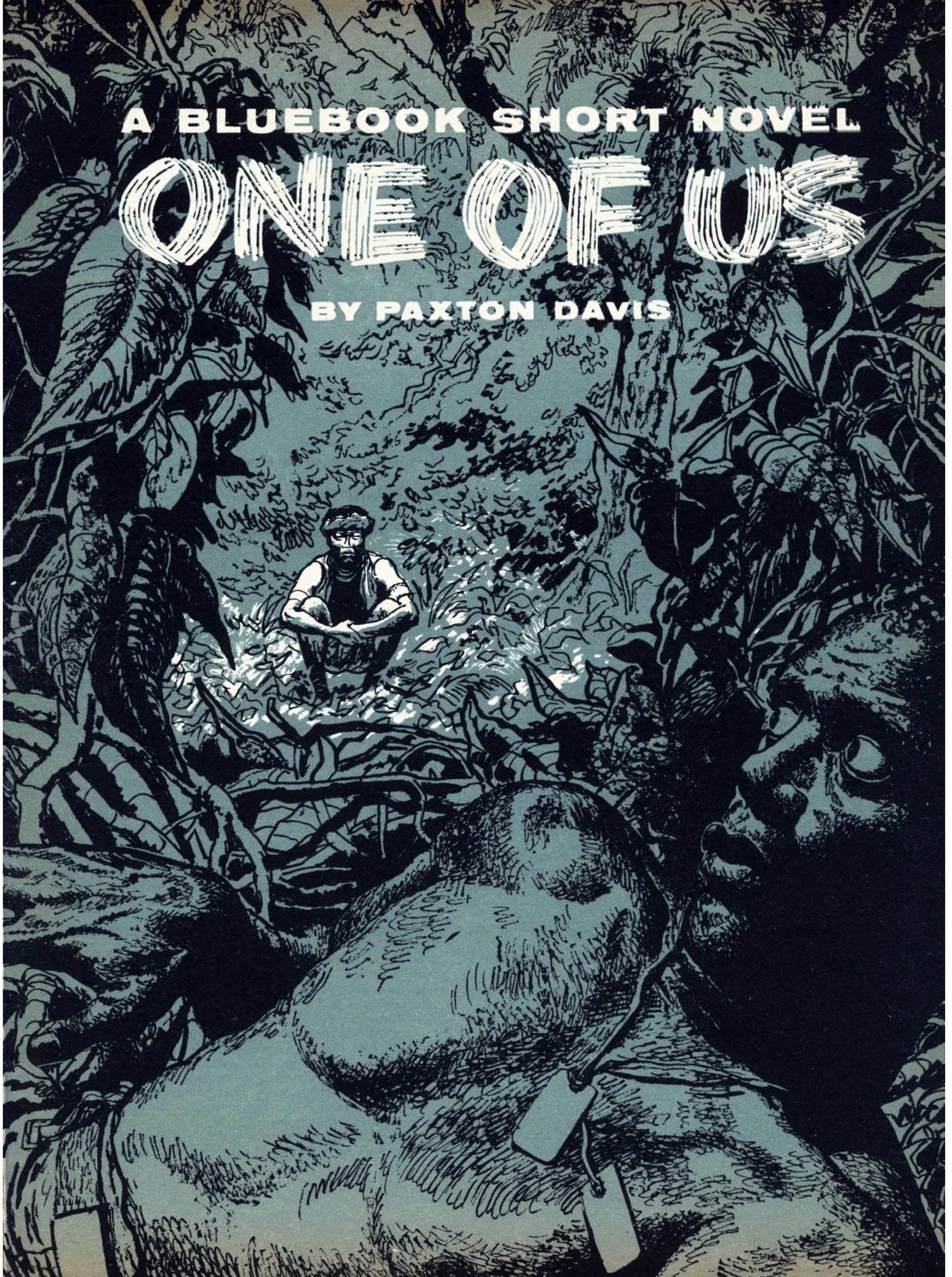


Three brushes recommended for painting windows. Left to right: 2-inch, angular, oval.

A BLUEBOOK SHORT NOVEL

ONE OF US

BY PAXTON DAVIS



ONE OF US

BY PAXTON DAVIS

The soldier Goff went over the hill as a man that life had badly hurt and twisted. And there in the weird, miasmic jungle, he found the simple touchstone that gave him human dignity at last.

THE CAPTAIN crossed the compound in the rain, splashing the mud of Ledo against his leggings, and kicked the orderly room door and went inside.

It was a small basha with walls woven of tough yellow straw, and the captain crossed it quickly, dripping water in a thin wavy line along the floor behind him. At his desk, a battered Army-issue painted regulation drab, he ran his hand across a pile of papers. Then he sat down. Through the window, above the rumble of the rain, he could hear the sergeants calling roll and the work sections forming and moving out of the area.

It was the third year of the war.

He had been working for 10 minutes when the door opened again. It was his first sergeant, a gaunt man named Hall. Hall was carrying a canteen cup, and he lifted it tentatively.

"You want more coffee, sir?"

The captain shook his head. "How's it getting, out?" he asked.

"Worse," the sergeant said. "This monsoon will last a year."

The captain tossed a sheaf of papers across his desk into the first sergeant's basket.

"Those can go to headquarters when you go in," he said.

"Anything worth hurrying?" the sergeant asked.

"No," the captain said. "You got the morning report?"

"In a minute," the sergeant told him. "Just a couple changes."

The captain stood up and stretched. Then he walked across the orderly room to the Lister bag in the corner and drew off a cup of water. Outside he could hear the steady pounding of India's monsoon rains. They were beating now, he knew, across all Asia, flooding the rice fields, choking the roads, bringing the lives of millions, already torpid with the heat and poverty of centuries, to a stop.

"But the soldiering goes on and on," he said aloud. "And the hell with the weather."

Hall looked up from his typewriter. "How's that, sir?"

"Nothing," the captain said. "I was just publicizing my itch."

"Oh," the sergeant said. He had been with the captain a long time now.

"Well, it's a hell of a morning," the sergeant said finally. "That's for sure." And he pushed the morning report across the desk to Captain Hacker.

"Meaning how different from any other morning?"

"Meaning anything. You take 224 colored men and this kind of weather and you got a hell of a morning."

"I don't know," the captain said. "I always thought they made pretty good soldiers."

It was not a good morning report. Captain Hacker read it, put it down, read it again, put it down again.

"It's a hell of a morning, all right," he said. "Twenty-three men out. Twelve in for VD at the Twentieth. Five just plain sick. Two sacked in. Four AWOL. Now you tell me: where in hell is there to go AWOL from here?"

"It beats me," Sergeant Hall said. "But they'll find it."

"Well, what the hell's wrong with them?"

"I'll bite. Maybe they're tired. I sure know I am."

Captain Hacker lit a cigarette. "Look here," he said, after a minute. "This could get us in a hell of a mess. What about all this sacking out? What about Sweeney?"

"I don't know," the sergeant said. "He just didn't show up for roll call this morning."

"Is he sick?"

"I don't know. He just didn't fall in. Maybe he's dead.

I don't know. The guys in his squad said he was still in the sack."

The captain looked at the report again. "Well, what about Goff?" he said.

"Same thing. Sacked out again. Third time this week."

"Well, you're a sergeant, aren't you? Haven't you done anything about it?"

"Like what? Like throwing him a court-martial? We tried that in the spring, remember?"

"I don't give a damn," Hacker said. "Either he soldiers in this company or he goes."

"Look," the sergeant said. "The stockade's just the briar-patch to that one. He don't care."

"All right," the captain said. "But here he soldiers. If he wants to sack in in the stockade, that's his tail. And the MP's'."

"Okay," the sergeant said. "If that's the way you want it I'll tell him."

"You're damn right you will. And so will I. What the hell's wrong with him?"

"Who knows?" the sergeant said. "Let's get some java."

"No," the captain said. "I want to see that Goff first."

"I'll tell him, sir," the sergeant said, "I'll tell him now." For there was something in the captain's voice.

But there was less than the sergeant thought. The moment the door closed behind him, Captain Hacker's determination vanished. Why it had gone, where, he had no idea, but he knew it was gone. He rose from his desk and walked to the window. A moment before, faced with the lassitude infecting his company, he had known how to assert his authority. He had shown his first sergeant he knew how to command. But the moment had passed, and now he was only a rather tired quartermaster captain again; a man neither strong nor weak, faced with a problem beyond his powers. He drummed his fingers on the window sill.

He had had trouble with Goff before. He had had almost nothing else. Sometimes it seemed to him like a personal quarrel, as if he and Goff were two men doomed to a lifetime of misunderstanding. Perhaps it would have been different if Goff had been in another outfit. Maybe another commanding officer would have made a difference. Maybe not. Usually he got along well with his men. Always had. But not with Goff. First it had been drunkenness. Then fighting on pay-day. Then fighting between pay-days. Then women. Then the black market behind the Ledo bazaar. But what could you do with a soldier for whom none of the customary punishments apparently held any terror? The man was a cipher, and Hacker lacked whatever key was needed to reveal its meaning.

Hacker had been a soldier too long. He had been in India too long. Through the window he could see Indian troops moving up the road in single file, their ankles spattered with mud, and the trucks on their way to Burma through the rain.

2

GOFF entered the orderly room silently, without knocking, so that Hacker started when he turned and saw the soldier standing there. He was a tall, haggard man with skin the color of a tarnished penny. He was soaking wet and his arms were hanging limply at his sides.

"Don't you believe in knocking on doors, Soldier?" Hacker asked him.

"Yes, sir," Goff said.

"Don't you believe in saluting officers?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, salute then."

Goff did.

"Is that all you do when you come into an orderly room?"

"No, sir," Goff said.

"Well, what else do you do?"

Goff said nothing.

Hacker's voice rose. "What else do you do, Soldier?"

Goff hardly moved his lips. "Report to the captain," he said.

Hacker stared at him. "Well, report then."

Goff shifted slightly from one foot to the other. Finally he spoke. "Sir, Private Goff reporting to the company commander as ordered," he said.

"That's better," Hacker said. But he was not certain it was. He was not certain of anything. Not of Goff, nor of himself, nor of the system that had placed them opposite each other in this relationship. He took out the morning report and laid it on the desk in front of him.

"Now then," he said. And then he stopped. Water was dripping from Goff onto the desk. Hacker stared for a moment, and then went on. "You were reported absent from roll call and work section this morning."

"Yes, sir," Goff said.

"And yesterday morning, too."

"Yes, sir."

"And the day before."

"That's right, sir."

"Okay. Now what's it all about?"

"It's true, Captain."

"Why didn't you fall out this morning? And the other days?"

"I just didn't," Goff said.

"You just didn't?"

"No, sir."

"Don't you know there's a penalty for goofing off?"

Goff said nothing.

"Well, what about it now?"

Goff's face was impassive. "I don't know, Captain," he said.

Then Captain Hacker's anger began. "You know damn good and well about it," he said. "You know damn good and well you can't sack off detail and get away with it."

"No, sir," Goff said.

"Not in my outfit."

"No, sir."

"That ought to be clear by now."

"Yes, sir."

"But in spite of that you've gone off and acted like you're running this man's army all by yourself."

"I guess so."

"What's that?" Hacker said.

"I guess you're right."

"Well, do you think it's your army?"

"No, sir."

"Well, what do you think?"

"I guess I don't think nothing, Captain."

Hacker's fingers drummed angrily on the desk.

"Haven't you spent enough time in the jug by now to know I mean what I say?"

And then Goff smiled. It wasn't much of a smile, hardly more than a break in the heavy lines around his mouth, but Hacker caught it, and at that moment he knew he'd lost.

"Is it funny, Soldier?"

But he knew it was. The whole thing was funny. He was funny, sitting there at an Army desk trying to be stern with a man of whom he knew nothing. Goff was funny, standing there openly defying him. They were both funny, the captain and the soldier, two funny figures trying to play out an old farce neither believed.

"Well, what the hell," Hacker said. But he knew he'd lost.

His mockery had won. The old mockery, the mockery he'd carried with him longer than he'd known he had, the mockery that secretly laughed at the whole Army and its inflexible system of authority and regulations and discipline and punishment, the mockery had won. He could still punish Goff. He could throw the book at him. But the punishment would

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Illustrated by John McDermott

be routine now, part of the mockery he carried within himself, and the point would be lost.

And so he saw it go, and knew it was gone, and knew that all he could do now was to say things that meant nothing to either of them.

"Do you know what I'm going to do to you?" he said.

"No, sir," Goff said.

"Do you care?"

"I don't know," Goff said. "I guess so."

"I guess not," Hacker said. "What do you think?"

"I don't know, Captain."

"Well, it doesn't matter to me whether you do or not," Hacker said. "I'm going to throw the book at you."

Goff said nothing.

"I'm going to throw you a court-martial that'll put you in the stockade long enough to let you get good and sick and tired of breaking rocks. You're going to break rocks until you'll think you've broken every damn rock in this whole God-forsaken country."

"Yes, sir," Goff said.

"All right," Hacker said. He was breathless. Anger always made him dizzy. "All right. Now is there anything you want to say about it?"

"Yes, sir," Goff said.

"Well, what is it?"

"Will they cut off my pay while I'm in there?" Goff said. "I'm awful behind on my pay."

So Hacker knew he'd lost it all.

"You go back to your tent and stay there," he said heavily. "You stay there until the MP's come and get you. You're under arrest."

Goff went as quietly as he had come.

3

SERGEANT HALL had had his wisecracks and his coffee, but the moment he entered the orderly room again he knew the time for jokes had passed. Hacker was standing by the Lister bag, a canteen cup in his hand, staring at the wall. He hardly moved when Hall came in.

Hall said nothing. He walked across to his desk and sat down. He picked up the sick book and flipped over the pages. Neither of them spoke. Rain was pelting against the roof. Hall could hear it running away in the ditches outside.

"Well," he said finally. "We seem to have some rain."

There was no answer.

"Like last year. You remember how it was. Hot as hell one day. Dust up to your ankles. Then pouring the next. I never saw such weather."

Hacker said nothing. Hall put down the sick book.

"What happened with Goff, Captain?" he said.

"It didn't go so well," Hacker said.

"What'd you do to him?"

"General court."

"I knew it was something. I passed him going by the mess hall. He threw me a look like he'd like to slice my gizzard."

Hacker still stood by the Lister bag. "Yes," he said.

"Which I guess he would if he had half a chance to."

And then Hacker turned.

"I don't know whether he would or not," he said. "I don't know that at all."

"Well," Hall said.

Hacker walked back across the room and stood directly in front of the sergeant's desk. He looked at Hall.

"Sergeant," he said, "what do you think happens to a man when he's soldiered too long?"

"Like who, sir?" Hall said.

"Like you," Hacker said. "Like me. Like all the sick and tired-out dogfeet all over this miserable, motheaten country. Like a soldier named Goff who can't seem to do anything but get in trouble all the time."

"I don't get you, sir," Hall said.

"Like the guys wearing out their tails in the bars at Calcutta. Like the screwballs who fly the Hump. Like the guys who push those idiot trucks over the road week in and week out. Like the Limeys who've been here even longer than we have."

"Well, hell, sir," Hall said.

"Like everybody connected with this stupid, fouled-up, monotonous tail-end of a war nobody we know seems to give a damn about. What do you think's happened to us?"

"Well, that's quite a list, sir," Hall said.

"Let me tell you what I think's happened to us," the captain said. "A colored boy named Goff who's never had a break in his life has the luck to wind up in this hole where there's nothing more wonderful to do than drive a bulldozer through the slimiest mud God ever made. He's got white officers and white non-coms, more time on his hands than he knows what to do with, and the itchy notion that nobody over, under or around him gives any more of a damn what happens than he does. So he turns into an eight-ball. You think that's so strange?"

"My opinion is he'd be a natural-born stinker anywhere he landed," Hall said.

"Well, it's not mine," Hacker said. "But never mind. Let's take you. Let's take the first sergeant. You used to be one of the best. You could've carried a dozen first johns piggyback for fifteen years and nobody'd ever have been the wiser. You were so good you knew the book inside out, front ways and backwards. Don't you care what's become of you? Don't you want to know what this wonderful life has done for you? I'll tell you. It's turned you into a negligent, wisecracking, sour-apple shoe clerk whose place I could fill with any one of five-hundred thousand PFC's. That's what it's done."

"All right, Captain," Hall said. "What the hell."

"And what about the company commander? The mighty Hacker? Don't you want me to tell you about him?"

"No sir, I don't," Hall said.

"I'm going to tell you anyway," Hacker said. "So just sit tight."

And Hall did.

4

AFTER A WHILE, Hacker told himself, it all became the same. He was moving along the road beyond Ledo now, a sunburned captain in a mudstained jeep, and it was all the same. The mornings, the afternoons, the slow evenings, the fetid nights . . .

It had been exciting at first, and, later on, not exciting enough. He had come out two years before, fresh from OCS, and all he'd known about soldiering then was what had been jammed into him in 90 hectic days. He was eager and vigorous then, so his first months in Ledo had been filled with the excitement of a new job in a new world, and other considerations had played no part. They had just begun then to talk about building a new road to China, an overland route across the hills and plains of Burma that would carry guns and supplies to the armies of Chiang, and the troops had been fired with the challenge of a job many believed they could never carry off.

Then after a while it seemed they never would. Mud and malaria, rains and red tape had confused the job so long, had made it seem so thankless, so improbable of completion. . . . He remembered a morning at Shingbwiyang when half an hour of steady rain had washed out 40 feet of new road.

And yet, little by little, inch by inch, the road had moved ahead. Through months of rain and fighting it had pushed on toward China. Myitkyina was ready to fall now, the Japanese fortress for all Northern Burma almost lay in Allied hands after long months of siege, and the link-up with the old Burma Road was only a few weeks ahead. . . .

His jeep moved along through the rain. Near Lakhapani he slowed down for a work gang of Indian labor troops. Their Sikh lieutenant, a tall old man with a swirling gray beard,

spotted the gold acorns on his campaign hat and saluted. He returned the salute and drove on. . . .

Somewhere along that endless road to China he had fallen down. That was the new knowledge. Somewhere he had given in to the rains and monotony and fallen onto carelessness. Carelessness and indifference and in their wake, finally, a kind of inertia. That was what he had learned this morning. That was what he had tried to tell Hall. "I don't know when it happened or why," he had said. "Maybe it was when they took me out of the infantry and made me a QM. Maybe it was the mud and the rain and the feeling that nobody believed we'd ever make it. Or gave a damn."

Looking back now, as he sped along the road toward Pangsau Pass, he could see places where he might have caught himself. Nothing much in themselves. Meaningless at the time. Except that they had been the beginning, and from the beginning all else followed: the mail that went unanswered, the beard that went unshaved, the morning report that went unread, the sick that went unvisited, the infractions that went unpunished, the requisitions that went unchecked. The company that went uncommanded. They stretched out behind him like memorials to his own neglect, these things he had left undone, but he could see them clearly now. He could see himself. It had been a long road down and he had come near the bottom, but suddenly, unexpectedly, one sad soldier had thrown it all back in his face—and by that given him a second chance. "You tell Goff to come back in here this afternoon," he had said to Hall as he left the orderly room. "I'm driving up to the 38-mile mark now, but I'll be back after lunch. You send him back in here then. I'm going to try and find out a little more what makes that cookie do the things he does, and we'll see if there's something we can do to straighten it out . . ."

The rain was slackening along the Ledo Road now, and just ahead, high above him, he could see the heights of Pangsau Pass. He had almost failed before, perhaps for a time he had. But he would not fail now.

5

When Goff left the orderly room and his meeting with Captain Hacker that morning he had no more than a passing thought for the prospect of another court-martial and another stretch in the stockade. What he wanted most just then was to get back to his tent and into dry clothes.

Rain was slanting across the compound and he had to duck and leap from one dry spot to another to keep from getting any wetter than he was, though by now he was so soaked through that it hardly mattered. As he passed the mess hall he ran almost headlong into Sergeant Hall, and he had to step aside to let Hall by. Hall seemed to be looking at him in an odd way, and he squinted through the rain streaming across his face to see whether he was right. But Hall said nothing, so Goff turned and began to run again in the direction of his tent. It was better to let silent first sergeants alone.

All five of his tentmates were on work section that morning and the tent was empty. He sat down on his cot, which was pushed into a corner, and began to take off his shoes. They were soggy and heavy and seemed glued to his feet, and he had to tug and twist to get them off. Except for the hollow sound of rain beating against the roof of the tent and the distant rumble of trucks going up the road, the whole company area was silent.

Slowly he began to see what real trouble he was in. He had been in scrapes before. He had been in the stockade before. But he had always gotten from one jam to the next without any real hardship. The stockade, in fact, had always been a holiday. By now he had gotten to know the MP's there pretty well and since he had always done a good job on KP they always put him on pots and pans for most of his stretch. And that wasn't bad. It was dry work, he ate well and there was plenty of free time between meals. It beat driving a bulldozer in the rain.

But he was not sure it was going to be that way this time. Maybe Hacker would send a strong charge to the court-martial. He had never seen Hacker so mad as he'd been this morning.

Goff tied the laces on his dry shoes and began to put on his leggings. You never could tell with a guy like Hacker. He was a pretty good fellow. He'd always been decent. But suppose he meant what he said about breaking those rocks?

So Goff sat and wondered in the quiet tent and falling rain, and slowly a plan began to take shape in his mind. What would happen to the charges against him if he just laid low for a while? Just took off and stayed gone until things cooled down? That might do it. That way Hacker might just let the whole thing slide by the time he got back. Going AWOL over here wasn't so stiff as it had been in the states. Half the time they couldn't be sure you weren't just lost. But then—what could he do to keep out of sight? If he went in the direction of Digboi or Chabua, some MP was sure to pick him up. And if he got into the jungle he might really get lost.

And then he stopped lacing his leggings. He saw what he could do.

There was scattered, confused fighting around Myitkyina and Bhamo still, he knew, and the lines would be as unsettled there as anywhere in the theater. Records would be non-existent, garrison discipline a joke. Why not bum a ride then on one of the trucks headed for Myitkyina and join up with the Marauders there? Or better still a Limey outfit? Chances of his getting picked up along the road were slim. No MP's would be headed that way. And if he latched onto a combat group down there in Burma it would be months before they picked him up. They'd never ask questions. They'd always be glad to have another gun. Especially the Limeys. What would they care?

Goff sat on his cot and smoked another cigarette while he thought it out, and the more he thought about it the better it looked. The only way he stood to lose was if they picked him up before he got to Myitkyina and stuck an AWOL charge onto the one already facing him. That would mean a few more weeks in the jug, but what was that now? And if it worked out like it ought to he'd come back to Ledo a fogging combat soldier, a hero! Hacker would forget about the AWOL and the sacking-out, then. He might even get a medal.

He stood up and reached for his old blue-denim fatigue jacket. It was faded with wear and washing and frayed around the sleeves and collar, but he'd had it since the day they inducted him at Camp Croft and it was a good-luck piece. Things had never gone wrong when he was wearing that jacket.

He put it on and then got out his campaign hat. He'd found it one night behind the Ledo bazaar and had never worn it, but he figured now that people would see the blue acorns and spot him for an infantryman.

His carbine was hanging over his cot and he pulled it down. He snapped the trigger and heard the pin fall in with a crisp click. He had always kept it cleaned and oiled and it was in good shape now. He slung it upside down against his right shoulder and started out of the tent.

Then he stopped. He'd need some ammo and some food. And what about this rain? He'd better take his raincoat and a blanket. He walked back into the tent and stripped a blanket from his cot. He put it on the ground, folded it carefully, smoothing out the wrinkles, and then rolled it into a tight, narrow bundle. Then he tied it with an extra belt. His cartridge belt was dangling from a nail driven into a corner tent pole, and he pulled it down and buckled it on.

But food was something else. He had a few K-rations under his cot, and he stuffed them in the pockets of his raincoat. But they wouldn't last many meals. Where could he get more? Going to the mess hall was too risky. The KP's were his buddies and they'd be all right, but the mess sergeant might see him and turn him in.

What else was there? He rummaged through the bags under his tentmates' cots and came up with another half-dozen K-rations. It wasn't much food for a foray into Burma, but it would have to do. Maybe he could scrounge chow out of the outfits he passed along the road.

The blanket and the raincoat and the K-rations made a

clumsy load, so he stopped as he was about to leave the tent again and dropped them in a pile on the ground. He took the rations out of the pockets of his raincoat, and then he untied the blanket roll. He unrolled it, put the ration boxes inside in a neat row and rerolled them as a single bundle, finally tying it as tight as he could. Then he put on the raincoat, reslung the carbine, put the bundle under his left arm and started out.

6

He started well. Two minutes after he left his tent he managed to flag down a truck. Five minutes after that he passed Ledo and the Headquarters area. Another 15 minutes and he had left Lakhapani behind, and in half an hour he seemed well on his way.

His driver was a dark, stocky fellow with a handsome respect for fighting men. "Man," he told Goff after taking a good look at the blue acorns, "I wouldn't trade jobs with you for anything in this world." Goff grinned and said nothing, but beneath his raincoat he fingered the blue denim jacket. His luck was in.

And then, abruptly, it was out.

They had been on the road just under an hour. Despite the rains, the roadbed was hard and still passable to trucks, and they had made good time out of Ledo, putting almost 30 miles of hard driving behind. Goff was just beginning to lose his tenseness and was settling himself in the corner of the cab when, without warning, the driver cut sharply to the side of the road and pulled on the brake.

"End of the line, Mac," he said.

Half-drowsy, Goff hardly understood. "What's happened?" he said. "You aren't stopping?"

"You bet I am," the driver said. "I got to dump a load of stuff over to that hospital there and then hustle my tail back to Chabua."

Goff looked around him. They had reached a steeply graded section of road, for the route had started now to climb into the mountains. Ahead of him, far up the slopes, he could see what seemed an endless succession of ascending hairpins. Yawning drainage ditches lined the roadside, and above him, superior to the sprawling green confusion below, the jungle trees soared hundreds of feet into the sky.

He stepped down from the truck. Off to his right, screened by high grass and almost hidden by the rain, he could see people moving between the clustered straw buildings of the hospital. But here, along the road, activity seemed to have stopped. This was not the sort of luck he had expected. Where was the traffic? Where was the procession of trucks he'd seen at Ledo?

"You oughtn't to have much trouble getting a lift here," the driver said as Goff stepped away from the truck. "There'll be more along."

Goff shouldered his gear.

Now the climb grew steeper as he walked along the road to Burma and the distant fighting. His heels were sucked into the molten silt, deeper now with each step he took, and his shoes grew heavy. He had come a hard mile beyond the hospital where the truck had left him, and during the hour it had taken him not a vehicle had passed. And he knew now it would be a long way to the fighting.

And then he stopped.

Off to his left somewhere, back in the direction from which he'd come, he heard a low sound. It was so faint at first that the rain almost covered it, but little by little he heard it grow louder and more distinct, until at last he realized it was the humming of a motor. The motor was coming toward him from Ledo, and as he listened carefully, turning his head in that direction, he recognized the sound as the hum of a jeep, for he could hear it straining, from high pitch to low and then to high again, as it slipped and struggled with the mud and the rising grade.

He knew now that the ride he'd hoped for and counted on and then given up would come, and that he would stop the jeep and get in it and go on in it to Burma. As the sound grew louder he walked ahead and waited for the jeep to come.

He had walked 50 feet when he heard the jeep round the turn he had just left. He shifted his bundle and the carbine and turned to face it. It came toward him until it was only 20 feet away and he watched it hopefully.

At that moment the brakes screeched and the jeep slid to an abrupt stop. The driver rose from his seat and began to step to the ground. And as he did, Goff felt for the first time the cold mountain air.

"Lord God," he said aloud. The driver was Captain Hacker.

Hacker walked toward him from the jeep. "Goff," he said, and raised his arm. But Goff hardly heard him. He had backed away in the direction the road took, and as he did he slipped in the mud and almost went down. But he caught himself and began again to move away.

"Goff," the captain said again, but Goff could hardly think, except that now, with a strange clarity, he could see the officers on the court-martial, the officers who had always been bored before. But they were not bored now. Now they were staring at him with hot and accusing eyes, shouting at him, telling him things he could not understand. And he saw the stockade and the rock pile and the indifferent non-coms again, and he did not want to go back.

"I'm not going, Captain," he said. "I won't go." And he backed farther.

"Look here, Goff," Hacker said, and came forward again.

A cold and ill-defined dread seized Goff again. He had no idea what he could do. "Don't come on me, Captain," he said. "I won't go back. I don't want to go back."

But the captain came on and his hand was raised as before, and Goff could not think. "Don't come, Captain," he said. "Don't come any closer."

Hacker stopped. Rain streamed from the wide brim of his hat. "Come back to the jeep, Goff," he said.

"No," Goff said, and backed a step farther. As he did, his carbine slipped from his shoulder. He caught it as it fell, gripping it with his right hand along the stock.

"Don't wave a gun at me, Soldier," Hacker said. "Come back to the jeep and we'll go back to Ledo." And when Goff hesitated, he said, "Let me help."

The word startled Goff and for a moment he wondered at its meaning, but he had no help now, no friends, only the gun he held in his hand, a light gun and a good one, and he held it firmly for the first time.

He backed away up the hill and put his hand into his cartridge belt and pulled out a clip, and then he slipped the clip into the carbine and worked a shell into the chamber. He had his answer now, his way out. He would fire a shot over the captain's head if he came any closer, and that would scare the captain and send him back to Ledo, and then he, Goff, could turn and go up the road to Burma and the fighting.

"Don't come on me any more, Captain," he said, and the gun was at his hip. "Don't come any more. I'm going down the road and you won't stop me."

Hacker looked at him and laughed. "You wouldn't shoot that thing, Goff," he said, and stepped forward.

The rain pounded against the road now. Then there was a crashing burst of rifle fire. The captain stumbled and went down.

Great God, Goff thought wildly, *somebody's shot the captain!*

He started toward him. Only then did Goff see the smoke from the carbine and feel the trigger cold against his finger.

Gripping his stomach with both hands, Hacker had fallen forward onto his knees, and for a moment he kneeled there, his face white and empty, like a supplicant priest. But as Goff ran to him he began to topple face downward to the ground, and there he stayed, his hands still clutching his belly, his knees still bent beneath him, with his face pressed into the mud. And then at last his hands fell away, and Goff saw the blood spreading out against the khaki.

7

FOR WHAT SEEMED to him a long time, Goff kneeled there by Hacker's side, waiting for the captain to die. Later that day he was to wonder how long it actually had taken. It could not have been as long as it seemed, a minute maybe, maybe two or three, for his gun had blown a terrible wound in Hacker's belly, but the silence and the rain and the slow, terrifying realization that a man he had shot now lay dying at his feet stretched the few minutes into an age.

Hacker had said nothing since he first stumbled to his knees, and Goff had to stay there, wasted and weak, listening to the shallow, scratchy breathing as it slowly subsided. There was nothing he could do now, nothing he could say, and he kneeled there, almost in a trance, as the captain slipped away.

When it had all ended and he finally stood, Goff almost fell over with a sudden dizziness. His head felt light and his limbs weak, and about his temples he felt a terrifying pressure, as though a narrow band of steel were being tightened about his skull. He put his hands to his temples and wildly now he looked about him, at the trees, at the road, at the peaks above him, at the valley he had left, and everywhere he looked he seemed to see an accuser. Someone must have seen what happened, someone must know now he'd killed his captain. Hadn't he brought the gun and loaded it? And hadn't he pointed it at the captain and warned him to stay away? And hadn't he pulled the trigger? Who would believe now that he'd only meant to fire over the captain's head?

But then a sharp wind caught at him and struck him across the back and sides, and with it Goff came back. Of course no one had seen him. No jeep, no truck had passed here for more than an hour, and unless one came along now, while he stood over the captain's body, there would be no one to connect him with it. Should he stay here then and pretend he'd found it? Should he cut back to Ledo and pretend he'd never left? Had Hacker known he'd left and told someone? Were they already looking for him? Should he run? Should he hide?

But it was hopeless. There was no way out. They would know as soon as they got back to Ledo that he'd been booked for court-martial, that he had a grudge against the captain, that he'd left the area while under arrest. And they'd find the driver of the truck and learn about his trip up the road, and then they'd find him and the driver would identify him and then they'd know it was him and they'd know he'd done it and they'd hang him, they'd hang him, they'd hang him.

He repeated the words over and over again in his mind, over and over, again and again: They'll hang me, they'll hang me, they'll hang me, they'll hang me. . . . Soon now the area would be overrun with soldiers, with officers, with MP's. Soon they would be looking for him. But there was only one direction left now, only one way to go, and as he turned to see what sort of trail he could find he shivered again with the cold.

There was no trail. Through the brush he could see only the trunks of tall trees and the thick, tangled vines of the jungle, all of them ending in a dense, forbidding mass of green and black. But there was no going back now. His luck had failed him, here on a deserted mountain road, and there was nothing left now but to follow it out.

He turned once more to look at what he was leaving behind. What had led to all of this, he wondered, why did it have to happen?

Then Goff turned and started into the jungle.

8

NOW HE RAN. After the anger, after the sorrow, after the crumpled khakis and the accusing stain, the jungle beckoned Goff on as would some secret woman, and he felt himself swept into its depths, hardly knowing where he was going or why.

For an hour after he left the road he plunged ahead, sometimes running, sometimes crawling, tripping, lurching, hurling himself against the tangled growth. Not then did he know, nor would he know later, how far he came in that time, nor did he know whether the route he took went straight ahead or only ran in crazy circles about the point he sought to escape. He knew only that with each step he took he felt safer than he had ever felt before.

He was a big man, with heavy bones and long muscles, accustomed, at least once, to the hard work of the body, but he had never before struggled as he struggled now. Heavy coils of vine swung down and blocked his path, and, lacking a machete with which to part them, he had time and again to hurl himself against them to make his way. Twice he tripped on unseen roots and fell headlong, and his face and then his arms grew scratched and bleeding. Once he flung himself across a barrier of growth and vines expecting to land on hard ground on the other side, only to pitch downward, turning over and over, until he landed at the foot of a deep ravine.

He had left the scene of the shooting far behind now. The sounds of the road had died out, even the echo of his gunfire had faded from his mind, and he felt himself wrapped in a silence deeper than any he had ever known. High above him the rains still beat against the tops of the trees, but beneath them, though everything he touched was soft and sodden, he was protected from the downpour.

The jungle seemed endless. He pushed himself on, crossing small streams, hacking his way through the grotesque vegetation, and always his path swept him upward, higher and higher into the mountains, for to go down now was to go back.

For hours he moved ahead, across country like that he had already passed, except that now the ascent grew steeper and he knew the trail was leading him higher into the mountains. It was hardly more than a foot wide, and as Goff moved farther into the jungle he found that in many places the bush had crept in and almost covered it over. But he pushed on, for the way was easier now than it had been before.

When he finally stopped again he saw that the light was beginning to fail. He looked about him for some safe place to sleep, but none seemed safer than another, and finally he dropped his gear as close as he could get it to the foot of a great tree. And then he sat down. He was very tired, and for a time his mind was free of the memory of what he had done.

After a time he opened the blanket roll and took out a K-ration. It was cold and tasted no better than K-rations ever had, but he was so hungry now that he gulped it down, hardly chewing the meat, and he had to keep himself from opening another. Then he lit a cigarette and leaned back against the blanket roll again.

By now the light was almost gone. Goff could hardly see across the few feet of open space around him, and the glow of his cigarette was his only comfort there in the dark.

He smoked it down, and when there was no more he ground it into the dirt.

It was beginning to grow cold again. He unfolded his blanket, stacking the remaining rations carefully alongside the carbine, and rolled himself into it. Then he turned over and started to fall asleep.

An angry scream broke the silence. Goff bolted to his feet, and with almost the same motion grabbed up the gun and swung it about him.

Every muscle was tense as he peered about him. But he could see nothing. He trembled now. He had never heard such a sound. It was ugly and rasping, and it pierced the stillness like the outraged cry of a madman. Darkness had closed in on every side, and he felt like a blind man attacked in a lonely alleyway. But he heard no more, and finally, with a numbness spreading out behind his stomach, he lay down again. But he kept the gun in his hands.

Just as his head touched the ground it came again. He shuddered and strained his eyes to try and catch some sight in the darkness, but still he could see nothing. He was wide awake now, aching with the tension running along his muscles, but he could not relax them. His gun was at his shoulder and he peered above it.

The second scream had just died away when off behind him he heard another. This time the scream was pitched higher than the first and second, but it was much like them, ugly and murderous and like nothing he had ever heard before. And then off to his left, a little farther away this time, the scream was picked up again, and then the pattern was repeated all around him, now to his left, now his right, this one close by, that one far off, until at last the whole jungle seemed to ring with the din. Goff pressed his hands against his ears in an effort to shut out the sound, but he could not still it. It burst against his brain like the roar of a nightmare from which there is no awakening.

And now a new sound was thrown against the night. Somewhere below him, down toward the valley, he heard a sound of baying, as of wolves surrounding their prey. At first it was only a single howl, but then the howl was picked up across the ravine and soon he could hear it echoing back and forth across the hills. Then it seemed to him the baying grew closer, and as he peered into the darkness he saw near his feet a pair of eyes glowing in the dark. He raised his gun and staggered shakily to a standing position. The eyes vanished.

He stood there, alert and afraid, for a long time, but the screams and the jabbering and the baying continued. Seeing nothing, unable to find any single direction from which they came, he finally lay down again. But he was too fearful now to sleep. His nerves were jangling beneath his skin, and the skin itself was tight and beaded. Gradually he felt the cold creep into the ground and then into the blanket and finally into his limbs, and he shuddered until he was sure the ground must be shaking with him. There was a buzzing now about his head, his ears roared with it, and at first he tried to fight off the mosquitoes with his hands. But at last he gave up and let them bite him at will, and finally, aching throughout his body, he let the weariness overcome him, and he slept.

When he finally awoke the sun was beating through the trees. He was soaked with sweat, and when he tried to lift his head he found it was throbbing with a fierce pain. His skin itched and burned, and he put his hand to his cheeks, to find them covered with bites. The noises of the night were gone now, the jungle was silent and empty again, but he heard a violent humming in his ears. He had slept a long time. From the position of the sun he guessed the morning was nearly over. Finally he pushed aside the blanket and stood. But it was painful to do. His legs and his back pulled against him with a sharp twinge.

Slowly then he opened a ration and ate it down, but he had no appetite for it. The thing seemed mealy and dry, and he finished it only because he knew he needed it. He felt terribly alone now. All about him he seemed to see hostile signs—in the roots, in the vines, along the steep ravines—and for a moment he was ready to turn back. But then he thought again of the rope and the trap and he knew he could never return.

Almost aimlessly he packed his gear again and started up the trail. He had no destination now, he sought no goal. He had come from a place he feared to a place he knew nothing of, and all he could do now was run. But where he was running he did not know.

9

For eight days he went on. For two days the trail moved ahead, straight and sure, across the jungle, but on the afternoon of the third, as he limped along, it ended abruptly in a cluster of vines. He looked beyond it, around it for hundreds of feet, but he could find no further trace. It had simply played itself out, exhausted at last from its doomed battle with the undiscouraged jungle. He lay down there that night, not even bothering to wrap the blanket around him, and when he awoke the next morning he knew the time had come when he must find his own way again.

On the fourth day he began to lose track of time, and by the fifth he no longer knew how many days had passed since he first entered the jungle. He had forgotten to bring his canteen, and his throat grew dry and sore, but he drank, when he dared, from the streams he occasionally crossed. His rations had run out days ago—how many now? two? three?—and when he finally grew so hungry he could no longer bear the pain he ate berries from the flowering mountain bushes.

Sometime in the late hours of the seventh night he was awakened by a violent sound of rattling. Dazed by his weariness, almost asleep, he pushed himself to his elbows to look about him, and it was then, as his head seemed to clear for a moment, that he realized the sound he had heard was the chatter of his own teeth. At the same moment it came to him as a shock that he was freezing with cold. The air about him seemed almost warm, but still he chattered on, and soon his whole body shook with the cold that was spreading out within him. He reached behind his head for the blanket and painfully rolled himself into it, but the cold came on, across his limbs and into his trunk, until finally it seemed to have entered his bones.

Curled tightly, he lay there for hours while the shaking continued. He had never been so cold. His shaking body seemed to be moving about the ground, and once he clutched his rifle to keep from leaving it behind. Then came a change. For a moment or two he seemed to float. Soon he felt the coldness leave him. In its stead now he felt a comforting warmth begin to stretch out through his body. He relaxed for a moment and the warmth increased. It was passing now, he told himself, the shaking and the cold were passing, and soon he would be all right again.

He shook aside the blanket, for he needed it no longer, and felt the warmth grow suddenly greater. He shook his head in confusion. That was wrong. It could not be so warm, here in the jungle in the deep of the night. But still the heat came on, until at last his whole body seemed to burn and throb with it. He tore away his jacket and loosened his belt, and then he reached down and opened his shoes. His skin seemed on fire now, his hand burned when he put it to his forehead, and in his ears he could feel the rapid pounding of his heart. He took off his shoes, and, leaning back, threw himself to one side, then to the other. But still he burned. Finally, remembering a nearby stream he had crossed the day before, he rose to his feet and tried to find it. He needed water, water would make the heat go away, but the dark swirled around him, he tripped on the vines, and at last he fell face foremost into the brush.

In his mind the time seemed suddenly to stop. He had wandered onto a raw and strange and endless bog, and in his mind he saw himself sucked into its depths, down and down and down, while the hours passed like a dream, until at last he knew he would never cross it. Much later he tried to lift his head from the ground, and when finally he had pushed up his

elbows and raised his chest an inch or two he saw to his surprise that he was lying in the bright sunlight. Pebbles seemed to scrape against his chest and somewhere far away his feet were sore and burning. He let himself down and rolled over onto his back, but what he saw then gave him no help in his confusion: his chest was naked, and his feet were bare, and his shirt and hat and blanket—and the gun, he saw with a shock—were nowhere in sight.

In his surprise he started automatically to sit up, but he had hardly lifted his chest upright before a terrible dizziness raced across his head and he fell back to the ground. As long as he lay flat on his back, he soon realized, he could keep the dizziness down, but the moment he tried to sit up, or to roll over again onto his chest, he would be swept into the whirlpool. And now he found that he was not only lost and half-naked and dizzy. His tongue was dry, his eyes burned, and he felt the edge of a fever running along his muscles. So he lay there, quite awake, not daring again to move.

And then, after what seemed a long time had passed, it came to him that he was not alone. The feeling crept over him that he was being watched, and then the feeling became a certainty, but for a while, being too sick to move, he treated it with indifference. After a time, though, his head seemed to clear, with it his curiosity mounted, and finally, with a great effort, he again lifted his head from the ground.

His first glance showed him he was right.

10

He had fallen, he realized, along the bank of a shallow ravine, and now, a few feet up the ravine and squatting at its bottom, he saw a little man. The man was dark and slender, with a wrinkled, expressionless face, and he was looking at Goff without any show of curiosity. A dirty piece of blue rag was tied across his forehead, and he wore a light sleeveless shirt, open all the way down the front, and a short piece of cloth wrapped tightly about his middle. He was squatting on his naked heels with his hands clasped comfortably before his knees, and he did not move, nor did he change his expression, when he saw that Goff had seen him.

Goff dropped back to the ground then. He rolled over onto his chest and turned again to look at the man up the ravine. Their eyes met and for several minutes they stared at each other across the ditch. But still the man said nothing and made no move, and after a time Goff grew tired and fell back to the ground. Then he felt groggy again, groggy and suddenly very tired, and before he could look again he had fallen asleep.

When he next awoke it was to the realization that he was being shaken about, as if in a hammock, and when, after a moment, he got his eyes open, he saw that he was in a sling and that he was being carried in the sling up a steep jungle trail. The sling was made of a rough, patterned cotton and it was tied at either end across a long bamboo pole. At the front the pole was being carried by the little man from the ravine, and, turning, Goff saw at the back a taller man, thin and sallow like the other and dressed almost identically. They jogged lightly along the trail, almost in step, and to Goff it seemed they were climbing the hillside at a breathless speed. But when they saw he was awake they stopped abruptly and lowered him easily to the ground.

Later, when he tried to recall and to tell what happened next, he was able to remember only their dim outline against the latticed ceiling of the jungle—that and the far-off murmur of their voices. He knew that the taller man stood over him and felt his forehead, for he could remember the coolness of a hand, and he remembered their voices as they chattered far away in a tongue he had never heard. He knew too that he tried to raise himself, that he tried to ask them, it seemed over and over again, for his gun, and that they only laughed amiably together and patted his shoulder. But he did not get his gun, nor did he learn where it was. Nor could he recall later, when he came to tell it, what they did then or in what way they did it. He knew only that they must have picked him up after a while and started again up the trail, for he remembered the gentle swaying.

He never knew how far they came that day. He was weak and still feverish, and most of the time he slept, or rode in a near-sleep. But from time to time he would awake to feel the familiar swing as they carried him in their rhythmical jog up the mountainside. Once he awoke briefly to find himself on the ground, with the carriers a few feet up the hill, squatting and smoking and talking with great animation. Once through his sleep he felt the swaying grow bumpy, and when he opened his eyes he saw that he was being lifted up a rocky, open precipice. Still later, after the bumpiness had passed, he saw that he was being carried along the narrow top of a high ridge. Far below, on either side of him, he could see the mountains sloping away into the heavy green of the jungle. But mostly he slept.

Toward evening his sleep was broken by the sound of new voices. He struggled to open his eyes, and when he finally did he saw torches and dim figures of people hovering about him in the gloom. He tried to lift himself, but found he was too weak even to push his elbows behind him, and finally he gave it up and fell back. He was on the ground now, and dimly he realized that the motion had stopped. Much later it seemed to him he was being lifted by many hands, but he was so tired he hardly cared whose hands they were, and he let the hands carry him, it seemed across a long stretch of high grass, until at last he felt himself lifted a final time and then lowered to a soft and welcome surface.

He was no longer curious about the faces or the fires or the voices or the motion. From somewhere far off he felt something being pushed against his teeth, his jaw seemed to fall open automatically, and then he felt a rough wooden spoon against his tongue and tasted a hot, mealy stew. But when the spoon was pushed against him again he shoved it aside and felt his hand fall heavily to the ground. All he wanted now was to sleep. He no longer cared whether he had been captured or whether he would be court-martialed, or whether he would be hanged. He was too tired, all across his back and his stomach and throughout his bones he was tired, and he wanted only to sleep. And then he did.

11

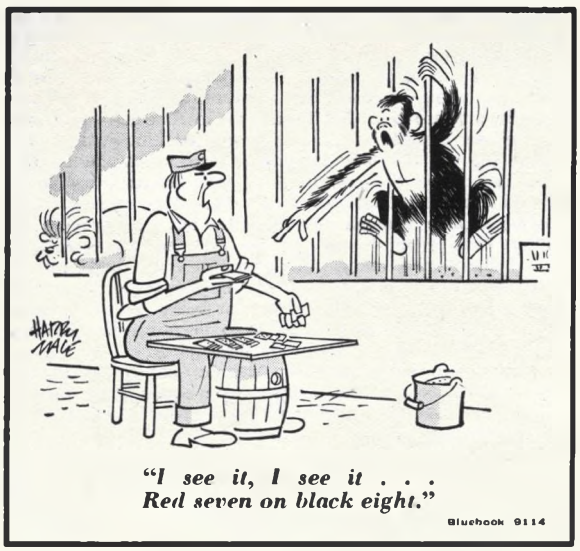
But his sleep was troubled, peopled by voices and by cries, and from time to time he awoke. Once, coming up suddenly, he saw faces above him, and twice he woke long enough to know he was being fed the hot mealy mixture he remembered faintly from what now seemed a long time ago. Once, after what seemed years had passed, his mind suddenly came clear. His eyes opened. He heard the strange singing of birds about him. Where was he? What had happened? His head throbbed; it began to spin when he lifted it above the ground.

Just then hardly more than conscious, he heard a voice chattering excitedly, and in a moment a face rose above him. It was an old woman, and when she saw he was awake she laughed and turned away.

A minute or two passed. Perhaps much more. The babble of voices came close, then moved away again. He tried to understand them, to make out what they were saying, but he was confused, his body was too weak, and before he was able to think again footsteps pattered near his head and he saw another face. This time it was a man, but like none he had ever seen. His face was battered and lined, the skin was stretched tightly across it. The man dropped to one knee and put his hand down to Goff's forehead. He felt it gravely for a moment, and then he smiled.

"Better now," he said.

"What's this?" Goff muttered. "Where am I?" His voice was thin; it seemed to vibrate roughly along the chambers of his ears.



"I see it, I see it . . .
Red seven on black eight."

Bluebook 9114

The man smiled again. "You are sick a long time," he said. "With the fevers. But the fever goes. Better now."

"I don't understand," Goff whispered. "Where am I?"

"In the hills."

"How did I get here?"

"Our men found you in the bush," the man said. "Many days ago. You were lost. And sick with the fevers. They brought you here."

"Here?" Goff said. "Where is here?"

"What is called the Naga Hills."

"Are you a Naga?"

"Yes, sahib."

"A head-hunter?"

The man laughed. "Once," he said. "Or my grandfather was. Once. Now we are Christians."

"Christians?"

"Baptists. In my father's time the missionaries came here. Since then we are no longer head-hunters. We are saved."

Goff smiled weakly. "Jesus Christ," he said.

"That is so," the man said.

Tired of talking, Goff lay silent for a moment and let his eyes roam about what part of the shelter he could see. He saw now he lay on a soft padding placed on a bamboo floor. The walls were woven, like the bashas at Ledo, and the roof above him was thick-thatched with straw, through which the sun managed to send its beams in lacy patterns.

"It was then too that some of us learned a little of your tongue," the man said after a time. "From the missionaries. And later from the English, and from the soldiers at Ledo."

"Ledo?" Goff said. He felt a sudden tightness in his muscles. "How far is Ledo?"

"A long way across the hills," the man said. "It takes three-four days to walk."

"Do you go there often?"

"Sometimes we go. To the bazaar. To the soldier church. To sing the Christian songs."

"Well, what are you here?" Goff said.

"Here?" the man said. "Here we are Christians."

"No," Goff said. "I mean you." He pointed. "Are you the doctor? Medicine man? What?"

"Ah," the man said, smiling again. "I see. I am the babu. The head man."

Goff shook his head slowly then. It was too confusing. His head hurt too much. He couldn't take it in. "How come your men found me?"

The head man smiled. "But that is our job. They were looking for you."

Goff started. "Me?" he said. "You know who I am?"

"You are American soldier," the head man said, and smiled. "G.I. Many soldiers have been lost in the bush."

Goff let himself relax slowly. "And you get them out?"

"That is so," the head man said. "When the Americans and the English came here to fight they lost many men in the bush. Soldiers. The—" He waved his hand above them.

"Fliers?"

"Ah," the head man said. "Fliers. Airplanes. We found many of them while hunting. We helped them find their way out of the bush. To the road. The Americans and the English pay us. Many rupees. To buy things with at the bazaar."

Goff was so weary now he could hardly hear what the head man was saying.

"I see," he said. "I see."

"But it is no matter," the man said, and shrugged. "We would do it anyway. It is as the Lord says. We are saved."

12

And now the hot days began to pass from the green hills. The rains slackened; cool, dry air began to drive out the oppressive swelter that had lain so long about the land. Life in the clearing seemed suddenly to quicken, as if in response to the change in the weather. The men stirred restlessly beneath the thatched roofs, waiting now for the signs, the smells that would lead them on to game, to fish; and the women, watching them, smiled across the fires.

But Goff knew none of this. Lying helpless beneath a blanket, he thrashed from side to side as the ugly dreams that had pursued him across the jungle returned. For the fever had come again, and in its grip he fled once more the screams, the cries, the blows, the racking pains, that would not let let him be.

But as his sleep deepened and the noises grew still once more, he fell back upon a dream in which it all came clear at last. And the dream carried him back, back into a past he thought he had fled and forgotten. What came to him first was the close, humid smell of cooking—was it collards and fat?—and he struggled to grasp and to hold the fleeting images that went with it: the tiny enamel pan ringed and stained with a thousand messes of greens; a bent, tarnished fork; a grimy plank floor; a sugar sack tossed in a corner; dark eyes; dark faces. But as his hands stretched out to grasp it the picture slipped away, and it was later suddenly, much later, and he was walking along a road in the country, where the blackberries grew wild along the barbed-wire fences, and anybody knew you could pick enough in a morning to pay for the show that afternoon. While beside him the tall man, taller than anyone he knew, looked down and said, "You're a black little bastard, ain't you?" and laughing, laughing, laughing. But he did not think there was much laughter in the laughing, though the laughing went on—and who was speaking? and whom was he talking to? and why was he crying? and why did he run? For he was running now, racing, stumbling, getting up and running again, with scratched knees and ragged shoes that flapped across his toes, with an ache in his chest and a sour taste in his throat, running, running, running—until suddenly the great ugly mud gully rose up before him, and down he went, rolling and turning in the rocks and the mud. "Black little bastard," the voice laughed. "Black little bastard." And down the cane flew . . . while the lights flew by like the beads on a chain, and the train roared on through the night. It was bright in that city when he went there at last; there was laughter and music, and dancing, and smirks in dark corners; and the girls all smiled, but not on him; and the money ran on, but not to him. "Be a nigger all you want, but you got to be light to be right," they said. "You got to be leet to be reet," they said. "You got to be loot to be root." The policemen's hands were harder than he'd thought. . . . Back now. Back past the miles of sand, the idle pines, back

to the muddy gulches, the cardboard shacks, the smoke above the huts, the smell of bacon in the morning. "Move on, nigger," they said. "Move on, smoke." And the hands in the pockets, the cigarette bummed from the foreman, the purse lying open on the counter—he could just reach it if he hurried. . . . So Goff fell on through the past, grasping frantically now for a thought that would not come, a picture he could not see, until at last the bottom came out and he floated away. . . . You got to be light to be right, my friend, you got to be leet to be reet, my friend, you got to be loot to be root, my friend, and who cares, goddam it, who cares? . . .

He came out of it with a start, sweat pouring across his forehead, and bolting upward he suddenly knew it all—where he was, how he'd come there, why. Why—oh, God, he knew why. Hacker, Hacker. Hacker's face swelled up, white, broken. Goff's eyes bulged as they peered into the darkness. How could he tell them he hadn't meant to do it? How could he tell them he hadn't meant to kill a man? And then, with a gasp, he fell back to the floor, and the little strength left in him ran away with a sigh.

But as the days passed he came awake again. His body mended slowly, and he felt the life returning, like sap running under hardened bark, as day by day it swelled within him.

First he was able to sit awhile without dizziness. Then he found he was hungry again. One morning he felt so strong when he awoke that he pulled himself to his feet and took a step or two across the floor of the shelter. The sudden exertion left him gasping for breath, his legs throbbed from work long undone, and he fell weakly to the floor, to creep back to his pallet in the corner. But the next day, trying it again, he found it easier, and by the third and fourth days he was standing for long times. He ate voraciously, hungry again from the little exercise he was able to take. He was awake most of the time now, and his mind was clear at last. But sorrow for what he had done troubled it so deeply that he could not speak, could hardly think, and between him and the old woman who sat with him throughout the days and nights no words passed. For hours on end he sat staring across the floor, staring at nothing.

And then one morning the head man came again. He was smiling, he greeted the old woman in a friendly way, and then he stepped across the floor to where Goff lay. For the first time Goff saw him clearly. He was taller than Goff had supposed, and his body was muscular and well-proportioned. But what surprised Goff was his face. It was the face of an old man, wrinkled and crisscrossed with a thousand lines, and puckered and limp about the neck. He was dressed simply, like the men Goff remembered—so vaguely now—from the jungle, but he was set apart from them, Goff saw, by his size and bearing. He wore authority as easily as the thin, open shirt that exposed his chest and the sparse gray hair that covered it.

When he saw that Goff was awake he grinned broadly. "Ah, sahib," he said, and patted Goff's back. "You are much better now. Soon you will be back with the soldiers again."

Goff looked away. "Yes," he said, and looked up again. "Can I get out of here now?"

"Let me help you," the head man said, and he leaned down and pulled Goff to his feet. "I will show you our village." He paused, and turned. "But are you well enough? You were sicker than you know."

"I'm all right," Goff said. "I can manage."

They stepped to the doorway then, and when Goff put his head through it he saw with a start that he was 10 or 15 feet above the ground. The shelter was built like the bashas at Ledo, as he had supposed, but it was raised on long, stout bamboo poles, and a little ladder ran out at an angle from the doorway to the ground below.

"For the rains," the head man said. "Here the rains are so heavy we must keep ourselves far above ground, or else wash away. This—" and his hand indicated the shelter—"is a bustee. Look. You will see our village is built of them."

Goff had reached the ground. Now he turned to look about him. What he saw brought a gasp to his lips. He stood almost at the center of a tiny clearing, and ranged about him, in a sort of rough circle, he saw the shelters. They were scattered across the high grass, 10 or 11 or perhaps a dozen of them, and all were raised high above the ground. Looking about him he saw that the clearing fell away on one side of the buildings, to run onto jungle 50 or 60 yards away. And above the trees he could see the green ridges running away until in the distance they seemed to merge with the blue mountains that lined the horizon.

"Those are the hills of China," the head man said.

They walked on then, making in a few minutes a complete circle around the clearing, and as they did the head man stopped here and there to greet the villagers who stood before their houses. With this one he laughed gaily, with the next he spoke gravely, with another he seemed to pass a little joke, and several times, as if in answer to a question, he turned to Goff and seemed to be speaking of him. Wherever they turned Goff felt himself watched with a polite, but curious, stare.

"They talk to you like you've been away a year," he said at last.

The head man smiled. "It is not a year," he said. "But it is some days."

"Where've you been?"

"Hunting," the head man said. "We have taken a trip across the hills to bring back game. And fish too."

"We?"

"The men, sahib. Or most of them. Only those stayed behind who were too sick to go. Or those who were to guard the village."

By now they had come full circle and were back at the bustee from which they had started. Goff felt suddenly tired. His legs seemed on the instant to have grown weak again, and his back sagged with the exertion. He almost fell, and only caught himself by leaning against the ladder that led up to the bustee.

"You are still not well," the head man said. "I should not have taken you out so soon."

"I'm all right," Goff said, panting. "I'm just tired."

"Yes," the head man said. "But it is better if you rest. So that you can be taken back to Ledo soon."

Goff wheeled. "No," he said. "Not yet. I'm not well enough to go yet."

For a moment the head man stared at him. "All right, sahib," he said. "It is as you wish."

Goff started up the ladder again, but at the third rung he turned. "Look," he said. "Do you always send them word—to Ledo, I mean—when you find soldiers in the jungle?"

"That is so," the head man said.

"Have you sent them word about me?"

The head man frowned. "No," he said. "Not yet."

"Then don't," Goff said. "I mean, not now. Wait. Until I'm better. And can walk back."

The head man smiled faintly. "I see," he said. "You do not want to lose face."

Goff nodded his head slowly. "Something like that."

"I understand," the head man said. "And it is just as well. You are still weak."

"No," Goff said, and climbed into the bustee. "I'm all right. I mean, really all right." And then he turned over and buried his face in the blanket. "I'm all right," he said quietly. "I'm all right now."

13

AND SO THE COOL DAYS PASSED and Goff got well again. The strength came again to his arms and legs, the pain left his back and his side, and as the gentle winds swept across the clearing, the memory of the place he had come from and what he had done there slipped into the past. He had not buried his pain, nor his agony, nor his sorrow for the man he had killed, and from time to time Hacker's face would

appear suddenly before him, white and troubled. But little by little they faded into a shadow that was as vague and as formless as the life he had led before he came to India. And after a time only the edge of the shadow remained.

As the pain passed from him, his energy returned. The cool air made him hungry for work, for activity, and as he watched the life of the village go on, he longed to join in it. One morning he felt so well when he awoke that he rose immediately, buttoned his jacket, and stepped to the ladder. The village was still silent; all he could hear was the low murmur of the early risers. He seemed to be alone, and he climbed down to the ground to watch the sunrise. He had turned the corner of the bustee and gone only a few feet when he came upon a little group of men huddled around a fire. Just as he started toward them the head man came up. He wore two long jungle knives at his belt, his feet were covered with heavy leather sandals and in his hand he carried what Goff saw with surprise was a sort of crossbow.

"What's going on?" Goff said. "Where are you going?"

"Hunting, sahib," the head man said. "We need game."

The other men had stood when the head man came up, and Goff could see they were ready to leave. But he caught the head man by the arm.

"Let me go with you," he said.

The head man smiled. "So soon?" he said. "You are ready for the jungle so soon?"

"Sure," Goff said. "Let me go."

But the head man shook his head. "No, sahib," he said. "We will be gone many days. You are not strong yet."

"Sure I am," Goff said. "I'm no woman. Look. Maybe I can help. When your men found me in the jungle I didn't have anything: no rifle, no shells, nothing. But they were around there somewhere."

"Yes, sahib," the head man said.

"Well, don't you think they could find them?" Goff said. "With the gun you could get more game in a day than you can with that thing—" and he pointed to the bow—"in a week."

"We have the shells," the head man said.

"How about the gun?"

"We have the gun."

And so Goff hunted with them that day. A week later he went with them again. And then again. Each time he went with them he hunted well, and it turned out as he had said.

In the days that followed he fished with them too, and he fished well. At night he wrestled with them around the fire. And he wrestled well.

"You must be a good soldier, sahib," the head man said.

"No," Goff said. "Not so good."

"No, very good. It is plain. You shoot well. You are strong. Even though they do not speak with you as I do, the men like you. You have face with them."

"I don't know," Goff said.

Each day Goff felt himself drawn further and further into the life of the village. He hunted and he fished, he helped the women with the planting of rice and maize. He even learned a few words of the tribal tongue. He had not forgotten what lay behind him—it was always at the edges of his thought—but for the first time since he could remember he was doing things he liked with people he liked, and he put the thought of leaving them out of his mind.

One night the head man came to it. They were lying by the fire after a good day of hunting.

"You are strong and well again," the head man said after a while. "And soon you will be wanting to go back to Ledo and the other soldiers."

Goff was lying with his face turned toward the fire, and he said nothing.

"You will be missed, sahib," the head man said.

Goff propped himself on his elbow. Still looking into the fire, he said, "Look." And then he stopped and turned to look at the head man. "Maybe I don't want to go back."

The head man frowned. "I do not understand," he said.

"It's simple," Goff said. "I don't want to go back."

"Not ever?"

"No."

The head man said nothing. He stood up and walked away from the fire, and for some minutes Goff could see him standing beyond the light. And then after a time he came back.

"What would they say if you did not come back?" he said finally.

"I don't know," Goff said. "Probably they'd figure I was dead."

"That is so."

The head man said nothing again for a long while. A cold wind was blowing across the clearing and the fire flickered crazily from time to time. Then, after a long time, he spoke.

"Why is it you do not want to return again to your people?"

"I just don't," Goff said. "I don't want to go back."

But the head man shook his head. "No," he said. "You are my friend, and we have hunted well together, and fished and the rest. And you are the friend of all who live here. But it is more than that. It is more than that you do not wish it, that you ask not to go back."

Goff stared into the fire, and a pain clutched him. So he would have to tell it, after all.

"All right," he said finally. "I'll tell you." His voice seemed very small. "Before I came here I killed a man."

The head man's expression did not change. "That is not a thing to keep you from going back," he said. "It is a war, and men kill other men."

"Yes," Goff said. "But I didn't kill 'other' men."

"I do not understand."

"I killed one of my own kind," Goff said. "A captain. A—like you. A head man."

Across the slopes Goff could hear the jackals baying. The head man was staring at him, but Goff did not dare look up. Then:

"Was he a bad man, sahib? Had he done you a wrong?"

Goff shook his head slowly, still staring into the fire. "No," he said, "No. But I thought he was going to harm me unless I stopped him."

"But now you do not even know that."

"No. And it doesn't matter. Even if I didn't intend to kill him, I was ready to. And I did. With the gun."

"Yes."

"So it's the same thing."

"Yes."

They sat by the fire without speaking then, and as the wind whipped down across the clearing it caught at their backs and made them shiver with the cold.

At last the head man turned to look at Goff.

"So it is wrong, what you have done, sahib," he said.

"Yes."

"And you know what they will do to you if you go back."

"Yes," Goff said. "They'll hang me."

"So," the head man said, and shook his head sadly. "So they will hang you." He looked at the fire. And then, after a moment, he spoke again.

"Once," he said, "once when I was a boy, there was a hunter who came through these hills. An English hunter. He was a tall man, tall like you, and fair as the English are fair, and he hunted well and knew the hills, and could stalk a tiger as none other could, except my father. I can still remember him, how he looked, for he was the first of the English I had ever seen, being then only a boy. He came through this village, here, one day while on a stalk, and my father went out to meet him. For my father was the head man before me. And after they had talked a while, my father went away with him, for the English paid him, and together they made the stalk and set the kill under a tree and I heard my father tell it later how they sat there in the tree through the whole of a night, and how the tiger finally came in the early dawn and how the English shot it dead with one good shot between the eyes. Then they came back here and stripped the tiger and cleaned the pelt and hung it there—there by that bustee—to sun. Later there was great feasting, and all

night the drums were beat across the hills, and there was much drinking and laughter, and the girls danced before the fires. The next morning the English went away, taking the pelt with him, and he and my father were friends. We did not see him again for a long time. And then one day he came again and he and my father hunted together again, and it was again as it was before, and they hunted well and brought back much game. Another tiger, and a leopard, and my father shot a bear that they ate before the fire that night. Again the English hunter went away, and he and my father were friends.

"And it was a long time again before we saw him, many years perhaps, and when he came, I do not know how it was, he was changed. So that even I, a boy, could see. He was red in the face, and heavy, and I saw him drink often from the bottle that he carried, even in the day. But to my father it was as it was before, and after some days they returned here with a good kill, and that night there was again a feast here by the fire. For a time it was good, and they laughed and talked, for my father could speak some of your tongue as I can, as the missionaries had taught him. But how it was I do not know, after a time the English fell silent, and then he began to grow quarrelsome and to utter oaths that all could hear. Then he stood up from the place where he sat by the fire, and began to shout and to drink from the bottle, and then he threw the empty bottle into the flames and shouted again. When my father stood to quiet him he pushed my father away and began to run about the village. And when one of our people tried to stop him he pushed him aside too, and another and another, and on he ran. I saw it all, how he came back to the fire with the deep red in his eyes, as though in the fevers, and how he swaggered and shouted, and how he struck one of my father's men across the face. And I saw how my father tried to stop him again, and how the English got his pistol from his belt and pointed it at my father. And I saw this too: how my father cut him down with one blow of the knife across the shoulder, so that he sank wordless to the ground."

The head man paused, and Goff could see his face red from the glow of the fire.

"So in the morning the English was sick. Sicker than you. Sicker than any I have ever seen, except for those clawed by the tiger. My father and his men determined to take him to some place where there were his own kind to help him. For they knew that if he stayed here he would surely die. And they made a litter and got four strong men to carry the litter, for he was a big man, a heavy man, and then they started out for the valley. To Ledo, or to Chabua, wherever a doctor could be found. And all that day they carried him across the hills, with the English hunter screaming from the pain, and the next day and the next. After four days they found the old trail and crossed the Pangsau Pass and came down the mountain and into the bazaar at Ledo. There were other English there, and a doctor. But by then there was nothing for the doctor to do, for the English was dead, and for my father there was nothing to do but to tell them himself what had happened. I heard the men tell it later how they took him to the English jail, and how they tried him before an English judge. And how they hanged him before the English fort at Chabua."

The fire had almost died out now, and all about the clearing the air was crisp and cold.

"And so you see, sahib," the head man said, looking up at last. "Though what you have done you should not have done, and you know you should not have done, it is not I who will judge you."

And then Goff spoke.

"I didn't mean to kill him, babu," he said. "He was coming on me, and I was afraid, and I shot him before I knew. I don't know why I did it, I wish to God I hadn't, but the thought of killing him wasn't in my head and I didn't mean to do it. I didn't mean to, babu," he said. "I didn't mean to."

The head man caught him by the arm. "It is all right, sahib," he said, and Goff saw him smile across the dying fire. "It is all right. You do not have to go back. You do not have to go back to Ledo."

14

THAT NIGHT cold air continued to sweep across the village, and above the mountain the stars shone bright and clear. But in the morning the weather turned. Gusts of rain were borne in across the hills and a heavy wind burst across the clearing. All through the day the men stayed in the huts, chatting idly before the fires, so that by evening the heavy smoke curled lazily above the pots.

A little later word came that another soldier had been found in the jungle.

"A young soldier," the head man said. "Like you. But with a white face. And some—titles on his sleeve."

Goff stared at him a moment, and then lowered his eyes to the fire. He had fled so far, he had come so long a way from what he had been and what he had done, that for an instant he could not bear the thought of leaving this behind. Panic clutched him; his eyes widened with sudden fear. But then he thought of the jungle, and of the rain beating hard against the ground. The memory of his own flight came back with a great rush.

"I'll go to him," he said.

"No, sahib," the head man said. "You must not."

Goff turned. "He's an American, isn't he?"

"Yes."

"And sick?"

"He has a broken leg."

"Then I'm going," Goff said, and began to button his jacket.

"You do not need to go," the head man said. "Others can go. And bring him here. So there is no need."

Goff looked at him. "Didn't you come for me?"

"Yes," the head man said. "But that was different."

"No different at all," Goff said. "And I'm going for him." He crossed the floor. "Give me the gun."

It took them six hours to get there. The boy who had brought word led the way, and Goff followed with the others. The rain was beating down brutally now, and he wondered at the ease with which they found their way, but find it they did, and on they went, their path lighted only by a flickering storm lantern, plunging down through the jungle. Then abruptly they came into a clearing, and across it Goff could see the light.

The soldier—Goff saw he was a sergeant—lay on his side, shielded partially from the rain by a thin strip of canvas held over him by one of the Naga youth, and he did not see Goff when the rescue party came up. But when one of the Nagas kneeled down to look at the leg, Goff pushed him aside, saying, "Let me see." At that the sergeant turned and stared.

He was young, and his face was fair, but his hair and eyebrows were dark. His eyes were black and hollow in their sockets. His khakis were soaked a deep brown, and the trousers were ripped and dirty. An M-1 rifle lay at his side, and he wore a pistol belt. Jutting from the flap of the holster Goff could see the butt of an automatic. His right leg jutted out from the body at an unnatural angle, and when they turn him over it stayed where it was.

"It's broken, all right," Goff said. "Just like a horse's."

The sergeant said nothing. He stared into Goff's face.

"Does it hurt?" Goff asked.

The sergeant nodded.

"Bad?"

The sergeant shook his head slightly, still staring. Then he seemed suddenly to collect himself. He spoke for the first time.

"Not so much," he mumbled. "Not so much as it did before."

The soldier—Goff saw he was a sergeant—lay with his right leg jutted out at an unnatural angle.

Goff smiled thinly. "If we carry you on a litter do you think you can make it?"

The sergeant nodded again.

"All right," Goff said. "It'll be a long way, but they can get you there." And he turned and indicated to the party that they could make their litter.

But as they were stretching their canvas across the bamboo poles the sergeant stopped them.

"My parachute," he said. "Over there somewhere, where I fell. You can make a better litter with it."

Goff said nothing for a minute. Then, "All right," he said. "We'll get it." He pointed to the clearing and sent two of the men to look for it. "We'll try it if we can find it."

By the time they got back to the village the sun was already beginning to edge its way over the blue mountains to the east. Goff had put together a makeshift splint of bamboo and belts, but now he carefully cleaned the sergeant's leg and painstakingly resplinted it. And though by then the sergeant's pain was so great that his eyes bulged as Goff worked over him, he went to sleep easily when Goff had finished.

"How bad is he, sahib?" the head man asked then.

"I don't know," Goff said. "Maybe not too bad."

But when the sergeant awoke later that afternoon Goff knew it was worse than that. The sergeant was in fever now. His eyes were rimmed with red, his skin was hot to touch, and he hardly spoke when Goff came in.

"It's not too good," Goff told the head man later.

"Is it the leg?"

"No. More. I think he has what I did. Some fever. Or something like it."

"Ah," the head man said.

"We'll see in the morning," Goff said. "Maybe he'll be better then."

But in the morning the sergeant was worse. Through the night he had slept uneasily, and now his fever seemed to have risen, for his forehead was dry and burning when Goff knelt to feel it. He said nothing when Goff came in, seemed hardly to know or care where he was, and later in the morning became delirious. All through the day he tossed restlessly on his pallet, muttering frantically, sobbing often, while Goff waited for a change to come. But none came. Nor did it come the next day, or the next, or the next after that.

"I don't know what to do, babu," Goff told the head man. "I just don't know enough. And I have no medicine."

"We are doing what can be done, sahib," the head man said. "All that we did for you."

But it was not enough, Goff knew, knowing too that the sergeant, whatever was wrong with him, was sicker than he had been. When on the morning of the fifth day the sergeant was no better, Goff knew at last what must be done.

"He'll have to be taken to Ledo," he said. "If he doesn't see a doctor he'll die."

"I understand," the head man said, moving toward the door. "I will tell the men to make ready."

Goff caught his arm. "Just tell two," he said. "No more."

"But we have more," the head man said, turning slowly. "It will make the carrying easier."

"I know," Goff said. "But it's all right. They'll have help. I'm going too."

The head man stared. "No," he said suddenly. "No, sahib. I know what you intend. But there is no need."

"Yes, there is," Goff said slowly. "You know I have to go. It was good here, and I was ready to stay. I'd forgotten it all, all that back there, but when I saw him, saw the sergeant, I knew I'd have to go."

The head man shook his head. "No," he said. "No."

"You will know," Goff said, and for the first time he smiled. "After all," he said. "It was you who showed me."

15

All day, bumping down the mountainside, the sergeant had swung in and out of consciousness. Now he was awake, and the fever burst like gunfire behind his eyes.

The ground was hard and rocky beneath his back. The sodden air blew heavy in his face. Up ahead the two Nagas who had carried him were hacking away at the brush, clearing a campsite for the night. Their brown backs glistened as they bent to their work. But they said nothing to him when he tried to raise himself. The pains from his leg throbbed into his pelvis, there was a dirty taste in his mouth, and his hands were weak when he tried to grip them. And where the hell was the colored boy?

Then the sergeant saw him. Goff came out of a clump of trees to the right, walking slowly, with his carbine slung upside down against his shoulder. He was wearing a faded blue denim fatigue jacket and a dripping campaign hat.

And then the sergeant remembered. That was how he'd be dressed, they'd said. That was how you'd know him. As if that black skin weren't enough . . .

He wanted to cry out. He wanted to scream. The pain at his temples jangled across his mind, and the world seemed to be spinning.

Goff came up. "You feel any better yet?" he said, and dropped to one knee. "Is the fever gone?"

"No," the sergeant said. "I feel lousy."

Goff smiled softly. "Well, just take it easy," he said. "We'll rest here tonight, and maybe you'll feel better in the morning."

"Listen," the sergeant gasped. "Where—the hell are we going?"

"Ledo," Goff said.

The next time the sergeant woke up it was dark all around him, and the only light he could see came from a storm lamp hanging from a low limb off to his left. The Nagas were asleep, huddled together a few feet away, but Goff was still sitting there by his side, silent in the dark. The rain had stopped, but he could hear the slow drip of water from the trees.

"What time is it?" the sergeant asked.

"I don't know," Goff said, and smiled. "No watch."

The sergeant was able to get his elbows behind him; he lifted himself slightly.

"Any better?" Goff said.

"Maybe," he said. "Hell, I don't know. I'm dizzy."

"How about the leg?"

The sergeant stretched his arm toward it, where it stuck out before him. It was stiff, and sore to touch.

"I can't even tell any more," he said.

Goff's face was solemn in the half-light. "Well, I don't know any more I can do for it," he said. "They'll just have to see in Ledo."

"You. You're nuts," the sergeant said. "Ledo. You're crazier than hell."

"Could be," Goff said.

They started again right after dawn. All through the day they swung along through heavy jungle, now in the rain, now out of it. Somehow the Nagas were able to jog up and down the hills without jerking the sergeant's leg, but the fever was still there. There was still a piercing pain back of his eyes.

"How much longer is it?" he asked once.

"You tell me," Goff said. "I'm just following these boys."

Later in the afternoon they stopped again.

"What now?" he said crossly, for the pain was increasing. "What is it this time, nutball?"

"Campsite," Goff said.

"You mean we're still that far off?"

"We'll get there," Goff said.

That night the rain started again. At first it was only a spatter that seemed certain to end in a moment or two, but soon it began to pour. Goff had a long piece of canvas with him, and he stretched it between two branches so that it made a low shelter that kept out some of the water. They put the sergeant under it then, the three of them, and started to back out again.

"What the hell's the matter with you, nutball?" the sergeant said. "You want to get wet?"

"There's not much room," Goff said.

"Oh, hell," the sergeant said. "Don't be any dumber than you already are."

"All right," Goff said, and climbed back inside.

They lay there for a long time while the rain beat against the shelter. After a while one of the Nagas lit the storm lamp and put it under one corner of the canvas. The sergeant felt a little better now. The air was cold, and it seemed to have cleared his head for a moment. The pain seemed to have eased. He could see Goff's face clearly by the flickering light. He watched him for a time. Then at last he spoke.

"You really kill that captain?"

Goff turned toward him, half smiling. "He's dead, isn't he?"

"Sure," the sergeant said. "But did you do it?"

"I guess I did," Goff said.

Neither of them spoke again for a minute or two. Then:

"They'll hang you," the sergeant said. "You know that. They'll hang you if they get you."

"I guess they will," Goff said.

"Well, good Lord," he said. "Don't you even care?"

"I care," Goff said.

The sergeant looked at him and shook his head.

"You're nuts," he said. "Don't you know why I'm up here?"

Goff's expression had not changed.

"I guess I do," he said.

"It's to get you," the sergeant said. "To take you back. To Ledo. So they can hang you."

"I figured it out," Goff said.

16

NEXT MORNING the sky had cleared. They were awake early, ate rapidly the tasteless stew the Nagas had cooked over the low fire, and in a few minutes were on their way again. The Nagas had found a trail now, they were able to walk faster and more smoothly than they had before, but the sergeant's leg throbbed now with each step they took and he had to clench his teeth to hold back a cry. He was feverish, too, and his sense of time had become disjointed and undependable. He rode in a half-stupor, and the time passed like a dream. Once it seemed still to be early morning. A moment later he realized it was midday, and then, in what was surely only a few moments more, he saw that the light was failing in the direction their path was taking them. He was confused, he was dizzy and nauseated, and he hardly heard Goff tell him they had almost reached the road.

"We can stop now and go on in the morning," he heard Goff say. But it didn't seem to matter. He was aware only of a profound indifference. Then Goff said, "How do you feel now?" and he tried to answer, to tell him he didn't care what they did, but all that came out was a hoarse, indistinct mutter. Then he realized that Goff was kneeling beside him, and after a moment he heard Goff say, "I think we'd better go on tonight. You don't look so good to me." Then they were moving again, but he hardly cared.

Later, trying to think of what happened next, he was able to recall only a series of jerky, unconnected pictures, all of them dominated by the figure of the tall Negro soldier in the faded blue jacket, but none of them real. He knew that after a time they reached the road, and he knew too that for a long time they moved along it, silently and in darkness. Then, hazily, he remembered hearing the low sound of a truck behind them, and Goff's voice as he talked to the driver (when did it stop? he couldn't remember that) and the swaying and jerking as they lifted him and laid him inside. Then they were on the road, moving toward Ledo in the night, for he knew the bumpiness and the skidding and the roar of the motor and the smell of its exhaust. They seemed to move swiftly, fast and fast and faster and faster, for he remembered Goff's voice as he said, "We're at Hell's Gate," and his voice, it seemed only a few seconds later, as he said, "We just passed Lakhapani," and his voice then saying, "We're at the bazaar." He saw the lights, blinking mildly along the roadside, and he knew he was back again, back where he'd started, and suddenly the truck stopped. A voice he had never heard before said, "This is the Twentieth," and he knew it was over.

When he finally awoke, the sergeant was lost. Or for a moment he seemed to be. Through the dim light he could see white, bare walls about him, and to his left and right, long rows of beds. He realized finally that he was in a hospital ward, but how had he come there?

Goff. Then he remembered Goff. At the thought he started, raising himself. What had happened to Goff? On a table next to his bed he saw a little bell. He grabbed it and rang. He rang and rang again.

A moment or two later he saw a flash at the far end of the room. A light had gone on. Then a girl dressed in a nurse's seersucker uniform was coming toward him. She looked about her, at this bed and that, to see who had rung, and then she spotted him and turned toward him.

"So, Sergeant Adams, you finally woke up," she said, and smiled. She took a thermometer from a glass on the table, shook it down and started to put it in Adams' mouth.

But he pushed it aside. "This the Twentieth?" he said, surprised at the weakness of his voice. She nodded. "That's right," she said. "Here. Let me take your temperature."

"Wait a minute," he said. "How long've I been here?"

"Two weeks or so," she said. "Let me see." She stepped to the end of the bed and picked up the chart that hung there. "That's right," she said. "Twelve days. How do you feel?"

But he slipped back, not even answering, and when she put forward the thermometer again he did not resist. Twelve days . . . God knows what they'd done to Goff by now. Twelve days . . .

Soon she was reading the thermometer, and after a moment she put it back in the glass and looked at him. "That's better," she said then. "You're coming along." And she started to go.

But he caught her by the arm. "How soon can I get out of here?" he said. "I've got to get out right away."

She smiled. "Don't be silly, Sergeant Adams," she said, and shook her arm loose from his grasp. "You're not going anywhere right now. You've had pneumonia." And then she was gone.

After a while the doctor came. Adams opened his eyes to see him standing by his side, a tired-looking, middle-aged man whose eyes showed he had just got up.

"Well, son," he said. "This is better."

"Look, Major," Adams said. "How soon can I get out of here?"

The doctor laughed. "You're in a mighty big hurry, son," he said. "Just take it easy now. You've been real sick."

But Adams shook his hand away. "No," he said. "I've got to know. I've got to get out of here. Now."

The doctor dropped his smile for a moment. "Well, you just make your mind up, son," he said. "You're not going." Then he started to raise Adams' pajama top. "Now hold still. I want to listen to you."

"Look, Major," Adams said then. "I've got to know something. It's important."

The doctor put down his stethoscope. "All right," he said. "What?"

"The man who brought me here," Adams said. "What happened to him?"

"Who?" the doctor said. "The colored boy?"

"That's him," Adams said, and he could feel his heart racing now. "What happened? What'd they do?"

"Oh," the doctor said. "Him. Well, you don't need to worry about that."

"What do you mean?"

The doctor shrugged. "All I know is what's going around," he said. "Just rumors. But what I hear is, they've already tried him."

"Tried him?"

"Court-martialed. For killing that captain. You knew he did that, didn't you? Well, anyway, I hear it turned out real easy."

Adams was sitting now, indifferent to the pain from his leg, indifferent to the dizziness, indifferent to the nausea he felt at his mouth.

"For God's sake, Major," he said. "What did they do to him?"

"Oh," the doctor said. "Well. They're going to hang him."

17

THE SERGEANT got out. He argued, he pleaded, he called names, he begged. His C.O., a C.I.D. major, said, "Adams, you just ought to forget it. You've done a good job. The rest

is somebody else's affair." The doctor said, "Son, you want to kill yourself? You aren't strong enough." The hospital superintendent, a fat old colonel, said, "Sergeant, you're just asking for trouble, what with that leg and the pneumonia and all." But they listened to his story, and after he had finished they were silent. Then the colonel said, "Well, I think it's crazy, but I'll be damned if I'm going to let you say I kept you from doing what you think you ought to." And the others nodded and said they agreed, and they fixed it on the spot. They gave him crutches, they loaded him with drugs and vitamins, and the C.O. got him a jeep and a driver. "All right," he said then. "Go ahead. But don't say I didn't warn you. You're spinning your wheels."

So he got out. The jeep was standing at the end of the ward, and he limped to it. "Where you want to go, Buddy?" the driver said. "Headquarters," he told them, and they were off.

It was a fair day in Ledo. The sun was shining, the mud along the roads had begun to harden, and the company areas lining the way were teeming with soldiers and Indians and trucks. "God help me," he said, over and over. "God help me. I may make it yet."

He found the prosecuting officer within an hour. He was a short, impatient little man, a Judge Advocate's Corps captain, and he waved Adams to a chair without interest.

"I know, I know," he said, after Adams had told him of what happened in the hills. "But it doesn't change a thing. Not a thing. What you don't seem to understand is, he killed that captain. He did it. So no matter what else there is, there's always that. As a matter of fact, we had the goods on him. Cold. His first sergeant knew the captain had been having trouble with him. There was his record. A bad business. Then he had gone AWOL. And then we found a truck driver who'd given him a lift to within a mile or so of where it happened. It was as open and shut a case as you could want."

"Yes," Adams said. "But don't you see? He's changed. He doesn't care any longer. He won't even fight now. He got me out of that jungle and probably saved my life when he could've stayed there forever. You'd never have gotten him out."

"Could be," the captain said. "It just might be. But like I say. It doesn't matter. He killed that captain. Besides, I can't do a thing for him now. He's out of my hands."

At Lakhapani they found the officer who had defended Goff. He was a young man, and sympathetic to what Adams told him, but he could offer little help.

"I did everything I could for him, Sergeant," he said. "I don't know anything more I could've done. But there just wasn't any case. None. The court was ready to hang him the day he was arrested, and the rest was just following what the book said you had to do first."

"All right," Adams said. "But what about what he did for me? Doesn't that alter the case? Doesn't it at least show he's not an animal?"

"Oh, sure," the lieutenant said. "Sure. And I used it. Or I used it as much as I could without you there. But I tell you, it wouldn't have mattered if he had carried you out on his back. They were out to hang him, and they weren't going to listen to anything but evidence that would put his head in a noose."

"Well, what about him?" Adams said. "Didn't he put up any defense at all?"

"Not a word," the lieutenant said. "I couldn't even get him to take the stand."

They turned back toward Ledo. It was late now, the lights were going on all along the road, and here and there they could see the supper lines beginning to form.

The colonel who had presided at the court-martial had just started his dinner when Adams found him. He made no attempt to conceal his annoyance at the interruption.

"Let me tell you right now, Sergeant," he said. "I've had about enough of this Goff business. I'm sick and tired of it, and everything connected with it. It was a disgusting mess, a really revolting thing, and for my money that man got a better break than he had coming. He had a fair trial—fairer, if you ask me, than he deserved—and now he's going to pay the penalty."

"You don't understand, sir," Adams said. "He saved my life."

The colonel stopped him abruptly. "That has nothing to do with it," he said. "What went on between you two I don't know and I don't care. You were sent up there to bring him back. You brought him back. All right. You're a cop, not a judge. Your part in the case ends right there. What matters to me, what matters to the rest of the officers on that court-martial, is that that man put his own likes and dislikes, his own desires, above the disciplinary system. There's only one thing a man like that respects, let me tell you. There's only one thing to do with him. We did it."

Adams could feel it slipping away now. A sudden feeling of hopelessness swept over him.

He limped back to the jeep. It was almost over now, he knew. He had done about all he could.

"You want to stop now?" the driver said as he got in.

"One more stop," he said. "I can only think of one more thing."

"Say, Buddy," the driver said. "Don't you like to eat?" But after a moment he saw the expression on Adams' face and his voice grew softer. "All right," he said. "Where to?"

He told it again now, his head light with the effort of trying to find words he knew he would never find, trying to explain a thing he knew he hardly understood. "—so that what I went to find and what I found weren't the same at all," he said. "You see?"

The chaplain nodded. "I see," he said. "Yes."

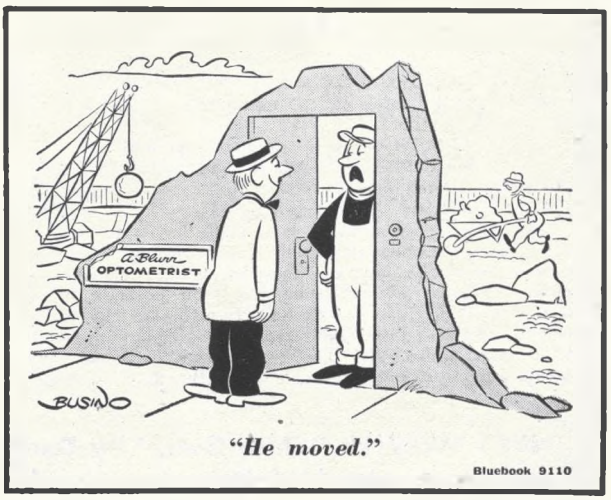
"I don't know what I was when I went up there," Adams said. "Tired. Angry. Sick of all this. I don't know. All I do know is that I didn't want to go, I'd had enough, and when they told me I'd have to go I hated them and hated him too, not because I really knew anything about him or much what he'd done, but only because it was because of him I had to go. So that was how I went, you see. Hating them all, caring only what happened to me."

"Yes," the chaplain said.

"Only something happened when I fell. I caught my leg under me some way and broke it." He pointed to it. "And so I lay there in that jungle, expecting to die there, for half a day, and in the end it wasn't me that found him. No. He found me."

"I know," the chaplain said.

"They had told me what he was like. They said he was desperate. Dangerous. A killer. And that's what I expected to find. Only, you see, it wasn't that way at all. I thought he'd kill me there when he found me, only he didn't. He fixed my



"He moved."

Bluebook 9110

leg. I thought he'd leave me there. He didn't. He took me to that village. I thought he'd make me stay there as a sort of hostage, only he didn't. In the end he brought me down, down out of those hills where he could've been safe for the rest of his life."

Adams leaned forward now, and he could feel the tension creep into his hands, as he clasped them on the desk.

"We have to save him," he said. And suddenly he saw it all: what he had been, what Goff had been, what Goff's act had done for them both.

"If they hang him—" he said, and stopped. He was almost breathless now with what he had seen. "If they hang him, they're hanging all of us."

The chaplain nodded, without speaking, and for a moment they sat on in silence. And then the chaplain stood.

"You mustn't believe I can do anything," he said, looking down at Adams. "I'm a minister, not a soldier, and the Army will object to high heaven if I interfere in a thing like this. So I don't know what I can do, probably nothing, and you mustn't believe I can do anything. But—I'll try." He sat down again. "I can only think of one thing. The sentence is under review now—in Delhi, in Washington, somewhere. I can write a letter telling just what you've told me and try to get it around channels so that whoever's reviewing the case will get a chance to learn what the other part of the story is."

"Yes," Adams said.

"But don't build your hopes up," the chaplain said. "Don't let yourself. I don't know what good it'll do. I don't know at all."

"I can't help hoping," Adams said.

He went back to the jeep, and the driver took him back to the hospital. He was so tired now, so weak, that he could hardly undress, and he fell heavily into bed. But his mind was on fire, the hope that lay there grew great and greater still, and he could not sleep. Morning came on, and the bright day, and still he hoped, telling himself he must not, telling himself his hopes were false, but hoping all the same.

But late that afternoon he saw the chaplain coming toward him across the floor of the ward, and when he saw the chaplain's face his hope died.

"I'm sorry," the chaplain said. "Truly. But we weren't in time. The letter was too late. The sentence came back from Washington this morning. Approved."

There was nothing Adams could say. He fell back to his pillow, back to the memory of the hills, back to the cold loneliness of his thoughts.

"They're hanging him tomorrow morning," the chaplain said. "I don't seem to be able to do much in this world, but if you want to see him I think I can at least fix that."

18

So Adams had come at last to the end of what he knew. "I did all I could think of," he told Goff. "There isn't anything more I can do."

"It's all right," Goff said. "It doesn't matter."

"They wouldn't listen," Adams said. "None of them. Nobody would listen but the chaplain."

"Yes," Goff said. "But it's all right."

They were alone now, or it seemed they were, and for a while they were able to forget the guards outside. The chaplain had come with him, but then left, and now they were alone in the barren hut off to the side of the stockade. There was only one light, a weak bulb hung from the bamboo rafters above them, and it threw their shadows big against the walls. Adams looked at the walls. They were so frail, he thought, that it would be easy to break through them. But then he thought how two guards stood beyond the walls, and how a barbed wire fence stood beyond the guards, and how four sentry boxes were raised above the wire, and how the machine guns were mounted inside the sentry boxes. And beyond them all, he thought, there was another wall that no one, neither he nor Goff nor any man, could climb.

"So I wasn't any help," he said. "I couldn't help you."

And Goff smiled.

"All my life," Goff said, "ever since I can remember, I've been an eight-ball. Don't ask me why. I don't know. Maybe it was because I was a nigger and thought everybody was out to get me. Maybe it was just the way I was. But anyway, whatever it was, I had a chip on my shoulder a mile wide, and I asked for trouble. So when I went over the hill that day and up the road, and when the captain came up and found me, even if I didn't think I meant to kill him, I did it and I was ready to do it. So that was that, and they're right when they say I murdered him. And afterward, when I saw what I'd done, I was scared, and I was sorry, but all I wanted to do was get away, to get just as far away as I could, and I didn't care what happened, not to anybody, just so long as they didn't catch me. It was all I cared about."

Goff stopped and lit a cigarette. Adams watched him, but he could think of nothing to say.

"So that's how it was," Goff said then. "That was me. So I went into the jungle and into the hills, and I was lost, and I was sick, and I thought, I'll die here, I'll never get out. Only, they found me, and took me to their village, and I got well after all. And I lived on there, and the days passed, and it was all right. I was happy, and willing to stay there on and on, and I didn't want to come back. But what I didn't know then, didn't know at all not until you came, was that I'd been changing, something had happened to me that had changed me, so that when finally they brought you in and I saw I'd have to go back after all, I suddenly found it didn't matter any more. I didn't mind. It was all right because what had happened made it all right. That and this and all of it."

"Yes," Adams said. "What was it? What happened?"

Goff smiled. "Simple thing," he said. "Only I'd been the way I was so long I'd forgotten it."

"Yes," Adams said. "What?"

"A man was good to me," Goff said. "A man I hadn't ever seen before and won't ever see again." He sat down on the cot beside Adams and opened his shirt pocket. "You want a cigarette?" he said.

And that was how the morning found them.

They came for Goff just as the light began to break across the hills. The chaplain was there, and the major in charge of the stockade, and four guards, stiff in their white webbing. They were carrying a rope and a mask, and they started to bind Goff's arms as soon as they entered.

"You'll have to leave now, Sergeant," the chaplain told Adams. "They're ready."

"All right," Adams said, and turned to Goff. "I'll be seeing you," he said.

"I don't think so," Goff said then. "But take care of yourself."

Adams limped out of the hut, and then crossed the compound to the gate. His armpits ached where the crutches drove up against them and he wanted to rest, but he could not stop now, the light was growing strong, and as he passed through the gate he felt the first drops of rain.

The jeep was still there, the driver was dozing behind the wheel, and he started abruptly when he heard Adams climb in. "They going to hang that fellow after all?" he said, and Adams nodded. "Too bad," he said. "After all you done."

"You think so?" Adams said. They turned and moved off down the hill, and the rain fell on Ledo.

—By Paxton Davis

The Golden Years

Continued from page 9

So he retired to Mobile, Alabama, to let the rest of the world go by.

But it didn't go.

"I found labor in the South was in swaddling clothes compared to labor in Detroit," he said, "and it soon became apparent that in the South I was going to have to live through turmoil that Detroit grew out of twenty years ago.

"And the social problems! Detroit's were simple compared with what the South faced in the wake of desegregation.

"As for the Bomb, I still figured Detroit would get it before Mobile; but I began to realize that life in Mobile wouldn't really be worth living if everything I knew and everybody I knew were wiped out back home."

He said he became convinced that nobody in the United States could retire and move out on problems. California would have earthquakes. Florida would have hurricanes. Both of them would have bugs . . . and Arizona would have sand.

"And," he continued, "all these would be problems that were strange to the newcomer. I wouldn't know how to handle them. But back in Detroit the problems are so familiar to me I can call them by their first names. And I know every alley in town if I want to dodge one of them."

He moved back to Detroit.

These reasons why you should not move away come from the case histories of many people in all parts of the country, not from just the few individuals mentioned. They come from retired couples who could not go home again, because they had sold their house and furnishings and did not have the money to reestablish themselves in their old communities when paradise ran dry. They come from couples who retired to the faraway—and a year later one of them died, leaving the survivor to exist in loneliness in an environment that only a couple could turn into Golden Years.

All of these people could be people who lived down the street from you.

And yet *you* are different. Nobody's heart ticks quite the way yours does. No other soul is attuned to quite the same music.

So perhaps *you* should move, telling your home town good-by for good the day your pension comes.

There are enticing and important reasons for doing so:

It Is More Fun To Go. If you have ever earned a reward in your life you have won it when you survive your job until age 60 or 65 and capture your pension. Going somewhere is probably more fun than any reward you could get.

So go ahead. If you think it would be fun to choose to live under an apple tree in Oregon, beside the Pacific in Southern California, under palms in Florida, then that is excuse enough. You do not have to apologize.

A great many people before you have found that America is dotted with charming towns to live in. They would never have known about them if they had not had the courage to pack up and go. But it has nearly always been the towns, not the highways between them, that turned out to be the pleasure.

Traveling to be traveling was not meant for 60-year-old bodies. And sophisticated eyes grow weary of sight-seeing.

Plan a tour if that has been your dream, even a long tour. But have a limit set on the time it will take. Determine in advance where it will end.

Traveling, like climate, is not enough within itself to make the Golden Years.

Why Be a Slave to Your Home Town? Almost everybody lives where he lives because his work has been there. On many occasions during the years of work he would have picked up and moved elsewhere if it had not been for the job.

Well, the chains are broken with retirement. And where is the proof that your home town is the best place on earth to live? A good many millions are living somewhere else and seem to be doing all right. You have grown used to the home town. A sort of mental slavery holds you there. But you should not be blind to the big wide wonderful world that lies out beyond your city limits. You could not know how enchanting it is out there. You have never had time to look.

The Ends May Meet Better If You Move. When men and women go into retirement their income usually has been at the highest point of their working careers. So has their standard of living. It is one of the ironies of life that the most drastic cut in income a person ever suffers must come right at this peak.

The transition from a salary to a pension means a cut in income of 75 percent to many, more for some. And the economist hasn't appeared yet who can balance the new figures against wants and wishes you have cultivated for 40-odd years.

But balance them you must, some way. And when you try to do it in an environment that knew you when, and had social intercourse with you when, you have a problem. It is not the problem of a big wolf at the door because most people now can figure a way to handle the necessities on a pension, but the problem of a lot of little wolves who eat away the rubber on the automobile tires, put a shine on the seat of Papa's pants, chip the paint off the front of the house, make Mama's hats old-fashioned.

There is no way better to shake off these wolves than to go live among people who did not know you when.

A Second Chance at Fame. If you have worked for 40 years, or even 20, in one locality and have not flowered enough to win distinction, it is not likely that you will after age 65. Transplanting yourself to a different soil could make you bloom.

A Psychological Crisis Is Coming. The social life of working men and women is entwined with their jobs. The social life of a wife frequently depends almost entirely on her husband's position and the money he makes from it.

You see it with the executives whose luncheon clubs, golf games and country club memberships all have a strong business flavor.

Or else their social activities are tied in with contemporary business and professional friends and exist because of comparable positions and incomes.

You see the social-business connection also with the men and women on assembly lines and behind the counters. Their primary social activity is often the company bowling or softball team, and their friends are mostly those they meet at work.

Retirement breaks up these social playhouses. *If you think they will not break up yours you are kidding yourself.*

Retirement will rob you of more than this. It will take away the source of your pride. If you run an elevator, you do a much better job of it than Joe does. If you are in merchandising, there is nobody who can handle the good customers quite as delicately as you do. If you are a boss, things will go to pot without you.

The self-esteem of almost everybody who works for a living—the magnificent "me" that generates the spirit to go on day after day—comes out of the job. And even the man who sweeps the floor has it.

Retirement takes that away.

If this seems grim to you, take hope. All you need is to recognize that these problems will come. Then you can do something about them.

People who have admitted that retirement brings a psychological crisis say that getting out of town is the best way to meet it.

If you still are in doubt about moving, here are two final thoughts:

One is from a man best identified as R.B.B. who retired from Cincinnati, Ohio, to a four-room cottage near Long Beach, Calif. "Why should we have held to an expensive old house in a harsh climate just on the hope our children would visit us two weeks out of the year?" he asked. "Don't kid yourself. If your children give you their vacations they aren't going to spend them at your knee. They'll be running all over town to visit old friends, while you tend their babies."

The other is from a New Jersey industrial man who retired to a small town near Springfield, Mo. "In Jersey," he said, "I was just a fellow who worked for a living, had no honors, belonged to no clubs. I was no less a man than most, just not one of those they lower the flag for.

"But down here—do you know who I am? I'm a retired business man from the East. I'm somebody. . . . That several hundred miles and a pension could make this difference is the biggest revelation of my retirement."

So there are all sorts of reasons to turn the page on the city or town where your working career has been. There are also all sorts of ways to do it.

Consider carefully before you make the step. Think about yourself in relation to what these other people before you have done. Think primarily about yourself because this is a decision that is personal.

If you come to the conclusion that you want to move, that all your life you may feel you have cheated yourself if you don't, then here is how to do it:

Obtain a detailed map of the United States—a filling-station road map will do—bring it home and spread it out on the living-room floor. Begin studying it, not for a couple of nights, but for several weeks.

You will discover that this is a vast and wonderful country with almost every kind of landscape and climate mankind could want. You will learn there is more to it than California, Florida and the vacation spots you have gone to during your years of working. There is an Idaho, for instance. There is a Tennessee, too, with any number of towns in it, and an Alabama. There is an Oregon, and there is a place with valleys and history in it called Virginia.

In all these places people live happily. In any of them, even though nobody ever mentioned it to you, you may find your Golden Years.

So study your map, and tentatively pick out the areas that interest you. Go to the public library and borrow books that tell you about the area. If you are married, you and your wife or husband can read them aloud to each other. The fascination of this, as you get into it, will impress you.

Finally you will make a choice . . . . and this plan is based on the idea that you are not going to California and Florida because they are the popular places to go; that you are not going where somebody at your office or plant went and therefore it must be good; that you are not dedicated to a place some neighbor or friend keeps telling you is ideal. You have little chance to find the Golden Years that way. Where you live in retirement is as personal a matter as the type of person you marry, and you don't marry a pair of blue eyes because a neighbor did.

When you choose the spot that looks favorable to you, make arrangements to go see it. Use your vacation if you are still working. Ask for a leave if the vacation is not feasible. If you are already retired, plan a special tour. Go by car if you can. A bus would be a second choice because you can see more of the countryside by bus.

If you have chosen a particular city, set out for the suburbs to make your survey. If you have chosen a general area, look for the small towns and villages. There are two reasons for this. The suburbs and small towns may provide cheaper ways to live than a city, and will make it easier for you to find friends and companionship. Both factors will be important to you in retirement.

You should have a notebook along, and you should record your impressions carefully. In the notebook you should have this checklist:

● Is this a reasonably old town? If it is you will be assured of people of your own age, which you will want. Many towns and suburbs have sprouted since the late 1940's and these are usually filled with young parents and babies. You do not want to be in a community where your head is the only gray one.

● Is there anything in the community that has any relationship in any way to the business from which you are retiring? You were in the shoe business; this town tans leather. You worked in a cotton broker's office; this town raises cotton. You were in the steel business; this town mines coal. There should be some sort of connection like that because it will give you, at first sight, a kinship with the community that will help you get acquainted. It will give you, later on, a chance to get a retirement job. And no matter what you think now, you are likely to want one in the end.

● Is your church represented in the town?

● Are your fraternal organizations and clubs represented locally?

● What about your rheumatism, lumbago, asthma, or heart trouble? Is this particular area good or bad for it? Consult both a private doctor and the town's public health officer about this.

● And while you are at it, does this town provide reasonably good doctors and a hospital? You will need more medical care from now on and you will need to know whether you will pay specialist fees or country doctor fees for the attention you get. In the hospital can you get treatment as a ward patient instead of in a private room? If a financial crisis came could you enter the hospital for free care without being stigmatized as a charity case? If, as the years go on, you should require nursing care at home, will there be an Aunt Mary down the street who will come in? Or will you have to rely on a nurse?

If the reminder of all this sounds depressing to you, remember that retirement at age 65 is not a child's game. It is an adult, serious business, and only those who face up to the realities of it and prepare accordingly can hope to sidestep the grimness.

● Does this town you are sizing up have public transportation that will take you to church, to the library and movie, to the stores? How much does it cost?

● How difficult will it be to get from this town to the town where your children, or your relatives, live? How difficult to travel back to your old home town?

● Does this town have a counterpart for the social activity of your home town? Bridge? Cocktail parties? Sunday socials? Bowling parties? Teas? The society pages of the local paper will provide the answers.

● Does the state in which this community is located have a sales tax? A state income tax? A homestead exemption tax in case you buy a small home?

● What are the annual heat costs in living quarters the size you will need? What is the cost of electricity? How much is a phone? Any friendly stranger will tell you.

● What would a small house cost if you decided to buy? What quarters are available for rental? For how much? Drop in at a real-estate office for this.

● Can you move into this community, considering where you came from and what your income will be, and take your place as an average citizen? You don't want to be outclassed by a community of wealthy people or by neighbors who have outsized social ambitions. It is in California primarily that you should check on the financial status of the inhabitants, and in the South that you should watch the social status.

This checklist will take care of most of the situations that can make a particular community good or bad for your retirement. But there are two final things to consider

● The first is food. It will be the biggest single item in your budget. See if you might get a garden plot with your housing; decide whether you will be willing to garden and to can your surplus; find out whether you can buy some of your food from nearby farmers instead of in markets.

● The second is loneliness. This is a cross that all people of all ages must carry for a time. But the aging can seldom put it down. Investigate with a particular effort the potential for loneliness in this community you like. It will not seem lonely at 10 a.m. on a sunny morning, or at 5 p.m. on a spring afternoon. Towns never do. But what is it like at 9:30 at night? At an hour and a half past lunch time on a summer day? And especially, what is it like on a Sunday afternoon? Few places outside a cemetery are deader on a Sunday afternoon than a strange community . . . particularly one in the South.

Of course you are not going to check all the things that have been listed here. If it came to that you had just as soon go to Alaska and forget the whole matter. But it is good that you should know what a scientific approach to a retirement paradise is. It is good that you should realize you cannot go blithely away to a spot that looks good in travel folders, as many retired people are continuing to do, and have much chance of finding the Golden Years.

After you have looked over the town and checked what you think worthwhile, go by the leading newspaper in the community and put yourself on the subscription list for three months. It will not cost much, and it will give you, as you sit in your living room back home, the best possible picture you can have of what the community is like. In the want ads you will learn what houses are selling for and how many people are looking for jobs—for how much per week. In the society pages you can learn what happens on Saturday night, and in the financial news you can learn who in the town has the money.

Nothing will make you more a friend of a town than reading its newspaper.

Only after you go back home, to surroundings that are familiar to you, should you make up your mind about moving. And as you make it up, give a thought to the splendid achievements that may be lying dormant in your breast. You are not going off, as the elephants do, to die. You are going off to freedom. You are going off to burst the bands that have been around your chest.

Is this community you have chosen the sort of garden in which you as a person can grow?

You'll make up your mind, after a while, and with 65 years of wisdom and a few reasonable facts you will make it up right.

If your decision is to go, try to sub-lease your apartment, furnished, for six months or a year. Try to rent your house, also furnished, if you own one. The income will allow you to rent furnished quarters in the new town and will give you an excellent opportunity to taste the new environment before you swallow it.

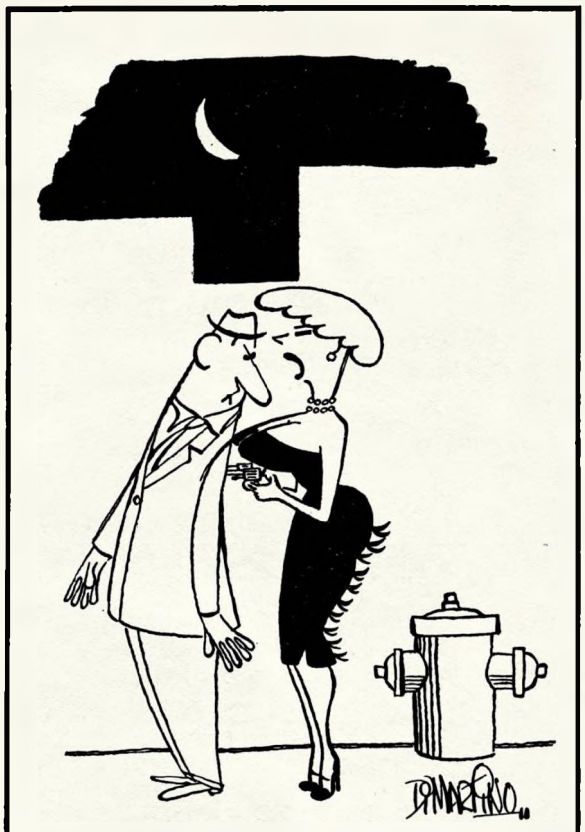
If things do not turn out as you had hoped, you can go back and reclaim your home. If they do turn out right, go back and satisfy your lease, or sell your house, pack up the furniture, and call a trucking company.

You have already figured, of course, that moving beds and treasured household possessions from one part of the country to another is not free. So perhaps you are prepared for the substantial bite the moving bill will take in your savings.

In case you are not, an idea Mr. and Mrs. R. O. Smithers had may help you. They lived in Michigan where Mr. Smithers was retiring from the automobile business. They wanted to move to San Diego, Calif.

Mrs. Smithers had a good many family heirlooms and she had no intention of giving them up.

"And she had a logical argument about them," her husband said. "We had to have something in San Diego to sleep on, sit on, and eat on, and if we sold these furnishings before moving at a fraction of their replacement cost—and that would be all we could get—we'd only have to buy all over again at a premium in California.



"Easy, pal, that's a pair of 38's you're lookin' at."

Bluebook 8808

"But where were we going to find the courage to hand over $825 in cold cash for the moving job?"

They worried the problem for several weeks. "Then one day I had an inspiration," he said. "I drove my car, which was two years old, down to a used-car lot and asked what kind of truck I could get for it on an even trade.

"I found I could get a pretty good one. It wasn't as new as my car, but it was fit for a trip to California. And it was large enough to carry the furnishings my wife insisted we take."

He got professional advice on packing the furniture into the truck and lashing it securely. He worked out with his automobile club the safest route to San Diego for a man who had had no experience in driving a loaded truck.

In due time, he and his wife set off in gay spirits, sitting side by side in the cab of the truck. It was three weeks before a postcard came back. They had arrived safely, and Mr. Smithers had already traded his truck in, even, for a good two-year-old car.

Index to Paradises:

Here, from 5,000 or so letters that have come back from people who ventured into the Mild Blue Yonder when they retired, is a consensus on what you can expect to find where.

California—Seldom do people go back home after retiring to California. Seldom does a Californian retire elsewhere unless it is to travel. The state has culture. It has fine climate. There is wealth everywhere. Probably more of the elite people of America retire to California than anywhere else. They frequently gravitate toward the San Francisco area, along with writers and artists. The middle-income group caters to southern California. Pasadena, in the south, attracts some of the

rich older people and many retired teachers. Southern California is extroverted. As you move northward, the state seems less so. The San Francisco area is sophisticated.

There is industry all over, providing a better opportunity to find a job after 65 than in most retirement areas. The small towns and suburbs seem to be offering more to the average retired person than the cities.

California has fog. You may find it oppressive. It has slightly more than its share of extroverted people. To almost anybody who has lived East of the Rockies it is a long, long way from home.

Florida—This is the land of retirement promise for the common man of America. Too many people with moderate incomes have gone there and remained . . . it must be good. In almost every town and city in Florida you can find other retired people, and therefore companionship if you wish to cultivate it.

In some cities, particularly St. Petersburg and Bradenton, you will discover that as a pensioner you are something of a royal citizen. Special recreation has been set up for you; ordinances and custom are designed to make life good for you.

There is not much industry, and many retired people who would like to go to work are there already. Do not expect to find a job.

Climate is about all you could ask for. Scenery grows more tropical and beautiful the farther south you go. There are bugs. There are winds, too, that come in season.

Florida is a transient country. Always visitors are coming and going on vacations. If in some way you can get into the stream of this traffic—by being associated with a motel, a restaurant or a service station—you have a fine chance to escape loneliness and a sense of being discarded. Vacationists spend more money than you will be spending, so in some communities be prepared to take second place to them.

Arkansas—This is probably the most economical state in the country to retire to. Most of it is rural. Much of it has no indoor plumbing. To people accustomed to urban life it can be a disappointment. But land is cheap and the essentials of living are cheap. There are not many Joneses to keep up with.

Civil-service workers have gone there. So have railroad people, store clerks, school teachers. Many of them have bought small farms and raised cattle and hogs or developed poultry flocks. There have been no reports of pensioners getting rich, but there have been many reports of retired people with some knowledge of farming, and some affinity with rural ways, finding a good and secure life.

Mexico—This is the one place within reach that is more economical than Arkansas, if you get away from the major cities. But you should learn to speak the language. You should talk to a Mexican consul before you go, and have a chat with your doctor. If you choose a spot Americans have not discovered yet you will find prices are exceptionally low, but you will find yourself trying to adapt to a strange social structure that was really getting along all right without you. You may be lonelier than almost anywhere else you could go. Should Americans start coming in to supply you with friendships and neighbors you will pay for it—the more Americans the higher the prices.

The Northwest—The states of Washington and Oregon have been attracting an increasing number of retired people in recent years. Word that has come back from them shows no regret. The country is beautiful and fertile, and the climate seems satisfactory to those who have gone there from the northern belt of the country. There is rain, a lot of it, but one of the standard phrases of the newcomers is, "You don't have to shovel it."

It is a friendly country, and retired people have been able to find some jobs . . . more than in Florida or Arkansas, not so many as in California.

It is possible that a person retiring to the Northwest would feel somewhat isolated from the rest of the country. It is possible that the grass would sometimes look greener somewhere else, because a good many inquiries have come out of the area from long-time residents asking what the sunshine is like in St. Petersburg, Fla.

Europe—Many people are retiring to European countries, particularly people who still have ties with families there. Social Security checks and small pensions go a long way in a country like Italy.

Whether you would like it or not would depend, not on the glamor of Europe, your income, or the adventure of it all, but almost exclusively on your ability to work yourself into the social and cultural life of the people around you.

The Islands of the Pacific and Caribbean—They have romance and a splendid isolation from everything you have known. If you should decide to go to one of them you would be likely to cross the path of some other retired person who, in disillusionment, was coming back.

The Southeast—States such as Georgia, Alabama, South Carolina and Tennessee are supplying some of the ingredients of the Golden Years that more publicized areas of retirement apparently lack. One of these ingredients is normalcy. Older people are not set apart as a special group; there is no overabundance of them in any one place. Vacationists and people on the move are an exception to living and not the rule. All of this makes it simpler for the retired couple to become integrated into the community.

You may have noticed that friends who retire to the well-known paradises will often keep in touch one way or another for years after moving there. But those who go to such places as West Virginia and Louisiana will soon drop from sight. That is good, not bad. It means that these latter people have found their way into a new life that leaves no emotional dependence on what has been left behind.

As more people come to understand that retirement is a very personal matter, connected in no way with what the Smiths did, or with what some impersonal expert said people should do, the more they will seek out the unknown towns to live in . . . if they move. And the less likely they will be to move.

In the growing parade of people taking their pensions at 65 there are no statistics on happiness. But a quiet observation of those who move away will convince you that those who remain at home fare best.

Those who move away have a facade of happiness. They will protest to you that they have found the dream retirement. Often they will protest too loud.

Those who remain at home talk less about it. Always they seem less anxious to prove they did right. Perhaps this simple truth can help you decide:

As long as you do not move away you have a choice: you can go or stay. As soon as you move the freedom is gone. For nine people out of ten who move, the obstacles are too great to ever come back home.

Chapter 3

Key to Happiness: Recognition

DESPITE THE FACT that rod and reel are the traditional retirement gift from co-workers, most retired people are finding that fish begin to smell after 10 days or two weeks.

They are finding that fine sets of luggage, also a favorite retirement gift, grow heavy to carry after six months or a year, and that rocking chairs soon begin to squeak.

No well-meaning people ever promoted a greater fallacy about retirement than the idea that fishing, traveling, and rocking can make the Golden Years.

They can not. They can only flavor them. The Golden Years, once the body is reasonably fed and housed, and all false notions are swept away, boil down to one simple thing:

Recognition.

There might be recognition in fishing, but those who have retired before you have shown no inclination to seek it. There might be distinction of sorts in traveling, if you traveled better and farther than others. Few have tried to. And even in rocking, if there were a marathon contest, some recognition might come.

But the recognition you need in retirement is not made of this kind of stuff.

Recognition is fundamental to your happiness. Don't go into retirement without planning to have a little.

Miss Harriett C. retired from a long career in business personnel work and a few weeks later took a job at a negligible salary as an interviewer in a public-welfare office.

"I was rather in need of money," she said, "and I preferred to keep busy. But the primary reason I took the job—which my background fitted me for, incidentally—was to find an identity with something that brought me pride. The job promised recognition from the unfortunates I would deal with; I would have more compassion than others. It promised recognition from those I worked beside; I would be more professional than some.

"Without this recognition factor I would not have taken the job. I would have worked without charge for the Red Cross first. Because the years of dealing with people on jobs had convinced me recognition was vital to all ages and all stations. And those who did not get it sank into oblivion.

"If you can remember back through your business experiences you will recall that few people worked just for the money they got. I am not sure the individual could work for just money.

"Everybody worked for the paycheck—AND their particular slice of recognition. Let recognition flower and you had a happy working force. Squelch recognition and you had turnover.

"Almost all of our personnel problems, on my job, which is just a fancy name for people problems, we traced to bosses. Whenever the building superintendent claimed too much of the credit for the clean floors we had to start advertising for more charwomen. Whenever our sales manager started taking too many bows for the new accounts our salesmen began applying for jobs across the street."

Miss C. said the straw bosses were exactly like the people under them, if not more so. Whenever the department managers claimed too much glory the straw bosses grew morose. Whenever the division managers expanded their chests the department managers grew difficult.

"And let a vice-president get a citation for his fine achievements and his division managers would want to go get drunk."

The intense frustrations that have come to the executives of modern America, she said, are due almost entirely to the fact that they cannot claim recognition. The higher they go the more imperative it is that they not claim it.

"So they give away the recognition and they tie their stomachs into ulcer lumps," she explained.

"Recognition! Little people work their hearts out for a pat on the back. Middle people treat their families like poor relations to win a promotion. Big people kill themselves at 55 to get a seat at the speaker's table.

"It is the H_2O of human endeavor. It is the essence of personal satisfaction. Who ever got the idea that a person is baptized on retirement day and cleansed of the sin of wanting to be pointed to?"

Go on and fish for a while if your co-workers have convinced you this will make the good retirement. But do not buy any fish ponds. Go traveling for a while if they gave you a nice leather bag or a camera. Just don't buy any railroads.

At retirement age you need the philosophy to understand that Christmas is fun because it comes just once on every calendar. A vacation is fun largely for the same reason. On retirement day, you have a vacation for the rest of your life. If you had to fish every day for a living, the job you held for thirty years would look inviting to you. If you had to travel all week or sit under a tree eight hours a day your old job would look like ambrosia and cake.

There is no new ordinance that says you have to believe this. Just keep it in the back of your mind when you pack the rod and reel.

Recognition can be found in your own back yard. A man in Massachusetts—his name was G. F. Carlin—owned this home when he retired. And in the back yard was a one-car garage. His pension would see him through fairly well, but after a few months he grew restless. He missed the companionships of his office.

"A new subdivision had been developed not far from my house," he said, "and I'd often stroll over and watch the young folks who had bought the houses. They were planting lawns, painting, making cement walks . . . you know how young people do when they buy their first house.

"Well, these young people didn't have the tools for all the jobs they were trying to do, and didn't have money to buy them. But back in my garage were all kinds of tools that I had gradually collected after over 20 years of owning a home.

"It was shameful in a way. Yet I couldn't start loaning out everything I had. It would soon be worn out or lost. Then the idea of renting tools came to me. . . ."

He first made a modest test of the idea. On a typewriter he made 40 handbills, stating on them that he had a power lawnmower, an extension ladder, paint rollers, garden tools, and half a dozen other things he would rent out by the day for a reasonable fee if anybody cared to call at his house for them.

He had a neighborhood boy deliver the 40 handbills to as many houses.

"And the next Saturday and Sunday 22 people came over to rent something.

"I was dumfounded," he explained, "and yet my idea was logical. So when Monday morning came I went shopping for more second-hand tools, and before the week was out I had a business."

He expanded slowly, scattered printed handbills over a wider area, bought more and more tools (usually on the installment plan), and added an extra room and a sign to his garage. In a year's time people from a radius of five miles were coming to "Carlin's Corner" to rent tools.

"I am doing all right financially," he explained, "but what is more important to me is that I am a valuable man in this community. People hang over my counter and tell me all about their problems, ask my advice on things. Then every once in a while they phone me excitedly and tell me the toilet is stopped up or the basement is flooding and ask if I've got a tool that will fix it. I make friends that way."

Recognition can be found in your talents. A few years ago a craftsman with one of the nationally known watch manufacturers was facing retirement at 65. He wanted to keep a connection with his business if he could; he wanted a little more money than his pension promised; and he wanted to live in Florida.

He went to the front office of his plant and obtained the names of the major jewelry stores in Jacksonville, Tampa, St. Petersburg, and Miami. One by one he wrote them a personal letter:

> "Dear Sir:
>
> "For nearly thirty years I have been employed in the plant of the _____ _____ Company. I am a skilled watchmaker with enough general knowledge of timepieces to be an expert in repairing all of them.
>
> "I am now retiring from my company on a modest pension and wish to make your city my home. But I do not want to stop work, nor am I averse to adding a few dollars to my income.
>
> "Could you use such a man as myself in your watch-and-clock repair department? A part-time job would

be quite satisfactory to me, and any reasonable pay based on the amount of my work would be suitable.

Yours very truly,

"P.S. Records in our front office show that hundreds of our watches have been sold in your territory. Perhaps you could capitalize on that by advertising in your local paper that you were hiring a factory craftsman to service them."

The last word former co-workers had of this man, he was living regally in a cluster of Miami palm trees, taking home $50 or $60 a week from a jewelry store, and was establishing a reputation as one of the most professional watch men in the city.

The avenue to recognition, and money, that people going into retirement most often miss is the one that branches off from their own businesses. They seem blind to the fact that if they are an expert on almost any national product in a large city they can often be an oracle on the subject in a small town. And that if they have worked in the manufacture of such a product they have a rare qualification as a repair man to somebody who sells it far away.

There is seldom any recognition sweeter than being an expert.

Recognition can be found in growing flowers. But you must grow them bigger than anybody else on the street, or must grow unusual varieties. You can collect more stamps than anybody, make more needlepoint, or carve better miniatures.

But the recognition you get from things like these and from hobbies generally is limited as a rule to a club or restricted audience. You can often find a greater satisfaction from an achievement that appeals to a general audience.

Recognition comes in different flavors and all sorts of sizes. There are people who find enough of it in being important to grandchildren. Others are happy with the distinction that they haven't missed a home-town baseball game in three years. Some tell stories that people will gather around to hear.

All of it is a satisfying of the urge to be recognized by fellow beings. No outsider can know how strong the urge is in you, nor can any expert prescribe the brand of recognition you need. But have it you must. And as a general rule the more of it you have the better your retirement will be.

It is in the way they make their money that most people find their recognition during their working careers. The same is true in retirement. In the chapter that follows you will see how it works.

Chapter 4

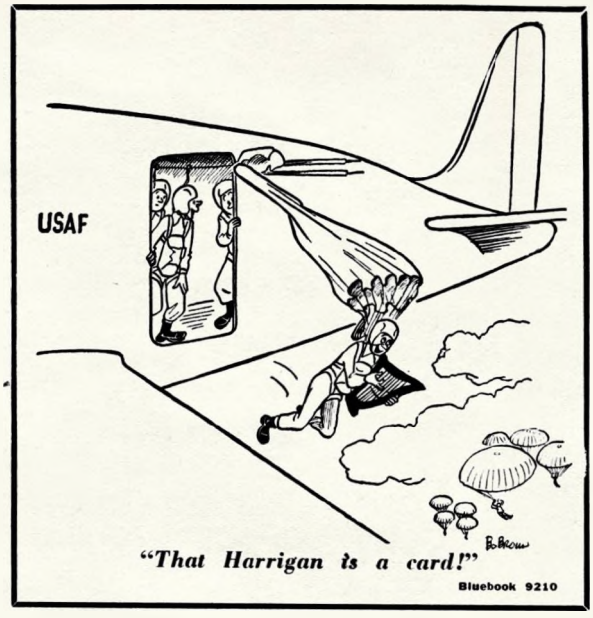
How to Make Money in Retirement

ALMOST ALL MEN AND WOMEN in modern America, if they are in reasonably good health, can make money in retirement.

And they can make enough of it to live on.

Here are the five best ways to do it, based on the experiences of retired people all over the country who have done it in the last five years:

1. Get a sales or service job with one of the firms that deals with the company or institution you have been working for, or with a firm that is an extension of your own type of work. You have worked in a department store; get a job with a shoe manufacturer or fabric mill as a sales expert, and try the same with a maker of store fixtures. You have been a school teacher; get a job selling school desks or textbooks, or be a consultant to the manufacturers of such things. You have worked in a business office; get a job servicing office machines. You have been a railroad employee; get a job as expediter of freight shipments for a factory.



"That Harrigan is a card!"
Bluebook 9210

2. Figure out a special job you can do for your own company or institution after you pass retirement day. This is quite a trick—it may involve your going off the payroll and being paid by the company's lawyers. It may involve a newly-created title. It may require that you never show your face on the premises again. But clever people are working out such deals, as you will see later on.

3. Start a business of your own (see following pages).

4. Get a job with one of the trade associations or professional organizations that are concerned with your business or profession. Next to committees, Americans love organizations best. And every business, every profession and every trade has an honored group of them. There are usually such organizations on the national level, and also on the state, county and city level. People are needed to write the letters and plan the conventions in these associations. And who is more logical than you who speak the language? Your company can help you make such a connection because most firms like to have a friend in the headquarters of their trade associations.

5. Pick up the side interest or the hobby you have been playing with for the last few years, and stop playing.

People who have gone into these retirement jobs have found there are three rules to follow:

1. Prepare to make less money than you have been making.
2. Prepare to reassess your pride, and lower it.
3. Do what you are going to do before you retire, not after.

And do these two things:

1. Get a job with a future to it. You can sell your career only once, and that is usually just after you retire. If you try one job and it fizzles out in a few years, you will look warmed over. If you decide to take it easy for an interval and then go to work you will also look warmed over. Men or women at retirement age need a job that will see them into their 70's and to the end. They should plan on only one chance.

2. Get a job, if possible, that is free from the rules of a regular work week. You do not want to go to an office or plant at the rush hour in the morning and fight to get home at 5 P.M. In your 60's you deserve better. You deserve also

to take a few days off in the spring, for no good reason, if you want to, and you are entitled to feel every once in a while that you just do not feel like going to work today. Such provisions as these can often be worked into the negotiations for a retirement job. But you must have it understood in the beginning and not try to institute changes six months later.

People of retirement age have the most valuable knowledge in America about people and business. Never forget that. And don't sell yourself too cheaply. You may have to in the end. But stand firm until somebody makes you.

It is an actual fact that good jobs are often easier to get than sorry ones. This applies particularly to retired people. Their 40 years or so of experience with a particular business or profession has given them priceless qualifications to be an adviser or consultant to any company that deals with that business or profession. But those years are no qualification for digging ditches or night-watching a warehouse.

Study your working career, study all phases of American life that have dealt with it. A retired postal worker became company mail man for a large grocery concern; a retired accountant found a good job with a credit association; another postal worker went to work in the airmail division of an airline; a municipal employee in the street-and-sidewalk department went to work for a cement company; a bookkeeper in the employee welfare department of a large corporation went to work for the insurance firm that sold the company its group insurance; a retired industrial nurse obtained a job with a concern manufacturing adhesive tape and bandages; a woman who had been behind a cosmetics counter for 18 years became a traveling sales representative for a cosmetics house; an executive in the coffee business walked into a fine job as consultant to the freight department of a steamship line serving South America.

If they did, why can't you?

A Post-Retirement Job With Your Own Boss

There is always a way around a retirement policy if the man or woman is valuable enough.

One corporation doing nation-wide business is now using the services of a salesman who is 72 and who has been with the corporation nearly 30 years . . . this despite the fact that the corporation has an ironclad policy that all employees must retire at 65.

The salesman is good, exceptional in fact. The operating vice-president knew it. But as he looked over the union employees in the factory who all had to retire at 65, and all the white-collared workers facing the same sentence, he did not dare make an exception of the salesman. He took the matter to the board of directors. And there a plan was worked out whereby the salesman retired at 65, had a farewell ceremony like everybody else, took his pension and went.

Two months later the corporation's law firm hired him on its own payroll, paying him what he always got—minus the pension—and the salesman went on selling as before.

Salesmen who are good are often the most indispensable men in an organization, and thus in more favorable position to make deals. Sometimes a man in the business office with particularly good contacts with banks becomes an exception to a retirement policy. Occasionally an executive job.

Special deals on retirement that can be made with your company are usually good ones because in making them you can usually set your own hours and conditions.

It might not be a bad idea to check on your boss' vanity before he retires you, see if there is a way to capitalize on it. It would be good also to consider writing a letter instead of going in to see the boss when you have an idea. Few employees can communicate a new idea too effectively to a superior in person. Even if they could, his preoccupation would be in getting them on out of the office. A letter gives him a chance to contemplate.

Find out if your company has a financial interest in any other business, one that has no retirement policy. If you have been a good employee and you make known your wishes to keep working, you can sometimes find in this connection an ideal post-retirement job. A Midwest meat-packing firm put two of its employees, who wanted to retire in the South, in the office of a trucking subsidiary in northern Florida.

A boss, like a bird, is better in the hand than in the bush. You have one in hand before you retire. Explore every way in which he might help you before the pension comes.

Don't Be Afraid to Be an Expert

"An expert," says a retired man who is successfully serving as one, "is a person with a confident look on his face. It is the person with enough brass in his or her make-up to step forth and calmly announce: 'I am an authority on this.'

"It's amazing how many people will believe you.

"Every retired person who has a specialty or a side interest that has been developing through the years, is probably a better expert on that particular subject than two-thirds of the younger people who are making a profession out of it.

"But you've got to act the part. And you've got to tell the people."

Chapter 5

How About a Retired People's Home?

As you move into the retirement years you will give considerable thought to the homes for retired people that have been springing up all over the country. Almost everybody does, sooner or later.

A single woman will think about it more than a single man does. A wife will think of it more often than a husband.

Because the primary allure of a retired people's home is security. And in the main, security is a more acute worry for women than for men.

But whoever you are, this chapter is intended to give you the information with which you can settle the matter once and for all.

Do you move in, or don't you?

People who have faced the decision before you, and solved it intelligently, have usually solved it by taking an inventory of four factors in their lives:

1. Their emotions
2. Their families
3. Their friends
4. Their money

EMOTIONS—How afraid are you that you won't have security as you grow old? One woman who went into a home only a few weeks before this was written was terribly afraid she would not have it if she continued living alone. "How do I know that I will not become ill in my apartment some night, or fall, and be unable to call for help?" That was her dominant thought. But she went on: "Suppose I should become an invalid, confined to my bed permanently. Where could I get nursing care on the income that has been left to me? I would not inflict myself on my married children. I certainly would not want to go to a charity hospital. But in one of the homes for old people I would get the needed care automatically and with some dignity." Then she pointed out that at age 67 she felt the world was running off down the road in front of her, that she could not keep up, that she longed for some sheltering arms that would reach out to help, or at least protect. A home, she concluded, offered the only sheltering arms to be had.

If you feel as this woman did, whether you are a man or a woman, it is probably best for you to move into a home. The woman was afraid, of course. Possibly she was a coward. But in the retirement years you really do not have to prove anything any longer. To be brave, and scared, outside a home would not be so pleasant as to be a coward, and at peace, inside one. And anyway, nobody else cares.

But consider the other side of the coin in making up

your mind. God did not design things so that you would be helpless necessarily after 65. Nowhere in the whole span of your life have you had physical security.

You have to have faith . . . faith in your ability to get by . . . faith, simply, in tomorrow.

FAMILY—The situation in your particular family might well be the most important single consideration in deciding whether to go into a home or not. In the next 15 years or so you are going to grow old. Your personality and your habits may become difficult. You will want company. You may need physical attention.

Will your children—and particularly your children's wives and husbands—have enough genuine affection for you to keep you happy if you go live with them?

It will be difficult to determine this. But try. If the affection is there, stay out of a home and stick with the family. But if there is any doubt, if the children and in-laws pretend affection for you because you have money, if they are civil because they are nice people, or if the children try to show attentions over the protests of their spouses, then a home will make you happier.

FRIENDS—Going into a home for retired people is not unlike a young man going into the Army. You tell your friends good-by and you insist you will be seeing them soon. But a pleasant fellow from Newark becomes your bunk-mate in the Army, and you learn how to play checkers with new people. After a while you forget that you promised the old friends you would be seeing them soon.

That is the way most people going into homes in the retirement years have found it. They mean to keep in touch. Things just do not turn out that way.

If your friends are important to you, and you are sure they will give you the companionship you will need as you grow older, think long and hard before moving into a home.

MONEY—If you have an income large enough to support yourself, to hire some nursing care if it is needed, and to handle reasonable medical bills, you will probably not go into a home. You may—wealthy people are in them. But you probably will not.

There are two reasons: You will be able to provide for yourself most of the things people go into homes for; and you will not want to give up all your resources to the home, which is an entry requirement in many of them.

These four factors, as you will notice, add up to a negative picture—you go into a home if you do not have what you need on the outside. But there are positive reasons for doing it, as you will see later on.

It is more common than not for the resident to have to surrender all assets to a retirement home before entering it. There is nothing sinister about this. The homes usually have waiting lists, and most of the people wanting to get in have no funds. The homes are dedicated to serving people who need them. And there is never enough money. They feel it right that people with money that might take care of their needs outside should not take quarters that a destitute person needs. Thus the equalizing.

Retired people's homes are being sponsored now by an increasing variety of organizations. Churches sponsor many of them. So do fraternal organizations. Unions and civic groups are coming into the picture. And of course there are the public homes operated by cities and counties.

There are all sorts of private homes, ranging from sanitariums to boarding houses. Some of these are excellent. Some are not.

If you should visit one of the better homes operated by religious or fraternal groups, you would find the residents generally happy. Pleasant women would be sitting about on divans and would tell you how splendidly the nice people were running the home. There would be others, usually men, who would be enthusiastic. They would have "adopted" the home as they adopt a winning baseball team and would tell you with genuine pride what a great place it was.

Some would be glum and would not tell you anything. Only a grouch here and there would criticize the home for you.

But most of the people you saw would feel a deep gratitude toward the home. They had been the chosen few out of hundreds who wanted in; they had had a need and the home had met it.

Chapter 6

What's Good and Bad About a Farm

IF YOU HAVE DREAMED in the same manner most others of retirement age have, you have dreamed that somewhere out beyond age 65 is a little farm that will grow your Golden Years.

It would be a few acres over which you are master, a domain where you will argue only with the sunshine and rain to make things as you would have them. It would be free of the crime and noise of the city . . . isolated from city problems. It would give you a chance to create things out of the earth. It would be an opportunity to make a bit of money.

More than all this—though you may not have put it in words—a little piece of land would be a reaching out to touch hands with Grandpa, because most city dwellers in this age of America are only two generations from the soil. And they can almost smell the fodder in the fields.

If all this is your dream, cultivate it, water it, let it flower. But before you rush out to harvest it sit back long enough to read what follows here.

The dream of older people in the city to acquire a farm usually stems from two understandable human urges. One is the urge for nature and peace . . . the mooing of cows, the bending over of willow branches into the creek, the freshness of a summer rain. The other is economic security.

The first urge simply cannot be satisfied by the normal man going into retirement. He does not have the money to hire enough of the farm work done to bask in the beauty of a farm. The second urge offers no guarantee of security. It offers hope, a chance to provide your own food and shelter. Perhaps it offers a better chance of security than most ventures. But it is a venture, and a chance for security is all it offers.

So analyze yourself in the light of these two factors. What, honestly, are you seeking on a farm? What chance do you have to get it? Is the road of retreat back to the city open in case you fail?

Possibly you have the answers, and possibly they are good answers. If so, a farm could be the Golden Years for you. Certainly it has been for others. But if you, like the small boy, want to go because you want to go—which is why most who go are doing it—you are gambling with the best years of your life.

You, and most other people who buy magazines, can buy a farm. It may surprise you to know how easily you can acquire one. In the last couple of years you could have taken $1,000 and bought a sizeable farm of your own in some of the best climate in the United States. You could have done it without a mortgage.

You could have bought a 50-acre tract of land, part bottoms, part uplands, all of it tillable, with a five-room house, barn, outbuildings, a 2,000-capacity chicken house, and a good well . . . for $15 an acre.

You could have bought three acres of land with a three-room house, good spring, and good garden spot . . . for $450.

The land described above was advertised for sale in an official publication of the State of Georgia Commissioner of Agriculture.

What you can find in Georgia you can find in varying degree in Alabama, Mississippi, Arkansas, and South Carolina. You can also find farms that would cost you a small fortune. The land offered for sale in the ads is not typical of the agricultural areas of those states, but the fact that there is such land at such prices opens the door to a farm if a farm is what you want.

Now what would you be getting if you bought one of

these cheap farms? You would not be getting anything the Agriculture Department in Washington would want to show off to visitors from Europe. The soil would probably be poor. The house might be unsealed, unpainted, and resting uncertainly on a few pillars of stones. There would probably be no plumbing and no electricity. The well and the toilet might be in the back yard. The farmers who put it up for sale, at a price that would look ridiculous in many parts of the country, must not have been too happy with it.

Such a farm would hardly be on the outskirts of a town, or even on a paved highway. It might be on rutted road somewhere over a hill and through a hollow and far away.

But it would be a farm.

This is not the only type of land you are able to acquire. Retired people have bought small truck farms on the edge of cities in New Jersey and Iowa, picked up pieces of bluegrass in mid-Kentucky, taken on irrigated patches in California, and raised pigs on the Missouri hills. But you do not get these farms in the dime store, as you do some of those in Dixie. The price might range to $500 an acre. Still, if you have the money, you can acquire them.

Why then not take a chance?

Robert W. Graham, an insurance man of Hartford, Conn., who retired and bought a farm at 65, would tell you it is because you probably do not know what you are doing.

"I had lived on a farm as a boy," he says, "and after reaching my adult years I never had any doubt that I would eventually go back. When I got my pension I sold my home in Hartford and bought a New England farm.

"I didn't know it at the time, but I was buying an illusion, not an agricultural enterprise. I was buying a meadow I played in as a boy, not a pasture I'd have to fertilize for livestock. I was buying a gallon of cool milk brought up out of the cellar, not a cow that had to be milked at 6 A.M. I was buying a sunny spring morning with a fishing pole on my shoulder, not a spring afternoon when a cloudburst was washing $300 worth of my newly planted seed into the river.

"Oh, I realized there must be work and problems to a farm. It was just that as I sat dreaming in my insurance office a rainbow kept getting in the way."

Mr. Graham now lives in an apartment in New York City.

Mrs. C.F.C. would tell you not to buy a farm because it is dangerous. Since she just recently applied for old-age relief, she should know.

She and her husband scraped together their assets when he retired and bought a small truck farm. It looked like security. Perhaps it would have been if he had not died. Possibly it could have been if he had not died so slowly. He was ill for eight months and the farm went to seed.

After the funeral there was no money to hire men to work the farm, even if there were men who wanted to do it. A 66-year-old woman could not do it.

Yet all the assets that were left were tied up in these sorry acres. The appeal for relief was the only hope of warding off the inevitable day when a tax man or a creditor would come to claim his right.

James Coulters would tell you not to buy a farm because farmers have more sense than you have—and they are not getting rich. He retired in Indianapolis, bought his farm in Missouri.

"City people are a vain lot when it comes to farming," he said—and he did not say in Missouri; he had already returned to Indianapolis. "They generally regard farmers as hayseeds, though they won't say that, and they are confident that anything a hayseed can do they can do better.

"I had some of this feeling. All I had to do was to study some of the extension courses from the University, read a few books on hog-raising, apply what I had learned about marketing from 20 years in the wholesale grocery business—and I was in.

"Those Missouri farmers had forgotten more about raising hogs than I had learned. They proved it in the beginning when they sold me a farm that an underprivileged jaybird wouldn't live on. They proved it over the next two years when they raised more hogs per acre than I could raise and got better prices at market than I could get. But still, the ones I knew couldn't own better than a second-hand car.

"When men who have spent a lifetime farming can't make a lot of money out of it—not even when the knowledge of two or three generations of farmers in the family has been passed down to them—what chance has a man with an Oxford gray suit got?"

James Coulters dropped about $1700 in operating his farm in two years, and dropped another $3000 when he sold his farm. He figured the lesson was worth about that amount.

John W. Proctor, who retired from a district insurance job in Atlanta, would tell you not to buy a farm because it requires too much work for a man who has made his living in a city.

Many people could tell you other reasons why a farm is no good for retirement. They could, that is, if you could find them. But people who move to a farm after retirement and find it bad can seldom come back to tell their stories. They have put all they have into their acres. It is difficult to get it back out. Anyway, where would they go to live so cheaply?

So they remain, hibernate as they grow older, become more introverted and more grown up with weeds, and one day they are quietly buried.

A man named George Benton thought he had the qualifications for retirement to a farm. Mr. Benton was a city man for about 35 years before retirement. He was a salesman, lived in an apartment.

"I sold the farm after a year and a half and came back to the city . . . to the rush-hour traffic, the near-by doctors, and the back-fence neighbors that were part of me.

"I could have operated a crossroads store in the country and been happy," he continued. "I could have run one of those trucks that goes around selling things to farm families. I could have been a farm agent or a rural mail carrier. And I would have been happy.

"I like country life. But I like a lot of people around better. Living on a farm was just too lonesome."

These observations are not intended to discourage you . . . a farm could still be splendid for your particular retirement. But they may give you pause for a realistic appraisal of your plans and help you avoid the illusion so often left with retired people that a little piece of ground is all you need to find the Golden Years.

With a realistic appraisal you possibly can find on a farm the best life you ever had. But you will need particular traits of character, a particular set of circumstances, and particular ability to work.

Here are some of the major advantages of going to a farm when you retire:

A farm is a job. It is a job you buy, but one you can get. It is one you can boss yourself, one where to some extent you can set the working hours. A job of some kind you must have if the later years of your life are to make you happy.

A farm has certain angles of security you can find nowhere else. It has soil that will grow things to eat and a house to give you shelter. If you have a pension, too, you are insured about as well against the basic wants of life as it is possible to be.

A farm can be had. A retired couple owning their home in the city can usually sell it, and with the proceeds buy a substantial farm for cash. Others, with their life insurance about paid up at 65, can borrow from it and buy a farm, or use it as collateral for a loan to make the purchase. Still others, with some savings and an established credit, can make a down-payment on a farm and secure their mortgage payments with their pension. Many people who have retired to farms have started buying them several years before retirement and gotten them under control before their salaries stopped.

A farm is a means of making money. For most people who become farmers at 65, the best way to make money is to pray every night that somebody will discover oil on the place. Yet there are many examples of retired people making money from the things a farm will produce. Livestock, specialty

crops, Christmas trees, and mushrooms have made money for retired people. So have flowers, ornamental trees, and evergreens. Perhaps cotton and corn, too, but you seldom hear of too much success in the major farm products. The retired person has his best chance with a specialty which the usual farmers do not have time to bother with and which he can study until he becomes an expert. (Check the U.S. Department of Agriculture and the Department of Agriculture in the state where you want to farm to get some ideas on specialty crops. And don't forget the county agent in the county where your farm will be located.)

There is one other interesting advantage in farming. You never hear Congressmen orating about the Shoe Salesman Problem, or the Bookkeeper Problem. But for how many years have you been hearing about the Farm Problem? As a farmer in retirement you would be a member of an important fraternity. You would be part of a segment of America that is watched over, given all kinds of government help, and petted.

Balance these advantages against the undisputed evils of committing the later years of your life against a bit of earth:

A farm, under the best of conditions, is isolated living. After 65 is not a good time to be isolated. There is nobody to call to out the back door in case of emergency in the house. Doctors and hospitals are not close enough for the ailments and the sudden physical failures that grow more numerous after 65. The necessities of every day—the calico and the coffee—are too far away for comfortable fetching.

A farm, because of its isolation, is lonely. Anyone accustomed to urban life might find it extremely so. As one man, who retired from Philadelphia to a farm in South Carolina, said: "I think older people must prepare to be a little lonely anyway when they retire from their business life and their business friends. When you then pick up and go to a new part of the country, and then to a house sitting out in the middle of a field, you have done just about everything you can to make yourself completely alone in the world."

A farm is work. If you are going to make any money out of it, it is hard, steady work. Don't let anybody mislead you about this.

Chapter 7

You and Your Children

DRINK DEEPLY FROM YOUR CUP of wisdom when you retire, then stand off and size up your children. With all your compassion and with your 65 years of common sense, try to see them as they are.

Because your children can be the key to your Golden Years. More than money, prestige or sunshine, they can bring you happiness. They also can bring you despair.

Those who have gone before you into retirement have learned that relationships of retired people with their children fall into three primary categories:

1. Shall you live with them or not?
2. When and how shall you pass your money on to them?
3. How, since they are the only ones who really love you, shall you keep them close?

Shall You Live With Them?

All the grief which older people experience when they go to live with their children stems from the simple fact that children had rather they would live somewhere else. The grief may wear the face of a money problem, a lack-of-space problem, a temperament problem, but wherever there is unhappiness in the situation it is due fundamentally to the fact that the children wish the parents were living somewhere else.

In most cases it is not the children but the children's spouses who do not want you. But the spouse has more influence over the children than the parents do—if the marriage is good—so the net results are the same.

Thus in trying to decide whether or not to move in with your children, determine if they really want you. The nicer the children, the more difficult it will be to make up your mind. Because all nice children want their parents—that is the civilized stand to take.

If you come to the conclusion they do not, go to almost any lengths to find living-quarters elsewhere. And do not feel hurt. Do not feel that somewhere back along the trail you failed as a parent. What you will be experiencing is what many another set of fine parents, who reared fine children, have experienced, too. And do not go groping into the void for an answer to why children are this way. The answer does not seem to be on this earth.

A man and his wife in Indiana retired and decided, on invitation, to move into the Indianapolis home of a daughter and her family. They wanted to avoid the pitfalls, too, so they made a serious business agreement with the daughter and her husband. Out of their $175 a month retirement income they would pay $100 a month. They would help with the household duties like any other members of the family.

The couple, after a while, found six major objections to the arrangements:

1. When problems came to the household, as they must to all households, did the son-in-law think these two old folks had certainly struck a fine bargain for themselves? The couple got the idea he did.

2. When the son-in-law and daughter entertained friends in the evening in the living room (where the television set was) were the parents to leave? They did not belong, but there was nowhere to go but their bedroom.

3. Were the parents, laboring under an inferiority complex that comes from living in somebody else's house, to do more of the household work than they were able to do . . . just to be sure they were doing what would be considered enough?

4. A dread seemed to hang over the house that the couple would one day grow ill and have to be nursed. The subject wasn't mentioned but the couple sensed that it was present.

5. The issue arose of the son-in-law's needing some money. The couple still had, in addition to the pension, the proceeds from the sale of their home.

6. The reaction of the other children was a factor. The couple found that since there was a little money to be willed, the children they did not live with grew suspicious . . . not so much of them as of the daughter they were living with.

This was only one couple's experience. Undoubtedly they were inclined to be sensitive. If you are inclined that way you might make a note of it.

Retired parents have moved in with their children and everybody concerned has lived happily ever after. You do not hear of those cases often, though. Talk to parents in New England and St. Petersburg, along the storybook coast near Carmel, Calif., and in the tenements of Chicago. If they tell you all they know they will tell you that retired people have no business living with their children. They will tell you, if they will, of disputes over money, of being turned into babysitters, of being isolated in back bedrooms, of being caught in the crossfire of a child and an incompatible spouse. They will tell you of becoming nonentities in virile, bustling households of a generation which knows no songs that the old folks can sing.

Most retired people who move in with their children do so because they do not have enough money to live comfortably anywhere else. That puts them in an inferior position to start. If parents who moved in with children had enough money to be independent you would see much more compatibility. But parents who have enough money to make a free choice nearly always choose to live somewhere else.

So, if the thing to do is to move in with your children, have a little money that you are willing to appropriate to the children's benefit, or work out some other plan to be valuable. Helping wash dishes will not be enough. Neither will cutting the grass and removing the garbage. These are chores a servant does. The help—if it is to obtain for you the

prestige in the home that will bring happiness—must be somewhere near the level of the children's own occupation. And the money must be enough to be important in the children's way of life.

How to Pass Money on to Your Children

Most parents love their children with a genuineness of heart that an outsider can't understand. They want to give their children financial help, and they guard jealously the money they expect to leave them someday.

This is natural, and it is good. But if you are passing your money along to your children now "so they can enjoy it while they need it most" or if you are denying yourself pleasures and hoarding what you have "so the children will never have to go through what I did," there is a chance you are making a mistake.

There are three reasons:

1. The children in all likelihood have done nothing to deserve what money you give them, and they are likely to be poorer citizens, not better ones, because of your generosity. Have you ever heard of free hand-outs helping anybody's character?

2. The children will not appreciate your money nearly so much as you think they will. It could not possibly mean as much to them as it has meant to you because attitudes toward money change with the generations. You once saved a $15 Pullman berth to suffer an uncomfortably day-coach ride on a train. Your son or daughter would spend that $15 in an evening and think nothing about it. Nor would they ever consider sitting up all night on a day-coach. . . . You wrestle through the winters with a seven-year-old car. Your children will use what you give them to trade in a last year's model for what's coming out of Detroit next fall. . . . You shivered through the years shoveling coal into a balky furnace. Your children will use the money thus saved to throw out their automatic furnace and buy air-conditioning. . . . You would not think of squandering your money on whiskey, so you save it, pass it on to your children, and next Friday night they will have a cocktail party and spend in a night—on people they do not particularly like—more money than you saved in a year by your virtue.

"I want to report a Peeping Tom!"

Bluebook 9211

This does not mean children are evil people. It is just that the value of money changes. And what you stinted to save in the first half of the 20th Century is much less important than you think it ought to be to the children who are running the second half.

3. Giving money to your children will not keep them close to you. You probably think it will. It will not. Too many examples of retired parents who tried it have gone before you for there to be any doubt. Children get money from their parents and run. They come back, but only to get more. Then they run again.

Your children are different, of course. Everybody's children are.

Here, in capsule, are some actual cases showing what sometimes happens when parents give most of what they have to children. These cases are not typical necessarily, but they show what *can* happen.

A mother, widowed, had been left her home and enough investments to see her through—not well, but safely. A son who had not been successful in finding his place in life wanted to open a television shop. He needed $7,500 to do it. The mother thought she should help him because, as the son had pointed out, the money was really Dad's.

Her banker advised her strongly against selling any of her investments since she probably could not get others as good. So, using the investments as security, she borrowed $7,500, gave it to the son.

The business failed. The son went off to New York. The mother, in order to save her investments, took a mortgage on her house, and now is taking in boarders in an effort to pay it off.

Another mother, fairly well to do, and widowed, voluntarily gave her son $15,000 to enable him to buy a house for his family. Six years later the mother went blind. The son and his wife put her in a nursing home.

A man and his wife, both 69, who lived a lonely life in a little home on the outskirts of Louisville, Ky., thought perhaps their married children did not come to see them often because they never had given them anything. They had just over $12,000 in cash which they did not need because their pension and Social Security were taking care of their needs. Maybe if they made a grand gesture and split $10,000 among their three children.

They did. The children came home—one from Chicago, one from New York, one from Kansas City—and accepted the bonanza with enthusiasm and devotion. They stayed a few days. Then two of them came back for a visit the next Christmas. That was Christmas 1954. The parents have not seen any of them since then. But one of them, a daughter, writes occasionally.

Sometimes parents give money voluntarily to their children. Sometimes the children demand it.

"I know you are going to leave me money in your will," a son wrote his mother not long ago. "You're just 60 now and in good health. That means perhaps twenty years. By then I'll be 54. Money to me at 54 will not mean one-tenth what it does now.

"When I married $300 would have meant more to me than $3,000 would at 54. You said no.

"When the babies started and we needed furniture and many other things, a little money would have been a lot. Still you didn't see fit to help.

"Now I want a house.

"I'm in my greatest 'want' age right now. I won't be at 54. Anyway, by then I will be making my largest income.

"Why deny me money when I need it, then will it to me when I don't?"

Here is the case of a father with a similar case:

"I had my own business, so when I retired I did not get a pension. My retirement income was from investments Mother and I had carefully laid away over the last 15 years.

"Our son knew this, and hardly had I given up the business when he and his wife came over and proposed that we

let them have several thousand dollars to open a store of their own.

"From a business standpoint, and from the standpoint of Mother's security and mine, the proposal was absurd.

"But are you going to tell your own son this?

"I refused to let him have the money. He persisted. And as the months have gone by bitterness has come into our relationship. I have been accused of forsaking my moral responsibilities to my own flesh and blood.

"If this happened to a man across the street I would tell him impatiently to kick his son in the pants and slam the door on him. He couldn't do it. I can't do it either. But what am I going to do?"

In both of these cases the fundamental situation is the same—children thinking selfishly of themselves. In both cases the problem was solved in the same way. A third person was brought in to take over management of the parents' money. In the first case, of the mother, it was the family attorney. In the second it was the trust officer of a bank.

Both parents placed their money out of reach of children and everybody else—in investments that could not be nibbled at.

If you are going into retirement with money, something like this may be worth considering. With the money tied up in such a way that it can not be given away, you have the perfect answer to demands that may be made on you and one that is not so likely to cause recriminations.

Of course it would be better to tie the money up before the demands begin.

But you still want to help your children. You want to make life easier for them, see that they have things you could never have. And there is nobody but your children that you want to get what you are able to leave behind.

How to do it without falling into trouble?

First you must constantly remind yourself of this basic truth: the most fascinating retired people in America are retired people with a checkbook in their hand.

You are fascinating to everybody, but particularly to your children.

So work out a clever technique of using the checkbook. Say you have two children, a son and a daughter, both married and with children. Do not give them $200 for Christmas. Send some clothes to the babies and maybe some hosiery to their parents. Then along about January 15 when the Christmas bills are piled up, send them the $200 check.

Some evening along in the spring when you are invited over for dinner take along a couple of hams, or if they have a freezer make it a quarter of beef.

Your children probably will not have much money, what with the expenses of a young family, and getting together enough money for a summer vacation is probably a tougher job than most outsiders know. The night before they leave drive over to tell them good-by and give them $100. It will look like a million dollars.

Always do the unexpected. Time your gift to your children's particular needs. And whatever money you give, let the children spend it as they choose.

A $200 check from Mom and Pop at Christmas would be wonderful and your children would tell half a dozen friends about it. But $200 on January 15 would be a sensation and they would tell everybody they knew.

Use what psychology you can. The children will love you for it.

Barring serious emergencies, let your children work their way out of the financial holes they get into. They ought to have the stuff in them to do it—and was anybody around to help you?

If you help them with doctor bills, buy them a new stove when they need it, sign their note at a bank, they will be grateful. But give them money out of the blue, for no reason, and they will love you.

Adult children like to brag about their parents. They like to tell friends that Dad was over for lunch the other day and when he left they found $50 under the cream pitcher. They like to talk about Mother and Dad spending the winter in Mexico . . . mention nonchalantly that Mother and Dad are such gadabouts "we just can't get them to come to see us."

So if you spend a little money to make yourself gay and glamorous you are passing on to your children something they are very proud to have.

How much money you should give your children depends first on how much you have. Then it depends on inheritance taxes, and only a lawyer can advise you there. But never give most of what you have away. You are more fascinating if you keep it. And you are much more fascinating if you never let your children know just how much you are keeping.

Not many months ago a rather interesting retired father with a substantial sum of money decided he would out-smart the tax boys. His children, not the government, would get what he had accumulated. He divided it all up, except for enough to live on, and distributed it with a grand gesture to his four children.

It was like straightening the leaning Tower of Pisa, or filling the Grand Canyon up with rocks. He was not interesting any more.

As for willing your money to your children, it is a matter of your personal feelings and what your lawyer thinks best. But by all means, where children are involved, have a will. You can make your children lifetime enemies of each other if you fail to do this.

Many men today, in view of the fact that their wives are living longer than they, are leaving their money in trust for their wives, for them to use for their lifetimes, then decreeing how it shall be passed on to their children.

Few men with any experience with the world are leaving their money directly to their children with the request that they take care of Mother. Father himself is taking care of Mother.

How to Keep Your Children Close

At about the same time you retire from working, your children will be retiring from you.

That is ironic, but it is natural. It is necessary only that you understand why it happens. Then you can do something about it.

Most parents at 65 have children who are moving on 40. The children are married by then, have their own children, and are struggling to keep up with the people down the block. The pressures—social and financial—and the ambitions have begun moving toward their peak. They are at the most self-centered period of their adult lives.

In 15 years the children will be over the hump and would have time to move closer to you. But you would like them now.

"I figured out that Mother and I had no right to inject ourselves into the lives of our children when I retired," Charles R. Matthews, a utility man, said one night as he awaited the annual visit of his three married children. He was sitting on the porch of his retirement farm in Virginia.

"They were busy with their own affairs, and I couldn't honestly see where a 65-year-old couple, even if they were Mom and Dad, fitted into them. Oh, we could have pushed ourselves on them, and since they are good children they would have put up with us. But I wondered if that wasn't the way parents lost their grown children.

"We came to this farm, which is what we had long wanted, and I was able to put it on a paying basis. Mother and I worked out a plan.

"We had three children and nine grandchildren. In the spring we wrote them. We told them we wanted to have a reunion at the farm during the summer, wanted all the children to come and stay a week, and said Mother and I would stand all expenses."

They bought three tents and pitched them in the back yard. In two of them the grandchildren would live and sleep. In the third, one set of their parents would sleep each night, on an alternating basis.

The Matthews laid in a supply of food. They borrowed

horses from a neighboring farm for the children to ride, mapped out fishing trips, arranged visits to nearby places of interest. The children all came, and they reveled in a new kind of vacation.

"It cost us virtually nothing," Mr. Matthews said. "Food is negligible on a farm. But our children and those grandchildren had the finest vacation they ever had. They were sentimental about it too—this getting together of all of us."

"It was four years ago that we began these summer reunions, and every year since the children have worked out among themselves which week they want to come. None of them has failed to come yet. . . ."

So the Matthews have kept their children close. And three times each winter, if they choose, they have no reluctance to go visiting at the homes of the three children.

Other retired parents have also found the reunion technique a good one. One couple leased the cabins in a state park in Iowa and invited their seven children to be their guests for a week in the summer, providing a cook to prepare all meals, and a baby tender to give the young parents some freedom.

Money, dispensed with technique, and reunions paid for by parents, will keep children close. There is little indication that fame, prestige, importance or social position will do it. Or that love by itself will do it.

But respect will—respect of the child for the parents—will keep children, even in their flurried forties, coming back to the old family fireside . . . respect for the wisdom of the parents, respect for their morality, respect for their quiet stability.

A man past 70 sat down one morning and told how he had lost, and then regained, the nearness of his children. He was a farmer who had accumulated perhaps $35,000 in house, land and machinery.

"Our idea as our children grew up was that their mother and I didn't owe them a living," he said. "We had lived a hard life on the farm. It wasn't out of keeping that we make this a hard and fast decision."

So as the two boys left to take jobs in the city, and as the daughter married and moved away, all were told that they were now on their own. If ever they got into trouble, let the parents know. If ever they wanted money they would have to work it out by themselves.

The years passed. The children wrote, but they did not come home often.

"It was lonely," he said, "and once in a while Mother and I wondered if we had done wrong. Had we been too hard and lost our children? Had they gone into the city and found other parents were more generous, then condemned us silently as a result?

"But I knew our stand was right. And I had enough faith in the rightness of human nature to believe that the time would come in our children's lives when we were important again."

It did come. It came when their children began having children of their own.

"The farm, which we hadn't squandered to make our children temporarily happy, became a vacation spot for all of them. A week or a week-end out of the summer at first, then more, until finally all three children were spending their two-week vacations with us.

"We weren't kidding ourselves, Mother and me. Our children were coming home because it was a free vacation and was good for the children. But you've got to make allowances. I still had faith that human nature would pay off."

So the years passed, and the children and grandchildren continued to come every summer. They wrote more regularly now. They came on Christmas when they could.

"The grandchildren began adopting the farm animals when they arrived in the summer, and my two boys began talking to me about their affairs and their jobs. They would ask me for advice. They would tell me about their problems, not to ask help in solving them but because they thought I would like to know.

"They were getting on toward 40 now, and so was our daughter's husband. They were learning that people out in the world weren't always to be depended on. They were beginning to find out how valuable a little wealth was, to respect Mother and me for what we were and what we had."

At long last he had won back his children.

"Some people might say I was stingy in not giving my children more when they left home, but I don't think I was. I was doing what the hard-working people in this country had always had to do to their children. And you can't say it didn't generate the energy in them to build a magnificent country. I was doing by my children what I believed was right for them and for us.

"If our children had never come back to us it would have been pretty bad. But even so, I had rather they would wish we would die so they could get our money, than to wish we would die so they wouldn't have to support us."

Here might be a set of rules you could follow in relations with your children, making modifications as your circumstances dictate:

1. In your retirement years your children are in their want years. You can contribute two things to their wants—money or service. If you give money give it always unexpectedly, never give away enough of it to lose your independence, never let your children know just how much you have. If you give service be particularly careful that you do not become a servant.

2. Your children belong to their own generation, their own set of activities. You could never be a member. Do not intrude. Advise, if advice is welcome; caution if you can get by with it. But do not try to make them do as you would do. Do not try to be a pal and tag along. By the time you retire they know what they are doing.

3. Don't expect your children to love you, or pay tribute to you, because they are supposed to.

4. Wear the face of character and the face of wisdom . . . wear the face of a person who is respected by people. When life begins to slap your children around these virtues will seem like stalwart arms to them. They will come to you for comfort, even though they may never admit that is why they came. There are almost no other characteristics you can have, and no other trappings except money, that will lure them.

5. Don't live with your children if there is any way to avoid it. But live close by if you can. Maybe around the corner.

Chapter 8

$10,000 Is Not Money

THIS CHAPTER IS FOR wives—and their husbands.

If you are a wife, and if your husband is past 45, don't read this now. Lay it aside until he can join you. Then sitting side by side on the sofa let the two of you read it together.

If you do, you may protect yourself from going to a relief office one day to seek something to eat. You may avoid some of the most awful loneliness a woman ever suffers.

Because what follows here will deal with what your husband has provided for you to live on when he is dead.

He will probably die before you do. He will not want to accept that. But it is a statistical fact that he will . . . maybe eight to 10 years before you do. The Census Bureau of the Federal Government can prove it to him. So can a good insurance company. So can almost any book in the public library on aging.

For a husband to presume that he will always be here to take care of his wife—when rest homes and boarding houses across the country are overflowing with widows—is to take a dangerous gamble with what must be precious to him.

If you are like most wives you have never been in contact with large sums of money. A $20 bill is fairly

familiar; you have seen checks for several hundred dollars perhaps. But your world of finance has revolved mainly in the orbit of $100 and less.

The largest sum of money you have seen in this world of yours is the figure on the front of your husband's life insurance policy. That figure may be $10,000. A large number of husbands who are getting along rather well in the world have $10,000 in insurance. Many have less.

That $10,000 is not quite real to you, first because you can not visualize your husband ever dying, second because you have no conception how much money $10,000 is. But since it is vastly more than you have ever dealt with, it must be a lot. Surely it is enough to take care of anything.

But take a closer look at it. Consider for a moment that it is in your hands, that you are alone in the world now, that this money is to provide your food and shelter from here on.

You could do two things with it. You could invest it for what income it would bring, or you could begin spending it for your needs. If you invested it you could get at best on a conservative investment something under five per cent, or less than $500 a year. Many experts would say you would have to take less than that for a safe investment.

But consider the $500. That is less than $42 a month. And that is all the $10,000 is worth. How much has your husband been bringing home every month to support you and the home—$600? . . . $700?

The other thing you can do with the $10,000 is to put it in the bank and draw checks for your monthly needs. Say you can cut these needs down to $150 a month, which would be considerable cutting. In six years the $10,000 would be gone. If you are 60 now that would extend you just about far enough to ruin your chances of going to work.

A good many widows have caught themselves in this kind of trap.

Of course your husband may have made provisions in his insurance policy for specified payments to be made to you over a certain period of time, and these payments might well be more than the $42 a month you would get by investing the $10,000. So this is your first question to your husband. Is any such provision made in his insurance? How much will you be paid? How often? For how long?

These are questions a woman does not like to ask her husband. They are questions he does not like to answer because the whole subject is predicated on his dying. That is why the thing will work out better if you are reading this together.

The second question is how much does it cost for a husband to die. Certainly the wife should know this since in all probability she will be the one to bury him. No wife could call a funeral home and inquire what it would charge to handle her husband's funeral, when he is still very much alive. But he could inquire for her. He also could discuss with her what kind of funeral he did *not* want and thus save her money that might well be protecting her from indignity three years from now.

Funerals are an ordeal quite apart from the death involved. In a city they can be extremely costly. They can involve buying a cemetery lot, hiring grave-diggers (who may demand their money before they dig the grave), going to the husband's employer or to the bank to borrow money that will tide you over the immediate crisis.

Has your husband, incidentally, provided any way for you to get the $400 or $500 you may need within 24 hours after he dies?

The third question to ask your husband is about his pension. Under some pension systems an employee of a company can provide at, say, age 60, that his pension be set up so that when he retires at 65 he will receive only part of it and his wife will receive the remainder until her death. Some of the finest husbands in the land never tell their wives this, not so much because they want all their pension themselves but because they simply cannot bring themselves to believe they will die first.

The fourth question to ask your husband is where you stand in his Social Security set-up. Most husbands do not know where they themselves stand; they could not possibly know what benefits will be coming to their wives. Ask your husband to go to a Social Security office and investigate for you, finding out how much would be paid to you on his death, how quickly, with what sort of red tape. At what age will you begin drawing a Social Security pension? How much? How do you go about getting it?

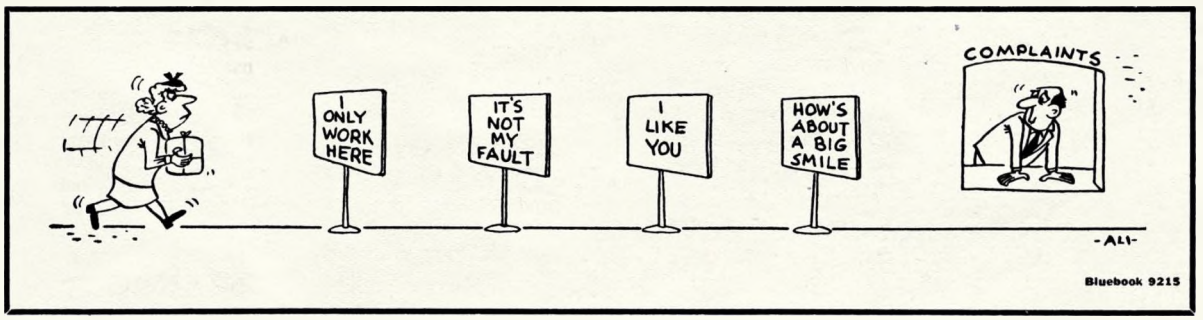
The fifth question to ask your husband is how he wishes you to carry on if he goes. His experience with the world is greater by far than yours and the advice he can give you on where to live and how, with whom, and with what precautions can be of priceless help.

Every married couple past the age of 45 should take up these five questions, thrash them out thoroughly all at once, then file the whole matter in a drawer and forget it.

You may not have even $10,000 if you are left a widow. But it may be of some consolation for you to know that even if you had a fortune—say $100,000—you would not be too well off. Certainly not so well off as you have been with your husband bringing home regular pay checks. Because $100,000 would give you only $4,000 or so a year on an investment that was conservative, or less than $400 a month. America is not now and never has been rich enough to provide the good life for everybody after the working years are over. That is why Social Security came, and all the pension plans. That is why the persistent insurance agent—no matter what your husband may say about him—is one of the greatest benefactors of women America has ever produced.

Do not let the warnings that have been sounded in this chapter make you grim. The problems that come with the mature years of life are only problems. Usually they can be solved. Just be aware that problems are out there in front of you, understand what they are, and make preparations to meet them. You will come through all right.

Any way you look at it, of course, the best financial security of the future—the investment that is worth $10,000 over and over again—is the man you own. Keep him alive and nearly all the problems that have been cited will never come. The next chapter will give you a formula for doing that.



Chapter 9

How to Keep a Husband Alive

NOTHING HAS EVER COME along that can contribute more to the Golden Years of a woman than a husband.

Only those who have had one and lost him realize this.

A husband is a movie in the evening, when a woman would not feel right going alone. He is a vacation trip by car. He is a badge of respectability in a hotel lobby, an entree to a cocktail lounge, an invitation to a mixed party.

He is the aspirin tablet and the glass of water when illness comes at 3 A.M., the shoveled walk in winter, the mowed lawn in spring. He is the butter and eggs in the icebox. He is the pair of ears that will listen to you, the pair of eyes that will smile back at you. He is the investigator of strange noises at the back door. He is companionship.

And a husband in the later years of life is a rarity, valuable for that if for nothing else.

If you have one, take care of him.

Husbands are dying at a rate that would be alarming if it were not so common. From the 50's on they begin dropping off, and by the late 60's not very many, comparatively, are left to take care of the women they married.

What can you, as a wife, do about it?

You can do five things:

1. Stop thinking that men are the stronger sex.

Take a look at some quick statistics—authoritative ones, from the Federal Census Bureau and the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company:

The life expectancy of a boy baby born in 1952 was 66.64 years. The life expectancy of a girl baby born the same year was 72.65.

The life expectancy of a man age 50 in 1952 was 23.01 years. A woman age 50 in that same year had an expectancy of 27.19.

At age 60 the man could expect to live 15.95 more years, and the woman could expect to live 19 more.

It would be good for you to stop thinking, also, that your husband will be around a long time because everybody lives longer now. Do you know how *much* longer he is expected to live than his grandfather? Maybe four months, if he is lucky.

Here are more statistics that may help you dispel from your mind one of the popular misconceptions about long life in this 20th Century. A man who was 60 years old in 1850 could expect to live 15.6 years. A man that age in 1952 could expect to live 15.95.

A woman age 60 in 1850 could expect 17 more years. In 1952 she could expect 19.

The misconception about how long people now live stems from the great advances made in saving babies' lives. A baby boy born in 1850 could expect an average life of 38.3 years. In 1952 he could expect 66.64. But as a boy moves out of babyhood the discrepancy in his life expectancy diminishes year by year until at age 70 there is little difference in what the 1850 and 1952 baby boys could expect—10.2 years as against 10.34.

Science has not been able to prove that men are the stronger sex. Certainly there would not be more women than men in the later years, and more widows than widowers, if they were.

2. Start treating your husband accordingly.

After his mid-40's stop asking him, or even allowing him, to do the heavy work around the house. Hanging storm windows, moving big boxes to the basement, and rearranging furniture may not be harming him. But something is causing him to die off. What? Your husband is the one who usually does most of the driving on long automobile trips, cuts the grass, carries your bags, totes in the heavy sacks from the grocery. Why? It will cost you money and personal effort to relieve your husband of such heavy-duty chores. And somewhere in the process chivalry is going to take a beating. But if it means that you will escape loneliness a few years longer you will have made a fine deal.

3. Make your husband do what only you can make him do.

Demand that he get regular check-ups from a doctor, certainly once a year. Let the doctor decide how often. Make the appointments yourself if necessary and nag your husband until he keeps them. Arrange life at home so that he gets rest every night. Nobody knows how much he needs except the doctor. Learn from the doctor what foods are best for him and insist that he eat them. Show him the statistics above if he demurs.

4. Find ways to ease the pressures on him.

If your husband is successful in business the pressures on his job will probably hit their peak in his 50's. Find diversions at home that will take his mind off these pressures. You have known him long enough to know what will divert him: Television, fishing, burlesque shows—you know. Keep in bounds the social and civic demands that are made on his evenings and week-ends. You did not let your children run around every night. Keep under control the raids that are made on his money—by children, by his own efforts to keep up with free-wheeling friends, perhaps by your own wifely ambitions.

5. As 60 arrives, start tapering him off toward retirement.

That last $10,000 he would make would not be worth it if you had to spend it alone. Start weaning him away from working hard. If he is going to the office 30 minutes early and leaving 30 minutes late, stop it. Build in his mind, possibly a bit at a time, a retirement dream . . . maybe a cabin on a lake in Wisconsin, maybe a cottage in Florida or a trout stream in Colorado, maybe tales of travels you can take together, maybe a business or a job you can handle together. An appetite for something beyond his work will have to be cultivated. It must be cultivated before the shock of quitting comes at 65. He will need something to catch onto the day his job ends.

You would be wise to regard your husband around age 60 much as you regarded your babies long ago. This is not a silly statement. A husband must be weaned from his life's work in almost exactly the same way a baby is weaned from a bottle. He must be pulled away from his work bit by bit.

Chapter 10

Don't Pay Too Much for a Pension

AS YOU MOVE ON toward retirement, clinging faithfully to the job that is promising you a pension, you would be wise to realize that any good gambling casino will guarantee you better odds than your pension will.

The casino will pay you, say, six for seven. Your pension may pay you 23 for 40. Or it may pay you three for 40.

You see, when you go into the casino you throw only your money down on the table. When you go after a pension you throw down your years *and* money—years that grow more difficult to give for most businessmen with each step toward 65, and money that in this era never comes back whole.

The life's expectancy of a man at age 65 is now in the neighborhood of 13 years. This means, of course, that one man will live to be 88 and another will die at 68. To get a pension for these years beyond 65, whatever they might total, a man may cling to one company and one job for 40 years.

This mixes up the years and the money, but as you seek to evaluate your pension you have to mix them. You have to figure how many years you can afford to give at a cost of $2.40 in premiums per week for how many years at $200 per month in pension.

Men do not work for a pension alone, of course, but by the time age 40 arrives the pension prospects begin to have a strong influence on most of them. They turn their backs on business sirens that would lure them away from their companies. They think more and more of cementing their position

with the companies to insure continuance of their jobs. They reason they have built an equity in their pension systems and cannot afford to give up this equity.

Along toward 60, and frequently between 60 and 65, men pay years of a more precious sort—not just years of drudgery that might have been better spent in some other business pursuit but years that may kill them. Nobody knows how many men have wrecked their health and their nerves in order to last out until 65 and grasp the pension.

But you can know, by reading the obituary notices in the daily paper, how many grasp the pension at last, then one year later topple over exhausted into their graves.

The pension picture is not always this grim, but the whole situation is grim enough for you to consider coldly how much in ulcers, sweat and years it is costing you to win a lifetime income, with no guarantee of when the lifetime will end.

It is grim enough for you to consider coldly also just what kind of money you are paying for what kind of money in return. Some of the most tragic retirement stories of the last 10 years have been those of teachers and others who retired on a fixed pension income and then were caught by inflation. Monthly checks they believed large enough to take care of any contingencies for the remainder of their lives became bus fare to relief offices to ask for help.

A dollar which they laid aside in 1939 to buy their pension came back to them in 1954 as 51.1 cents.

There is no way for you to know what the inflation of the future will be. The dollar you invest now in a pension may come back to you in retirement in 10 years as a full dollar. It also may come back as 35 cents. So you have to gamble on this, just as on how many years you will live to collect. But a few statistics may help you arrive at an intelligent guess.

This is the consumer price index (the normal things like food, housing and clothing the normal person consumes) as issued by the federal government for the years 1939 to 1954:

1939	59.4	1950	102.8
1941	62.9	1951	111.0
1943	74	1952	113.5
1945	76.9	1953	114.4
1947	95.5	1954	115.2
1949	101.8		

So what you bought in 1939 for 59 cents, cost you $1.15 in 1954. Look how the value of the dollar has changed in these years, which is another way of showing the same thing. In 1939 the dollar was valued at 100 cents. In 1950 it was worth 62.6. By 1954 it was down to 51.1 cents.

If things should continue on for the next 15 years as they have since 1939, and you retire now on a $200 a month pension, you do not need an adding machine to determine the fix you will be in before you reach 80.

Pensions have come to be a way of life in this half-way point of the century and are generally regarded by intelligent people as one of the great blessings that have come to the men and women who work for a living. They have spread over business life to such an extent that those who have no pension to look forward to are considered underprivileged members of society.

Like Motherhood and Sunday School, pensions are above reproach. Yet they are probably killing more men than cancer is. They are stultifying some of the finest brains in the country. They are deadening the spirit and ambitions of people who might make something of their lives. You can make an argument for the fact that more people are dying because of pension than ever died for lack of them.

If this startles you, look at a few case histories:

As this chapter is being written a vice-president of a large milk company is in a coma in the hospital. He had a heart attack a week ago and the doctors say it is a touch-and-go matter. He may die. He may come out of it to face a long period of convalescence.

This man was—he probably will never be again—vice-president in charge of sales. He had held the job for seven years and evidently had held it well. His salary had been good. Under a bonus-pension arrangement he would be entitled at age 65, three years hence, to an income of around $600 a month.

"Nothing short of a damn fool would give that up," he had said 18 months earlier when the first of three heart attacks hit him. He went to a hospital then, remained a couple of weeks, then after a short period of recuperation went back to work.

It was just a year later that a second attack, also minor, came. The doctor was frank. A third attack would probably come, he said, and this one might be fatal. If the man wanted to live there was no choice for him except to quit his work.

The man listened and made no comment. His wife, alarmed when her insistence that he retire had no effect, called in the pastor of their church. The pastor emphasized the doctor's warning, suggested other activities the man might take up.

"I have respect for what you tell me, Padre," the man said. "I have respect, if some skepticism, for what the doctor said. But I've worked like a cotton-picker for 40 years. The salary I get can't pay me back for that because my work is no fun. Every day I buy what money I get with my sweat. But $600 for my retirement—every month, for no work, as long as I live—that will pay me back.

"I realize that if I looked objectively at somebody else in my situation right now I would think that person ought to quit. If I knew for a certainty that the doctor was right I would quit. I don't. Even the doctor doesn't. He admits it. So I am faced with the choice of giving up what at this point of my life is the most important promise I've got—for a probability.

"For what reassurance it is to you, Padre, and to my wife," he continued, "I'm scared by this thing. I'm not going back to the office as I went before. I'm going to reorganize the duties and I'm going to delegate more of them. I won't give up. And I won't step down to a lesser job because I don't think that would help anything. But I'll be careful. . . ."

In six months the third attack came.

Men are taking this gamble, in all sorts of varying degrees, in almost every business concern in America. Some of them are beating it. You never know how many are, because the man who has a warning about his health in his early 60's does not come to the office and announce it. Sometimes he does not tell even his wife. A man's health, around 60, becomes one of his most private secrets.

The life expectancy of a man at age 60 is well into the seventies. This means, of course, that some die at 61, and some die at 90. No man can admit he is average, so in the recesses of most 60-year-old minds must be a calculation somewhere around 80 or 85.

Age 85 is well along and will mean years of freedom on a pension. But just what are you paying for these years of freedom?

You do not know. There is no way to know. And for every man the payment is different. But one man, too bitter to be identified by name, is now two years out into this pension world and is sure he paid too much.

"I gave twenty good years of my life," he says, "for what promises to be a handful of bad ones. I wanted to be an advertising man. I had reasons to think I would make a good one. But along in my early forties, when I would have had to make the change if I was ever going to make it, I had my pension thrust under my nose.

"I was an auditor, with a good firm. It was one of the first in the country to initiate a protection plan for employees, and in the plan was a good pension system. Already I had contributed to it for ten years or so. It offered me some wonderful money for a lifetime if I'd stick it out until 65. The advertising business in those bleak 1930's didn't.

"So I strung along with security and the pension system I had contributed to for ten years. I got to 65. I got the pension. And in the 1950's it looks about ten percent as large as it looked in 1933. I can't live on it, not with the standard of living I've grown used to.

"If I had gone into advertising when I wanted to I may

not have made one of the fellows they write books about. But I might have. I may not have made enough money to buy a Miami mansion for my old age. But I might have. I certainly would not have given over twenty years of my life to the drudgery of figures. And I wouldn't now be so nearly blind that I can't read my name on a letter."

Your pension may be the greatest thing that ever happened. It may be your Golden Years. But it may not. Just do not accept it at face value. And keep in mind that many companies have pension systems not to keep you eating after 65, not to be kind to you, not to deliver to you on a platter your Golden Years. Many companies have pensions as a beautiful flame that keeps moths circling until 65.

The auditor who wanted to be an advertising man is a more dramatic case than most. But with increasing frequency now you find men who will not leave their jobs after age 50 because they feel they cannot afford to lose the equity they have built in a pension. It is a tragic sort of slavery they sell themselves into.

Men and women often reach the height of their mental powers in their fifties. Ideas and ambitions come to them then that never come before. If they have the courage to strike out on their own, to grasp an opportunity before it is too late, nobody can possibly know what riches and what fame they may find. But few have it. The siren call of $150 a month for life is too sweet.

There are people who should regard their pension prospects along with their insurance as one of their dear possessions. Perhaps you are one of them.

If you work for a good company, if you are happy with your work, if you think you will make reasonable advances in it until age 65, then do not be foolish. Stay where you are.

If there are no frustrated dreams of other places and other achievements cankering in your breast, if you do not mope over what else you could have done with your life, stay where you are.

If the work you are doing is not contributing to your early death, if the routine of your days is not bad for your health, if the climate and conditions of your life are reasonably good, stay.

In these three situations—and there are many people in them—pensions have all the blessings that are attributed to them. But still, look the pension in the face. It really is not Sunday School, or Motherhood. It can be questioned—the philosophy of pensions can be challenged. In your case you may challenge it and find it good. Just challenge it.

Chapter 11

Why Not Retire Before You Have To?

BETWEEN THE AGES of 55 and 65, in most business concerns, lie the highest peaks of glory for those who work for a living. It is usually in this age bracket that the general managers and the vice-presidents are chosen. It is here, too, that the biggest pay checks are cashed.

Perhaps you have not found it so. You have tried to climb the peaks and somebody threw rocks down on you. Or there was a landslide. Or it rained at the wrong time. You are past 55 and you are not nearly to the top.

Or perhaps you have reached the top. You have had a chance to look around at the magnificent view. And you have found it is not enough.

In either case, retirement before your time holds out to you a shining promise.

If, on the other hand, you have come upon despair in your job after 55, and have found that the valleys are as deep as the peaks are high, retiring before you have to can also be a banner of hope.

Any man or woman who works for a living should be aware of the threats to your job after passing the age 55. Younger people are always in the organization waiting to push you aside, and the nearer you come to retirement the better chance they have. The threat is not to your livelihood—most companies take care of those with long service. It is to the particular job you hold, and the better the job the stronger the threat. It is to your pride and to the position of honor and respect you hold among those who know you.

Many men—but not so many women—have retired from their companies before 65 in order not to take the gamble that they could hold on, and in order to avoid the physical and mental strain of a constant battle if they did hold on.

"It would be foolish to say that every man or woman in a good job is likely to lose it after age 60 or so," an executive who retired at 62 says. "Look over most big companies and you will find that a man who gets a good job in his fifties usually holds on to it until 65.

"But it is not foolish to say that about all such people live under a constant threat. That is what makes many executives good—they are running scared. They have brought bright young people into the organization. They have steadily elevated them to keep them from quitting. Then one day, when these executives get around 60 the bright boys are yapping at their heels.

"Just tonight I was reading in the paper where a 48-year-old man had been made president of the ———— Corporation. What a blow that must be to the vice-presidents of that company, who all must be in their fifties. What a hurdle they are going to have rationalizing it."

This man retired at 62 because he did not choose to run scared for his job, and also because "I didn't like the idea of working with a barricade in front of me—a compulsory retirement policy that said I could go to 65 and no farther."

He was in the glass-manufacturing business. He took what pension he could get at age 62 and transferred to a smaller company that had no compulsory retirement policy. "I took a smaller salary, but if I live even to 67 I will be far ahead on money."

A man named Eugene Conley took his pension at 60, five years before he had to, "because a man at 60 has a chance to get a job; a man at 65 doesn't. He has a chance to get a job that will not require him to retire at 65. A man at 60 who has a job has a powerful selling point when he goes looking for something else. A man at 65 who is retired, no matter how you phrase it, is just a guy who is jobless. If there's anything harder to sell to an employer than a 65-year-old jobless man I don't know what it is."

To quit a job because you are afraid somebody will take it away from you is somewhat like a country going to war to preserve peace. But there is logic to the points these men have made. In the later years of your working career, the things you have to put up with may not be worth it—to your peace of mind or to your health. Your particular situation with your company will have to give you the answer. But certainly it is not the Gospel that you must stay where you are until compulsory retirement comes if a cold appraisal of your situation shows your life might be richer if you leave.

Chapter 12

When Retirement Comes

SOONER THAN YOU can really comprehend, you will be taking your pension and retiring from the job that for so long has been the foundation of your life.

What will this bizarre experience be like?

If you are like most others who are now retiring from jobs it will be something like this:

You will be 65-plus. The company will not insist that you leave on your 65th birthday, will probably let you remain until January 1st, until winter is over, until summer is over, until after Labor Day.

You will feel older than you have ever felt at any other time of your life . . . older even than you felt at 40 . . . because age 65 has been so universally accepted as the time to quit work that you cannot shake the conclusion you are old. The realization that the company now thinks it can get along without you will make you feel older still.

You will try to think of the many people who lived on into their seventies and eighties. You will silently argue with yourself that there is a good life in retirement, that you are not through, that people are living to be 90, like the books and experts say. You will be skeptical. But you will argue with yourself well enough to face it.

You will be retiring because the company makes you, not because you want to. Up until perhaps six months before 65 you had clung to the hope that the company was going to make an exception of you. You did not know how. But you had been valuable. No younger man can do what you had been doing. There would be an exception in your case.

You did not mention this matter to anybody, certainly not the boss, because that might upset the applecart. You waited apprehensively, not unlike a rabbit in the broom sedge, waited for some information, or some sign.

Six months or so before 65 you became resigned to the inevitable.

You will have now added up your resources many times already. The pension, Social Security, savings, insurance, house and furnishings have been checked and re-checked. There will be enough money. Some economies will be necessary, but you will get by better than you expected—if you have to.

Your retirement income adds up to around 25 percent of what you have been making.

You will want to go somewhere after you retire. It will be the first time in your life you have not had to hurry back so it will be a wonderful trip. There are several places to travel to: to visit the children, to see California, to tour New England. Definitely, you will want to take a trip.

Then, when you have had time to get reorganized after your return you will get along with some work. You have not decided just what. But you will work, probably get a job. You have a number of lines out, have a number of friends who will be able to put you in touch with something. You will not want to rush into anything because what you have to offer, all your years of experience, is valuable.

Your friends are asking you constantly what you plan to do. You are going to do a bit of traveling, you tell them. You want to catch up on your golf, too. You also want to catch up on your fishing. After that, you say, you have some plans.

You evade details on the plans because you really do not have any. The ideas in your head about the connections you will be able to make give you a defensive complex anyway because the job might be a comedown from what you have had. Too, you had better keep your business to yourself because even a friend might move in on your ideas before you can.

So retirement will come, and with your long business training behind you, with the anticipation of being free ahead of you, and with those ideas for the future in your head, you will make a brave front of it all.

You will leave your job at 65 much as a man might leave his wife after forty years of marriage. Because every man who works for a living is a bigamist of sorts. He is married to his wife, and he is married to his work. Or he is married to the atmosphere surrounding his work—the luncheon clubs or the bowling league.

In the closing days before 65 you will have some of the emotions of a man who is breaking off a romance. It will help you if you take a chapter from the old story of the rich parents whose daughter wanted to marry the wrong boy. They sent her off to Europe for six months. That gave her a chance to forget. It also gave her a chance to develop a new romance.

You can forget, as many have done, or you can develop a new romance to replace the old. Go find this romance, this consuming interest that will hold you as your job did, and you will have the essentials for a good life beyond 65.

If you have been a good employee you will have been devoted to your job. So retirement will be more difficult for you than for the indifferent employee. The new sweetheart you find must be a more potent one. But it will be a reassurance to you to know that almost without exception, among the people who are retiring now, those who have made their jobs a mistress will find a mistress in retirement, and those who have achieved something in their work who have found favors from their mistress, will find favors from whatever mistress they choose after 65.

The last week at your job will be a pleasant one. You will have some talks with the man taking your place, and you will want to wipe the water off from behind his ears. You will wonder how in God's name he will ever manage it. But you will try to be decent and point out the pitfalls that are so obviously waiting for him, and as he tells you about his ambitious plans you will hold your tongue.

You will have a session with the company paymaster, settle up all your accounts, work out final details on your pension. On the whole you will find the company more generous with you than you had expected.

Then will come the last day. The boss will have a private backpatting talk with you. He will say something about the stalwart men who have built the foundations of the company, and he will tell you, probably with more sincerity than you give him credit for, that he is grateful to have known working men like you and that he tells you good-by with genuine regret.

Labor unions have come into the boss' life. He will not see many more workers like those who are retiring in mid-century at age 65. They are a vanishing breed. You are a vanishing breed.

The ceremony will come about 11 o'clock in the morning. Everybody will gather around, shake your hand, give you good wishes, crack a few jokes. Then somebody will make a speech and will climax it by bringing out a gift. It may be a wrist watch, because nobody has figured out that a man being forced into retirement has no need to watch time any more. It may be a razor, because nobody has thought that from here on you will not have to shave every morning.

But you will accept it graciously. Then you will say a few awkward words of your own. People will drift back to their jobs.

You will go home early that day, maybe at noon, maybe about 3 P.M. You'll feel guilty doing that. But the boss has insisted.

You will get to the front door, and your chest will tighten a little. You will turn for a final wave. You will manage a smile. Then you will step out into the street.

You are retired.

It will be the nearest thing to dying you have ever experienced . . . if you let it. Or it can be like the breaking of an April morning.

You are free now. For the first time in all your life you are really free. You have done your task; you have no duties anywhere in the working world. You are beholden to nobody. You have a pension that will supply your daily bread.

For 65 years you have fought for survival, as all living things must. You have survived. Through all these years you have whetted your brain, nurtured your compassion and your patience, expanded your knowledge of people and things.

To have reached age 65 is, in itself, an achievement. To have reached it over the first half of the Twentieth Century with all its fantastic changes is an experience mankind may never excel.

You are a remarkable human package. To something or somebody you are valuable beyond calculation. And with your freedom you can go out to do whatever your heart wants.

Nobody could possibly know what magnificent things will now come up out of you. —By Thomas Collins

The Dog

Continued from page 11

Up there on the high road, tall Jim McVey tossed his smoke away, hefted his axe and started on with the dog toward his house.

Harriet took her hand away, stood up, and began brushing her skirt. Paul sat up, chafing his hands. "Harriet—do you think he saw us?"

"Of course not." She smiled bitterly. "You'd have known about it, all right, if he'd seen us."

"What would he have done?"

"Something pretty awful."

Paul stood up. They eyed each other warily.

"I don't feel guilty," said Harriet. "I love you."

"And you know I love you, too," said Paul. His forehead was damp and his armpits suddenly chill. Aware of the wall that had risen between them, he said lightly, trying to ease the tension. "I wonder what Jim's going to do with that axe? Chop off that pup's tail?"

"You don't know much about dogs, I can see that," said Harriet.

"No. I don't. I was raised in the city."

"That dog's a setter. They don't cut off setters' tails. Anyway, you don't know my Jim, either."

"What do you mean, I don't know Jim?

"Jim wouldn't ever cut off a dog's tail. Jim loves dogs. He loves them better than people, better than anything in the world. He's said so dozens of times. He's sort of crazy that way." She flicked away a tiny brown leaf from the breast of her blouse. "I really must be getting back. I'll have to fix his supper."

He took her hand. "So soon? You must go so soon? Aren't you worried?"

"Your fingers are so cold, Paul. Yes, I'm worried. Aren't you?"

"What if he asks about us? Will you admit anything?"

"If he doesn't ask I won't say anything. I don't want to hurt Jim. He's been very good to me. Good to me in his own manner. But, it's you I love, Paul!"

"Yes," he said, his eyes flicking down the hill.

She dropped his hand. "I suppose we'd better part here. I'll phone you when I can."

"But—suppose he accuses you directly?"

"It's hard for me to lie." She raised her head and they kissed hastily.

"When will I hear from you, Harriet?"

"As soon as I get a chance," she said and started up through the grove toward the crest.

All passion spent, he watched her go up the road, her raven hair burnished purple by the sun. He started down the hill, fear stalking alongside like an importunate stranger. Fear was a tall man striding, brandishing an axe. . . .

It was late afternoon, half-past four when Paul reached the village outskirts. His place stood at the crossroads, an old one-story brick building with a front remodeled for his purpose. A whitewashed stoop split the front between two windows. On the left-side pane was lettered: Antiques. The legend on the other glass read: Hardware & Household Needs. A metal sign swung above the steps:

Paul Henkel
I Buy and Sell
All Kinds of Merchandise

He walked through the neatly-swept store to his sleeping quarters in back. He pulled a memo book from a drawer, and sauntered to the window.

Along the road came a boy, rail-thin, striding through the dust with a fishing rod slanted over his shoulder. Paul shivered and watched the thin silhouette fade out down the bend of the road. High in the flecked sky, a turkey buzzard sailed about lazily.

Suddenly he was overwhelmed with a fierce nostalgia for the city, far away from any tall striding man with an axe. There was no sanctuary now in the village. A man named Bullock had offered him $7,000 for the store, lock, stock and barrel. His shaking fingers flipped through the address book. He went to the phone and dialed—but Bullock wasn't home.

Back in his sleeping room, he lay across the quilt, picked up a book, skimmed it aside. He got up, put fresh water in the cut-glass vase holding the tiger lilies Harriet had given him from her garden. He drank a glass of water, but it was flat, without tang.

As he put down the tumbler he saw his fingers trembling. He regarded himself in the mirror, his petulant, selfish mouth tight-lipped now. "Self portrait," he sneered. "Bow out, fool, while yet there's still time." He gave his head a twitch. "Kiss and run." He grinned, white teeth pointed like a fox's. "Be foxy!" Suddenly his jaw relaxed and terror lighted his eyes. "You don't want to go insane, Paul! The old man did. But you won't!"

He turned from the glass. Resolution mastered him. He strode back to the phone. This time Bullock answered. He was still interested in the deal. They could talk it over tomorrow in Bullock's office.

Paul began arranging his stock. Time passed. He made an inventory of everything. Too many axes. Too much of *all* this. But soon, Harriet's sweet head would be only another scalp hanging on his belt of memories. "I'm a smug fool!" he muttered.

The phone shrilling cut into his gut like the blade of a knife. He stumbled across the room, lifted up the receiver.

"Hello, Paul." It was Harriet.

He held his breath. "Everything all right?"

"Just fine," she replied gaily. A flood of

warmth began racing through his veins. The hell with Bullock! "Where are you calling from, Harriet?"

"Home."

"Is that wise?"

"Oh, certainly. Listen Paul. Will you be open another hour?"

"Why, yes. Do you need something?"

"Not me. It's Jim. He wants to do a bit of trading. Something he picked up across the river, I guess."

"Oh—Jim. Well." His throat tightened. "Sure. I'll be here. Are you coming along?"

"Probably not. Well, I'll tell Jim that you'll be open. Expect him in about an hour. Everything's O.K. Good-by, now."

PAUL glanced at the clock. Five minutes to six. Nothing to worry about now. He walked to the mirror. His left hand had a slight tremor. He hardened his jaw. *Get yourself organized!* He balled the shaking fingers into a tight fist, raised his arm. *Don't get the jitters!*

He was aware of a sharp, spicy smell, the odor of carnations, emanating from the sleeve of his jacket where Harriet had rested against his arm. He undressed, took a hot-and-cold shower, changed clothes. While he was shaving he could hear the clackety-clack of the wheels: Across the river in some Blue Grass valley, the 6:43 was heading for Louisville. He heard the whistle's long lament.

The sun had set. He clicked on the lights, knotted his tie. Three minutes to seven. His eyes swept around the store. The tiger lilies! He ran outside with the vase, dumped the flowers in the trash can, hurried back.

The clock struck seven. He heard someone striding down the road. Paul braced himself against the counter. Hold fast! He saw the doorknob turning. The door opened with a click, and tall Jim McVey stood on the threshold.

McVey was dressed in a black serge suit and a broad-brimmed black hat. Dressed in his Sunday prayer-meeting clothes, thought Paul, suddenly nonchalant, noting the bulge in McVey's pocket where he'd be carrying the hymn book.

"Good evening, Mr. Henkel," said McVey, advancing to the counter and sweeping off his hat. "It was quite considerate of you to stay open for me."

Paul was a tall man, but McVey topped him by a head. His hair, straight and coarse, had a white streak down the left side. His eyes were deep-set, unblinking, the light blue iris pin-pointed by deep black pupils.

"Glad to help a friend," said Paul. "What can I do for you?"

"I want to buy an axe," said McVey.

Paul's veins went icy. "An axe?"

"Yes. My old one's damaged. I can't use it any more."

Paul's jaws seemed to lock tight, yet he managed to click out the words between his teeth. "There are my axes. In the rack alongside."

"The best you have. Will you show it to me?"

Paul selected one with the blade heel painted red. He laid the axe across the counter. The walls started moving in. *Not now, Paul! Not like the old man! You won't!*

He said to McVey. "This is my best one. Its blade is the finest Swedish steel."

McVey picked up the axe, hefting it in his cupped hands. "I'll take it, Mr. Henkel." He pulled out his purse.

Paul grinned. It had been nothing, after all. "Oh, your credit is good, Brother McVey. You can charge it."

McVey smiled. "I always prefer to settle scores at once."

"As you like," said Paul, accepting the bills and making change.

"Never mind wrapping it," said McVey. He tucked the axe under his arm, gazing at the floor and frowning.

"Was there anything else on your mind?" asked Paul.

"Oh, yes. Another piece of business you might be interested in, if we can settle it quickly. My wife is waiting at home."

"Yes, what is it?" asked Paul.

"It's about a bit of old metal. A trinket of sorts I picked up today. Sort of an heirloom. Would you care to appraise it?"

"Old metal?" said Paul. "It's a bit out of my line, but I'll take a look at it." He scraped small things off a table under the center light, and wiped clear the polished wood. "Put it there, sir, and I'll have a look."

MCVEY leaned his axe against the table, reached inside his bulging pocket, and brought out a snowy white bundle, the size and shape of a toy football.

Paul knew the walls were closing in fast. *But not now, not now!* McVey placed the bundle on the bright wood, unrolled the napkin.

"No, no!" screamed Paul, seeing the hand lying there, the filbert nails pale violet. The gold band, circling the third finger, shimmering under the light.

McVey raised his axe. "What will you give me for this circlet of gold, sir?" he asked. "Can you give me something of equal value?"

"Not now! Not like my father!" cried Paul as the walls started spinning around him. He stumbled to the floor on his knees, began crawling in a circle around the table. He could smell the blood up there, the smell of it prickled through every hair of his scalp and body. "Woof, woof, woof!" he barked excitedly as the axe descended.

—BY ARTHUR FELDMAN

Which Outboard Cruiser for You?

Continued from page 14

which will go to make up a final decision in selecting an outboard cruiser. Each prospective owner will have his own idea about frills and extras, but it would be well to consider these important points: Are the cabin windows arranged to give good ventilation while under power and also at anchor on hot days? Will they be tight and dry in wet weather? What provisions are made for keeping insects out at night and for locking the cabin when the boat is at anchor? Is adequate storage space available for family belongings and provisions? Is there adequate hanging space for the "shore clothes" you may want to take along on vacations? How about bunk space? Will you be able to uncurl and stretch out for a good snooze aboard? Is there enough freeboard on the transom (height above water level) in the event of foul weather when you have the waves at your heels? These questions will suggest others, and you'll want to investigate all of them.

Any Old Motor Won't Do

While styling, comfort and seaworthiness are important, many newcomers to boating, in the excitement of buying their first craft, put so much stress on these features that they give little attention to the power plant. Not just any motor will give the performance desired. The wrong choice may make first experiences aboard disappointing ones.

Fortunately, most boat manufacturers specify the horsepower of the motor that will enable their cruisers to give maximum performance. They also list the hull's maximum load.

Most cruisers will deliver peak performance with a single 25 hp motor, but many owners find a 15 adequate for their needs and their waterways. Using two motors of identical horsepower as a pair is an excellent idea if you already have, say, a 15 hp, and want more power at a minimum additional cost. But the power delivered by twin motors is less than that produced by a single motor of double their horsepower—partly because there are two units dragging through the water instead of one. A second motor provides good insurance against motor failures, but such failures are very rare, and in any case, a low-cost 3 hp motor stowed as a spare will get a cruiser safely back to shore.

What top speeds can you expect from a cruiser with a 15 or 25 hp motor? That's difficult to say, for every boat, even models out of the same boat works, will differ. But a rough rule of thumb is: 18- to 22-foot cruiser with 25 hp or twin 15's, from 16 to 22 mph; same boat with 40 hp or twin 25's, from 26 to 30 mph.

Since a 25 hp motor burns almost three gallons per hour when running near cruising speed, a good supply of fuel will be needed, unless you're in a thickly settled area and don't mind stopping several times a day to refuel. A 30-gallon supply is usually adequate for a day's run. If you don't want to stop to refill your remote fuel tank, you can attach an extra one to the motor and switch from one to the other while the motor is still running. The empty one can then be refilled from your fuel storage supply as you go along.

For storage of fuel, use any five-gallon can that has a wide enough filler opening, a flexible spout and strainer, and that will stow away compactly in the space you select. Time can be saved by mixing gas and oil while you fill the cans at the fuel dock. But don't mix up more fuel than you'll be using in the next 24 hours.

In most cruisers, the motor is mounted in a notch on the transom. This makes it easy to get at for starting, tuning, repairs and adjustments, but it offers the occupants no protection from motor noise and fumes. Other types of mountings—outboard brackets, semi-enclosed motor compartments, and inboard wells—have been devised to muffle noise and keep out fumes and drip, but at a sacrifice of accessibility. If buying a cruiser for off-shore use, select a hull which has a high transom (at least 20 inches) with a protective well for the motors or a motor-mounting bracket attached to the full transom. If the motor is to be mounted directly on the cutaway transom, get a 20-inch-high transom and a motor or motors equipped with extra-length driveshafts.

Step Aboard and Push the Button

In recent years, developments such as separate gas tanks, quiet operation, higher horsepower (up to 40 hp), synchronized throttle and spark control, and gear-shift operation have placed the outboard motor in a new class. Remote steering and maneuvering controls allow the outboard owner to operate his motor from any position in the boat. Recent improvements in electrical starting have added convenience and pleasure. Today it can be a simple matter of stepping aboard, putting the motor in neutral, pressing the starter button and making your way to your favorite cruising waters—it's as easy as driving your car. You enjoy the handling ease and convenience of the most expensive inboard cruisers at moderate cost.

A trailer is almost as much a part of the boating picture as the boat and motor. With it, all boating waters come within reach. So much so that many anglers put their boats on wheels and follow the fish.

Another big advantage of owning a trailer is that you avoid storage and maintenance problems. The trailer-borne cruiser may be stored in the family garage where it is protected from bad weather. The trailer has made it possible for even the big city

apartment-dweller to become a sailor. These "commuters" hitch their boats behind the family car for quick trips to nearby or distant cruising waters. A trailer may cost as much as $300, but some people have found that in the long run it pays for itself.

It's not hard to choose the right trailer for your cruiser. Many manufacturers now build trailers specifically for outboard cruiser use. Most are of the familiar two-wheel type and consist of open metal framework on which support blocks or cradles fit and support the boat's hull.

When selecting a trailer, don't use the basic advertised weight of the boat as a measurement of the full load that you will eventually carry. Remember that motor, equipment, food, gasoline and other items will add a lot to the weight of the boat. Also consider the added weight of one or two persons climbing aboard to work on the boat or perhaps sleep on it at a wayside stop. Select a trailer strong enough to hold this load without strain, while still keeping its general size and weight in proportion. And remember that most state laws require a taillight and a license plate for all trailers, and electric brakes for loads over a specified maximum weight.

To give you an idea of how the average cruiser buyer might divide his kitty, here is a typical percentage breakdown:

Cruiser	66%
Outboard Motor	20%
Trailer and Incidentals	14%

In other words, if your family could afford to sink $2,000 into the project, you'd be looking to spend about $1,320 on the cruiser, $400 on the motor and $280 on the trailer and incidentals.

It's Not a Baby Carriage

These figures can be cut if the buyer has enough skill, time, tools and space to assemble the hull from a prefabricated kit. But, a word of caution on building outboard cruisers from kits: If the builder is not a better-than-average home carpenter, he should get some capable assistance during the building process. Some misleading claims have been made about the amount of time required to assemble a kit cruiser, the tools needed, and the building and outfitting expenses that the home craftsman will encounter. A kit cruiser can't be slapped together like a pram. An average 20-foot cruiser takes about 300 to 400 hours to assemble.

If time or craftsmanship is lacking, a cruiser in semi-kit form may be a good solution. It comes with most of the more complicated and heavy construction completed. The hull and cabin need to be joined, and paint, finish and hardware added. There is hardly the work to this that there is in putting together a hull from a completely knocked-down kit, but you will still save a considerable amount of the price of a completely finished boat.

Most cruisers are priced and delivered "bare," and what you do in the way of equipping one is entirely up to you. But don't go off the deep end and become equipment mad. Each item carried aboard adds to the overall weight of the cruiser, and while a piece here or there may not seem like much, too many accessories will put a crimp into the performance of the boat. Some items are a must, such as a suitable anchor, a paddle, outboard motor tools including shear pins and spark plugs, extra bulbs for running lights, maps and charts of cruising waters, and an adequate supply of mooring line. From here on, it's just a matter of personal taste. It's a good idea not to overload for your first cruise. Experiences aboard will suggest the things that you will need for future excursions.

Should you be planning to make your cruiser into a complete living unit, think carefully about facilities for cooking, sleeping and personal comfort. Some models of cruisers come with cabins completely fitted and ready to go. However, others come without all of this equipment, and the owner has the choice of adding as he sees fit.

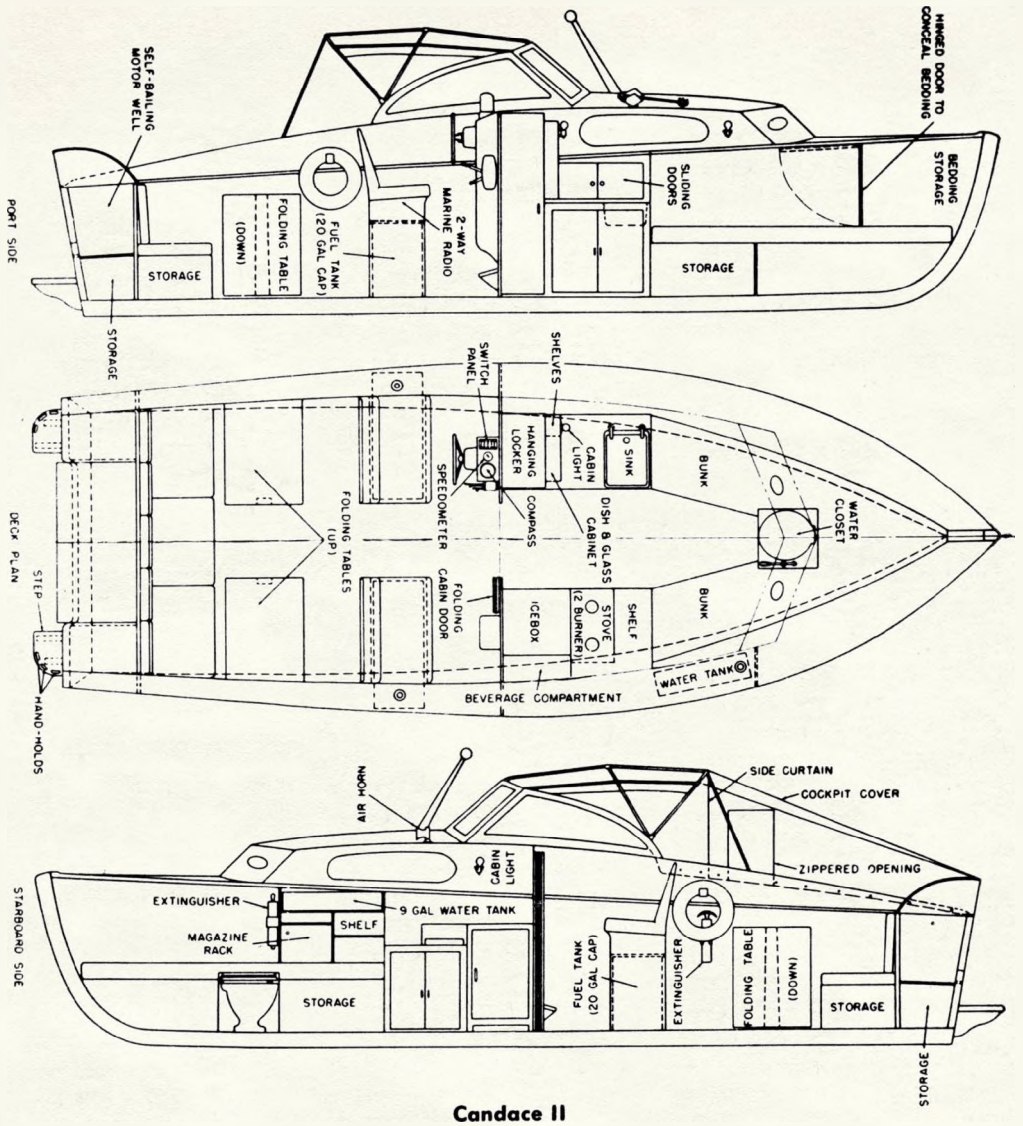
When Do We Eat!

The taste of breeze and spray serve as an excellent appetite builder, so if you are not planning to eat ashore, consider adding a cooking stove. If cooking is done under way, the stove should be a two-or three-burner yacht stove of the pressure-alcohol or Primus (kerosene) type. But if you plan to cook only at anchor or ashore, any camper's stove will do. A sink is of doubtful value unless permanent water tanks are installed, and these are hardly worthwhile in terms of budget and space. Water can be carried in metal cans and cooled in a canvas desert water bag. A small basin for dishes, shaving and face washing works as well and takes up less space than a sink. As for baths, there's always water and floating soap, so just go over the side.

For longer cruises, an ice box to store perishable foods is a must. A portable picnic-type box makes a practical investment. It is neat and can be bought in almost any desired size, and when the boat is not being used, the ice box may be taken ashore for other purposes. If you want to build an ice box into your permanent cabin arrangement, there are several varieties to choose from, but they are fairly costly.

Unless you plan on an all-male and distinctly informal crew, a toilet, or "head," as it is called in nautical terms, is essential for long-distance cruising. A wide selection of these sea closets is available through marine supply houses. Although equipped with integral flushing pumps, they are easy to install. Provision for suitable headroom and adequate privacy is necessary. But enclosing the toilet in a room of its own is a waste of limited space. In most hulls, the head is installed in the cabin, unenclosed, and a shower curtain is used to achieve a limited degree of privacy.

The standard sleeping arrangement on overnight cruisers consists of two plywood bunks running fore and aft with storage space underneath. A third (in some cases a fourth) person can be bedded down be-



Candace II

A remarkable number of things fit comfortably into this small, trim craft.

tween the two bunks, and in fair weather there is sleeping space for more in the cockpit. Some cruisers come complete with bunk cushions installed: If you are thinking about tailoring your own cushions, it is important to know that ordinary cotton mattresses will become damp and absorb odors. But kapok, foam rubber and rubber-treated hair compositions won't. Rubber or plastic air mattresses are highly serviceable and can also serve in an emergency as rafts.

A canvas canopy that looks and acts like the top of a convertible offers protection in both fair and foul weather. On the water, cruising with the top down can lead to a serious case of sunburn. In rainy weather, the canopy will keep the cockpit fairly dry in spite of the open stern end, because the anchored cruiser will lie downwind, with its bow meeting the slant of the rain.

Once you own an outboard cruiser, it's a good idea to check with local and state authorities to see if any boat registration is required. Since you will undoubtedly be visiting other areas, it's wise to check with authorities of these places on their motor-boat regulations. The Outboard Boating Club of America, 307 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago 1, Ill., has in its files all information on out-of-state motor-boat regulations. Membership in this organization is advisable, and registration fee is only $2 per year. O.B.C. offers to all outboard owners comprehensive boat insurance at a very reasonable cost. --By Robert Schaeff

The Secret Life of Uncle Freddie

Continued from page 16

sponsors were fighting for time on "Uncle Freddie's Birthday Party."

"Yeah," I said, "that's her boy. He's the prettiest of her five!"

"Five," he gasped, making me think I had cooled him off. "She really needs a night out then. She as sexy as she looks, George?"

I wanted to slug him. Instead I flagged down a little girl chewing bubble gum. "Kiss your Uncle Freddie good-by, Honey," I said. She did and raced down the corridor.

"Will you quit telling those garbage-mouthed little snots to do that," he snarled. "And answer my question. Is she as sexy as she looks or not?"

"Forget it," I snapped, "she's definitely not your type!"

"Not my type, George! If she wasn't my type I'd turn myself in to Kinsey and—"

"But she's got a husband and five children. Haven't you got *any* sense of shame?"

"I certainly have, and if she gets out of here without me it's going to be the dirtiest shame that ever was!"

THE line started filing past again. I went back to passing out balloons and he kept on patting heads, shaking hands and mumbling about birth control. Then it happened. Mary Jane and Johnny came up. Mary Jane grinned at me and Johnny grinned at Uncle Freddie. I tried scooping him up but all I got was a foot. Uncle Freddie got the rest of him up in his arms and started carrying on like Liberace in an Old Ladies' Home.

"Well, look at this boy!" he gushed. "Got on his Uncle Freddie cap, his Uncle Freddie Good Luck Ring and everything. Boy, I think I'll just have to take you home with me. How about that hunh? How'd you like to go home with Uncle Freddie?"

That was like Santa Claus asking a boy if he'd like to go back to the North Pole with him.

"Can I Mommy?" Johnny pleaded. "Can I? Please!"

"Why no, honey," Mary Jane smiled, "who would Mommy have to look after her, if you . . ."

Of all the things she didn't have to ask him that was it. Johnny looked right straight at me and blurted, "George is going home with you. He can look after you."

Uncle Freddie nearly dropped him. "*Our* George is going home with *your* pretty Mommy?"

"Yeah," Johnny grinned, "he comes to our house all the time!"

There went the judo instructor, the eyeballs and the five idiot children. Uncle Freddie eased Johnny to the floor.

"Boy," he wheezed, "you mean to tell me you actually trust this fellow with your pretty Mommy? Why he's a dangerous character. Tells the biggest, dirtiest old fibs I ever heard!"

"Yeah," Johnny laughed. "He said you hated little boys. Said you just like big girls. You don't, do you?"

Uncle Freddie was horrified. "He told you *that*? Look, young fellow, you're not going home with me, I'm going home with you. We've got to protect your Mommy from this lying rascal. How about that, hunh? You take me home with . . ."

I wanted to strangle him but I couldn't get at 'im. Johnny had grabbed me around the waist. "George, please make her let him go home with me. Please, George, please!"

YOU don't win little boys over telling 'em they can't bring Santa Claus home with 'em. Uncle Freddie went to Mary Jane's with us. In one hour he had her whispering to me that she just couldn't believe those horrible things I had been telling her about him. It burned me up but I couldn't really blame her. Everybody else felt the same way when they first met him. He had looks, charm, perfect manners, a big laugh for all your jokes and this air of Gee-I-Like-You-Won't-You-Please-Like-Me? After selling Mary Jane and Johnny that bill of goods, he was ready to settle accounts with me.

Did it at supper. Went through all his routines for Johnny. Started off with his sleight-of-hand bit. He'd flash a quarter at Johnny, make it disappear,

Native Wit...

ONE MORNING last spring when the promise of summer was in the air, I was out with my telephone line crew in southern Louisiana. Shortly after nine o'clock a flock of geese flew over headed north, and Slim, a long, lanky boy from Minnesota, stood in his hooks watching them. Then he slowly descended the pole and ambled over to me.

"How about a time check, boss?" he said.

"Where are you going?" I said.

Slim waved his hand in the direction of the departed geese. "I figure there ain't no goose in the world that's smarter than I am."

—ERNEST BLEVINS
Kirkwood, Missouri

then reach over and pull it out of my ear. Usually bringing some skin with it. Then he'd make a dime disappear and pull it out of my nose. Always just as I was about to stick some food in my mouth. Johnny thought it was awfully funny. Especially when he made my fork disappear.

But when I started getting a few laughs eating with my knife, he switched over to his barnyard imitations. He quacked, he gobbled, he cackled and then wound it up with an imitation of a sheep dog tangling with a coyote. Damndest racket you ever heard. And the most calculated. Every time I'd try saying something to Mary Jane the sheep dog would drown me out. Every time I'd try saying something to Johnny, the coyote would drown me out.

You get that miserable picture now? I'm not a bad looking fellow. Six feet tall, black hair and a decided resemblance to Gregory Peck—according to my mother. And I am not without personality. Have a certain boyish charm that sponsors, elderly ladies and nice girls like Mary Jane find quite appealing. But I can't sing, I can't dance, I can't pull dimes out of peoples' noses and I can't howl like a sheep dog much less a coyote. So I was being made a clown of, right in front of the one little boy I wanted to be a hero to.

And the worst part of it was that I had to laugh right along with the rest of 'em. Couldn't have Johnny think I was a spoil-sport just because some lecherous bum was using my nose for a piggy bank. So I laughed and laughed and got heartburn and indigestion and a pea in my windpipe.

Then after supper Mary Jane brought in Johnny's birthday cake. We all sang Happy Birthday. But that wasn't enough for Uncle Freddie. He had to play it on the water glasses and beat me on the head with the spoon for a percussion effect. Johnny thought that was awfully clever too. He didn't know the bum was actually raising knots on my head.

But after eight or ten more renditions he and Uncle Freddie went into the living room for a Rassle Royal, a feature of Uncle Freddy's show. Mary Jane and I went into the kitchen to do the dishes. She looped an apron over my head, kissed me, grinned and said:

"I still think you're the cutest!" That was fine. But then she sighed and said: "He is funny, though, isn't he?"

Well, before I could tell her just how funny he was, in he bounced.

"Hey, you two," he said real folksy-like, "why don't you'all take in a show. I'll stay here with Johnny!"

When he was after a beautiful woman there was no torture he wouldn't endure to get her.

"I've got a better idea," I snarled. "Why don't *we* stay here with Johnny and *you* go to a show?"

Mary Jane was appalled.

"But I just guaranteed him immunity for squealing on him."

Bluebook 8111

"Why, George Temple, I don't think that was nice at all!"

Uncle Freddie thought it was awfully nice, though. I'd played right into his hands. He hung his head, turned his big blue eyes at Mary Jane and sighed. "He's right, Mary Jane. I shouldn't have broken in on you two this way. I promise you it won't happen again. I'm . . ."

"You come back any time you want to!" Mary Jane snapped.

"You do," I said, "and I'm gonna un-cap all those big, shiny teeth of yours!"

"George Temple," Mary Jane said, really getting grim, "I will not have a guest in my home treated this way!"

"And another thing," I said, "you pull one more dime out of my nose and . . ."

"George!"

"Or sic that damn coyote on me one more time and I'll . . ."

"George, I think you'd better leave!"

Uncle Freddie wouldn't hear of it. Looked at me like his great, big, black heart was broken and said: "I'm awfully sorry about supper, George. I was just trying to entertain Johnny. I didn't know you would resent it so!"

And, with that, he departed. After, of course, telling Johnny, on the way out, that I didn't want him around.

"See the way he operates?" I growled at Mary Jane. "In just three hours he's got you thinking that he's a perfect gentleman and that I'm a bum. You're even ready to date him!"

She hit the ceiling. "I'm not going to date him, George, but I don't believe a word you've told me about him. He *is* a perfect gentleman and I think he *adores* children!"

The next day on his show Uncle Freddie staged

Uncle Freddie was bursting with rage, but I made him go through his chicken routine once more.

his once-a-week Rassle Royal. It was a routine that he had grown to loathe but couldn't drop because the kiddies and I loved it so. He came out all dressed up and started bragging about what a great wrestler he was and how he could lick any 20 men in the house. As usual 20 whooping little boys surged down front to the wrestling mat and took him on.

It looked like Gulliver and the Lilliputians. They all piled on top of him, tore his shirt to shreds and paraded back to their seats waving the pieces. Uncle Freddie Souvenirs, they called them, good for 25 trading cards in any neighborhood. But the real prize escaped them for once—Uncle Freddie's tie. After shaking his fist at his grinning conquerors and

bellowing that he would get 'em next time, he turned, smiled right into the camera, waved the tie and gushed:

"Got a little souvenir for you, Johnny!"

By the time we got back to the announcers' room, Johnny had called three times. The fourth time, he connected. Asked Uncle Freddie when he could get the tie.

"Why, I'll have Cousin George bring it out tonight," he said, knowing I had three shows and wouldn't be going out. "Oh, you'd rather have Uncle Freddie bring it out, hunh? Well, are you sure your mother won't mind? Well, that's fine. See you in a little while then, young fellow!" He hung up, patted the phone and leered: "Keep it up, kid. You're gonna get a Daddy yet. Maybe not for long but . . ."

I tapped him on the shoulder. "Remember what happened to your nose when you tried dating my sister?"

He got to his feet and stuck said nose right in my face.

"Break it again, George. Johnny and Mary Jane would love that. I'll move in there tonight!"

WELL, he took the tie out. Know what he told Mary Jane? Told her that he and I were really great friends and that I made a running gag out of telling lies about him. I was really a prince of a fellow, though.

In short, he wasn't going to throw rocks at me, when he could pelt me to death faster with rosebuds. Worked fine too. Within two weeks, Johnny was painting mustaches on my picture in Mary Jane's bedroom and Mary Jane was about ready to add horns. Claimed I was no fun at all any more. All I did was sulk and run down my good friend Uncle Freddie.

It all started coming to a head on Black Friday. That morning, Vic Slade, our station manager, called me in and said that we were starting a new type late show. The sponsors had wanted Uncle Freddie but he had sold 'em on me. Which was awfully thoughtful of him. The show would run from 10 to midnight six nights a week and get me out of the way very nicely.

Then, that evening, I went out to Mary Jane's for supper. Johnny met me at the door and announced that he and Uncle Freddie and his Mommy were going to Chicago the next week end to see the zoo.

"And you're not going," he whooped. "We're staying with Uncle Freddie's aunt and there won't be room!"

Mary Jane confirmed it, saying it was just for Johnny's benefit. She expected me to start chewing up the carpet, but I decided a laugh-clown-laugh routine might get better results. Acted real gay at supper, then tried showing Johnny a trick when we were drying dishes. It didn't work. The plate fell on his head and he started crying. Then, around eight, Uncle Freddie bounced in.

For once he had a smile on his face that wasn't phony. I figured he'd either come into money or another pretty widow. It was money. Seemed that Mr. J. K. Reynolds, the big breakfast-food man, was visiting a millionaire friend of his on a horse farm up at Blue Springs and had caught our show that afternoon.

"He wants me to come up to see him tomorrow!" Uncle Freddie gloated. "Wants to talk about a network show!"

I felt like telling Job to move over. The lecher turns Johnny against me, he's about to lead my girl astray and what horrible fate overtakes him? A big cereal man wants to give him a network show. But that wasn't enough. When Mary Jane got through squealing about how wonderful it was, he set me up for the kill.

"Now, George," he beamed, "we'll all go up together tomorrow. Mary Jane and Johnny can look over the horses and you and I will talk to Mr. Reynolds. I'm going to sell him on you as the announcer for the show!"

Well, he knew that I knew he wouldn't have me on the show. He was making the pitch to convince Mary Jane once and for all that he lived only to brighten the lives of little boys and his undeserving friends. He figured I'd tell him to go to hell and Mary Jane, seeing what a green-eyed ingrate I really was, would tell me to leave the house and never come back. I didn't fall for it. I just all of a sudden had the feeling that Uncle Freddie was riding a wave that was going to dump him right on the rocks.

"That's sure white of you, Freddie," I said, clutching his hand. "I'd love to go!"

WE left at seven the next morning. It was just a 70-mile drive but Mr. Reynolds was leaving at noon for New York. Uncle Freddie didn't want to take any chance on missing him. A network show was the dream of his life and it had him glassy-eyed already.

"I figure," he drooled, as we left town at 70 miles an hour, "that with the show and the sale of Uncle Freddie gadgets and stuff like that I ought to gross a million the first year, hunh, George?"

"Sure," I told him, but my mind wasn't on his finances. It was on the gradual change that was coming over him. Johnny was with him on the front seat, but he was ignoring him in favor of talking about money. That had never happened before.

Then, about 15 miles out, we had a flat. Uncle Freddie started getting a wee bit anxious about the time and ignoring Johnny even more. Then we were held up by a wreck in the middle of the road. Then Johnny's Uncle Freddie cap blew out the window and we had to go back and get it. That cost us another five minutes. Then Johnny said he wanted to stop at a filling station.

When Mary Jane took him in, Uncle Freddie cut loose: "That little creep's got six kidneys. I never saw one kid have to go to a . . ."

And so on. He was getting real edgy. I was getting real hopeful. But Mary Jane took care of that. When she got back in the car she announced that we weren't stopping for Johnny again no matter what happened. That restored all of Uncle Freddie's good humor and he took off like a big bird to make up the time we had lost. That's what cost him.

We hit the city limits of Newton, a little town of about 5,000, doing 70 miles an hour. The speed limit signs said 35. Mary Jane told Uncle Freddie he'd better slow down. He laughed, slowed down to 50 and said that small-town speed signs were just for little boys to throw rocks at. That brilliant observation was followed by the sweetest sound I ever heard. The sound of a siren.

A big, red-headed fellow in a black police cruiser roared up alongside us and told Uncle Freddie to pull over. Uncle Freddie whimpered something nasty under his breath and did. Red—the policeman—got out and started back to us. Johnny leaned out the window.

"Mommy told him not to go so fast!"

Mary Jane grabbed him. Uncle Freddie, beginning to breathe rather loudly, tried to be short and sweet about the whole thing. Admitted that he was speeding and handed Red a $50 bill. Told him it should be plenty to cover the fine. Red was short and sweet too. He smiled, handed back the 50, looked at Uncle Freddie's license and told him to follow his car.

We wound up in back of the Newton courthouse, an old Civil War job. Red led us in through the back door and up some oily wooden stairs to the second floor. En route Uncle Freddie tried explaining his desperate situation, how we had just an hour to get to Blue Springs. "This shouldn't take long, should it, Officer?" he wheezed.

"All depends on the judge," Red said. "He's pretty old and crochety!"

Uncle Freddie's breathing got a little more vocal. Johnny's stepping on his heels didn't help any. Neither did my telling Mary Jane what a shame it was that he hadn't listened to her. Red stopped at the courtroom door and waited for us to catch up. Then he started pushing the door open and grinning. "Here we are, *Uncle Freddie*. Didn't think I recognized you, did you? Got three kids that never miss you!"

Uncle Freddie nearly swooned. Everything was going to be so simple now. Probably a police escort right into Blue Springs. He went into his act.

"Three kids, hunh?" he gushed. "Well, let me tell you something. The next birthday any of 'em have I want 'em at my party. I'll come get 'em personally!"

Red beamed. "You sure got a way with kids, you know it?"

"That's because I love kids. When we come back through here I'm sure stopping off and paying yours a visit!"

"You won't have to," Red laughed, swinging the courtroom door wider, "look in here!"

We looked. And what we saw sent a tremor through Uncle Freddie that three seismographs picked up. Presiding over the court, in a robe five sizes too big for him, was a grinning, freckled face judge about 10 years old. Trying to keep order in the jam-packed courtroom was a bailiff about nine years old. Filing in from the jury room was a little boy blowing bubble gum, a little boy trying to push out a loose front tooth with his tongue, a little boy sucking his thumb and behind him nine more little boys, all giggling. Not a one of the bunch was over 10 years old.

"It's Kid Day," Red said proudly. "Hold it once a year. Teach the youngsters citizenship, how the courts work and stuff like that. They just finished trying the mayor for jay-walking!" He gave Uncle Freddie a nudge. "Don't think that jury will convict you, do you?"

Uncle Freddie looked like he was going to cry. "Officer," he whimpered, "this is wonderful. It really is. It's great. But can't we take this case through regular channels? I've got to be in Blue Springs in . . ."

That's when Mary Jane, God bless her naive little soul, got into the act. "But, Freddie," she gurgled, "Mr. Reynolds can see you any time. These children will never get another chance like this. It's the perfect setting for . . ."

Uncle Freddie stared at her like she had lost her mind. He'd forgotten that she thought he *adored* children. Red took him by the arm.

"See? You got all day now. Come on down front!"

We followed them down the aisle. Squeals started going up from all sides. "It's Uncle Freddie! Uncle Freddie's here!" And looking just like he did on television. Loud checkered sports coat, bright blue slacks, and wearing a great, big smile—but from the way he was having to force that great, big smile, you might have thought he had bad teeth and three fever blisters.

Red seated us at a table inside the little wooden fence around the bar and then took Johnny up to confer with the judge. Uncle Freddie's smile disappeared. "George," he gasped, "call Reynolds. Tell him I'll be late but I'll be there. You hear? I'll be there if I have to . . ."

"But, Freddie," I cooed, "we'll never make it now. He'll understand. Let's just relax and put on a real show for the kids. I'll be your lawyer and . . ."

That brought his guard up fast. "Oh, no you won't. I know what you'll . . ."

"But, Freddie," Mary Jane said, "George is just trying to help you entertain the children!"

"Sure, I am," I said. "Now here's the gimmick. You were speeding to make up for time you lost back down the road. On the way up here, see, these turkeys and ducks and chickens kept crossing in front

of us and you kept having to slow down for 'em. That made you late for . . ."

"Have you lost your mind?"

"Wait," I said. "When I tell 'em about the duck waddling and quacking across the road, then you give your imitation of a duck waddling and quacking. You know, like you did at Mary Jane's that night."

He realized what I was up to then. "You do that, damn you," he snarled, "and I'll . . ."

Mary Jane just couldn't understand it. "But, Freddie, it's a darling idea. It'll tie in your barnyard imitations perfectly. You can . . ."

THAT did it. She was a cute, beautiful, sexy thing, but with a network show he could get a lot of cute, beautiful, sexy things. "Will you please keep out of this?" he snarled.

Mary Jane looked like she had been slapped. "Why, you do hate children, don't you?"

"No!" he sneered. "I loathe 'em!"

The judge started banging away with his gavel. Pronounced the mayor guilty of jay-walking and fined him 13 ice-cream cones—payable to the judge and the jury. Everybody laughed and applauded and got set for the big show. The judge hitched up his robe, spit out a fingernail, gave this hysterical giggle and announced it: "Uncle Freddie Matthews versus the town of Newton—speeding!"

Uncle Freddie started to get to his feet. I shoved him back down and got to my feet instead. Mary Jane had seen the light, now Johnny had to see it.

"Your Honor," I said, "I'm Colonel George Temple, counsel for the defendant. I'd like to have him take the witness stand, please."

Uncle Freddie roared to his feet. "This boob isn't getting me on any . . ." He was drowned out by everybody laughing. They thought it was all part of the act. I took him by the arm and escorted him to the stand. Then I put my arm around his shoulder and asked the court to excuse me.

"Got to rehearse my witness," I said.

That got a laugh from everybody but Uncle Freddie. He was too busy working up another smile and trying to get his eyes acclimated to the jury. They were all grinning at him. Half of 'em being snaggle-toothed, it was a beautiful sight.

"Now, you know you'd rather talk to them than Reynolds," I mumbled, smiling down at him.

"You go to hell," he mumbled, smiling back.

"How long you think that smile's gonna last?" I said.

"Long enough."

"Not gonna blow up and expose yourself, hunh?"

"Nope!"

Foam was beginning to form on his lips he was so mad. I patted him on the head and straightened up. Everybody smiled. We made such a cute pair, they thought. I turned to begin my address: "Gentlemen of the jury . . ." That brought three hysterical giggles and I was off.

wordly wise

BLOCKHEAD

MALES OF THE EARLY Elizabethan age were gorgeous creatures. They adopted extravagant and colorful fashions that surpassed anything in vogue before or since. Among other things, they took a special fancy to elaborate felt hats—decorated with sweeping plumes. Since such headgear quickly lost its shape, it became necessary for hatters to devise methods of renovating such wares.

Success was achieved through wide adoption of an old Flemish tool—a block of yew shaped to resemble a human head. After a crude steam bath, a battered hat would be placed upon such a dummy to dry. Use of the *block head* was so general that its name passed into general speech as a label for persons with no more wit than the hatter's dummy.

—WEBB B. GARRISON

First, I told 'em my client was speeding, not because he was a reckless man without regard for human life, but because he was a man of infinite mercy and kindness and held all life in such high regard. Then I went into the business about him having to keep slowing down because he didn't want to hit the chickens, etc.

"And to prove to you that they really did keep crossing the road in front of us," I said, "I am going to have good old Uncle Freddie tell you what each and every one of 'em sounded like when they nearly got hit!"

You never heard such squealing. They just loved those peachy barnyard imitations. My finest hour was at hand. I stepped back and slapped old Uncle Freddie on the knee. "All right, boy," I gushed, "let's hear how old Chicken Little sounded. Let's really squawk it up now!"

WELL, it was inhuman. There he was, a man so full of bile and venom that his fillings were turning green, but he cut loose with an imitation of an old chicken getting scared by a car that set everybody in the place but Mary Jane to howling. I even howled. For the simple reason that I knew just one more imitation would set him berserk.

"Now wasn't that dandy," I beamed at the kids. "He even got red in the face like a chicken, didn't he? But he forgot one thing." I turned and faced him. "You forgot to flap your wings. Let's try that once more and this time let's flap those old wings."

He had to hold onto the chair to keep from lunging at my throat. *But* he flapped his wings, cackled, squawked and did everything but lay an egg. The kids howled even louder. I didn't howl quite so loud, though. The bum actually thought I couldn't make him blow up no matter how mad he got.

"All right, now," I said, when the din died down. "Who'd we nearly hit next? Old Ducky Daddles wasn't it? Well, let's hear from Ducky!"

Ever see a man on the verge of apoplexy try to quack like a duck? His vocal chords are locked, so he has to quack from his stomach. Gets more laughs that way. At least that bum did.

"But you forgot to waddle," I said. "Let's get down here on the old floor and waddle it up for the kiddies!"

He was so hot he left a vapor trail *but* he waddled. *I* started getting mad, then. I made him gobble like a turkey. I made him get down on all fours and bark like a sheep dog. I made him sit back on his haunches and howl like a coyote. And by that time we were both mad enough to kill one another. But the kids didn't realize it. They thought it was the greatest act they'd ever seen.

I had to face it. I was up against the world's most iron-willed phony. When I added an act, and tried pulling a dime out of his nose, and he still didn't blow up, I closed my case. The jury whooped into the jury room. I went over and sat down at the table with Mary Jane and Johnny. Uncle Freddie joined us.

"Boy, you were funny," Johnny said worshipfully.

Uncle Freddie just grunted. He was so mad he couldn't talk. Just leer at me. Mary Jane sighed and patted my hand.

"You tried, anyway!"

About 30 seconds later, the jury trooped back in. All grins. Instead of filing into the jury box, though, they formed a line in front of it. Queueing up to kiss him, I figured. The foreman mounted to the bench and whispered something to the judge. The judge grinned and got to his feet.

"Uncle Freddie Matthews," he squeaked, "Rise and face the court!"

Uncle Freddie leered at me again, put the big smile back on his face and got up and presented himself before the bar. He was still seething but it was almost over. He could still see Raynolds. He had lost Mary Jane, but the fact that I'd had a chance to expose him and had failed, made up for it. Everything was going to be fine.

The judge stared down at him and tried to keep his face solemn, but broke into an idolatrous grin. "Uncle Freddie Matthews, you have been judged by a jury of your peers and found guilty. I, therefore, sentence you to . . ." His grin got wider. Uncle Freddie turned and flashed that painful smile of his to show he appreciated the humor of the situation. ". . . I, therefore," the judge began again, "sentence you to a *Rassle Royal!*"

That was the wrestling routine on his show, remember? The jury let out a whoop and lit into him. He tried to escape but the horror of the verdict had dazed him. He tripped over the foreman of the jury and down he went. They sounded like a bunch of Comanches piling on him. For about five seconds he managed to control himself. Got halfway up and then it happened. The judge, in his big robe and looking like some great ebony bird, leaped down on top of him. They both got tangled in the robe and down they went.

THAT did it. All that pent-up hate inside him broke loose. He started cursing and trying to fight his way out from under the judge's robe. Then he started kicking. The foreman went flying through the air. Then the little boy with the loose tooth. Then Johnny, who had gotten into it, stepped on Uncle Freddie's fingers. That's when he started lashing out with his fists. And that's when I yanked him to his feet and fulfilled that request he had made of me a couple of weeks back.

He's a disk jockey out west somewhere now. Nearly been thrown off the air a couple of times for making off-color remarks about children, I understand. Johnny still talks to me about him, though. In fact, just the other night, he said: "I hope Uncle Freddie's nose is still broke, don't you, Daddy?"

—BY B. M. ATKINSON, JR.

New Way to Stop Being Tense

Continued from page 19

Dr. Jacobson. "When you discontinue tensing the muscles, you will no longer be worrying. It is impossible to be relaxed and worried at the same time."

There are two main uses of relaxation. One is to rest the entire body. This is "general relaxation," and in its advance stage it takes the form of deep, peaceful sleep. Another use of relaxation is to make us more effective in work or play and allow us to do more with less effort. This is called "differential relaxation," and it means dropping tension from muscles which are not required in any given act and keeping tension to a minimum in the muscles that are being used. This, of course, is the secret of all physical grace and agility.

If you hold yourself rigid in playing tennis or golf, you tire easily and don't hit as good a ball. Awkwardness in dancing is really only failure to relax muscles where tension isn't needed. Watch a child take his first piano lessons. He tightens up all over and even sticks out his tongue. He acquires control only after he learns to relax certain muscles.

How to Project a Whisper

Actors and singers find out early in their careers that proper voice placement and control depend on skill in relaxing diaphragm, throat, larynx, lips, tongue and jaw. Too much tension in throat and laryngeal muscles produces an unpleasant throatiness. Tensions in jaw, lips and tongue destroy tone and carrying power. The speaker with a trained voice doesn't waste his breath, makes even a whisper carry to the last row. He doesn't tire easily, even with prolonged use of his voice.

The person who doesn't relax the muscles not needed at the moment always seems to be trying too hard. He laughs or giggles too loudly, gestures too emphatically, frowns too often, blinks his eyes a lot, is easily excited or alarmed. Repeated clearing of the throat, sighing, biting of the nails, grinding of teeth, and the nervous bobbing up and down of one leg crossed over the other are other symptoms of tension.

Dr. Jacobson has shown that inability to concentrate mentally is a product of very faint muscle contractions, particularly in the eyes and speech areas. Because of them we have to buck a swirling undercurrent of distracting thoughts and fancies. When we are able to relax them we can focus clearly on the job at hand. While the tense person tries to do two or three jobs at once, the relaxed person does one thing at a time.

Being easily distracted or scatterbrained is very much like being worried. The main thing that happens in both instances is that certain images connected with an event keep repeating themselves over and over in your mind. If you are worried about making a speech, for example, fragmentary visions of yourself on the platform will flit through your mind together with bits of your speech. When you become adept at recognizing muscle tension you'll feel these images in the making in the muscles of your eyes and throat. By letting go, or "not doing," you'll get rid of the tensions and the worry at the same time. After a while the spotting and relaxing of excessive tensions becomes a habit and you find you don't stew and fret as much as you did.

"You cannot feel emotional if the muscles involved in the emotional state are completely relaxed," says Dr. Jacobson. "Your emotions subside as you completely relax the striated or voluntary muscles, particularly those which seem to be concerned in the emotion at hand."

When you go to bed and cannot sleep because thoughts keep running through your head, it's because certain muscles involved in the thinking process are still tensed. As you have probably found out from experience, trying to make your mind a blank only makes things worse. Instead of trying to stop thinking, try to recognize the tensions which are, in effect, "you doing the thinking." If you can relax those tensions, your mind will calm down and you will go to sleep.

In general you have two kinds of muscles, the skeletal muscles, which are controlled directly by the brain, and the internal muscles which can't be directly controlled. Dr. Jacobson's experiments have demonstrated the relation between these two kinds of muscles is much closer than generally supposed.

All Choked Up

Excessive tension in the skeletal muscles always indicates excessive tension in the internal muscles, and vice versa. The relaxing of tension in the skeletal muscles also lessens tension of the internal muscles—and thus provides an effective way of making the body less susceptible to a large number of diseases brought on by infection, hormone or vitamin deficiencies, emotional shock, and the pressures of everyday living. Most of the ailments now called psychosomatic have as a common denominator the tension of some internal organ.

"Nervous indigestion," for example, consists of tension in the esophagus and stomach which the victim feels as a "lump" in the throat, a choking sensation, difficulty in swallowing, and tightness or pressure in chest or abdomen. The same general symptoms also characterize another more serious tension disease—ulcer of the stomach or duodenum. Spastic colitis is merely another name for excessive tension of the colon. Some forms of asthma represent tensions of the respiratory tract. High blood pressure generally includes tension of the smaller arteries.

"When I used to hear the front door bell I got so tense I had to duck into my room and shut the door." This was Bill N., a 31-year-old patient who told me he was referred to Dr. Jacobson five years ago for high blood pressure associated with emotional disturbances that traced back to an extremely unhappy childhood. Bill had tried several jobs and had to quit because dealing with people made him so nervous. For the last four years his blood pressure has been normal to just above normal. "I have to keep calm," he said. "You see, I work in the complaint bureau of a department store."

No one is more subject to tension and fatigue than the fighting man. During World War II, the U. S. Navy sent officers to Chicago for relaxation training, and they in turn gave cadets a short course in Dr. Jacobson's relaxation method—three half hours a week for 10 weeks. Because the instruction was admittedly skimpy the results seem all the more impressive. Cadets who got relaxation training had fewer accidents, lost 38 percent fewer days because of injuries. A careful sleep check showed they did less than half as much nocturnal tossing and mumbling as other cadets and lost 40 percent less sleep because of insomnia.

During his 40 years of clinical and experimental work with patients and volunteer subjects, Dr. Jacobson has found few who couldn't learn to improve their ability to relax. As in other skills, aptitude varies considerably from person to person. Athletes, dancers and singers learn better than most because they've had previous experience with control of their muscles. Children make excellent subjects, too. The best way to teach them is to make a game of it—and, of course, to serve as an example of relaxation. Even a very small child readily understands what you mean when you say: "Make yourself as loose as a rag doll." Dr. Jacobson believes that children who learn relaxation early are much less apt to develop neuroses and psychosomatic ailments as they grow up.

Do It Yourself, or Else!

The worst subjects, in Dr. Jacobson's experience, are the enthusiasts and firm believers—highly suggestible people who put too much faith in the teacher, cult or system and expect everything to be done for them. No one else can relax for you. You have to learn to do it yourself.

In general, learning to relax follows a three-step sequence:

1. You learn to feel where and when your muscles are tense—in other words, you develop "muscle sense." At the start this means moving various parts of the body to increase tension to the point where you can recognize the sensation.

2. You learn to "go negative." When you clearly perceive the sensation of tenseness in the various parts of your body it may help you to grasp the positive nature of the tenseness if you realize that it is *you* doing the tensing. Your goal, of course, is the reverse of this, namely not doing the tensing.

3. Through practice, you get into the habit of relaxing tensions as they occur. As in any other skill, this will become less and less a conscious effort.

To begin, pick a convenient time, a quiet place and a comfortable chair where you can conveniently practice relaxing 15 or 20 minutes a day. If you can arrange a morning and evening session, so much the better. But be realistic and don't assign yourself a longer practice routine than you can follow. After you get the hang of it, you can practice relaxation at various odd times during the day without letting it interfere with anything you happen to be doing. But first, you must learn how to relax each part of your body.

Let Yourself Go

ARMS: Relaxing the arms will require the longest practice because it will establish the basic procedure to be followed in relaxing all the other parts of the body.

With your forearms resting comfortably on the arms of your chair, sit quietly a minute or so with your eyes open. Then close your eyelids lightly. Without moving the arm or wrist from the chair, bend your right hand backward, palm away from you and at a right angle to the wrist.

The distinct sensation at the bend of the wrist is *not* muscle tension but strain. The muscle sensation you are looking for is the dull, characterless sensation in the top of your forearm. Note it well, because it is exactly the same no matter where it occurs in your body. The distinction between the feeling of strain and the feeling of tension is important. Strain is a result of tension somewhere else. But it cannot be directly relaxed because it is not "you doing." Muscle tension, on the other hand, is an act you are performing and which you can stop.

With your hand bent back at right angles to your wrist, you have located the sensation of tenseness in the back of the forearm. Now slowly discontinue the tensing until your hand is at rest and the sensation of tension has disappeared. Do this several times, each time reducing the degree of tension by about half. With practice you will perceive muscle tension in your forearm even when the amount of tension is so small that your hand doesn't stir from its position on the arm of the chair. Eventually you will reach the point where you can recognize and discontinue the minute tensions that are there even when your arm is at rest. These are the "residual tensions" you're out to relax.

This is the basic procedure in learning to relax all the muscle groups: Relax the magnified tensions that come from moving various parts of the body, then progressively reduce the amount of tension till you're down to the very faint kind that persists even without perceptible movement of the muscles involved.

And remember this: You deliberately tense the various muscles *only at the start* in order to learn to recognize the feeling of tension. Once you're familiar

with that you can relax tension where you find it without doing any preliminary tensing.

After practice with the right hand bent back, bend the right hand downward at a right angle to the wrist. Note the tense feeling in the under portion of the forearm. Repeat until you are able to relax residual tensions.

Next, press your hand down hard against the arm of the chair. Note the sensation of muscle tension in the rear part of your upper arm. Relax ever diminishing intensities of it, as you did in the forearm.

Then, keeping elbow on the chair, flex your biceps in the manner of a boy showing off his strength, and repeat the process of relaxing ever fainter tension.

Now tense and relax the entire arm, using the same method.

Repeat these lessons with the left arm. Then repeat with both arms together.

Don't be discouraged or even surprised if it takes you several weeks to learn to relax your arms alone. Your skill here will make it that much easier to relax the other parts of your body.

LEGS: Sitting as before, learn to recognize tensions in the legs produced by bending the feet back, pointing them forward, pressing them against the floor, lifting them up from the floor, pressing your knees inward against one another, pressing them out against the palms of your hands. Practice relaxing the legs without tensing them in the first place.

ABDOMEN: Pull in the abdomen and hold it. Note the sensations of tension. Gradually relax. Dr. Jacobson points out that many men and women add to their tensions, mental and physical, by compulsively tensing their muscles to tuck in their tummies. If your

Photos by Bob Natkin of Pix

This subject felt sure she was relaxed—but the jagged lines on the scope prove otherwise.

abdomen protrudes when you're relaxed, and you don't like it, Jacobson suggests you find some way other than tensing your muscles to flatten it out—such as diet or exercise. "One reason women say they tire less easily with a girdle is because it lets them relax their stomach muscles without changing their figures."

BACK: Sit up very straight in your chair. Note the tension in the back muscles on either side of your spine. Tense them. Now relax them to the point where they barely prevent you from falling off the chair. As you sit, note the tensions which develop in other muscles throughout your body—chest, shoulders, legs and arms. You'll find many of these tensions are unnecessary, and feel fresher at the end of the day when you learn to relax them.

CHEST: Extend the left hand out horizontally before you. Then move your whole forearm in the direction in which your hand points and note tension in your chest. Then do the same with the right and with both together. Practice relaxing ever diminishing tension in these muscles. Don't try to regulate your breathing but let it find its own rhythms. You'll breathe more easily and rhythmically as you learn to relax other areas of your body.

NECK: When you tip your head to the left, the sensation you feel on the right is strain. The muscle tension is always on the side to which the head is bent. You can make this more noticeable by pressing your hand against your left temple, then pressing against your right temple. The front neck muscles can be tensed by pushing the head forward against your hand; the back muscles by pushing your head back against the chair or against your hand.

SHOULDERS: The sensation of muscle tension is easily located by pressing the shoulders back, raising them, and pushing them forward.

FACE: Wrinkle your forehead. This will familiarize you with tension in the muscles there. Frowning will localize tensions in the region between the eyes. Tightly closing the eyelids reveals tenseness there. As you familiarize yourself with what you are doing to produce these facial tensions, practice "not doing" exactly as you learned to relax progressively diminishing tensions in your arms, legs and trunk.

VOCAL ORGANS: Closing the jaws tightly reveals tenseness from the angle of the jaws to the temples. Opening the jaws produces tension just forward of the ears. Baring the teeth tenses the cheeks. Saying "O" makes you feel it in the lips. Retract the tongue. By this time you will probably be able to detect tension in your throat. If not, swallow, and you'll feel it.

Now you come to a very interesting experiment in relaxation. Count aloud from one to 10, repeating each word slowly enough to feel the tensions it produces in tongue, lips, jaw, throat, diaphragm and chest. Count again, but less strongly. Now repeat, but in a scarcely audible whisper. Continue counting so softly that your voice finally become inaudible—and only imagine counting. Repeat the count several times in your imagination. Then relax the speech apparatus completely. When you do this, you no longer think in verbal terms. Naturally this helps to put your mind at rest.

EYES: Since we think in visual as well as in verbal terms, the ability to relax mentally requires a similar control of visual tensions. To become acquainted with tension of the eye muscles and the eyeball itself, close the eyes lightly and then observe the various tension patterns as you move your eyes up, down, to the right, and to the left. Each time you move your eyes and feel the tension, cease to make whatever effort it was that produced the movement and the tension.

As you sit in your chair, look at an object on the left side of the room. Now look at another object on the right side of the room. Note the sensation of tension. Now get the feel of muscle contractions which take place when you focus on an object directly in front of you. Look at a near object, then at a far object, and note the different tension sensations.

Now you are ready for a more subtle experiment. With eyes closed, merely imagine looking at all the objects you previously saw with open eyes. Again note the various sensations of tension. Even when you only imagine seeing, the feelings of tension are identical in nature—and only slightly less intense. Relax the tension gradually just as you relaxed it in your arms and legs.

Probably the greatest stumbling block for beginners is the difficulty of grasping the completely negative quality of relaxation—that is, the state of *not doing*. At the start you'll be tempted to roll up your sleeves, grit your teeth and make a determined effort to let go with all your might. This, of course, will mightily increase your tension. The benefits to be gained from relaxation are tremendous—but don't get too excited about them in advance—just relax.

—By John Kord Lagemann

Native Wit...

The chief surgeon of one of Denver's biggest hospitals has an inexplicable aversion to being called Doctor when golfing—his favorite pastime. One Sunday as he was beating his way out of the rough an acquaintance in the next fairway shouted cheerily, "Good morning there, Doctor!" To which the doctor shouted back gruffly, "Good morning to *you*, manufacturer of ladies bras, panties, slips and fancy p.j.'s!"

—Ron Gilland
Hayden, Colo.

The Procession

Continued from page 20

Her body was warm and soft under his hands. He could feel her breasts through her light coat, her dress. But he tumbled her down into the river bed anyway, hating her because she wouldn't understand his need, his pressing need for all the things that were not within the pen walls.

There, her bag was open. Car keys. Wallet and change purse. Oh, damn her, damn her, only eight dollars in the wallet. He tossed it after her, dropped the bills and the change purse into his pocket, hurried towards the car, dangling the keys.

Too many keys, too many. He couldn't keep the dome light on. Somebody might come by, see the car, recognize it but not him. First key, second key—there.

THE motor started, and he felt around for the clutch. No clutch. Automatic transmission. Oh. Never driven one of those—he took a chance on a match. Yeah. Sort of a gearshift lever on the wheel. One of the positions was R—that must be reverse; where the lever was now, it said P for parking. Sure. . . .

It was funny to pull the lever over without the clutch being in. But there wasn't any clutch pedal, just an oversized brake. God, let him do this right. He touched the gas, and the car stalled. Oh. He'd left the brake on. Emergency brake.

Now the starter wouldn't work. He fumbled around, and then guessed that you had to have the damned lever someplace other than reverse before the motor would turn over. Sure. Otherwise it would reverse on the starter.

Finally he was out in the street and driving. Turn this corner, turn that corner. The car ran nicely. There. Traffic light. Red. Automatically he raised his left foot to put the clutch in, hit the brake, and the car stopped with a terrific jolt. Then there was another one as somebody ploughed into him from behind.

He looked around wildly, fumbling with the starter. Oh, God, he had to put this thing into neutral! Somebody was yelling at him, probably the driver of the car behind. He was just coming into a little public square, plaza, something like that.

He got the car started again. There was a cop! A dark Spanish face stared at him, said something about lights. He'd never turned the car lights on, he'd been driving under the street lamps.

He reached down, pulled a knob: the windshield wipers started whirring across the dry glass. Wrong knob. He tried the next one, and the lights lit, and he pressed the gas.

The cop was going for his gun, the dark face was puzzled and angry. It must look like the driver wasn't used to his car.

He'd left the gear shift in neutral. He shoved the lever to another position and the car shot ahead. Turn this corner, turn that corner. It didn't matter. His shoulders were tense, expecting a bullet at any moment, but there was no noise, no explosion.

A highway sign ahead. It didn't matter what highway it was, just so it was a road going out of town. He turned another corner, made a long curve around what looked like a courthouse and then, abruptly, was in the country, the street lights left behind. Step on it. Step on it.

He hadn't driven in a long time; when he reached over to turn the radio on, the car swerved, dangerously. He got it back under control again, twisted the radio dial. Music. Some comedian in New York or Hollywood. . . .

The third program was in Spanish. A lot of that around here. Man talking. He couldn't make out a word, though a lot of the guards and the prisoners were Spanish-speaking guys. Should have learned. They might be talking about him. That cop back there had been Spanish. Maybe a lot of the cops were, and they—

Dirt road off to the right. Better take it, get off the highway. Follow the dirt tracks off to the right, then turn left again and continue north. North was Colorado, and they would expect him to head for Old Mexico.

There'd be a drinking tavern somewhere back in the hills. He could drive past it and ditch this car, then wait till a drunk came out. Get some more money that way. Of course, a lot of drunks had used up all their money, but with his sockful of sand he could stand there batting them down all night and never start a riot.

HE'D been smart, bringing an extra sock along in his pocket. He laughed at the picture of himself, powerful in the night, putting drunks away like ducks in a shooting gallery. Maybe one of them would carry a gun—this was mountain country he was getting into—and maybe he could steal it.

With a gun, a man was a real man.

He went around a curve and almost ran into an old jalopy rumbling along; it had lights, but dim ones. His brakes squealed, but this time he didn't stall. The road was getting too narrow to pass; he let himself amble along behind the older car. No hurry. They wouldn't look for him in these lonesome hills.

He tried the radio again. Religious music. Oh, yeah, Sunday was Easter. . . .

Then a voice, sharp out of the cold night: "We interrupt to warn residents of northern New Mexico of the escape of a convict, possibly armed, and known to be dangerous. He has already assaulted a Santa Fe woman and taken her car. . . ."

He snapped the radio off. Dangerous. Him. Dangerous. He wouldn't be dangerous if people understood him. A man's got to have things. Money. Girls. If that guy in Gallup had only understood how important it was for him to have that girl right then—

Or take the woman in Santa Fe. She wouldn't have understood how much he needed her car. She wasn't doing anything with it; probably going to leave it parked while she went to a movie. She probably had friends, too, who'd have been glad to drive her home.

He was going to leave the car in good condition for her some place. She'd get it back. Probably insured anyway, . . . Naw. Why should she get her car back? Girl like that, with friends, a job, a good warm home, had too much already. He'd wreck the car, set it on fire. That would teach her. Teach them all. The guards at the pen who'd taken away what they called his copper, his time off for good behavior. That doctor, who wanted to get him transferred to an insane asylum.

He'd teach them, teach them, teach them. If they wanted him to play along with them, live in their lousy world, they ought to give him things. Or he'd take them, as he'd taken this car, and the money.

He tried the radio again, but they weren't talking about him any more; the silly people had to have their silly music, their childish jokes, even while a man, a real man, drove across the mountains. . . .

He was sweating hard. He rolled the window down, took deep breaths of the cold mountain air. In the pen yard the snow had melted days ago, but here it still lay on the ground, bright in the light of a full moon. It hurt his eyes. But he knew it hadn't been put here just to annoy him; he wasn't crazy, for all the doctors in the state of New Mexico.

It seemed as though he'd been following the jalopy for hours. But now they were in a town, lights ahead. Kerosene lights, they looked like. Good—without electricity, there wouldn't be many radios. . . .

He was alert now, back to his original plan: Find a drinking place and knock off the drunks as they came out. He peered to right and left as they drove slowly through the little town. Just houses. There were two stores behind gas pumps, but they were closed. No drinking place!

The jalopy turned into a yard, like a farm yard, but still in town, and he realized that the road ended here. Ahead it was just a footpath clinging to the hill. A car trying to go along there would tumble down to the creek below. He had to turn and go back.

He turned into the barnyard after the jalopy. Immediately a man was waving a flashlight. But not a cop. Just a men telling him to drive up here—the yard was full of cars.

He followed the flashlight because it was turning his car back so the nose would be to the road. But before he could roll out of the yard again, another car had followed him in, and parked in front of him.

Trapped! His throat closed, his hands broke out in sweat again. Trapped. The man with the flashlight was coming towards him. He got hold of the sock on the seat next to him, felt it to make sure the sand hadn't leaked out, grabbed the empty end.

Another Spanish guy. He turned the flashlight on his own face, and said: "You are welcome, sir. Just park your car there, it will be quite safe."

"Sure." Play it safe. A smart guy could drop a plan and think up a new one in a minute. Sure. Leave this car, walk down the village, and take the front car pointed out. He must have passed—yeah, he had passed—some crossroads along the dirt road. Anyway, he could hit the highway again in the new car, and nobody'd know him.

Yeah, yeah, yeah. He was free again. Take the first car out, and flat the tires on the second car, and who could follow him on this one-way road? He was smart, smart. Smart and free.

He muttered something to the Spanish guy, but that mug had taken his stupid face away to welcome somebody else. This was a party of some kind; maybe it had to do with Easter coming up.

He stood beside the car, looked around the yard. About 30 people. There was a lamp over one door of the house, more lamps inside. He looked in. Some wood carvings and beads and things for sale, and some Spanish women sitting behind a board counter, not talking.

He started for the gate. A guy bumped into him, said: "You can't go down there now. The procession's coming."

Crazy? There wouldn't be any kind of a parade up here. He said: "Who?"

"The brotherhood. The Penitentes."

For a moment he thought the man had referred to the pen, the penitentiary.

Then he remembered. He was smart, he never forgot anything. A guard asking for leave, Easter leave. "I'm a member of the brotherhood. I gotta march in the procession."

A con telling another con—none of them ever talked to him, he'd taught them better—"The brotherhood. That's the Penitentes. They whip themselves, beat themselves all up. Religious."

All right. It was something he could use. A smart guy could use anything. The people in the yard had all crowded to a point, up by a big woodpile. It was cold up here; well, he hadn't asked the warden for a winter coat before he left.

One of the people said: "It's cold for Easter." Yeah, even those dopes could feel.

While they were watching the procession he could go through their cars. Just so he was sure they had their minds on what they were watching. He crept closer to them. One of them said: "They select one of their number, tie him up on a cross. Sometimes he dies of exposure."

A girl said: "I don't see what they get out of it."

The first voice—fancy voice, like the head-

shrinkin' doctor that wanted to put him in the psycho-house—said: "They identify themselves with Christ this way. They are redeeming the world's sins."

He started back for the cars. Yeah, they were going to keep their eyes off their cars for a while. Hey! He could maybe hide on the floor in back of one of the sedans. Let them ride him to the highway, then stand up, use that old sock, and head north. It would be best to get a car with a Colorado license.

Singing was coming from out on the hill. Church singing—he'd sat through enough chapels in reform school, in the pen, to know—but not like church singing. Kind of wild.

He shrugged it off and prowled the cars, looking at license plates. Yeah. He'd also have to be sure he picked a car that had only two—at the most three—passengers. If people got in the back seat, it would make a hurraw, back here in the trap, no roads out—

A man was coming up to him. Not Spanish, English-speaking guy, like anybody you'd meet anyplace, not one of these mountain guys. "This your first time here?"

"Yeah." And what's it to you, wise guy?

"We've been up three years in succession. Most of the villages are closed to Anglos. . . . You stand over here, until the procession goes by, then follow it to the church."

He started to tell the wise guy where he could put his church. But until a car could roll, he had to do like everyone else, play it wise.

Wise guy went to a car—coupe, not a sedan—and fished inside. Bottle. "Here. It's cold up here."

"Noticed that." He took a swallow. He had to say it, look strange if he didn't. "Thanks."

The stranger grinned, took a swallow himself, put the bottle in the compartment, took his arm. He hated to have anyone touch him. "Over here. You don't want to miss any of it. It hasn't changed in 400 years. It's like turning back a history book."

Nothing to do but go. Out on the point by the firewood, you could look up the valley. Lights coming towards them. The noise—singing, chanting, shouting—got deeper. Creepy. What'd they get out of it? All those words the fancy guy had said were just words.

A girl in the crowd around him said: "Oh—oh-oh," in a scared way. He felt that way himself. The liquor was hitting his empty stomach, throbbing in his head.

Wise guy—what'd he called himself, an Anglo?—said: "Quiet now. They don't like it if we talk."

Well, to hell with them.

Some of the Anglos who had hats on took them off. Down the footpath came a man with a flashlight. Little Spanish guy, with glasses, young. He waved the flashlight at the crowd. "Back, get back there."

They weren't in the way, but everybody crowded back a step. It brought a girl up against him, the girl who had said: "Oh." He stood his ground, let her press up against him. Second woman he'd touched that night, second in four years. The liquor banged in his veins and he sweated hard, and the girl was watching the path so hard she didn't know she was against him.

To hell with being careful. It was her car he was going in. He'd get the bottle of liquor from the Anglo's jalopy, get in the girl's car. She'd like him, she'd do what he told her to. Drive him into Colorado, stay with him, wait on him. People would do what he told them, if only they knew he was a man, a real man.

Only about 30 guys in the procession. They carried burning sticks of wood. Some of them had pictures on fancy poles, like flags going sideways; saints probably. Then some guys dragged crosses, crosses too big for them. You'd think their friends walking behind, singing, would help them.

Then the singing guys. The girl pressed against him shuddered, and he shuddered with her. Gawd, he had the world now. Liquor and a woman and a fast car. She'd have money, too—he knew it. Or go get him some. She'd do anything he wanted.

Now two guys in white pants and nothing else were going by. Had something in their hands. . . . Whips. They were swinging the whips up with both hands, hitting themselves on the backs. . . .

That wasn't paint. Blood, blood running down their backs, staining their white pants.

The girl stepped away from him, staring, her hands up to her face. It was cold, and he was alone in the crowd, attention draining away from him, focusing on the little guys and their whips.

Like his mother forgetting him when his father came home, like the teacher waving him to his seat when the smarter kids knew the answers, like—

Suddenly he was yelling. He shoved the girl aside, pushed through the crowd, jumped down to the path. "Lemme, lemme, lemme," he shouted, but he didn't know what he was shouting. He was trying to grab one of the whips away from the little man who held it. Grabbing with one hand, ripping at his shirt with the other.

If he ever felt that whip on his back, it would be better than liquor or girls or money—

The chanting men were all around him. He got the whip, flailed it at them. "Stand back. I'm a real man! Broke out of the pen today, knocked off a dame, stole a car. A real man!"

From nowhere, a man in a broad hat, thin face, like an old-time saint in a church was in front of him. Badge. Star. He struck at the thin man, Spanish man, with the whip, and there was an explosion, like the moon had blown up.

He was turned around, running. People got out of his way. He was a real man. The Man, and—

Church. He ran in, hands clutching at him. Altar. Candles.

And then the candles exploded, too, and he was on the floor, his hands almost touching the altar.

And then, nothing. —By Richard Wormser

The Other Guy's Job:

Busdriver

Continued from page 24

I met Bill at the carbarn a little after 7 A.M. His first task was to arrange the traps, which is the collective name the drivers give their change carriers, punch, transfers, and rolls of change and tokens. The traps are carried in a trap box, which the driver provides, as he also does his own uniforms. The trap boxes vary—one former GI keeps his traps in an old .50-calibre ammunition box—but Bill's is bright and new and has lock and key.

Bill checked in with the clerks, who gave him the number of rolls of tokens and change Bill's experience had taught him were necessary to meet the expected revenues and requests for change during the day. Then Bill walked to a series of wall charts to find his schedule and the number of the bus that was allotted for his use, and to find where the bus would be parked in the lot adjacent to the Brookland barn.

We found the bus where the chart promised. Bill put up the No PASSENGERS sign, started the motor, listened to the sound of it for a few moments, and at 7:24 finally said, "Let's go." We drove downtown on the rainy streets which were shortly to be crammed with Washington's zany traffic. Some minutes before 7:42 Bill was turning the corner of Lafayette Park onto Pennsylvania Avenue, and he took his first of the five glances he'd have that day at the White House. President Eisenhower was not on the porch. Bill parked on the west side of the park and promptly at 7:42 rolled away from the curb to begin his driving day.

The run uptown was fairly light; most people were on their way down to the huge federal buildings.

"There's one man who drives to work at six every morning to get a parking space near his government job," Bill told me. "Then he takes a streetcar back home, eats breakfast, and takes another streetcar back downtown. At the end of the day he figures he doesn't have to wait in line at the loading platform, then stand up in the car all the way home. He can get in his car and drive in all the traffic."

Bill wasn't kidding. There really is such a man.

Bill himself doesn't mind the bedlam of Washington's rush hours. "That's when I'm busiest," he said, "and when you're busy, time goes faster. Besides, *I* don't have to get anywhere in a hurry."

Bill manhandled the big 71-passenger bus through

Full day ahead, Bill (center) fills out worksheet among other drivers in company's rec room.

At 7:15 A.M., before starting out on first run of day, Bill picks up his bus route sign.

the wet streets, reaching 'way forward to swing the flat wheel.

"It's right much of a change," he said, "to climb down off this bus and get behind the wheel of that little old Ford at the end of the day. In the Ford I feel just like I was riding on top of the ground."

We glided through the route that wound out of the glitter of Washington's international center, out through the sprawling Negro districts along Rhode Island Avenue, then swung north to wind through the middle-class Northeast, winding up at the District line opposite the Maryland apartment community of Avondale.

"I've got a motto about driving," Bill said. "I say treat all old ladies like you'd want some other driver to treat your mother; treat all women like you'd want some other driver to treat your wife; treat all kids like you'd want other people to treat your own."

Shortly before 9 A.M. Bill surrendered the bus to another driver, walked back the five blocks to the barn, locked his trap box away in his locker, and we drove to Bill's Maryland home for a mid-morning snack.

"I made you-all some cherry cake," Margaret Secrist said.

She watched hopefully while Bill tasted the first bite.

"It's almost," Bill said. Then he grinned.

It was a family joke, Mrs. Secrist explained. Bill's mother, she said, made a light shortcake with sour pie cherries in it, and it was Bill's favorite dish.

"They always say my cherry cake is good, but—" Mrs. Secrist said. "I've been trying to get that 'but' out of there for 20 years. They say it's almost as good but the cherries fell to the bottom instead of staying in the middle, or that the cake is too sweet, or not sweet enough."

"This one is almost," Bill said pleasantly, making short work of the cake.

We munched and chatted until it was 12:15; time to return to the Brookland barn. Bill cautioned me against drinking too much coffee.

"You have to watch your kidneys," he said. "You can't take too much liquid and drive all day. There are places along the route that the company keeps in case of emergencies, though. The company pays drugstores and places like that $5 a month to let the drivers use the toilets in the back. If you see a driver stop for a minute and leave the bus, you'll know where he's gone."

It was a light day. The morning rain had given way to pure skies and 70-degree weather, and Bill opened his driver's window to feel the balmy air. We drove from the 12th and Monroe intersection to

In morning, while waiting to take over another bus, Bill stops for coffee in neighborhood drugstore.

Lafayette Park where Bill looked again at the White House. President Eisenhower was not on the porch. Bill parked on the west side of the park, allowed himself four minutes to smoke a cigarette standing outside the bus, and during that time two admirals, a Korean, an Army officer, three pretty girls and one man who looked very much like Interior Secretary Douglas MacKay walked unconcernedly past. Bill was fascinated.

We made the Avondale trip twice more and then walked to the barn to have lunch in the big, bare, upstairs commons room. We ate quickly, for Bill is allowed only 21 minutes during which he had also to bring his manifest sheet for the morning work up to date. The manifest gives the number of the bus, and breaks down in detail the number of pennies, nickels, quarters, halves, dimes, tokens, transfers and bills that were collected. It is then punched with the driver's special punch—each driver has a different punch, which is his signature on transfers. All in all, the manifest is a plaguey document at best.

There was to be a new bus to be taken out of the barn after lunch, and it ran deadhead—that is, without passengers—to 12th and E streets Northwest, from which point it began an express route to the District line out New Hampshire Avenue. An express route means no passengers are discharged until the bus has cleared the downtown area. One of the things Bill likes about his present shift is the express run that breaks up the monotony of the Avondale runs. Once at the District line, Bill deadheaded back downtown to take up his old post at Lafayette Park. President Eisenhower was not on the porch.

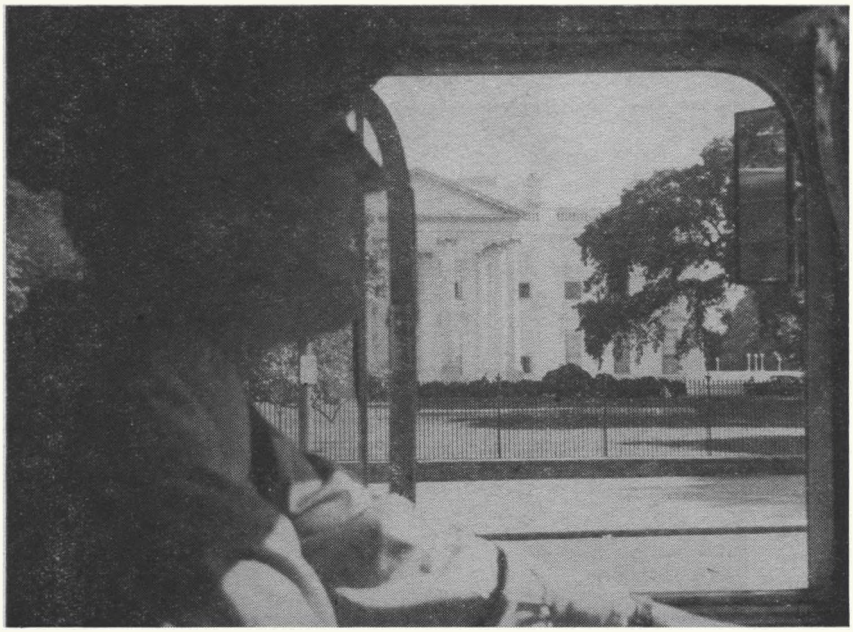
The light faded, and Bill switched on his headlights to run through the gathering dusk. One of the remarkable things about Bill's years on the job is that, though his streetcar and bus runs have embraced the twilight hours when, statistics say, most accidents occur, he has never had a chargeable accident.

Bill was visibly tiring toward the end of the day, but not so much that it interferred with the way he handled his bus. It just seemed enough to interfere with the fun he'd been having. On the last visit to Lafayette Park he didn't look across the street to see if anyone was on the porch. No one was, anyway.

"You can have her," Bill said to the driver who relieved him at 12th and Monroe, and Bill walked back to the barn with his long hillbilly stride. "It's nice to have this walk," he said. "Some drivers don't like this run because of the walking you have to do, but I look forward to it at the end of the day. It kind of relaxes you."

At the barn, Bill completed his day's manifest sheet, punched it, turned in his money, tokens, transfers and bills to the clerk behind the plate-glass window, and waited until the clerk had poured Bill's pile of silver through the counting and sorting machines. The clerk said the machines agreed with Bill's figures, and Bill's work day had come to an end. He had carried 500-600 passengers, most of whom had given him transfers, and he'd taken in $20 in cash fares and four rolls of tokens for the company. It was nearly eight P.M. when Bill left the barn and it would be another half hour before he got home to his late supper.

Despite the fact that Bill had a mid-morning break and another break for lunch, he completes the day dog-tired unless he has taken a morning nap. He puts in not much more than eight working hours, but he has to leave the house at 6:30 in the morning



Where's Ike? That's what Bill wonders as he pilots his bus past the White House five times a day. He has never seen the President.

During mid-morning break, Bill drives home for sandwich and piece of homemade cherry shortcake which, he kiddingly tells his wife, is almost as good as his mother made.

and gets home at 8:30 in the evening. No matter how you slice it, that means he's on the go for 14 hours every day.

Bill and I drove from the Brookland carbarn through northeast Washington and then out Route 1 to the $10,000 three-bedroom house that they moved into last fall. Before that, they had lived in smaller and cheaper quarters—a $5,000 development house with two bedrooms, no basement, no porch, no dining room and no down payment for veterans. Bill was able to sell this house for $8,000.

If Bill saw nothing of his children when he was working the late straights, he scarcely sees more of them today—just an hour or so in the evening. After Bill's supper, it was soon time for 10-year-old Dwight to go to bed and for teen-ager Doris, who works in a Washington bank, to follow him.

The Secrists have nearly no social life on weekdays. One reason is that Bill must retire before 10 P.M. in order to get up at six the next day.

"We go to the movies about once a month," Mrs. Secrist told me, "and then we don't go to the movies just to be going. It has to be something we want to see—something with Gary Cooper or John Wayne in it. We like good pictures like 'High Noon' and 'The Quiet Man.' "

For Doris, of course, weekends are apt to be most interesting. But if she's inclined to take her social obligations too seriously, kid-brother Dwight is right on the scene to take her down a peg. He calls her current boy-friend "B'rer Rabbit" because he thinks the passion of the hour resembles the Disney version of the tar-baby's captive.

Because of Bill's hours, and because the family is so peculiarly well-adjusted and self-contained, happy and content within their walls, neither Bill nor his wife belong to social organizations. Neither of them have felt a need to join a group "other than what we're forced into, like the PTA," Mrs. Secrist said. Her attendance at PTA meetings is something she regards as a mother's obligation.

The Secrists' normal evening entertainment, apart from their own good company, is watching the flickering figures on their tiny television screen.

Since the Secrists do not drink, or entertain, or spend more than an occasional few dollars a month on a movie, about their only expenses are upkeep of the family Ford, which Bill himself oils and greases, payments on their mortgage, and food. Bill does the shopping, stopping at a supermarket on the way home on Wednesday mornings. He realizes he could save money by shopping on the two sales days, Thursdays and Fridays, but then the stores are jammed and Bill doesn't like waiting in a long line of ladies. He is content to spend a few cents more for the privilege of shopping in an uncrowded store, and he spends $30 a week for groceries.

On weekends the family can relax from its

At end of long day, shortly before 8 P.M., Bill wearily counts up tokens, transfers and change, enters totals on his manifest sheet.

various duties and someone—not Bill—will suggest driving to a store, or driving somewhere through Maryland's pretty farm country. Bill puts up a brief, good-natured battle at this point, claiming he's been driving all week, and couldn't everyone please stay home for a change. But change for everyone else means leaving home, so Bill is apt to find himself behind the wheel again, the model of the Sunday driver.

The Secrists take vacation at Easter time, when the apple blossoms of the Shenandoah Valley are at their storied perfection. Then, they return to the hills and from the heights regard the orchards where Bill once picked apples as a boy. They rejoin their friends and relatives in the mountains, relishing the clean air and familiar accents and foods, thinking of their own eventual return.

On summer weekends, Bill goes fishing in the tidal waters of the Delaware coast.

He has built his present life around his trains, his visits to seashore and the mountains, his well-ordered home and his job. He plans to keep driving Capital Transit rolling stock until he is retired at 65.

"I can't get a supervisor's job," he said, "because I don't have enough education for it. I plan to finish up driving for the company. It's all right as long as your nerves hold up, and I reckon mine will. Maybe when I'm older, I'll need a quiet suburban route, or to go back on streetcars.

"Only," he said, after a minute's reflection, "maybe they won't have streetcars any more when I'm 65. But it doesn't matter. It's a good job and I can't see any easier way to make my money."

Bill looks into the future, measured against the present, and finds it good. One day he will return with his wife to the hills to tell mountain folk of city life, and of how he drove past the White House every day.

—By John Keats

In the evening, Bill and son, Dwight, take to the attic for a session of railroading. Electric trains are Bill's one consuming hobby. He owns four engines and a variety of equipment.

A Shot in the Dark

Continued from page 28

"The thing would work," someone said. "But it's not infallible, is it?"

"Nearly so," said Tubbs. "I certainly wouldn't recommend trying it out with a loaded gun."

He began to eat his ice cream.

"Well, is that the story?" I asked. "Did Beckwith confess?"

"Beckwith maintained Parker was conscious when he left him," Tubbs said. "He felt the whole thing was an extraordinary coincidence. He admitted, however, that if word of the thing got around he'd be a ruined man. Everyone would suspect him, including his wife. If I may say so, gentleman, you're spending your money too freely. You have the essential information to prove Beckwith guilty or innocent. Work it out for yourself."

Tubbs then proceeded to finish his dessert. Several questions, accompanied by cash, were put to him but he refused them all.

FOR A MAN in his position, Tubbs continued at last, I must say Beckwith kept his head. He admitted he could have doped Parker's drink and he hoped Hayden would order the body exhumed so a check could be made. When Hayden declared no drug was needed, that Parker could have had more drinks than usual and gone to sleep on the couch, Beckwith agreed that this too was possible.

"Had that ever happened?" the policeman asked.

Beckwith looked sicker than he had at any time before. "Yes," he said, putting his hands to his head. "Once or twice I have left him like that and let myself out. But it didn't happen last week. We played three games of chess, I tell you. No man can play chess when he's drunk."

"Perhaps you didn't play chess," Hayden said.

"You have only my word that we did."

At this point I was certain I had solved the mystery.

"Beckwith," I said, "did not murder his uncle."

The relief on the man's face was wonderful. I shall not attempt to describe it.

"How can you be sure?" Hayden demanded.

"Because of the empty bottle in the den," I said. "I can think of no reason why Mr. Beckwith would have lied about leaving it in the kitchen with one drink remaining. In fact, if he had killed Mr. Parker, it would have been the last thing he'd have told us."

"Now just a minute," said the policeman. "Maybe he wanted to prove Parker had been up and around after he left. The best way to prove it would be to say he left the bottle in the kitchen. The bottle turns up in the den and so we believe Parker went to the kitchen to get it."

"Exactly," I said, "except that if Parker had wanted another drink he'd have made it in the kitchen and thrown away the bottle. He would not carry an empty bottle back to the den. Mr. Beckwith would scarcely have made a point about the single last drink left in the bottle if he had wanted to cover his tracks."

"But look here," Beckwith broke in excitedly, "if my uncle or I didn't leave the bottle in the den, who did?"

"An excellent question," I said, "and one which I will leave to Chief Hayden."

You will recall, gentleman, that I began this account with the remark that I *believed* I had solved a murder yesterday. I still believe so but, under the circumstances, I can't be sure. I believe that some time after Beckwith went home that night Mr. Parker did indeed go to sleep on the couch in his den. I believe Mrs. Norris, his housekeeper, came downstairs and found him there. I believe she shot him and left the gun in his hands. It must then have occurred to her that Parker might have been asleep when his nephew went home. This surely would weaken the picture of suicide. She hurried to the kitchen, emptied the whiskey in the sink, and left the empty bottle beside him in the den, thus indicating he had been up and around before he was shot. Her only error, I believe, was her simple failure to notice that only enough whiskey for one drink remained in the bottle.

TUBBS GLANCED at his watch and hurriedly got to his feet. "I'm sorry, gentlemen, but I must get back to my office."

"But just a minute," someone protested. "What's happened? Has Mrs. Norris been arrested?"

"Unfortunately Mrs. Norris left Jamesbury two days ago," said Tubbs. "She was anxious, it seems, to visit her sister in Australia, and Beckwith had already arranged for her to receive her legacy."

"Would anyone commit murder for $5,000?" I asked.

"Many have murdered for less." said Tubbs. "I understand Mrs. Norris is quite an attractive person in appearance. Perhaps she had made a business of this kind of thing."

Mr. Barton, our oldest member, cleared his throat. "I believe I can help out on that point," he said. "For a week now I've been advertising for a housekeeper. Yesterday a woman appeared at my home to apply for the job. She told me she'd looked after half a dozen elderly single men in the past eight years. She called herself Mrs. Norris."

We all stared at him in horror.

"Did you hire her?" Tubbs gasped.

"Heavens, no," said Barton. "Six men in eight years! Would I hire a woman with a run of luck like that?" —BY TIMOTHY FULLER

The Guy Who May Kill You

Continued from page 30

Get your answer in Illinois. An intensive study of 40,356 drivers revealed that the more accidents a man has had, the greater is the likelihood that he will continue to have more. Only one out of 40 drivers who have had one accident has a second one . . . but two out of five who had five accidents went on to have a sixth. In other words, *each additional accident increases the chances of having another one.*

Get your answer from all over. In Minneapolis, the Family Service Bureau of the Northwestern National Life Insurance Co. found that five to 10 percent of the drivers in most states had more than 50 percent of the traffic accidents.

Let's move in for a close-up of this strange character, the repeater. What makes him tick? Is he different from other people, and if so, how? The answers are more important than you think.

You've heard, no doubt, about persons who are "accident prone." It's a well-established fact that some individuals just seem to get into bad accidents of one kind or another time after time, while nothing happens to others. A construction worker in the Long Island area told me he has had 14 bad ones in 12 years, landing in the hospital six times. His brother-in-law, who works at his side on almost every job, has never had an accident. One investigator tells about the house painter who had 18 fractures at different times, consistently got buffeted by falling planks and paint cans and was the only soldier in the history of the armed forces to fall in such a way that a bayonet, fastened to his back, stabbed him in the shoulder from the front.

Corroboration comes from many sources. Dr. William J. Fulton of General Motors, for example, reported to the Industrial Nursing Section of the National Safety Council that 80 to 85 percent of accidental injuries and medical complaints came from 30 percent of the employees. Dr. Gerald Gordon, staff psychologist of E. I. du Pont de Nemours and Company, studied 3,000 on-the-job injuries and found they came from 35 percent of the staff.

Now scratch a traffic-accident repeater and under the surface you find a person who is accident prone. Realizing this, scientific investigators in all parts of this country and Canada have launched a new kind of attack on the miserable record of highway massacres racked up yearly. They are digging deeply into the behavior and personality of the repeater, hoping to find the elusive X factors which cause these drivers to be involved in crack-ups repeatedly.

Already some important clues have emerged.

In Canada, Drs. W. A. Tillman and G. E. Hobbs of the University of Western Ontario examined a group of cab drivers, half of them repeaters and the others accident free. They found some remarkable differences. The no-accident drivers were well-adjusted, well-mannered, happier, less aggressive and, in sum, better all-round people. But the repeaters:

—Had been absent from school often and were class rowdies when they did attend.

—Kept bouncing from job to job, leaving of their own accord some of the time but being fired most of the time.

—Had few close friends and were chiefly interested in sports, drinking, gambling and dancing.

—Were fatalistic, materialistic and resented discipline and routine.

—Had long personal histories of aggressiveness, impulsiveness and intolerance.

In another study, Drs. Tillman and Hobbs studied 96 drivers who had been involved in four or more smash-ups each. Nearly seven out of every 10 were known to the law courts, credit bureaus and social-service agencies as having been in some kind of prior trouble. But less than one person in 10 of the accident-free group was similarly known.

At Northwestern University, Dr. Harold Wisely found that repeaters reacted impulsively in many situations, tended to become frustrated in others and showed an inability to make adequate decisions.

Dr. Herbert J. Stack, director of the N.Y.U. Center for Safety Education, discovered that repeaters are poorly informed about safe driving practices and rules of the road, think they drive better than they actually can, have poor physical co-ordination and tend to go to pieces in emergencies. In addition, they prefer the higher driving speeds, are more reckless and have "an enlarged idea of their ability to absorb alcoholic liquor."

Some repeaters, Dr. Stack points out, actually said in interviews that they could take as many as 18 cocktails before their driving could be affected. Chemical tests, however, clearly demonstrated that they were drunk after a few drinks.

But don't get the idea that these highway menaces are "dumb" drivers. As a matter of fact, intelligence tests reveal no significant difference between the average brain-power of the repeaters and accident-free drivers. Certainly the young Marine who left his post recently, bound for New York, was anything but stupid. His superiors had observed that he was bright, quick, alert. Nevertheless, he was a chronic violator. As the car, loaded with barracks mates, tooled along, the Marine started breaking the laws. He noticed the no-passing zones on the highways, but passed nonetheless. He saw the plainly marked speed limits, but pushed the car well beyond them. He weaved, cut off, skittered past stop signs. "If a log had been kept," declares Dr. Stack in telling the story, "it is possible that he violated more than 50

regulations. The driver was a chronic violator—and a chronic violator is someone looking for an accident."

The Marine found one, all right. A tractor-trailer had pulled off the highway because of motor trouble. It was clearly lighted and was off the roadway. Suddenly, the Marine lost control of the car. In a fraction of a second, it bounded off the highway and crashed with full impact into the truck. Two of his passengers were killed instantly; he and another Marine were seriously injured.

Does the repeater know that he's one and that he's a menace? Rarely, if ever. This Marine, for example, laughed at warnings, considering civilian speed limits "sissy stuff," says Dr. Stack. The chronic violator explains away his troubles by putting the blame on the other fellow or, if none was involved, on his car, the road, the weather or what-have-you—never on himself.

How many repeaters are there on the roads? Estimates vary from 10 percent of all drivers on up, but this much is certain: All authorities who have studied them assert that they represent a large segment of the driving population and are especially dangerous because they themselves are unaware something is terribly wrong.

Well, that's the repeater under a microscope and now the big question arises: What's to be done with him and about him? Is there an answer?

There is, a two-pronged one. The first prong is the point system and the second deals with traffic-accident research clinics. Let's see what they are and how they can help.

The point system: This is simply a procedure for keeping close and careful tabs on the unsatisfactory performance of drivers, and as of now it seems to offer the best solution yet advanced for pulling the rug from under the repeater and the violator.

Twelve states and the District of Columbia have already adopted variations of this method. They all work somewhat differently, but consider the one in Connecticut as typical:

William M. Greene, chairman of the Connecticut Safety Commission, explains that points—or demerits—are assigned to all kinds of violations, ranging from one for relatively minor infractions up to 10 for responsibility for a fatal crash. Failure to stop at a stop sign and passing a standing school bus are worth two points each, speeding nets three and reckless driving six. The offender pays his fines, of course, but even more importantly, he gets his demerits.

Now when a driver gets three points tabbed against his record, a letter comes snapping in from the motor-vehicle folks, advising him friendly-like to take stock and start behaving on the roads. When he works up to five, he's called in for a conference and the atmosphere gets distinctly chilly. At six, he has a hearing and eight means punishment—usually license revocation—is inevitable.

Thus you see that the method aims squarely at the target, the repeater. But is it working? Let's see:

In Connecticut, where the point system was put into operation in 1948, deaths per hundred million vehicle miles dropped the very first year from 4.6 to 3.4. Officials thought this happened merely because the system was new, but their fears were dispelled. The drop has continued slowly but steadily.

George E. Keneipp, director of the vehicle-and-traffic department of the District of Columbia, declares after a year's experience with the system: "We are convinced that the point system is one of the most progressive and effective measures ever adopted to win the co-operation of drivers with poor and possibly dangerous driving habits."

Traffic-accident clinics: These, used in conjunction with the point system, are already in operation in several states. New Jersey, for instance, has had such success with the one in Trenton that it's planning to open others.

The clinics have one aim: to identify the potential accident repeater in advance or at least early enough in his destructive career. Then vigorous preventive measures in the form of cancelled permits, enforced safety training and future surveillance can be concentrated where they will pay off.

Chronic violators are given a battery of specially-designed tests at the clinics to find out just what's wrong with them. For instance, at Trenton, the subject is interviewed exhaustively on his personal history, and is given vision, traffic, knowledge and "driver attitude" tests. In addition, he is carefully observed for nervousness and instability under stress with special testing equipment.

At his closing interview, the subject is told the findings and is given a set of recommendations to compensate for each deficiency noted.

Then, if the driver still refuses to co-operate, if he still can't read the handwriting on the wall, he is shooed off the roads.

And that's the real, final solution, the payoff punch every state must be prepared to deliver at any time to anybody, in the opinion of safety experts. Says the Northwestern Life report: Educate the repeater, try to change his attitude, give him a chance to reform. But if he doesn't, "give him the works and remove him from contact with a steering wheel." Says Paul H. Blaisdell, director of the traffic-safety division of the Association of Casualty and Surety Companies: "License suspension and revocation is the H-bomb of the traffic-safety battle and we must not be afraid to use it."

Maybe if somebody had acted on these warnings, Margaret Mitchell, author of "Gone With the Wind," would be alive today. The taxicab driver who ran her down in Atlanta had 22 violations on his record. Maybe a lot more kids will get a chance to grow up. Maybe we'd all breathe a lot easier every time we venture out into traffic with our families in the car.

How much longer must we all continue to be sitting ducks? —By Lester David

Stalking the Wild Osage Locomotive

Continued from page 36

smoke drifting about cottonwood-tree height—though there weren't any trees. This is Osage Indian Reservation, marked only by man-high bluestem grass (fine for fattening cattle) and slowly pumping oil wells. The Indians all moved to town 40 years ago. "Nothing else," Dr. Husa said, when I questioned what caused the smoke, "puts up a cloud of smoke just like a locomotive stack."

We backtracked some more, nearly being ditched in a freshly-oiled road leading into the town of Lep, Okla. (one grocery, one gas station, 25 oil tanks and a pumping station). Leaving our auto, we moved quietly over a hill, from behind which came sounds of the heaving monster. Our cameras at the ready, we rushed the thing. It took alarm at our approach, but we fulfilled Dr. Husa's mission. (See photos on pages 34, 35 and 36.)

Stalking it directly to its lair at the noon hour, we learned from the engineer-mahout that what I took to be bones of its victims were in reality the still-smoking remains of a toolhouse that had burned down the night before.

From the builder's plate on the left side of the engine (which Dr. Husa could tell at a distance was a Baldwin) we ascertained it was made in Philadelphia in May 1912, No. 37787. This will enable the rail fan to learn all he wants to know about its original valve gear, dimensions of steam chest, tractive effort and size of firebox. It leaked more steam than it used, I thought.

"This is probably the last steam locomotive now operating in Oklahoma," said Dr. Husa contentedly as we drove away. He had snapped his pictures, which he would file neatly among the hundreds of color and black-and-white prints he owns (the information about each is filed and cross-indexed in his agile brain), and I found that I was aiming my puny camera at the same things he did. Well, it takes all kinds . . .

But I did bring home something more worthwhile than photographic nostalgia. My trophy? A bent, rusted spike, snatched straight from the cross-tie of the dying Osage, to add to my growing collection of tangibles from abandoned lines. Also it comes in handy if you want to measure something exactly six inches long—making allowance for the 5/16-inch this spike has been bent. Suitably engraved, where I have already started to polish it by hand, it will make a lasting, useful paperweight and conversation-starter.

The trouble with rail fans is that most of them are not practical. —By Clyde Carley

You Dig Baseball Talk?

By Tom Dowling, Jr.

Can you supply the terms baseball players use for the following? If you get 20 correct—man, you're the most! Score 15-19—crazy, man, crazy! Score 11-14—that's cool! Score 10 or less—you're a square from nowhere!

1. Last place in the standings is called the _____.
2. The heaviest hitter on the team usually hits in the _____ spot.
3. The man waiting to bat next is said to be _____.
4. The outfields are called the _____.
5. A very serious point during a game is called the _____.
6. When a runner's left stranded on base he is said to _____ there.
7. An attempt to score from third on a bunt is called a _____.
8. A line splitting home plate is called the _____.
9. A bunt with a man on first is called a _____.
10. The pitching-catching combination is called the _____.
11. A player who commits a crucial error is called a _____.
12. A fly ball to the infield is called a _____.
13. A double play is a _____.
14. The final game of an afternoon double-header is the _____.
15. _____ is the lady's name for a base on balls.
16. A home run with the bases loaded is a _____.
17. A pitch deliberately thrown out of batting range is a _____.
18. A sudden throw to catch a runner off base is a _____.
19. The place where pitchers warm up is the _____.
20. When a pitcher is tagged for a homer, he has thrown what is called a _____.

ANSWERS

1. cellar; 2. cleanup; 3. on deck; 4. gardens or pastures; 5. clutch; 6. die; 7. squeeze; 8. groove or slot; 9. sacrifice; 10. battery; 11. goat; 12. pop-up; 13. twin killing; 14. nightcap; 15. Annie Oakley; 16. grand slam; 17. pitchout; 18. pickoff; 19. bullpen; 20. gopher ball.

Crisis

By LYDEL SIMS

Discovery In the Dark

JOE SWEENEY was frightened.

A frail, white-haired man in his early 60's, broke and lonely, he stood at the window and stared blankly at the future.

What happens when a lifetime of trying brings you at last, jobless and empty-handed, to a hotel room you can't even pay for?

Below his window he could hear the noises of traffic on 31st Street. It would be almost curtain time on Broadway. And what of Joe Sweeney? Was it another kind of curtains for him?

He had never looked for great wealth. All he'd sought was a living—and an audience. As actor must have an audience, or nothing was worth while.

For what seemed a lifetime he had hoped and believed that audience would some day be his. It wasn't a groundless hope. Thirty-four times in more than 20 years he had been cast in Broadway openings. That was what made it so ironic. It must be some kind of record in the American theater—to be in 34 openings, and never in a hit play! And now to be for months without any part at all!

Had he acquired the reputation he dreaded on Broadway, that of a jinx actor? Were they saying Sweeney was bad luck for a play? Once he had talked about that to his old friend, Damon Runyon. Runyon had laughed it off, helped him get a part in Howard Lindsay's "A Slight Case of Murder." Well, it had lasted longer than many of the others—three months. And then it was a smash hit in the movies.

Joe Sweeney, a deeply religious man, stood at the window and repeated a prayer he had said often in the last month: "God, show me how to earn a living outside the theater."

Why did he get no answer? Why did every effort he made to find a job off Broadway, off the stage, end in failure? Was the God he had revered all his life deserting him?

Suddenly a new thought came. Could there be an answer in the very withholding of an answer? Could there be significance in his failure to find a job outside the theater?

Joe Sweeney began desperately to appraise himself, not as an actor out of work, but as a man of faith from whom some service might even yet be required. Into his mind flashed the parable of the man who hid his talent in a napkin. Did it mean something for him, even after all these years of trying?

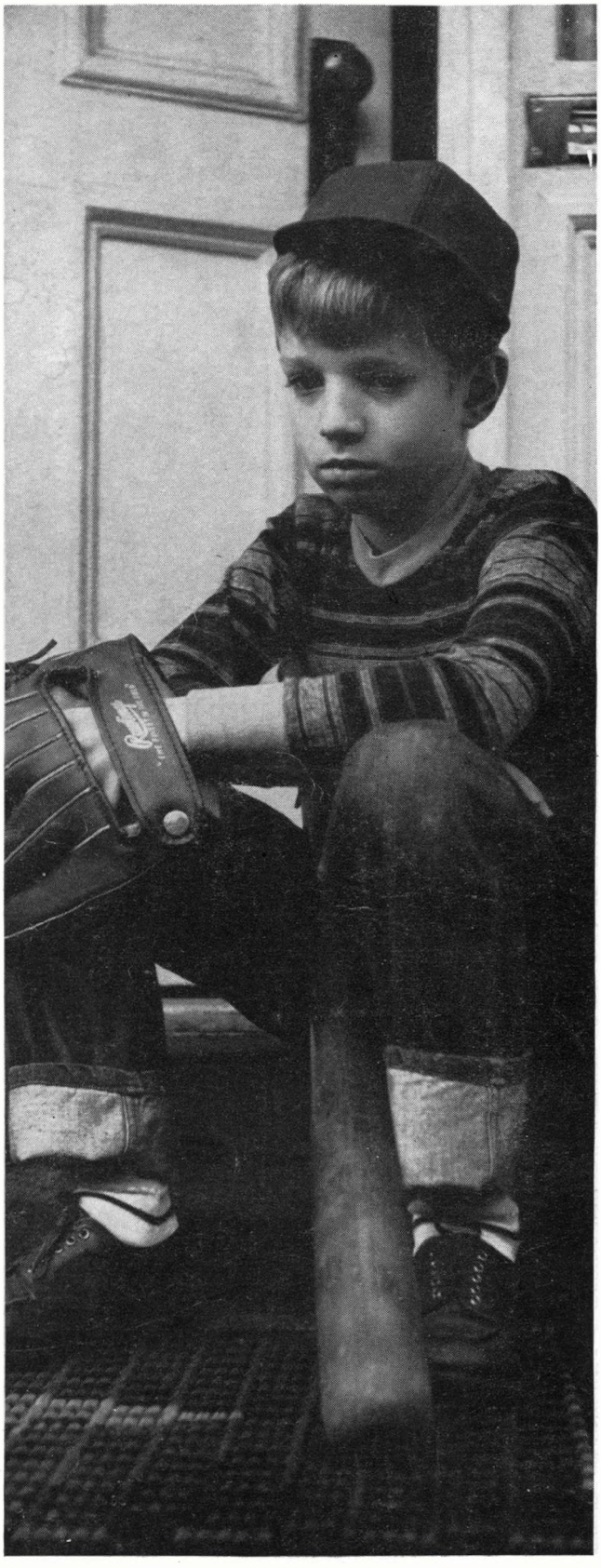
The street outside the window was deserted when he made his decision. "I have a talent," he told himself. "I must not turn my back on it. I must hang on."

Then, still broke and lonely, but no longer frightened, Joe Sweeney went to sleep, an actor waiting with fresh hope for an audience.

The audience was television.

The man Broadway forgot was discovered, in his 60's, by a vast new medium. Joe Sweeney, who had reached the brink of despair on that dark night and had held on, found an audience beyond his dreams for a series of roles that has made his name familiar on virtually every drama program on network television. For one performance alone, as Gramps in "The Petrified Forest," the audience was estimated at more than 20 million persons.

Joe Sweeney knows what so many have learned from their own personal experiences: a man who prays may find the answer when he least expects it.



"Saturday's no fun anymore"

IT sure used to be, though. Up early—even before the sun hit the window sill. Then tip-toe into Dad's room to wake him up. Sometimes it isn't easy.

He's up now. Careful not to wake Mom. Now you're dressed and in the kitchen where you and Dad whip up a swell breakfast together. Doesn't the coffee smell good? And the bacon frying . . . the hot rolls. A real man's breakfast.

"What'll it be today, Tommy?", Dad asks. "Want to toss a ball around? How about a ride out to Blue Lake? Bet the trout are jumping. You call the shots, son. It's your day."

That's the way it was. The way you thought it would always be. You're not supposed to cry because you're a big guy now. But when you ask "why" no one knows how to answer you. What's cancer anyway? Why did it take Dad away?

For little lads like Tommy—with fun in their hearts and a glove in their hands—cancer deals a cruel blow. Today, because of cancer, there are more than 160,000 children who have to learn to live without a father.

Yet there is hope. Hope for a final, certain cure for cancer. The men and women in our research laboratories are working night and day toward this end. But they need your help. Badly.

There has never been enough money to carry on all the research that needs to be done. Can you afford to remain indifferent to this enemy that strikes 1 out of every 4 Americans?

We need your support. Give generously.

AMERICAN CANCER SOCIETY

GENTLEMEN: I want to help conquer Cancer.

☐ Please send me free information about Cancer.

☐ Enclosed is my contribution of $_____ to the Cancer Crusade.

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MAIL TO: Cancer, c/o your town's Postmaster.