

★ COSMOPOLITAN

April 1953 • 35¢

The "Middle" Years

An intelligent housewife
and mother reveals her
formula for happiness

Connie Dickman
At 31, a formula

How to Test
the Safety of
Your Own Car

Unhappy Ending
of TV's Biggest
Crime Show

What did the Kefauver
Committee really do?

Combination for Murder
A thrilling complete mystery

April 1953 • 35

COSMOPOLITAN



she's in love

... and she loves

Community



And she doesn't think it's fun to be a "slowpoke"!



Is there a bride *you* love on your shopping list? Then you may be sure of this one thing. She doesn't want to get her silverware the slowpoke way... a single place setting at a time.

She wants what every girl in love wants... a whole chestful of Community! And you'll want her to have just that... when you hear your jeweler's low price, his easy payment plan, when you see the handsome chest that holds an entire service for 8.

For here's no *ordinary* lightweight silverware. Here's *genuine* Community, *guaranteed* Community... fine silverware with Community's own wear-protecting "Overlay" of pure silver... with serrated edge on every grille and dinner knife. Here's the new White Orchid, proudest pattern of them all. Here's distinction... at a price that every family can pay.

Dinner services for eight, in anti-tarnish chest, lined with Kenized* fabric to ward off tarnish, as low as \$55.75. It's such a beautiful gift for a bride... Community*, the *finest* silverplate.

RESEARCH SHOWS WONDERFUL VALUE OF LISTERINE TREATMENT FOR INFECTIOUS DANDRUFF!

"Bottle Bacillus" (P. ovale) germ regarded by many dermatologists as a causative agent of the infection. Men, women and animals with dandruff symptoms showed marked improvement in majority of test cases.

IF YOU HAVE the slightest evidence of persistent scales, flakes, irritation . . . start now with Listerine Antiseptic and massage . . . the treatment that has helped so many. These symptoms may mean that your dandruff is of the infectious kind, calling for a real attack on scalp germs.

Kills "Bottle Bacillus"

Just douse Listerine Antiseptic on your scalp morning and night. Follow with persistent and vigorous massage.

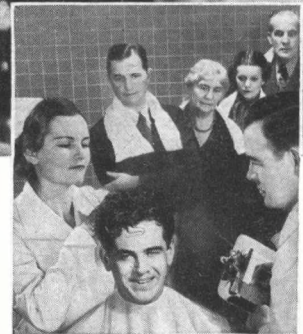
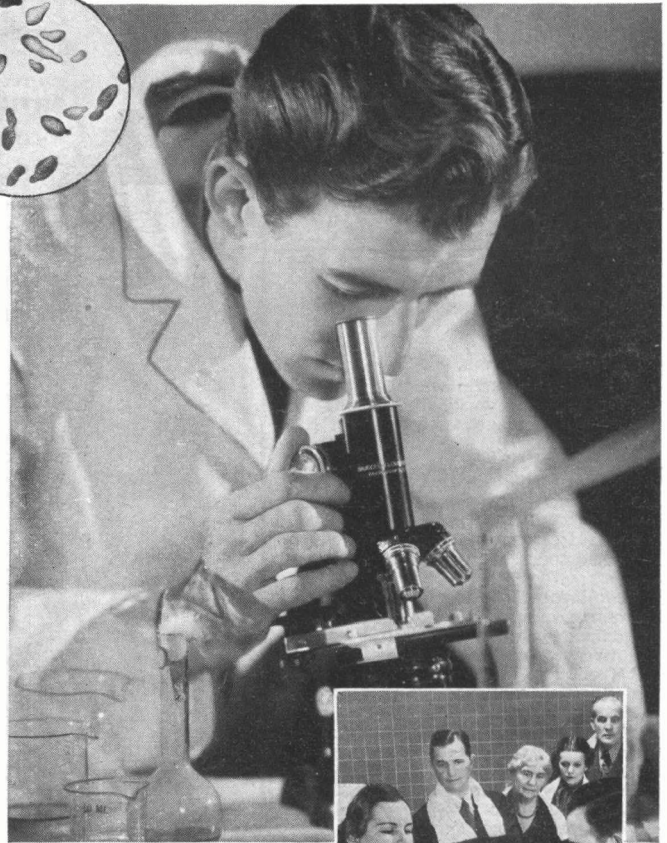
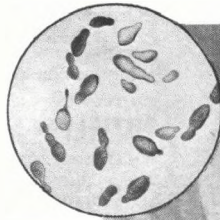
Here is what Listerine Antiseptic does to scalp and hair: it kills millions of germs, including the "Bottle Bacillus" (*P. ovale*), regarded by many dermatologists as a causative agent of infectious dandruff, and at the same time alleviates itching.

Improvement in 76% of Test Cases

In one series of tests experimentally infected rabbits were treated, once a day, on one side only, with Listerine Antiseptic. In an average of 14 days the sides treated with Listerine Antiseptic showed almost no signs of dandruff-like symptoms. The other untreated sides still retained the symptoms!

And another series of tests on human beings revealed that 76% of the men and women who used the Listerine Antiseptic treatment twice a day showed complete disappearance of, or marked improvement in, dandruff symptoms within a month.

So, if you have any evidence of infectious dandruff, don't fool around with makeshifts. Start with the Listerine Antiseptic and massage treatment today. It's easy. It's pleasant. It's tested. Lambert Pharmacal Company Division of The Lambert Company, St. Louis 6, Mo.



*Intensive research by skin specialists supports the widely held view of many leading dermatologists that dandruff is often of the infectious type, accompanied by germs, including the "Bottle Bacillus" (*P. ovale*).*

At the first symptom
**LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC
QUICK!**

Picture of the Month

Our bonniest Easter bonnet is off to "Sombrero"—another big and beautiful music-romance from M-G-M, weavers of those musical magic-carpet. Here's south-of-the-border excitement in song, dance and story made to order for young lovers everywhere. "Sombrero" is tipped rakishly but resplendently in the direction of our good neighbor Mexico, where beautiful girls on their balconies are serenaded by Latin sweethearts with love songs, rumbas, maraccas and such.



Think of it in Technicolor! How else to capture, once and for all time, the almost made-to-order magnificence, the holiday hues and carnival customs of this south-of-the-border rendezvous for romance? And how else, than with six of Hollywood's brightest new stars, to tell the three enchantingly entwined stories that "Sombrero" relates of love in conflict with the feuds and codes of two Old Mexican villages?

When lovely Pier Angeli meets Ricardo Montalban, impetuous Romeo from a forbidden village, it's an exciting case of primitive love at first embrace... seductive Yvonne de Carlo and Vittorio Gassman (the new matinee, and evening, idol of the screen) are childhood sweethearts who have grown up on irreconcilable streets to share surreptitious love... breathtaking Cyd Charisse (show-stopping dancer of "Singin' In the Rain") is a gypsy girl made of hot-pepper and spice and everything nice. The Cisco Cyd, incidentally, lets loose with a back-to-nature sabre dance whose barbaric beat will yank a lady's favorite Yank right out of his seat.

Then there's the world's foremost Spanish dancer, Jose Greco, in a devastating debut with a truly memorable solo. "You Belong to Me", "Eufemia", and "Gypsy Dance" are among the enchanting melodies that hold you captive in this dream world of romance.

All in all, and from top to brim, "Sombrero" is lilting and lyrical and literally overflows with the fun of life as it is fiercely lived and loved down Mexico way!

★ ★ ★

M-G-M presents in color by Technicolor "SOMBRERO" starring Ricardo Montalban, Pier Angeli, Vittorio Gassman, Cyd Charisse, Yvonne de Carlo. With Rick Jason, Nina Foch, Kurt Kaszner, Walter Hampden, Thomas Gomez and Jose Greco. Screen play by Josefina Niggli and Norman Foster, based on the novel "A Mexican Village" by Josefina Niggli. Directed by Norman Foster. Produced by Jack Cummings.

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APRIL, 1953

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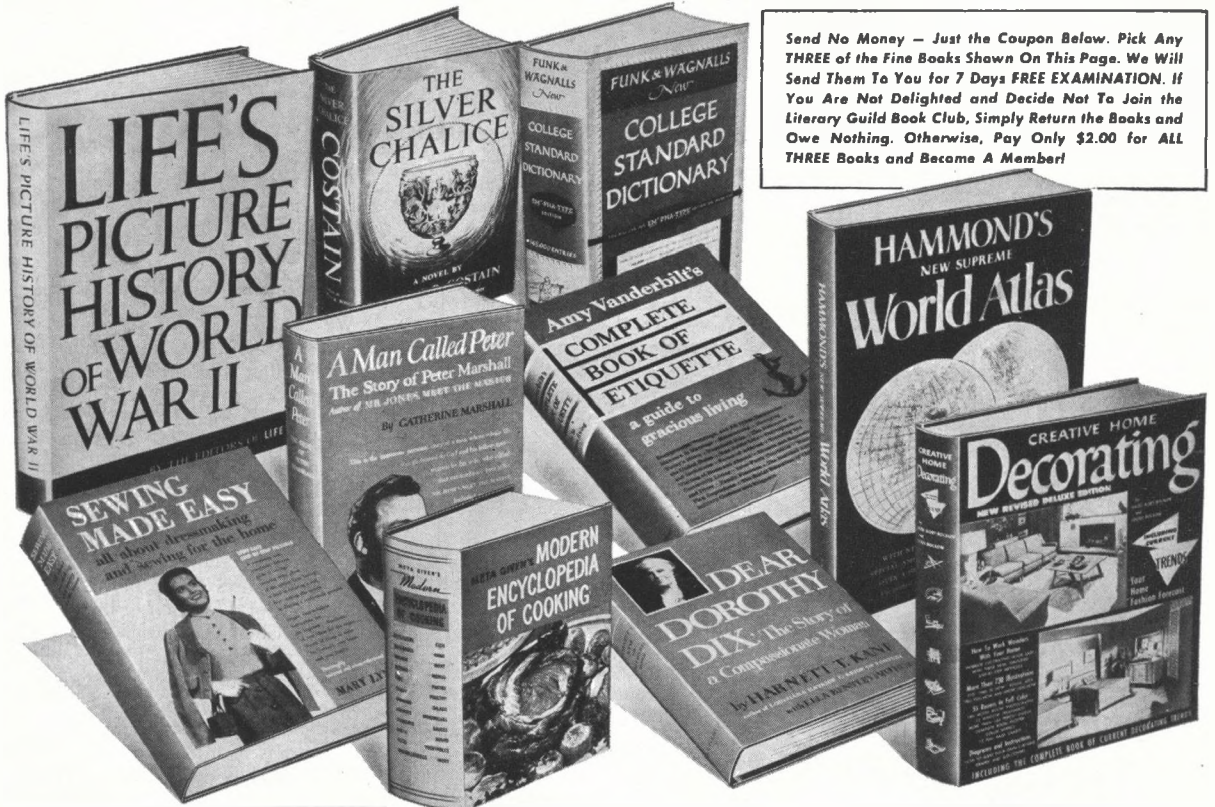
Vol. 134, No. 4



COVER When *Connie Dickman* turned up her nose at Hollywood's juicy offers in favor of a husband and a family, her father applauded her decision. He had been appalled that a girl could make huge sums just by looking pretty. *Connie* is our favorite example of how marriage can turn a pretty girl into a beautiful woman. Cover photo by *James Abbé, Jr.* The shantung taffeta halter and plaid skirt are by *Haymaker*.



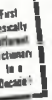


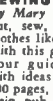
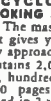
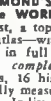
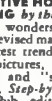
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Please send me at once the THREE books I have checked below as my Membership Gift Books and first selection, and bill me only \$2.00, plus few cents shipping, for all three:

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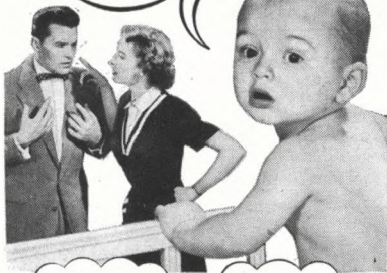
Enroll me as a member of the Literary Guild and send me "Wings" every month so I can decide whether or not I want to receive the Guild selection described. My only obligation is to accept four selections, or alternates, per year at only \$2.00 each (plus shipping charge), regardless of the higher prices of the publishers' editions. For each four Guild books I accept, I will receive a free Bonus Book—and I may cancel my membership at any time after purchasing four books.

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Street and No. _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____
Age, if under 21, _____ Selection price in Canada, \$2.25 plus shipping. Address 109 Bond St., Toronto 2, Ont. Offer good only in USA and Canada.

They Could Sell Tickets For This!



FIGHT FAIR, HONEY! AT LEAST TELL A GUY WHAT THE FIGHT'S ABOUT!

DICK, WHEN YOU LOVE A MAN, IT'S EASIER TO FIGHT THAN TO ASK HIM TO SEE HIS DENTIST ABOUT—ABOUT BAD BREATH!



TO STOP BAD BREATH, I RECOMMEND COLGATE DENTAL CREAM. BRUSHING TEETH RIGHT AFTER EATING WITH COLGATE'S MAKES YOUR MOUTH FEEL CLEANER LONGER—GIVES YOU A CLEAN, FRESH MOUTH ALL DAY LONG!



And Colgate's has proved conclusively that brushing teeth right after eating stops tooth decay best! In fact, the Colgate way stopped more decay for more people than ever before reported in all dentifrice history!

LATER—Thanks to Colgate Dental Cream

PEACE AND QUIET REIGN SUPREME SINCE I USE COLGATE DENTAL CREAM!



Brushing Teeth Right After Eating with COLGATE DENTAL CREAM STOPS BAD BREATH and STOPS DECAY!

Colgate's instantly stops bad breath in 7 out of 10 cases that originate in the mouth! And the Colgate way of brushing teeth right after eating is the best home method known to help stop tooth decay!



IT CLEANS YOUR BREATH WHILE IT CLEANS YOUR TEETH!

What Goes on at Cosmopolitan

A HOUSEWIFE, A GOURMET, AND IRENE DUNNE

We seem to be getting like that with Irene Dunne, and are we complaining? We publish 'em, Miss Dunne acts in 'em. Arthur Lubin, who directed Miss Dunne in "It Grows on Trees" (last July's COSMOPOLITAN)

I.N.P.



Irene Dunne

has already started shooting "Wisdom of the Serpent," the Adela Rogers St. Johns jockey story, "O'Shaughnessy and the Old Maid," that appeared in our December issue. Miss Dunne will play the lady who comes into the life of the jockey and a couple of other race-track characters. Lucky boys!

A Housewife's Key to Happiness

Psychiatrists, religious leaders, and politicians are always being asked for advice on how to live a happy life. The answers usually leave us looking for a practical toehold. So we decided to find someone who was actually leading a happy existence.

The most genuinely happy person we found was a thirty-one-year-old housewife named Mrs. Connie Dickman, who lives in a pretty, seven-room house in a pleasant New Jersey suburb, half an hour from Manhattan, with husband, Emerson, and sons, Emerson, Jr., ten, and Bob, eight.

Mrs. Dickman was a Powers model and undeniably one of New York's prettiest girls when she married at nineteen. She was earning about \$250 a week then, and had turned down three Hollywood offers, because she wanted a husband and a home and children.

Connie Dickman is expecting her third child late this summer. She has all the joys and woes of a mother and house-

wife. Yet her life is full and varied, and her beauty greater than ever before. We think her story, beginning on page 44, is a rewarding one.

Attention: Terry and Pirates

We had planned to give you some adventurous highlights on author James Atlee Phillips, whose raffish career makes the activities of Terry and the Pirates look like playground stuff. But we ran up against complexities. Who are we to stay untangled when we discuss jobs like "Handled flight operations China Nat. Aviation Corp., Himalayan route, India to China, based at Dinjan, Upper Assam, India"? Or "Managing Director Amphibian Airways flying military charter to the Gov. of the Union of Burma, based at Mingaladon Aerodrome, Rangoon"? Or even to explain how Phillips' unusual story, "File and Forget" (beginning on page 52) happens to have a Yucatán background. The story was written while Phillips was in the Caribbean. Don't ask us what he was doing there.

Gourmet in Greece

One of our younger editors, Jim Street, has returned from Europe with news that has shaken our office gourmets right down to their Sauce Mornay. A man who likes his brioche just right and his baklava flaky. Jim hit Athens on a research job. After some scouting, he located a worthy gentleman of Athens and inquired where he could find the best Greek food.

The Athenian mentioned two restaurants in the vicinity without noticeable



Jim Street

enthusiasm. "The best Greek restaurant I ever ate at," he added nostalgically, "was in New York City. Fifty-eighth Street." We're on Fifty-seventh! H. La B.

The NEW 1953 PUZZLE-QUIZ Contest!

\$150,000.00 1st PRIZE

1000 CASH PRIZES TOTALING \$325,000.00 MUST BE WON!



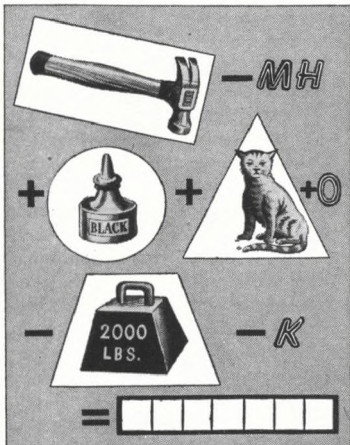
It's FUN To Solve REBUS PUZZLES

At first glance, a Rebus Puzzle seems to be a jumble of unrelated things, pictorial and otherwise. BUT—there is a meaning, and the meaning (or solution) can be discovered by skill and ingenuity.

For instance, look at the SAMPLE Rebus Puzzle printed below. This sample, although simpler, is along the general lines of the puzzles in this contest.

Below this sample puzzle, read the explanation of how you discover the solution of this puzzle.

CLUE: The solution to this puzzle is the name of a patriotic hymn composed in 1832 by a clergyman.



EXPLANATION

There are a number of pictures in the puzzle, also some letters of the alphabet and also some plus and minus signs. Note also the diagram in the lower right corner of the puzzle. There are seven spaces in the diagram, and this means that the solution will be a word containing seven letters. NOW, LET'S SOLVE THE PUZZLE. Write down HAMMER. Subtract MH, leaving you with AMER. Add INK, giving you AMERINK. Add CAT, giving you AMERINKCAT. Add O, giving you AMERINKCATO. Subtract TON, leaving you with AMERIKCA. Subtract K, leaving you with AMERICA, the correct solution of the puzzle. Note that the clue above the puzzle proves that your solution is correct.

A Fascinating NEW Contest! Your Chance to Get Rich for Life!

Have you ever hoped for a chance to acquire great wealth?

Have you ever wished for just *one* chance to amass enough money to buy and do the things you most desire?

If such thoughts and dreams have ever flashed through your mind, then heed carefully the message of this advertisement. Because—THIS MAY BE THE BIG CHANCE YOU'VE BEEN AWAITING!

The New 1953 Puzzle-Quiz Contest Is Here

Would you like an opportunity to win \$150,000, \$50,000, \$25,000, \$10,000, \$5,000—or any one of 1,000 cash prizes totaling \$325,000.00!

If your answer is YES!—then mail the Coupon at once. Upon receipt of your Coupon, we will mail you the COMPLETE DETAILS, OFFICIAL RULES and ENTRY FORM of America's greatest Puzzle-Quiz Contest.

Mail Coupon For Complete Details

Big as the prizes are—the prizes are ONLY PART OF THE APPEAL OF THE PUZZLE-QUIZ CONTEST, because here is the contest designed to challenge your ingenuity, intrigue your imagination, enhance your knack at solving puzzles and your ability in constructing them, and delight and fascinate you throughout.

Why This Contest Is So Wonderfully Entertaining

The cleverness, fun and stimulation in the puzzles and quizzes are no accident.—They are the creation of the Editors of a world-famous encyclopedia—The New Funk & Wagnalls Encyclopedia—the world's greatest for home and family use. It was largely out of the pages of this encyclopedia that

this marvelous contest was built, and the sponsors, Unicorn Press, Inc., will spend over ONE MILLION DOLLARS in advertising in the newspapers and magazines to dramatize and publicize the contest and the encyclopedia. This advertising expenditure is IN ADDITION to the prize fund of \$325,000.00!

Note The Sample Puzzle (And How You Solve It) At The Left

You can get an idea of the general nature of the puzzles, and the fun in store for you in solving and constructing them, by examining the SAMPLE Rebus Puzzle printed at the left. Read the text above the puzzle. Look at the puzzle carefully; then read the EXPLANATION below the puzzle. What pleasure you will have in solving the puzzles!

Naturally, there is only one correct answer for any puzzle or quiz presented for solution or answer in this contest, and a specified

point value is credited to the contestant for each correct solution and answer. The points earned on the puzzles and quizzes you solve, plus the points earned on any puzzles you construct, comprise your total point score. All of this is fully explained in the information you will receive as a result of mailing the Coupon. The highest total point scores determine the winners. Thus, the winning of a prize is not left to guesswork, luck or the whim of judges.

Here Are The OFFICIAL 1000 CASH PRIZES

1st Prize ..	\$150,000.00
2nd Prize ..	\$50,000.00
3rd Prize ...	\$25,000.00
4th Prize	\$10,000.00
5th Prize	\$5,000.00
6th Prize	\$3,500.00
7th Prize	\$3,000.00
8th Prize	\$2,000.00
9th Prize	\$2,000.00
10th Prize	\$2,000.00
11th through 100th Prizes, each \$250	\$22,500.00
101st through 200th Prizes, each \$100	\$10,000.00
201st through 1000th Prizes, each \$50	\$40,000.00
Total Prizes	\$325,000.00

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THE 1953 PUZZLE-QUIZ CONTEST,
P. O. Box 444,
Brooklyn 1, New York.

34-03

Please send me at once COMPLETE DETAILS, including Official Rules and Entry Form, so I can decide if I want to enter the contest.

NAME MR. MRS. MISS (Please Print)

ADDRESS

CITY & ZONE STATE

MAIL EITHER COUPON!

Get Full, Complete Details!

Much vital information about the Contest has been omitted because of lack of space, but you can get the COMPLETE DETAILS, without any obligation on your part, by mailing either one of these coupons. Fill in one right now. Give yourself the opportunity to win \$150,000, \$50,000, \$25,000 or any one of 1,000 cash prizes! MAIL THE COUPON NOW! —to The 1953 Puzzle-Quiz Contest, P. O. Box 444, Brooklyn 1, New York.

THE 1953 PUZZLE-QUIZ CONTEST,
P. O. Box 444,
Brooklyn 1, New York.

34-03

Please send me at once COMPLETE DETAILS, including Official Rules and Entry Form, so I can decide if I want to enter the contest.

NAME MR. MRS. MISS (Please Print)

ADDRESS

CITY & ZONE STATE



At the Carnival Bar, Lee Wiley gives out, trumpeters blow for fun, and aficionados hang reverently over the piano.

The Beautiful People of Eighth Avenue



Dorothy Kilgallen and Dick Kollmar

Eighth Avenue in the Forties and Fifties is a prosperously tawdry street of bars and pawnshops and second-rate hotels, of clowns and cowboys and young men with broken noses, of moochers and midgets and shady ladies.

It is about as unlikely a setting as you could find for a *salon*, but one exists at the corner of Eighth and Fifty-first Street, in a pink-striped barroom called the Carnival. If you think Saroyan is inventive, drop by here late some night.

At the far end of the room, a doe-eyed young man with a wavy toupee set too far down over his eyes plays an upright piano pushed against a bar. Lee Wiley sits nearby singing "I've Got a Crush on You." She sings in darkness, just because she wants to, and a young man standing nearby raises a trumpet to his lips and blows, just because he wants to.

The customers—but call them not customers; they are *aficionados*—make an assemblage of contrasts. An ice skater, a taximeter salesman, and Duke Ellington. Ballet dancers, smart young monologists from East Side *boîtes*. Marilyn Maxwell, Emmett Kelly from the circus.

Reigning over the salon is the doe-eyed young pianist, Nicky DeFrancis. Most of the steady customers come, at first, to hear Nicky. But then they succumb to the atmosphere: The musicians who

drop by and play for fun, making it sound better than it ever sounded for money. The intrigues around the bar. And the unexpected, such as the moment when a little boy who lived in the hotel over the saloon, in a fine tantrum because it had rained all day, burst in and rode his shiny red bicycle around and around the top of the oval bar until captured by the bartender.

Saroyan has never dared anything this wild. But it happened among the Beautiful People on Eighth Avenue.

Elegant Bachelor and Hot Dog

If quizzed about the probable items in the refrigerator of any given man about town, I should have listed a tin of Iranian caviar, a few fresh limes (for the Daiquiris), a rare French cheese, and part of a leftover bird—but chic, like partridge.

Came the evening when one of Gotham's most chased bachelors, Louis Stoecklin, casually mentioned that he had fixed himself a bit of dinner that night.

With visions of a madly original casserole and a terribly amusing little wine, I asked, "What *do* you eat when you're alone?"

"Well," he said, "last night it was some hot dogs, coleslaw, milk, and chocolate-chip ice cream."

I flinched.

"But the hot dogs," he hastened to add, "were cooked in beer!"

Manhattan Bazaars Go Native

Part of the romance of travel is that stroll through a strange bazaar, eye dazzled by vivid sights, head dizzied by

exotic odors, ear dinned by alien babble.

And part of the fun of living in New York is being able to amble through one of these fragrant market places without taking a slow boat anywhere.

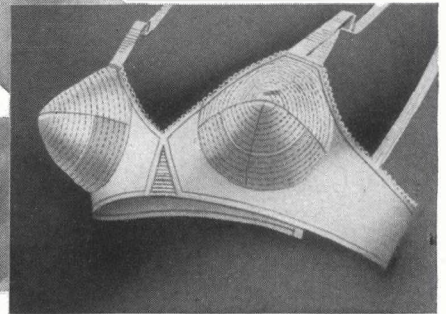
All you do is take a subway up to Park Avenue and 114th Street, and behold! there is the Caribbean market set out in colorful splendor under the elevated structure of the New York Central Railroad. Women with copper skin and gleaming teeth balance warm-weather fruits in their beautiful copper hands. There are plantains, sugar cane, fresh ginger root, *orégano*, pigeon peas, dasheens, squash, and gold papayas, heaped as if Vincent van Gogh had personally arranged them.

Or journey down to Bleecker Street in Greenwich Village and inspect the pushcarts piled with Little Italy's long, tightly packed lettuce, green celery, miniature mushrooms, mottled peppers, and dark, dark olives swimming in oil. If you fail to whistle a Verdi aria, consider yourself a pretty prosaic fellow.

The Orchard Street-Rivington Street-Delancey Street axis on the Lower East Side exudes a mood Asiatic and Semitic. Yiddish is spoken here, and Hebrew: *yarmulkes* are worn by the men. The bargain boulevards display a sea of clothing, linen, housewares, and novelties; their delicatessens are pungent with dill pickles and garlic green tomatoes.

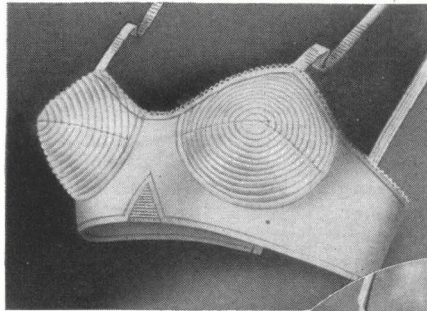
I'm not disparaging the joys of a twenty-eight-day cruise. But if the exchequer says nay, nay to that, a day in New York is the next-best thing—and there's no customs officer to cope with before you lug your prizes home.

THE END



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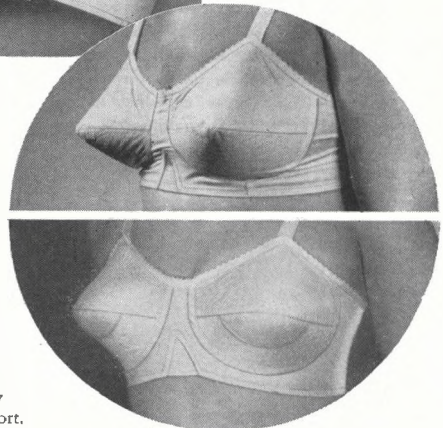
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LOOKING INTO PEOPLE

**Family Solidarity,
"Wanted" Pregnancies,
and Southern Crime**



BY AMRAM SCHEINFELD

Which reducing type are you? Success or failure in losing weight depends on whether fat people are clear at the outset *why* they're moved to reduce, says Dr. Hilde Bruch (Columbia University). Happiest results await the type-one reducer—the well-adjusted person whose overweight is chiefly physical, and who wishes to trim down solely for better health and appearance. But tragedy may come to the type-two—the badly adjusted

Relax, Mom. It's a long-standing idea that the mother holds a family together, but this definitely isn't so if Mom is too bossy, says sociologist Luther T. Jansen. In Seattle, he finds, the most closely knit families are either those in which Pop's the boss or shares authority equally with Mom, whereas there's significantly less solidarity if the mother is unusually dominant.



Dixie crime. Why do crime rates in Southern cities so greatly top those elsewhere in the country? (Five times as many murders, four times as many assaults.) Criminologists Austin L. Porterfield and Robert H. Talbert (Texas Christian University) say it's definitely not because of large Negro populations, since Birmingham and Memphis, with 40 per cent Negroes, have much less crime than Louisville, Dallas, Knoxville, with only about 16 per cent Negroes. Real reason: Southern communities are much more tightly organized along class, caste, racial, and kinship lines, providing more occasion for conflicts.

person whose excess poundage has resulted from overeating as a substitute for unsatisfied desires. She's apt to have the twisted notion that reducing will quickly make her daydreams come true.

Incompatibility may be good.

Contrary to popular notions, having a lot in common before marriage not only needn't make for happiness in wedlock but may work against it. All depends on *what* a couple has in common, reports sociologist Purnell Benson (Temple University) after analyzing before-and-after marriage facts of a thousand couples. If the mutual interest is chiefly in drinking, dancing, and good times, later prospects are bad. Too strong common likings for success, fame, money, travel, comfort, parties, commercial entertainment, and, generally, self-satisfying leisure-time diversions are bad, too. The mutual interests that *do* provide a foundation for sound marriages are those in home, children, love, sex, and religion.

"Wanted" pregnancies aren't any easier. Whether a woman wants, doesn't want, or is indifferent to having her first baby has surprisingly little effect on pregnancy experiences such as nausea or the difficulties of labor, report Drs. Shirley and Thomas Poffenberger and Dr. Judson T. Landis, after getting reactions from several hundred students' wives at Michigan State College.

TV dangers to children. Parents who think TV is fine for "keeping kids quiet" are warned by Dr. Eleanor E. MacCoby (Harvard) that too much of it—as with the old-time pacifiers—may be very harmful. Checking on hundreds of youngsters, aged four and up, who watch TV two or three hours a day, she finds that, compared with children from homes without TV, they play and exercise much less, are more difficult to get to meals and to bed on time, and don't read or converse as much.

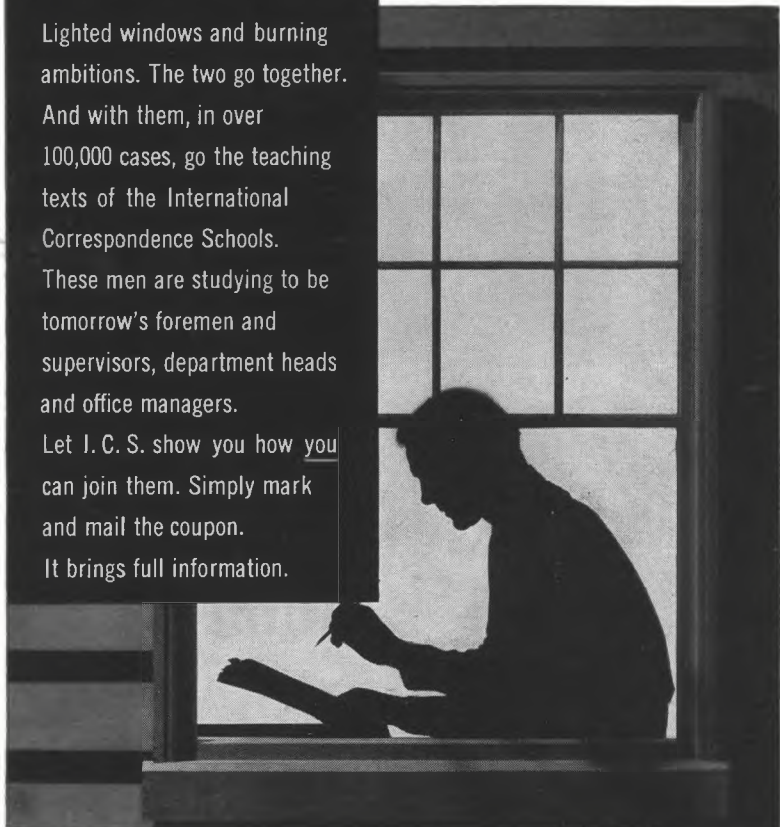
Women of America, unite! Why aren't American women the power they should be? Snobbishness and clannishness keep them from working together, says sociologist Mhyra S. Minnis. Taking New Haven, Connecticut, as typical, she reports women there divided into dozens of racial, religious, and foreign-background groups and subgroups. Example: Eight different junior leagues—the top "400" league (mostly of old-line Protestant stock), then Catholic, Jewish, Swedish, Danish, Italian, Polish, and Negro junior leagues. Adding to lack of cooperation in civic affairs among the leagues, members of each are disinclined to work too closely with women of other social groups of their own race, religion, or ethnic stock. Concludes Dr. Minnis: "Not until American women become more democratic among themselves can they exert their full force politically, for public welfare, and for their own advancement."

Are you a happy-ending weeper? Do you sit dry-eyed while the movie heroine goes through agonies but shake with sobs when all ends happily? Do you easily stand abuse and unjust treatment but get all tearful when people show you kindness? If so, psychoanalyst Joseph Weiss has the explanation: Happy-ending weepers are persons self-trained not to show their grief openly. They keep the impulse to cry bottled up until the situation no longer calls for it, and then—out come the tears. The typical happy-ending weeper is the chin-up-in-time-of-trouble individual or the little guy who works hard all his life and breaks down at his testimonial dinner.



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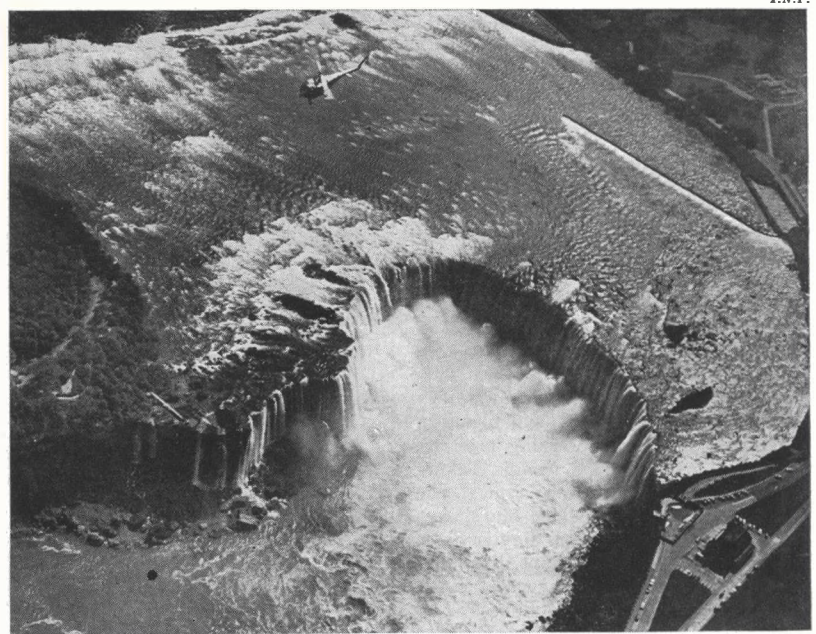
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PRACTICAL TRAVEL GUIDE

I.N.P.



Niagara Falls still rates as one of the most popular spots in America for a honeymoon.

America's Most Romantic Vacation Haunts

BY EDWARD R. DOOLING

What are the most romantic vacation spots in America? We want a locale for a June honeymoon.

—MISS J. S., CLEVELAND, OHIO

A—You'd be surprised how many newlywed couples still pick Niagara Falls for that always-to-be-remembered trip.

When we speak of America, I always include our island neighbors and relatives. So, risking the wrath of all the romantic vacation spots that are bound to be left out, I'd choose:

Bermuda—Because it actually looks like all the dream pictures lovebirds usually conjure up.

Williamsburg, Virginia—A living page out of the past, where two young people can get lost with each other and with history.

Nassau in the Bahamas—With the perfect beach, warm sun, and a tempo of living still attuned to the quiet pace of the horse and buggy.

Fontana Village, North Carolina—Where the "Honeymoon Club" and cute individual cottages are designed spe-

cifically for the little-pink-cloud stage of married life.

Atlantic City, New Jersey—Everything for fun. The city fathers sponsor a "Honeymoon in June" program to prove that, for two weeks, at least, two can live as cheaply as one.

Valley of the Sun, Arizona—Moonlight horseback rides in the desert and night picnics around a campfire under the brightest star canopy in America.

We are planning a fairly long motor tour this summer, and our big worry is our cocker spaniel. Do you think we dare take him along?

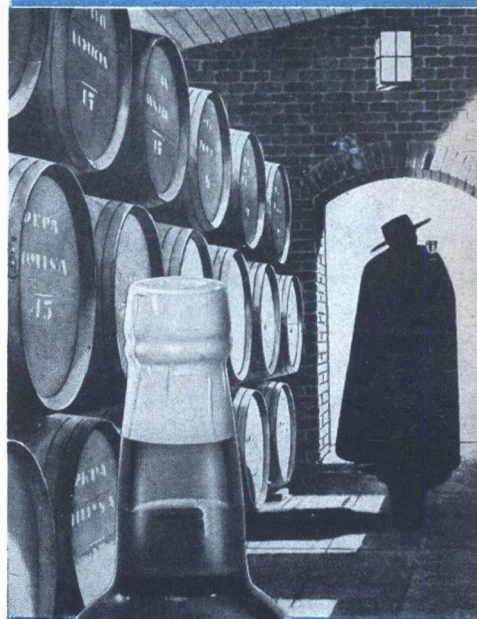
—L. D., BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

A—Lots of dogs seem to thrive on automobile travel, and thousands of owners take their pets on long trips. Harry Miller, director of the Gaines Dog Research Center, writing in the booklet "Touring with Towser," advises:

"A small kit or suitcase with the dog's belongings will prove a convenience. It should contain two pans, one for food,

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WINES - SPIRITS

one for water, a mixing spoon, a knife, a can opener, and a package of dry dog food. The most satisfactory practice when motoring is to stop sometime in the late afternoon and purchase for the evening meal a small amount of whatever is added to the dry dog food—meat, milk, or canned broth.

"A blanket or cushion for the dog to sleep on should be brought along. . . . Traveling dogs should have an identification tag on their collars giving their owner's full name and address, including the state."

A friend told us that the weather can become quite cool in San Francisco, even during July and August. We are going out there this summer and wonder if you have any figures on this?

—C. M., ATLANTA, GEORGIA

A—Evenings can be very cool in San Francisco in summer. You'll need a jacket or topcoat, and an extra sweater may come in handy. San Francisco has one of the best climates in America. Warmest months are August, September, and October, with average temperatures of 60, 62, and 61 respectively. January is the coldest month, with an average of 50 degrees.

Greatest rainfall occurs in January and February, with an average of eleven days of rain each month. December and March average ten rainy days each, while July and August do not have enough rain to make even one average day.

Are any more steamships being built with the emphasis on tourist class, as in the Dutch ships Maasdam and Ryndam? Several of us would like to travel to Europe in tourist class, but we understand that the demand for this type of accommodation far exceeds the supply.

—R. T., CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

A—Both the Canadian Pacific Steamship Line and the Greek Line are planning ships of this type. It is true that tourist-class space on ships must be reserved far in advance to avoid disappointment.

Has Europe fully recovered from the food shortages of a few years ago? My husband and I are going over this year, and are wondering whether we should take any supplementary rations. We are also interested in knowing how European eating habits and meal hours compare with ours.

—MRS. C. J., TRENTON, NEW JERSEY

A—There is no food shortage for tourists anywhere in Europe. In most countries, the food is good and plentiful, although it is not always inexpensive. Most American visitors quickly notice that European menus emphasize such items as kidneys, sweetbreads, liver, and tripe much more than do menus at home. Oddly enough, it is possible to get a fairly good steak in many places in Europe. Florence, Italy,

for instance, is renowned for its steaks.

Eating habits in most of Europe are somewhat different from those here. You can follow an American pattern if you wish, since there are plenty of good restaurants open from morning until late at night. Europeans, however, usually have a Continental breakfast, consisting of coffee with hot milk, rolls and butter and jam or marmalade. About midmorning they have coffee (even in England), and frequently have biscuits, cake, or bread and butter with it.

Teatime everywhere on the Continent is four o'clock, and the repast consists of tea and cakes. If it is "high tea," it also includes an assortment of little sandwiches. This tea is a fairly filling snack. Dinner hour is about eight o'clock in the evening. The big meal of the day is generally a major production, including appetizer, soup, perhaps a fish or egg course, the entree, vegetables, pastry, ices, and cheese or fruit.

If you go for that big European evening meal, you had better forget the U.S. habit of "three squares" and adopt the European system of nibbles and snacks from morning until late afternoon.

THIS MONTH'S BUDGET TRIP

My girlfriend and I are anxious to see some of the places in eastern Canada, but we do not have an automobile. Could you outline a budget trip by train lasting about one week?

—MISS V. J., NEW YORK, NEW YORK

A—There are a great many all-expense package trips through the land of the maple leaf, and one of the most popular is the seven-day rail tour covering Canada's major eastern cities. All travel is by Pullman train, with a parlor-car seat or a lower berth included in the estimated cost.

You travel overnight to Montreal and have a full day for sightseeing in Canada's greatest metropolis, including such points of interest as St. Joseph's Oratory, the old French quarter, and the big, modern stores along Ste. Catherine Street. Next morning you are in the ancient walled city of Quebec, perched high above the St. Lawrence River. Steep, narrow streets, the old city gates, the Plains of Abraham, and Dufferin Terrace are highlights. Nearby are famed Montmorency Falls, the Shrine of Ste. Anne de Beaupré, and the quaint Isle of Orléans.

Ottawa, capital of the dominion, is next on your list, and you go from there to Toronto, metropolis of the Province of Ontario. The return trip to New York is via Niagara Falls, where you may view one of nature's greatest spectacles from both the Canadian and American sides.

Estimated costs, including first-class transportation, meals, hotels, and tips, is about \$142.

THE END



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FINE SPIRITS

HOW TO GET IT FROM THE GOVERNMENT

New Laws on GI Education and Dividends

BY STACY V. JONES

Almost any young person can now get a college education at Federal expense. All that's needed is health, ambition, and willingness to spend two years in the service.

The normal expectation for a boy today is that he will finish high school at eighteen and be in uniform by the time he's nineteen. (Selective Service expects to tighten up on college deferments.) If he serves here or abroad for the full two years required by the draft law, he will have earned thirty-six months' education, or four nine-month college years.

Girls can enlist for a minimum of two years in the WAC. Except in the Army, the minimum enlistment for both sexes is longer, but there is no advantage in educational benefits to serving more than two years.

The present allowances to veterans attending college under the Korean Bill of Rights don't provide champagne and caviar—many students supplement them with savings, money from home, or part-time work—but they cover major expenses. A veteran attending full time gets \$110 a month if he has no dependents, \$135 with one dependent, and \$160 with two or more. Out of this, he has to meet both tuition and living expenses, since the Government makes no direct payment to the college.

The new GI Bill provides that a student may have only one "change of program." That is, if he starts in mechanical engineering, he may switch to liberal arts but not back again. The U.S. Office of Education advises that a student chart a course for himself well before graduation from high school and that he keep a full record of his studies for the use of classification and training officers in the service, and of college officials later.

The Defense Department urges students to finish high school, but those who enlist earlier can earn credit toward college entrance through off-duty study and through training courses given by the services. If a serviceman doesn't want college, the armed forces offer him a variety of trade and technical training useful in civilian life.

For general information, ask a school counselor or recruiting officer. As to veteran education, ask any VA office; as to the Regular NROTC Plan, by which the Navy pays college expenses of future officers, Chief of Naval Personnel; as to West Point, The Adjutant General, Department of the Army; as to Annapolis, Chief of Naval Personnel; as to the Coast Guard Academy, Commandant, U.S. Coast Guard; as to the Merchant Marine Academy, Supervisor, U.S. Merchant Marine Cadet Corps, Maritime Administration.

GI DIVIDENDS

Men and women holding National Service (World War II) Life Insurance may collect the annual dividends in cash if they desire. Those who filed such a request for the 1952 dividends need not apply a second time for this year's, as the instructions hold until revoked. Unless cash payment is requested, the amount is credited toward any future premiums that go unpaid.

This year's dividends total approximately \$180,000,000, payable to those whose policies were in force under premium-paying conditions for at least three months between the 1952 and 1953 policy anniversary dates. The largest amount the holder of a term policy can receive (and most policies are term) is about \$60. The checks are sent out within forty days after the anniversary dates except in complicated cases.

A veteran who hasn't asked cash payment and now wishes to should write the district office to which he pays his premiums, giving his full name, address, insurance number, service serial number, and date of birth. Those in the service should write the VA central office in Washington, but any whose premiums were waived during the policy years are ineligible.

NEW MOTHPROOFER

This spring you should be able to get something from the Government by way of private industry: EQ-53, a mixture of DDT and other chemicals that will

mothproof blankets and other woolens in the wash. The formula was developed by the Department of Agriculture's Bureau of Entomology and Plant Quarantine and turned over to industry for manufacture. The price is expected to be moderate.

The housewife puts the EQ-53 into the washing machine with the blankets and sweaters. She may add it during or after the rinsing, if she likes. According to Government tests, as little as one tablespoon for every pound of woolens will protect the fabric against damage from moths and carpet beetles for more than a year's storage.

SPRING PLANNING

This is a good time to send for a copy of Leaflet 281, "Pointers on Making Good Lawns," in preparation for your spring activity-outdoors. It was written by experts of the United States Golf Association Green Section in collaboration with Department of Agriculture specialists, and gives advice on renovating old turf as well as starting literally from scratch—i.e. among the scraps of brick, mortar, and wood left by the builders of a house.

Another timely manual is Farmers' Bulletin 1171, "Growing Annual Flowering Plants." Most of the forty-two annuals it describes—from ageratum to zinnia—can be planted in frames or flats indoors for early flowering.

Copies of either pamphlet can be obtained on request from the Office of Information, Department of Agriculture.

LOUISIANA PURCHASE

The Government has just published a booklet commemorating a big real estate deal—the one concluded April 30, 1803, by which the United States bought from Napoleon, for about four cents an acre, an area now comprising either the whole or parts of thirteen states. The sesquicentennial is being celebrated at New Orleans and elsewhere in the Mississippi Valley. The historical sketch, which is entitled "The Louisiana Purchase" and is illustrated with seven maps, was originally prepared by the old General Land Office. For a copy, write its successor, the Bureau of Land Management, Department of the Interior.

HELP WANTED

The Veterans Administration needs men and women qualified in many branches of architecture and engineering to fill Civil Service jobs in its hospital-building, conversion, and modernization program, as well as for maintenance and operation. There are openings for experienced personnel as well as recent college graduates. Apply to the personnel officer of the nearest VA installation or write the Departmental Personnel Service, VA, Munitions Building, Washington, D.C.

THE END



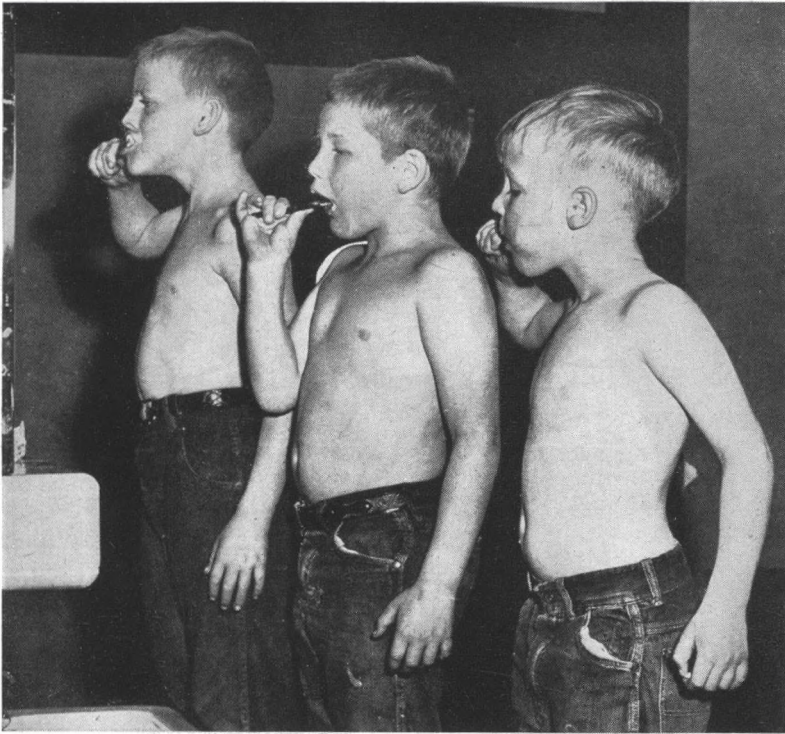
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L.N.P.



By brushing their teeth right after eating, these boys can sharply reduce tooth decay.

Tooth Decay

BY MORTON SONTHEIMER

Tooth decay is one of the prices we pay for civilization. Prehistoric skulls show that primitive man rarely had cavities. To this day, uncivilized people are fairly free of them. But they afflict 93 per cent of Americans.

We spend nearly a billion dollars a year on dentists and another \$105,000,000 for toothbrushes and dentifrices. Yet the American Dental Association estimates there are a half billion untreated cavities in our teeth, or about three a person.

A tooth is the hardest substance in the human anatomy. The enamel that coats it is about as hard as the steel in the blade of a pocketknife. Teeth remain intact long after the bones are dust.

But in bodies subjected to modern living conditions, teeth are the most perishable structures of the anatomy.

Obviously, something we moderns do or don't put into our mouths must degenerate that hardest of human substances, the teeth, without disturbing the soft tissues that surround them.

During the war, in concentration camps and occupied countries, thousands of undernourished people fell prey to a variety of diseases, but, for the most part, their teeth stopped decaying. They had been deprived of sugars and carbohydrates.

In 1824, the average American ate nine pounds of sugar a year. By 1948, the average was ninety-six pounds. This is one of the great differences between primitive diets and ours—and, according to most researchers, the key to the riddle of tooth decay.

The theory is that sugar and starches lodge in the crevices in and around the teeth, where they are attacked by bacteria always present in the mouth. The action of the bacteria on these food particles produces an acid so destructive to tooth enamel that it can figuratively dynamite its way into a tooth. According to this theory, tooth decay is not a slow process; it starts three to five minutes after the harmful substances have been taken into the mouth.

In small enough quantities, these acids are neutralized by a chemical in the saliva called urea, but there isn't enough of it to cope with the quantities of sugar and starches we eat today. The quality of the individual saliva may account for the fact that a few people seem immune to tooth decay, no matter what they eat.

It may also account for the hereditary character of bad teeth. The tendency to tooth decay (or the lack of it) appears to run in families. But this also could be due to the eating habits parents pass on to their children.

Less Sugar Means Less Decay

If tooth decay is simply a matter of too much sugar and starches, why can't we reduce it by cutting down on our intake of those substances? We undoubtedly can. The University of California College of Dentistry took a thousand people who developed ten or more cavities a year and restricted their consumption of sugar, jam, jelly, syrup, honey, candy, soft drinks, and other sweets, as well as refined cereal products. In 62 per cent, decay was eliminated.

Most of us would rather risk bad teeth than endure such a restricted diet. In search of an alternative, Dr. L. S. Fosdick, of the Northwestern University Dental School, tried an experiment with 946 people. Half of them were required to brush their teeth with a dentifrice immediately after meals, before the three-to-five-minute period in which the acid might do its damage. That half turned out to have 50 to 60 per cent less dental decay than the half who didn't brush their teeth right after meals.

Dentists are convinced that this practice, instead of the usual morning and night tooth brushing, would reduce decay drastically, and that even rinsing the mouth well with water after eating sweets or starches would help. But that, too, is a greater chore than most people are willing to assume for sound teeth. So scientists continue to search for an easier, surer way to prevent tooth decay. Recently, they've made notable advances:

Sodium fluoride in community drinking water, or coated on the teeth by a dentist, helps protect the young by building up the tooth structure's resistance to acid. It is believed to be of less value to adults.

The new ammoniated dentifrices reduce the acid around the teeth with dibasic ammonium phosphate and add urea to the mouth to neutralize later deposits.

Penicillin dentifrice (available only on prescription) destroys the bacteria that combine with food to produce the acid.

No method is 100 per cent effective in preventing tooth decay.

The greatest hope, scientists believe, lies in research now aimed at finding a chemical that, added to sugar or starches, will prevent them from becoming tooth destroyers.

Will they ever solve it?

THE END

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HARRIET HUBBARD



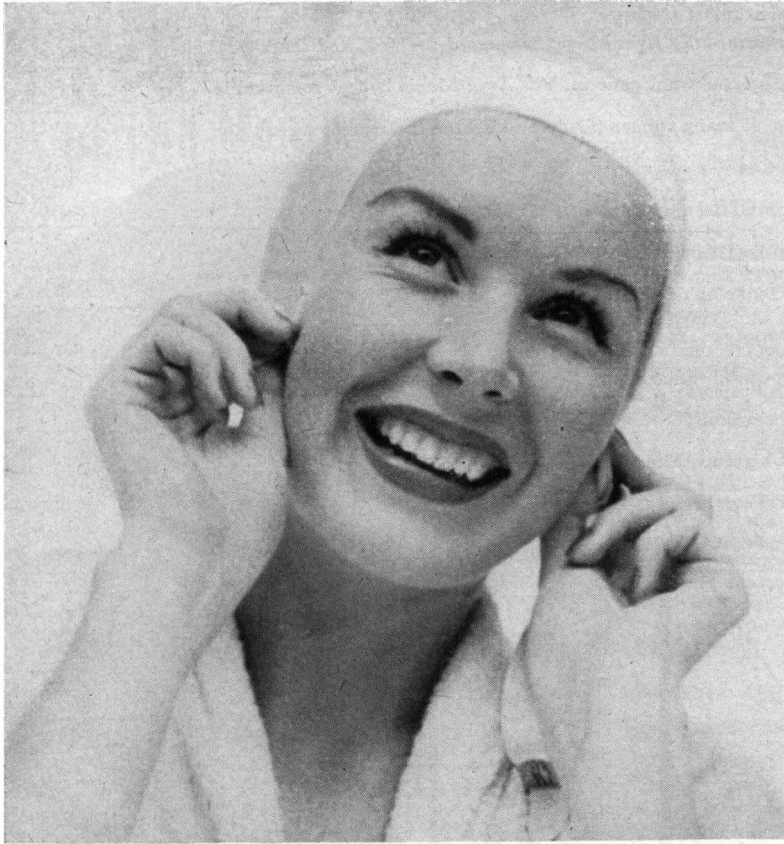
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Femininity begins with freshness, depends on habit, creates full-time enchantment.

The Well-Groomed Look

BY RUTH MURRIN

You never know what's right around the corner, what may happen between two ticks of the clock. The chance of a lifetime may come to you—or pass you by—at ten minutes after nine on a dull morning that had promised only the same old routine.

But besides the big turning points, there are the countless significant moments of day-to-day living: a husband glancing at his wife; children storing away impressions of their mother; friends, business associates, casual acquaintances, quietly judging.

The fact is that every day is inspection day. There is no time when you can say, "It doesn't matter how I look." And because this is true, it is essential that you have the habit of beauty and always be ready. The biggest mistake you can make is to fix up only for special occasions and not care how you look in between. In the matter of good grooming, there

can be no letting down. A truly feminine woman is keenly aware of this; being attractive is second nature to her.

This wisely aware woman has a sound knowledge of her possibilities and needs. She knows that without a permanent, her hairdo wilts. So she has, on schedule, a wave that is carefully adapted to her hair and her coiffure. She has an open mind on styles, and changes her hairdo often enough to keep it interesting. She is skillful at rolling a curl, and in spite of wind, rain, or plain wear and tear, she manages to keep her hair looking pretty from one shampoo to another.

She has system in the care of her skin, and she is particular in her choice of soaps and creams. A nightly facial is so habitual with her that she can't fall asleep at night until she has completed the ritual she depends on to keep her skin soft and fresh. Automatic, too, is the care she gives her hands. A painstaking weekly

manicure is only the beginning. Each night, along with her facial, she creams her hands and tends to the slight repairs that keep her nails beautiful—smoothing each one with emery board, pushing back the cuticle, sliding on a colorless coat of polish that corrects any tiny chips in the enamel underneath so that it never becomes ragged.

She doesn't grudge the time beauty takes. The extra minute or so necessary to outline her lips accurately and becomingly is well worth while to her. And time spent setting the scarlet, blotting, and repeating the whole process, she knows, is more than compensated for later on.

There Are Always New Cosmetics

She is alert enough to know that make-up is not static. Like hair styles and clothes, it changes with fashion. She likes to try new products, new tints.

She observes the displays in the drug-store, and is aware of the latest innovations in beauty.

Those that make her face prettier or more interesting she adopts; all others she tosses away. She experiments with new ways to use familiar beautifiers, and learns as she works. The doe-eye fashion she thought frankly stogy and consequently not for her; but she found that a trace of black pencil along the roots of her upper lashes made her eyes look more brilliant, and now it is a part of her evening make-up.

She has a discriminating nose, and a nice appreciation of the value of the unscented freshness imparted by top-toe cleanliness and guarded by a good deodorant. There are times when that is all she wants, but she loves perfume and uses it freely and knowingly. She has several favorites, and changes from one to another often enough so that she never wearies of their scent. She tries new fragrances from time to time, and relies strictly on her own nose to tell her whether or not they are for her. When she is curious about a new perfume, she prefers to test it slowly and thoughtfully at home. But being a thrifty lady, she buys only the purse size, or perhaps the toilet water, until she is sure she likes it.

She picks up new techniques all the time, and she is seldom at a loss in an emergency. If a downpour ruins her hairdo, she can quickly brush her locks into a neat new shape. After a sleepless night, she can erase the haggard look by skillful use of eye lotion, make-up foundation, and a faint application of rouge. She can mend a broken nail as neatly as a manicurist.

And the amazing fact is that with all this, she worries far less about her looks than the woman who makes an effort to be attractive only on occasion. Since good grooming is a habit with her, she takes it in stride. And she has the easy poise that comes from knowing that no matter who sees her, where, or when, she is looking her best.

THE END



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DIAMONDS

THEY'RE THE MOST ELEGANT OF MAN'S

DISCOVERIES • BY ROBERT L. SCHWARTZ

If a price tag were put on every precious stone in the world, diamonds alone would account for 95 per cent of the total value. For hundreds of years, the costly diamond has been sought as the most beautiful of the earth's products. It is the very symbol of taste and opulence. Virtually its sole function is luxury.

The diamond is unique in many ways. It is the hardest of all natural substances. It is, chemically, the simplest of all precious stones: it contains only carbon.

Diamonds are the only gems that are not some rare variety of a common mineral. There are no common diamonds, although, of course, there are the small imperfect stones used in industry.

The history of diamonds is as fascinating as their nature. They were found in India in the sixteenth century by traveling Europeans, who returned to Europe with tales of the mysterious "land" of Golconda, the fountainhead of all diamonds. In reality, Golconda was a small native village through which passed the diamonds found by peasants.

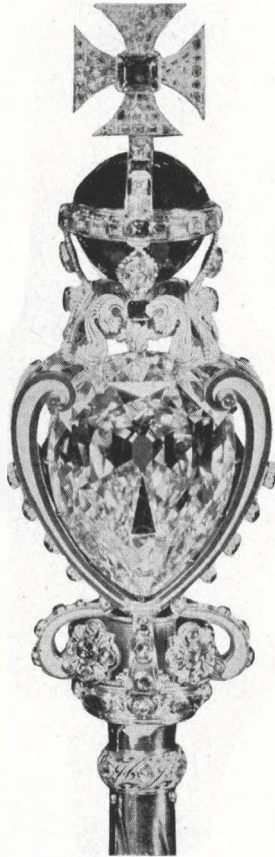
By 1720, some 12,000,000 carats had been taken out of India. Their value in today's market: \$500,000,000.

Soon afterward, diamonds were discovered in Brazil. As in India, prospectors picked out the precious stones from the alluvial soil of streams and river beds. Diamond prospecting then was much like gold prospecting: river gravel was sluiced through a sieved pan.

In the next century and a half, while Golconda fell into ruins, Brazil's diamond prospecting flourished, and she produced the bulk of the world's diamonds.

But in 1866, a small boy in South Africa made a discovery that was to precipitate a revolution in diamond mining. His discovery was a marble-sized, greasy-looking stone that when held up to the light brilliantly flashed all the colors of the rainbow from deep within. The boy's widowed mother gave the stone to a neighboring farmer, Schalk van Niekirk, after he had offered to buy it in the vague hope that it might be a diamond. Van Niekirk sold it to a peddler named O'Reilly, and he mailed it to a mineralogist, who pronounced it a diamond of 21 carats, and appraised the stone at \$2,500.

Excited by this discovery, diamond



Biggest diamond in the British Royal Sceptre was cut from the 3,106-carat Cullinan diamond.

prospectors flooded South Africa. They found a few scattered diamonds, but no field worthy of exploitation.

Two years later, in one of history's strangest coincidences, the same Schalk van Niekirk came across another boy with another greasy-looking, bright-sparkling stone. But this one was four times bigger than the first one. Van Niekirk acted at once. For it, he gave the startled Negro shepherd boy all the livestock he owned—500 sheep, 10 oxen, and a horse. He then sold the diamond, a whopping 85-carat stone, to Capetown diamond merchants for \$56,000. Cut and polished, it brought \$125,000.

Now a series of resolute prospectors descended on South Africa. They made



The Hope diamond is the world's best-known gem.

a startling discovery: a lode of diamond-bearing rock. No longer was there the sparse and tedious alluvial picking of previous diamond mining. For here were diamond concentrates so rich that rain water draining across the top of the lodes could wash thousands of diamonds hundreds of miles downstream—into the hands of Negro shepherd boys.

The diamonds were found embedded in hard, lava-like rock in vertical veins that were sixty feet to half a mile wide and ran hundreds of feet straight down into the earth. And in these veins lay a clue to the origin of diamonds. They showed evidence of great heat and pressure—as if a volcanic disturbance had forced molten rock into vertical defiles.

The concentrated ore, and the concentrated wealth, called for concentrated effort. Giant syndicates bought out individual earth-scratching prospectors and sank great shafts deep into the earth. Dynamic Cecil Rhodes set up a gigantic combine for mining and distribution. His organization, De Beers Consolidated Mines, Ltd., gained control of every significant diamond mine in South Africa. They once wrote a check for \$25,000,000 to buy out a large claim holder. De Beers put its men to work digging the biggest and richest hole in the earth. 3,600 feet deep and every foot of it sprinkled with diamonds. His company shattered all the diamond-production records in history.

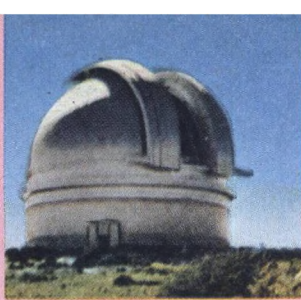
Over 200,000,000 carats have come out of South Africa. Their value? More than \$7,000,000,000.

The world's most spectacular diamond was found in South Africa—the Cullinan diamond. The overseer who spotted it thought it was a fake planted by some practical joker. It weighed a staggering 3,106 carats. The doubting overseer got a \$10,000 bonus for it, and De Beers got nearly a million dollars for it from the Transvaal government, which gave it to England's king, Edward VII.

When the Cullinan diamond was cut, it produced nine major diamonds, two of them the world's largest. One is in the British Imperial State Crown, the other in the Royal Sceptre. The larger one was named the Star of Africa, in tribute to the land whose riches in diamonds far exceeded the fabled wealth of the legendary Golconda. THE END



Mt. Whitney (14,496 ft.)



Palomar Observatory



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Shopping amid palms

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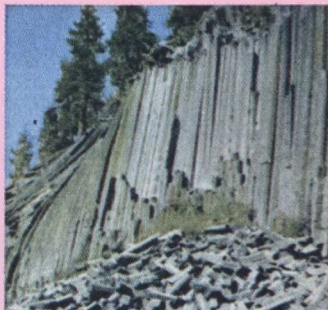
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Frank Costello earned star billing. Viewers seldom got a good look at his glower, had to be content with shots of his fidgety hands.

What Good Did the Kefauver Crime Committee Really Do?

IT WAS A WHOPPING GOOD SHOW AND ALMOST MADE ITS CHIEF PRESIDENT, BUT GAMBLERS, RACKETEERS, AND ASSORTED PUNKS NOW HAVE THE LAST LAUGH

BY ROBERT COON

The great climax of the Kefauver Committee's crime investigation came in New York, after it had already played most of the nation's major cities. It had opened in Miami and made its television debut in New Orleans, but it was in New York that the show reached its dramatic peak.

"The casting was perfect," a news magazine sighed. It singled out the notorious Frank Costello for his portrayal of the role of villain. It noted admiringly that in Virginia Hill "the show had sex," and it also pointed out that there was no lack of such other prime ingredients as humor, chills, and suspense.

It bestowed its Oscar on chief counsel Rudolph Halley for his skillful direction. Lastly, it did not forget the staging in the Foley Square Courthouse, impressive with its "lofty ceiling, blue velvet hangings, and marble walls."

The nation was impressed, too, if only because Roman holidays are invariably

impressive. Its total audience was estimated at more than 20,000,000. The show was sponsored commercially by another news magazine. Business nearly came to a standstill. As a television spectacle, it was a howling success.

There is, however, room for considerable doubt whether the Kefauver Committee investigation was a howling success from other points of view. Still bobbing in the wake of the hearings are some questions that continue to nag and, occasionally, to embarrass.

What effect, for example, did the hearings really have on crime and criminals in the various cities visited by the committee? Were the members of the committee bent solely on exposing evil in the nation—or were they partially influenced, perhaps, by the prospect of political gain stemming from publicity? And did they have the right in the first place to question witnesses as they did?

The last question has troubled a good many thoughtful people, who, though having little doubt of the guilt of numerous unsavory witnesses brought before the committee, nevertheless found cause to grow anxious over the star-chamber atmosphere that pervaded the hearings. It would appear, moreover, that they had good reason to be concerned. The melancholy fact is that a U.S. Circuit Court of Appeals in Cincinnati last December denounced the procedures of the Kefauver Committee as an out-and-out violation of the Fifth Amendment. The Court unanimously reversed the conviction of Joseph Aiuppa, an alleged racketeer, who had refused to answer twelve committee questions and had subsequently been found guilty of contempt, fined \$1,000, and sentenced to three months in jail.

Said the court, “. . . we are unable to give judicial sanction, in the teeth of the Fifth Amendment, to the employment by a committee of the United States Senate, of methods of examination of witnesses which constitute a triple threat:

“Answer truly and you have given evidence leading to your conviction for a violation of Federal laws, answer falsely and you will be convicted of perjury. Refuse to answer and you will be found guilty of criminal contempt and punished by a fine and imprisonment.

“In our humble judgment, to place a person not even on trial for a specified crime in such a predicament . . . is in direct violation of the Fifth Amendment to our National Constitution.”

On the basis of such a decision, the layman can conclude only that something was fundamentally wrong in the hearings. It is not very reassuring, to say the least, that a group of United States senators apparently ignored with a blithe wave of the hand the fact that the Fifth Amendment says, “No person shall be held to answer for a capital or other infamous crime unless on a presentment or indictment of a Grand Jury . . . nor shall be compelled in any criminal case to be a

witness against himself, nor be deprived of life, liberty, or property, without due process of law. . . .”

Despite the findings of the court, the senators still seem unaware that many of their own conclusions appear to be somewhat askew. In one of his magazine articles, for example, Senator Kefauver said that Costello lied and evaded during questioning by the committee. That was hardly an overstatement, but Kefauver went on to say, “The stupidity of it all is that the truth came out anyhow, and that, in most of the instances, Costello could have admitted the truth in the first place without incriminating himself for anything on which he could be prosecuted.”

Why Was Costello Queried Twice?

In most of the instances? The intention here is certainly not to enter a defense of Costello's record, but what about the other instances when, by answering, he would have invited prosecution by incriminating himself? And didn't the committee already have the answers to the questions that were asked Costello, anyway? Much of the time, Halley was simply asking the racketeer if he hadn't answered thus-and-so to the same questions at a previous, closed hearing, at which time Halley had described Costello as “a good witness.” Was the second questioning a repeat for television?

None of the witnesses, of course, was on trial. Yet Senator Charles W. Tobey in another magazine article said, “All

over this country, through the magic of television, home-loving Americans have been able to see their Government at work for the first time. They have watched these scores of shady characters come before us. They have watched their faces and then judged whether or not their answers were true.”

Aside from the fact that other public hearings had been televised for the benefit of home-loving Americans before the Kefauver Committee hearings, a point Tobey somehow missed, there is a strong suspicion that the Senator from New Hampshire backed into a hot stove when he pointed out accurately enough that people all over America were deciding after a glance at their television screens who was guilty and who was not. That was the whole trouble. The fact that people *were* judging whether or not answers were true, without recourse always to the full testimony and with the witnesses themselves unable to cross-examine or otherwise enter a reasonable defense, was precisely one of the things that many people have concluded was wrong with the hearings in the first place.

There are other curious aspects of the crime investigation. The case of Senator Kefauver and Sheriff Frank J. Clancy of Jefferson Parish, Louisiana, is particularly difficult to fathom.

“King” Clancy, as he is called, was described as a “bum” by the Kefauver Committee when he refused to testify before the committee in New Orleans, and the committee further suggested he ought

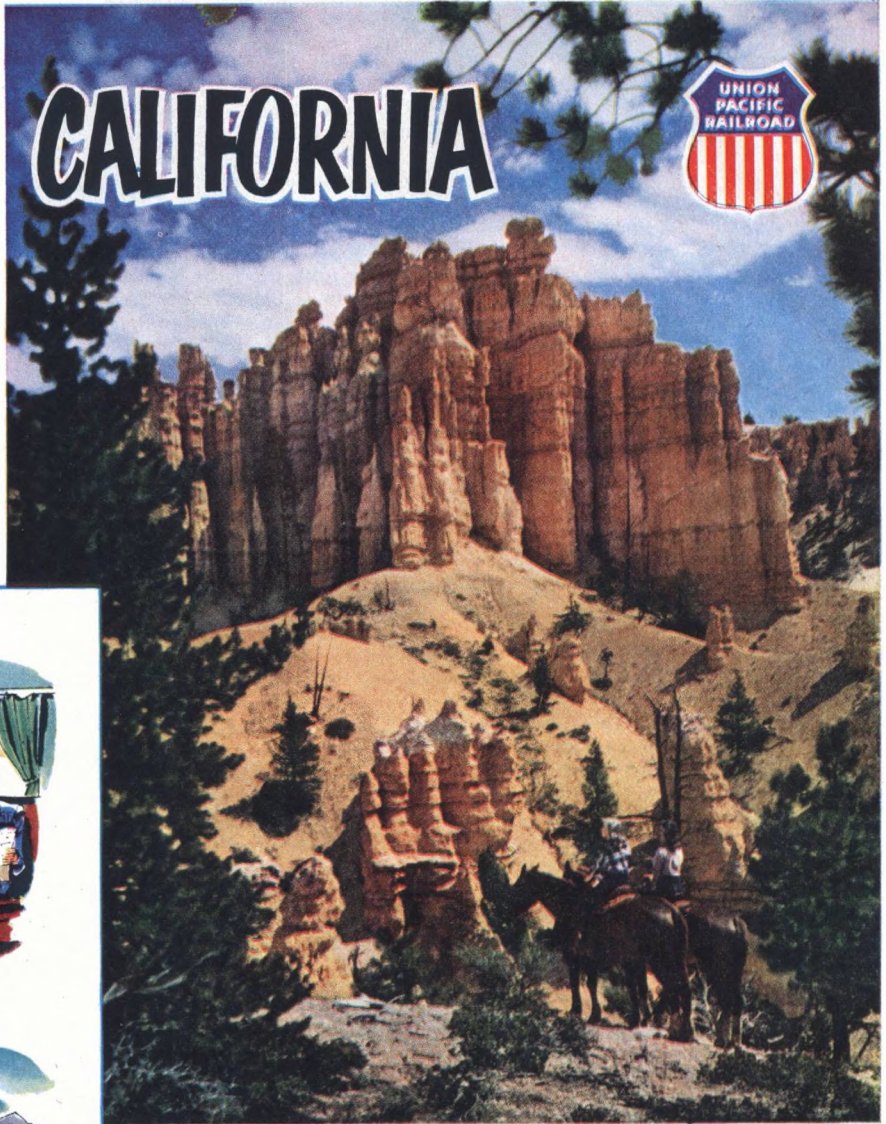
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Drawing, bespectacled Senator Estes Kefauver jumped to national fame as committee chairman. His successor, Senator Herbert R. O'Connor, left, later starred on a TV show.



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Kefauver Crime Committee (continued)

to resign and "let an honest man in." Later, however, when Clancy found himself faced with a possible contempt citation, he hurried to Washington to make a last-minute appearance before the committee. As he poured out his story of the gambling he had permitted to flourish in Jefferson Parish, Senator Tobey exploded typically that the sheriff was "not worth a damn."

"It is a revealing and disgusting thing . . . that a man like you can continue in office. . . . I simply cannot sit and listen to this type of what I call political vermin."

A committee report later said Clancy "typified in effect the foundation on which the whole structure of organized gambling and racketeering rests." Yet when "King" Clancy subsequently ran for reelection, after finally closing down several gambling places he had previously allowed to run wide open, the solemn-faced senator from Tennessee appeared inexplicably in New Orleans, offering his support to Clancy. Kefauver not only had his picture taken with the "bum," but he also contributed to Clancy's campaign fund, although, as Clancy says, "It was only a dollar, that's all!" In any event, with the paradoxical blessing of crime-buster Kefauver, Clancy was re-elected.

For high-minded men ostensibly bent only on rooting out evil, without regard for personal aggrandizement, the senators and chief counsel Halley behaved erratically in other ways.

An Eight-Day Circus?

Kefauver, for instance, was quoted at the outset of the hearings as saying, "I don't want to master-of-ceremony a circus," yet the hearings he conducted in New York came perilously close to being an eight-day circus. When Frank Costello insisted that the committee had no right to display him on television, the committee settled for showing only his hands on the nation's screens, and in making the concession—which they made to no other witness, despite similar pleas—the senators gave every appearance of being afraid that he was right and that without the star the show would collapse.

The television question has been taken up in one court, and from the decision reached there, the Kefauver Committee would appear to have had reasonable doubt whether they were right in thrusting protesting witnesses on TV. Last October, a United States district court in Washington, D.C., held that Morris Kleinman and Louis Rothkopf, both of Cleveland, were justified in refusing to testify in front of television and newsreel cameras. Kleinman, a onetime bootlegging king, and Rothkopf, an ex-bootlegger and gambler, had been cited for contempt, but

(continued)



Colorful Sheriff Eugene Biscailuz of Los Angeles was hit by committee with everything but documented evidence; consequently, he still holds office with no charges pending.



Committee-counsel Rudolph Halley was another TV crime-show star. He was later elected president of New York City Council.



O'Connor, frustrated by the closemouthed witnesses, confers with committee-member Senator Charles W. Tobey, who kept trumpeting his moral indignation at "the vermin."

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Kefauver Crime Committee (continued)

SHUTTERS ARE UP ON "DANDY PHIL'S,"

BUT OTHER JOINTS ARE WIDE OPEN

Judge Henry A. Schweinhaut, who handed down the unprecedented ruling, said the throng of cameras and microphones "seems to me necessarily so to disturb and distract any witness to the point that he might say something that next week he will realize was erroneous."

Kefauver Profited from Hearings

In a more personal realm, it also seems odd that Senator Kefauver, whose book *Crime in America* has netted him an estimated \$13,000 so far, was also hard at work preparing his magazine memoirs for publication before the hearings were even over. Even if one accepts the doubtful proposition that it is proper for senators to sell the accounts of public hearings, it seems something less than scrupulously correct for them to approach potential buyers before submitting the reports to the Senate. Yet Senator Kefauver did just that, and was successful in selling what amounted to a condensation of the official transcript to a national magazine for a sum that was probably not less than \$10,000 and may easily have been a good deal more.

Similarly, chief counsel Halley, who has since been elected president of New York's City Council largely on the strength of his performance on television and may well be the next mayor of New York, said after the hearings were over that he did not want to capitalize on the fame he had won. In this statement of high resolve, Halley was specific in saying he was spurning all offers to enter movies, write for magazines, or appear on television. At the last count, taken six weeks ago, he had not only written for magazines but had appeared on a CBS television program called "Crime Syndicated" no less than eighteen times.

Senator Kefauver had appeared three times on the same television show, and though he reportedly gave his fees to the Cordell Hull Foundation for World Peace, it was a combination of all these activities stemming from the crime hearings that nearly succeeded in making him President.

Senator Herbert R. O'Connor, of Maryland, another committee member, who has otherwise been rather dormant, held the record for "Crime Syndicated," appearing twenty-eight times.

Senator Tobey, with only two appearances on the show, evidently preferred the lecture circuit. His lecture fee is—or was recently—a minimum of \$750 a lecture. Senator Kefauver also hit the trail and is estimated to have earned \$20,000 in lecture fees before starting his bid for the Presidential nomination.

During the course of the investigation, the Kefauver troupe visited fifteen cities. The first reluctant dragon to come to trial after being cited for contempt was Harry Russell, a notorious gambler and onetime associate of Al Capone, and the committee received its first jolt when he was acquitted of the contempt charge on a directed verdict from a judge in a District of Columbia court. But what of the others in the witness parade? What is the situation now in some of the cities visited by the committee?

The Special Committee to Investigate Organized Crime in Interstate Commerce opened its hearings in Miami. Whether it accomplished anything in Miami that a legally constituted grand jury could not have accomplished—with fewer trumpets and more telling effect—is extremely doubtful. However, the Kefauver Committee did investigate the gambling situation, and caused at least a temporary public awakening. Today, the only gambling in Miami, aside from the numbers racket, which still flourishes, is carried on on a sneak basis.

Several public officials resigned for the common good, and the top members of the notorious S & G gambling syndicate, which grossed some \$26,000,000 a year, are under indictment on income-tax charges. In Miami, the feeling is that the income-tax charges would have come about without the help of the Kefauver investigation.

It has now been more than two years since the committee moved into New Orleans for its radio and television debut. The shutters are up on the Beverly Club, "Dandy Phil" Kastel's plush casino, but the gardeners are keeping the lawns mowed and the flowers watered in case the word to reopen should come tomorrow. The Beverly Club, along with several other gambling establishments in Jefferson Parish, was a victim of "King" Clancy's belated reformation. "Dandy Phil" Costello's right-hand man in New

Orleans, has been cited for contempt of the Kefauver Committee, but at this writing he is still living comfortably in his swank colonial brick mansion in the exclusive suburb of Metairie.

After Sheriff Clancy dutifully closed down the Beverly Club and other Jefferson Parish casinos, the inconvenience to patrons was only minor. People simply went to Saint Bernard Parish, to the Jai-Alai Club, the Arabi Club, and the New Crescent Club, to name three that stayed open after the Kefauver Committee left town.

Ultimately, they were shuttered when Louisiana's new governor, Robert F. Kennon, a deeply religious antivice crusader, sent the state police in. But the closing was his doing, not the committee's. Sheriff C. F. "Dutch" Rowley, of Saint Bernard Parish, is still in office, however, as is Sheriff John Grosch in Orleans Parish, Grosch having been indicted some time ago by a local grand jury on five counts of perjury while he was chief of New Orleans detectives. It was Grosch's wife who testified before the Kefauver Committee that the sheriff had \$150,000 hidden away in a strongbox, but she died while he was still being investigated, and the case against him fell apart.

The Kefauver Committee had no effect whatever on prostitution in New Orleans. It continues wide open. And there has been a 115-per-cent increase in the number of teen-agers arrested on narcotics charges in the past year. Drugs in the city are plentiful and cheap. Marijuana comes to about \$150 a pound, uncut heroin about \$60 an ounce. Reefers can be had on any street corner in the French Quarter for 25 cents a stick. The boss of the narcotics racket in New Orleans is widely reputed to be Carlos Marcello, whom Kefauver called one of the ten worst criminals in America, but who, at this writing, has been indicted for nothing more than simple contempt.

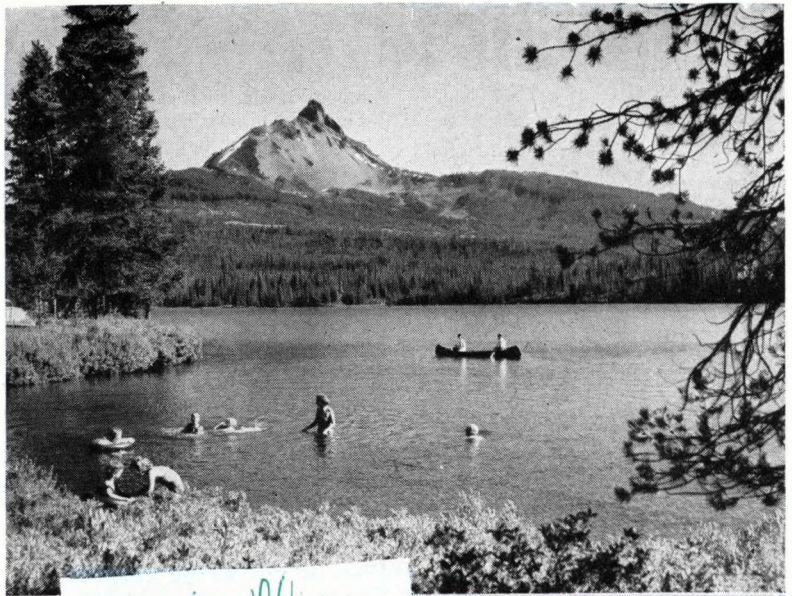
They Second-guessed in Los Angeles

In Los Angeles, the Kefauver probe began after the California Crime Commission had already dug up most of the skeletons.

Mickey Cohen, variously defined as a high-ranking mobster and a simple loud-mouthed punk, was Los Angeles' ranking racketeer, and he now languishes in the Federal penitentiary at McNeil Island for income-tax evasion. Cohen himself protested that the spotlight of publicity turned on him by the Kefauver investigation was responsible for his being tripped up by the Bureau of Internal Revenue. If so, his is a rare case.

William G. Bonelli, chairman of the State Board of Equalization in California, was laid open for examination by the committee, which attempted to link him with gambling interests, but there was no proof. Undersheriff Arthur Jewell, who came under fire for laxity in permitting

(continued)



You'll Remember Oregon!

BOATING, SWIMMING and all other water activities await you throughout scenic Oregon. The vacationists shown here are enjoying Big Lake, below Mt. Washington, in the Cascade Mountains of Central Oregon.



Plan to have fun *this year* in Oregon's green recreation lands. There are happy play-days here for your whole family—in the great timber stands of 13 National Forests . . . in 199 State Parks . . . on a number of snow-tipped mountain peaks . . . beside plunging waterfalls . . . in the magnificent Columbia River Gorge . . . in Crater Lake National Park. Historic landmarks, geologic wonderlands and colorful wildflowers are here for you to enjoy. Come to the Pacific Northwest *soon* and share Oregon's renowned playlands and hospitality.



OREGON CAVES CHATEAU each year serves thousands of sightseers who visit this colorful National Monument in the Siskiyou Mountains of Southern Oregon.

SEND NOW FOR FREE OREGON BOOKLET

SEE ALL OF

Oregon
BY TRAVELING SCENIC HIGHWAYS

Travel Information Div., Room 143
State Highway Department,
Salem, Oregon.

Please send free booklet to:

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ Zone _____

HEADACHE?



GET



PAIN-
RELIEVER

"Speedy"



Trade Mark

WITH

Alka- Seltzer

BRAND

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Soothing, Gentle
EFFECTIVE
DOESN'T
UPSET YOUR STOMACH

ALSO **FIRST AID** FOR
ACID
INDIGESTION
COLD
DISCOMFORTS
MUSCULAR
ACHES



DISPLAYED AT
DRUG STORES EVERYWHERE
U. S. and Canada

MILES LABORATORIES, INC., ELKHART, IND.

Kefauver Crime Committee (continued)

a bookmaking front called the Guarantee Finance Corporation to operate, retired—but not, according to fellow officers, as a result of the Kefauver hearings. Sheriff Eugene Biscailuz, who was also censured by the committee in connection with the Guarantee Finance operation, is still in office, with no charges pending.

They Accused But Didn't Convict

Joe Sica, a close associate of Mickey Cohen and a suspected narcotics-ring leader, is under a one-year sentence on bookmaking charges, but his conviction did not grow out of the Senate probe. Jack Dragna, another notorious associate of Cohen, recently served thirty days of a six-month sentence for lewd resorting, and while he remains under police surveillance, there are no charges against him at this writing except a citation for contempt. The Guarantee Finance Corporation had been smoked out by the California Crime Commission before the Kefauver group arrived on the scene. Four top "officials" of the now-defunct organization have since been found guilty of Federal income-tax evasion and gambling.

The Kefauver investigation in Chicago concluded that the old Capone gang is still flourishing, that it has influence in both parties to control reform legislation, and that it buys protection from police officers. The senators also concluded that gambling is widespread and that Chicago, in essence, is the home office of syndicated crime.

Much of this is undoubtedly true, since it has been noted before with great regularity. Yet, what has happened to the mobsters who run the home office?

Tony "The Enforcer" Accardo, said to be the brains of the old-new Capone gang, was cited for contempt last September, and at this writing there has been no later development, though he now faces income-tax charges brought by the Government. Gambler Harold Russell was singled out by the committee as the operator of a profitable bookmaking racket in Miami for Accardo and Jake "Greasy Thumb" Guzik, another reputed leader in the old Capone gang. Russell was the first witness indicted for contempt, but he was acquitted. Guzik, former Public Enemy Number Ten, is also facing income-tax charges, but after refusing to testify before the Kefauver Committee, he was, like so many others, acquitted of the ensuing contempt charge.

Rocco and Charley Fischetti, nephews of the late Al Capone, were said to be high up in the organization, and they, too, were cited for contempt. While released on bond, Charley died of what presumably were natural causes. Rocco was acquitted. Murray "The Camel"

Humphreys, also high up in the mob, was also cited for contempt and was also acquitted.

The list is almost endless. Ed Jones and Theodore Roe, arrested after testifying before the committee that they had operated a policy wheel for twenty-three years, were prosecuted on a gambling charge but escaped when the circuit court ruled that their testimony before the Kefauver Committee could not be admitted as evidence. Roe has since been murdered.

The Kefauver Committee arrived in St. Louis some time after local newspapers had started a vigorous anticrime crusade, and the cleanup, which has been largely an effective one, was well under way by the time the Senate probe began. In East St. Louis, Illinois, a gangster haven across the Mississippi from St. Louis, the same situation obtained because of a cleanup campaign instituted by Governor Adlai Stevenson. At this writing, none of those who appeared before the committee



Explosive gun moll Virginia Hill gave the show its sex appeal, was treated gingerly.

in St. Louis have been indicted, arrested, or imprisoned.

Similarly, the heat had been on in Kansas City for a considerable period before the formation of the Kefauver Committee. A special grand jury was already in session, in fact, to investigate underworld activities as a result of the 1946 vote fraud and the theft of ballots in 1947 from the courthouse. Most of the city's gangsters were already under indictment when the committee made its appearance there.

The New York mobsters, who are generally considered gangdom's elite, came in for intensive grilling by the committee, but with no really spectacular end results. Frank Erickson, probably the number-one bookmaker in the nation, was already serving a two-year sentence on Rikers Island, though he was further cited for contempt. Frank Costello, of course, is now in prison on an eighteen-month contempt conviction growing out of his reluctance before the committee.

Joe Adonis, another bigtime racketeer, now in prison on gambling charges, has also been found guilty of contempt, but although various investigations are being made of such notorious racketeers as Meyer Lansky and Albert Anastasia, the worst anyone seems threatened with is deportation. James Moran, until shortly before New York City Water Commissioner (and reputedly ex-Mayor William O'Dwyer's right-hand man), was sent to prison for perjury, and later given a stiff sentence for conspiracy and extortion, but no other high official seems to have suffered unduly. The hearings in New York revealed precious little that most New Yorkers had not always taken for granted.

Criminals Are Debunked But Free

The disheartening thing is that contempt citations do nothing to eradicate the cancer of crime. Murderers do not stop murdering when they are charged only with overparking. Kefauver himself has said that because of the hearings, "crimemasters who have basked in an aura of false glamour have been thoroughly debunked." It would seem that they deserve more than debunking.

The painful fact, of course, is that we, as citizens, have not been vigilant. As the Kefauver hearings picked up speed, thousands of people all over America cried, "That's the stuff! Go get those rascals!" But where were these same thousands in the endless years when the newspapers were patiently exposing exactly the same situations?

The Kefauver Committee concluded, to no one's astonishment, that the cornerstone of the underworld rests on the proceeds from gambling. J. Edgar Hoover has said, "If the laws against gambling presently on the state and local statute books were earnestly and vigorously enforced, gambling could be eliminated within forty-eight hours in any community in the land."

Congressional investigating committees, unfortunately, are not the answer. They do nothing to correct the situation by usurping the function of the grand jury, which meets in secret to protect people who may be innocent, studies the problem under surveillance without flashbulbs or television lights, and considers not hearsay but evidence.

The answer, in effect, lies where all answers of public morality lie: with the people.

THE END



IF you are earning about \$5000 a year, you have reached the most *critical* stage of your business career.

Few men are paid that amount unless they are *potentially worth \$10,000.*

It means someone above you thinks you are capable of making at least twice your present salary. But *you* have to prove it!

Five thousand dollars is not a terminal — a man goes on or back. Clerks can be hired for less; executives can demand more.

If you have the resolve and the ambition to pass the \$5,000 barrier, the Alexander Hamilton Institute can help you. If you do not have those qualities, nobody can help you.

HOW TO BRIDGE THE GAP

Here, briefly, is the Institute's function: It stimulates your desire to forge ahead, awakens hidden abilities, supplies the training and knowledge every executive must have. It shows you, by practical examples, the methods and procedures followed by management. It enables you to *bridge the gap between your present job and the one above.*

Don't misunderstand. The Institute works no miracles, opens no magic portals to quick and easy success; it will *not* double your income within a few months. Nor will it make corporation presidents of men who are clerks at heart.

But to the man who seeks a sound and realistic program to speed up his progress in business, the Institute's Modern Business Course and Service is ideal. Ideal because it fits the new concept of management, prepares men to handle the *larger* opportunities of business.

Suppose the management of your company met to select a new vice-president, Factory Manager, Sales Manager or Personnel Director. Suppose *you* were a possible choice for one of those positions.

Are you qualified to step into such

a job? Is your knowledge broad enough to meet the requirements of an executive position — or do you know little of business outside of your own department?

Will you be qualified two years from today?

Only men who understand the fundamental principles of all departments of business can safely be trusted with important administrative responsibilities.

The Institute offers you a practical, concentrated means of obtaining that knowledge in your spare time.

SEND FOR FREE BOOKLET

So far as it has been possible to do so, the Institute's executive training plan has been outlined and described in an interesting booklet titled "Forging Ahead in Business."

There is no charge for this little book because it is worth only what *you* make it worth. Some men glance through it and toss it aside; others have found a fortune in its pages. It is a serious book about a serious subject; as such, it holds nothing for the merely curious.

But it contains a message of lasting significance to men who are concerned about where they are going in business, and how they are going to get there. To men of this type, copies of "Forging Ahead in Business" are available without cost or obligation. Simply fill in and return the coupon below.



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Please mail me, without cost,
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Business Address.....
Position.....
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"I'd bet my
bottom diaper
on Q-Tips!"



From generation to generation, the 'Q-Tips' tradition is passed down... is your youngster getting the swab with the longest record in baby protection?

So safe. Sterilized right in the package. Every 'Q-Tips' swab that touches baby is hygienically clean, pure cotton.

Easy for mother. Correctly shaped applicator. Swabs can't come loose or leave lint.

Doctors and nurses are extra careful. They use more 'Q-Tips' than all other prepared swabs combined!

**They're moving
into the best
boudoirs, too**



Hollywood film stars have long used 'Q-Tips'... now women everywhere are learning the trick! You can blend make-up so artfully with these handy little swabs. Use to remove nail polish, apply lotions, deodorants, hair tints neatly.



The original cotton swab—
in the famous blue box.

29¢, 49¢ and 98¢ pkg.

Q-TIPS®... Made by Q-Tips Inc., Long Island City, N. Y.



Drawings by Mitsi Melnicoff

The Plight of TV Announcers

Today's perilous splicing demands stout hearts, for the announcer is often the victim of man-eating commercials

BY JOHN SAVAGE

In the many quires of newsprint currently being devoted to the subject of television commercials, I find scant mention of the most frequent variations of this art form, the commercial that misfires. This is a situation that I have long felt needed remedy, and I am happy to bring lay readers up to date.

To begin, I should like to thank my publishers, Hart, Schaffner & Engels, for their kind permission to quote copiously from my recent book, *Live Commercials for Beginners* (New York, 1953, 376 pp., \$4.75—sent in plain wrapper).

Get This; It's Important

Commercials are divided roughly into two groups (some more roughly than others, depending on the time available for rehearsals): the *film* commercial, which is usually on film, and the *live*

commercial, which is characterized by not being on film and is done "live," that is, er, not on film. It is important to keep this distinction in mind.

Those of us who are devoting our efforts to the live commercial (the writer is an announcer now making a poor but precarious living out of this sort of thing) look with contempt on the announcers who do filmed work, for, after all, where is the challenge, the thrill of adventure, in film commercials? If something goes wrong, you just do it over and keep doing it over until it comes out right. But in live commercials, especially on small local TV stations, you can always count on something going wrong. Here the men are quickly separated from the boys by their ability to cope with an amazing variety of emergencies.

There is, for example, a good chance

that the announcer will get his hand caught in the suction end of the vacuum cleaner he's selling. Until you've done a pitch with a vacuum cleaner steadily swallowing your arm as you talk, and all the while the cold, contemptuous eye of the camera upon you, you can have little understanding of the thrills and perils that await you in this type of work.

Maybe You Can Laugh It Off

There are several schools of thought as to how to handle a contretemps such as the one I've just mentioned. At the last international meeting of TV pitchmen—held in Zurich last summer—some formulas were evolved that should prove invaluable to the novice. There is, first, the Lighthearted Approach. On the whole, I incline to this system. The idea is simple: All you have to do is make a joke of the whole thing. It is illustrated as follows in the very common occurrence, the appliance-failing-to-go-on-when-you-turn-it-on situation (Basic Situation A).

Announcer: "Say, friends, if you've been putting off buying a new sewing machine because you've been a little leery of those high prices, don't hesitate any longer! Just feast your eyes on this beautifully rebuilt model. This is not going to cost you \$200 or \$100, which is what you expect to pay these days—no, sir. We've got this for you as a TV special at a simply incredible low price. But first, let me demonstrate this beautiful machine for you. I just switch it on, and then listen to this high-speed power motor as she goes. There's really nothing to it. I just throw this little switch, and then



listen to this high-speed— Well, ha! ha! (Looks frantically off to right.) Guess the boys are playing a little trick on me, eh? Ha! ha! ha! Oh, what a bunch of characters we've got around here, always playing around. We always have a lot of fun here at good ol' WWW-TV. (Waves

(continued)



**Who will
look after
Anna . . .
where will
she go?**

This is Anna, aged 3½. She and her mother have known only loneliness and endless despair. Her parents, driven from their native Latvia met in a forced labor camp in Germany. Here, Anna was born. Broken in health and in spirit, Anna's father died in anguish for his loved ones. With little more hope than at the beginning, and in spite of utter misery, Anna and her mother fled into the Western Zone, driven by a fierce longing for home and roots. Home has been a DP barracks, cold, bare and damp. To them all is lost. There is no chance to emigrate. The young mother now has TB . . . Who will look after Anna . . . where will she go?

There are thousands of children like Anna. For them war's end has brought no respite from hunger, cold and terror. Your help can mean hope and security . . . the chance to live in a free world in peace and love. The Plan is dedicated to peace in one world where our children will have to live with these children. We need your help to help them!

You alone, or as a member of a group, can help these children by becoming a Foster Parent. You will immediately be sent the case history and picture of "your" child upon re-

ceipt of application with initial payment. Your relationship with "your" child is on a most personal level . . . we do no mass relief. Each child, treated as an individual, receives food, clothing, shelter, education and medical care according to his/her needs.

"Your" child is told that you are his/her Foster Parent, and correspondence through our office is encouraged. At once that child is touched by love and a sense of belonging. The Plan is a non-political, non-profit, non-sectarian, independent relief organization, helping children in Greece, France, Belgium, Italy, Holland, England and Western Germany and is registered under No. VFA019 with the Advisory Committee on Voluntary Foreign Aid of the Department of State.

Funds are needed desperately for plastic surgery, artificial limbs, artificial eyes, that the children who have suffered so cruelly may have the necessary aids to give them some comfort, hope and love. Your help is not only vital to a child struggling for life itself—but also toward world understanding and friendship. Your help can mean—and do—so much. Won't you share with one of them please, and let some child love you?

Contributions Deductible From Income Tax

Foster Parents' Plan For War Children, Inc.

55 W. 42nd Street, New York 36, N.Y.

Partial List of Sponsors and Foster Parents

Arturo Toscanini, Mary Pickford, Mrs. William Paley, Jean Tennyson, Helen Hayes, Edward R. Murrow, Larry LeSueur, Ned Calmer, Mrs. Gardner Cowles.

C 1953 FPP FOR WC INC.

FOSTER PARENTS' PLAN FOR WAR CHILDREN, INC. LO. 4-6647 (Co-4-53)
55 W. 42nd St., New York 36, N. Y.

In Canada: P.O. Box 65, Station B, Montreal, Que.

A. I wish to become a Foster Parent of a War Child for one year. If possible, sex . . .
I will pay \$15 a month for one year (\$180). Payment will be made monthly , quarterly , yearly .
I enclose herewith my first payment \$. . .

B. I cannot "adopt" a child, but I would like to help a child by contributing \$. . .

Name . . .

Address . . .

City . . . Zone . . . State . . . Date . . .

Contributions are deductible from Income Tax

COLOR

Glorifies Your Hair



Color-Highlights

Color-highlights sparkle your hair when you use Nestle COLORINSE. Removes dulling soap film—also makes hair softer, silkier, easier to comb and set. Use COLORINSE after every shampoo—or whenever hair looks dull and drab. 10 shades that rinse in—shampoo out! 6 rinses 25c, 14 rinses 50c.

Nestle
COLORINSE



Richer Color Tints

Richer color tints glamorize your hair when you use Nestle COLORTINT. Enriched with Processed LANOLIN to enhance natural hair color or add exciting new color. Blends in streaked, bleached, dyed or graying hair. More than a rinse but not a permanent dye! 10 shades. 6 capsules 25c, 14 capsules 50c.



Nestle
COLORTINT

Lighter, Brighter Color

... as much or as little as you choose in ONE application—with Nestle LITE. Enriched with Processed LANOLIN to leave hair soft, silky, natural-looking. Lightens blonde hair, brightens brown hair, accentuates red tones in brunette hair, adds golden streaks, disguises gray hair. Quick—easy—contains no ammonia. \$1.50. Retouch size 79c.



Nestle LITE HAIR LIGHTENER

Ask your beautician for Professional Applications of Nestle Hair Color.

(prices plus tax)

The Plight of TV Announcers (continued)



The pitchman may be chewed, swallowed, beat upon—and fired if he doesn't take mayhem with a ready smile

furiously at someone off-camera.) Guess the boys pulled the little ol' plug out! Ha! ha! There! All set now? Good! Now, just listen to this high-speed power motor as I throw this little switch. . . . Uh. . . . (With a pained expression on his face, he grasps the machine in both hands and shakes it angrily.) Oh, boy! (Smiles again.) My mother told me there'd be days like this—ha! ha! Now let's just throw this little— Hmm. . . . But, wait a minute, friends! I'm forgetting just about the most important part! It's this wonderful set of attachments you get! Let me hold them up here where you can see them. . . ."

Or Pretend It Didn't Happen

The next system is definitely not recommended for the beginner as it requires courage, poise, and a clear, cool head. This is the It Never Happened System. I shall illustrate it with Basic Situation B, where the appliance works—but not the way it's supposed to.

Announcer: "Friends (it should be noted here that every commercial of this type starts off with either "Friends" or "Say, friends"; there are no variations on this allowed), you've seen vacuum cleaners, and you've probably thought they're all alike. Well, most of them are. But just take a look at this beautiful Model 14B, which you've been hearing so much about. Now, see that ashtray? Full of ashes and cigarette butts, isn't it? Well, I quickly put on this attachment, takes only a minute or so—there! Oops, hurt my hand a little; it's nothing,

it's nothing. Now, just watch this wonderful 1953 Model 14B Windswept go to work! (He dips cleaner attachment into ashtray, and immediately all the cigarette butts get jammed in the attachment's mouth and stay there. Talking steadily, he shakes it a couple of times and then bangs it on the table; the cigarette butts remain jammed. We then cut back to a long shot and he continues.) Friends, I don't know how else I can show you what a really great machine this is. Yes, it's guaranteed—" etc., etc.

The important thing to keep in mind in the It Never Happened System is that no matter what goes wrong during the commercial, you go on as though the appliance had performed the way it was supposed to and hope that the viewers all have seven-inch screens or severe myopia.

I am forced to confess that, though great progress has been made in dealing with mishaps during commercials, there are a disturbingly large number of emergencies for which there are, as yet, no pat answers. Prominent among these is the question of what to do when the announcer suffers actual physical injury.

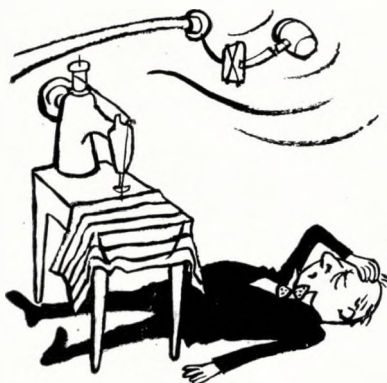
There is little awareness among the public of the dangers lying in wait for the commercial announcer because of accidents. Take, for example, a commercial I was watching several months ago in Detroit. The pitch opened with a cover shot of the announcer standing behind a sewing machine. He was to sit down to demonstrate it, the boom man following him down with the mike. Only the

boom man must have been a trifle over-eager, because the microphone came crashing down like some sort of Damoclean sword, landing with a loud bong! right on the poor chap's head just as he got seated. (All this was framed beautifully in the shot, by the way, and constituted some of the finest action camera work I've seen.) For a good, I'd say, thirty seconds, the man just sat there holding his head, his face puckered with pain, his eyes watering. Then, in a broken voice, he slowly resumed the pitch with an occasional brave smile through his tears. I don't know whether or not he sold any sewing machines, but I can honestly say it was one of the most moving commercials I've ever seen.

Or Maybe It's Best to Faint

Another event that remains vivid in my mind has to do with an announcer who was hawking a vegetable peeler. He launched his commercial with a vigorous demonstration and had the misfortune to remove a large portion of his left index finger. For a while, in spite of the gushing of quite a bit of blood, I thought he'd get through it all right, since the colors blended together in such a way as to lead the viewer to think that it was merely a generous amount of beet juice. But it turned out he had a weak stomach for such things and collapsed on the table right in a tossed salad he had been preparing. The camera remained fixed on him all the while. (Most directors seem to take a perverse pleasure in keeping the camera glued on whatever is going wrong. When you do something right, it invariably turns out that the director has moved the camera way back for an extremely long shot or else has gone into slides.)

We have a long way to go before the



world is made safe for men doing live TV commercials. Next time you watch an announcer telling about how mild a certain type of cigarette is and then choking nearly to death after he takes a drag (Basic Situation C), don't just laugh at him. Think up a solution to the problem and send it to us for our next international meeting. We can use it. **THE END**



SPARTAN HOMES are designed for Luxurious Year-round Living

Mobile Homes are today's modern answer to Luxurious Living . . . your home-on-wheels to go with you where the jobs pay best and the climate suits you better . . . **SPARTAN HOMES**—engineered for a Lifetime of Living . . . completely equipped . . . no furniture or appliances to buy . . . pay like rent and in a few short years own your own home . . . check the economy and luxury today . . . Write for complete information.



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Tulsa, Oklahoma

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Address _____

City _____ State _____



SPARTAN AIRCRAFT COMPANY

2079 N. Sheridan Road
TULSA, OKLAHOMA



JON WHITCOMB'S PAGE



Jon and Rosemary select a union suit.

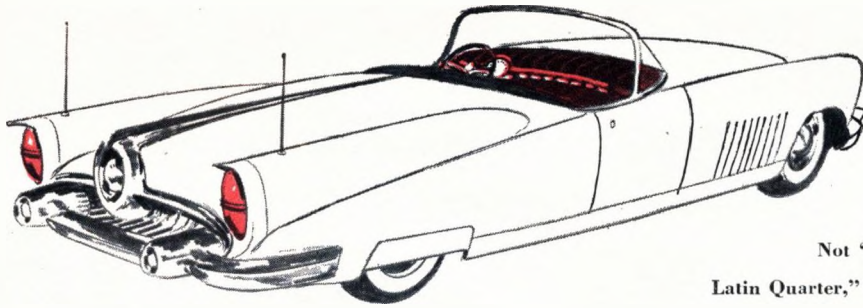
Ever since Rosemary Ridgewell posed for the show girl in *COSMOPOLITAN*'s story "The Tallest Girl at the Latin Quarter" [November], I've meant to tell you more about her. From practically any angle, Rosemary is a jackpot-type girl. She's a strawberry honey-blonde, six feet in her shoes, has an extrovert personality and a cake-baking disposition.

In the spirit of pure research, I visited the Latin Quarter in New York City one night, partly to find a model and partly to study the extravagant costumes that fail to conceal the young ladies who work there. After the finale, I went backstage to meet Rosemary, who was then a featured show girl there.

We shook hands in a rush of acrobats and chorus girls swooshing to their dressing rooms in clouds of ostrich feathers and sequins. Miss Ridgewell towered over me in a gigantic headdress that scraped the ceiling. "I'd be happy to pose," she said. Two afternoons later, I arrived at the club to find electricians rigging lights on the stage and Rosemary quite un-

recognizable in street clothes. She looked like a college girl with short hair. "Artichoke cut," she explained. "If you want to pick out a costume, come on up to the dressing room." I followed her up a circular steel stairway. We emerged into a long, narrow room with a mile of glittering finery hanging on racks opposite a mirrored counter. There was a shriek at the far end, and a girl dressed only in a cup of coffee vanished in a blur. "Singer," explained Rosemary. "She opens the show." We pawed through the spangles, finally selecting a union suit of black and white mesh, two enormous sleeves of red and white feathers, and a couple of monumental headdresses. When Rosemary finally appeared in print, she was wearing a composite of doodads assembled from several costumes.

Later that week, over a restaurant sandwich, I learned a few more of the Ridgewell statistics. She's just nineteen, and she comes from Minneapolis, Minnesota. Two years ago, she caught a Greyhound bus for Manhattan, and now she's studying opera. For a girl whose



Not "The Tallest Girl at the Latin Quarter," but still a sweet model.

chassis paralyzes ringsiders twice a night, her hobby seems wildly domestic. She collects cookbooks. Her specialty is cakes. "When anybody in this show has a birthday," she says proudly. "I'm the girl who bakes the cake."

NEW HOT-ROD TEMPERATURES

If you've seen the General Motors exhibit now touring several big cities with those plastic-body dream cars, you've had a chance to form an opinion about such innovations as slope-down hoods, crash-padded instrument panels, push-button doors, and wire wheels. I'm a sucker for streamlining, and I fell in love with the experimental visions of the future. They struck me as exciting and graceful, with the chromium severely disciplined compared to current models. Only trouble is, I can't wait. After a load of Le Sabre, the heaps in current production look like so many Stanley Steamers. I'd like a 1956-type job now. So would a lot of other people, and it's my guess that several big auto manufacturers are lagging behind public taste. The Buick dream Wildcat and the Oldsmobile experimental Starfire can give you ecstatic shivers and itchy fingers—but they're not for sale. Gentlemen of Detroit, don't wait for 1956! Trot out those dreamboats now.

ANSWER MAN

When it comes to glamour careers based on movies, the theatre, and famous people, nobody has plowed a deeper furrow than Earl Blackwell, the young maestro of Celebrity Service, Inc. Born in Atlanta, he went to Oglethorpe University, turned up in Hollywood later to act in a couple of Joan Crawford movies. He has dark hair and eyes, a trace of Southern drawl, and the well-bred appearance of a good-looking headmaster. Thirteen years ago, Earl's business began as a bright idea for an information service. Today our hero finds himself running offices in New York, Hollywood, London, and Paris, with international customers right up to the Iron Curtain. Important cookies, after meeting Earl, are inclined to trust him with their innermost secrets. Mr. B. can supply the dope on anybody. Who is anybody, that is. The FBI finds this very handy. So do radio chains, movie companies, and magazines. To subscribers, the firm supplies *Celebrity Bul-*

letin, a mimeographed collection of flashes of various sorts, covering who's where, and who's en route. Sample at random:

IN NEW YORK

RAY MILLAND is at the Plaza.
 CECIL B. DE MILLE is at the Plaza.
 GREGORY PECK is at the Pierre,
 LAUREN BACALL is at the St. Regis.

ARRIVALS & DEPARTURES

LOUELLA O. PARSONS is expected in 10 days from California.
 CARDINAL SPELLMAN left yesterday on the *Constitution* for Barcelona.
 ERROL FLYNN returns to "Toast of the Town" CBS TV 8 P.M. Sunday.

For stage actors and producers, Eagle-eye Blackwell puts out another weekly bulletin called *The Theatrical Calendar*, listing plays in rehearsal, plays slated for rehearsal, and the address, telephone

number, blood pressure, and food allergies of principals concerned. The firm stands ready to supply clients with answers to anything over the phone.

You can see how the kingpin of such an empire might find himself trapped among the headline set, and this is true of Mr. B. His daily grind might be described as an autograph hunter's dream of heaven. A single day can force him to lunch with Dietrich, cocktail with Crawford, dine with Lamarr, and party afterward with Cobina Wright, Sr. For Earl, this constitutes earning his daily bread. I ran into Earl, toiling like mad, in Europe last fall. He asked me to join him for cocktails at a friend's Paris house. Before the evening was over, we had been Rolls-Royced to dinner at Maxim's as guests of the Earl of Warwick.

Want to know what Harry Truman's doing this minute? Are you hot to locate Marilyn Monroe? Just call Earl. He's equipped with radar. THE END



Rosemary Ridgwell, a jackpot-type, is the girl who bakes the cake.



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Post, Collier's, CBS Writer Says:

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WHAT'S NEW IN MEDICINE

Latest Word on Ulcers

BY LAWRENCE GALTON

Peptic ulcers attack 5 to 10 per cent of Americans at some time during their lives.

Although everything from emotional problems to inherited susceptibility has been suspected, the causes are still not fully understood. Yet today, the majority of ulcers can be healed by available methods of treatment. And, as an *American Medical Association Journal* report emphasizes, they may remain healed for long periods, provided the patient—and his physician—understand that: 1) Once a peptic ulcer has formed, it becomes an exceedingly chronic disease. 2) There is a great tendency, almost inevitability, for relapses to occur. 3) Anti-ulcer measures must be continuously maintained, much as treatment must be continuous for diabetes, pernicious anemia, and certain types of heart disease.

Meanwhile, research into causes of ulcers and more effective treatment continues. Among recent developments:

- Ulcers of both the duodenum (the first part of the intestine leading from the stomach) and stomach have healed in as little as six days in some patients who drank raw cabbage juice.

- A new tablet with automatic repeat action provides relief from pain of ulcer while allowing an uninterrupted night's sleep. The outer coating of the tablet releases some medication immediately after swallowing, while the inner core automatically releases a second dose four to six hours later. The tablet contains Prantal, a medication previously reported helpful in relieving ulcer pain.

- Continuous sucking of tablets containing milk solids and alkalis may be of value, according to a British report. The tablets, each with a food value of

about 11 calories, are lodged between gum and cheek, and dissolve in twenty to thirty minutes. In tests on two small groups of ulcer patients, they caused a more pronounced and prolonged reduction of gastric acidity than other methods. The British investigators suggest that continuous sucking of these tablets may hasten cure and prevent relapses.

- Peptic-ulcer patients often develop hidden, as well as obvious, nutritional deficiencies because of self-imposed dietary restrictions. According to a recent report based on a twelve-year study with 2,426 peptic-ulcer patients, such restrictions are generally unnecessary and may even delay healing. In 1,904 patients with uncomplicated peptic ulcers, the diet on the very first day of treatment contained steak, chops, lobster, shrimp, soft fried eggs, and similar foods—all high in protein, which neutralizes excess acid. According to the study, a five-cent egg proved more effective than twenty cents' worth of commonly used medicine. The average time necessary for ulcer healing was two weeks. In 340 patients with ulcers complicated by severe hemorrhage, the death rate was only 1.5 per cent on this diet—the lowest reported death rate for any comparable series. There were no deaths among 182 patients with peptic ulcers complicated by obstruction.

- A new operation for ulcer of the duodenum does not touch the ulcer itself but removes 75 per cent of the stomach and leaves the ulcer to cure itself. Removal of the upper part of the stomach, which produces the acid involved in causing ulcers, gives the ulcer a chance to heal on its own, and apparently new ulcers do not get started. The operation has been successful on 45 patients.

Stiffness of the nose and sneezing produced by hay fever were relieved in 6 patients by Vitamin E. The patients, four to fifty-one years old, had been troubled for four to forty years, and none could breathe through the nose.

Bed-wetting by children can usually be brought under control by an electrical apparatus that rings a bell and awakens them as soon as they begin to wet. Of 106 cases, 88.8 per cent are now cured.

In congestive heart failure, drugs that reduce blood-clot formation may prolong life. At the University of Southern California School of Medicine, four different anticlotting drugs were given to 626 congestive-heart-failure patients over a two-and-a-half-year period. Death from clotting was cut to 10 per cent from the usual 20 per cent. The treatment must be conducted under a doctor's supervision, otherwise the anticlotting drugs may cause excessive bleeding.

In kidney tuberculosis, when only part of a kidney is affected, the diseased segment can now be removed, just as can diseased portions of the lung. The procedure has had good results at the Kidney TB Unit of the Veterans Administration and at Columbia University.

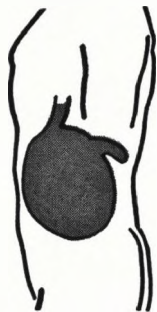
Breast-fed infants usually thrive better in early life than the bottle-fed. Apparently, mothers' milk contains an unknown factor, or factors, that causes increased gain in weight. Recently, bottle-fed babies given formulas supplemented with *Lactobacillus acidophilus* gained more weight during the first month than babies on usual formulas.

Severe headaches and facial pain can be caused by disorders of the spine. Often the area behind the ear, the mastoid region, and the side of the neck are painful. one or both ears may feel "plugged," and there may also be ringing in the ears, clicking noises, or even vertigo. Treatment by stretching the spine has been beneficial to 40 of 47 patients.

Certain childhood diseases may be helped by antihistamines. Because the rashes seemed similar to those of allergic reactions, a Danish physician used antihistamines in 48 cases of measles, 16 of chickenpox, and 8 of scarlet fever. Rashes disappeared rapidly.

**A DAY
IN THE LIFE
OF A
BUSINESSMAN'S
STOMACH**

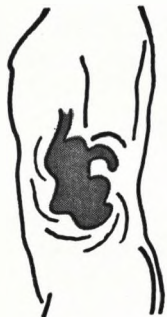
Drawings by Dick Dodge



9 A.M.
Good morning!



10 A.M.
No orders in mail



11 A.M.
Long-distance call
from boss



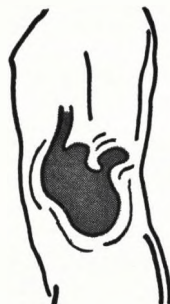
12 Noon
Lunch



2 P.M.
Government men want to
see '48 books again



3 P.M.
Best salesman
gives notice



4 P.M.
Best customer rejects
that carload



5 P.M.
THE END

air-wick*

3

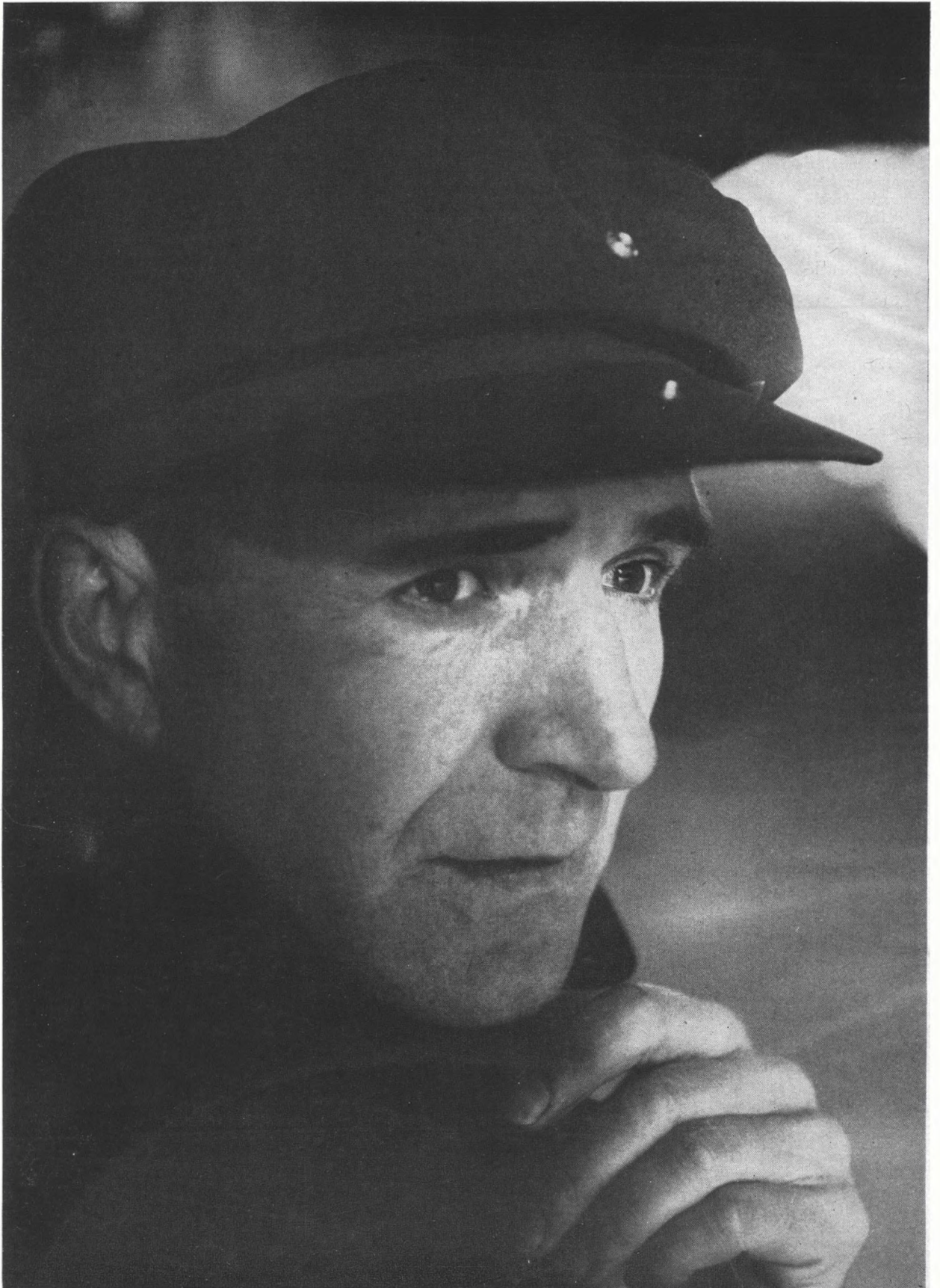
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deodorizer...
and it's the
product that
made **chlorophyll**
a household
word.

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Man Against the Kremlin

He fled Budapest and set up an underground that battles the Reds from Sofia to Warsaw

BY DONALD ROBINSON

PHOTOS BY PETER MARTIN

On the night of March 3, 1952, a long black sedan raced up the wrong side of Stalin Avenue in Budapest and swung into a narrow tree-lined thoroughfare named Csengry Street. Brakes screeching, it stopped in front of a small, gabled stone house. Out of the car jumped half a dozen men wearing short leather jackets and fedora hats low over their eyes. Each had an ugly, blunt-nosed revolver in his hand.

There was a sound of splintering wood as one of the men broke down the front door. Then complete silence up and down the street. The few who peered out of their windows to see what was going on slammed their blinds as soon as they spied the black sedan. They knew it was a raid by the A.V.O. (Allam Vedelmi Osztalj), the secret police of Communist Hungary.

An hour later, the six men came out of the house, cursing in disgust.

Exactly three days afterward I was drinking a glass of wine in Vienna with the man they had been after.

"How did you get away?" I asked.

"It was simple," he said. "Our underground has people planted inside the A.V.O. They phoned me a warning. They didn't give me much notice—about twenty minutes. It was enough, though."

"But how did you get by the guards at the station and at the border?"

Out of a well-worn wallet he drew a small card with his photograph on it,

some printing in Hungarian, and a big seal bearing the hammer and sickle.

"Nothing but the best for me." He smiled. "This identifies me as a member of the Central Committee of the Communist Party of Hungary. No guard would dare question it. It's a forgery, of course, but only an expert would know."

"What were you doing in Budapest?"

He hesitated. Then he reached into his pocket again and pulled out a batch of onionskin paper, each sheet covered with typewriting. The papers contained full details on a new, top-secret naval base the Russians were building at the Rumanian port of Nadoeari.

"I went to Budapest for two reasons," he said, "—to meet with members of our underground there and talk over plans for future work, and to smuggle out these papers. Our friends in Rumania had got them as far as Budapest. I had to bring them the rest of the way."

He Heads a Key Underground

The real name of the man I was with is Alexandre Chernof. He uses any of a score of names when he is on a clandestine mission behind the Iron Curtain. For the past four years, Chernof has been the leader of an organization known as KAFF, which stands for *Kamp für Freiheit*, or Crusaders for Freedom. This is one of the most effective underground groups now operating in Eastern Europe.

A friend of mine who holds a high post in the Austrian government first brought me to Chernof.

One evening he drove me down near the Danube to an old tenement house in a dingy workers' quarter of Vienna. To keep from attracting any attention to ourselves, we parked the car several blocks to the east and walked from there. After we got to the house, we had to climb five unlighted flights of decrepit stairs. There my friend gave four short taps, then one long and two short ones.

There was no answer for a while. Then a peephole opened, and an eye studied us. The door swung aside, and I saw a slender man in his early forties, medium-tall, with dark hair and dark, thoughtful eyes. The suit he had on was old and threadbare, but neatly pressed.

This was Chernof, seventy-two hours after eluding the A.V.O. in Budapest.

He greeted my friend warmly and invited us into his apartment, three drab, tiny rooms. But when my friend asked him to tell me about his undercover activities, Chernof was horrified. "No, no, I cannot," he said. "It would give the Communists information that could jeopardize our whole organization."

My friend pleaded. "America should learn that we Europeans still remember how to fight," he argued.

Chernof was hard to convince, but finally, after I had promised to safeguard his identity (in this case, his real

(continued)

On missions behind the Iron Curtain, Hungarian Alexandre Chernof appears not unlike the man who portrays him here.

Man Against the Kremlin (continued)



The Iron Curtain separating Austria and Hungary is a jungle of barbed wire and land mines patrolled by nervous Communist guards.

name assumes the quality of a disguise) and address and certain details, like the routes used in sneaking people across the border, he consented.

He uncorked the bottle of wine for us and told me his story. I report it here, precisely as he told it. It has been substantiated by the Austrian government and by United States intelligence officers.

He Was Captured by the Red Army

Chernof was born in a town of 30,000 population in the south of Hungary. His father had a little manufacturing business there, which Chernof took over after he had finished college. But not for long. As a reserve officer, he was called up for service the day World War II started.

For almost five years he fought with the Hungarian infantry on the Russian front. On June 23, 1944, he was taken prisoner by the Soviet army.

"You can't imagine what it's like to be a captive of the Russians," Chernof said to me. "They are barbarians."

Chernof was shipped to a prisoner-of-war camp on the Siberian side of the Urals. In that region, although temperatures stood at zero and below for nine months a year, the prisoners' barracks were unheated. Prisoners were given no blankets, no warm clothing.

Food consisted of bran soup and a few slices of bread for breakfast, no lunch, and bran porridge and a cup of tea for dinner. Twice a year they were

given a taste of meat. Usually the meat—mutton heads—was rotten, and they all came down with dysentery.

Under the Geneva Convention, officers who are taken prisoner may not be compelled to work, but Chernof was forced at bayonet point to work from before dawn until dark seven days a week, sick or well. On the days when he was too sick to work, he got no food.

"How do you expect me to get better if you don't feed me?" he once protested to the commandant of his camp.

"No one wants you to get better," the commandant snapped.

At first, Chernof worked on a road gang, building highways. Later he was transported each day to a nearby city of 800,000 inhabitants *whose name cannot be found on any map of Russia*. The people living in it are not even allowed to mention the city's name when they write their relatives. The biggest munitions plants in the U.S.S.R. are there.

Long after World War II was over, and while the Russians were claiming to be disarming, Chernof was hard at work in this unnamed city, building tanks.

Communist Guards Were Brutal

The guards in Chernof's camp beat the prisoners mercilessly. On the slightest provocation, they jabbed them with bayonets, battered them with rifle stocks, hit them with steel-studded whips. The Russian Communist Party used the

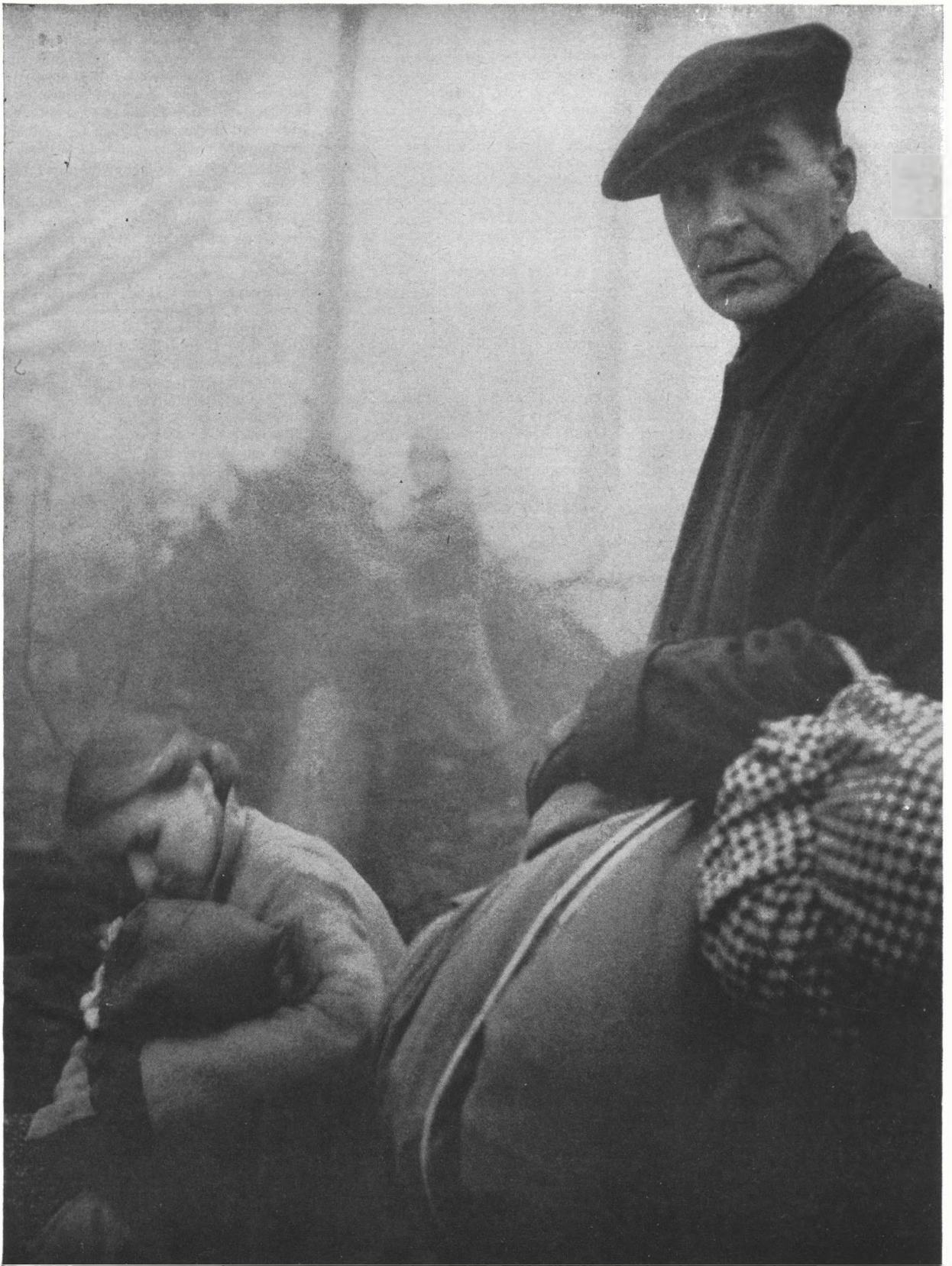
threat of these beatings to win converts to Communism. Prisoners who signed up with the party (and agreed to spy on their fellow prisoners) were spared. Prisoners like Chernof, who refused to become Communists, got double doses.

Chernof might still be a prisoner of war or he might be dead if it were not for the fact that he contracted tuberculosis. Fearful of a UN investigation into the huge death toll in their prisoner-of-war camps (in one six-month period, 1,246 of the 2,400 men in Chernof's camp died), the Russians, in the spring of 1947, sent him home. He arrived in Hungary weighing 112 pounds. The day he was captured, he had weighed 160.

By the time he was on his feet again, the Communists had seized power over Hungary. However, his old business, with eight employees, was permitted to function, and he went to work in it again.

But not for long this time, either. There were the restrictions. He couldn't buy machinery, get materials, or make a sale without obtaining the permission of some commissar. Although he could afford to do better, he wasn't allowed to pay his employees over \$14 a month. It didn't matter to the Communists that his employees were starving on such low wages. The Communists were afraid that the workers in the nationalized industry would want to be paid more, too.

Then there were the curbs on freedom. No one could listen to a foreign radio



They drugged the child to keep him silent, cut the wires, and crossed the border. Austrian guards saw them, deliberately turned away.

Man Against the Kremlin (continued)

broadcast nor read any foreign newspaper. It was even dangerous to be seen going to church. And no one could ever speak freely. Anyone who did was called before the A.V.O. If he survived the examination, he generally came home with permanent injuries.

Chernof Decided to Flee

Early in 1948, Chernof told his wife—a schoolteacher whom he had married shortly after his return from Russia—"I can't stand this anymore."

Although she was pregnant, she said, "Anything you do is all right with me."

That October, after their little boy was born, Chernof took his family to a small village on the Austro-Hungarian border and contacted a man who made a business of getting people out of Hungary. For a payment of \$600 in advance, he agreed to get them across the border.

"Let me tell you about this border," Chernof said to me. "The term 'Iron Curtain' is no figure of speech; it's terribly real. All along the Hungarian side of the border there is a belt forty yards wide, of electrified barbed wire with land mines planted all through it. In addition, there are watchtowers with machine guns and searchlights every few hundred yards."

The night the Chernofs were to cross the border, Chernof gave his little son a pill to put him to sleep. Then he, carrying the baby, and his wife trailed their guide through the woods around the village until they got to the barbed-wire jungle. Their guide took some insulated tools and started to clip a path through the thick strands of barbed wire. At the same time he cut the trip wires leading to the land mines. The Chernofs, crawling on their stomachs, followed him inch by inch, huddling close to the ground each time the beams of a searchlight came near them.

"It was agony," Chernof said to me. "Always I feared the baby would wake up, start crying, and give us all away."

They weren't safe even after they'd reached Austrian territory. This was the Soviet zone of Austria, and its police were under strict orders to turn all illegal border crossers over to the Russian authorities. That meant death.

As they got across the line, they saw two Austrian policemen standing guard. And at that very moment, the baby began to cry at the top of his lungs.

The two policemen whirled around and shone flashlights on them. But when the two Austrians saw the baby in Chernof's

arms, they turned away and let them go.

"Once across the border, I took my family to Vienna. I found a little job in a lamp factory. We had something to eat, a place to sleep, and the baby was healthy. But I kept hearing stories about conditions in Hungary, and it made me miserable. I said to myself, How can you go along eating and sleeping as though nothing had happened? But I had to think of my family. Then, all of a sudden, my wife said to me, 'Alex, if you want to do something to fight the Communists, don't worry about the baby and me. Do what you must.'"

In January, 1949, Chernof invited a number of Hungarian refugees in Vienna to meet at his home. They included a dentist, two former college professors, a couple of ex-newspapermen, and several ex-trade-union officials.

Their first step toward the formation of KAFF was the compilation of a list of every anti-Communist in Hungary whom they knew they could trust.

When this was done, Chernof said, "Who'll volunteer to go into Hungary and see these people?"

Every man volunteered. They had to draw lots to see who would go.

Chernof won.

There is an old woman in Vienna who makes a specialty of forging passports. Chernof had her make up a passport identifying him as a traveling salesman for an Austrian concern. Then he took a train to Budapest.

"I was scared to death," he confessed.

The forged passport was very good, however, and Chernof had no difficulty at all in getting into Hungary. In Budapest, he went to see the people on his list and asked if they'd be interested in working with him to oust the Reds.

The first man he approached turned him down in terror. "You're mad to be thinking of such a thing," he screamed. "The A.V.O. will grab you off in a minute." The others said yes. "I don't give a damn what the danger is," one of them said. "as long as I can do something, anything, to free Hungary."

In three weeks, Chernof recruited twenty-two men and women.

The first group set to work recruiting others. They concentrated on people in the government, police, railroads, and major munitions plants. By the end of 1949, they had close to five hundred people in these pivotal posts. Today, they have over a thousand.

KAFF has made use of this organization in several ways. It gets weekly re-

ports on conditions throughout Hungary—how the people are living and working, what they are saying and thinking. From members inside the Hungarian Communist Party, it receives fast reports on the most secret party decisions.

It gets a steady stream of vital military information. Not long ago, a KAFF man employed in an armament factory near Budapest succeeded in photostating the plans for a new submachine gun being built for the Russian army. Another KAFF man got hold of a map showing the location of all the underground munitions depots the Russians have constructed along the Yugoslavian border.

From its members in the railroad industry, KAFF obtains a record of all troop movements in Hungary. Within four days after a Red army or a Hungarian army unit makes a move, word of the move is received in Vienna.

This information is handed over to the intelligence agencies of the Western democracies.

Although very little can be said about it here, the KAFF people have recently turned their attention to sabotage, too. Among other things, they were responsible for the derailing of a Russian army troop train near Nyiregyháza.

An occasional operation of KAFF is getting people out from behind the Iron Curtain. It is a risky undertaking, but when a good anti-Communist, whom they consider valuable to the cause, must be helped, they go to his aid. They may get the man false papers and take him out by train. If this isn't practicable, they send him to the home of some reliable person on the outskirts of Budapest. When they get him to the border, they hire professional border crossers to get him into Austria. Incidentally, the price for a crossing has gone up since Chernof first fled Hungary. It now costs a thousand dollars a person.

Hiring border crossers is risky because most of them are just smugglers, professional criminals with no ideological interest in their work. A year ago, one of them sold out to the Communists and led a KAFF member into a trap.

"But he'll never do it again," Chernof said to me.

"How can you be so sure?" I asked. "Because he's dead."

Each Man Gave Heavily to KAFF

It has not been easy to raise the money necessary to KAFF's operations. In the beginning, each man in the Vienna group agreed to contribute 25 per cent of his week's wages. This totaled \$54.70 a week.

Late in 1950, a big U.S. organization—

Twice a year he ventures behind the Curtain,

which is not connected with the United States Government—heard about KAFF's work and consented to subsidize it to the extent of a thousand dollars a month, permitting Chernof to quit his factory job and devote his full time to KAFF.

Recently KAFF merged with a number of other anti-Communist refugee groups and began operating in all the satellite nations. It now has a splendid organization in Rumania, an effective one in Czechoslovakia, and smaller ones in Poland and Bulgaria.

Fighting Communists is a sixteen-hour-a-day job with Chernof. By eight o'clock each morning he is conferring with members of his group, newly arrived refugees, or couriers from behind the Curtain. Afterward, there are plans to be drawn, letters to be answered, coded messages to be transcribed, and scores of other details to be handled.

He Risks His Life for KAFF

He makes about two trips a year behind the Curtain. Despite the fact that he was nearly arrested the last time he was in Budapest, he plans to continue these trips. He says calmly, "If you believe in something, you must be ready to run risks for it."

For his work, Chernof receives the equivalent of \$16 a week.

Mme Chernof is a petite blonde woman of thirty-five, with tired eyes. She must have been very pretty once. She isn't now.

"It takes a lot out of you to wait at home while your husband is off on the kind of trips Alex makes," she told me. "Sometimes, while he is away on a trip, I dream that they have got him. Then I wake up screaming.

"And there is always the fear that they might try to do something to the baby. I never open the door when Alex is away—never, unless someone gives the right signal."

Still, Mme Chernof said to me, "I don't want Alex to stop what he is doing. Someone must fight those wretches."

Since my return to the United States, I've had a letter from my friend. He wrote that one night last May as Chernof was walking home, an automobile pulled alongside him. The driver, pistol in hand, ordered him into the car. Chernof knocked the gun out of the man's hand and made a run for it. Others in the car shot at Chernof with tommy guns, and he was badly wounded.

My friend concluded, "However, Alex is up and again fighting. I don't think the Reds can keep such a man down."

THE END



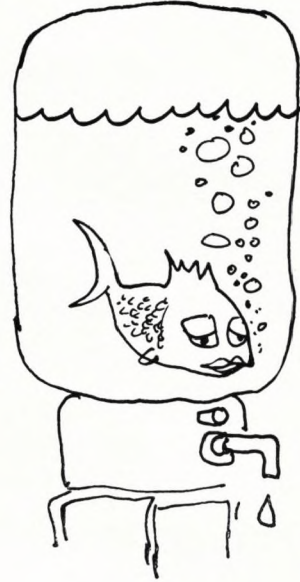
contacts agents for reports on Eastern Europe

How We Really Look to Others

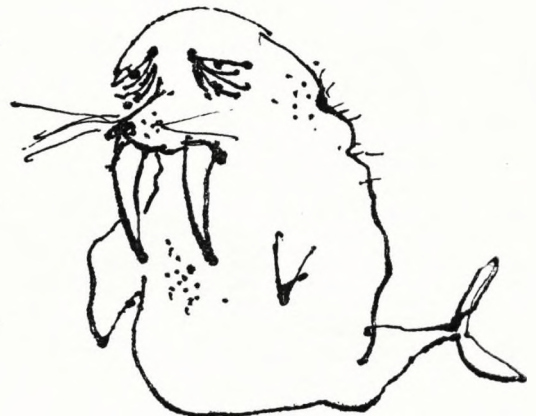
No one ever really knows how others see him, but John Urbain gives us a zoo's-eye view of how some of us look to a lot of us.



Daughter's "Older" Suitor



**The Office Cutie
Who Plays the Field**



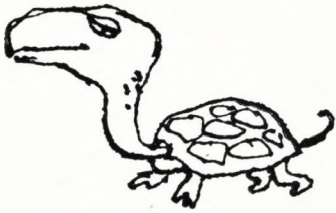
A Junior Executive Who Thinks He's Boss.....The Real Boss.....



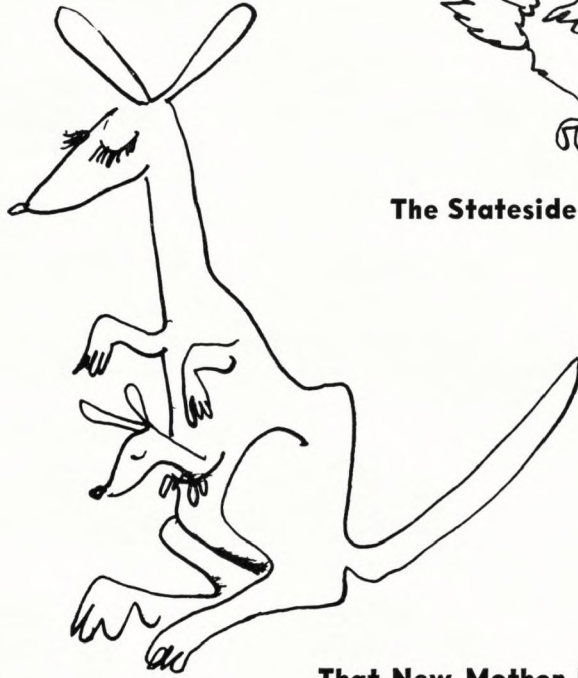
**Man Living with
His Third Wife**



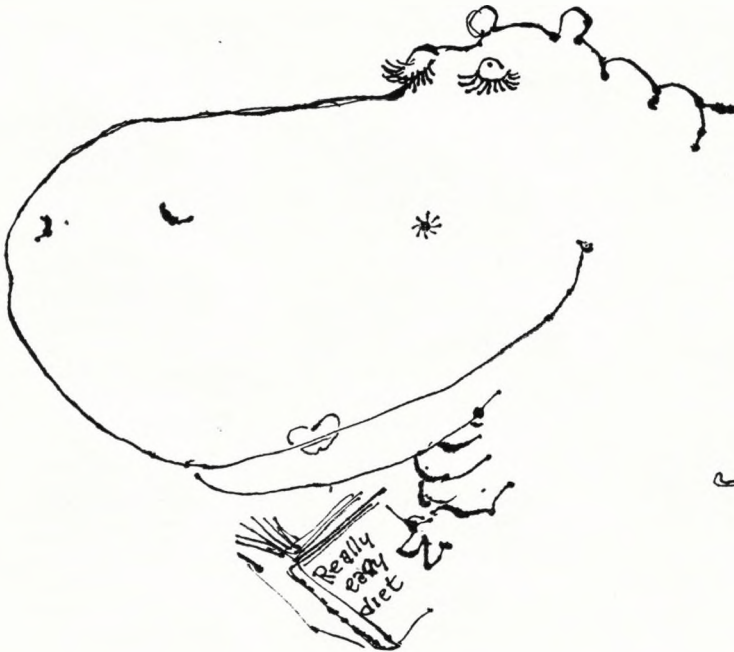
The Stateside War Hero



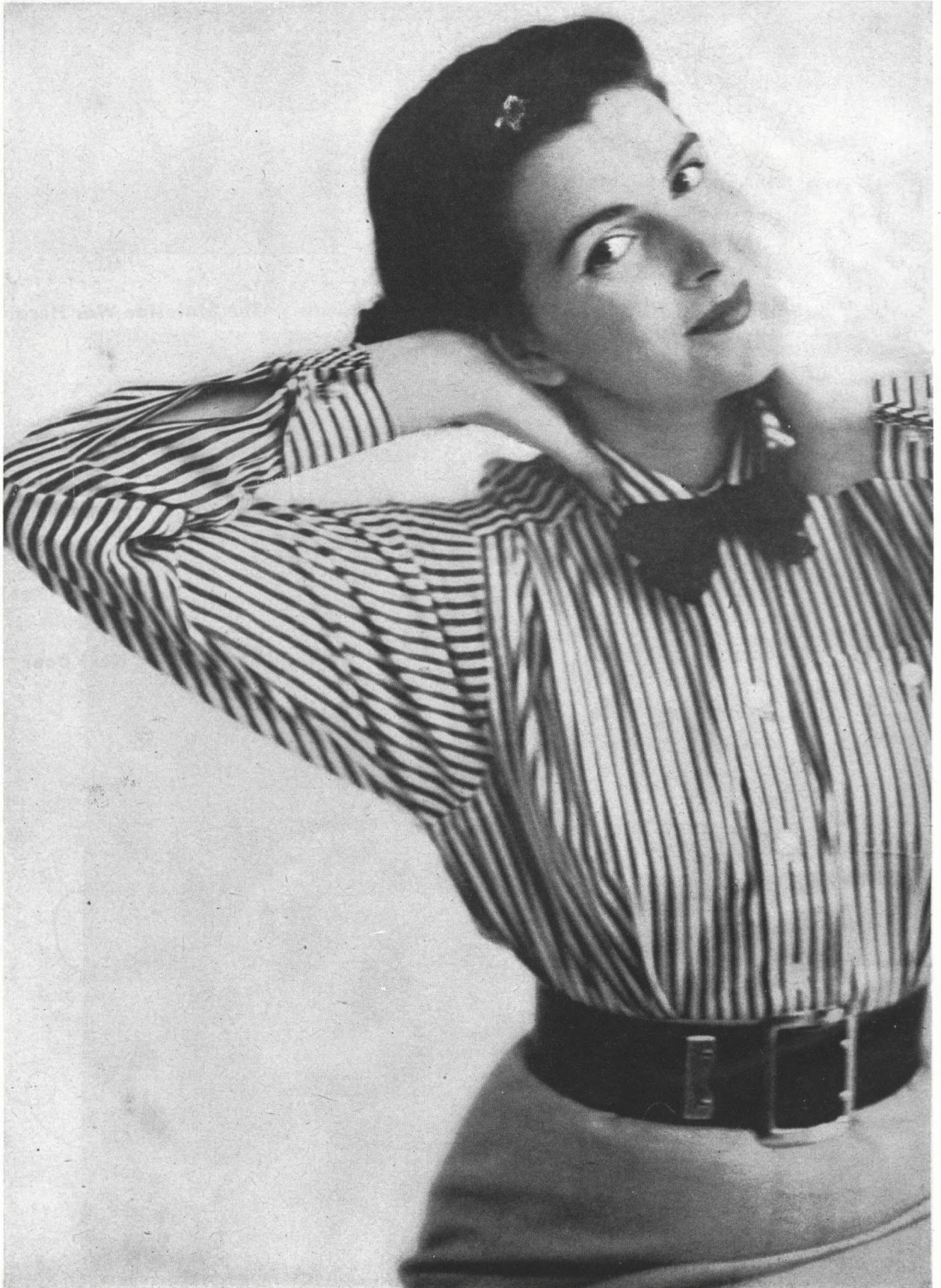
Junior on an Errand



That New Mother Next Door



.....**The Boss's Wife**.....**His Private Secretary**



MY FORMULA FOR HAPPINESS

BY CONNIE DICKMAN

PHOTOS BY JAMES ABBÉ, JR.

When I was married twelve years ago, I was just as sure as any other bride that I'd go on living "happily ever after." Well, I *have* been happy all these years, and I expect to go on that way. I think the reason for my happiness—and my husband's, too—is that I didn't lose sight of the fact that there's a good deal more to being a good wife than just being a good housewife and mother.

Emerson and I are not only husband and wife, and father and mother, and wage earner and housewife, but a good deal more. We're also two complete, separate personalities, with interests of our own besides the ones we share, interests that make our lives as individuals and as a couple fuller and more satisfying and make each of us more fun to live with.

I plan my own hours as carefully as the hours I spend being mother and housewife, because I feel they're just as important. When the weather allows, I play golf or tennis, or swim. Or I may have a painting spell. Or I may garden, or go over to a friend's house for a visit. But whatever I do, it's a complete change from housework.

Summers, when the boys spend all their time fishing, I run around the countryside looking for antiques, espe-

cially glassware. We do a lot of things together as a family, of course. We watch television, we play games at home, and we swim and fish together. But my family likes to hear me discuss the things I do by myself, like painting and collecting antiques, just as I like to hear about the things that interest them. We go to occasional parties, we have dinner back and forth among our friends, and about once a month we go to New York to Toots Shor's restaurant, where Emerson sees his old sports pals. Weekends I spend all my time with the family. Sundays we go to church—the boys go to Sunday school—and have dinner with my parents.

We're fortunate in being able to get everything we need—and most of the things we want—on Emerson's salary, which is under \$10,000 a year. We bought our own house in 1946 for \$11,000, and we've paid off all but about \$4,000 of the mortgage. Emerson is well insured, we buy Savings Bonds, and we put aside some cash every week.

That feeling of security and the thought that we're building for the future is a wonderful thing. But I think even more important to my happiness is the fact that I've been able to be a good wife and mother and housewife, and still remain a person in my own right.

(continued)

She's No Martyr!

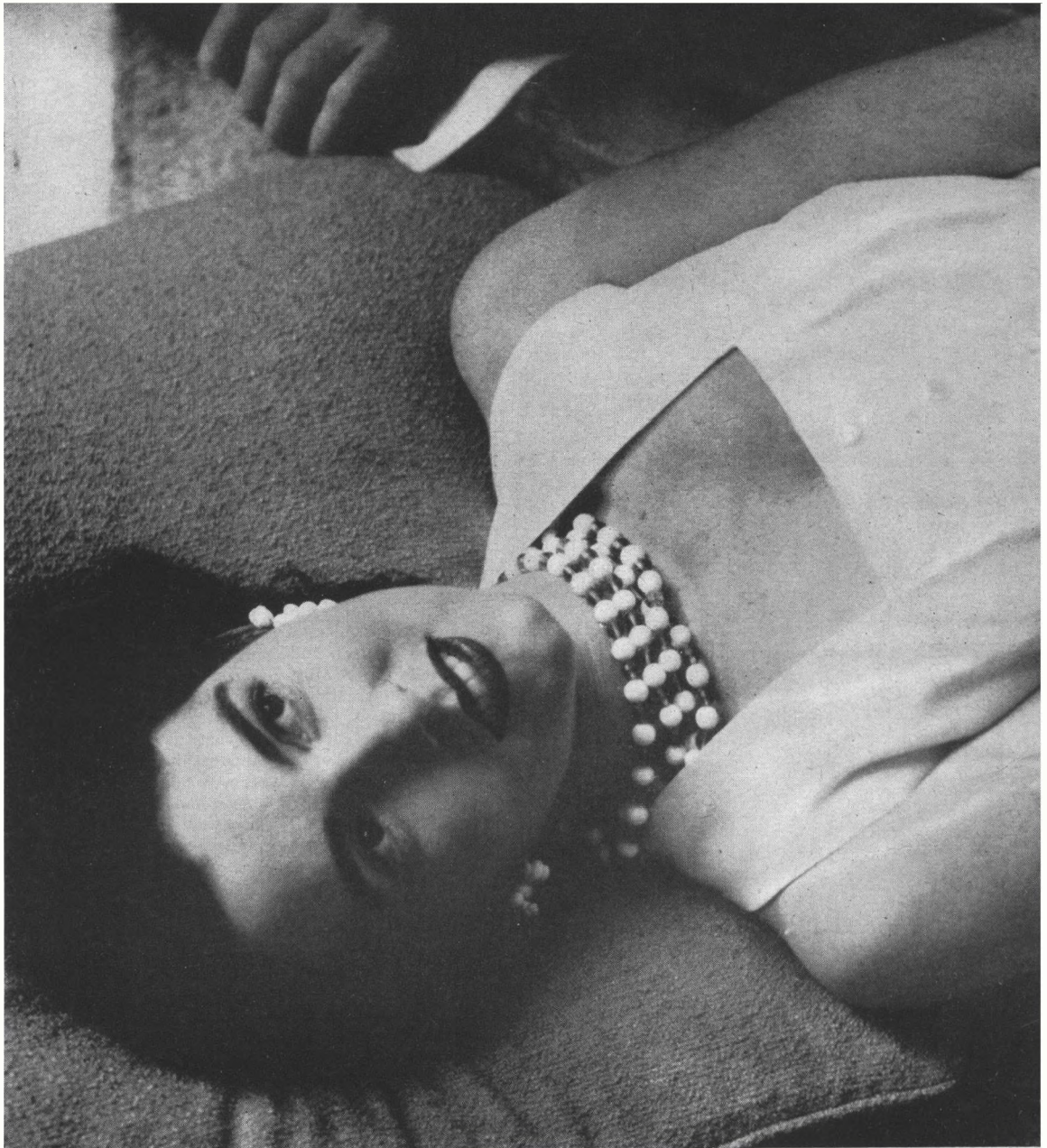
My husband and sons have interests apart from me, as they should, so I organize my days to have time to be an individual, too. By 1:30 I've cleaned, shopped, made lunch for the boys. From then until 5:00, I'm free from the burden of housework



SCORE: A FULL LIFE, A Man's Woman

Weekends are for family outings and games; evenings I add mascara and rouge to my powder and lipstick. I enjoy my family more because I have a life of my own.

Our marriage is built around our children and our home. Mutual interests, absolute



LINEN HALTER AND PRINT SKIRT BY HAYMAKER

THREE HAPPY MALES

Cultural Kick

Of course, family comes first, but housework can be deadly drudgery if there isn't some form of wholesome escape. My own favorite escape is in painting pictures.



confidence and understanding, make the ties between a couple stronger with each year.



(continued)

UP AT 7:30; NO MAID - YET

A WONDERFUL DAY



Husband-dating

A good companion is just as important to a happy marriage as a good homemaker.



A Time with the Boys

The children are getting more self-reliant as they grow older, but they haven't yet come to the stage in boyhood when they have neither the time nor the inclination to be with their mother. We spend hours together playing parlor games, baseball, and swimming. I've taken my turn at being Mother to their Cub Scout den.

My life certainly isn't placid, by any means; not with three men to contend with. But all of us are blessed with excellent health, we're content with what we have and the things we can afford, and we all have wonderful fun living together. (continued)



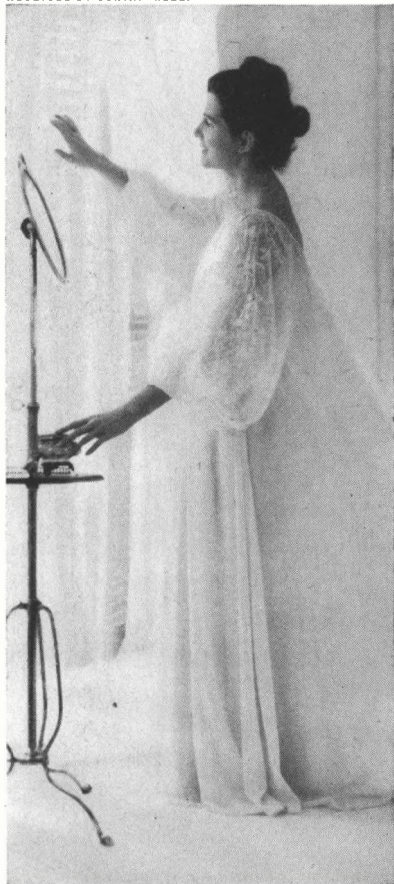


AS VITAL AS SHE WAS - AND MORE

As a 5½-foot model, I weighed 120, measured 33-24-34. Twelve years, two kids later, I'm 130, measure 34-24-35. Work, play, proper diet do it.

TEBRY CLOTH ROBE BY MAYFAIR CHERILLES
BATHING SUIT BY CALTEX

NEGLIGEÉ BY SCHIAPARELLI



I shower, cream my face, at least once a day, shampoo once a week. I wear nightgowns and negligees to charm my husband and to build up my own ego.



When weather allows, I golf with girlfriends in afternoon leisure hours. Emerson plays the same course, but he's too good for me; we don't play together.

DRESS AND CARDIGAN BY DAVID CRYSTAL



I paper walls, collect antique glassware, make my clothes, drapes, and curtains, cut my own hair and wave it, and I've never been in a beauty parlor.

THE END

ILLUSTRATED BY COBY WHITMORE



*Into the life of every man who
was once a hero must come the day
when he closes the door on the past*

FILE AND FORGET

BY JAMES ATLEE PHILLIPS

Shutters were banging throughout the hotel, cracking like rifle fire as the mounting wind slammed them. From his seventh-floor window, the tall man watched the summer storm blow in over Yucatán. Below him, waiters scurried about the tropic patio and bathers hurried in as the first raindrops ruffled the turquoise pool.

He glanced at his watch and closed the shutters over his window. The rain began to fall heavily, and he sprawled out on the bed. She'll be at the airport by now, he thought. The storm will hold up her flight a while. But not long. In three hours, she will be going through customs in New Orleans. The fiasco will be over.

You played it real cool, soldier, he told himself, staring at the shadowed ceiling. Your capacity for making it neat and lethal was never displayed to better advantage. The storm was directly over Mérida now, and the raging sky boomed with thunder.

"Señor?"

The man on the bed turned. The tiny bellboy, Juan Kuyoc, was standing in the doorway. Juan was Mayan, but he looked more like a Mongolian jockey.

"Yes?"

"You told me to come at four o'clock, Señor."

"That's right." The man on the bed crossed his arms. "I guess you had better bring the Chac-Mool a large jug of tequila. Some Garci-Crespo water, con gas, limes, and salt."

The bellboy's broad face was twisted in concern. "Señor," he said haltingly, "I do not think it can be done. The manager and the chief of police said no."

The man swung his legs off the bed and walked to the mahogany bureau. "It can be done, Juanito," he said, picking up a stack of peso notes. "It can be done like this. Ten pesos for that *bandido* in the bar. Ten for you, and twenty for the manager."

"I will go to see," answered Juan gloomily.

"No." The tall man flipped another bank note at him. "No, Juanito, you're not reading me. It can be had at any cantina on the street, so get it and come back in ten minutes."

The tiny bellboy shrugged and went out. The man put the Mexican currency down and riffled the pages of the U.S. passport. "Kirby Andrews Mirike," the green page said. "Scar near left eye. Born January 9, 1921. Occupation, businessman."

Mirike compared the face in the dim hotel mirror with the picture in the passport. They were much the same, though the hairline in the mirror had receded a trifle more. Both images were lean and sardonic.

Mirike dropped the passport and sat on the bed. The storm was beginning to diminish now. It would soon lose itself over the Gulf.

He felt a perverse satisfaction in the knowledge that when the plane left, the break would be complete. They had temporized with their marriage so long that no word remained to be said. Only the synchronized thunder of the big plane's engines as it roared away.

It must be, he thought, the way a mator feels after he has engaged an especially tough bull. Got almost frantic in

The room was filled with moths. When they brushed against the skin, they left a stinging trace.



FILE AND FORGET (continued)

stabbing and hacking at it, with the crowd riding him hard. And then, with a fine, unexpected series of linked passes, rolling over the horns and ramming the sword in up to the knuckle-guard. A sudden, deadly stroke, scraping against the bone. Mirike's sense of satisfaction was perverse because he had turned out to be the bull. He had not meant to be. But the sword was deep in his vitals as he sat on the bed and listened for the sound of the departing plane.

Señor Alberto Ruiz Muñoz, in charge of the immigration department at Aeropuerto de Mérida, grunted with satisfaction. The rain hammering on the roof of the administration building was fine; it had cooled things off.

Two middle-aged lady tourists passed by him, speaking in imperfect Spanish. The next lady was much younger, shapely in a tailored suit, and Señor Ruiz got off his stool. He unfolded her visitor's permit, showed her where to sign it, and where to put down how much she had spent in Yucatán.

Her head was down, and she nodded. Ruiz waited, but she neither signed nor put down a figure. When he glanced up, he saw that she was crying silently.

He led her to a desk and told her to sit down and to sign the permit when she felt better. Then he went back to his stool. It is the wife of Mirike, Ruiz thought, he of the incident.

In the shadowed hotel room, Kirby Mirike lighted another cigarette and let the past flood through his mind. . . .

Lucy at a party in Tulsa, eleven years ago. He was Cadet Mirike then, in primary flight training, and she was visiting her cousin.

The day after the party, she and her cousin were out on a cabin cruiser on the lake. When Kirby got his solo hour for the afternoon, he flew over the lake and buzzed the boat. With exactly twenty-one hours and eight minutes in his logbook, he racked the Stearman down so close to the water that the wheels on his fixed gear whirled in the wavelets.

That night there was a party aboard the cabin cruiser. They sprawled on the bow deck, watching the shore lights run to liquid across the glinting water, and she said that he was a fool to fly the way he had.

"Why?" he asked angrily.

"I don't want you to get hurt," Lucy

answered steadily, in the summer darkness. It was like flipping a switch in his head. For the first time, he kissed her gently. When he finished his flight training, they were married, and she went with him to Randolph. Those were good days.

Where's that bellboy, Mirike wondered, beginning to get edgy. He thought of the day Lucy had gone with him to the railroad station. . . .

Sandwiched in with the throng, they said good-by, because a nation was going to war. To Kirby, the wings were the big thing, and his new wife was an unexpected dividend. He had never had a job in his life before he joined the Air Corps, and now, a pilot, he belonged to a race of heroes.

Kirby enjoyed the war. He flew out of Bengasi, and it was uncomfortable on the ground but something pure above. The walkout before dawn, with the parachute banging him in the rump, and the hammering in his pulse when he powered off and went to engage the enemy.

Then that four years was over. He got out a lieutenant colonel, and in another railroad station, Lucy seemed a stranger. For weeks, he awakened every morning long before dawn. Not realizing that he was reduced to a mere householder in a quiet suburb of Cleveland. Listening, instead, for the thunder of engines blasting, seeing through tensed eyes the long vapor trails.

Kirby joined Lucy's father in a sash-and-door business. The firm had been established long before he got there, and he became the second-ranking officer with a minimum of discontent. He was too impatient to sell, but he could organize, and so he fitted into the business well.

He had been back from the war for two years before the flaw began to show. It was a mortal flaw. He began to fret at the restrictions of routine life. He drank too much; he could not shake off the feeling of uselessness, of a prefabricated future.

In the sixth year of their marriage, Lucy had a miscarriage. Kirby stopped drinking, and they were better to each other, in common need. They had both wanted a child badly. But he was tightened up worse than ever. Despite a good many bad times, the marriage held together. And then Kirby read the Korean headlines and wondered what it would be like to kick the jets around.

One day he drew half the money out of their joint account and vanished.

Lucy didn't hear from him for over a year. Finally a letter arrived, saying that he was flying for a cargo outfit out of Port of Spain, Trinidad. Would she meet him in Mérida, so that they could discuss their affairs against a background unstained by bitterness. He enclosed an airline ticket from Cleveland to Yucatán, and she used it.

She stepped off the ramp of the big Douglas in the middle of a torrential downpour. Kirby came running out of the airport building, carrying an umbrella he had snatched from one of the *mazos*, and they kissed until the umbrella tilted in his hand, drenching them both. Then, laughing, they hurried into the airport building, a lean man with short-cropped hair the color of rust and a blonde girl in a black linen dress.

The next week had been fine, without a mention of his disappearance or their marital troubles. They went to the tremendous Mayan ruins at Chichén Itzá and Uxmal. Using the hanging chain, they toiled up the great pyramids and inspected the wreathed stone serpents, the House of the Nuns, and the ball courts. Lucy had blushed at some of the figurines, remarking that the Mayas had been a very forthright people.

Finally, on the eighth night, back in their room, they talked about their marriage. Why it had gone bad. Lucy, smiling in her filmy nylon nightgown, agreed that her canasta and bridge bouts might have been as bad as his sudden rages. Her dad had agreed to reinstate Kirby in the old job, and even let him do more traveling. Kirby, murmuring at her shoulder, said sure. That he'd give it another whirl. He hesitated before he made the decision, because it was obvious that Lucy was offering only one set of terms: a return to Cleveland.

The flaw began to reappear in Veracruz, three days later. They went there for a few days, and their reservations at the good hotel, the Mocambo, had been lost. So they went into town and stayed at a dingy commercial hostelry, the Dili-gencias. The room was not bad, but it had huge glass windows and no screens. Veracruz was hot and damp.

After dark, when they had walked around the humming plaza and eaten dinner, they went upstairs to bed. When the





They talked about their marriage, why it had gone bad. Lucy agreed she, too, might have been at fault.

Lucy Whitford

In the torrential downpour they kissed until the umbrella tilted in his hand, drenching them both

lights were out, a strange rustling began. Kirby flipped the lights back on to discover that the room was filled with huge moths. They were as big as bats, and when they brushed against the skin, fluttering in velvet urgency, they left a stinging trace.

It was far too hot to close the glass windows, so Kirby put a towel over Lucy's hair and switched the lights off again. He sat in the darkness for several hours, with the moths curvetting around him, and then he went out quietly. He got loaded in a cantina two blocks from the hotel, and came back just before dawn.

On the flight back, he was gaunt and silent, and she could feel the tension building up. She sensed it in the way he moved and spoke, and even from the manner of his silence. With her newly discovered happiness in jeopardy, she waited for the break to come. Kirby was abrupt to the cabdriver on the way in from the Mérida airport, and curt to Juan when the little boy came out for their bags. Upstairs, they unpacked and ate lunch, and things got better. In the late afternoon, they went down to the swimming pool.

It was the last hour before twilight, and the blue pool was deserted. Kirby and Lucy lay sprawled out on the beach towels. While he lay face down, she rubbed the back of his neck, trying to work out the tension. Then the fat man and his retinue appeared.

All that happened later was triggered by a ridiculously small incident. Lucy had put her bag and bathing cap and Kirby's cigarettes and lighter on a small bench beside the colonnade. The fat Mexican came herding his plump *señora* and son in beside the pool, barking instructions in guttural Spanish. Without speaking to the gringos, in passing, he tilted the little bench over and carried it to the other side of the pool.

Kirby raised his head and stared at the fallen bag, bathing cap, and lighter. Two cigarettes had spilled from the package. His eyes narrowed, and he turned to stare at the fat Mexican. The Yucatec returned his gaze imperturbably, and Lucy tightened her hand on Kirby's neck. There was another man with the Mexican family, a small, mustached man wearing a draped suit and a striped collar and tie. He was watching Kirby, too.

When the bellboy, Juan, passed under the colonnade dripping with purple bougainvillea, Kirby gestured to him.

"Who is the large man?" he asked.

"Señor Villardo," whispered Juan, "a very rich henequen merchant."

"And the flashy character?"

"He is Señor Villardo's bodyguard."

Kirby nodded and ordered two tequilas, and the bellboy walked away swiftly. When the drinks came, Kirby offered one to Lucy. She shook her head, and he took both of them. Then he told Juan to bring him a bottle. For the next half hour, he sat against the wall, sipping the tequila and Tehuacan water and observing the henequen merchant.

Twice Lucy asked him to go upstairs with her, but he only shook his head and smiled lazily, so she knew this had to be it. She hugged her knees with both arms and watched the purple bougainvillea growing darker as dusk lengthened over the colonnade.

Once, when Kirby eased up to his feet, she thought it had come. He walked around the end of the pool and stopped before the fat merchant. Smiling into the heavy-lidded gaze, Kirby held out the package in his hand and said, "Have a cigarette, señor?"

The sharpie in the striped collar stepped forward. "El Señor does not have a wish to smoke," the bodyguard said. "Go back to your place."

"A great shame," Kirby answered, still smiling. "Now, you, I'll bet I could make you smoke like a stack."

"Gracias, no." The bodyguard shook his head, and Kirby came back around the pool, humming "Linda Mujer." He sank down by Lucy, and she asked him again to go upstairs. He said in a minute, and kept humming. In the patio entrance, Lucy saw Juan, the bellboy, standing with the hotel manager. In a few seconds, the floodlights around the pool were switched on.

Lucy felt her nails cutting into the palms of her hands. I wish he would go ahead and do it, she thought. It's not this man he wants to upset; it's the idea of going back to Cleveland. But the other one, the little man, might shoot him before he gets it out of his system. There was a chattering behind the colonnade, and four tourists came in, two middle-aged men and their wives.

They trooped in next to Kirby and

Lucy, and said hello in slightly nasal Midwestern accents. They also said hello to the Mexican family, who ignored the greeting. This rebuff did not dismay them in the least, and they began splashing in the pool. When they were out and dried off, the younger man began to talk to Kirby about how impressive the Mayan ruins were. Kirby answered in monosyllables, and Lucy began to hope they might escape without a scene.

The tourist talking to Kirby was very enthusiastic about the ruins. He took a guidebook from the pocket of his robe and began to read from it.

"... Chac-Mool is an idol representing the human form in a reclining attitude, with the hands usually folded over the abdomen," he read briskly.

Kirby folded his hands over his abdomen; he was still watching the fat merchant. "Look at me," he announced in a slightly slurred voice. "I'm a Chac-Mool."

"... their significance is unknown," droned the enthusiastic tourist. The henequen merchant said, in Spanish and not quietly, that the gringo was a cheap, drunken donkey and that he would not let his lowest servant drink such tequila.

The tourist stopped reading abruptly as he realized for the first time that he was caught in something vicious. The blue water glinted under the floodlights and lapped softly at the pool gutters as Kirby got to his feet. He went around the pool with unburied directness and stood before the fat man.

He answered, in Spanish, that he did not know that whales could be found so far from the sea, and that the bodyguard was certainly the illegitimate descendant of an ignorant goat. When his voice cracked out that final "*cabrón!*" the bodyguard lunged forward and jerked out a pistol.

Kirby snatched, took the wrist of the pistol hand, and fell smoothly on his back. As he went down, he pulled the bodyguard with him. His legs flexed and kicked, and sent the cursing bodyguard hurtling over his head into the pool. Kirby roared with laughter and threw the pistol over the patio wall. Then he slapped the fat man across the face, and half hoisted, half kicked him into the pool.

Lucy saw that the bodyguard could not swim, so she dived in and took him

by the coat collar. After he had floundered to the edge of the pool, grasped the ladder, and started up, Kirby kicked him in the face. The two male gringo tourists came up to reason with Kirby. He put a flying block on the nearest one and caromed both of them into the water. Their wives ran shrieking into the patio.

The hotel manager appeared under the colonnade. He was bending forward obsequiously to speak to Kirby when he was seized by the lapels and flung into the pool. For several minutes, Kirby wandered around, the sole actor left on the lighted stage. Whenever anybody tried to get out of the pool, Kirby would trample on his fingers. The bodyguard made another attempt to sneak out by way of the ladder, but Kirby shouted, "no, *hombre!*" and the sullen bodyguard eased back down into the water.

Lucy went into the hotel, but Kirby did not see her depart. He was too busy herding his charges and watching his flanks. The patio entrance was now crowded with hotel guests and people from the street. From her seventh-floor window, Lucy saw a policeman stalk on-stage with great dignity and join the other five men in the pool. Three more policemen circled back of the colonnade, and one of them shot at Kirby. The slug chinked into the wall, and Mirike ducked back of the arches.

Eight more policemen emerged from the lobby, crossed the patio, and converged on Kirby from all sides. The final struggle was impressive. Mirike kept breaking loose, and put three more of the local police into the water. When they had him clubbed down and covered, he quit struggling. Surrounded by the policemen, he walked toward the lobby and out of sight.

The chief of police remained behind, trying to pacify the irate henequen merchant. The bodyguard was searching through the bougainvillea vines for his pistol, and the dripping hotel manager was herding the crowd back toward the hotel.

Lucy saw them all leave, and then the floodlights went off. The swimming pool was in darkness. Covering her face with her hands, she began to laugh and cry at the same time. The U.S. consul was not at home, but she finally reached the vice-consul. He agreed to go down to police headquarters and see what he could do. In an hour, he called back to report that no one could see Mr. Mirike until noon the next day.

Kirby paced the cell and wheeled at the window to face Jeffers, the young vice-consul.

"Why an hour?" he demanded. "I paid the fine, so why can't I go now?"

Jeffers was a proper young man on the lowest rung of the diplomatic ladder. He was slightly horse-faced, and he wore a coat and tie even in the noonday heat. He sighed and said, "Mr. Mirike, you

have nearly provoked an international incident. Señor Villardo—"

"The hell with him," snorted Kirby. "The impolite hog grabbed the bench without a *con permiso* or anything."

"You were sitting on this bench?" asked the vice-consul.

"No," answered Kirby. "But my cigarette lighter was on it."

Mr. Jeffers tried to reconcile this fact with the various reports on file in the police office. "No more than that?" he asked haltingly. "And you assaulted nine men, four of them Mexican police and one of them an influential citizen of Mérida?"

"Let it go," said Kirby. "Spring me when you can."

Jeffers began to retreat. "I'll be back in an hour," he promised.

"Do it promptly," Kirby shouted after him. "This joint stinks."

When Mirike walked into the hotel, the guests seated in the lobby began to whisper back of their newspapers. As the elevator started droning up, the brown boy at the controls turned.

"*Caramba!*" he said. "*Mucha agua ayer.*"

"*Si, amigo.*" Kirby winked at him and got out on the seventh floor. He walked into the room and saw Lucy bending over a bed, fastening one of her bags. The other was already near the door.

"When?" he asked.

"This afternoon." She clicked the bag and stood erect. "I just wanted to be sure you got out all right. My plane leaves at four-forty."

Kirby glanced at his watch and nodded. He lighted a cigarette and stood watching while she checked all the drawers and the bathroom to see if she had forgotten anything. He needed a shave, and his eyes were bleak. Lucy crossed to the mahogany stand, called for a bellboy, and cradled the phone. The silence grew long, and they did not look at each other.

"Sorry I ruined your trip," he said finally.

"It's all right," she answered. Her voice was tight and she was near to tears. "I never saw a Chac-Mool before. Very educational."

"Chac-Mool." Kirby repeated, frowning. "They were idols once, too, part of a national religion. Now we don't even know what they represented. So I figured I must be one, a Chac-Mool who had strayed into Cleveland, Ohio, by mistake."

Lucy's fingers tightened on her purse, but she did not look at him.

"Is it a crime not to fit the pattern?" he asked wearily, raising his head to stare at the shuttered windows. "Out there, millions of Mayas, a whole race, vanished. Killed, probably, for not conforming to a stronger tribe. I guess I belong out in one of their pyramids. . . ."

Neither of them spoke again. The elevator came whining up, and Juan tapped on the door. When Lucy opened it, the

boy picked up the two bags, and she followed him out. Kirby stood listening to the sound of the descending elevator, and then he walked to the window and looked toward the ruins of Uxmal.

An hour later, he had shaved, showered, and ordered Juan to bring him the tequila. The summer storm had blown across Mérida and left the thousands of tiny windmills whirling. Kirby was opening the shutter when Juan came back in with the tray and set it on the bureau. Murmuring "*permiso,*" the little Mayan boy withdrew.

Kirby was still facing the window, waiting for the sound of the departing plane. He heard it come, beyond the dripping window, heard the distant thunder of the props dwindle as the pilot cut the power back. And then the sound was fading, gone. The door opened behind Kirby's back, and he said dully, "Yes, Juan, what is it?"

No answer. He turned and saw Lucy standing in the doorway. She stepped into the room, lifted the bottle from the tray, and smashed it on the tile floor. Fragments of glass hurtled across the room and struck the shutters folded back from the window.

"Aren't you a little tired," she asked, in low, angry intensity, "of solving your problems with this stuff?"

Kirby was afraid to move. He stood still and said nothing. She took the Breton straw from her hair and tossed it on the bed.

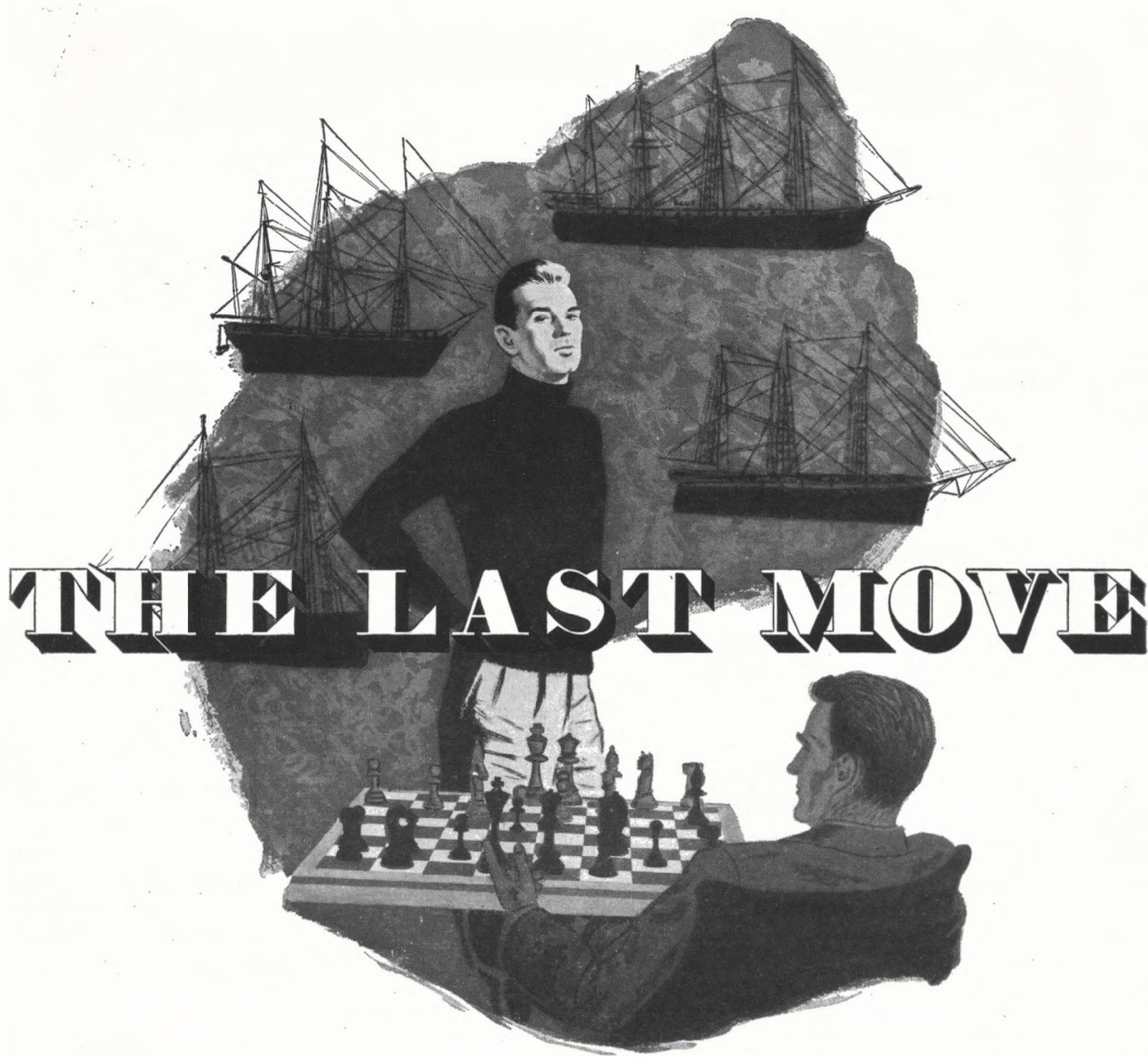
"Somewhere, sometime," she continued, "you have to take the knowledge that you were a pursuit pilot and mark it file and forget. You can't change conditions by butting them out of the way."

Kirby said, "Yes, ma'am." He said he would go back to Cleveland, but the storm warnings were still flashing from her eyes. She said that she would go to Trinidad and try that a while. Where he went, she would go. And that he might get on the telephone and see if the air line could get her baggage sent back from New Orleans sometime in the near future. Then he knew it was all right, so he went over and kissed her.

The citizens of Mérida promenaded in the streets, between faded pastel walls washed clean by the rain. Dulce vendors shouted, dark-eyed girls smiled, and an old man in the plaza brushed a brand-new love song off the strings of his guitar. Beyond the live city, bursting with noise and laughter, rain dripped in silence from the jaws of the stone serpents of Uxmal.

The dead city was undisturbed. No man knew what had happened to the Mayan civilization, or even why they had been in that place for a time. High in the darkening hotel room, only a few centuries away, Kirby Mirike lay beside his wife. He was gripping her hand tightly, lest he, too, be lost and left behind like the Chac-Mool, whose significance is not now known.

THE END



THE LAST MOVE

His past and his conscience are every man's relentless
pursuers. To escape one is to meet the other

A SHORT SHORT STORY BY WILLIAM BRANDON

The place was a beach town called Capobianco. It was wrapped in fog. At the third traffic light, hanging in a jewel-green cocoon of fog, Dodd turned his car sharply left, toward the sea, and drove in low gear down a steep, narrow street. A dripping metal sign flung itself up in his path: J. A. HARVEY. It pointed to the right. He twisted the wheel, and the headlights picked out a pair of gateposts that slid toward him and disappeared on either side. The street became a curving driveway, drifted over with sand. A house emerged from the wall of fog. Beams of light stood out from its windows, like widespread arms

clothed in white sleeves of fog. Dodd stopped the car and left it in the driveway and groped his way to the house. He could hear the surf sweeping in and falling on the beach close at hand. The fog enveloped him, wet and cold and saturated with the sweet, salt smell of the sea. He found the door of the house and knocked.

A little boy about four pulled the door open. He was wearing a yellow sou'wester.

Dodd said, "Where are you bound for?"

Dodd was very tall. The little boy looked up at him until his hat fell off. He said, "I can't go out at night. I sail

my boat when I wash." He grabbed up his hat and ran back through the house. Dodd heard him say, "Mom! It's a tall old man with his collar on backward."

His mother looked quite young. Dodd finished wiping his glasses and put them back on, and saw that she was very pretty.

She said, laughing, "You don't look so old."

Dodd bowed his graying head. He said, "I assure you I'm constantly surprised that I am."

She said, "Jack's expecting you." She led him through an expensively furnished living room, where a fire burned in a

bronze-hooded fireplace, and into a beamed study, lighted by a hanging lantern. Ship models lined the walls. Her husband got up from a chessboard and put out his hand. He said, "Reverend Dodd? I'm John Harvey." He wore a turtleneck sweater that made him look like an old print of a boxer. A welter, Dodd judged. He had a square-cut, youthful face. He was in his middle thirties.

His wife went out and closed the door.

Dodd said, "I asked to talk to you because I'm looking for information about a man named Robert Jeffrey."

"Jeffrey," Harvey said. He looked Dodd in the eye. "Do I know him? Sit down."

Dodd sat down at the chessboard. "You were in a hospital with him in England during the war. But he may have used a different name. He played chess."

"Wait a minute." Harvey sat down across the board. He hooked his heels over the rung of his chair and rested his elbows on his knees and put his hands together. "He had a record, or something. Some kind of trouble in his past."

"Yes."

"I remember him. I knew him pretty well, but he did have a different name then. He told me something about it." He grinned. "Are you a cop?"

Dodd chuckled. He said, "To quote Paul, *'agathe ou zetei ta eantes.'*" Dodd peered over his glasses at Harvey, who looked confused. "Which is to say, no. My interest is unofficial. Jeffrey's mother is an acquaintance of mine."

"His mother is still living?"

"She is. She has not seen or heard of the boy for a number of years, and the hope of finding him again has become an obsession with her. He was arrested and convicted of auto theft, as I recall the story, when he was nineteen or twenty. He was placed on probation and later was convicted, with some older companions, of armed robbery—a service station, I believe. He was then sentenced to prison. An unfortunate case, as by all accounts he had shown promise of spirit and brilliance, and his waywardness may have been only a temporary affliction. Before he became eligible for parole, he escaped from prison. He has been a fugitive ever since. His mother has no other family, and she is obsessed with the thought that sooner or later he will return home. She happens to be in poor health and confined to her bed, and in such circumstances, I presume, one has a tendency to think too fixedly. I became interested in her problem and have made an effort to trace her son."

"Wouldn't the police pick him up if he went back to his home town?"

"Very possibly. Of course, it's been a long time. The tenor of his life since would have a bearing on the disposition of the case, no doubt."

Harvey got up and walked to the far wall of the room, where a row of ports looked out on the fog.

He said, "I don't know if I should tell you this. It would be pretty hard on his mother to hear it. The guy died in that hospital in England."

Dodd said, after a moment, "The hospital was bombed, according to my information. Was that when it happened?"

"Yes. Buzz bomb."

Dodd said nothing. The younger man came back to his chair. "How did you trace him that far?"

"A matter of luck, principally. I found he had learned to play chess in prison, and very well, well enough to win a correspondence-chess tournament. Later, in a chess periodical, I came upon a game of his, played against the grand master, Yodowski, in a simultaneous exhibition in a military hospital in England during the war. He was listed merely as an amateur, an American serving with the Canadian Air Force. I recognized the game."

"You recognized it?"

"I had obtained the scores of his prison games and studied them. He had developed what I believe is a unique continuation in the Evans Gambit Declined. The published game contained this exact variation, resolved in his customary manner. It was unmistakably his, barring a remarkable coincidence. I wrote to England and obtained names of American members of the Canadian Air Force who had been patients there. Yours was one of them. But they informed me some of their records had been destroyed when the hospital was bombed out."

"You must have really studied his game."

"I daresay." Dodd stood up. "I won't keep you any longer."

"Look, about his mother. I've done well since the war. I've got a fleet of trucks, and now I'm buying into a couple of tuna boats. What I mean is, I've got plenty of money."

"She uses very little money." Dodd rested his fingers on the chessboard and looked at the game set up there. He said, "A correspondence game?"

"Yes. I don't get time to play much across the board."

Dodd studied the game. His long fingers buckled and knelt to their knuckles, came back upright and knelt again.

He looked up. "You have the position that arises from the Jeffrey variation I mentioned."

"That's right." Harvey met his eyes. "He taught it to me."

"Of course. You find it successful?"

"It gives you a red-hot attack. What will you tell her?"

Dodd looked down at him. He said, "I don't know. It may be this hope she still has means more to her than we can realize. Doubtless, it would be like the end of the world to destroy it for her.

Perhaps I'd better not tell her anything."

"It's hard to know what's right," Harvey said.

Dodd said, "La Rochefoucauld makes the rather bitter remark that the love of justice is born of the fear of injustice. I will say good night."

Outside the house, in the fog, Dodd waited for a few seconds, and then knocked on the door again. The young woman opened the door.

Dodd said, "I thought I heard a child calling for help down on the beach. I'm sure I must be mistaken."

Her eyes went dark with fright. She called, "Bobby!" The fog muffled the sound of her voice. Harvey appeared at her shoulder. She said, "Bobby's gone down to the beach." She called again, on a note of terror, "Bobby!"

Her husband said, "I'll get a light." He turned and ran, and the little boy yelled from inside the house, "What do you want?"

They saw him standing at the head of the stairs. He was still wearing the yellow sou'wester. He said indignantly, "I'm washing."

Harvey stopped in his tracks. He said, "False alarm, Skipper. Go wash some more." He went to his wife and put his arm around her. She closed her eyes and said, "I'm sorry, but it scared me so."

"I know," Harvey said. "Like the end of the world." He looked at Dodd.

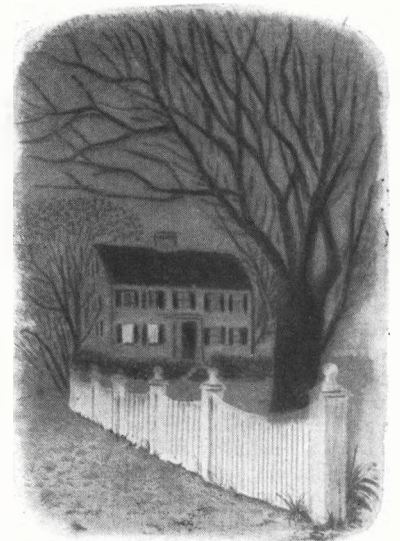
"Please forgive me," Dodd said. "Very stupid of me." He turned away.

Harvey said, "Reverend . . ."

"Yes?"

"Tell her I'll see her soon, will you?"

"Why, gladly," Dodd said. THE END



He twisted the wheel to the right, and a house emerged from the fog.



A dollar train-ride from Tokyo are charming Japanese inns, where the Stewarts spend inexpensive weekends.

AMERICAN FAMILY ABROAD

The Stewart Family of TOKYO

BY MONA GARDNER

Merrill and Alicia Stewart are living in Tokyo today because of a compact they made when they were married nine years ago at The Little Church Around the Corner in New York.

This personable and attractive couple are not disillusioned by the everyday reality that they have found, nor are they wide-eyed and sentimental about it. By interlarding the drawbacks with the compensations, they and their two small daughters, Pamela and Sandra, manage to live a neighborly life amid surroundings that are unpredictable, droll, bewildering, and, at frequent intervals, as deliriously beautiful as though plucked from a picture book.

Take, for instance, the day they moved into their boxlike but adequate house. The young Japanese lady from next door

came over with tea, delectable cakes, and a basket of fruit. She insisted upon helping with the unpacking, and all day long carried armloads of books, clothes, and linens upstairs. The Stewarts sent a thank-you present over a few days later. Back came a thank-you present for the thank-you. It's been going on that way for months, and now the Stewarts can't remember who's thanking whom.

Take the misty, gently raining Sunday last spring when Alicia and Merrill stayed home so they could direct the corps of carpenters who were coming to put up shelves in the kitchen. They waited all day, but no carpenters. Monday—with Merrill due at the office and Alicia delivering young Pamela to school en route to doing her daily marketing—the carpenters appeared, all smiles and willing-

ness. When Alicia complained about their nonappearance on the appointed day, the little foreman shook his head in profound bewilderment, saying, "But yesterday was the first poetic rain of spring! We naturally expected cultured people like you would want to be out rain-viewing!"

Then there was the time when a major portion of the dining-room ceiling fell. The elderly Japanese landlady eyed the mess bleakly and said that since the plaster had obviously been loosened by American bombing of the city back in 1945, it was only fitting Americans should repair the damage. Since then, plaster has fallen in two other rooms. Each time the Stewarts notify their landlady, each time she is adamant: If the holes are to be replastered, it is up to the Stewarts to do it. They do. They also sanded the

floors, painted the walls, and modernized the kitchen. Whereupon the landlady raised their rent, saying, with irrefutable logic, that the house was worth more now.

Years of personal planning and study are behind the Stewarts' achievement of their present niche in Tokyo. So are delay and obstruction. What they gaily began as the "Stewarts' Five-Year Plan" has been as worked over as a lump of kindergarten putty.

Coincidence Played a Part, Too

Coincidence also stuck a thumb in at the outset, when Alicia Dewar (born in Spokane, daughter of a Scottish father and a Welsh mother, who took her to Shanghai to grow up) and Carleton Merrill Stewart, Jr., of Merrill, Wisconsin, both happened to enroll at Stanford University the same year. "Not that coincidence got around to introducing us," Merrill says, "until six months later when we both spent Easter vacation at the same place on the beach at Carmel."

Almost immediately, they found that each had a hankering to live in Japan—Alicia as a journalist, perhaps, and Merrill in business, preferably banking.

Alicia had touched its shores several times on ships, going to and from Shanghai with her parents. Merrill's images of Japan were pieced together from woodblock prints his mother had about the house. The rest emanated from the cherry-blossom characters of "The Mikado."

Five years later they'd married, and young Pamela had made her appearance. Merrill had an M.B.A. from the Harvard School of Business Administration. More important, a captain's discharge from a three-year military hitch that had included, naturally, the School of Military Government with special accent on Japan. Furthermore, he was enrolled as a trainee for Far Eastern service with The National City Bank of New York.

This meant going through nine months' drill in banking procedure (on salary) at the head office and at various of the bank's sixty-seven branches in New York City. At the Asia Institute, he attended afternoon classes in Oriental culture, geography, history, sociology, politics, and economics. Recalling this period, Merrill likes to point out that, contrary to popular notions about banks, no string-pulling was involved.

"I just walked into the bank a complete stranger, applied, and was hired on my record and 'potentiality,'" he explains.

However, instead of Tokyo, the Stewarts' first foreign assignment was Hong Kong. It was an incredibly beautiful detour and one requiring adaptability and ingenuity, for at that time refugees of all degree and circumstance were scrambling out of China ahead of the Communist advance. Three years in the British crown

colony, and the Stewarts—now a foursome with Sandra—were due for five months' home leave. The bank footed the transportation bills.

This trip was the grand tour—the sort many American couples save for twenty years to make. They did it the long way. They went west to Marseilles, aboard a de luxe French liner touching at Manila, Saigon, Singapore, Ceylon, Bombay, and Suez, had a couple of months at Santa Margherita Ligure on the Italian Riviera, a look at Paris and London. In New York, they learned a vacancy in the junior ranks had occurred in Tokyo and that they were to proceed to that branch.

No other sights will ever erase the memory, they declare, of the sunrise hour they stood on the flying bridge of the *President Cleveland* and watched Fuji emerge from the mists.

"Home to Tokyo!" they chuckled to each other as their taxi weaved between oxcarts, motorcycles, rickshas, trucks, and swarming bicycles toward the sprawling area on the Sumida mud flats that is the third-largest city in the world.

The surprises of the first month were less enchanting. It was the familiar story of all postwar cities—houses scarce, rents dizzy, food prices spiraling, servants deserting the kitchen for the factory—only Tokyo seemed to have more variations on the theme.

For example, an inexpensive stateside car, a Pontiac, say, costs around \$4,000 landed in Tokyo, what with duty, freight, and import license. So the Stewarts bought a surplus Army jeep, named it Jezebel, and use it variously as school transport, furniture van, delivery truck, station wagon, and family limousine. On summer Sundays they fill it with children, dogs, and picnic hampers, follow the road as far as it's discernible, then cut across fields to the beach and run along on wet sands until they find a likely picnic spot. If it should rain, they tootle back across fields to the nearest country inn and eat their deviled eggs and potato chips sitting on *tatami* mats—without benefit of ants, but with benefit of half the village either staring absorbedly or practicing an outrageous brand of GI English on them.

Their Servants Just Disappear

Servants, it turns out, are no longer a dime a dozen. Furthermore, cooks want to function only in the kitchen; a boy-san waits table, scrubs and polishes the downstairs, but won't touch finger to beds or bathtubs. Alicia has settled for three—a boy, an upstairs maid-laundress, and a baby amah—who, combined, cost \$76 monthly. That is, *when* they stay a full month. "The turnover runs twenty per cent," Alicia laughs ruefully. "I haven't a clue why. They just disappear without complaining, without any apparent

Biggest problem: to adjust

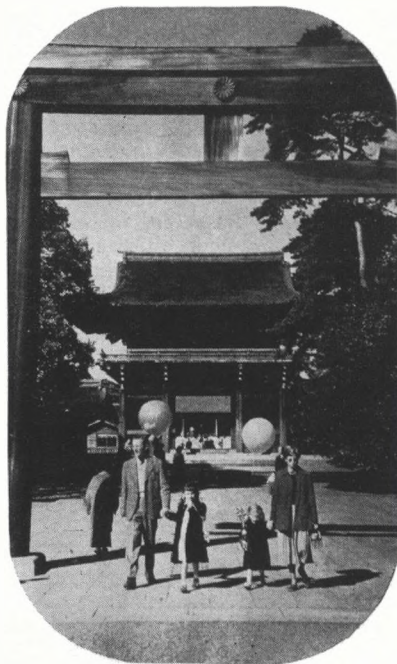
family budget in a city

of paradoxes, where wool is

\$40 a yard, Scotch \$9 a

bottle—but where three

servants cost \$76 a month



After Sunday jaunt, the Stewarts take a short cut home via neighboring gateway.



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The Stewart Family (continued)



At the beach, Merrill and Pamela rest on the prow of a sampan.

reason. It happens in friends' houses, too."

Alicia does the marketing and cooking herself. She enjoys poking around the market stalls, learning the names of strange bits and pieces totally new to her, which she experiments with at home—millet as a substitute for rolled oats, parched beans with cocktails, bean sprouts for salad, and the soft, sweet, gummy dried persimmons instead of fabulously expensive dates. The great bargain, she feels, is the beautiful vegetables she buys from a new hydroponic farm, which raises vegetables in tanks of chemically treated water and is modeled after the one the United States Army set up to supply GI chow lines in Korea.

A Pack of Cigarettes: \$1

Japanese apples, tangerines, and persimmons are delicious, bountiful, cheap. However, butter, coffee, milk, tomato juice, rolled oats, and a dozen other standard commodities in American fare have to be imported and are therefore sky-high. Likewise, medicines, toilet articles, tuition at kindergarten and primary schools conducted in English, and gasoline are luxuries. A pack of American cigarettes is apt to cost a dollar *when* you can get one.

Merrill never brings guests home unexpectedly. With Scotch nine dollars a bottle, cocktail parties—impromptu or otherwise—are quite infrequent in their

circle of friends, who, for the most part, are other juniors in the bank, or in one of the other large American companies that have branches in Tokyo. Occasionally, they are called upon to help entertain a Japanese customer or a Chinese client traveling up from Hong Kong. But they have none of the plush social life—the launch parties or race meets—they had in Hong Kong.

Alicia refuses to be drawn into the usual web of afternoon bridge, mah-jongg, or canasta, which, for transplanted wives, becomes a sort of occupational disease. She has busied herself with flower-arrangement lessons, courses in Chinese and Japanese art, Cantonese cooking, tennis, and Y.W.C.A. committee work.

Alicia loves clothes and has the kind of figure to show them off. In her first months in Tokyo, she went to several swanky fashion shows only to find that a cunning little cocktail model was a cunning \$350! Or, the oh-so-simple flannel day dress was an oh-so-simple \$200! "Now I use a hole-in-the-wall seamstress who charges ten dollars for making a frock, but needs four or five fittings and all kinds of directions to keep the outfit from having that hole-in-the-wall look. And if she spoils it, it's my material that's ruined. Silks are stunning here, and fairly reasonable, considering. But, imagine, English or American woollens run thirty to forty dollars a yard!"

In men's clothing, there are no cheap substitutes or short cuts. There are good white shirts galore selling for \$2.50, but the joker is that they're made to fit men with size thirteen or fourteen necks. Similarly, the smart leather brogues for men in shop windows are absolute bargains at \$9 if you wear size six or seven, but are hopeless for anyone built on Merrill's six-foot-two scale. The alternative is stateside clothes plus import license, plus duty, and no minus whatever.

School Costs \$30 a Month

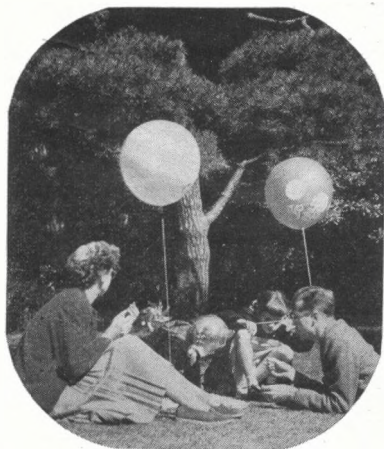
It costs thirty dollars a month to send Pamela to the well-run, fully accredited American School. That doesn't include lunches, midmorning milk, books, or transportation. After a month of twice-a-day delivery and pick-up, Alicia resolved this problem. She boldly rang the strange doorbells where other second-graders lived and got a rotating car pool going among the delighted parents.

Pamela doesn't have the ballet lessons or French conversation she had in Hong Kong. Both are unobtainable in Tokyo. But for substitutes there are a good zoo, rowing on the palace moat, entrancing puppet shows, and shrine festivals.

There are enticing and tempting curios on all sides, but Alicia says they're not yet sure enough of their taste in such objects. Also, with both eyes on the budget, they're almost afraid to look. They've picked up a few bits of modern porcelain and hope to acquire more. Their show-piece so far is a screen made from old hand-loomed brocade Alicia bought with money she got from selling odds and ends of old clothing to a dealer.

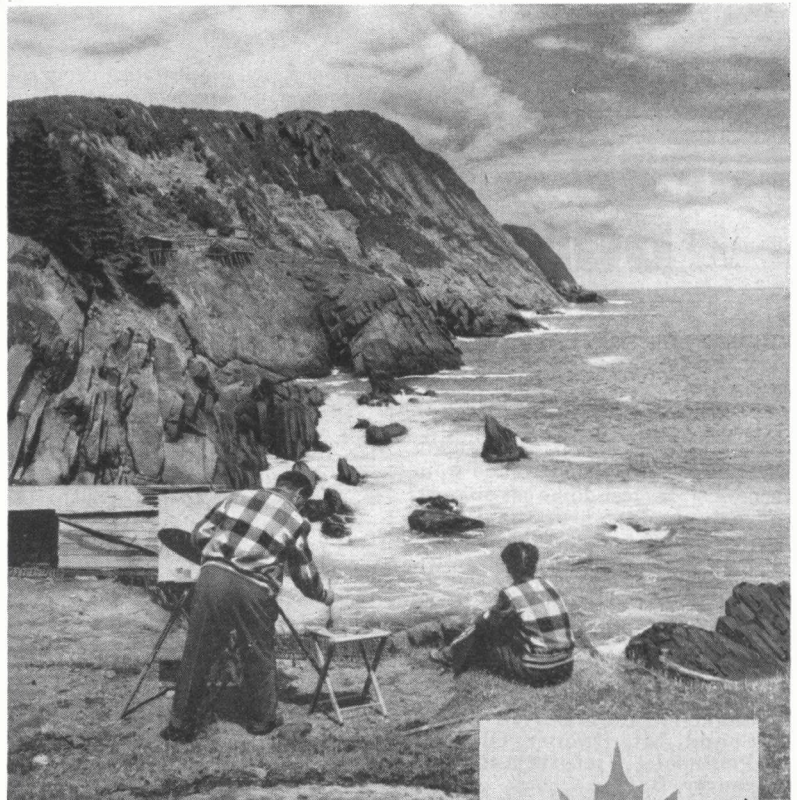
Tokyo weather has rung in several surprises. The bland cherry-blossom season, which most outsiders imagine as a year-round state of affairs, alternates with boisterous extremes. The two-and-a-half-month summer turns into a torrid, oozing vapor bath, and the even longer winter produces blizzards, chilblains, monster

(continued)



The family often picnics at Meiji Shrine Gardens, a celebrated beauty spot in Tokyo.

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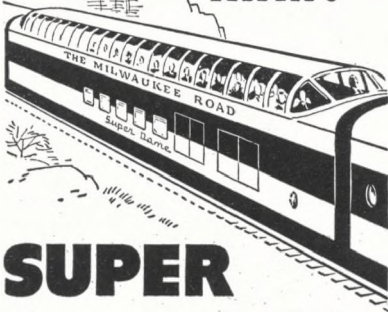
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THE **MILWAUKEE** ROAD

The Stewart Family (continued)

No plush social life for the Stewarts, but a school car-pool, gas for their jeep, market-stall shopping

hailstones, and a penetrating damp cold.

However, weather and countryside put on a superlative show in autumn: the jutting mountains sprout a brocade of carmined maples, chrysanthemums become cascades of blossom, dahlias grow as big as dinner plates, and the days are cool and sunny. During this autumn enchantment, the Stewarts take weekend trips—alone or with two or three other young couples—to one or the other of a dozen nearby famous beauty spots.

They Explore the Countryside

Their favorite is Nikko—three and a half hours and one dollar away by electric train—where they wander through the celebrated grove of giant cedars set with gilded and lacquered temples as gemlike as though they'd been fashioned by a goldsmith. Or they may go straight up a mountainside by cable car to Lake Chuzenji, then ride an elevator four hundred feet down a rockshaft beside the tumultuous Kegan Falls. If they continue on the easy man-made path down a maple-painted gorge, they discover two more waterfalls and a river path balustraded with stone Buddhas that appear

to be as old as time and infinitely wise.

One weekend in March, the Stewarts took the midnight boat down Tokyo Bay to Oshima, an island five hours away, which is nothing more than the cone of a belching volcano. They climbed to the crater through groves of red camellias, they drank tea and Coca-Cola at pilgrim stations along the ascent, and were happily lost among the opulent camellias until a woodcutter walked a mile with them to put them on the right path.

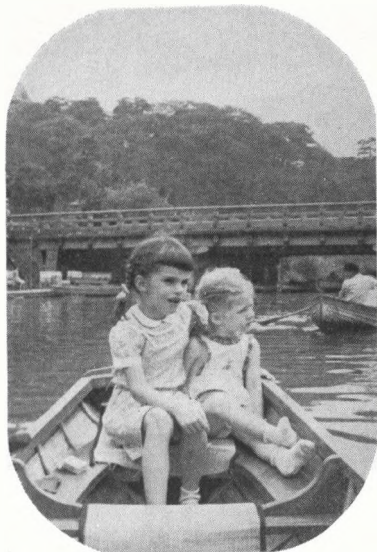
In April, they adopt the custom of the country and go walking among the pink snow of cherry petals, in May, they view hillsides of azaleas, and in June, mauve and purple rivers of irises.

These jaunts are international bargains. Meals and a room for two in a Japanese inn seldom total more than seven dollars. Japanese inns they consider an experience, and sleeping on floor mattresses is not too uncomfortable when it is only for one night.

In contrast to these idyllic excursions, though, there's always the jolting reality on Monday morning that Tokyo is a more expensive place to live than Washington, D.C., or New York.



Alicia practices flower arrangements. Children and amah help.



Pamela and Sandra enjoy rowboating on the moat of the Emperor's Palace in Tokyo.

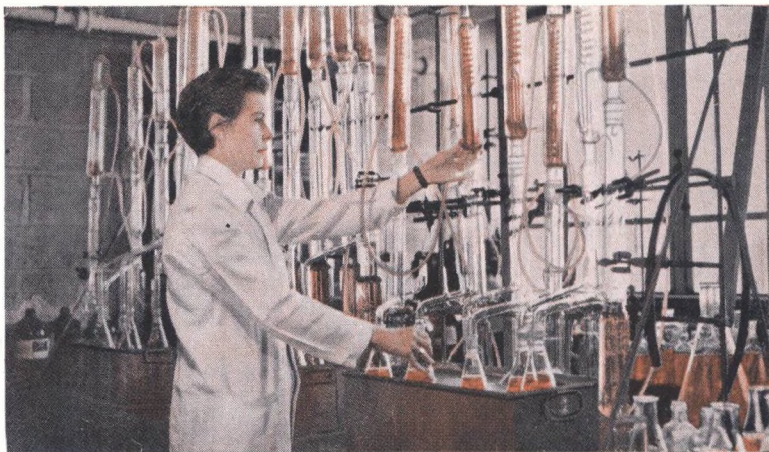
Like other spots in Asia, Tokyo has assorted phenomena-of-the-times—flamboyant cases of ex-pilots, ex-majors, stepping into sudden big money via spectacularly successful enterprises. Merrill watches these contemporaries making the fast buck, and he wouldn't be a good banker if he didn't add things up on paper and strike a balance.

"I'm bitten by the security bug, I guess," he says. "I like the feeling of knowing some of the answers to my future. For instance, my company isn't a hit-and-run affair. It has been in continuous operation for 141 years, and there's no reason why it won't continue for long after I'm gone. So—short of my hand wandering into the till or my forgetting to lock the vault some night—I know I have a job until I'm sixty. And then I can retire on a substantial pension. Meanwhile, they protect my family with three times my annual salary in life insurance."

He also likes the thought that when Pamela, Sandra, and the third baby, who's expected about the time this reaches print, are ready for high school, the bank will pay their expenses in some first-class private school in the United States. It will also provide transportation for summer visits with the parents during preparatory and college years.

They'll Leave Tokyo Someday

The Stewarts have gradually come to realize that Merrill must have broad and varied international experience if he is to fill a branch manager's job some day. This means leaving Tokyo, so now they look forward to life in Manila, Singapore, Bombay, or any of the eight other branches in the Far East. But their way stop in Tokyo will never cease to be an enchanting dream come true. THE END



A scene in one of the research laboratories of Memorial Center for Cancer and Allied Diseases, New York City. In these laboratories, research on hormones is helping to shed new light on cancer.

A MESSAGE OF HOPE ABOUT CANCER

EACH YEAR, according to the American Cancer Society, an estimated 70,000 persons recover from cancer. The Society also estimates that the number of cases that are now saved could be *doubled* if patients received prompt and thorough medical or surgical treatment.

Today there is hope for even greater gains in our fight against this disease. This is because medical research is constantly yielding new facts about how and why cancer develops.

Some recent research findings

In surgery—major operations can now be performed with far less risk to cancer patients. Largely because of greater surgical skill, the number of patients recovering from cancer of the head, neck, stomach, and uterus has been more than doubled over the past few years.

In chemotherapy—or treatment with chemicals—encouraging progress is being made. Some chemical substances are now being used which temporarily inhibit the growth of a few types of cancer in human beings.

In radiology—or X-ray treatment—intensive studies are under way on devices

that are not only capable of producing more powerful X-rays, but also offer hope of a more effective use of them.

What should everyone do about cancer?

First—learn cancer's warning signals which are listed below. Should any of them appear, report to your doctor at once. These signals do *not* invariably mean cancer. In fact, in the majority of cases the suspected symptoms are proved *not* to be caused by cancer.

Second—have periodic health check-ups. Cancer may develop without any outward warning signals. Only examination by a physician may discover these "silent" cancers in their early stages. This is why periodic medical examinations are so important, especially for older people.

Third—do not rely on unproved methods for the treatment of cancer. Only surgery, X-rays, radium—used singly or in combination—can remove or destroy cancer.

Above all, remember that cancer is often cured . . . and that getting to your doctor early is your greatest contribution toward recovery.

CANCER'S 7 WARNING SIGNALS

1. Any sore that does not heal.
2. A lump or thickening in the breast or elsewhere.
3. Unusual bleeding or discharge.
4. Any change in a wart or mole.
5. Persistent indigestion or difficulty in swallowing.
6. Persistent hoarseness or cough.
7. Any change in normal bowel habits. (Pain is not usually an early symptom of cancer.)

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Best production of the month, chosen by Louella O. Parsons, is "Salome," starring Rita Hayworth. A lavish spectacle with an expert cast, it features Rita as Salome, the Eastern princess shown here boarding a ship bound for home after being banished from Rome by Caesar.

Return of the Love Goddess

Rita Hayworth, everybody's Aphrodite, promises to make history as a Salome who is now a good girl

With the Rita Hayworth dollar sign firmly in mind, Columbia Pictures decided to give its princess the works this spring. The works is "Salome," cited by COSMOPOLITAN reviewer Louella O. Parsons as the month's best production.

"Salome" boasts not only Princess Rita in Technicolor, but a dance staged by Valerie Bettis, devastating gowns by Jean Louis, vivid direction by William Dieterle, and the impact of backgrounds actually photographed in the Holy Land.

The ex-Mrs. Aly Khan's co-stars are Stewart Granger and Charles Laughton.

They are buttressed by such stalwarts as Judith Anderson, Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Basil Sydney, and Maurice Schwartz.

It was Oscar Wilde who defined Salome for moderns; he made her exotically evil. Hollywood conveniently bypassed this bit of unpleasantness, and the story written by Jesse Lasky, Jr., makes her an innocent, searching girl.

The Casting Is an Enigma

By any simple standards—even Hollywood's—the Salome screenplay can hardly be adjudged an adventure in plotting. The casting, however, presented an

enigma to a hardened trade-paper critic who was asked his opinion of the picture.

"What does anyone think about one of these things! It's an extravaganza, a spectacle, a supercolossal opus. It's got Laughton smirking, Judith Anderson snarling, Stewart Granger with bare legs, girls dancing, sex, murder, and even John the Baptist—in Technicolor yet. It'll probably make a mint. So tell me, why do they need Hayworth?"

This kind of question is best answered by the caliph of Columbia Pictures, Harry Cohn. Mr. Cohn is not a social climber. He does not aspire to the

plaudits of the *avant-garde* for arty cinema experimentation. For Cohn, the music of applause is the symphonic *whuuumpft* of the box-office ticket expeller. A man with an actuary's approach to public taste, Cohn never chances when he can insure. And to him, there's no better insurance than Rita Hayworth.

She's One of the Big Four

"She's one of the four big properties in the business," trumpets Cohn, with the executive decisiveness of a man who knows. Since 1937, when she came to the Columbia lot, Rita Hayworth has made twenty major pictures; all made money. Few in the industry would dare venture that this blessed state won't continue.

The reason why has never been quite understandable. Almost nobody attributes it to her acting. A disarmingly honest woman, Rita Hayworth would never pretend that her dramatic skills ever captured a Bette Davis fan. As a dancer, she's heads up on the average Hollywood hooper, but better dancers have flopped. All that seems left is the ripe Hayworth looks. But anyone who follows the press output of the Hollywood tub thumpers (and who can avoid it?) knows that the world capital of flesh always has in basic training platoons of well-endowed and ambitious young ladies.

The precious Hayworth property rests upon something harder to define. It is an intangible femininity that makes women identify themselves with her and awakens the protective impulse in men. In publicity stills, she never seems like the *femme fatale* who slinks, smolders, or hisses. When the movie script calls for her to do so, it's a struggle for her.

That inhibition carries over in her personal life. For all of her success, Rita Hayworth has never consciously done the obvious to achieve it. It's been done for her by a quartet of strong men who recognized raw material when they saw it. In his own way, each shaped it to fit what has evolved into the Hayworth mold. Throughout this ordeal she remained pliant, retiring (much as she is today), always ready to please.

It started with her father, Eduardo Cansino, a Spanish dancer from Seville. His father danced for Spanish royalty and never let his family forget it. When it became apparent that Eduardo intended to forsake the family trade in favor of bull fighting, the old man had him locked up in a local pokey until he got the heresy out of his system. Eventually, Eduardo turned to the pumps, came to America and married Volga Haworth, a beautiful ex-Ziegfeld girl, and immediately launched the Cansino dance act.

Rita, christened Margarita, was born between bookings. Four years later, the
(continued)



In her film "The Loves of Carmen," Rita gave, as always, the best of her limited but enthusiastic talents, and, as always, the picture made a barrel of money.

Each divorce broke her up—increased her popularity

dancing lessons began. At six she had learned so much that she was taken into the act. Eduardo quickly withdrew her when it became apparent that the six-year-old stood in danger of skull fracture from the heels of the high-flying Cansinos. When she turned fourteen, Eduardo judged her hardy enough to take the risk and she rejoined the act.

Her Career Started in Mexico

Two years later, Eduardo got himself and his daughter booked as a Spanish dance team into the gilt Agua Caliente Casino, across the California border in Mexico. The four-week stand lasted two years. Rita became the darling of the tourists, including many from the movie colony. One of them was Winfield Sheehan, head of the old Fox studio, who saw great potentials in the plumpish, black-haired, shy girl. He changed her name to

Plumper in her pre-Hollywood days, she was half a dance team with her father.



Rita Hayworth, adding the "y" to her mother's maiden name, put her into a horror called "Dante's Inferno," which was followed by two similar pieces.

During this period she met Edward Judson, a slick, hard-eyed ex-gambler who had graduated to selling swank foreign cars. She was seventeen, he about forty, but to the naïve, strictly brought up girl, he was a cosmopolitan dream. Moreover, Eduardo approved him as a son-in-law, recognizing Judson as a paternalistic successor to himself.

Judson manipulated her like a show-piece, ordered her hair dyed red, dieted her, selected her clothes, and haggled for fatter contracts. He commanded, and she obeyed. Finally, even the outwardly phlegmatic Hayworth temperament could take the commercialism no more. She succeeded in getting a divorce by paying Judson heavily for the privilege. In one of her rare notes of bitterness she blurted, "He wanted me only for an investment."

Before he departed, one of Judson's smarter moves had brought her into the Columbia fold. Her appearances in such Technicolor offerings as "Blood and Sand" and "Strawberry Blonde" served as mere *apéritifs* for the public's tastes for bigger helpings of Hayworth. Cohn promptly serviced the demand. First, dancing pictures with Fred Astaire ("You Were Never Lovelier" and "You'll Never Get Rich"). Then Cohn presented her in three glamour roles in "Cover Girl," "Tonight and Every Night" and "Gilda." They hauled in more than \$20,000,000.

But Cohn wasn't ready for the new demand in Hayworth's personal life—Orson Welles. A hyped-up professional intellectual, Welles played the courtship and subsequent marriage as an affair "Pygmalion." He loaded her with fat, small-print books, nagged her into political searchings, terrified her with impromptu quizzes on any of the varied subjects quartered in the Welles mental storehouse. It didn't really work, but as usual Rita tried awfully hard to please.

When Welles assaulted the vault of Columbia Pictures, namely the Hayworth public personality, Harry Cohn squawked like a stabbed fowl. It was Welles's edict that his wife's auburn tresses had to go. The soft, lacy, long-haired pin-up was to perish in favor of a lacquered, platinum blonde, skin-hobbed "smart" type. The idea gave Cohn a temporary seizure of the screaming meemies. At the shearing, he squirmed. The hairdresser snipped

while "that genius" (Cohn makes it sound like an epithet) kept shrieking "cut more, more, more."

All this reincarnation was to prepare for "that genius'" production of "The Lady from Shanghai," an involved whodunit in which the great man moved like the wind while his wife served as immobile décor in the background.

Soon afterward it became apparent that, as Rita put it, "you can't live with a genius." The divorce left her with the miseries, her freedom, and her child. The relieved Cohn gave her a European vacation with the admonition to "forget that genius and grow some hair."

Her amorous adventures with Aly Khan hardly need reviewing. Cohn suffers over those emotional peccadilloes more than almost anyone except the one who gets hurt by them the most—Rita herself.

Today, divorced again, mother of two children, aged thirty-three, Rita is still atomic fission at the box office. That alone should compensate Cohn for her cinema dry spell.

The first picture she made upon her early separation from the prince, "Affair in Trinidad," a nondescript bauble, made a fortune.

"Salome" is the second. In it she wears enough clothes to outfit an entire musical comedy. More important, she also takes clothes off. In one scene she begins with seven items of wearing apparel and dances six of them off, while the music rises to a furious crescendo and Charles Laughton gasps like a tubercular seal. Hayworth dancing. Hayworth undressing, how could anything go wrong at the gate? Of course, nobody expects that anything will, only that this one will break the bank.

She Can't Explain Her Success

But even today, three husbands after she began in this era starved for a love goddess, whose dimensions she apparently fits, Rita can't figure it out too well. She thinks simply, pliantly, and despite her heartaches, sweetly. Her answer to a rather cavalier question from an elegant intellectual illustrates the point well.

Didn't she feel somewhat empty, he asked, knowing that all she really had to offer was the capacity to be sexually attractive?

She nodded her pretty hirsute head and answered thoughtfully, "Well, maybe. But it's nice to know you're good at something." THE END

Rita's Salome, approved by Protestant, Catholic, and Jewish faiths, is a virtuous heroine who turns Christian.



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action in Algeria,
a Hitchcock thriller,
and a harrowing
drama from real life*



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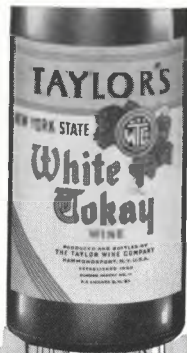
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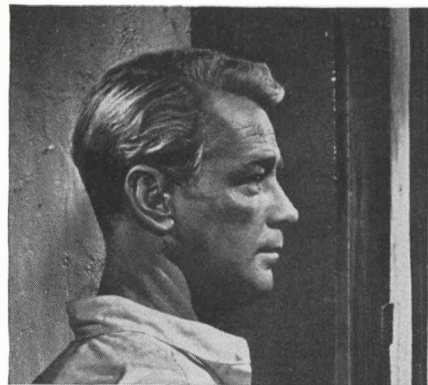
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based on the harrowing experience of two men captured by a mad killer and forced good as the kidnaped men, and William Talman is superb as the insane hitch-hiker.



the Foreign Legion in Algeria make Universal-International's "Desert Legion" an Ladd. It's complete with jeweled camels, spear-wielding Arabs, and Technicolor.



"I Confess" stars Montgomery Clift, a priest held for murder and kept by his Baxter. Karl Malden (left), the inspector, steals this Warner Bros. picture.

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She lay awake thinking how Miss Braddock must hate her.

Alvin Ross

**Black magic, she found, works if you believe in it.
But luckily she hit upon some powerful magic of her own**

BY SUSAN WEYER

Isobel Tuttle ducked out of the March wind, pushed through the revolving door of the museum, and stopped to straighten her hat. It was the hat she'd worn all winter, and she could tell just by the feel of it whether the feather was tilted at the correct angle. She was not going to buy a spring hat until she found out for certain whether she was going to Peru with Gordon.

She hoped to find out in the next few minutes. If she found out she was going, she would not get a white straw with a veil, but a soft felt without a veil—or maybe with a veil. She would need entirely different clothes for Peru. Bluejeans and stuff for the field (she would have to ask somebody what stuff) and an uncrushable, packable dinner dress for when they stopped in Lima.

As she walked toward the elevators, her heels clicking resonantly in the vast lobby, she fished through her handbag for a handkerchief. Something that felt like a meteorite had blown into her eye.

She rang for the elevator and gave up looking for a handkerchief, thinking that the museum would never send her with Gordon if they knew she couldn't remember her handkerchief. She had seen Gordon and Miss Braddock prepare for many expeditions, and the things they

had to remember were appalling. Everything from jeeps to erasers. Not that she would be expected to take Miss Braddock's place. Miss Braddock had a Ph.D., while Isobel had practically no education, because she had married at eighteen. The museum would pay her way just because she was Gordon's wife, and in return she could mind the camp and cook and help out in little things like typing up Gordon's notes. The museum definitely would not expect her to know anything, but they might reasonably expect her to remember her handkerchief.

When Isobel said, "Fifth floor, please," the elevator operator turned clear around.

"There are no exhibits on the fifth floor," he said.

"I'm Mrs. Tuttle," Isobel said apologetically. "Mrs. Gordon Tuttle." It was quite true—it had been true for nineteen years—but Isobel continued to feel apologetic as the operator took her to the fifth floor where the curators' offices were. She stood, sniffing as quietly as possible. Her nose was beginning to water as well as her eye.

There was no one in Gordon's office or in Miss Braddock's, adjoining it. Isobel, sniffing, thought of Miss Braddock and decided that, for all her flat heels and degrees and black braids pinned in a

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ILLUSTRATED BY ALEX ROSS



DEVIL DOLL

The doll was the image of her—complete to the feather in its hat—and it prickled with long, evil-looking pins

stern coronet, she must be woman enough to have a box of tissues somewhere.

Hoping no one would come in, Isobel quickly opened and closed the drawers of Miss Braddock's desk, with a righteous effort not to see anything except what she was looking for.

Isobel found it in a bottom drawer along with a pair of overshoes in a transparent bag and a pincushion. Funny how she associated the common pin with old maids. It must have something to do with Miss Curry, who, when Isobel was little, had come to the house every spring and fall to sew. But Miss Braddock evidently had her secret frivolous side, for the pincushion was in the form of a little lady doll dressed clear to a hat with a green feather. Isobel smiled, snatched some tissues, and hastily closed the drawer.

She was sitting in Gordon's swivel chair when Miss Braddock flip-flapped into the office.

"Hello, Dr. Braddock," Isobel said, her eyes still watery. "I haven't been crying. Just removed a beam from mine own eye." Her very reluctance to mention the tissues prodded her. It was too ridiculous. "I hope you don't mind. I swiped a couple of tissues from your desk."

Miss Braddock's sallow face, long as an exclamation point, darkened, her mouth and nostrils tensed.

Isobel thought, astonished, *Why, you'd think I'd been reading her love letters! How stuffy can a person get?* She refused to grovel. "Thanks for the first aid. Is Gordon around?"

"He's in a staff meeting," Miss Braddock said. Her expression changed without softening. It had less personal outrage now than Olympian disdain. "If you came to hear the verdict, it is yes."

Airplanes in the newsreel. Peru on a map, a night in a tent when she was twelve! But first, arranging for the children, closing the apartment, storing curtains, rugs. The confusion of her thoughts made Isobel realize how many years going on an expedition with Gordon had been merely a dream. For a moment, she felt an unreasonable resentment toward Miss Braddock for breaking the news. It would have been so much more fun to hear it from Gordon.

Gordon had originally had the idea of her going. "now that the children are grown." Isobel had thought of Betsy, a freshman at Smith, and young Gordon, in his last year at prep school, and had tried to feel like a mother of grown children. "It's something we've always talked

about," Gordon had said, "and now seems the time." "A second honeymoon," Isobel had said, "if you'll pardon the corn." They had laughed and talked and got quite excited. But it had never been real to her till this minute.

"Oh," Isobel said now, "what clothes shall I take?"

Miss Braddock flaunted her contempt. "A scientific expedition is not a cocktail party," she said.

Isobel rebuked and goaded, said, "Oh, I don't know. Things are what you make them, and it seems like a party to me. A second honeymoon deserves a second trousseau."

On that, Miss Braddock flip-flapped into her own office, leaving Isobel immediately remorseful and with those unhappy feelings that assailed her on the rare occasions she felt people didn't like her.

Isobel didn't mind Miss Braddock thinking her a fibbertigibbet. She knew that, compared with Miss Braddock, she was an uneducated ignoramus. But Isobel, though she didn't mind if people didn't admire her, did want to be liked.

She scribbled a note on Gordon's memorandum pad and then went to the doorway to Miss Braddock's room.

"I guess I won't wait," Isobel said.

Miss Braddock looked up from her desk, and Isobel wanted awfully to say something nice.

"Oh," she said, "what a lovely fresh-looking plant." She never knew the names of green things without blooms.

Miss Braddock did not bother to glance at the pot on the window sill. "Geranium," she said.

"Oh," said Isobel, her voice strangled as though she had clumsily called attention to a deformity. "Well, good-by and thanks a lot."

Thanks for what? Thanks for telling me, thanks for the tissues, thanks for not calling the police, Isobel thought, as she wandered down the corridor. She wished she'd meet Gordon, and that made her ashamed. She felt the shame of a woman who has a woman's life before a woman who has only substitutes. The shame of superiority. The shame of feeling pity. Why should she pity Miss Braddock? Miss Braddock felt superior enough with her Ph.D., her scientific monographs—Miss Braddock was always writing monographs—and today Miss Braddock had clearly acted superior.

Waiting for her subway train, Isobel gazed abstractedly into the mirror of a gum machine and tried to picture just

the little soft felt she would buy. She studied the reflection of her hat, and at once thought of the pincushion doll in Miss Braddock's desk. It had a green feather, too. Indeed, the hat itself was like hers, turned up on the side. Isobel's fingers touched the pearl beads at her throat. Well, of course, everybody wore pearl beads. If you were going to dress a lady doll, you'd give her pearl beads. She tried to remember what else the doll wore. She'd been so intent on not prying that she hadn't really seen. A green dress, perhaps. Yes, certainly, Isobel was wearing brown today. But her suit, the suit she had practically lived in all winter, was green. And certainly the doll wore a jacket and skirt—in fact, a green suit. Which meant that Miss Braddock had a doll in her desk drawer dressed just like Isobel. A doll with pins stuck in it.

It occurred to Isobel that the doll was like an image that some primitive people make of an enemy they want to injure or destroy, and suddenly it was as though she had known it all along. It was as though from the moment she had seen it she had known what it was. She remembered now hearing that Miss Braddock had written a monograph on black magic. But it was one thing to write a monograph on it and another to practice it. Really, Emma Braddock, Ph.D.! Isobel wanted to laugh. And then she thought, *How terribly she must hate me!*

She got into her train, feeling suddenly weak. The train started with a jerk, and the box in the arms of the woman next to her struck Isobel in the ribs. It felt as though it contained bricks, Isobel tried to remember if there had been a pin sticking in the doll's right side.

Gordon came home, smiling cheerfully. "Sorry I missed you. But I hear you got the news."

"Yes, I got it," Isobel said.

Gordon was still smiling. "Have we time for a drink?"

Isobel watched him get out the ice cubes and fix their drinks. He handed her a glass. "Well, here's to us," he said. "Cheer up. Cold feet?"

"Not really," said Isobel. "But it's like waking up and finding it's all true. Let's drink in the living room, for a change."

"You better see Dr. Chester tomorrow and start getting your shots," Gordon said, following her. "Don't want to leave everything to the last."

Isobel sat facing him on the sofa, one foot tucked under her. "Gordon, am I

taking Miss Braddock's place on this trip? Not that I *can* take her place, of course. I mean, if I weren't going, would the museum send her?"

"Could be. Still, she's needed in the office with Reeves away, too."

"She's always gone before," Isobel said. "She might *think* I'm squeezing her out."

"If that were the case, she'd say so. She's pretty blunt—no feminine pussy-footing for her. Besides, she's being extremely nice about helping me just now. Neglecting her latest monograph to do it." Gordon laughed. "What made you think of this?"

Isobel hesitated. "Well, this afternoon I—she seemed a bit huffy." It would really be too catty to tell Gordon.

Isobel woke in the night with a cramp in her foot. As she pressed the sole of her foot against the baseboard of the bed, she wondered if Miss Braddock were awake, too, sticking a pin in the doll.

At breakfast, she asked, "Gordon, how do you put a hex on somebody?"

"I wish I knew," Gordon said.

"I mean really. When a primitive native makes a little doll and sticks pins in it, how does it work?"

"What do you mean *work*?" said Gordon. "A native hurts an image of his enemy and thinks that by doing so he is hurting his enemy."

"Then what happens?"

"Well, if the man's enemy hears about it, sometimes he gets sick, sometimes he dies. Like fortunetelling, the times it turns out as expected are more memorable than the times it doesn't."

"Then it does work," said Isobel.

"I never said that," said Gordon. "It's not *it* that works. Of course, a very superstitious, suggestible, hysterical person who believes the evil magic might die."

"But he's just as dead," said Isobel.

"He's *not* just as dead. A more intelligent, strong-minded person wouldn't be affected at all. It's not the magic that kills. It's the victim's own mind."

"That's what I mean," said Isobel. "A superstitious, suggestible, hysterical person is just as dead as if it had worked."

"In that case," said Gordon, "he's better off dead."

"I know it's not the magic that works. But the power of thought and—"

"The power of the *victim's* thought," said Gordon.

"That's right," said Isobel. "But suppose you knew someone was suggesting that you be dead? Even an intelligent, strong-minded person might get a little queasy. And then it's easy to get to worrying about why you feel queasy, especially if you can't think of any sensible reason. And worrying makes you feel worse, and you start to worry about *that*, and you can go on like that until you're really sick. And once sick, it is always

possible to die. So in a way it *does* work. And after all, whose suggestion was it in the first place?"

"Isobel," said Gordon, "on the bottom shelf, you'll find books on this subject. In the meantime, please, for my sake, don't talk this way. It shows such an appallingly disorganized state of mind."

Isobel spent an instructive morning studying the books on the bottom shelf. She thoughtfully read about cases of people dying after their images had been stuck with pins, burned, melted, or generally maltreated. She forgot all about going for her shots.

The shots were the first thing Gordon asked about when he came home.

"I'll go tomorrow," Isobel said.

"What's that bump on your forehead?"

"It was too silly," said Isobel. "I was brushing my teeth, and the toothbrush just flew out of my hand onto the floor. It surprised me so I didn't think, and when I stooped to pick it up, I simply cracked my head on the edge of the washbasin."

"What did you do to your hand?" asked Gordon.

"Oh, that," said Isobel. She looked at the bandage. "Oh, that's *nothing*. I was just slicing some cucumbers."

"For heaven's sake, Isobel," said Gordon. "What's the matter with you. Don't you feel well?"

"Well, no. as a matter of fact, I don't. Nothing, really. Just sort of excited, I guess, about Peru."

"Well, have Chester look you over when you go tomorrow. This is no time to get sick. Or break a leg, either."

"It certainly isn't," said Isobel. "How's Miss Braddock?"

"Miss Braddock hasn't changed in fifteen years," said Gordon.

Isobel felt wretched enough the next day to indulge in a taxi to the doctor's. Nothing definite. General weakness, slight vertigo. It would be difficult to describe the symptoms. *Just a touch of the hex, Doctor. Has modern medicine a miracle drug to counteract black magic? You see, someone is trying to kill me by—* It would be better to let Dr. Chester make his own diagnosis.

After her shots and the examination, Isobel sat facing Dr. Chester at his desk. "You mean you can't find anything wrong with me?"

"Disappointed?" said Dr. Chester.

"Well, I hoped there'd be some *reason*. You see, I've been feeling—well, not quite myself. Do you think it would do me any good to see a psychiatrist?"

"No, but it would do a psychiatrist a lot of good to see you. They don't often see a sound, normal woman."

"But I don't feel sound and normal," said Isobel.

"Of course you don't," said Dr. Chester. "Be unnatural if you did. You can't

A man yanked her to safety, shouting, "Are you trying to get killed?"



It was no comfort to learn that a very superstitious, suggestible, hysterical person might even die of a hex

be a devoted mother half your life and then suddenly pop off and desert your children without having symptoms of alarm." He wagged a finger at her. "I didn't say alarming symptoms. Symptoms of alarm!" Dr. Chester chuckled and stood up to show that the diagnosis was complete.

"I suppose that's it," said Isobel, rising. "That's it," said Dr. Chester heartily. He patted Isobel's shoulder. "You haven't a thing to worry about. You've done a fine job with those kids, and this year is going to do them good as well as you. You'll feel all right as soon as you get on the plane."

"I feel better already," Isobel said.

She came out of the doctor's office and swung along toward Madison Avenue without a touch of vertigo. How veiled from one is one's own heart! To think that without even knowing it she'd had the jitters about going so far from the children. And now that she knew, she could reason with herself. To begin with, no place was really far away in these times. Secondly, everything was arranged for the children. They'd spend the summer in Maine with her mother, where they always spent their summers. Christmas, they'd be with Gordon's brother's family in Hartford, where they felt perfectly at home. Thirdly, it was up to her to adjust to the fact that the children were grown. She'd evidently been fighting that idea. This last piece of insight made her feel so powerful and free that she decided to take a bus downtown and get some shopping done.

She stepped quickly off the curb on Madison Avenue and out into the street. There was a screech of brakes and tires. Hands jerked her backward. In the lull that fell on the street as people craned to see what had happened, she regained her balance, the hands let go, and she looked up at the white-faced gentleman beside her.

"Madam," the white-faced gentleman shouted angrily, "are you trying to kill yourself?"

"No," Isobel shouted back. "A witch is trying to kill me. I'm hexed!"

The man gave her a startled look and hurried away, tipping his hat. The little flock of sheep standing on the curb waiting for the light stared at her with curiosity and disapproval. Isobel stalked through the little flock and walked back the way she had come. Halfway down the block she got a taxi. Quite calmly, she decided that the hour was not auspicious

for shopping. Not until she had given her home address to the driver and sat back on the red leather cushions did she begin to shake. She shook with an impotent and consuming rage.

She paid the driver and walked carefully into her apartment building, watching her feet as though she expected them to trip her at each step.

She put away her hat and coat and without pause sat down with a basket of darning. She needed to do something—anything that was at hand to do. She dropped the darning egg into the toe of one of Gordon's socks. She selected a needle from its case. The needle stuck her finger.

Isobel watched the drop of blood well up on her finger. Slowly she picked up the sock again and stared helplessly at the small hole stretched open by the egg. The hole seemed to stare back. She took her scissors and made another eye beside it. Then she cut out a jack-o'-lantern nose and cut a slit for a mouth. She wound thread tight about the sock beneath the egg, making a head. She took many long strands of darning cotton, doubled and redoubled and plaited them. She fastened the braid in a coronet on the darning-egg head. She muttered, "Two can play at this," jabbed a pin into the sock, dropped it into her sewing basket, and slammed the lid. She felt much better.

"Now," Isobel said firmly. She got the kitchen stool, dragged it from room to room, and balanced precariously on it as she took down all the curtains in the apartment. She tied them up in two bundles, and cut the string with an abandoned swing of the carving knife. She walked two blocks to the cleaners, dropped off the curtains, and caught a bus downtown, where she bought an indestructible dinner dress.

On the way home, sighing for more streets to conquer, she got off the bus four blocks before her stop and walked the rest of the way. At the last street, she dashed against the lights.

Home again, she remembered that statistically one of the greatest of civilized risks is the tub bath. She not only bathed, she waveringly stood on one foot at a time while drying the other. As she dressed, she thought compassionately of Miss Braddock, that poor insane lady. She even saw the joke, but she did not regret the darning-egg image. It had served a purpose. She felt quite exhilarated.

"Where've you been all afternoon?"

Gordon asked accusingly when he came in. "Living dangerously," said Isobel. "It's the coward's way."

"I tried to phone you about dinner. Now I'm here, just give me anything you've got ready. I have to go back. Of all possible times, Miss Braddock chose this as her first time in fifteen years to get sick and go home. Left me up to my ears."

"Sick?" said Isobel.

"Said she must have eaten something at lunch." Gordon took a can of beer out of the ice chest.

"Poisoned!" said Isobel. "Oh, no!"

Gordon lifted the lid of the frying pan on the stove. "Well, not necessarily. Maybe only gas."

But Isobel knew better. She pushed past Gordon. By the time he had followed her and stood in the doorway of the bedroom with a can of beer in one hand and a chicken leg in the other, Isobel had the darning egg disengaged from the sock. "I didn't mean it," she was praying. "I didn't really mean it."

"Isobel," said Gordon, "what in the world's the matter with you?"

"I'm just getting ready to run over and see if Miss Braddock's all right," said Isobel.

"All right?" said Gordon. "Can't a person have a little indigestion?"

"But she lives all alone. Maybe she's just lying there on the floor. Nobody'd find out for days."

"Why does she have to lie on the floor?" said Gordon. "Can't you picture her with a bed?"

"You don't know it's simple indigestion," said Isobel.

"You don't know she'll thank you for barging in," said Gordon. "We've never been to her apartment."

Isobel got her coat and hat. "I'll take along a can of chicken broth," she said. "For an excuse."

"And what are you going to take for an excuse for the chicken broth?" asked Gordon. "Isobel, this is completely impulsive—it's positively compulsive. *What* makes you think Miss Braddock is dying?"

Isobel had just found Miss Braddock's address in the telephone directory. She looked up, quite pale. "Oh, no!" she said. "Not dying! I never meant that."

Miss Braddock lived on the second floor of a small building with a self-service elevator. Isobel got into the lobby without having to ring, as a couple were just coming out. She walked up the one flight and knocked on Miss Braddock's door.

As soon as she heard someone moving on the other side, compulsion left her and impulse urged retreat. She just had time to put the can of broth on the floor out of sight, but not time, on second thought, to pick it up again, before the door opened.

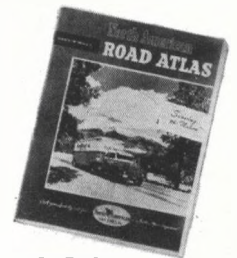
Miss Braddock was wearing a dark.



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Spring Beauty Hints

by **REGIS PAINE**
beauty consultant

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DEVIL DOLL (continued)

shapeless dressing gown, her black braids hanging to her waist, her face looking even longer and narrower between them. Everything but the broomstick, Isobel thought.

"Hello, Dr. Braddock," she said. "This is Isobel Tuttle."

"So I see," said Miss Braddock. She opened the door a little wider, and Isobel walked in.

"Well, I just thought you might presume it was Dr. Livingston." Isobel giggled nervously.

Miss Braddock did not laugh, but she closed the door and sat down. Isobel looked about the room and chose a chair opposite Miss Braddock.

"I can't stay," Isobel said, "but I did want to ask how you were feeling. Gordon said you were ill."

"I'm feeling better," Miss Braddock said.

The room was like a study—many books, a paper-littered desk with goose-neck lamp. Yet it wasn't a man's room. And the faded chintz at the windows and on the couch didn't make it a woman's room, either. Isobel was baffled. And then she knew what it was. The impermanent look gave it away. It was a girl's room. The kind of room a very intellectual girl might have at college. A girl who was learning, learning greedily, everything she could while she was waiting, waiting for something else.

Isobel looked at Miss Braddock, who sat waiting for her guest to state her business. "I'm glad you're feeling better," she said. And then, as though Miss Braddock had asked the question aloud, Isobel said, "I don't quite know why I came. I think I had to come because I'm jealous of you, Dr. Braddock. And now I say it, I know I am. I've been jealous of you all these years you have been on the same expeditions as my husband while I stayed home. I'm jealous of all you know"—she waved a hand at the student's room—"because you know the same things he does, and I don't. I'm jealous because you share a whole side

of his life that I can't touch. And now I wish you were going to Peru instead of me. I don't want to go down there and be just a millstone."

"But you have no reason to be jealous," Miss Braddock said. There was something in her pious, superior tone that made Isobel start to say, "Oh, I'm not jealous in that way." But she looked at Miss Braddock first, and she knew it was not the thing to say. Miss Braddock's face was alight. There was a coy girlishness about it, accentuated by the hanging braids. It was clear she saw nothing fantastic in Isobel's being jealous.

"No reason in the world to be jealous," Miss Braddock repeated smugly.

Isobel floundered. "Oh, I'm sure there isn't," she said. She felt herself blush. Miss Braddock blushed, too. Only Miss Braddock seemed glad to blush.

"It's just," Isobel rushed on in consternation, "that I know how it will be in Peru. I can type all right, but I won't be able to make out the technical words in Gordon's handwriting. And then there are the abbreviations."

She couldn't look Miss Braddock in the eye. It was pitiful the way Miss Braddock was enjoying it. Isobel wanted to get out before she laughed or cried.

But Miss Braddock waved her back. "Don't go yet," she said. "It will do you good to talk this out."

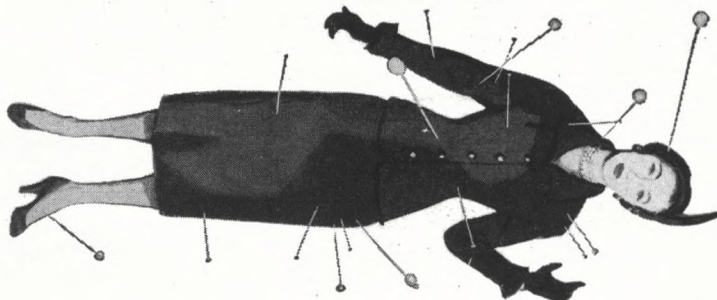
Isobel sank back helplessly in her chair.

"Now," Miss Braddock said, "you and Dr. Tuttle have many interests in common, haven't you? You have the children and, well, the children are the important things, aren't they?"

Miss Braddock paused for assent. Isobel nodded.

"Children," said Miss Braddock, "make marriage a sacred bond that no man dare put asunder."

She paused again, but not for comment. She looked past Isobel at some source of courage for self-sacrifice. Then, with a gesture of magnanimity, she turned back to Isobel and asked



All she had to go on was the feather—and the pins, of course.

gently, "My dear, of what are you afraid?"

Isobel, absorbed in the great renunciation scene, had lost the thread. "Afraid?" she repeated, casting wildly about in her mind. "Oh, yes, of course, I'm afraid of not being able to *spell*—the hard words, I mean."

"I will help you," said Miss Braddock. "I will make a list of words you should know. And I have something here, too..." She rose and went to the cluttered desk. "A few mimeographed sheets on field technique that I made up for students. Quite simple. Yes, here they are."

Isobel stood up to take the stapled pages, and then edged toward the door.

"I won't forget the list," Miss Braddock said. "You must feel free to come see me any time you have a problem."

"Thank you," said Isobel. "You've been wonderful."

"You will come?" Miss Braddock asked anxiously.

"Indeed, I will," Isobel promised.

Miss Braddock looked radiant. She put a hand on Isobel's arm. "I am your friend," Miss Braddock said.

"And I'm *your* friend," Isobel said embarrassedly, and quickly looked away. She looked away and saw the pincushion doll exposed on the desk, where Miss Braddock had moved the papers.

Miss Braddock followed her glance and laughed. "Isn't it silly?" she said. "A combination pincushion and penwiper that my little niece sent me. I thought it a little undignified for the office. But it's quite well-made for a child of eight."

There was the green feather in the hat. But the hat was maroon in color, as was the dress—it wasn't a suit at all. What Isobel had remembered as pearl beads was a tiny collar of white lace. Really, all she had had to go on was the feather—and the pins, of course. Evidently that had been all it took.

Isobel was reading in bed when Gordon came home.

"We'll never get off at this rate," Gordon said. "I couldn't accomplish a thing for worrying about the disorganized state you were in."

"I'm sorry," said Isobel.

"I trust you were in time tonight to give artificial respiration," said Gordon.

"She was breathing freely by the time I left. But really, Gordon, we had a lovely talk. She's sweet. Sympathetic magic is a wonderful phrase, isn't it?"

"Now, Isobel, you didn't—with Miss Braddock, of all people—you didn't—"

"No, I did *not* make a fool of myself," said Isobel. "As a matter of fact, she did most of the talking. I was never more sensible and organized."

"That's good," said Gordon. "Could Miss Braddock worm down a little soup?"

"Soup?" said Isobel. "Oh, *that*. I left it just outside her door. She'll find it in the morning."

THE END

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THE BYSTANDER

BY OLIVER LA FARGE

PHOTOS BY EDGAR DE EVIA

He walked along the sidewalk that followed the north side of Moraine Park, feeling hunger made agreeable by the anticipation of a good meal, the thin but pleasant warmth of the sun, and the other warmth of his pay, the check cashed, the goodly wad of bills in the envelope in his breast pocket. Life looked better than it had in months. Even Moraine Park seemed to have picked up.

The park was a half block of open space salvaged from the solid crowding of an area of small housing and small shops. There were a few trees, a moth-eaten hedge around the whole, and inside the hedge a scattering of benches. The walks inside had been graveled, but the gravel had been pretty well absorbed by the yellow-brown, clayey earth. It was a poor place, no more than tolerable when the trees were in leaf, which now they were not. The sidewalk on the north side had never been paved, although paving was eternally being promised. From time to time, it had received reinforcements of gravel and of cinders; it was more black than yellow, crunchy underfoot in places, in places yielding. The last few warm days had taken the frost out of the ground; the sidewalk was damp under the worn soles of his shoes. It was a ratty neighborhood, and he and Babe were sick of it. A few more weeks of steady work, and they'd move back to the kind of section they belonged in.

A policeman was walking toward him from the west end of the park, a dark, almost black, angular accent in the wintry light. He strolled with a slight roll to his walk. A car slowly passed his figure, headed in the same direction, toward Jenkins. It was a dark-green Buick, moving close to the curb at hard-

ly ten miles an hour. It moved so slowly that it caught Jenkins' attention away from plans for the future enough for him to note that a few years ago it would have been a rich man's pride; now it looked passé with its narrow windshield. The car almost stopped at a point somewhat nearer him than the policeman, then picked up speed, passing him. He noticed vaguely a sallow-faced man in the right-hand side of the front seat, who looked him over with an expression of hostility, as if the man could read his mind and knew that he, Jenkins, had a good job again and one that promised to last, and as if this were an injury to the sallow man.

Jenkins stubbed his toe sharply and nearly fell. He stopped and looked down to see what had tripped him. A brick was embedded in the ground, one end projecting enough to catch a toe at the moment it was rising from the earth. Perhaps two feet from the brick, toward the hedge on the inside, a glint of light caught his eye. If the brick did not belong where it was, the presence of the other object was genuinely peculiar. He took a hesitant step, sideways, toward it.

Whatever he was thinking was cut off short by the policeman's voice: "What's the matter with you? You drunk?" For a moment, he goggled. He did not remember having seen this man before. The policeman was dark, his eyes were deeper, his upper lip and chin long. He looked young, stupid, and pugnacious.

Recovering from the start he had been given, Jenkins said, "Lord, no. I tripped on that brick. It's dangerous." He thought he ought to tell the policeman about the other object, but hostility prevented.

The policeman looked at the brick and kicked it tentatively. "Yeah. Well—"

There was an uproar by the north-east corner of the park. A car honked, then braked into a screaming skid, someone shouted, and as they both turned, a man staggered away from in front of the car, threw his arms up in the air, dropped to his knees, and slowly fell forward. The policeman went toward the accident on the run; Jenkins stood watching. The car waited until the policeman was close at hand, then drove off despite his whistling. When he turned to the victim, he rose suddenly, swore at the officer, and began to run. The policeman gave chase. Jenkins stared after them, amazed by the whole business yet somehow pleased by it. When they were out of sight, he remembered, and looked again at the sidewalk near his feet.

Jenkins knew he had seen aright. A clip—for a .45 automatic. Flattened in the middle by some pressure and sunk level with the surface of the walk. The clip lay in fairly dry cinders, but behind it the yellow clay showed through, and there he saw the marks of a tire, ending just before the hedge, the track overlapping itself as if a car had been backed there and turned. There are the darndest things on this sidewalk, he thought. He began to frame how he would tell Babe about it. "That sidewalk was full of the darndest things—" The tracks were of a self-sealing tire. He knew that because during his convalescence and the workless period thereafter they had bolstered each other with a detailed planning for the future, although sometimes its assertions became entirely empty and the pretense turned painful. They had a sequence, which in the past week had become vivid—first, the move back to a decent neighborhood, then a car again, and



"Good rackets are only good as long as nobody takes chances."

then, when savings had mounted, the beginning of a family. The last item had led to the idea of punctureproof tires, and with the diligence of an active man trapped in idleness, he had investigated the matter. These tracks had been made by the brand of tires they had decided to buy.

He stooped to pick up the clip. He really ought to leave it there and wait for the cop's return, he knew, but he was still angry at the man. He would take it to the precinct station, perhaps, after he had shown it to Babe and discussed it with her. They might not give a damn about it, but it might be one in the eye for that dumb patrolman.

He had been facing east, then had turned toward the south. He did not see or hear the green Buick come around the block again and coast to a stop behind him. The first he knew that anyone was present was when each of his wrists was taken by a hand and a voice said, "Hold it, Jack."

He started back, at first more angry than frightened. The men on either side of him were neatly dressed, their hats

sporty, their scarves vaguely suggestive of evening wear or of the theatrical district. The man on his left was shorter than he, plump and pink-faced; the one on his right was tall and blond. The tall man, whose left hand had slid up lightly but firmly to Jenkins' right elbow, showed him a pistol in his right hand, as one might show an identification card. It was smaller than a forty-five, but plenty large enough. He spoke again, not unpleasantly: "Take it easy, Jack."

The policeman had given him a start, but these men induced a far colder and more durable fright. The plump man said, "You're comin' with us. A man wants to see you." Jenkins stood rigid, and caught himself almost babbling. Then he said, "But I don't know you. You don't want me. I'm nobody."

The plump man, his grip steady on Jenkins' arm, said, "That ain't up to us." The tall man poked the pistol suggestively against his ribs. The thought of resistance flickered barely an instant in his mind. He let them turn him about, and then for the first time saw that the Buick

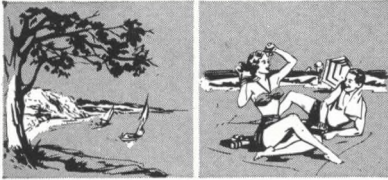
had returned, with the malevolent, sallow man still in the front seat and the rear door left open. As they moved toward it, another car, a new black Ford, came to a stop behind the Buick.

The plump man let go of his arm and walked toward the Ford. The tall one motioned with his gun. Jenkins got into the back seat of the green car. The tall man got in after him, closed the door, and settled himself, his right hand in his lap, the pistol pointing toward Jenkins. The sallow man, half-turned in the front seat, looked at them both with equal ill will. His eyelids flickered constantly. The driver, a large man, glanced briefly at Jenkins and then sat looking ahead.

This was the kind of thing that cannot be. The mere violence of interruption in the foreseen, certain, usual sequence of a day, even of a life, left one in a state of shock and incredulity. Jenkins said, "You don't want me. I—I just don't—well, I was just walking by. I'm not mixed up in anything." He had thought of saying, "I'm harmless," but could not quite bring himself to it.

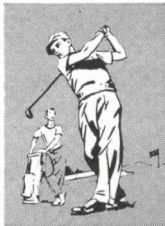
The tall man said neutrally, "That's

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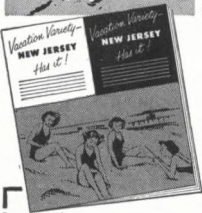
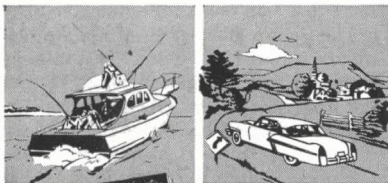


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THE BYSTANDER (continued)



The steely grip told him his real, immediate danger.

all right, Jack. The boss is a gentleman. If you're all right, you don't have a thing to worry about."

Two men, presumably from the Ford, walked to where the clip was lying. The plump man—Pinkie—opened the outer rear door and got in.

"We're takin' this citizen to see the boss," he said, aiming his voice toward the driver. Then, to the tall man, "He'd better get down."

The tall man said, "Yeah. Down you go, Jack."

Jenkins did not understand. He stared. The tall man, holding up the gun steadily in his right hand, gestured with his left. "Down, see? On the floor. You got lots of room."

The driver had turned his head. All of them were watching him. There was nothing to do but get down on the floor. The tall man pressed his shoulders with his left hand, until he was reclining, his knees slightly drawn up, his shoulders resting against the door. The position was tolerable but not comfortable. As he assumed it, the sallow man snickered and said, "Down, Fido."

The car went into motion. The tall man said, "Geeze, Larry, after the way you loused things up—"

Pinkie said, with authority, "All right, boys."

There was a radio box attached to the middle of the back of the front seat. Pinkie unhooked the microphone and spoke into it in a low voice, too low to be heard over the slight whine of the car's accelerating engine. The box answered harshly, "Come in, T-six-three."

Pinkie said, "Buddy is picking up the package and will deliver it, all okay. We have a passenger for Pleasant."

The box answered, "Okay," and Pinkie hung up.

Jenkins knew that according to all the books he should keep track of the turns and time the ride, so that he would know where they took him, and this would be the first in a series of means by which he would make his escape at length. Only he did not see how the first part could be done, and fiction notwithstanding, he had no real anticipation of being able to escape. Through the opposite side window, he could see the tops of buildings. They furnished him no landmark; they were just more of the monotonous city.

He looked at the men on the back seat. They did not correspond to the types in which they were supposed to be cast; they did not look like men of

his world, but still they were ordinary enough, except that in their faces was something intangible, a quality that impressed him as a sort of blankness. Its impact on the observer was that these men were not to be fooled with, that deadliness lay ready to their hands as a tool to be used when indicated. Only the man Larry at all met expectation; hop-head, he thought, the traditional killer, sent on some mission and responsible for the error of the dropped, empty clip.

The situation was so unreal, so impossible, that active fear had subsided, although it remained as an undertone to his surface feelings. This was a mistake, a thing to be straightened out, surely—and it was in the reservation underlying the concept “surely” that the continuing vibration of fear became audible; it was a puzzle to be understood and so mastered. If a man had had combat experience, it would be a reflex with him to eject and replace an empty clip, and this Larry, poor weed that he seemed now, might well have had that experience. But the emptying of a clip did not fit what he understood about gangsters, who killed quickly, at close range, and as quietly as possible. Then a car had been backed over the clip—to pick up a body, perhaps? Or a chance, a coincidence? *That sidewalk was full of the darndest things*; the light remark passed wryly through his thoughts. Then the sidewalk should also have been full of shells. If he had turned toward the curb instead of toward the hedge, he might have seen them, and a litter of brass shells might have made some impression on that stupid cop’s mind, if he had called the cop’s attention to them. His thoughts were escaping among ifs; he pulled them back. He was in trouble now on account of the clip, that much was for sure—unless possibly the clip was the coincidence, just another useless object thrown away; there might have been something else, ransom money, loot, in the hedge. In that case, he could certainly clear himself. He encouraged the thought. It didn’t have much vitality.

The car turned again, slowed, passed through deep shadow and then into artificial light, and stopped. The driver shut off the engine. All four doors were opened almost at once. Pinkie got out. The tall man said, “This is the end of the line, Jack.”

It occurred to him that at this point he ought to seize an opportunity to break for freedom, but he had no intention of any such folly. Stiffly and awkwardly he got himself up and out the door by which Pinkie was standing. He was in a basement garage. Four cars of various makes were parked there, and there was room for several more. Pinkie turned, the tall man prodded him with the gun, and he followed Pinkie. The other two trailed behind the three of them. Pinkie led the way to a metal

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THE BYSTANDER (continued)

door, unlocked it, and they followed him inside.

They entered one end of a longish, bare corridor such as one might find in the service section of any apartment house. Directly facing them were the wide double doors of a self-service elevator.

Pinkie said, "Okay for now, you two. Stick around."

The big driver and the fallow man turned down the corridor. They walked to the door at the far end, their steps creating a faint, echoing ring, and disappeared through the door. As the door closed behind them with a single, sharp, defined sound, fear squeezed his heart.

There was a telephone on a narrow shelf beside the door through which they had entered. Pinkie took it up. After a moment he said, "This is Pinkie. I got this citizen we think the boss ought to see." After a pause, he said, "Yeah, that's right," and then, "I dunno, we ain't been talkin'." After another pause, he said, "Just me and Swede; I told the others to stick around." Finally he ended it with "Okay," and hung up.

As he turned away from the phone, he nodded to the tall man, who, obviously, was Swede. He said to Jenkins, "The boss is free; he'll see you pretty quick." He pushed the elevator button.

The elevator had buttons for only four floors above the basement, so this was not, then, an apartment house, but a single residence, equipped with the significant, outsized garage. He wondered with what else it might be equipped.

They stepped out of the elevator into one of those small squarish entrance halls one finds in the swankest apartment houses, where the machine serves a single tenant on each floor. This one possessed, among other things, a carpet, a large blue-and-white porcelain vase in one corner, and, against the right-hand wall, a good modern copy of an old settee with an excellent, full-sized, framed print of *L'Arlésienne* over it. The only thing wrong was that in the door of blond wood facing them there was a peephole, like a single eye charged with hostility, secrecy, and fear. Pinkie stepped up to the eye and stared into it. The door opened and he went in; then it closed behind him.

Swede dropped his hat and coat on the settee, and jerked his head for Jenkins to do the same. Then he said, "Take it easy. The boss just wants to get the picture from him first."

Jenkins noticed that that was the first time that the man had spoken to him without calling him "Jack," and read in that a good sign. Then he realized that the gun had not been in evidence for some time, and thinking back, de-

ecided that Swede must have pocketed it when they entered the elevator. He no longer needed it, of course, and the implications of that renewed his fear and hopelessness.

The door opened, and a young man standing there jerked his head backward and said, "Okay. Bring him in."

Now, Jenkins knew, it would be settled, one way or the other. If he was to get out of this, he would have to be on his toes. He felt alert, watchful, almost stimulated, anxious to get on with it, and had no idea that his fingers were in constant, nervous motion against the stuff of his trousers.

The room was large, light, quietly modern. There was a large, plain, modern desk by the farthest window. More fine prints, widely spaced on the gray walls, provided accents of color. Besides himself, Swede, and Pinkie, there were three men in the room. One was the young man who had opened the door, and the second was so like him that he knew they must be brothers. Their skins were pink and healthy, their eyes gray, and there was a suggestion of smooth muscles under their clothing, cut sharper and more in the gangster tradition than that of the others. The youth and freshness of these two men combined with their appearance of deadliness and of susceptibility to command made them seem chill and inhuman. They watched him without interest or curiosity.

The third man, who had been standing by the desk talking to Pinkie, came toward him. This, unquestionably, was the boss. He was of medium height, slender, delicately made, and not young. His hair was dark, and the corners of his eyes and mouth showed middle-aged wrinkles. The eyes themselves, hazel, were large; his features were well-cut and regular. He was dressed soberly in an excellent brown suit with a quiet shirt and tie. He seemed a man of some breeding and taste who lived well without overindulgence; meeting him under ordinary circumstances, one would find him charming. Jenkins was aware of this quality, but he was primarily concerned with measuring him, trying to see if he could be read. This was the possible liberator, the judge, the antagonist.

The boss looked him over benignly; then he said, "Hold your hands out to the sides, please—that's enough. All right, boys."

The two brothers searched him. His small belongings were taken out and laid on a low table near one of the windows for anyone to see—his billfold, the envelope of money, the clean handkerchief from his breast pocket and the rather dirty one he carried in his hip pocket,

his pen and pencil, small change, door key, a stray, broken cigarette, and nail clippers.

The boss said, "Sit down, please," and gestured toward three comfortable chairs arranged in a quarter circle facing the central window. The brothers moved in on either side of him; evidently they had him in charge now, and the others, to whom he was accustomed and whom he had come to think of as human and approachable, were simply onlookers.

He had been trying to observe everything. If sudden need should have arisen, he could probably have moved unhesitatingly to the flush, frameless door at the far end of the room, or to the handsome whisky decanter on the tray to one side of the fireplace, or to any of the lamps, but if he had been taken out of the room and asked to describe its contents from organized memory he would have done poorly. His mind was whirring rapidly within a kind of daze.

For a moment he held the book-derived thought that just across the way were dozens of people leading secure, sheltered lives, having no idea of what was going on so close to them, and tried to feel the irony of it. It was a second-hand thought, and it failed to move him. The boss was carefully going over his things; that interested him much more, and strengthened the courage of his resentment. He strongly disliked seeing those well-kept, neat hands extracting the contents of his billfold one by one.

The boss straightened, walked to the center window, and made himself comfortable, resting his weight on the window ledge, half sitting, half standing. He studied Jenkins again, and Jenkins stiffened, waiting.

"I am sorry to trouble you so, Mr. Jenkins," the boss said, "but we think you may be mixed up in some way in a matter we are interested in." His speech was idiomatic, correctly pronounced, and faintly not native. "Perhaps you can tell us something we need to know. If you please, why did you want to pick up that clip, and how did you know it was there?"

"I stubbed my toe on a brick that was sticking out of the walk, and that made me look down, so I saw the clip. That's all."

"But you wanted it?"

"It was a funny thing to see in a place like that. I was curious, I guess. I thought maybe I'd show it to my wife."

"You were having a consultation with a cop, before his attention was distracted."

Jenkins flushed slightly. He had come to hate that policeman, as if he, by being the kind of man he was, had brought about his predicament. "That cop was coming toward me when I tripped. I've never seen him around before; I think maybe he's new and wanted

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THE BYSTANDER (continued)

to make an arrest for his record—you know how they are.”

The boss nodded, then glanced inquiringly past the brother on Jenkins' right.

Swede's voice said, "His name's Schumann. He's new."

"Anyway," Jenkins went on. "I tripped, and I stopped to look at what threw me, and then I saw the clip, and I was wondering about that, and the next thing I knew the cop was asking me if I was drunk. He's dumb. He was hoping I was. So I showed him the brick and he poked it with his toe, and then all hell broke loose down the street and the cop run off to see about it. It was funny—" He paused, receiving a new thought. "Maybe you know something about that."

The boss allowed himself a faint smile, then became grave again. "You did not tell the cop about the clip?"

"No."

"Why not? You would think that—"

"I didn't like him."

The boss nodded.

It was then that Jenkins fully realized the quality of the man he confronted. His last remark had come out of him unguarded and sincere, and between his speaking and the nod the boss had looked into him, his eyes becoming completely apparent as though, like a great bird, he had kept them filmed until then and had only for that brief moment unveiled them.

Jenkins had a sense of his thoughts having been instantaneously searched, and of a flash of intimate, oddly warm mutual communication. The boss nodded, and the piercing quality was withdrawn from his gaze; although he did not alter his posture in any degree, he seemed to have relaxed. Jenkins felt his own tension let down and a relief well up in him so great that he dared not indulge it. He reminded himself that he was not yet out on the street and free.

Jenkins saw in him the servile, beautiful killer.



The boss said, "A cigarette, please."

The brother on Jenkins' left got up and crossed to a table in one smooth motion, picked up a glass-and-silver box, and passed it deferentially to the boss. Jenkins saw in him the tame beast of prey, the servile, beautiful killer.

The boss took a cigarette, then said, "Will you smoke?"

Jenkins extended a hand, the box was held within his reach, then a table lighter was flicked and brought to each man in turn. The acts of service were correct, the motions in between swift; seconds after Jenkins had his light, the brother was lounging again in the chair on his left. His guard remained on duty.

The boss said. "What is your business, please?"

"I'm an engineering draftsman."

"That is your pay in that envelope?"

"After taxes and the rest, and I paid out a couple of dollars."

The faded eyes studied his clothing, and Jenkins knew that he was reading the indices there—the good quality suffering from too-long wear, the frayed place on his shirt collar—comparing these with his pay.

"You have been out of work?"

"Yes. Until Monday."

"Who are you working for?"

"McClellan and Braun."

"Ah, yes." The boss regarded the tip of his cigarette for a moment. "You knew what you were looking at as soon as you saw the clip?"

"Yes. I was in the war; I saw plenty of them. Anyone could tell what it was, even squashed like that."

There was an intensification of the boss's interest. "Tell me just how it was lying, how it appeared."

"Well, it was squashed down into the cinders and sort of flattened, where the car had run over it."

"The car?"

"I mean, you could see it had been run over." Danger, there was more danger; he had talked too much.

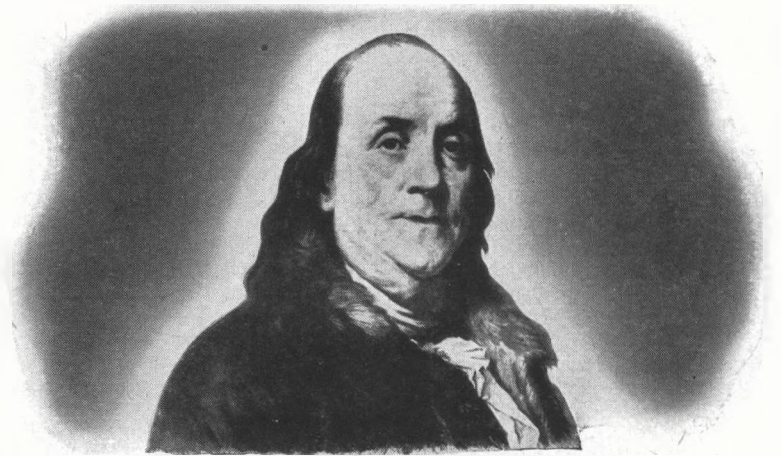
The boss turned toward where Pinkie was standing. "Buddy must be back by now. Get him on the line, please."

Pinkie picked up a telephone on the desk and spoke into it. Jenkins did not know just what there was new to fear, but he was ready to fear anything that did not lead straight to his liberation. He should not have admitted to anything more than the undeniable fact of having noticed the clip itself. You have to play it dumb, he thought. You have to stay dumb until you're clean out of here, and after that, stay dumb for the rest of your life if you want any life.

Pinkie said. "He's on the line." He carried the phone, on a yards-long extension cord, to the boss and held the stand while the boss took the hand part.

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THE BYSTANDER (continued)

against the window reposedly, listening. Then he said, "He did?" waited, and asked, "You wiped them out?" He waited long enough for a single word in answer, then asked, "Did you notice a brick?" Finally, when he had the answer to that, he said, "I'll want to talk to Larry shortly; see that he stays in. Thank you, that's all."

Jenkins saw that Pinkie was filled with curiosity. It was the way he had figured it in the car—Larry, the sallow hophead, the one who had loused things up, had not only ejected the clip and left it behind, but he had, insanely, backed his car onto the soft ground. Larry was in trouble. He did not see where this could involve him, but he had so unexpectedly, casually, and terrifyingly been so involved in so much already that now he was all tension again, his mind examining, searching, for the new trap. Now the hazel eyes came back to Jenkins. Even more clearly the voice inside himself cried danger, the constriction returned to his vitals, and he tried not to let his raised guard show in his eyes.

"Your brick is confirmed," the boss said. "Now, tell me exactly what you saw, please, everything. You are being helpful." The words intended a soothing deception, and this shocked Jenkins, and he found new cause for alarm in finding deceit in this man whom strangely he was beginning to like and admire.

He frowned, enacting an effort of memory. "There was this brick, and maybe a couple of feet from it the clip, and the clip was squashed, the way I said. You could see it had been run over."

"You saw the mark of the tire, then?"

"Well—not exactly. You see, the ground right there was cinders. All you could see was a sort of pressed-down place—concave—that a tire would make, but a man couldn't have made it by stepping. I didn't have time to look around much. First the cop jumped me and then your—your men took hold of me."

For a long pause, during which Jenkins did not seem able to think at all but only waited, and waiting stretched all his fibres, the boss was silent, considering him.

"I think," he said at last, "that you are an innocent bystander. I do not like to hurt innocent bystanders. You are capable of forgetting?"

"I certainly am." He did not need to force his sincerity.

"Your wife will want to know what kept you."

"Yes." Was this, also, danger? Could the existence of Babe be a threat to him?

"You are her husband. You can think up a story?"

He forced his mind to concentrate.

"Sure. I can say that Marronetti—he's the head draftsman—asked me to have a drink with him and talk about the job we're on. It would be like him, and I'd go along, because he's the guy who gives raises—and fires people. Only—"

"Yes?"

"Only. I'd call her up from the bar."

Directing his words toward the entrance end of the room, the boss said, "What time did you pick him up?"

Swede answered, "Twelve-sixteen, exact."

The boss glanced at his wrist watch. "It is now eight minutes to one. You might have delayed calling that long?"

"Yes. I could have." Relief could no longer be held back. A wonderful limpness overcame him, and over his whole body appeared a light sweat, so that he wiped his hands secretly on his trousers and started to reach for his handkerchief, then remembered that his handkerchief had not been returned. It was just as well; he hoped that the moisture on his face did not show, that he did not thus betray to these men, his enemies, the greatness of the fear in which they had kept him.

The boss said, "Outside telephone, please." While Pinkie was bringing it, he went on, "If you stopped for a drink, you must have had a drink. Scotch?"

"Please."

"Water—soda—how?"

"On the rocks, I think." Mad, the whole business, this proffered drink and banal question and answer no less mad than every other part.

The telephone came to him. He took it from Pinkie and balanced it on his knee. He dialed, wishing he could be rid of the attentive eyes and ears that made an ordinary voice and manner of speech sheer dramatic virtuosity. Babe's voice came over the line, and now the juxtaposition that had failed to move him in regard to the neighboring apartment house full of people was so poignant that he had to stop and cough. He told his simple, easy lie, listened, agreed that it might be a good sign, spoke an endearment, and hung up. The brother who had been sitting on his right handed him Scotch on the rocks, generously poured. He took it gladly.

The boss said to the same man, "Bring Mr. Jenkins his belongings," then, to Jenkins, "You must have some compensation for your inconvenience. Would you have difficulty explaining a hundred dollars? Do you gamble?"

His first impulse was to reject the offer, then it occurred to him that a man such as this would feel easier if he accepted money. "I sit in on a game, sometimes. Nothing very big. Some of the boys in the office go in for that. It would work."

"Good. Pinkie, a hundred please, mixed, in small bills, tens or less, and not too new."

Pinkie walked toward the back of the room, out of sight. The brother was gathering up the things on the low table. Jenkins' thoughts leaped to the shabby apartment and Babe, and as he raised his glass, some inner, silent mechanism of his brain dredged up and handed to the forepart an item for which it had been searching perhaps ever since he first saw the clip, perhaps only during the last second. Babe had read aloud an item from the paper—last night? He did not remember. An unidentified man found dead, shot seven times by a forty-five pistol, and the conclusion of the police that this was an amateur killing of hate or passion, not gang work, because of the manner of it. The body had been found on the north side, far from Moraine Park. It all came together and he realized, as his glass reached his lips, the import and power and danger of his knowledge. The act of starting to drink was automatic, and with it the raising of his eyes, unguarded, with knowing and alarm.

The boss's eyes unveiled their full brilliance again, and for a second time the two looked at each other with the intimacy that was almost a union. It was too late to pretend; they both knew beyond disguising. At that moment, Pinkie handed the boss a wad of bills. Jenkins lowered the glass until his hand was supported by his knee.

The boss stood up. "I am sorry." Regret was sincere in his voice. "Boys, take care of him, please."

One brother rose from his chair; the other emptied his hands and came over from the table. Each put one hand under his armpit, one over his arm at the elbow, and he rose without effort of his own, the glass falling and spilling on the carpet. He made his mouth come shut, then he opened it to say, "But I'm going to forget—I'm not going to talk—I haven't done anything—"

"I am sorry," the boss said again. "I think you have held some information back, and even if you have not, you have figured out too much. Good rackets are only good as long as nobody takes chances. It is too bad." He gestured decisively with one hand.

The brothers turned him about and walked him toward the far end of the room. He did not say anything more, he did not try to break away, although he would do that, compulsively and futilely, in the garage. He moved his legs in a nightmare, staring at nothing, unsure if he were he, as Swede moved ahead of them to open the door and Pinkie returned the money to its keeping place.

THE END



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In a lavish hotel suite, they would be laughing and drinking champagne.

BY ANN CHIDESTER

Mr. Ed Melville was a difficult man to know. No one, I think, understood exactly why until that time he left home. It was a big event in Bundy, Iowa—mysterious, full of implications of adventure, romance, boldness, and humor, though I always felt it revealed the sum total of the man's desire to be loved. People did not seem to realize that he had been building up to it for years. A man like that did not leave his wife and two daughters casually. There was a lot of talk and speculation.

At the time, Edwina Melville and I were in school together. Her family lived two blocks from us in a brownstone house on a small, elegant little square. The house had an intriguing heating system that went off regularly when there were

guests, usually on the fourth day. People said Mr. Melville did it on purpose. They said the man was plain mean, though I never saw any signs of that. He was a strange man, though. My mother, who had known him when he was much younger, used to say, "Ed's become eccentric. He hides behind it, and maybe he's got his reasons. But no one was sweeter or more generous than Ed Melville when he was a young man."

"I used to be scared of him," I admitted, thinking of the time he kept bellying down the length of the dinner table that he *was* descended directly from Herman Melville, who wrote *Moby Dick*. Mrs. Melville did not argue in words, but she sniffed to suggest it was a lot of precious nonsense. I sensed that

there was something more than his relationship to the famous writer that he was trying to prove.

"Why aren't you scared of him now, Polly?" my father asked.

"I don't know. I just like him."

In those days, I used to go to the Melvilles' a lot. It was the kind of house a girl in her early teens delights in—very fussy, with flowered drapes and a lot of deep velvet cushions, a woman's house, emanating perfume and full of light laughter and talk. Edwina's older sister, Maxine, was going to be married that June, and it was the April before the wedding that Mr. Melville left home. He certainly picked his time. Everything in the house was at the peak of excitement. You could enter the front door and be



The whispers became thunderous, and I wondered how I could have liked him.

A Desire for Love (continued)

assaulted by an air of mystery, intrigue, and business hot as a stove fire. There was no place in the house not marked for the ladies. Here, on all the tables, chairs, and sofas were Maxine's treasures—sets of china, sterling, vases, linens, towels, and recipe cabinets. Once Mr. Melville brushed against the table and skidded on an oyster fork that fell to the floor. I came in the door just in time to see him wind up like a baseball pitcher and hurl the fork with such force it broke the front bay window.

"Excuse me, Polly," he said, polite as ever but his face flushed and his eyes watery as though with tears of anger. "I just threw an oyster fork. My favorite sport." And with this he calmly left the

house, settling his brown fedora. Behind him, he left a long moment of silence while all the women—Mrs. Melville, Maxine, Edwina, the seamstress who was fitting Maxine's gray traveling suit, and myself—stared at each other, surprised and confused, though I felt like giggling, too.

"Imagine!" Mrs. Melville said at last.

She was a beautiful woman. My mother used to tell me that her romance with Ed Melville was quite a legend. She was the only child of a very rich manufacturer, and she had met Mr. Melville at a fashionable dance and married him three weeks later. "Ed wasn't always—eccentric," Mother said. But Mrs. Mel-

ville's women friends, who shook their heads in pity for her situation, said he was tight, mean, a little mad, and the last man on earth any sane woman would live with. Mother, however, said "eccentric," instead.

Mrs. Melville did not care how much money she spent preparing for Maxine's wedding, and nothing was really good enough. "It's going to be an absolute three-ring circus," Edwina told me. "I, for one, consider the whole thing impossible—a barbaric rite."

The living-room floor and the upstairs bedrooms were strewn with samples of materials, fashion magazines, and tissue-paper patterns. I suppose a great part of Mr. Melville's frustration must have been

She was a spoiled, rich girl. Even in marriage

she surrendered no more than she had to

that he could not move freely through the house, though, actually, it was Mrs. Melville's house, not his. She'd inherited it from *her* mother's people. "Every last stick of furniture and piece of silver, everything down to the brass knobs on the doors was given to Mrs. Melville as a wedding present," my mother said. I guess Mrs. Melville, without realizing it, assumed she could do as she pleased in her own house. She may not have known she treated him like a paying guest who would leave if he disliked the place.

I never understood those two people when I was a girl. Apart, they were delightful. He had the appearance of power and a boyishness that showed when you least expected it. He had bushy brown hair and merry blue eyes, and he took off from the house in the morning as though catapulted from a cannon. People said he couldn't wait to get away from his womenfolk. As for her, she was really a charming woman, and she dressed beautifully and was tall, graceful, with dark-brown, curly hair, and she was a wonderfully gracious hostess. Indeed, it required skill and talent to ignore some of the things Mr. Melville did when there were guests staying in the house. Once he put up an air mattress in the living room and slept there because, he said, the house was so crowded no one had left him a decent place to sleep. He used to clear his throat a lot and sigh loudly when the ladies were listening to the Sunday symphony. And once, when there were some especially grand visitors, Mrs. Melville's school friends from the East, he kept whacking the breakfast table, demanding strawberries, though they were out of season.

He entertained his own friends in his own way, mostly poker parties, but once a year he gave a couples' dance at the Elks Club, and everyone looked forward to it. It was completely his own, and Mrs. Melville had nothing to do with it. He had wild goose or pheasant and an orchestra of bad-tempered Polish musicians from the city. They always played "The Blue Danube" first, and he and Mrs. Melville danced that to open the affair, and my father used to say Ed Melville gave the whole shebang just for the few minutes he and Mrs. Melville danced together for everyone to see. It was always

sure to be the best party of the year.

"He does it to show off," Mrs. Melville said to my mother the one time she came right out and spoke her mind about her husband. She thought it a foolish waste of money and a little gaudy to have all that wine and food and music. By this time, even to my loyal eye, he was fast becoming more and more eccentric. He had taken up various hobbies over a period of years—first stamps, and then paperweights, and later shells, butterflies, and old pieces of arms. It seemed like an effort to fill as much of the house as possible with his things.

Once, when my parents went to Chicago, I stayed three days with the Melvilles. Edwina used to complain about how embarrassing it was for her and Maxine to have friends visit them, especially boys, because her father would look each one up and down and say, "Better be on your way, son, because they mean to trap you." Once, just after Maxine's engagement had been announced—they had not bothered to ask his consent as they were afraid of what he might say—he encountered the young man on the main street corner in town. He stopped him and said in a booming voice, "Nobody asked me, but I want to tell you right now, my money will be left to a pet hospital for rickety monkeys when I die!"

Maxine wept about this for days. She told him he was an inhuman father and had never cared what happened to his girls and did not approve of anything they did unless he'd planned it himself.

"Well, I like him," I told Edwina.

She bit her lip. "Papa's not a very happy man, I guess," she said shrewdly.

He did nothing to embarrass us when I was there, as far as I could see. Mrs. Melville, Maxine, and Edwina talked all through breakfast, and he kept pushing his plate setting around to rearrange the silver and glasses, as though he could not tolerate the way it was laid. He fussed and muttered that no wonder women were so difficult. "They're ornery because they don't start the day right with a good breakfast. Maxine! Eat your eggs." With this, he heaped my plate with ham and cinnamon toast and bacon and eggs.

"Edward," Mrs. Melville said protest-

ingly. "Polly may not want all of that!"

"I like a hearty breakfast," I said, though it was not true.

"There's a girl after my heart!" he said, but no one was listening to him. They were involved in the wedding again. I wondered why they could not see that he wanted to be included in their plans and conversations. They, however, had grown so afraid of what he might say, they more or less ignored him. It was my first glimpse into the character of the man—sensitive, so full of devotion and love he could not bear it, and yet manly, too, and unwilling to yield to the yoke of these three adorable women.

At one point, Mrs. Melville interrupted her talk to say, "We had a letter from Molly Mercer. Her Fred died two weeks ago, you know."

"Well, *she* doesn't need to worry. He worked hard, poor fool, to leave her well off. That's what women want—men to work hard for them and then leave them well off."

He saw my startled expression. "Never mind, Polly, I don't mean it," he said and winked so slightly it was hard to be certain he had winked at all.

It was that very night he did not come home from the office. We waited supper until nine, and then we sat down and ate in silence. Mrs. Melville checked on his clothes and traveling bags and found nothing missing, though at first she had supposed he had gone on business to San Francisco. When it was ten o'clock, she called his secretary, who said he had left the office the same as usual. Mrs. Melville requested her to say nothing about this. "Now, we won't worry, girls, as you know your father can take care of himself. This is probably nothing to be alarmed over, no more than another of his more difficult moods."

"But he never stayed out at night without telling us where he would be," Edwina said.

Maxine was so caught up in her wedding plans, she hardly noticed, but Edwina was frightened. So was I, because I'd been convinced that morning at breakfast he was about at the end of his patience.

"There's another woman, Mother," Edwina said darkly.

"Edwina Melville!" her mother gasped.

A Desire for Love (continued)

and sank into a chair, her hand over her heart and her face burning red.

"Mother, you might as well face it bravely. I don't think Papa likes it here with us. So, there probably *is* another woman—like Mr. Havisher and that red-haired lady—"

"I don't know how you can talk like this," Mrs. Melville said. I had never seen her flustered. She blew her nose violently and looked at her wedding ring several times, and her hands trembled. I'd overheard my father once telling my mother that the only reason Mr. Melville made so much money was to prove to Mrs. Melville that he could have more than she had. He had to prove it, and after that, he could not think of anything else to make her see him as a great

calling various people, her voice very casual and bland as though it was ridiculous that her husband of twenty years should leave her. Of course, she did not want the women in town to know what had happened, but they knew very well, no matter how casual her voice.

"What if something should happen?" Edwina whispered in the darkness. "What if he got run over? Or if I got sick with typhoid fever and died and never saw him again?" The thought was so horrible, I was angry with Mr. Melville for the first time, causing us all this terror when he could so easily have called home before taking off on his little journey.

By the time my parents returned, two days later, everyone knew about Mr. Melville's disappearance. His picture was in

we wanted from him. Mother thought he would have left a note for her. She's very romantic. I guess—at least, all of a sudden she seems so."

One evening in June, when Mr. Melville had been gone almost two months, Mrs. Melville came to see my father. We were still at the table. It was raining very hard, and she had apparently been walking in the rain for some time. You could not tell which was rain and which was tears on her lashes. Mother got her some hot coffee, and she sat at the table and looked at all our faces. "Oh, dear," she said, "when I think I may never, never see him at our table again—!" My mother, usually the most sympathetic of women, offered no word of comfort. Neither did my father. I had the distinct feeling that they knew something about Mr. Melville's destination. All I could imagine was that there must be another woman, as Edwina had suggested, and my parents could not bring themselves to tell Mrs. Melville. I imagined this woman and Mr. Melville to be holed up in some lavish hotel suite drinking red champagne and eating pheasant. It was a comical picture, and it made me so nervous that I felt about to burst into tears momentarily.

"Bob," Mrs. Melville said to my father. "I want you to help me. You and Sophie always liked Edward. I want to do something very, very common and silly. I want you to put an ad in all the papers for me, one of those tragic little ads I used to laugh at."

"Certainly, Diana," my father said, and got a pencil and wrote what she told him.

"Write, Dearest Edward, I need you. All three of us need you, and sign it, Diana, Maxine, and Edwina."

"You sure you want it signed that way? So everyone knows who you are?"

She nodded, wordless. She had realized, at last, how much he meant to her, and for the first time, she forgot to be proud. She did not feel so independent now. She said she most particularly wanted the ad in the *New York Times*, which he read regularly and faithfully. "I have them at home for him, all in order," she said. She looked at my mother, at last. "I didn't realize, Sophie. I had the children to raise, and that was so much fun. I—I forgot how it was when I met him that night at the dance. I forgot—everything."

"My dear," my mother said, and they went upstairs and had a good talk and a cry.

"Will he come back?" I asked my father.

"I don't know. You can push a man like that just so far, and then you can't

*In her imperiousness, she forgot
everything, especially how it had been
with them the night they met*

man, so he began to make annoying noises. He muttered deep in his throat, like a growl, whenever her attention was directed so devotedly to other people. He acted like a very naughty child. Mrs. Melville had been a spoiled rich girl, and she had hoped to remain powerful even in her marriage, surrendering no more of herself than she cared to.

Now, however, with her head bent, sniffing, she paced the living-room floor. "Why? Why would a man as devoted as your father—I don't understand it. I simply do not!" she kept saying. Whenever some of the patterns and materials got in her way, she gave them a kick. "Girls, get this mess off the floor. I can't move in peace," she said fretfully. I think she believed he had gone off on a drinking spree—he did every major holiday—and that he would most certainly be back sometime before dawn. She sent us off to bed, and we could hear her moving about downstairs,

the paper. The police had conducted a search over three states, and it was spreading, but they were fairly sure he had not been kidnaped or been in an accident. They said it looked as though he had gone off voluntarily. The meaning of this was beginning to penetrate the family. Maxine wailed like a banshee because she could not go ahead with her wedding plans. It would not be proper if her father was not there to give her away. She did not as yet realize that she had not been his to give away. Mrs. Melville had raised the girls according to her own standards while Mr. Melville sat back, watching and waiting to be asked for some advice.

Edwina went to school almost a week but got sick in Latin class and stayed home after that. The only word, she said, they had had from her father was from a lawyer they did not know.

"He said Papa said if there was any need for money to help ourselves. That's all he said, just like it was only money

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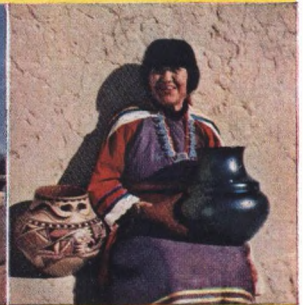
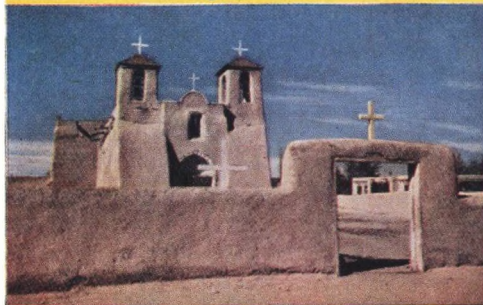
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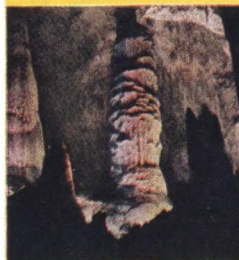
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A Desire for Love (continued)

push him another inch," Father told me.

Maxine's wedding was postponed again. "I don't intend to have it without my own father!" she said stoutly. She had, until then, been a remarkably vague kind of girl, a little cold, I thought, but now her attitude toward her coming marriage was different. "Believe me," she said, "my husband's going to have something to say in his own house and room for his paper-weights or whatever he wants."

"Mine, too!" Edwina and I agreed.

Certainly, Mrs. Melville's suffering impressed us with the importance of having a husband underfoot. The insurance policies and tax forms had her frantic. She who had always been so poised and independent—because he was behind her—no longer cared to make even the smallest decision. When one of her best friends offered to come to stay with her she promptly refused, and she told Maxine that she did not intend to have Mr. Melville return to find his comfort threatened by a guest's presence. So June passed and July, too, and still there was no word or sign from Mr. Melville, and even my father began to grow impatient.

The thing's gone far enough. He's proved his point."

"Maybe he thinks they want him back only because of public opinion." Mother said.

"Where is he?" I asked. I supposed he had gone off to the South Seas. My father did not answer, but he went on a business trip that morning, and on the following morning, I was surprised to find Mr. Melville sitting at our breakfast table. He was tanned a berry red. My father was threatening to tell everyone he had hidden all this time in a seedy gymnasium in Chicago.

"I went to all the trouble of getting this tan," Mr. Melville fumed. "and I'm going to tell people I went to Tahiti."

"You must have been sure they'd want you back," my mother said.

"I never doubted it," he said hotly. "They're good girls, all three of them. Only trouble is they became too grand and too busy to live." He had missed them and had been miserable lying under sun-tan lamps and working out on rowing machines all these months, with no heart for any real adventure. All his original resolution had gone out of him now that he was almost home again, and I think if my father had not helped him to maneuver his return he might have given in then and there and gone to Mrs. Melville on his knees if necessary. Still, one had the feeling that he had won all he wanted to win and would never be forced to try again. No longer would he sit making sounds at the head of his own table, giving little eccentric shows to fascinate Mrs. Melville's wandering attention.

"She may not forgive you, Ed. She's proud, and she's had to take a lot." Mother warned him.

"I know," he said hoarsely, fearful now.

"Polly, you go over and tell Mrs. Melville that Mr. Melville is having breakfast over here with us, should she care to drop over to see him." My father met Mr. Melville's eye sternly. "That way you'll know the score, Ed."

I went as fast as I could to the Melvilles' house, where Mrs. Melville was furiously cleaning the living room, her sleeves rolled up and her hair all straggly. She had Edwina and Maxine polishing furniture, and she was saying as I entered. "Good, hard work will keep our minds off the problem, dear."

"Mrs. Melville," I said.

"You can do something to help, Polly. Get a cloth, there's a dear, and cheer us up a bit."

"Mrs. Melville," I said, "Mr. Melville is having breakfast at our house, should you care to see him."

She stared at me, unbelieving. Her eyes filled with tears. I thought she was go-

ing to faint, she swayed so. The cloth fell from her hand. She seized my hand so hard it was sore for days. "Go! Go home and tell him I'm coming—and don't let him leave. Oh, dear, where is that blue dress I've been saving? Girls—come and help me," and with this she bounded up the stair like a young girl as I ran back home.

At home, they were at the front window waiting for me, and Mr. Melville would not let me get my breath, shaking me all the while as though to shake the words out of me.

But, she had not waited, after all. We could see her coming along the back way, wearing the clothes she had worn to clean the living room, her skirt blowing about her as she ran.

"The queen," he said. "The absolute, darling queen." And because he could not quite bear having a victory over her, hurting her one moment longer, he went to her. People were driving by on their way to work, and they could see the Melvilles out there in open sight embracing like young and first lovers. She believed for a long time that he had been in Tahiti—until a bill for sun-tan treatments came from the gymnasium, and I guess she never let on she knew until he told her. Everything was different in that house, afterward, and in later years, whenever I thought of legendary and romantic men, Mr. Melville somehow made men like Raleigh and Byron and all the others seem a little pale, trite, and lacking in imagination. He wore the mantle of a great lover well, even when he was older. I guess a lot of people in Bundy, Iowa, think he had a big time for himself those months he was gone. No one has ever told them otherwise—least of all Mrs. Melville herself, who acts always as though she has captured the handsomest, cleverest rogue in the world and must keep a devoted eye on him lest he escape again. THE END

Had he at last found somewhere the kind of love he had been denied?





BEFORE GOING BACKSTAGE, Sive Norden, like any show girl, skims show-business trade paper.

Interview with a Nude

A Swedish girl of Paris' "Folies Bergere" has won stardom by doing nothing—naked

BY JOHN KOBLER

Among the allurements of the current revue at Paris' "Folies Bergère," one of the richest properties in all show business, is a big, handsome brunette with the odd name of Sive Norden.

Here, seven nights a week and Sunday matinee, Sive sashays out upon the well-worn boards wearing a snow-white evening gown. She swiftly divests herself of this, and caparisoned in a rhinestone fig leaf, capers through a mildly erotic aquatic number entitled "Fairy Scene Under Water." The net effect invariably draws lusty applause from the 2,600 spectators—Americans predominating—who

fill the seats and standing room at every summer performance.

During the course of the long, noisy, gaudy show, scarcely distinguishable in style or content from the fifty-odd others produced at the "Folies" since 1886, Sive appears thirteen times in various degrees of undress. She will probably be so employed for quite a while to come. A "Folies" revue normally runs two years before Paul Derval, the frosty, humorless multimillionaire who has owned the gold mine for thirty-five years, decides to mount a new one.

In the somewhat rigid echelon of Der-

val's command, Sive bears the rank of *mannequin nu de première classe* (first-class nude model). It is a rank slightly above the ordinary *mannequins nus* of the chorus line, but below the *mannequins habillés* (dressed), *mannequins parlants* (speaking), and the *danseuses*. At the top of the ladder, an eminence at which Sive can only gaze wistfully, stand the featured performers, among whom have been Mistinguette, Maurice Chevalier, Josephine Baker. Derval has paid them as much as \$2,000 a week.

The nudes, to be sure, have no very exacting duties, not being required to

act, sing, dance, or even look intelligent. Yet they are the trade-marks, the most characteristic ingredients of the whole "Folies" fruitcake. Derval, however, does not consider even a first-class nude to be worth more than 55,000 francs (about \$157) a month, which is what he pays Sive. Ordinary nudes get only ninety dollars. When they complain that this is insufficient to keep a beautiful body and soul together in inflationary Paris, Derval has a stock rejoinder. "What," he says, "no boyfriends?"

While visiting backstage at the "Folies" not long ago, I was introduced to Sive, and being incorrigibly curious about the occupational problems of other people, I pursued the acquaintance. She agreed to receive me in her lodgings the following afternoon.

She Lives Alone in a Walk-up

She lives alone on the sixth and top floor of a shabby little family hotel directly behind one of the city's best-known churches—the Madeleine. There is an elevator, but it has not functioned for many years. I climbed the five flights and rapped on a door to which was affixed a card saying: "Mme Sive Norden, *artiste théâtrale*." A fluty voice called out in English marked with an accent I could not place, "A moment please. I dress."

I counted the holes in the hall carpet. There were forty-seven. Presently the door flew open. The "Folies" first-class nude gave my hand the kind of sensible, vigorous shake one might expect from a Scout mistress. She seemed even taller than onstage, at least five feet ten in her stocking feet, and I guessed her weight to be around a hundred and thirty. She is thirty-one, the average age of "Folies" nudes. She has wide, sky-blue eyes and freckles. Viewed thus at close range, with clothes on—she was wearing a nondescript brown cotton dress—she could not have looked less gay Patee nor more domestic. I was not altogether surprised, therefore, to learn later that she had previously been employed as a baby's nurse.

She led me into a sparsely furnished room the size of a piano box and waved me toward a badly sprung sofa. A narrow window overlooked the roof of the Madeleine. "The view is nice," my hostess commented, "if you like churches. You drink a little cognac with me?"

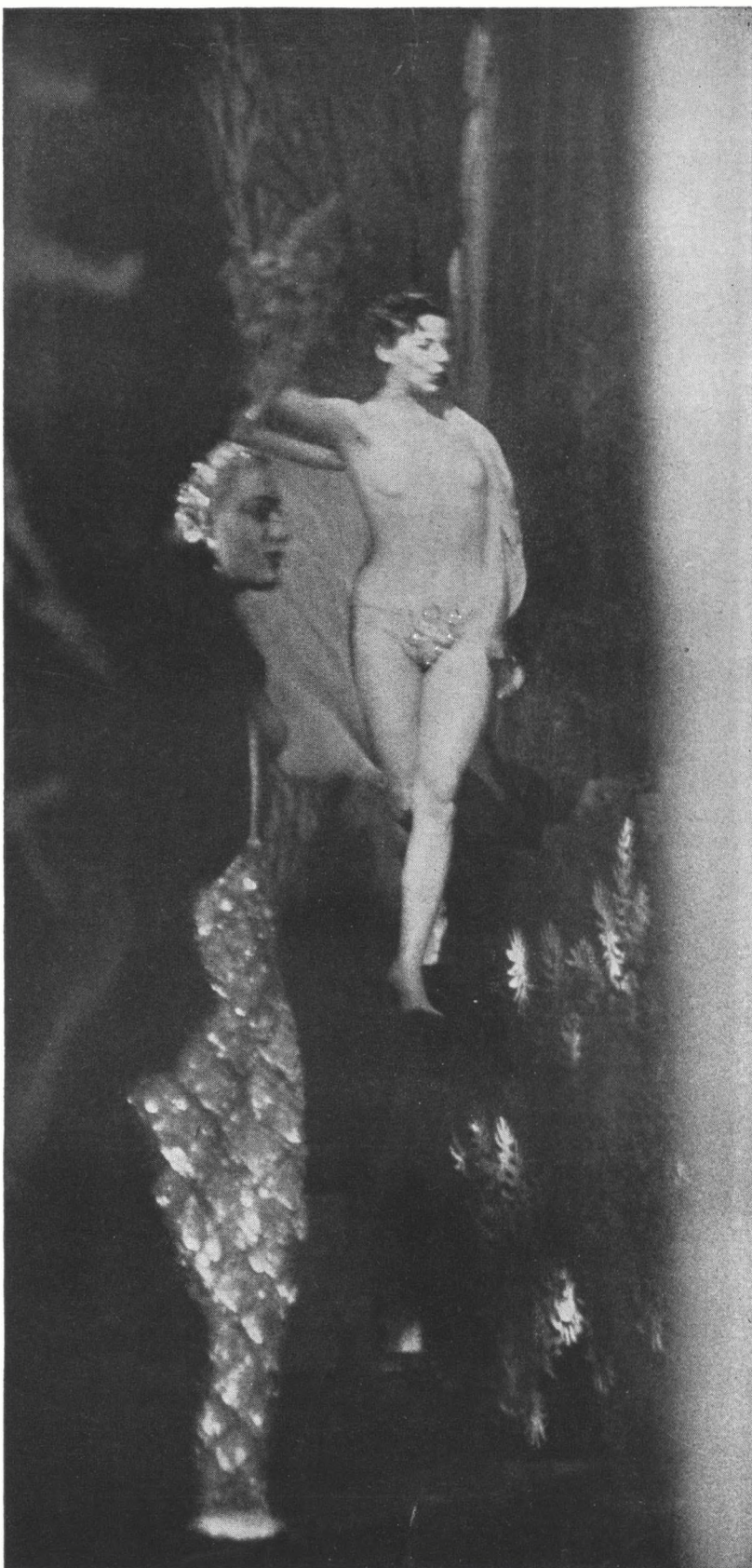
I finally recognized the accent. "You're Swedish," I said.

"So. From Stockholm."

"Isn't that sort of unusual, a foreigner in the Folies?" I asked.

"*Mais non*," she insisted. "Is more foreign girls maybe than French. Many Poles, Germans, English, Americans.

(continued)



IN "FOLIES" HIERARCHY, Sive's title is "first-class nude model." An ambitious girl, she hopes that someday a producer will give her a chance to act or, perhaps, sing.



everybody. Girls from every country."

I said I would love to join her in a cognac, and she stepped into an adjoining room to fetch it. Through the open door. I could see that it was small, too, and contained only a bed, a wardrobe, and a dressing table. There was no sign of a bathroom. Later, when I wanted to wash up, Sive directed me to a bathroom two floors below that she shares with fourteen other tenants.

She came back carrying two pony glasses of cognac. As we sipped them, I questioned her about her background. Nothing whatever in it, I gathered, had foreshadowed her present activities.

Her real name is Nordenstedt. "Sive" is a feminization of Siva, the Hindu deity. "My mother is reading a book about India when I am born," Sive explained.

There are few more solidly, ultra-respectably middle-class families in Stockholm than Sive's. For decades, her father, now retired on a snug income, managed the local branch of an international cable company. She has two older sisters, both well married and with several children apiece.

Until she was nineteen, Sive attended private school. Her father, an austere man, believed that at that age a girl should either marry or work instead of looking to her parents for support. Accordingly, Sive learned stenography and landed a job in the foreign ministry. Secretly, she longed to go on the stage, but for a Nordenstedt such a career was unthinkable.

She Married a Vegetarian

What finally drove her to defy convention was an unfortunate experience with vegetarianism. She married a Stockholm businessman who not only touched no meat himself but would allow none in the house. He was equally rabid about tobacco and alcohol. After five years of this abstention, Sive fell in love with another man, a meat eater, smoker, and aquavit drinker. She didn't disgrace her family by actually running away with him, but she didn't remain under her husband's roof, either. She took off for England.

Eager to live with an English family in order to learn the language, she offered to take care of small children. Her first employer, a rich widower with four of them, turned out to be a vegetarian. He was also a skinfint who would pay Sive no more than two pounds a week, less than ten dollars. He promised to teach her English, though, and she stuck it out until she was reasonably fluent. She

AN EXPERIENCED HAND with the frowzy, feathered habiliments of her calling, Sive helps a colleague with her costume.

(continued)



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for spring

by

Queen Quality



In a wink you'll see they're smart. Wear them and you'll know the feeling of fashion that fits. For like a soft, spring breeze they gently, smoothly caress your feet.

- a. Belaire
- b. Lydia
- c. Vanessa
- d. Saratoga

\$11.95 and \$12.95 Other styles \$10.95 to \$12.95

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Interview with a Nude (continued)



WHEN NOT WORKING, she spends most of her free time alone, often walks along the Seine and daydreams about the future.

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since 1818

*All your guests
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—anytime!*

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—try it!



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then crossed the Channel, became nurse to some French children at no wages at all—just room and board—and gradually acquired a working knowledge of another language. Back in Stockholm, meanwhile, her vegetarian husband won a divorce from her.

“Children I like,” Sive told me, “and living in nice houses I like. (My family’s house in Stockholm is very nice.) But the papa he is always making—how you say?”

“Passes?” I ventured.

“Yah. So I go.”

Idling around Paris, wondering what to do next, Sive ran into an attractive but indolent Ohioan of wealthy family, several years her junior. They fell in love and went off together on a prolonged tour of Europe, at the end of which he proposed. When his parents were apprised of his intention, they threatened to disown him. “I do not care about the money,” Sive recalled, “but I know Jimmy never like to work. He will not mind if I work, but he, he will never work. This is not good. So I tell him go away. I see him no more.”

She Was Stranded in Cannes

The rift left her stranded in Cannes. At this melancholy juncture, a sedate and fatherly-looking gentleman on vacation there introduced himself to her. In Paris, said he, he ran a chic *boite* called “The New Eve.” Having observed Sive in a

Bikini, he was prepared to offer her a contract—35,000 francs (\$100) a month—as a featured showgirl. And he would, furthermore, pay her fare back to Paris. Sive's long-dormant passion for the theatre was reawakened, and she accepted the offer eagerly. Disillusion swiftly followed.

The fatherly-looking gentleman owned "The New Eve," all right, but, Sive discovered upon returning to the City of Light, it was about as chic as a penny arcade, and the show girls were not expected to wear even Bikinis, a prospect that, at that time, horrified her. With the aid of a lawyer friend, she got out of the contract. She went to work instead as a model for Schiaparelli. The salary was the highest she had ever earned—25,000 francs (\$72) a month. But modeling clothes, she found, bored her stiff, and she could not stay with it.

"I have to keep serious face always," she told me, "when I like maybe to smile and talk and make joke."

She Was Hired for a Clad Role

While in this frame of mind, she chanced upon a newspaper ad signed by Derval, calling for *mannequins nus, habillées, and parlants*. Sive applied for *mannequin parlant* and was hired at 30,000 francs (\$85) a month. "At last I am in the theatre," she was able to inform her friends.

But rehearsals had barely begun when
(continued)



PROPRIETOR OF SMALL CAFÉ on the Rue Vignon stocks fresh milk daily for her.

Smart women who prefer sleekly groomed hair insist on PINWAE—the original *proven* pincurl permanent that keeps every curl lovely, satin-smooth for months. Pinwae's scientific, beneficial neutralizer completes your permanent in just minutes (use a dryer if you wish—no long hours of processing on crimp little curlers) achieves a lasting wave and *continued hair health*. For your easiest, quickest, and best home permanent, insist on PINWAE!



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"I CAN HARDLY BELIEVE this is me today. Not long ago, as shown below, I was shapelessly stout. I couldn't wear the new fashions at all. I was simply miserable. I tried many ways to reduce but they didn't help. And then I started on the Knox Gelatine Eat-and-Reduce Plan."



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Send me my free copy of the Knox Gelatine Eat-and-Reduce Plan book described above.

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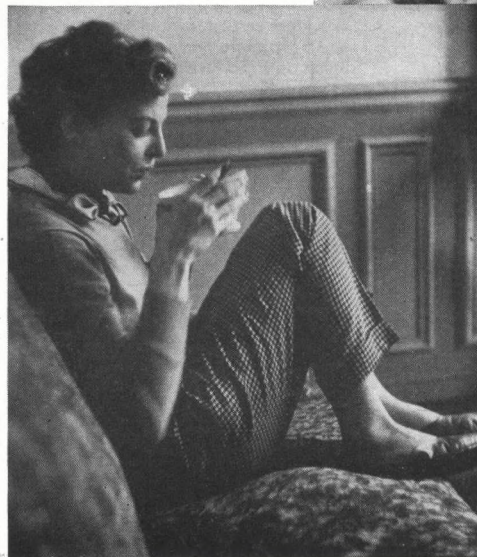
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Interview with a Nude (continued)



AT OUTDOOR FRUIT MARKET, an unemployed acrobat working as a porter does impromptu handstand for fellow artiste's benefit.

HER SALARY, about \$157 a month, doesn't go far in Paris, so Sive does her shopping for food at the inexpensive stalls.



IN HER SMALL FLAT near Madeleine Church, Sive relaxes with cup of hot coffee before going off to work.

Derval drew her aside to describe a super-colossal production number he was planning—tons of drapes, rhinestones, feathers, a lake on the stage, living male statues. Amid all this effulgence would be Sive—nude. She recoiled.

"I wanted to sing, to dance, to act a little, maybe," Sive told me sadly, "but always they want I should take off my clothes."

Visions of her puritanical family, her proper friends in Stockholm, flashed before her eyes. "No," she replied to Derval as she cast about for the exit, "a thousand times no!"

He offered to raise her salary by 25,000 francs. Her name, he promised, would fairly leap from the program in boldface, 12-point type. The critics could not fail to notice her. The tempter exerted all his guile, and Sive succumbed. She signed up for one year with options.

"And was it as bad as you had feared?" I put in.

"Not as bad," she confessed, her blue eyes widening in surprise at herself. "In the beginning, when we rehearse, I wear bathing suit. Then I rehearse every day with a little less. It is the same with all the *nues*, who begin, little by little, to get used. When the performance comes, I am thinking so hard about where I stand, how I move, the music, that I forget I am *nue*. Now I am used. It is nothing. What is bad is the jealousy of the other girls. Oh, so jealous, so *méchantes*! For five, ten years they have to wait to be number-one *nue*, but I come, and right away it is me."

"Do your parents know?"

Her Parents Saw Her Perform

She wrote to them at once, she said. They answered a trifle stiffly, but to her astonishment made no direct reference to her new job. Recently they came to Paris to see their wandering daughter onstage. In fear and trembling, Sive handed them tickets for the first row. At supper afterward, stern, Father Nordenstedt's only remark about the show was, "Very beautiful, very artistic." Mrs. Nordenstedt said nothing. And though the parents continued to correspond regularly with their daughter, they never mentioned the matter again.

Sive hastened to assure me that the days and nights of the average "Folies" nude are a good deal less flamboyant than people imagine. As examples, she cited the six other nudes with whom she shares a dressing room—a fairly cross-sectional group, she maintained. Two are wives and mothers in their early forties. One is engaged to an electrician who hopes to marry her as soon as they have saved enough money between them to furnish a flat. A fourth lives with a vaudeville juggler; the relationship is so long established as to constitute a common-law marriage. A fifth is a teen-ager who lives

(continued)

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*Plus Federal Tax

Interview with a Nude (continued)

*To pay the bills, she does
modeling on the side*



SHE HAS FEW DATES, but when invited out, she asks to go to such typically tourist spots as this little bistro on a quay of the Seine facing the Eiffel Tower.

quietly at home and is called for every night by her mother. The sixth is admittedly a girl on the town.

"And me makes seven," Sive said. "You pick seven girls in any place. It would be the same—some good, some bad, some so-so. No?"

One deterrent to any very wild behavior is fatigue. Most of the nudes are obliged to augment their meager salary by working between performances as salesgirls, stenographers, models. Sive is no exception. The monthly rental on her two miniature rooms is 24,000 francs, almost half her salary; she has a large, healthy body, expensive to nourish; and she takes singing lessons. To pay for all this, she often poses for photographers.

During rehearsals, the pinch is tighter still. Under a system that, if even suggested by a Broadway producer would probably send Actors Equity rushing en masse to the barricades, salaries at the *mannequin nu* level hover around 12,000 francs (\$34) a month, and rehearsals customarily last three to four months.

Girls Must Be Wary of *Blâmes*

Girls who want to keep their jobs must beware of *blâmes*. A *blâme* is a black mark which may be scored against her for any one of a wide variety of lapses, among them tardiness, lack of vim, insufficient body make-up, talking onstage. After three *blâmes*, the offender gets a tongue lashing. Three more and she may

be suspended. With the ninth *blâme*, she's fired.

To date, Sive has incurred only one *blâme*. A combination of love and money troubles once so depressed her that she could not leave her dressing room at all, just sat there weeping.

"The American?" I asked.

"No, somebody else. He does not even know I love him."

By the time the curtain falls, Sive is usually ready to retire, and with the exception of an occasional weekend night when friends may invite her to late supper in some *boîte*, she heads for the Place de la Madeleine. No Stage Door Johnny awaits her with a sleek convertible. She rides the *Métro* alone.

She rises mornings around ten, squeezes a lemon into a glass of water, brews coffee, butters a bun, and, weather permitting, breakfasts at an open window, for, like many another Scandinavian, she's a fresh-air and sunlight fiend. Being in a profession—and at an age—where every ounce of flesh must be continually disciplined, she then performs violent calisthenics. No modeling date intervening, she may spend the rest of the morning swimming in a public pool. She takes most of her meals in the same neighborhood *bistro*, because she drinks a lot of milk and the proprietor, a kindly soul, orders some fresh especially for her every morning.

After lunch, she has her singing lesson. "I want someday to be a music-hall artist, like Edith Piaf," she told me.

She Has Many Avid Admirers

Before leaving for the theatre, she reclines briefly, does some more calisthenics, and eats a light supper. To avoid a *blâme*, she must be in her dressing room no later than eight. Usually a pile of fan letters from palpitant males await her. Many wish to marry her. "I have all my hair and teeth," one of them informed her by way of inducement. Others suggest less formal arrangements. A few are content simply to express admiration. A Spaniard wrote that he'd attended the "Folies" six nights in a row just to gaze at Sive. "The most beautiful memory of my visit to Paris, O Admirable One," he rhapsodized.

About her future, Sive is of several minds. When the singing lesson goes well, she entertains dreams of glittering stardom. In less optimistic moods, she contemplates marrying for money. "Yes, I am tempted sometimes," she admitted, "but then I think what life is like when you do not love the man, and I say, 'better stay poor.'"

There are even moments when Sive seriously wonders whether she would not be happier taking care of children again.

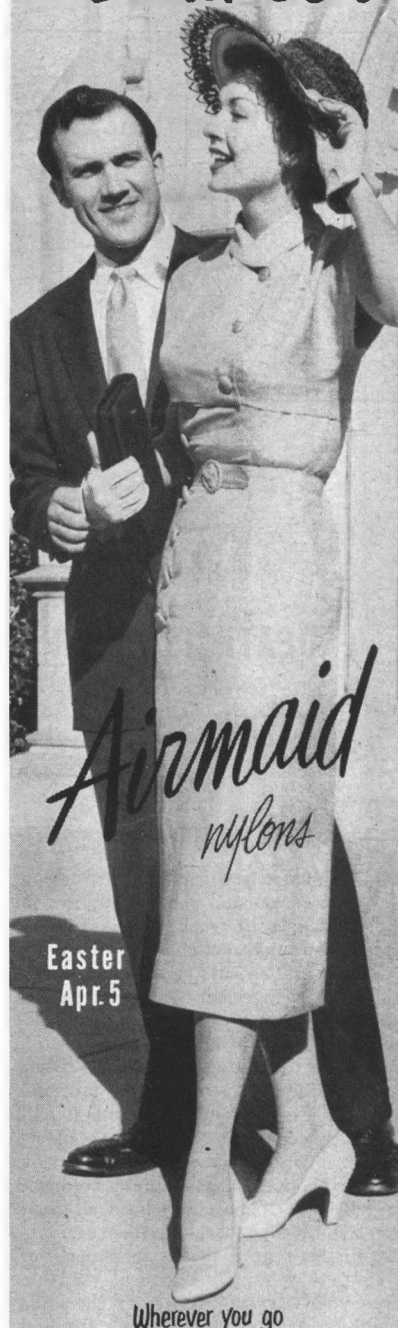
So if you know of a family who could use a former first-class nude model in the nursery . . .

THE END



AFTER THE LAST SHOW, she waits in the tiled Montmartre *Métro* station for the last train—alone and very tired.

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East or West . . .
Easter Best



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Is Your Car Safe?

DEATH IS YOUR COMPANION IF YOU DRIVE A DEFECTIVE CAR.

A FEW SIMPLE TESTS CAN SAVE YOUR MONEY—AND YOUR LIFE

BY DICK REDDY

No matter how careful a driver you are, you and your family are in danger if your car is unsafe. Safety-inspection records show that nearly *twenty million* cars need brake service alone. An even greater number have chassis defects that may make them impossible to control in an emergency.

Spotting potential trouble is your responsibility. If your brakes fail and your car careens out of control, it will be small consolation for you to blame the crash on your mechanic for having failed to notice that your brake fluid was low. Besides, it may have been all right the last time he checked your car.

You don't need to be an expert—or even to have any mechanical skill—to keep your car safe. You can check its condition against the following list and make the simple tests yourself. No tools are required, and no test takes more than two minutes. You will be able to spot potential dangers—and save money by having the work done before expensive major repairs are necessary.

Making these tests once a month should become one of your regular driving habits. It's too easy to get used to defects,

adjust yourself to them, and ignore the fact that they are gradually getting worse. The only sure way to prevent this from happening is to deliberately, regularly, take stock of your car's condition.

BRAKES

While driving thirty miles an hour on dry, level ground, take your foot off the accelerator and apply the brakes smoothly and firmly. You should come to a complete stop, without swerving or sliding, within about forty-five feet, or three car-lengths. If you can't stop in this distance or you have to stand on the brake pedal to do it, the brakes need adjustment, possibly relining. If your car swerves, the brakes are probably adjusted unequally (though this may mean a damaged chassis or a low tire on one side). Get out of traffic to make this test, and don't try it if you've recently driven through water or heavy rain. Wet brakes cannot perform like dry brakes.

If you have to push the brake almost to the floor, the linings are worn and should be adjusted or replaced. But if the pedal goes almost to the floor and stiffens when you take your foot off mo-

mentarily and reapply pressure, the hydraulic fluid is low and should be checked immediately. Any gas station can do this for you in a few minutes.

STEERING

Often, in an emergency, it is better to steer out of danger than to attempt a sudden stop—especially if cars are following closely or you have children in the car who might be thrown forward. Think, also, of what the consequences would be if your steering failed on a high-speed freeway. You can see that it's absolutely essential for the steering system to be in good condition and correctly adjusted.

To test the steering, point the front wheels straight ahead, then make a chalk or pencil mark on the rim of the steering wheel, in line with the shift lever. Swing the steering wheel gently from left to right. If the mark on the rim moves more than half an inch away from the shift lever before you feel resistance, there is too much play. Adjustment or repair is in order.

Find a stretch of uncrowned (level from curb to curb, without a high center)



Your only real insurance against an accident like this is to make the periodic inspection of your car one of your driving habits.

road Drive at about twenty miles an hour, and then take your hands off the steering wheel briefly. If the car drifts markedly to one side or the other, it means that part of the steering system is bent or otherwise damaged or the front end of the car is out of line. The cause could be a low tire on one side or a stiff side wind, so eliminate these possibilities before making this test.

SPRINGS

Damaged springs and, especially, shock absorbers are too often overlooked as potential killers. A bouncing, bucking car is never completely under control. A quick turn or sudden stop may throw it off the road or into the path of an oncoming vehicle.

Springs usually last for the life of the car. But if you frequently overload your car or drive it over unusually rough roads, the springs are bound to suffer. To check them, park your car on the level. Stand first in front, then to one side, and take a good look. If it leans to one side or sags at the front or the rear, the springs are in bad shape.

It's the shock absorbers' job to control

the bounce, or rebound, of the springs, and no part of the car takes more continuous, smashing punishment. If the shock absorbers don't work, the car bounces unduly at each bump. It may even start bucking uncontrollably.

Most drivers can tell from this uncontrolled bouncing when their shock absorbers need attention, but there is a simple test for this. Grasp the front bumper and push it down hard. You don't need to be a heavyweight; it will go down. Then let go. If the nose of the car rises smoothly and fairly slowly, the shock absorbers are in good condition. But if the car bounces up quickly, you probably need new shock absorbers. Test the rear of the car the same way.

TIRES

Bald, worn tires are highly susceptible to punctures and skidding. Cut or dried-out tires pose a constant threat of blowouts.

A bald tire, with a tread that's worn smooth, can be spotted at once. If the wear is even, it's simply the result of normal use. All you can do is replace the tire. But if the wear is uneven, you'd

better investigate further. If, for instance, the wear is heaviest in the center of the tread, the tire has been consistently over-inflated. Heavy wear at the edges of the tread indicates underinflation. Uneven wear at one side or the other of the tread points to misalignment of the car's front end. Once these signs appear, it is probably too late to save the tire. It is important, however, to correct the cause so the next tire can give long, trouble-free service. Every three thousand miles, the tires should be rotated, moved from one wheel of the car to another. This is to equalize the wear, which varies from one wheel to another. If you do this job yourself, move the front left wheel to the rear left, the rear left to the front right, the front right to the rear right, the rear right to the trunk, and the spare to the front left. This will substantially lengthen the effective life of your tires.

If the tire sidewalls are dull and dry-looking, with a fine pattern of tiny cracks, they may be dried out. If so, they are probably unsafe at high speeds, since they are liable to sudden blowouts.

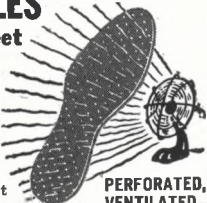
Good tires are excellent safety insurance, but don't install new ones without

(continued)

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3 WAYS BETTER!

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Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads

Is Your Car Safe? (continued)

IT'S GREAT TO HAVE POLISHED CHROME, BUT HAVE YOU CHECKED YOUR MUFFLER AND HORN?

having the front end of the car aligned, or "trued up" If this is neglected, your new tires will give poor service. Also, the steering may be affected; it may be insensitive or even oversensitive.

Whether your tires are new or old, keep them inflated at the correct pressure. You can learn what is the correct pressure for your tires from your owner's manual or your local service-station operator.

Under- or over-inflation not only shortens the life of the tires, but affects the steering and control of the car, as indicated in the brake and steering tests above.

LIGHTS

You probably are not equipped to test your headlights for correct aim or intensity, but you can make sure that all lights —headlights, taillights, and parking

I.N.P.



No one will ever know how this happened. The driver was killed instantly when she lost steering wheel that failed, or the brakes. Chances are that periodic inspections by the

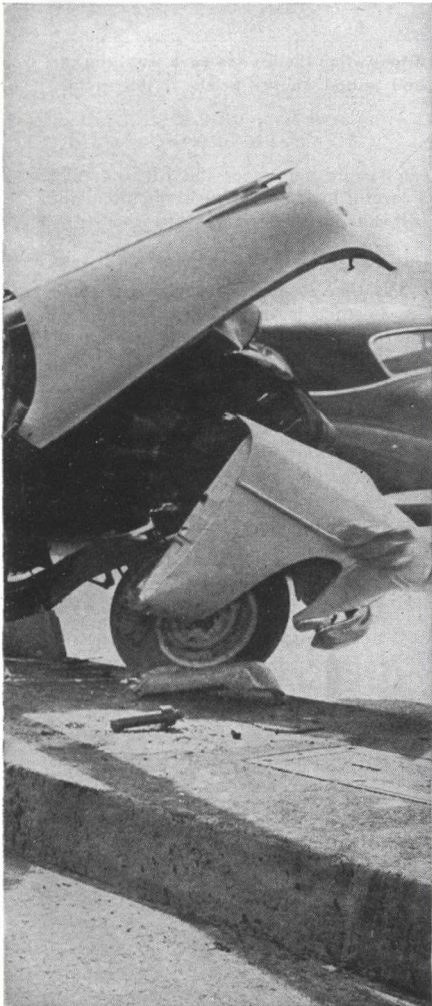
lights—are functioning. By periodically switching on all lights and walking around the car to see that they all work, you can help avoid the danger of riding "one-eyed"—and the nuisance of getting a ticket.

If oncoming drivers frequently flash their high-beam headlights at you, have your own headlights checked. They may be aimed too high. Or your dip switch may be faulty, and you may be blinding the other fellow or be blinded by his lights in retaliation.

WARNING DEVICES

Horn, stop lights, and direction indicators should all be in good working order. You can check your stop lights by having someone stand behind your car while you press the brake pedal. They should light up immediately, with only slight pedal pressure. If you are alone, back the car up close to a light, reflecting surface, such as a white garage door. When you press the brake pedal, you will be able to see the lights reflected

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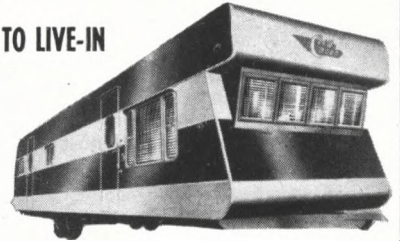


control of the car. It could have been the owner could have prevented this tragedy.

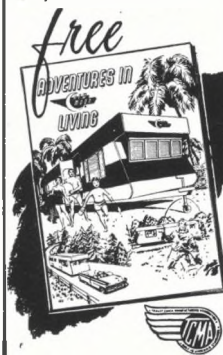
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with aqua-lanolin



For that fresh starry-eyed look after a tough day . . . take a Trylon Bubble Bath. Tensions dissolve . . . frayed nerves melt away, in a mist of fragrant foam. Keeps your body satiny-smooth . . . lovelier. Helps end dry skin troubles. You'll feel wonderful! Best of all . . . it leaves no tub ring!

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Is Your Car Safe? (continued)

I.N.P



These children were waiting in the car for the driver when the brakes gave way; the car raced downhill, crashed through the fence, and halted on the brink of the ravine.

on the smooth surface of the white door.

If your direction indicators are not working properly, they can confuse an approaching or following driver and precipitate a collision. You can test them, like the stop lights, by pulling up to the garage door and watching the reflection. Turn the steering-post switch lever to the left. Then turn the steering wheel about one full turn to the left from center. The light on the left front of the car should blink as soon as the switch is turned on and continue to blink until you turn the steering wheel back to center position. Make the same test with the switch in the right-hand-turn position. Then turn the car around and repeat the test for the rear signal lights. If any of the lights fail to go on or remain on after the steering wheel is back in the center position, have the system checked.

MUFFLER

A leaking muffler won't cause a collision, but it can kill you by letting deadly exhaust carbon monoxide seep into your car. If the muffler or the pipes connected to it are torn, rusted through, or loose, it cannot lead away the poisonous gases and they may find their way into the body of the car through openings in the floor. This is particularly dangerous in cold weather, when the windows are closed.

You probably don't relish the thought of lying under the car and examining the muffler and pipes for leaks. It's easier to check them when the car is being lubricated at the service station. Then you

can simply get under the lift and take a careful look. If you wish, the attendant will examine them for you, free of charge.

WINDSHIELD WIPERS

The time to check the wipers is when the weather is dry. Carefully examine the rubber blades. They should be fresh and dark, not dried out and grayish. If the wiping edges are rounded rather than square, they'll smear and should be replaced. If they slow down and nearly stop when you climb a hill or accelerate, have them inspected by a mechanic. He may suggest a special pump to prevent this from happening. THE END

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Quietly the door closed, and to the old woman left
alone, the weekend became a nightmare of horror

BY PATRICK QUENTIN

Mrs. Adelaide Snow heard her niece's voice and then Bruce Mendham's laugh in the hall. Quickly she picked up a book and pretended to read. She didn't want Lorna to think she was waiting up for her, that she was being nosy or uneasy about this frighteningly whirlwind romance.

The two young people came into the living room.

"Aunt Addy, you're still up."

"Is it late, dear?"

"Late! Early! How do I know? I don't even know what year it is!" Lorna ran to her and threw her arms around her. "Oh, Aunt Addy, darling, Bruce has asked me to marry him."

Bruce Mendham, hovering behind her, smiled his most ingratiating smile. "I hope you approve, Mrs. Snow."

Mrs. Snow had prepared herself for this moment, and there were more than enough reasons for disapproval. It was hardly a month since they'd met Bruce, coming back from Europe on the *Ile de France*. They knew practically nothing about his background, his way of life. He had no job, no money. Mrs. Snow, from the promptings of a conventional wealthy upbringing, had intended to emphasize all these points, but now Lorna's face completely disarmed her.

She had never seen such pure, undiluted happiness. The joy radiating from the girl swept all cold, common-

sensical objections aside. Bliss! thought Mrs. Snow in wonder. How seldom it comes, and what a beautiful thing it is!

The fact that an odd sense of foreboding still lurked in her meant nothing. Mrs. Snow was a sensible woman, all too conscious of her own weaknesses. She knew that in the loneliness after her husband's death her love for her niece had become much too possessive. Surely she would have felt this same reluctance, this same hostility toward any other man who wanted to take Lorna from her. What were the real, human objections to Bruce, anyway? He was handsome, good-natured, immensely kind. Wasn't it just an ugly demon of jealousy that made her find him a little too good-natured, a little too handsome, a little too—plausible?

Triumphant in her victory over herself, Mrs. Snow smiled at her niece. "Darling, I'm delighted."

"Oh, Aunt Addy, I knew you would be. Bruce was terribly worried because he had no money, no job or anything. But I told him he didn't know you. I told him you'd be an angel. Oh, Aunt Addy, darling, I love you so much."

Already, thought Mrs. Snow wryly, she was reaping the rewards of unselfishness.

"I'll get a job, of course, Mrs. Snow," said Bruce.

"I've got an idea about that, too,"

She felt panic pouring into her like a miasmic fog.



Lorna's heart leaped with joy. It was impossible to remember that anyone could ever be lonely

broke in Lorna. "You know how you're always saying you should have someone to take care of your affairs. Aunt Addy. Bruce is wonderful with figures and efficiency and things like that. Think! If you hired him we could all three of us go on living here. There'd be no break. You and me and Bruce . . ."

The bribe! thought Mrs. Snow. But in spite of herself, contentment began to flood through her.

"Bruce working for me? That may be an excellent idea. We'll think about it."

But Mrs. Snow knew she wasn't going to think about it. It was already settled. The pattern of the future was fixed.

Somewhere, deep in her mind, a little

voice was whispering: Are you sure you haven't betrayed yourself—and Lorna?

But the voice was so faint that she could scarcely catch the words.

It was eighteen months later that Mrs. Snow lost her sapphire ring. She was sure she had put it down in the living room when she and Lorna and Bruce had been sitting there after dinner. But no one could find it.

The episode wasn't very important. The ring was insured, and it had no sentimental value. But Mrs. Snow hated mysteries. After breakfast next morning, she had the living room turned inside out, with no result. Neither Lorna nor Bruce

could offer any explanation. And then, because Sylvia Emmett arrived to take Lorna out to Long Island, the search was abandoned.

Bruce, who was joining Lorna at the Emmetts' the next day for the Labor Day weekend, stayed behind because there was some work to do. He and Mrs. Snow lunched together, and all through lunch Bruce went on about the ring.

"I can't understand what could have happened to it. It's so absurd. How can it have vanished into thin air?"

Suddenly, without warning, the idea came to Mrs. Snow: Isn't Bruce being *too* innocent about all this?

It was terrifying to her how that one little idea was able to shatter the entire façade that she had, for Lorna's sake, so carefully constructed. Ever since the wedding, the return from the honeymoon, she had been determined to like and trust her nephew-in-law. If there had been times when he had seemed insincere, conceited, even cunning, she had blinded herself to them. She had thought she had succeeded almost completely in seeing him as Lorna saw him.

But now, once the idea of the ring had come, she realized how much she had been fooling herself. She had never liked Bruce; she had never trusted him. This proved it. For here she was, although she had given him full control over her business affairs, calmly considering him capable of so sordid a petty dishonesty as stealing her ring.

For a moment, Mrs. Snow felt dizzy, and before she could control herself another insidious thought jumped into her head. Several times that year her banker, Hilary Prynne, who had been her late husband's closest friend, had jocularly accused her of extravagance. It hadn't seemed to her that the household had been spending more than usual, and she had dismissed Hilary's remarks as mere playful badinage. But what—what if Bruce had been tampering with the accounts as well?

Mrs. Snow hated herself for these unwanted suspicions. She felt unclean, as if she were perversely desirous of destroying Lorna's happiness. But she was clearheaded enough to know that a suspicion, however unjust, should be checked before it is dismissed.

After lunch, she went up to the study and called the bank. Fortunately, Hilary was in Baltimore until Friday, so it was easy enough to ask for a statement and her recent checks without arousing any awkward questions. The assistant manager assured her that the statement would be in the mail next morning.

Mrs. Snow put down the receiver and gazed at it bleakly, as if it were a symbol of impending disaster for all of them.

Let me be wrong, she thought. Please, let me be wrong.

Next morning, she sat down at the Chippendale desk in her late husband's

study. She put on her reading glasses and looked down uneasily at the manila envelope from the bank, which she had slipped out of the morning mail before Bruce came down to breakfast.

There was no turning back now.

As she lifted the ivory paper cutter to slit the envelope, a tap sounded at the door. She started. It was only Joe, the handy man.

"I'm all finished up down cellar. Mrs. Snow. Okay if I leave?"

"Whenever you're ready, Joe."

"And, Mrs. Snow—my wife's going on at me about scraping the floors down to our place. Seeing it's a long weekend, I was wondering if maybe I could borrow the sanding machine."

"Of course," said Mrs. Snow. "Take it right now."

"Well, I got a couple of chores up-town. I could pick it up tonight." Joe hesitated at the door. "You sure you going to be okay all this time with Maggie away sick and only Arlene to help?"

"You know I'll be all right. Joe. Bruce will be off any minute to Long Island. I'm having no guests. Arlene will be here by noon, and there'll be no one but me."

"But it's a long weekend. Maybe if I was to drop in Sunday?"

"Now, don't fuss, Joe. Go off and have a wonderful Labor Day spree."

"Okay, Mrs. Snow. Thanks."

The door closed behind Joe. Mrs. Snow opened the envelope and took out the statement and the bundle of canceled checks. She had no clear idea of what she was searching for, but like most very rich women she was less vague about her money than she seemed. She started to turn over the checks. Bergdorf's, Hammacher Schlemmer, Cartier's—yes, that had been for Lorna's wedding-anniversary bracelet. She came to a check made out to cash for seven hundred and fifty dollars. She puckered her forehead at it and put it aside. By the time she reached the bottom of the pile, she had found two more checks made out to cash. One for five hundred. One for fifteen hundred.

She spread the three checks in front of her and studied them. They were correctly numbered for their place in the

sequence. The signatures looked like hers. They must have done, for the bank to have passed them. But she was completely sure she had never written them.

So I'm right, she thought, with a cold sinking of the heart. And at the beginning my instinct was right, too. In my cowardice at the idea of losing her, I did *this* to Lorna! I let her marry a crook, a blundering fortune hunter!

Impulsively she picked up a red pencil and scribbled *Forgery* across one of the checks.

Her self-accusations and her anguish for Lorna were merged with anger against Bruce's stupidity. True, it was one of his duties to take care of the incoming canceled checks. He must have thought it would be easy to destroy the forgeries before she found them. But did he imagine she was so woolly-headed that she would not sooner or later notice a \$2.750 discrepancy in the accounts?

Mrs. Snow put the three checks in the manila envelope and rose with the envelope in her hand. There was nothing indecisive in her character. She had started this; she would go through with it. It cut her like a knife to realize how Lorna was going to suffer. But Lorna was no fool and no craven. Once she knew the truth, she would be able to face it. Grimly Mrs. Snow moved to the door, past the large walk-in safe that stored all her papers and her late husband's yachting trophies.

"Bruce!" she called down the stairway. "Bruce, I want you up here, please."

Her nephew-in-law was smiling when he strolled into the study. Mrs. Snow could now admit to herself that she had always been irritated by Bruce's smile. It was as smug and self-satisfied as his thick black hair, his little mustache, his graceful, horseman's body.

"Good morning, Aunt Addy."

Mrs. Snow looked at him icily. "It's not a very good morning, Bruce. I'm afraid I've caught you out."

"Caught me out, Aunt Addy? What have I been up to now?"

"I give Lorna a very generous allowance. If you needed more money, you could always have come to me. Why, in heaven's name, did you forge those checks?"

Mrs. Snow was startled at the total collapse of Bruce's poise. Was he so conceited that he had never prepared himself against possible exposure?

"Checks?" he stammered.

"It's useless to deny it." Mrs. Snow held out the manila envelope. "I have the three checks here. They are obvious forgeries. They have the correct numbers on them. You're the only person with access to my checkbook, the only one who could have known the right numbers. I haven't the slightest idea how many other checks you've forged in the past, but that can easily be found out. It doesn't particularly matter now, anyway. Nor does the sapphire ring."

Mrs. Snow was ashamed of the feeling of personal satisfaction mingling now with her distress. "I'm not going to bother telling you what I think of you, Bruce. I don't believe in wasting breath. Nor do I believe in giving thieves a second chance. I've called you up here because I think it's only fair to let you know what I'm going to do. I'm going to call Lorna right now. The sooner she knows the truth the better. After that I shall call my lawyers and have them start immediate divorce proceedings. Later, I may or may not turn you over to the police. That will depend entirely on how well you behave."

"But, Aunt Addy—" Bruce Mendham's smile was meant to be both rueful and charming, but it merely succeeded in making him look like a Halloween pumpkin. "Just listen to me, please. I can explain. I was in a jam. I was going to pay it all back. I swear I was. I got a tip on a horse at Belmont. Seven to one. It couldn't lose. That's what they told me. I called a bookie I know and bet five thousand to win. Okay, so the horse came in third. That happens all the time. But what could I do?"

Both his hands had gone out toward her. The skin of his face was greenish and damp. She had the uncomfortable feeling that he might, at any moment, drop down on his knees.

"Aunt Addy, you can't play fast and loose with those bookies. They're tough. They can have you killed if they feel like it. He wanted his money. I scraped up all

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She had visions of flames creeping through the scattered papers beyond the sealed door. She needed every ounce of her courage to keep from screaming

I had. It wasn't enough. He demanded the rest. Lorna has only what you give her. I knew it wasn't any use going to her, and I knew you wouldn't understand.

I had to do something. I was desperate. I wrote the first check, to stall him, and . . . Aunt Addy, I'll pay you back. I'll work for nothing. I'll raise the money somehow. Please, please, don't let Lorna know. Don't go to the police. I was crazy. I realize that now. I'll never look at another horse. I swear it. Aunt Addy, if only you'll give me a chance . . ."

Mrs. Snow listened to this incoherent flow of words with contempt and disgust. A cringing crook was worse than a brazen crook, she thought. Poor Lorna! Her head ached. She took off her reading glasses and lit a cigarette.

"Please, Bruce, don't go on. You must know these childish excuses haven't the slightest effect on me."

She put down the envelope, turned to the telephone, and dialed.

"Operator, I want to call the Lawrence Emmetts at East Hampton. I don't know the number, but you can get it from Information."

Mrs. Snow had turned her back on Bruce. Her moment of feeling triumphant was over. Now she could think only of the unpleasantness that lay ahead, and the sight of the sycophantic Bruce was extremely distasteful to her. She was concentrating on the best way to break the news to Lorna. She didn't notice Bruce's hand move stealthily forward and slip the manila envelope off the desk.

"Hello, Sylvia? This is Adelaide Snow. Is Lorna there?"

"Hello, Mrs. Snow." Sylvia Emmett's voice was brisk and outdoorsy as ever. "I do wish you'd change your mind and drive down with Bruce. We'd so love to have you. I'm afraid Lorna and Larry went out sailing early. They'll be back for lunch, though. Shall I have her call?"

"Yes, Yes, please. And, Sylvia, tell her to do it the moment she comes in. It's extremely urgent."

"Nothing wrong, I hope?"

"Just tell her I shall want her to return immediately."

Mrs. Snow put down the receiver and turned back to Bruce. He seemed to have pulled himself together. He was no longer craven. He looked surly, a little sinister.

"Aunt Addy, you'd better think this over. I warn you."

"You warn me? What absurd impertinence!" Indignation rose in Mrs. Snow. "Lorna's out sailing. I'll have to call the lawyers without her."

She moved back to the phone and then remembered that Sampson and Gibbons had recently changed offices. Their new address was on a letter she'd received a few days before. It would be in the safe.

She dropped the cigarette into an ashtray on the desk, crossed to the vault's heavy steel door, and dialed the familiar combination. The door swung open. She stepped inside and turned on the light. The letter file was at the back of the little room by the heating duct, opposite the shelves where her husband's yachting cups gleamed brightly.

As she moved toward the file, she heard a faint creak behind her. She turned to see the door of the vault swing shut. She gave a little exclamation of irritation and alarm. The spring mechanism on the door had broken last week. Joe and Bruce were supposed to have fixed it. She was foolish to go on using the safe. There was no real need for it.

She took the few steps back to the closed door and tapped on it urgently.

"Bruce," she called. "Bruce, let me out! Let me out!"

Bruce Mendham stood in the study by the desk. He could hear his heart pounding. He had never dreamed the old lady would get wise to the checks. Exposure had taken him completely by surprise. Even when he had slipped the manila envelope into his pocket, he had had no plan. It had just seemed obvious that possession of the checks would be an advantage. And then she had gone into the vault. Suddenly, the opportunity for salvation had come; almost without thinking, he had taken it.

The moment he had pushed the safe door shut behind her, he'd realized how brilliant his instinct had been. Joe knew he had been planning to leave the house to join Lorna immediately after breakfast. Joe, too, was a witness to the fact that the door mechanism on the safe had been faulty. *Alone in the house, Mrs. Snow had gone into the vault for something; the door had swung shut behind her; and . . .*

Bruce Mendham, who had spent all his life charming himself into one comfortable berth after another, had little imagination. To him, Mrs. Snow was just a boring old woman turned dangerous, who had almost succeeded in ruining his very existence. He could think of her shut up in the safe as unemotionally and scientifically as if she were one of her Siamese cats.

Four days, including Labor Day, until the next week began! Certainly, in a small, sealed room, she could never last that time. He had the checks, and once Mrs. Snow was out of the picture there would be no one to testify against him. And Lorna would inherit everything.

How could he ever have doubted the Mendham luck?

"Bruce!" He heard Mrs. Snow's voice, muffled like a voice on a bad telephone connection. "Bruce, let me out."

Excitement and self-satisfaction sprang up inside Bruce. Joe had gone for the weekend. Maggie, the maid, was at home sick. The cook, who slept out, too, and came in daily, was due to arrive at noon. But that could easily be fixed. So could Lorna. It would be a cinch to explain away Mrs. Snow's urgent call. He never had any trouble handling Lorna.

Bruce Mendham took the manila envelope out of his pocket. He brought out the three checks. He frowned angrily when he saw the word *Forgery* scribbled over one of them.

"Bruce, Bruce, let me out, I say."

Bruce put the checks back in the envelope and replaced the envelope in his pocket. With a casual, confident glance around the study, he strolled downstairs to the living room. Mrs. Snow's two Siamese cats were perched on a window sill before a broad panorama of the East River. Bruce took out his pocket telephone book. He was meticulous in his habits. All the necessary addresses for his job were duly listed there. He found the cook's number and dialed it.

"Hello, Arlene?"

"That's right."

"Arlene, this is Mr. Bruce. I'm calling for Mrs. Snow. She's decided at the last minute to go away for the weekend. You needn't come until Tuesday."

"Honest?" Arlene's rich Southern voice was bubbling with pleasure. "Gee, that's fine, Mr. Bruce. I can really git me a

ball." She broke off. "You sure she ain't going to need me? The cats, maybe?"

"No, Arlene, everything's taken care of. See you Tuesday. Happy Labor Day."

"Happy Labor Day to you, Mr. Bruce."

Bruce dropped the receiver and went upstairs, past the study, to his and Lorna's bedroom. Lorna had packed his suitcase for him yesterday, before she had driven down ahead of him with Sylvia Emmett. He picked up his brief case from the bed and slipped the manila envelope inside beside the bundle of letters from the morning mail, which he was taking to Lorna. As he did so, he remembered Mrs. Snow's sapphire ring. When he had picked it up in the living room two days ago, he had been planning to pawn it for a new stake to play the horses. He wouldn't need it now, but it might come in handy. He took it out of his trouser pocket and dropped it into the brief case. He heard it clatter against the revolver he'd bought last week for protection when he thought he might not be able to raise the cash in time.

He locked the brief case and glanced at his watch. Ten-fifteen. Plenty of time to make East Hampton before Lorna came back from sailing. He glanced at himself in the mirror. The reflection was as satisfactory as usual. At the back of his mind there was a faint sensation of panic. But it didn't trouble him. He hardly remembered that only a few minutes before he had been sweating in terror before visions of poverty and jail.

Bad things happen to you. That was life. You just had to use your brains and rise above them.

He strolled out of the house and through the glossy sunshine of Sutton Place to the garage. Before he drove off, he tossed the attendant a dollar.

"Happy Labor Day, Mr. Mendham."

"Happy Labor Day, Nicky."

"Let me out, Bruce."

Lorna Snow rapped once again on the smooth, handleless interior of the safe door. The terror of confinement in small places, which had plagued her all her life, was uncoiling inside her like a python. It merged with her other, more rational fears. Bruce knew the combination of the lock. He had been stand-

ing right out there. Why hadn't he . . .

She forced herself not to think until she was sure she could check her panic. Claustrophobia was a weakness. You could control it by will power.

Calm, she said. Calm.

On the shelf at her side, the yachting trophies sparkled in the illumination from the single ceiling bulb. When Gordon had been alive, they had spent months out of every year sailing all over the world. She had been in many dangerous situations and endured them.

The thought of the ocean, vast, sun-swept, open to the sky, helped stave off the trapped sensation, and she felt strong enough now to face the truth. Bruce was *not* going to let her out. He was as stupid as he was dishonest. When he had seen the door close on her, he must have lost his head. She had threatened to turn him over to the police and he had taken advantage of an accident to try some hysterical getaway attempt. That must be it. Of course that was it. What a fool she'd been to walk into the safe!

And yet—I warn you. She remembered the ominous look on Bruce's face when he had said that. Was it possible that he had deliberately shut the door on her? Was it possible . . . ?

Panic leaped up in her again. She fought it back implacably. Whatever Bruce might have in his mind, there was nothing to be seriously alarmed about. True, the house was large and the safe in the very middle of it. There was no possible hope of attracting the attention of neighbors. But Gordon had designed the safe himself for his collection of oceanic sculpture, which had gone to the Metropolitan Museum at his death. It was large, almost like a small room. It must be at least eight feet by six.

And she wouldn't have to be shut up here for long. Arlene would arrive at twelve. She glanced down at her tiny platinum wrist watch. Without her reading glasses, she couldn't make out the position of the hands. So much for her vanity in refusing to wear glasses all the time! But it was certainly after ten. There was less than two hours to wait.

For Arlene *would* arrive at noon. It was inconceivable that Bruce would do anything, telephone to put her off, for ex-

ample. . . . The idea came so swiftly that Mrs. Snow's mind reeled under its impact. And, at the same moment, she thought of the cigarette she had left burning in the ashtray on the cluttered desk. She had visions of flames curling, creeping through the scattered papers beyond the sealed door. She needed every ounce of courage to keep from screaming and pounding on the smooth metal.

She made herself turn to the shelves of cups. Five years ago, on the day after Gordon's funeral, she had stored them all away because the memories they conjured up had been too poignant. She had hardly looked at them since. But now they were like old friends. She picked one up. She recognized it at once. Gordon had won it at Marblehead in 1939.

She clutched the delicate stem, feeling the cool firmness of the silver. She would just stand there quietly by the door and think of Marblehead.

Arlene would come. Of course she would come.

"It's going to be all right," she said out loud. "It's going to be all right."

Arlene Davidson let the telephone drop on its stand and sank luxuriously back against the pillows of her bed. So Mrs. Snow was going away for the weekend. What a break! Four full days of rest. About time, too. She hadn't had a real vacation since last New Year's.

Idly Arlene wondered where Mrs. Snow was going. She didn't visit much anymore, not since Mr. Snow passed on. Probably she'd decided to go with the young people to Long Island after all. And yet, that was kind of surprising. After nine years, Arlene knew Mrs. Snow very well. Mrs. Snow didn't like that Bruce, although she tried to hide the fact. And somehow it was more Mrs. Snow's style to keep out of their way, not to butt in on her niece's engagements. Yes, it was funny. . . .

Through the thin partition wall, Arlene could hear the creak of an electric iron. Her sister, Rose, was pressing a dress. Out on 114th Street, the kids were putting up a terrific holler playing ball. Arlene liked to think of everyone else up and about and her lying in bed. It was

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For a moment there was nothing but darkness and terror. In her mind's eye she saw herself ahead in the future, screaming, beating at the smooth door

glamorous. She twisted around and glanced affectionately at the telephone. She was glad she'd had her special phone installed when she moved in with Rose and her husband. It was worth it just for times like this—to reach out, answer, and slip right back into a doze.

Well, thought Arlene lazily, what was she going to do now she was off? It was too bad she'd had that fight with Leroy. Leroy was a nice boy even if he did make her mad. It would have been fine to drive down to Jersey with him. But that was out. She certainly wasn't going to be the first one to call and make up.

She could, of course, go over to Brooklyn with Rose and Willie. But that'd be kind of dull. A lot of hens sitting around, cackling, drinking tea. Maybe she'd go downtown and do some shopping. There was that blouse in Saks. She had saved almost enough now, and . . .

Suddenly she thought. It's Friday today—payday! How crazy she'd been to forget it when Bruce called. And how strange of Mrs. Snow to forget it, too. Mrs. Snow was always such a one for paying regular.

Arlene sat up in bed. Doggone it, if she wanted that blouse she'd have to get right down to Mrs. Snow's and collect her pay before Mrs. Snow started off. Lying in bed was so pleasant that she toyed with the idea of putting off the whole deal. But common sense got the better of her. With four free days ahead and no Leroy to pick up the checks, she'd need that money desperately before next Tuesday.

She glanced at the phone. Should she call Mrs. Snow and remind her? No, no use wasting money on overcalls. She could depend on Mrs. Snow. Since she hadn't needed her for the cats, Joe must be staying. Even if she made an early start, Mrs. Snow would leave the money with Joe.

Arlene tumbled reluctantly out of bed, slipped her feet into her feathery mules, and climbed into her satin housecoat. She went down the hall to the bathroom, came back, and dressed carefully in her best black suit so as to go right on to Saks.

Her brother-in-law was in the living room, sitting by the window with his feet up, reading the newspaper.

"Man, you're dressed to kill. Figuring on going to work like that?"

"I'm off. Mrs. Snow's nephew called. She's going away for the weekend. I'm just going to collect my pay; then I'm going downtown to pick up a blouse."

"You and your blouses! What you going to do with all them blouses you got stuffed in your closet already? Coffee's on the stove."

"No time. Tell Rose good-by."

Arlene waggled her hand at Willie and walked out to the street. It was quickest to take the subway. She made her way daintily through the scrambling throng of children toward the corner. The sunshine was beautiful, just right for the shore. Once she'd collected her money, maybe she would call up Rosalie and the two of them could . . .

A tall man in a snappy gabardine suit and a brown Stetson hat was strolling down the street toward her. Arlene glanced at him and froze into dignified haughtiness. At the sight of her, the young man broke into a delighted grin.

"Arlene, baby, I was just coming to see you."

"I'm sorry, Leroy. I'm in a hurry. Got to go downtown."

"You working this weekend?"

"No. As a matter of fact, I'm not. But I—"

"Fine. That's fine. I've got the car right around the corner. Run back in, grab a couple of things, and we'll head off for Atlantic."

"But, Leroy, I can't. I've got to go downtown and pick up my pay."

"What you want with your pay? I got more than enough for both." Leroy's hands moved caressingly up her arms. "Arlene, baby, you're not still mad about the other night? You know better than that. A guy's got a right to get loaded once in a while. Honey . . ."

A feeling of warm contentment flowed through Arlene. "Don't, Leroy. Don't act like that—not in public."

"Honey, I'm crazy about you. There isn't anyone else, never will be, that sends me like you do. Arlene, sugar, you're not going to stay sore."

"Well, I . . ."

"That's my baby." Leroy gave her a playful pat. "Go grab your things. I'll bring the car up."

"But I ought to go downtown and get

my pay. I . . ." Arlene's sudden smile was radiant. She put up her hand and twisted his ear. "You, Leroy! You'll be the death of me before you're through. Okay. It won't take me but a couple of minutes to get packed. When you're ready, honk your horn."

Mrs. Snow stood by the safe door, straining her ears to catch any noise from the house beyond. It had been hard to keep track of time, but it must be twelve by now. Arlene was always punctual. She let herself in through the back door. Usually she started right away on the breakfast dishes, and then she came up to the study to arrange the dinner menu with Mrs. Snow. Here on the third floor, the study was too far away for Mrs. Snow to hear Arlene's key in the lock. But surely, if Bruce had left the study door open, she would be able to hear the clatter of dishes when the time came.

Mrs. Snow thought she heard a faint sound. Her body quivering, she pressed herself closer against the safe door. But a ship's siren boomed from the East River, and when it faded, the silence in the house was profound.

Her legs were aching now. It had needed a great deal of will power to stand, quietly relaxed, by the door all this time, but she had managed it. She hadn't made a futile attempt to escape from a trap she knew was hermetically sealed; she hadn't let herself think of Bruce; she hadn't given an inch to her dark fear of the encircling four walls, which lurked constantly at the fringes of her mind; she had refused her imagination any leeway whatsoever.

The yachting cup had helped a lot. Holding it in her hand, she had been able to reconstruct the whole weekend at Marblehead, even to the men who had sat next to her at dinner, the name of that rather interesting lady from Chile, and, of course, her times alone with Gordon.

But now that the hour of release must be so close, she could no longer cling to the soothing unreality of the past. The remorselessly closed door that she had been looking at without seeing suddenly became a closed door again. There was the naked light bulb dangling above her; there, hemming her in, were the shelves of cups on one side and the shelves of

papers and files on the other—and the rear wall, with the jewel safe, which backed onto her bedroom.

The air smelled musty. For the first time it was brought home to her that there was no ventilation in the room. Air. Her knees felt thin as water.

Arlene! Arlene, you've got to come!

That one moment of weakness was enough to crack her defenses. She felt panic pouring into her like a miasmatic river fog. If only she knew the time! If only she had her glasses!

Mrs. Snow stepped back until she was standing directly under the ceiling light. She brought her wrist watch up close to her face and then blinked her eyes shut and open again. For one second the dial swam into focus and she saw the hands.

It was twelve forty-five!

Before she could stop it, a little cry forced itself through her lips. The sound of her own voice was split up and echoed back at her from the crowding walls, adding fantasy to terror. Arlene had never, in nine years, been this late. Then she wasn't coming! Bruce *had* called to put her off. That meant . . . that meant . . .

Face it, Adelaide Snow. Face it. Bruce has deliberately shut you in. How wrong you were! He's far more criminal than he is stupid. He's shut you up here so you'll die, so you won't be able to expose his sordid, petty dishonesties, so you'll die.

Mrs. Snow stumbled against the shelves of cups, clinging to them for support. For a moment there was nothing but darkness and horror. The air would grow less and less; thirst would come. In her mind's eye, she saw herself, days, perhaps, ahead in the future, screaming, beating, beating at the smooth door with torn and blood-spattered fists.

Her hand brushed one of the cups and it was contact with the cup that saved her. It was almost as if some mystic, healing power streamed out of it and through her, bringing her strength from Gordon.

You've got to be brave. If you're not brave everything is lost.

She gritted her teeth as if somehow the enemy, panic, were in her mouth.

There was Lorna. She had told Sylvia to have Lorna call her the moment she came back from sailing, had told her

that Lorna was to come home, immediately. Lorna knew she wasn't a hysterical woman. Lorna would take the call seriously. She would phone. Then, when she got no answer, surely, she would come.

Yes. This was the first time Mrs. Snow had ever made so urgent a demand on her. Lorna would come home. Unless—unless Bruce was already on his way to East Hampton with some lying, plausible story. . . .

Mrs. Snow snapped off the train of thought. She couldn't afford to think that way. She had to clutch at every hope. Lorna would come. And if she didn't, hadn't Joe said he was coming back that evening to pick up the sanding machine? Yes, of course, he had. There was Lorna and Joe. There was nothing to worry about.

Slowly, deliberately coming to terms with reality, Mrs. Snow surveyed the cramped little room that was her prison. The bare cement floor was long enough for her to lie down at full length. She could sleep there if she had to. She could sit down, too. Yes, it would be a good idea to save her legs.

She turned to the shelves and, after careful thought, picked up a large embossed silver cup. She and Gordon had won it together at Nassau.

She sat down on the floor, leaning her back against the metal furnace duct, and rested the cup on her lap. 1935! What a clear, sparkling Caribbean winter it had been; she remembered the very day of the race.

Gradually she began to feel the gentle tug of the breeze at her hair. She was surrounded by blue sea. Off to port, palm trees curved above the glittering silver stretch of beach.

Gordon glanced over his shoulder at her, smiling, his face mahogany brown from the sun. Yes, there had been salt spray in his hair. . . .

While Larry Emmett pattered around in the moored Star boat, Lorna Mendham climbed out onto the little sun-splashed jetty and dropped down contentedly on her back. The morning sail had been wonderful. The gulls, floating silently against the blue sky above her, were wonderful. Soon

Bruce would be arriving. That would be most wonderful of all. Lorna crossed one bluejeaned knee over the other and wiggled her bare toes. She felt absurdly happy.

That was nothing new. For eighteen months she had been living in a state of constant euphoria. She still marveled that love could do this. In the old days, there had always been some anxiety or another. She had never been quite sure of her looks, never quite sure that she was making the right impression, never quite sure, even, whether she existed or not. Then Bruce had come into her life.

Maybe she wasn't just happy, she thought. Maybe she was slaphappy. For, actually, life wasn't as ideal as it seemed to her. Aunt Addy, in spite of the fact that she tried not to be, was jealous of Bruce and difficult about him, and Bruce, although he was too sweet to admit it, didn't really get on with Aunt Addy. And he was justified, of course. It was bad for them to be living in Aunt Addy's house, tied to her apron strings. Aunt Addy was bossy. She did like to organize everything. If Lorna had been really enterprising, they would have moved out months ago. But Lorna was too happy to be enterprising. Poor Aunt Addy! Now Uncle Gordon was dead, she had no one to love except Lorna. Why not humor her for a while at least? There was more than enough happiness to go around.

But Aunt Addy should be disciplined. Bruce was right about that. She had to be taught that just because she had the money, it gave her no right to keep them jumping all the time.

Lorna rolled over onto her stomach. The jetty planks beneath her were rough and warm. There was a delicious smell of brine, seaweed, and tar.

Bruce! mused Lorna. Her whole mind, body, and spirit were saturated with the thought of her husband.

Sylvia Emmett, in a white sweater and black slacks, was hurrying down the jetty toward her. Lorna was too indolent to get up. She waved casually. Soon Sylvia's calves appeared at her eye level.

"Hi," said Lorna.

"Lorna, your aunt called. You're to call

At the first sign of a
COLD
take 2 Bayer Aspirin Tablets
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Lorna's whole new enchanted life was tottering around her, undermined by her own suspicions

her right back. She says it's terribly important. She wants you to come home at once."

It seemed to Lorna that the jetty rocked queasily under her. She jumped up. "What's the matter? It isn't Bruce?"

"She didn't say."

"Has Bruce come?"

"Not yet."

Lorna started running down the jetty. She saw now that her happiness had been an omen of disaster. Bruce! Something dreadful had happened to Bruce! Why, oh, why, just because an extra morning sail had seemed so tempting, had she come down ahead of him with Sylvia? It was the first time since

their marriage that she had spent the night away from him. How could she have been so crazy? It was all her fault.

She reached the end of the jetty and started to run through the garden toward the house. As she came, panting, up to the drive, she saw Bruce's green convertible swinging to the front door.

Her heart leaped with joy. She ran to the car, reaching it just as Bruce was climbing out. She threw herself into his arms. He swung her up in the air, kissing her cheek, her lips.

"Hi, babe. What a reception!"

"Bruce, you're all right?"

"Of course I'm all right."

"Aunt Addy called. She said it was terribly important. She said I was to go

back at once. I was sure something had happened to you."

"Oh, that!"

Bruce set her down on her feet again. He was grinning. There was something about his smile, thought Lorna. It was all gaiety. When Bruce was smiling, it was impossible to remember that anyone in the world could be lonely or miserable.

"Bruce, what does Aunt Addy want?"

"Just one of her brainstormers."

"Brainstormers?"

"When we were going through the mail this morning, she got onto the sapphire ring again. She started figuring that if it had been stolen, maybe some of her other jewels had been stolen, too. She went into the vault, opened the wall safe, and searched through her jewel box. She practically had hysterics. Her emeralds were missing."

Bruce reached into the back of the car and brought out his brief case.

"You can imagine the scene. She came barging out of the safe, screaming, 'We've been robbed. Burglars!' She was going to call the police. She was going to call you and bring you right back as a witness. At least I managed to get her to call you before the police. Thank God I did, because . . ."

He started to laugh. Lorna, infected, found herself laughing, too.

"Because—what, Bruce?"

"You've guessed the pay-off, of course. We found the emeralds in the drawer of her vanity in the bedroom. She'd worn them the other night to the Silsons'. And not only that, the sapphire ring—"

"She didn't find that, too?"

"Sure. Down in the upholstery of the chaise longue."

They were both laughing uncontrollably now.

"That's funny," moaned Lorna. "That's really funny because I searched in the chaise longue. I spent hours digging down, and it was there all the time!"

"She's a card, your Aunt Addy. A real card. Getting old, I guess. Memory isn't what it used to be."

"Poor, darling Aunt Addy." Lorna drew away from her husband. "I guess I should call her anyway."

"She's probably forgotten all about it by now." Bruce's face was serious again. "Listen, babe, call her if you like. You know me. I never want to butt in. But—do you think it's wise? I mean, always letting her feel she can push you around whenever the spirit moves her? After all, just because she got in a swivet. She didn't think twice about calling you and scaring you to death for fear something had happened to me."

Lorna remembered her terrible moment on the jetty. That had been Aunt Addy's fault. "Yes, Bruce, you're right. She's got to learn sooner or later that I'm a grown-up person with a life of my own. If she wants to talk to me, let her call back."

"Check, babe." Bruce slipped his arm around her waist. "Where're Larry and Sylvia?"

"Down on the jetty."

"Let's corral them. After all this excitement, I could do with a Martini."

Mrs. Snow sat crouched on the floor by the furnace duct. She had one of the yachting cups in her hand. Every second or so, she tapped rhythmically with it against the metal of the duct.

It seemed now as if she had been in the vault for days, but it had been only six hours. Five minutes before, she had stood once again under the ceiling light and blinked her eyes at her watch. It was five o'clock.

Lorna wasn't coming. She had resigned herself to that.

The phone had rung several times. Its insistent ring had been harder to endure than the silence. But, even if one of the calls had been from Lorna, she wasn't coming. At most, it took two and a half hours to drive up from the Emmetts'. If Lorna had returned from sailing at lunchtime, Sylvia would have given her the message right away. If Lorna had been coming, she would have come at once.

No, her worst suspicions had been confirmed. Bruce had called Arlene and put her off. Bruce had hurried to East Hampton and had managed to convince Lorna that Mrs. Snow's phone call had been a false alarm.

Joe Polansky was her only hope. Joe had said he was coming for the sanding machine tonight. She knew his habits. He ate supper at six. Probably he would help his wife with the dishes and then come uptown. He could scarcely arrive before eight. But she was taking no chances. Since four o'clock she had been tapping on the duct.

The duct had been her one big break. Three years ago, when she had had the new heating system installed, she had made the engineers bring the unsightly duct up through the vault. It led to the cellar where the sanding machine was stored. Even if Joe didn't come up into the house looking for her, he would certainly hear the tapping.

For minutes, while she sat there tapping, Mrs. Snow had been trying to ac-

custom herself to the fact that calculated wickedness was not just something that one read about in the papers, that one vaguely knew existed but that could never rear up in one's own life. She had always thought of herself as a worldly woman who had been everywhere and seen almost all there was to see. She realized now how Gordon's love and, later, Gordon's money, had kept her almost as naïve as a child.

Bruce had been living here in the house with her for over a year. Although, for Lorna's sake, she had tried to blind herself, she had seen through his conceit, his cupidity, his false charm. She had finally exposed him as a thief. But, even when she was accusing him to his face, she had never dreamed that he was anything more than stupid and dishonest. Mortal danger had lurked there, and she hadn't caught a glimpse of it.

Even now it was almost inconceivable to her that someone she knew, her own niece's husband, could be—this! A man who could shut a woman up in a vault and leave her to die!

The horror of that knowledge was worse than the claustrophobia, worse than the haunting realization of an everyday, bustling Manhattan, stretching all around her little prison cell, going about its business totally ignorant of and unconcerned with her predicament.

But she was free from panic now because of Joe. Bruce thought he had been so clever, but he hadn't known about Joe and the sanding machine. Joe was the ace up her sleeve. The thought of him gave her a tense, gambler's thrill. She was playing poker, and she was going to win. Her normal, energetic optimism had reasserted itself.

Of course she was going to win.

She rapped sharply on the duct with the silver cup. It was strange. She had thought thirst would come before hunger. But it wasn't so. She didn't feel thirsty at all, but for some time now she had felt a nagging hunger in her stomach. That was because she had had no breakfast. She had been too eager to get up to the study with the bank statement before Bruce came down and caught her.

Very faintly, from somewhere far off in the house, she heard the sound of

wailing. The cats! She had hardly thought about them all day. Poor Chiang and Mei-Ling! They were used to getting their dinner at five o'clock. If ever Arlene was even a few minutes late, they always howled like banshees. They were down in the kitchen now, prowling.

Mrs. Snow felt a sudden excitement. The moment Joe arrived, the cats would go hurtling down to the cellar, yowling, scolding, demanding food. Joe knew their ways as well as she herself did. Even without the tapping, he would be sure to guess something was wrong and investigate immediately.

The tapping, the cats. Everything would be all right. Of course it would. . . .

Because Joe would come. There wasn't a doubt in her mind about that. She knew Mrs. Polansky. For years she had had Joe completely under her thumb. If Mrs. Polansky wanted her floors scraped this weekend, scraped they would be.

And not just that! Joe would want to come tonight, if only to get away for a while from home. Mrs. Snow knew how fond Joe was of her. He fussed over her almost as if she were his sister. She and the house were really his whole life. His little room in the cellar was his asylum, his refuge from his wife's nagging.

Mrs. Snow felt an odd, cosmic calm. Now that there was no longer any reason to be afraid, she could see that this dreadful experience was not only a punishment for her own error of judgment, it was also a blessing in disguise. Lorna was so infatuated with Bruce that it was perfectly possible she might have forgiven him for the forgeries. But she would never be able to forgive the man who had tried to murder her aunt.

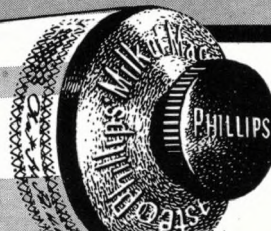
This, Mrs. Snow told herself, was just another instance of the devious way life worked for the best. Soon Bruce would be in jail, and Lorna, cured of her obsession, would be free of him. Free to pick up once again that happy, untroubled existence that she and her aunt had enjoyed before the wedding.

No, she mustn't think selfishly like that. Free to find a decent young man who honestly loved her and would make her a worthy husband.

The hunger pains were troubling her

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Hour by hour, fear had begun to get a grip on her. It was like a terrible, obscene insect inside her, coiling around her heart, sliding up her spine

again. Mrs. Snow tapped the cup against the furnace duct.

Downstairs she could hear the faint but insistent crying of the cats.

Joe Polansky came out of the kitchen and sat down cautiously on one of his wife's new electric-blue lounge chairs. Supper had made him sleepy. He would have liked to relax for a while. He couldn't, of course. He had to go uptown for Mrs. Snow's sanding machine.

Not that he could have relaxed around here, anyway. In the old days, it had been bad enough. *What you up to now, Joe? Joe, how many times I got to tell you not to smoke that stinking pipe in here?* But the old days had been paradise to what it was now. Joe felt a bitter resentment against Minna's sister in Jersey for dying the month before and leaving her two thousand dollars. Ever since, there'd been no peace. The fancy new living-room suite with those lace things on the arms; talk, talk, talk, about drapes and plants in pots and heaven knows what. And the floor!

Joe glanced down at the chipped, uneven boards at his feet. No amount of sanding was going to make them look like anything but what they were—cheap, old, worn-out, cold-water-flat flooring. But you couldn't tell Minna that!

"Ready, Joe?"

Minna hustled into the living room. Her new permanent wave had piled her hair into a cone of tight gray curls. Even her face looked different after that beauty treatment. Kind of tight, too, like it would split, maybe, if she smiled. She had a five-dollar bill in her hand.

"Here, I don't have any singles. You'll have to take this. But mind, now. Just the taxi coming back with the machine. You take the subway up like always."

Joe accepted the bill and rose obediently. Years ago—Joe had never been able to find out when—he had given up trying to assert himself with Minna. Maybe it had been when they didn't have any children and the doctor said it was his fault. And then, maybe, Minna had always been such a big girl and him so small. Joe didn't know exactly how it had happened. But it had, and because he was ashamed of having lost his manhood, he was too proud to try to fight his way back.

"Now, don't you let Mrs. Snow talk you into doing any chores up there tonight. I know the way she is. I want you back here and in bed early so you can get a good start tomorrow on the floors."

Mrs. Polansky followed him out onto the landing. She loomed massively over the stair rail as he started down.

"Get the little machine, too, the one for the tables. And you come straight on back, now. No dawdling around. Joe—do you hear me?"

Hear her! Wasn't anyone on the block, practically, who couldn't hear her!

It was pleasant in the street. A real mild evening. Joe always felt better the moment he was out of the apartment. He thought affectionately of Mrs. Snow's household. Arlene would be finishing up after dinner now. Soon she'd be off. It wasn't right, Mrs. Snow staying all night there in that big house by herself. He was glad he was going to drop in. He could make sure everything was okay.

He turned into Sixth Avenue and started through the crowds toward the subway. The image of Mrs. Snow was still in his mind. Sometimes he didn't know what he'd do if it weren't for Mrs. Snow and the friendly, familiar world of her cellar. He thought of her sitting there in the study that morning. *Go off and have a good Labor Day spree, Joe. A spree!* Imagine Minna ever suggesting a spree! Minna, who took every cent of his pay except for carfare and didn't even allow a bottle of beer in the house.

He passed the bright, neon-lit entrance to a bar. A sailor and a girl turned sharply in front of him and disappeared through the swinging doors. Heck, it was Labor Day weekend. Everyone having a good time. Joe hesitated at the door, the impulse to revolt stirring unexpectedly in him. Must be close to six months since he'd been inside a bar. He touched the five-dollar bill in his pocket. Minna could never figure out the taxi fare down to the last dime.

A little man in a blue raincoat, not unlike himself, pushed past into the bar.

Joe Polansky followed him in.

It was just an ordinary tavern, cozy, cheerful, with customers scattered along the bar. A jukebox was blaring. Way down in back a guy was singing and dancing on television. Joe went to the bar and ordered a beer.

Unintentionally he had sat next to the little man who had come in ahead of him and who was ordering a shot of rye. They glanced at each other. The little man beamed and gestured to the barman.

"Jack, this gentleman's beer's on me."

"Oh, no," said Joe.

"What you mean, no? This beer's on me and the next and the next and the next. I'm celebrating. A guy can't celebrate alone." The little man leaned closer on his stool and put an arm around Joe's shoulder. "Know something, old-timer? I'm a granddaddy. My first grandson. Born just a couple of hours ago. Eight pounds. A fine boy. What you know about that, brother? Danny Carson's the name."

Joe was usually shy with strangers, but Mrs. Snow's word *spree* had infected him with a sense of adventure. This was a spree—this casual, friendly meeting, all this noise, the chattering voices, the tangy taste of the beer. And it didn't seem like you had to figure out things to say to Danny, either. He did all the talking—all about his daughter and what a fine girl she was and what a fine steady boy she'd married and how the nurses at the hospital had said they'd never seen a finer-looking baby.

Joe finished his beer and accepted another. His spirits were soaring. What a real friendly guy Danny was! And what a fine life he led with all those kids and now the grandson and . . .

Suddenly Joe remembered Minna. He glanced at the clock. Gee, he'd been in here a half hour already. Danny's arm was on his shoulder again.

"Heck," he said, "I gotta go. Gotta pick up a sanding machine for my wife—or will I catch hell!"

"Catch hell!" Danny gave a resounding guffaw. "Hey," he called to the bar at large, "hear that? Here's a guy so scared of his wife he's gotta pick up a sanding machine."

No one paid much attention, but the barman, who happened to be standing in front of them, gave a knowing smile. Joe felt himself blushing with anger and shame. Of course they were all laughing at him. Why shouldn't they? These guys that came here were real guys. They didn't let themselves get pushed around by their wives. They could have as many sprees as they liked.

Spree! That word and the two beers were just enough to prod his rankling pride. Minna and her "no-dawdling-mind-you-come-straight-home!" What did Minna think he was, anyway? A mouse?

To hell with the sanding machine! He'd pick it up when he was ready.

He turned to Danny, slapping him boldly on the back. His whole body glowed with the warmth of liberation.

"Drink up, Grandpappy. The next round's on me."

It was twelve o'clock—midnight. Mrs. Snow stood under the ceiling light. She was pressing her hand against her mouth to keep from screaming.

Hour by hour, as her hopes of Joe's coming grew less and less, fear had begun to get a grip on her. It had invaded her inch by inch, overwhelming her hunger pains, subduing even the nagging thirst that had come soon enough to plague her. Now it had complete control of her. She had never known such a fear could exist. It was like a terrible, obscene insect inside her, coiling around her heart, sliding up her spine, chewing, sucking at her brain.

Joe wasn't going to come. He hadn't just lingered at home, missed his subway, or decided to walk. He wasn't going to come.

In Mrs. Snow's terror-struck mind, Bruce had become a figure of more than human evil and cunning. Somehow Bruce had found out about Joe and had seduced him—just as he had seduced Arlene and Lorna. There was no hope now.

No hope. No hope. The words thumped in her with the thumping of her heart. Above her, the ceiling seemed slowly to be descending. The walls were stalking, creeping toward her. The sparkling yachting cups that once had brought comfort were nightmares now, death offerings sealed with the corpse in the tomb. This was a tomb. She was buried alive.

She was going to die.

Panic surged through her like the huge, sweeping waves of a storm at sea. Waves! In her extremity, Mrs. Snow clung to the image of waves. This wasn't fear; it was water, cold, clear sea water pounding over her. She was in a sailboat; she was trapped in a northeasterly gale.

But you could fight a storm in a boat. With strength, with daring, you could fight. . . .

With immense effort, Mrs. Snow met panic head on and slowly, grimly, in a hand-to-hand battle, subdued it. First the scream faded from her throat; then the tension slackened; then, panting, damp with sweat, exhausted, she stood there quietly—herself again.

But it was a new self, purged of false hope, whose strength was in its resignation.

If I'm going to die, she told herself, I'm going to die. There's nothing so terrible about a sixty-year-old woman dying.

Now that she had accepted the probability of death, she found she could start, on a different level, to hope again. Something could always happen. Lorna, for some quite separate reason, might come back earlier. And then there was dear old Hilary Prynne. Hilary, as Gordon's best friend, ritualistically arrived every Saturday to take Adelaide Snow to lunch at the Plaza. She had remembered Hilary earlier in the day, but she had been so sure of Joe that she hadn't thought much about him. Certainly he would come tomorrow. He would ring the bell. Since the lunch date was such a ritual with them, he would surely suspect something was wrong.

Yes, something could still happen to save her. But the important thing was to conserve her strength. She must try to sleep.

Mrs. Snow glanced up at the ceiling bulb. How long did a bulb last? She had no idea. It would be hard to lie there in the stifling little room in total darkness, but it would be far worse if the bulb were to burn out. She reached up and twisted the bulb. Darkness fell on her like a wet tarpaulin.

She dropped down to her knees and then stretched out on the cement floor. She tried to imagine she was in the cabin of Gordon's cruiser. That was the only boxlike area in which she had never felt constricted.

She was in the cabin; the boat was rocking gently; and—yes—Gordon was in the bunk next to her.

But the illusion didn't quite work. The thirst was bad again. She could bear it.

It wasn't any worse, really, than a toothache. Insidiously, however, hope started to undermine her again. It whispered to her that Bruce couldn't possibly have known about Joe and the sanding machine. Joe hadn't come that evening because of some perfectly normal domestic reason. A party, perhaps. But whatever happened, Mrs. Polansky was going to see to it that her floors were scraped that weekend.

Yes, Joe would be there in the morning, early. She reached her hand through the darkness, groping for the cup she had dropped. She must have it near her. She must be ready to tap again on the duct for Joe.

A little after three, Joe Polansky stood by the subway stairs, watching Danny weave downward.

"Bye, Danny. See you tomorrow, Danny. 'Bye, old pal."

Joe was happier than he'd ever been in his life. He and Danny must have hit pretty near every bar in the neighborhood before they were through. And Danny had invited him over to Jersey tomorrow for an all-day party to celebrate the grandson. He'd found a friend. A real pal. Somewhere to go where he would always be welcome. Everything was wonderful, rosy, and friendly.

Suddenly, as he stood there, swaying slightly, Joe Polansky thought of Mrs. Snow. Minna and the sanding machine had dissolved from his mind hours ago, but off and on all evening he'd thought of Mrs. Snow. There she was, all alone in that big house. It wasn't right. What if burglars came? And why wouldn't they come with all those valuable things lying around? Immense warmth for Mrs. Snow spread through him. She never pushed him around. There was no do-this, do-that about her. *Go off, Joe, and have a wonderful spree.*

His affection and his anxiety for Mrs. Snow merged. It seemed perfectly clear what he had to do. She needed a man in the house to protect her. That was him—Joe. He was the man in Mrs. Snow's house. The thought of his little cellar room was inviting, too. No Minna raging and stomping. Minna made him tired.

He climbed down the subway steps. He

Doctors Say:
AS MANY AS
2 out of 3 Women
BETWEEN 15 AND 50 AND MANY, MANY MEN
are Starving for IRON!

START TAKING IRONIZED YEAST TODAY!

GO FROM THIS TO THIS WITH

IRONIZED YEAST
100 TABLETS
AN IRON TONIC PLUS VITAMIN B₁

Pallor and weakness may be due to other causes, so see your doctor regularly.

She woke up in utter darkness. Panic had been with her in her uneasy sleep, and instantly, before she could marshal her control, it had her by the throat

reached the turnstile. He felt in one pocket and then another. Fumblingly he started the procedure all over again. Then it dawned on him. No dime. Of course there was no dime. Who could expect a miserable five bucks to last long on a spree? Wasn't a penny left.

That was that, then. Poor Mrs. Snow. She'd have to spend the night all alone. Well, couldn't be helped. It was home—and Minna.

As he climbed the steps again, he felt an unexpected excitement. It was better to go home, anyway. About time he told Minna a thing or two. High time.

He had trouble getting his key into the apartment-door lock. He was still poking around with it when the door was flung open. Minna stood there in her nightdress, huge, bosomy, purple in the face.

"Joe Polansky. Drunk! Of all things! Drunk! Where's my sanding machine?"

With great dignity, Joe pushed past her into the hallway.

Minna swung around, grabbing at him. "You! You should be ashamed! And my money! Where's my five dollars?"

"Spent it."

"You spent my poor dead sister's money on liquor? Joe Polansky—you listen to me—"

Joe turned slowly and faced his wife. He was the gay buckaroo of the movies, with the slightly arched eyebrows and the jaunty little smile.

"And you, Minna Polansky, just listen to me. If you want that sanding machine, okay, go get it yourself. Me, I'm gonna sleep. That's what I'm gonna do. And tomorrow, when I'm good and ready, I'm getting up and I'm going to Jersey, to a party, to my friend's house. Good ol' Danny. Floors! Getting your floors scraped! Think you're Mrs. Rockefeller?"

The new blue sofa beckoned invitingly. There was more to say to Minna—a lot more. But Joe was losing track of it. He crossed to the couch and with a little sigh dropped down on it, tucking his legs up under him.

"Joe, my sofa! Joe, your filthy shoes!"

Minna was bending over him, clutching at his shoulders, tugging at him. With all his force, Joe shoved her away so that she went skittering heavily backward across the room.

"Cow," he said blissfully. "Stupid old fat cow."

Mrs. Snow woke up in utter darkness, her heart pounding like a piston. Panic had been with her in her uneasy sleep, and instantly, before she could marshal her control, it had her by the throat. She jumped up. She was so weak that she almost fell, but she steadied herself. Shivering all over, she groped through the blackness until she found the electric bulb and twisted it on.

The light came blindingly, but it managed to check her panic a little. She blinked her eyes and went through the agonizing procedure of consulting her watch. It was harder than yesterday, but at last she managed to make the little hands come into focus. Five forty-five. Morning already.

Joe might be here any minute now. She would have to start tapping.

She turned to pick up the cup from the floor, and once again she stumbled. Dizziness and nausea swept through her.

Suddenly it dawned on her that it was the air. The air was thick and fetid, with a sickeningly sweet aftertaste. She had to gasp to take it into her lungs, and each time it made her want to gag. She had never dreamed the air would fail her so soon. Here was a new enemy, far more lethal than hunger or thirst.

Standing there, supporting herself against the shelves of cups, she almost surrendered to panic.

"Gordon!" She found herself gasping out her husband's name. "Gordon! Gordon, help me!"

Her own voice, hoarse, almost insensounding, was another enemy. Was she mad already? She knew Gordon wasn't there. She knew . . .

She dropped down on all fours, picked up the fallen cup, and crawled with it to the duct. Panting at the foul air, she pressed her ear against the aluminum. Was that a sound? Her body stiffened. Was that . . . ? It came again, and she recognized it. It was only the cats. The cats were down in the cellar—crying.

She started to sob. She couldn't control herself. The sobs heaved up through her. Automatically, while she sobbed, she rapped the cup against the duct.

Air, she thought. Air. I want air.

She imagined the air, less than an inch

away from her, beyond the thin metal of the duct, great drafts of clean, cool air billowing up from the cellar. The duct! Aluminum! Suddenly she was herself again. The duct! Why hadn't she thought of it before? If she could cut through . . .

There was a metal paper knife that she always kept by the files. She got up. The sobs had dwindled now to a whimpering she hardly noticed. She crossed to the file, rifled through the scattered papers, and found the knife. She tested the blade. Yes, it was strong. She dropped down again by the duct. The hollow metal shaft was built in sections, rounded by the floor and then stretching up in a straight column to the ceiling. She chose a spot on the surface at random and stabbed the knife at it with all her strength.

The knife snapped in two. The top half of the broken blade fell with a little tinkle on the cement at her side.

She squatted, staring at it, her lips trembling. Despair seemed to give her vision an uncanny keenness. She saw the broken blade; she saw every little pit and flaw in the cement surface below it. And, for the first time, she found herself really looking at the duct as an object. There was a break between the concave lower section and the straight section above it. Around the break, connecting the two, had been wound a narrow strip of aluminum. The end of the belt of metal had been bent back against itself.

Mrs. Snow slipped the broken knife under the end of the metal strip and pried it up. She found she could quite easily pull the whole strip off. And not only that. The top section of the duct was loose now. Feverishly she tugged at it and bent it sideways. It freed itself scrapingly from the lower section. And there, gaping in front of her like a great black mouth, was the exposed interior of the duct.

For a second, her success stunned her. Then, avidly, she leaned over the hole, drinking in great drafts of air. It was wonderful; it was ecstasy; it was champagne.

Mrs. Snow felt her whole body purged, cleansed as by a wind from the sea.

"Joe!" she called down the duct.

She could hear her voice tumbling, echoing, down the shaft.

"Joe! Joe!"

She started to giggle and then to laugh

—hysterically, drunkenly. She clung to the broken duct, laughing and sobbing.

And each time she laughed, she felt the fresh, cold, life-restoring air.

Lorna Mendham lit her first cigarette of the day while she listened absently to Sylvia's chatter across the white iron terrace breakfast table. Larry was already down at the jetty, fiddling with the boat. Bruce wasn't down yet. It always took him so long to dress.

For the first time since her marriage, Lorna's happiness was clouded. Sylvia was her oldest friend. She and Larry had just come back from two years at the embassy in Rome. They hadn't been at the wedding; they had hardly met Bruce before this weekend.

And now they didn't like him.

They hadn't said anything, of course. They were far too well-mannered for that. But Lorna had suspected it last night, and now she was sure of it. They were being much too formal, much too eager to make charm.

Damn them! thought Lorna. They were just like Aunt Addy. They thought they were so emancipated, but they were all of them stuck in their dreary little social-register rut. What difference did it make that Bruce hadn't been to the right schools or that, possibly because that made him self-conscious with people like the Emmetts, he did try to show off a bit? Of course, it had been silly of him to go on quite so long last night about all his glamorous friends on the Riviera. But couldn't Sylvia and Larry see through that? Didn't they have enough instinct to sense that he wasn't just good-looking, that he was considerate and kind and—and true? Oh, no, just because he wasn't "one of us," they were suspicious.

Sylvia was rambling on about the antiques she had brought back from Italy. Suddenly Lorna was ashamed of her own depression and irritation. It was foolish to take it all so hard. The Emmetts would come around to Bruce in the end. Of course they would. Everyone did. She forced herself to take an intelligent interest in what Sylvia was saying.

"Darling, it's disastrous about that divine Venetian desk. It was perfect when we bought it in Milan. Now the front of

one whole drawer is split. Those terrible shippers! And it's quite impossible to get a good cabinetmaker anymore. We've tried and tried."

"Aunt Addy has a wonderful man."

"How marvelous." Sylvia leaned across the table. "What's his name?"

"I'm afraid I don't remember."

"Then be an angel. Call Mrs. Snow this minute. I'll plead with him on bended knee to come down next week."

"All right."

Lorna found she was glad to have a legitimate opportunity for telephoning Aunt Addy. She agreed with Bruce, of course, that Aunt Addy should be disciplined. But even so, she still felt a little guilty about yesterday. Even though Aunt Addy was difficult, it wasn't really fair to treat her like a naughty child.

As she got up and moved across the terrace, Bruce appeared through the French windows. He was looking very handsome in white sharkskin slacks with a red scarf knotted exquisitely above an open silk shirt. As always, Lorna felt that exciting catch in her throat when she saw him. But at the same time, quite unexpectedly, an image came of Larry Emmett down at the boat in dirty old blue-jeans and a T-shirt. For a second she saw Bruce through Sylvia's eyes. She was horrified with herself and ran to him.

He caught her in his arms and kissed her. "Good morning again, darling. Where are you off to?"

"I'm going to call Aunt Addy. Sylvia wants the address of her cabinet fixer."

Bruce's arms tightened around her so suddenly that she almost cried out. Then, very quietly, he said, "But do you know Mrs. Lindsay's number?"

"Mrs. Lindsay?"

His grip had relaxed now. One of his hands was caressing her neck. "Isn't that her name—the old friend of Aunt Addy's who lived in Copenhagen or somewhere?"

"But what has Mrs. Lindsay got to do with it?"

He pushed her away, grinning down at her. "Miss Addlepatte."

"Bruce, what are you talking about?"

"Didn't I tell you? I'm sure I did. Mrs. Lindsay called up yesterday right in the middle of the emerald scare. She's back and rented a house in Connecticut. Aunt

Addy was invited for the weekend. She was taking the afternoon train."

Lorna looked at him, puzzled. She hadn't known Mrs. Lindsay was planning to come back to the States. And she was sure Bruce hadn't said anything about it yesterday. He must have forgotten in all the fuss of the burglar story.

"Where is she in Connecticut, Bruce?"

"Gosh, Aunt Addy did tell me. Is it Litchfield? Redding?"

"Never mind, Lorna." Sylvia's voice sounded behind her. "The man couldn't do anything till Tuesday, anyway."

"All right," said Lorna.

But it was strange. Surely Mrs. Lindsay would have written Aunt Addy to say she was coming back, and surely Aunt Addy would have mentioned it. And then for one moment Bruce had seemed so odd. Was it possible that he was making the whole story up because he still didn't want her to spoil Aunt Addy and was reluctant to say so in front of Sylvia?

Lorna was shocked at so disloyal a thought, and her irritation against the Emmetts returned. It was all Sylvia's fault. If it hadn't been for Sylvia, she would never have dreamed up such a preposterous idea. Of course Aunt Addy was with Mrs. Lindsay.

"You'd better hurry with your breakfast, Bruce," Sylvia was saying. "Larry's been down at the boat for hours."

Still crouched by the broken furnace duct, Mrs. Snow had finally lost her mood of elation and hope. She had called Joe's name down the shaft at regular intervals, even called the cats' names and heard their mournful answering wails reverberating up from the cellar. She had written notes, too. *Joe, Bruce has locked me in the vault.* She knew there was a vent in the cellar. The notes might just come to rest by the open grille, and Joe might just notice the unexpected paper there. She had felt gay, almost frivolous.

But gradually it had all started to change again. Air wasn't enough. As hour followed hour and Joe didn't come, the shelves of cups seemed once again to be creeping menacingly toward her. Thirst became terrible, thickening her tongue, parching her lips, bringing nausea. Her

MARY'S
Sharp
EVEN ON THOSE "BAD" DAYS



She knows Midol



RELIEVES FUNCTIONAL PERIODIC PAIN
CRAMPS - HEADACHE - "BLUES"

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He carried Lorna out past the guests. To her it was a nightmare to suspect so much, to know so little

voice calling "Joe" was a feeble, painful croak. She gave up calling and started to tap with the cup instead. She needed all the strength that was left to fight against despair.

For, although she went on tapping, she had given up Joe. False hope, she knew, was her most dangerous enemy. Now she was thinking only of Hilary Prynne. Certainly Hilary would come. And he would come at exactly twelve-thirty. He was never a minute early or late for their ritual lunch engagement. At twelve-thirty she would hear the front doorbell ring.

Only a few minutes ago she had dragged herself to the center of the vault under the ceiling light and, finally, had been able to read the watch.

Twelve-fifteen.

Now it must be almost twelve-thirty. Her knees were aching from her constricted position by the duct, but she hardly noticed it anymore. She clung

grimly to the duct's broken mouth, waiting—waiting for her last chance.

Suddenly it came—the sound of the front-door buzzer, echoing up from the cellar below. She lurched over the black mouth of the duct and, recklessly expending her tiny reserve of vitality, started to scream:

"Help! Help! Hilary—help!"

For a moment it seemed to her that her voice was like thunder, rolling down the duct, billowing back to her. Outside in the street, Hilary would hear. Surely, Hilary would hear.

The front door-buzzer sounded again.

"Help! Help! Oh, help!"

Her voice sounded deafening to her. And, crazily, it seemed to have a life of its own. It seemed to go on shrilling long after her lips were closed.

Then, suddenly, she understood. It wasn't her voice she was hearing. It was the cats answering her from the cellar. Her own voice was hardly stronger than a whisper.

It was completely drowned by the high, sour yowling of the cats.

Hilary Prynne stood at the front door of Mrs. Snow's house. He had dressed, as always, with the greatest care. In his hand he held a small florist's box containing a single white orchid. Adelaide loved white flowers.

The crisp sunlight shone on his pink, distinguished, benevolent face. He was feeling particularly jaunty, but then the prospect of seeing Adelaide always acted as a tonic. They would lunch at the Plaza, of course; and then perhaps Adelaide might enjoy a carriage drive in the park. They would have until five, because his train to his weekend hosts in Hartford didn't leave until six and he had already checked his suitcase at Grand Central.

As he pressed the door buzzer, a darling thought came. Wasn't this, perhaps, the right moment to ask Adelaide to marry him? Poor old Gordon had been gone now for over five years. Hilary toyed deliciously with the idea of having Adelaide always with him. Of course, it would be difficult after all these years to give up his bachelor habits. But think of the compensations—Adelaide's wonderful flair for companionship, her cool, clear mind, her ability to make decisions.

His thought chain broke. What was the matter with Maggie? She usually answered the door so promptly.

He pressed the buzzer again, and as he did so, he heard a strange sound from inside the house. Alarm spread through him. It was almost like someone crying.

He leaned closer, pressing his ear to the door. He heard the sound again. Oh, it was only the cats. Hilary's mouth pursed in faint distaste. He had a horror of cats. Certainly, if he married Adelaide, he would, very tactfully, of course, ease the cats out of the establishment.

He rang the buzzer a third time. Then he remembered. Adelaide had told him on the phone the other day that Maggie was sick. Adelaide must have given the cook the day off, and she was all alone. Upstairs, primping, probably.

He rang the buzzer again. The sound of the cats' wailing was much nearer now. They must have run up to the door. During the long, dead pause that followed, Hilary's alarm increased. What if Adelaide were all alone there and something had happened! A fall in the bathtub, perhaps, or . . . or . . .

For surely she must be there. If she had gone away for the weekend she would have called. Their lunch dates were as important to her as to him.

He put his finger on the buzzer and kept it there. He could hear the shrill of the bell merging with the screaming of the cats. He glanced over his shoulder. A policeman was strolling down the sidewalk across the street.

Hilary started down the steps and hurried toward the officer. Adelaide must have had an accident. That was the only

explanation. They would have to break down the door, get a doctor, get . . .

He called, "Officer."

The policeman turned. It was only then that Hilary realized what must have happened. He'd flown in late from Baltimore last night. He'd been too tired to consult the pad of telephone messages that had been left for him. That morning, in his hurry to get ready for Adelaide, he'd never thought of looking at it.

Of course, Adelaide had been called unexpectedly away and had left a message. He just hadn't seen it. That was all. Years of decorous life as a banker had given Hilary Prynne a horror of scenes. How monstrously embarrassing if he had actually broken down Adelaide's front door, caused a scandal with the police, and . . . The very thought of it made him hot and cold all over.

"Yes, sir?" The police was standing in front of him.

Hilary's pink face grew a trifle pinker. "I'm sorry to trouble you, officer, but do you happen to have the correct time?"

It was too bad to have missed Adelaide. But he would see her next week, and this way he would get up to Hartford in plenty of time for dinner.

The yacht-club orchestra was playing "Goodnight Sweetheart." Lorna was on the dance floor in Bruce's arms. This should have been another blissful end to another blissful day. Bruce had danced with her all evening. He had never been more loving, more tender. The usual magic was almost as potent as ever. But that little worm of doubt that had first stirred at breakfast was still boring. Lorna hated herself for it, but she couldn't suppress the feeling that Bruce was being deliberately loving, deliberately tender, as if . . .

Somehow it all seemed to center around Aunt Addy. She had brought up Mrs. Lindsay again, quite casually, when they were alone in their room after sailing, and— Had it been her imagination? Or hadn't she sensed—well, a falseness, a falseness in the soothing tone of his voice, the sudden "sincere" steadiness of his eyes. She had drunk more cocktails than usual before dinner to try to forget it all. But it hadn't worked.

It was all absurdly unimportant, of course. But it frightened her. Love and complete trust in marriage meant the same thing to Lorna.

The music stopped. Bruce's lips brushed her cheek.

"Come on, babe. One for the road."

The club bar was crowded. Bruce left Lorna on the fringes of the laughing, chattering groups and pushed forward to order the drinks. Glancing after him, Lorna noticed idly that he had ended up next to a man she had never seen before, a big, red-faced man with carrot hair. The man turned to Bruce with a beam of recognition.

"Well, well, Bruce, old fellow, so you didn't end up in a block of cement in the East River, after all!" He gave a booming laugh. "Boy, was I glad not to be in your shoes the other day! Almost was, too. Almost bet my shirt on that little filly. Five thousand smackers in the red! How in hell did you raise the dough?" The laugh, thickened with alcohol, boomed again. "But then, of course, I was forgetting. You married you a bank roll, didn't you? That's the way to do it! Nothing like a rich wife when you play around in that league."

Lorna heard every word as if it had been bellowed in her ear, and in the same instant, she saw Bruce's face, caught completely off guard, growing gaunt and gray with fear. Fear—it was the only word. Quickly he twisted away from the man, holding the drinks high over the crowding shoulders. Before she could turn away, his eyes caught hers. He knew she had heard.

He brought the drink to her. There was a sickly smile on his lips. "Lorna . . ."

He stopped abruptly, for Sylvia and Larry were hurrying toward them.

"Drink up, children. Time to go home."

In the car driving back to the Emmetts', Lorna was in the front seat with Larry. She was grateful for the darkness and Larry's mellow silence. She felt a dreadful hollow in the pit of her stomach.

What had Bruce done?

He had lost five thousand dollars on the races and somehow raised the money to pay off his losses. She knew that now. That in itself was a complete shock. She hadn't even known he bet on horses.

But that wasn't all. There was his uneasiness about Aunt Addy. He couldn't possibly have known they would run into that man. It couldn't have been the man that had been worrying him. Then . . .

Lorna thought: *The sapphire ring!* Bruce had told her he and Aunt Addy had found it in the upholstery of the chaise longue. Lorna herself had searched down that upholstery and hadn't found it. Yesterday she had laughed about it as a joke on herself. But . . . but what if the ring hadn't been there? What if Bruce had lied?

The emeralds, too! Was it conceivable that Bruce could have stolen Aunt Addy's sapphire ring and her emeralds to pay the gambling debt? Was that why Aunt Addy had called so urgently?

Oh, I was forgetting. You married a bank roll. The cynical implications of that remark tore at her. Her whole new enchanted life was tottering around her, undermined by her own suspicions. Bruce had never loved her. Bruce had only married her for Aunt Addy's money. Bruce, who could lie about the betting, had stolen . . .

No! she prayed. No! Please prove me wrong. Please make me wish I were dead for thinking these things about Bruce.

Somehow she got through the night-caps with Sylvia and Larry. Then at last she and Bruce were alone.

"Lorna, Lorna, darling. I know what you're thinking."

He caught at her arm. She pulled away.

"Lorna, baby, please listen. I did put five thousand on a horse. I'd got a straight tip. Seven to one. It couldn't lose. That's what they told me. Baby, please, you must understand why I did it. Do you think it's easy for me, penniless, being married to you? Can't you see how I hate living on Aunt Addy's charity, being a kept man? Babe . . ." His hands slid onto her elbows from behind. "Babe, I want to be a real husband. More than anything in the world, I want to be able to take care of you myself. If I'd won, I'd have made thirty-five thousand. That would have been a beginning."

He twisted her around. His face was forlorn, ashamed, like a little boy's face. Lorna couldn't control her feelings. She



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At times the darkness seemed like a smothering black towel stretched across her mouth. Then she felt as if her whole body were screaming

couldn't control that twinge of sympathy and warmth that ran through her. But she said accusingly, "How did you raise the five thousand to pay the bookie?"

Bruce shrugged. "From a moneylender. Terrific interest, of course. But, baby, it was the only thing to do. Those bookies, they're tough. They have to be paid off. I—I couldn't possibly have gone to Aunt Addy. You know how she'd react. Oh, babe, I've loused everything up. I know that. I know you think I'm the heel of the world—"

He broke away from her and sat down on the edge of the bed. "I was going to tell you. I kept putting it off. I was scared. All weekend I've been a nervous wreck. I—I guess maybe running into Bob Struther there was a blessing in disguise. At least it's all out in the open now. And . . ." He looked down at his hands. "Do you want a divorce?"

All weekend he'd been a nervous wreck. Lorna was torn between the steadiness of her thinking and her passionate desire not to lose the only real happiness she had ever found. All weekend he'd been a nervous wreck. Why not? Wasn't this crazy loss of five thousand dollars reason enough to make anyone a nervous wreck? Wasn't that enough in itself to explain the oddness, the uneasiness that had worried her so? The sapphire ring could have been lodged down in the upholstery, and Bruce's explanation for Aunt Addy's urgent phone call could perfectly well have been true.

"Babe." He looked up at her again, and the naked suffering in his eyes made her want to cry. "It's ruined, isn't it? I've loused it up for good. What a jerk I've been! What a stupid jerk!"

Suddenly there was nothing but her need for him, her hunger to recapture what had almost been lost.

"Oh, Bruce!" She dropped down on the bed next to him. "I've been thinking such terrible things. When I heard that man and I was worried about the money, I thought—I thought maybe you'd taken Aunt Addy's ring and the emeralds."

"Heavens above!" Bruce gave a loud spontaneous laugh. "Old Raffles Mendham, the international jewel thief!"

"And then when we got mixed up about Mrs. Lindsay and you didn't want me to call Aunt Addy—"

"Baby, my poor, sweet baby! I know I was stupid about Mrs. Lindsay. I was only half there. I . . ."

He twisted around and took her in his arms. She leaned against him, sobbing, exhausted by the suspicions that were dying and the restored love that was flooding through her.

"Oh, Bruce, somehow we'll raise the money to pay off the moneylenders."

"Of course, baby." He was stroking her hair. "Matter of fact, I've already given that some deep thought. Larry's loaded."

"Oh, no. I couldn't ask Larry. But we'll find some way."

"That's my baby." Gently he stretched her out on the bed. He took off her shoes and kissed her on the forehead. "Don't worry, sweetheart. We'll call it a day and be brilliant about it tomorrow."

As she lay there, sobbing, luxuriously enjoying her own relief, she heard Bruce undress and go into the bathroom. The fool! The idiot! It was so like him to do something crazy like that, to try to counterbalance the tiresome money thing she'd always known he'd hated. Who expected him to be staid and responsible, anyway? She'd always known he was as simple and muddling as a kid. That was one of the things she loved best about him—such a contrast to the efficient Aunt Addy. How could she have suspected . . .?

Lorna wanted a cigarette. She turned toward the bedside table. There weren't any. Bruce's brief case lay on a nearby chair. He always carried a carton in it. She reached out and touched the clasp.

Bruce's voice came so suddenly that it made her jump.

"Lorna, what d'you want?"

She turned to see him silhouetted against the bathroom. She thought with horror of a life without Bruce.

"Just you, darling, and a cigarette."

He was at her side, taking a cigarette from his bathrobe pocket, lighting it, slipping it between her lips.

"Baby, I'll never do anything like that again. I swear it. And all my life, I'll never forget how wonderful you've been."

After the door buzzer stopped and she knew Hilary had gone away, it was as if Mrs. Snow had died. There was no panic anymore. Perhaps you needed at least some hope to feel panic. There was no panic, no hope, only thirst

that was like an incurable disease, something to be endured minute by minute, something that would never go away.

The night stretched interminably. Was it still night? Hours ago she had dragged herself to the center of the vault and tried to read her watch. But her head was swimming, and her eyes would not focus on the dial. It didn't matter, anyway. Time didn't matter in the tomb.

Already there were moments when she didn't know any longer where she was. The ceiling light above her seemed to be the light in the cabin of Gordon's cruiser. It seemed to be swaying with the motion of the boat. And Gordon was there, sitting on the bunk with her, his arm around her shoulder. Dear Gordon! How sweet of him to be there when he was dead! Dear Gordon . . .

Then Gordon wasn't there anymore and a faint alarm would spread through her. Where were they headed, anyway? Why hadn't they reached port?

"Gordon."

Her cracked lips croaked the word out loud, but she wasn't conscious of it.

She twisted around on the cement floor, her arms curled almost caressingly about the open duct.

"This headache, Gordon, this headache. Why don't you bring me an aspirin?"

She started to weep. The tears slid slowly down her cheeks through the straggles of hair.

You're alone. You're lost at sea.

Lorna Mendham stood with her Martini in a corner of the Simmonses' huge living room. The Sunday prelunch cocktail party was chattering around her. Sylvia and Larry, who had refused to sacrifice their day's sailing, were not there. Bruce had run into some of his rich friends from the south of France and was out with them on the terrace.

Lorna was glad she was alone. She was too unstrung to deal with sociabilities. After the emotional scene with Bruce last night, it had seemed that everything would be perfect between them again. But it wasn't.

When she had fallen in love with Bruce, she thought she had sloughed off forever that side of her nature that was always insecure, self-doubting. She knew now she couldn't escape it. All morning she had been asking herself: *How can I*

be sure Bruce was telling me the truth? He had kept the crazy betting episode from her. If he'd been able to do that. . . I was forgetting. You married a bank roll. If only Aunt Addy weren't at Mrs. Lindsay's! If only she could call her!

Lorna took a gulp of her Martini and struggled grimly with herself. She had to stop feeling like this or her married life would be doomed to disaster. She looked around her for someone to talk to. She saw old Mrs. McCarthy sitting off by herself. Mrs. McCarthy was a friend of Aunt Addy's and a bore usually to be avoided. But a bore would be just the right thing for her mood.

She took the few steps to the chair. "Hello, Mrs. McCarthy."

"Hello, my dear. How pretty you're looking. And how's your aunt?"

"Oh, she's fine. Off for the weekend with Mrs. Lindsay."

"Mrs. Warren Lindsay?"

"That's right."

"But, my dear—there must be some mistake." Mrs. McCarthy's eyes were round as olives. "Poor Dora Lindsay died last week. She was my sister-in-law, you know. My husband flew over to Copenhagen for the funeral."

For a moment Lorna felt she was going to faint. Desperately she managed to keep the smile on her face. "Oh, I'm so sorry to hear it. Of course I made a mistake. I always mix up Mrs. Lindsay with that—that other friend of Aunt Addy's."

She heard her own voice rattling out banalities. But terror was climbing through her. So she had been right. Last night, Bruce's humility, his frankness, his shame, his apologies, had all been lies! She'd been right, too, in her suspicions yesterday on the terrace when Bruce's arms had tightened so unexpectedly around her. He'd made that up about Mrs. Lindsay on the spur of the moment. Why? To keep her from calling Aunt Addy? Why?

What had he done to Aunt Addy?

She glanced wildly around the room. Bruce wasn't in sight.

"Excuse me, Mrs. McCarthy. I—I just remembered. A phone call. . ."

She hurried out away from the party

into the hall, picked up the telephone, and gave Aunt Addy's number. She was shivering. She could hardly keep the receiver to her ear. And all the time there was a dreadful feeling at the back of her neck that at any moment Bruce would be there behind her, Bruce who was now a stranger, a stranger of monstrous terror.

She could hear the phone ringing at the other end. Someone must be there. At least Arlene. Arlene was to have been there all day Sunday. The distant bell rang and rang.

"Sorry, madam. They don't seem to answer. Shall I—?"

Lorna put down the receiver. Feverishly she felt through her pocketbook. She had Arlene's number. She was sure of it. Yes, she found it in her address book. She picked up the phone again.

An unknown man's voice answered. "Hello?"

"Is Arlene there? This is Mrs. Mendham, Mrs. Snow's niece."

"Sorry, ma'am, she's in Atlantic City."

"But she was supposed to be working for my aunt today."

"No, ma'am, Mr. Mendham called and told her Mrs. Snow was going away for the weekend. She has off till Tuesday."

Fear was in Lorna's blood now like ice. "Did—did Mr. Mendham say where Mrs. Snow was going?"

"No, ma'am, just that Arlene could be off till Tuesday."

"But . . . but . . ."

Lorna heard someone behind her.

"All right," she said into the phone. "I'm sorry to bother you. I—I just thought you might know."

She put down the receiver and turned. Bruce was coming through the living-room door. He was smiling at her affectionately.

"Here you are, babe. I've been looking for you all over."

Astonishingly, her fury at Bruce and her own gullibility conquered her terror. She found she could smile back at him almost casually.

"Hi, Bruce. I was calling the Emmetts," she lied. "There's a man who's mad to see Larry on business before he goes back to New York. I thought the servants might know just when they'd get in from sailing."

His hand was on her arm. It was all she could do to keep from screaming at his touch. He'd called Arlene to put her off for the weekend. He'd lied about Mrs. Lindsay to keep Lorna from telephoning the house. Why? Why? Where was Aunt Addy? What had he done to her?

"Darling." As he drew her into the living room, his voice was buoyant with high spirits. "A wonderful break. I've run into the Baintons from Saint Tropez. They're stinking rich, and they're dying to meet you."

Her nerves, stretched almost to the snapping point, gave her an uncanny clarity of mind. She had to get home to Aunt Addy. At once. Without arousing his suspicions. There was only one way to do it. Now . . .

They were passing among the cocktail guests. Lorna leaned against her husband; she gave a convincing little sigh and crumpled onto the floor.

She'd been so close to fainting genuinely that the fake hadn't been hard. She heard the abrupt change from chatter to twittering around her. She felt someone's—Bruce's—arm slipping under her shoulders.

"Water! Get water!"

Later, as a glass was pressed against her lips, she opened her eyes flutteringly and looked straight into her husband's solicitous face.

"Where . . . ? Oh, I'm sorry."

"Lorna, baby."

"It must be the sun. All that sun yesterday. Bruce, you'd better take me back to Sylvia's."

"Of course, baby. Of course."

He lifted her up in his arms and carried her out past the concerned guests and to the car. As he drove her back to the Emmetts', she leaned limply against him, thinking, What shall I do?

It was a nightmare to suspect so much and know so little. It was money, of course. He had done something to raise money. The sapphire ring? The emeralds? But why had he marooned Aunt Addy? Why was he making sure that no one should call the house?

At the Emmetts', Bruce lifted her tenderly out of the car and carried her upstairs to their bedroom. Everything he'd

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Now that the crisis had come, Lorna felt icily sure of herself. She was taking a gambler's risk. Failure would mean disaster, but she would succeed

done, every little thing he'd said, was monstrously significant now. She must think back. She . . .

He laid her down on the bed. As he did so, she glimpsed his brief case lying on the chair by the window. Last night she had reached for it in search of cigarettes, and Bruce, coming suddenly out of the bathroom, had almost shouted, "What do you want?" Hadn't his voice sounded odd to her even then? The brief case! Perhaps there was something in the brief case.

"Lorna, baby." Bruce was sitting on the edge of the bed. "Feeling better?"

The brief case! Her pulses were pounding. If there was anything in it, it would be locked. But the key of her jewel case fitted the lock. She knew that because once, when she'd lost her jewel-case key, she had finally opened it with the key from Bruce's brief case.

"Please, Bruce, be an angel. Go down and get me some brandy."

"Sure."

The moment he left the room, she jumped up, ran to her jewel case, took out the key, and hurried with it to the brief case. As the key turned in the lock, the clasp sprang up. She searched clumsily through the case's contents. There was a carton of cigarettes. A bunch of letters. That must be her Friday mail, which she had asked Bruce to bring down. She'd forgotten to ask him for it. Something was gleaming at the bottom of the case. She peered at it. It was a revolver! There was something else beside the gun, something little that shone more brightly. She grabbed at it.

It was Aunt Addy's sapphire ring.

As she gazed at it, she could feel her teeth chattering. She couldn't control them. She looked down again at the brief case. When she'd pulled up the ring, she had half knocked out of the case a brown manila envelope, a bank envelope. It had been opened. She snatched it up. It wasn't hers or Bruce's. It was addressed to Aunt Addy. She felt inside and brought out three checks. Cash for seven hundred and fifty dollars, signed Adelaide Snow. Cash for five hundred dollars. Cash for fifteen hundred dollars.

Scribbled across the final check, in red pencil, unmistakably written by her aunt, was the single word, *Forgery*.

It was plain now. Perfectly plain. Bruce had lied about the moneylender. He had raised his gambling debt by forging Aunt Addy's checks. And Aunt Addy had found him out. That's why she had called Lorna, urgently asking her to come home. Aunt Addy had caught him red-handed, had threatened to expose him. But . . . but . . . It was Bruce who had the checks. He must have taken them forcibly from Aunt Addy.

Then . . . then . . . He'd killed her? No, no. Never in a million years. He was too clever for that, to leave a body there, to . . . A phrase of Bruce's rushed back to her. "*And Aunt Addy went into the vault.*" The vault! Last week the closing mechanism had broken; the door had swung shut of its own accord. If he'd shut her in the vault! If that was why he had put off Arlene, why he had kept Lorna from calling . . . ! No, no. That was impossible, too. He could never . . .

She heard footsteps on the stairs. Swiftly she relocked the brief case and threw it back on the chair. She slipped the ring into her suit pocket. She stuffed the checks back into the envelope and pushed the envelope under the pillow.

She just got to the bed and lay down when Bruce came in with two jiggers of brandy.

"Here you are, my sweetheart. And one for Poppa, too."

She took her glass shakily and gulped its contents. Her thoughts were reeling. If only Sylvia and Larry were there! She should call the police. No, no. How could she dare? Not till she knew more, not till she was sure. She had to get to Aunt Addy. That was the only thing. She had to get to Aunt Addy.

"Bruce, I feel terrible."

"You poor baby. Don't worry. You'll be okay soon."

"No. Bruce. I really think we should go home."

"Home?" Bruce's smile suddenly went. "But, baby, we can't."

"Why can't we?"

"The Baintons. They're here on their yacht. They're starting at five for a week's cruise up to the Cape and they've invited us. It's a marvelous break. They're lousy with money, and they'll adore you. Once we get all chummy on the boat, it'll be a cinch to borrow that five thousand bucks."

Lorna felt as if a trap were slowly constricting around her. As she looked into her husband's bland eyes, she had to clench her fists to keep from screaming: *How can you lie like that? You've got your money. You stole it from Aunt Addy. What have you done to Aunt Addy?*

But to let him know she knew would be madness. If he had done that to Aunt Addy, what mightn't he do . . . ? She thought of the revolver in the brief case.

"I couldn't," she managed. "I couldn't possibly. I . . ."

"Nonsense. My darling, of course you could and of course you will. Having those moneylenders around our neck would be death. This is our chance—our only chance. Last night you forgave me. You said you did. Now you've just got to help me."

He lay down on the bed next to her. His hand was stroking her forehead. "There, sweetie. Just rest a couple of hours. Then you'll feel right as rain, and we'll be all set to go. If Sylvia and Larry aren't back, we'll leave a note. We've got more than enough clothes. The Baintons aren't the dressy set."

Lorna lay there listening to the flurry of her heart. Did he know she suspected him? Was that why he had concocted this yachting scheme—to imprison her? Or was it just another ruse to keep them away longer from home and Aunt Addy? Aunt Addy! In the vault? No, no, no. A dreadful paralysis of will was creeping over her.

Bruce kissed her cheek.

"We don't want the servants barging in on us, do we?"

He got up, locked the door, and dropped down again on the bed at her side.

"There! Now, sweetheart, go to bye-bye." His fingers were on her forehead again, revolting as caterpillars. "Relax, baby. Poppa's here. Everything's going to be all right."

In the vault, the ceiling light had burned out. Mrs. Snow was only intermittently conscious of the darkness. There were moments when it seemed like a smothering black towel stretched tight across her mouth, when her mind was clear enough to grasp reality: that she was in a trap, that she was dying. But mostly she was drifting in a world of dream and waking visions from the

past. Gordon was almost always with her. Gordon was her greatest comfort. But there were horrors, too, unmentionable horrors. Sometimes she felt as if her whole body were screaming.

But, even at the peak of nightmare, when her tongue was a swollen, choking fungus and knives cut at her brain, there was one thing she never forgot. Through every minute of every dragging hour, she knew she was fighting and that she must go on fighting.

Long ago her arms had lost their grip on the broken duct. She lay stretched out on the cement floor. She had no weapons left but this stubborn determination.

Somewhere there was a goal. She didn't know what goal it was anymore. But it was there. And, somehow, she would reach it if she fought.

Lorna lay on the bed, pretending to be asleep. Her husband's arm was around her. She didn't dare open her eyes, but she knew he was awake.

How much did he suspect? In all the horror of those minutes, that was the most excruciating question. All weekend he had been "handling" her. She saw that now. Even if he still suspected nothing, he would never let her get alone to a telephone, never let her out of his sight until he had her safely cut off on the Baintons' yacht. To call the police, she would have to challenge him, to let him know she had found the forged checks, that right this minute they were lying in the manila envelope under the pillow. And if—if he had done what she thought he'd done to Aunt Addy, what, in his desperation, mightn't he do to her?

In her extremity, the knowledge that her marriage was wrecked and her love changed to terror and revulsion were facts she accepted, but pains that would have to be endured later on. Now there was only Aunt Addy. If all else failed, she would have to risk everything to get in touch with the police. But there must still be a way to get back to Aunt Addy without Bruce realizing. . . .

Her husband gave a grunt in his simulated sleep and, rolling closer to her, kissed the lobe of her ear. It was one of his favorite love tricks. While she struggled not to recoil from him, she felt at

the same time a little thrill of hope. If he had the faintest idea that she knew the truth, he wouldn't be trying to charm her anymore. No, she was still being "handled." Maybe her blindness, her pitiful infatuation for him, were going to bring salvation. She had been such easy prey that, in his eyes, she was much too stupid to be any possible menace.

Suddenly an idea came to her. It might just work. There were a dozen ways in which it could bring disaster. But it might just work. It would all depend, of course, on her ability to act, her ability to seem loving and trusting and innocent and—stupid. But . . .

Bruce was kissing her ear again. She sighed contentedly, twisted toward him, and, slipping her arms around his neck, slid her lips onto his.

"Darling . . ."

"Lorna, baby."

"Have I been asleep for long?"

"Not long."

"It's amazing. I feel wonderful."

"That's my baby."

"Yes, I'm perfectly fine now. And the yachting trip. I think it's a divine idea."

Watching him through closed lashes, she saw his quick, self-satisfied smile, and she thought, wonderingly and with excitement: *So he's stupid. After all, he's stupid.*

He ruffled her hair. "Babe, that's marvelous. Aunt Addy isn't expecting us till Tuesday. We'll send her a telegram tomorrow night from wherever we put in."

"Oh, don't let's have Aunt Addy on our consciences." Lorna giggled and kissed his cheek. "Darling, there's something much more important right now than Aunt Addy."

"What's that?"

"Another brandy?"

The ease with which she could deceive him was almost humiliating. He rolled off the bed and, with a theatrical yawn, unlocked the door and disappeared.

Lorna ran to the brief case and unlocked it. She dropped the sapphire ring inside. Certainly he knew he had put the ring there. It would be far too dangerous to keep it out. She went to the bed and, slipping the manila envelope from under the pillow, took out the check marked *Forgery* and then put the envelope with

the other two checks back in the brief case again among the stack of her own letters. She locked the brief case again, stuffed the *Forgery* check into her own pocketbook, and dropped onto the bed.

Bruce came in with the brandy. He sat down on the edge of the bed and, handing her a glass, raised the other.

"To the Mendhams, sweetie."

"To the Mendhams, Bruce."

Now that the crisis had come, Lorna felt icily sure of herself. Everything depended now on just what Bruce had done after he'd taken the checks from Aunt Addy. She was taking a gambler's risk. It was at least twenty-to-one against her, and failure would mean disaster. But she was going to succeed. She willed it with every ounce of her being.

"Bruce, darling, I'd forgotten all about my mail. Did you bring it?"

"Why, sure, honey."

"Then why don't you give it to me now? I'd better read it before we go off on the yacht. There may be something important."

Bruce Mendham crossed the bedroom toward his brief case. The sense of achievement and self-satisfaction that had been with him all weekend was still, simmering delightfully in him. There had been bad moments, of course. Running into Bob Struther at the Yacht Club bar had been unfortunate, but it had been childishly simple to play on Lorna's sympathies and lull her suspicions. Mrs. Lindsay had been unfortunate, too. But the need to keep Lorna from calling Mrs. Snow had been sprung on him so suddenly that he had snatched at the first name that came into his head. But it didn't really matter. Later, he could explain it away to Lorna. He'd say he'd got the story muddled. It had been some friend of Mrs. Lindsay's who'd called with news of her and invited Aunt Addy to Connecticut.

For one bad moment, when he'd found Lorna telephoning from the Simmonses', he'd thought she might be on to something. But she'd only been calling the Emmetts.

Bruce had a vain man's contempt for the intelligence of all women who fall in love with him. But his contempt for

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He was staring down at the unconscious man. With savage viciousness, he kicked him in the stomach

Lorna, who had married him, was deepest of all. When she'd fainted at the Simmonses', she'd wanted to go home. The yachting trip hadn't appealed to her. But all he'd had to do was to love her up a little and she was eating out of his hand. Not that it made much difference whether they went with the Baintons or not. The old woman had been in the vault for over forty-eight hours. The air must have given out long ago. Probably it would be quite safe to go back even now and "discover" her.

But the yachting trip was the artistic touch he couldn't resist. Besides, the Baintons were good people to cultivate.

He took his key ring out of his pocket and unlocked the brief case. Instinctively he looked first for the bank envelope and saw it stuffed among Lorna's letters. He removed it from the bundle and, holding it behind his back, took his wife's mail over to the bed.

"Here you are, babe."

"Thanks, darling."

As soon as he saw Lorna absorbed in her letters, he went back to the brief case. Now he had the bank envelope actually in his hand, it occurred to him that he'd been rather rash carrying the checks around with him. As soon as he was alone, he'd destroy them. His back was turned to the bed. Before he dropped the enve-

lope into the brief case, he opened it and glanced inside. There were the checks. There . . . He stiffened. Swiftly he pulled the checks out and glanced at them. It couldn't . . . There must be some mistake.

But no. There were only two checks. The third check, the check on which the old woman had scribbled *Forgery* . . .

He started cautiously searching through the case. Behind him he heard Lorna give an amused laugh.

"Darling, I've got a letter from Rosemary Axel. Do you remember? That woman with the poodle on the *Ile de France*?"

Panic was stirring in Bruce. The third check wasn't in the brief case. Could he somehow have pulled it out with Lorna's mail? With an immense effort at calm, he crossed to the bed, sat down, and, pretending curiosity, leafed through the tumbled letters. The check wasn't there.

Lorna smiled at him over the letter she was reading and, leaning forward, kissed his nose.

"Rosemary sends you her love. She was mad for you. I know she's seethingly jealous of me."

Bruce's thoughts were skittering. Was it possible that Lorna could have suspected after all, could somehow have got into the brief case and taken the check? He studied her serene face, smiling close to his. No, that was inconceivable.

Then . . . Of course! The memory

leaped on him like a leopard from a tree. After he'd shut the old woman in the vault, he'd taken the three checks out of the envelope in the study to look at them. He thought—he was almost sure—that he had put all three back in the envelope. But he had been excited, confused. He must have dropped the third check. Of course. It must be there now on the study floor, with the word *Forgery* screaming his guilt to whoever went into the room.

He had to get back. At once. Without losing a minute. It was the only possible thing. Somehow, without arousing Lorna's suspicions, he would have to make a complete change of plan. But how?

The solution came to him. It was so simple that he found his self-confidence completely restored. He'd been quite rattled for a moment. That wasn't like him. Bruce Mendham never got rattled.

He kissed Lorna's cheek. "Baby, while you're wallowing in your mail, I'll call the Baintons and tell them we're coming. They're at the hotel."

He hurried downstairs and telephoned the hotel, leaving apologies for the Baintons and explaining that he and his wife had had to return unexpectedly to New York. He went back to the bedroom, arranging his face in a mask of rueful disappointment.

"Lorna, darling, old Bainton had a mix-up. His wife had invited some people without telling him. I'm afraid the yacht's full up."

"Oh, Bruce, how annoying."

"But, babe, I've got another idea. Bainton told me that Willie Stretz was in New York. You know, big oil man from Texas. A pal of mine. It'd be a cinch to borrow the five thousand from him. But Bainton said he's leaving for Dallas tomorrow. The Emmets wouldn't think it rude of me, would they, if I pushed off to New York right now?"

"Of course not, darling." Lorna was smiling the wifely smile. Its dotting adoration had always rather irritated him. "We'll both leave this minute. I'll write a note for Sylvia."

"There's no need for you to come, too, sweetie."

"But I want to. I only said I was feeling better because I knew the yachting trip meant a lot to you. But now . . . Oh, Bruce, of course I'll go with you. As if it's any fun being anywhere without you!"

Bruce looked at her, feeling the smug contentment of a much-loved man. Well, why not? In fact, it might be better to make the "discovery" with Lorna there as a witness.

"Okay, baby. Pack your things. Let's get out of this place as fast as possible."

As the car sped toward New York, Lorna was in an agony of suspense. She'd fooled him. Bruce thought he'd left the third check at the house—and he was rushing back to get it. Her plan had worked. But why had he raised so few objections to her coming with him?

Was he that sure of himself? Did that mean Aunt Addy was . . . ? She fought against the word that reared up in her mind. But didn't it have to be that? Why else would he risk her presence? —Unless he was completely certain that he was safe, that Aunt Addy wouldn't . . . wouldn't be able to . . .

The afternoon traffic was thick and tangled. Bruce was driving like a demon. Lorna struggled with despair. Everything was lost. No, no. She mustn't feel that way. She had to go on hoping that every minute still counted, that every second that took them nearer to New York would somehow help Aunt Addy.

With a wild movement the car swerved to the right, and a report sounded like a fired gun. The highway seemed to spin around them. Then in a screech of brakes and a wrenching of tires, the car jolted to a stop.

"Blowout."

With a curse, Bruce jumped out. Shivering, Lorna climbed out, too, watching as he changed the wheel with feverish concentration. He had given up any attempt to hide his frenzied eagerness to get back to New York.

So he thinks I'm that blind, she thought with the chilliness of complete disenchantment. He has this much contempt for my intelligence.

They started once more their headlong rush to New York. Mile fled after mile. At last they crossed the East River and were snarled in the traffic of Fifty-ninth Street. Then Bruce was drawing the car up outside the house on Sutton Place.

"Well, here we are. Pretty good time."

He was smiling his bland smile again as he helped her out onto the sidewalk. He thought he was going to win! He was still "handling" her, completely ignorant of the fact that she had the evidence to destroy him.

The fool! she thought, above the jangle of her nerves. The fool!

She stood close behind him as he opened the front door with his key. They went together into the empty hall. There was a weird howling, and the two starved Siamese cats hurtled out of the living room toward them. One of them leaped straight at Lorna. The suddenness of the attack caught her off balance. She lost

her grip on her pocketbook. It fell forward onto the parquet floor, sprawling out its contents.

In a second of freezing horror, she saw the check marked *Forgery*. It slid, face upward, to Bruce's feet.

Instantly she stooped to snatch it up, but even as she did so, she knew she was too late. Bruce had grabbed her wrist. He jerked her up so that she was standing immediately in front of him. His face, glaring down at her, was gray with understanding and fury.

"You!" he said. "You!"

Suddenly the panic she had been suppressing for hours was unleashed in her as hysteria, and she screamed: "Where's Aunt Addy? What have you done to Aunt Addy?"

He dragged her toward him, his fingers digging into the skin of her arms; then, in an abrupt change of plan, he pushed her away. His face had completely collapsed. It was quivering and ashen and covered with sweat. He was fumbling in his pocket. He swept out his keys and brought them toward the brief case.

The gun. Of course, the gun. Lorna threw herself at him, knocking the brief case sideways. He grabbed it again and lashed out at her with his fist. As she staggered backward, he inserted the key into the lock. She threw herself at him again. Dimly she was conscious of the wailing of the cats, rolling around her like an embodiment of her own hysteria.

"Aunt Addy!" she cried. "Where is Aunt Addy?"

She was clutching at him, scratching with her nails, biting into the sleeve of his coat, screaming. She could feel his arms crushing her, feel his hot, panting breath, rancid with brandy, as they struggled together in a nightmare embrace.

And then, suddenly, as the last of her strength was ebbing from her, she felt him go limp and heavy in her grip. He tottered forward against her. Still screaming, she made an immense effort and tore herself from him as he lurched past her and collapsed onto the floor.

She was shivering and whimpering. Tears of terror were blinding her eyes. She blinked and started. For a moment she couldn't believe . . .

There, in front of her, standing over Bruce, his face white and terrified, was little Joe Polansky. He had something in his hand. What was it? The little hand sanding machine . . .

"Joe!"

"I just come in to get the machines. I heard—"

He broke off. He hadn't looked up at her. He was staring down at the unconscious Bruce. Suddenly, with savage viciousness, he kicked him in the stomach. Then, jumping over him, he started running up the stairs.

Lorna stumbled after him. "Joe!"

His voice trailed down from above her, incoherent with hatred and rage.

"He locked her in. I found a note in the furnace duct. He locked Mrs. Snow up in the vault."

Mrs. Snow was conscious of light and of things—arms?—twining around her, lifting her. There was motion. Was it the boat again? Was it Gordon? She could hear sounds, too—voices, but then, for a long time now, there had been voices. They weren't really voices; she knew that. They were cats.

There was something she had to say, something of vast importance that would save everything. But before she could say it, a great black sail slipped down from the mast and enveloped her.

When she opened her eyes, almost twenty-four hours later, she was looking straight into Lorna's face. How lovely to see Lorna! And the man standing behind her, wasn't it old Dr. Garner?

"Aunt Addy, Darling Aunt Addy, are you all right? The police have taken him away."

Him. Bruce. Mrs. Snow remembered everything now. But it didn't matter. It was over.

"Lorna, dear!" She felt a great sense of peace flooding through her. But there was still something on her mind. What was it? Oh, yes, of course. "Lorna, have the cats been fed?"

"Yes, yes. The cats are fine."

Mrs. Snow brought her hand up from under the covers and laid it on her niece's arm.

"I was so worried about the cats," she said. THE END



PHILLIPS' MILK OF MAGNESIA

gives better relief than
single-purpose laxatives...

relieves constipation—and accompanying
acid indigestion, too!

4 oz. size

25¢

12 oz. size

50¢

26 oz. size

75¢

AMERICA'S

TOP SALESWOMEN: NO. 4



A Million-Dollar Dynamo

Forty-four-year-old Ruth Lyons, the Midwest's top TV star, is coy, sweet, or sharp—but always boss

BY MARTIN ABRAMSON

Sometime last year, a big-name television comedian found his way out to Cincinnati, Ohio, and lived to regret it. Booked for a guest appearance on a daytime TV show on station WLW, he showed up late. Brashly he suggested to his hostess on the show that had she been in the limelight as long as he, she wouldn't worry about such small items as being on time.

At this point, the emcee, a blonde, rather attractive woman named Ruth Lyons, lowered the boom. Very sweetly she said she was sorry he was late. Then she pointed out how much better it would have been had he come even later and missed the show entirely.

After the show, droves of housewives descended upon him, shouting that he'd insulted "our Ruth." Later, he was harrangued in the streets, deluged with nasty letters and wires, and given such a roasting in the press that he had to make a public apology. He finally got out of town, muttering bitterly to his friends, "Starting up with this Ruth Lyons in Ohio is like starting up with God."

When the incident was reported in

Variety (the show-business newspaper) and in nation-wide columns, many of the small gods in the big-city broadcasting temples began asking pointedly for "the pitch on this Ruth Lyons."

A female executive of a New York advertising agency could well have provided the answer. A few years ago, she ventured to WLW and told its president, Robert Dunville, that she intended to sign Miss Lyons as emcee for a new network show. "Why, she can make as much as \$75,000 a year," she reported. Dunville answered flatly, "She makes twice as much here."

She Outshines Even Godfrey

The emissary from the East protested that this was sheer lunacy. Nobody on local radio or TV could possibly make that kind of money. But it turned out that Miss Lyons was then—and is now—pulling in a million dollars in revenue a year for her show on WLW, which reaches Dayton, Cincinnati, and Columbus. On a comparative basis, she outshines every other TV performer in the whole country. Even Arthur Godfrey—

on nation-wide TV and radio—needs four shows to corral \$11,500,000 for CBS. The lady huckster upped her offer even beyond the WLW figures. Then she got hold of Ruth Lyons and showed her a sample script of the proposed show. On the first page, fifteen names were listed. "Is this the cast?" she asked. "Oh, no," she was told. "These are the executives in charge." The answer came quickly. "I'll never go to New York to work for fifteen bosses. Out here I've got only one, and to be truthful, I never listen to him."

That explains Ruth Lyons—at least one dimension of the dynamo.

To get a three-dimensional analysis, however, one should follow the same route the chagrined comedian took to southern Ohio. In those parts, which take in some of Kentucky, Indiana, and West Virginia, the initiated have known her for twenty-two years.

What Ruth Lyons presides over is a potpourri called "The Fifty-Fifty Club." It occupies the whole noon hour five days a week on TV. By usual standards, it should be strictly a women's show, but the men must be listening, too. In the

Stag Bar, in Columbus, a sign reads: "Ruth Lyons is the only dame who can come in here."

The show has twenty-eight sponsors (all pay premium rates), a discouraging waiting list, and a rating five times as great as all the competing programs combined. Studio audiences pay \$1.25 a head for luncheon at the station. They swarm in from five states. Tickets are all booked for the next three years.

Once "The Fifty-Fifty Club" must have possessed a format. Today, nobody seems to remember it because, long ago, Ruth Lyons irreverently threw it away and now rides along as the spirit takes her. A completely uninhibited, supercharged, somewhat brassy virago, she alternately browbeats, tickles, and charms her audiences. She is not a professional wit. What she says and does looks unimpressive on paper. In delivery, however, it smacks of just the right blend of cozy and caustic naturalness.

The commercial impact is terrific. Recently she offered a premium to her TV audiences in return for a quarter and a soap wrapper. She pulled a staggering 78,000 requests, and advertising-agency

statisticians calculated it was the most successful campaign in the history of TV. When she runs mail contests such as "Name a Reindeer Who's Too Fat for Santa's Sleigh," her normal return is a blizzard of some 80,000 entries.

Her Words Get Quick Results

Even her most offhand observations set off trigger-quick reactions. Once she mentioned that she'd broken her heel on a piece of cracked sidewalk outside the studio. Deluged with insulting calls, Cincinnati's Mayor Carl W. Rich had to hustle a repair crew out to fix "that damned Ruth Lyons sidewalk." Another time, she quipped to a bulky woman in her studio audience, "You ought to start a reducing club." A few years later, when the woman was able to get tickets to the program again, she arrived with twelve friends. "This is my reducing club," she reported. "We hold meetings every other week, and we've lost about 500 pounds among us since you got us started two years ago."

It is the Lyons habit to come bouncing into the WLW building minutes ahead of program time each day, so that there

is no time for coherent reminders of any plans she or anybody else has made for the show. She trots along to the studio, while Gene Walz, who is ostensibly her producer, and secretaries Suzi King and Elsa Heisel clatter along behind her, shouting and waving memos. "I'm glad I can't hear you," she shouts above the din. "We don't want the show to seem stacy, you know."

If her feet ache during the show, she slips her shoes off. If she finds a run in her stocking, she stops everything and dabs at it with nail polish. If her slip shows, she urges her fans to advise her on what kind of slips they prefer to see her wear. She spends a good deal of time figuring out telephone contests and quizzes to use on her program, but rebels against planning them for any particular time. Anyone who comes up with the answer to the jackpot question early in the contest will hear no syrupy congratulations over the phone. Instead, he'll get something like this: "What's the big idea making me think up another question and killing my weekend?"

She chatters aimlessly about things that happened to her at the breakfast

(continued)



FANS FROM 300 COUNTIES around Cincinnati wait as patiently as sponsors to get into Ruth Lyons' "Fifty-Fifty Club" TV show. With unrehearsed irreverence, she punctures such sacred cows as veepees and sponsors' products; breaks sales records.



WHAT LITTLE FREE TIME SHE HAS, she devotes to her husband, a college teacher, and daughter, Candy, eight. She frets about whether Candy is getting a normal childhood.

table, how her husband managed to shoot a hole-in-one, and the night baseball game she saw on TV. She has been known to come bursting in late with a story about being stuck in traffic, chattering on aimlessly, while completely neglecting a singer she herself has asked down to perform. The show features a musical trio that plays occasional background music and, of course, the program's theme song. One day Ruth broke in on the theme and shouted, "Gosh, I'm sick of hearing that." The trio lapsed into stupefied silence. She then edged the pianist off the seat and took twenty minutes of her air time composing a new theme. Later, she collared a prop man and began to pump him on his political opinions. Occasionally, she will yank her cameraman into the act, and the screen is blacked out until the surprised second cameraman can wheel his equipment around and pick her up.

When her maid at home quit suddenly, she hauled a mess of laundry to the show, set up ironing boards, and spent her program time watching the studio audience press her lingerie, her small daughter's pinafores, and her husband's shirts, yelling, "Don't crease Herman's collars. He's got a sensitive neck."

An Unhappy Rival of Ameche

When "The Fifty-Fifty Club" was on the NBC network, it was pitted against a heavily budgeted ABC show starring Don Ameche. This created a problem,

since Ameche is an old-time favorite of Ruth's. She resolved it one day by deserting her own TV audience to traipse down to her office to watch the opposition show on the ABC channel. Eventually she returned, reporting to Willy Thall, her foil, who emceed during her meanderings.

"We're out of luck, Willy," she moaned. "Why should anyone look at our program when that man Ameche is such a living doll?" Despite many such free plugs, the Ameche stanza was dropped after two months. "The Fifty-Fifty Club" would have stayed with NBC forever. But Ruth found that the loss of all her local sponsors was costing her money, so she quit and went local again.

Sometimes Ruth will sashay out along the rows of the studio audience to sass the faithful and goad them into community sings, or sometimes arguments. "Did you have your voice cultivated? It should have been ploughed under." "It's lucky we have a beauty-cream commercial today—a lot of faces in the front row need help badly." To a male in a weekday audience—"What's the matter—can't you keep a job?" To a woman who kept staring at her—"What can be worse than being undressed by another woman?" These heckling tactics seem only to endear her to her cult.

High-paying sponsors fare no better. "Isn't that spinach the sickliest, most untelegenic-looking mess?" she will say. "Is that a Blu-White wash?—Good grief these clothes have more spots than the

measles." Like Arthur Godfrey, she scorns the prepared commercials her sponsors send her.

Every once in a while someone slips a piece of copy into her hand, and, unsuspectingly, she begins to read it straight. Then it happens. In one breakfast-food pitch, she intoned that it would make youngsters "big and brawny, give them the bloom of health, and make them grow up to be bold and brave—" Suddenly she said disgustedly, "The 'b' word they are looking for here is baloney."

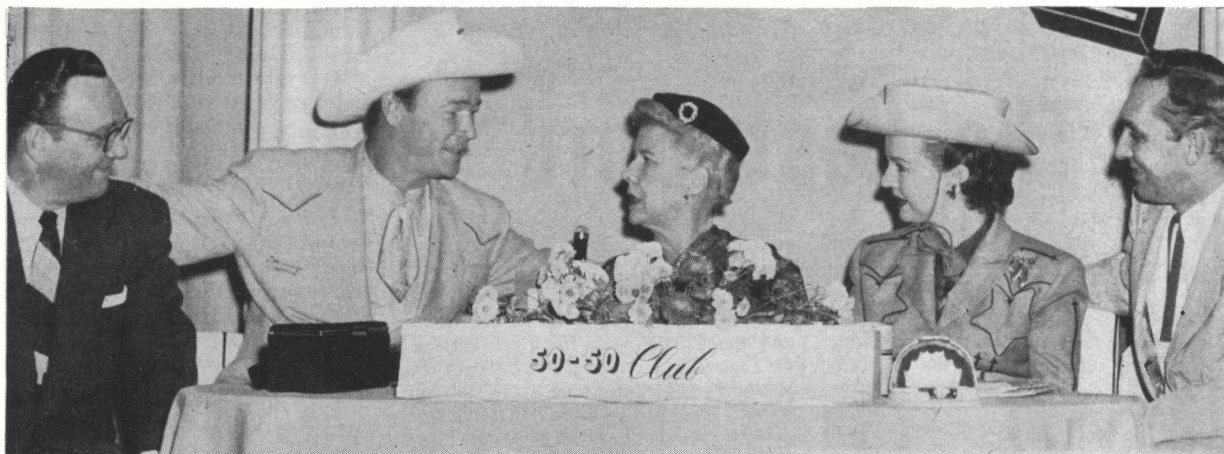
She's Strictly Down-To-Earth

Another time she read some inspired copy writer's prose that averred that a deodorant wouldn't melt, could be applied safely even if one were wearing gloves. Tossing the pages aside, she ended with, "Now, can you just imagine a woman putting on gloves when she's standing around in her brassiere and pants!"

One of her popular methods of handling commercials is to look for somebody in the studio audience who seems to have the most negative personality, then demand to know why he doesn't use the product. Sometimes she cows them into affirmative answers. Sometimes not. One man said he hated one brand of coffee. When he got up mornings, he could drink only beer. "Beer in the morning?" she barked. "It would have been nice to meet you while you were still alive." A visitor from the East, asked for an opinion on a certain tooth paste, grabbed the mike and raved about a competing product. He had good reason: He was an executive of the rival company.

Visual commercials go off just as unpredictably. On one show recently, Herb Jeffries, the production assistant, tripped and spilled the bowl of chili he was carrying all over the studio; a before-and-after demonstration of a stove cleaner found the stove rustier in the "after" stage than in the "before" (the prop man hadn't bothered to use the cleaner); "coffee" that had been supposedly perking in the percolator turned out to be tea. Through all these crises, Ruth Lyons paces the stage, yanking at her hair and shrieking, "Oh, why doesn't this ever happen to Betty Furness?" Secretly, she relishes these grand fluffs and actually invites them by infecting her staff with ostensible aimlessness.

Most sponsors have learned to be cheerful over Ruth Lyons' unorthodoxies and to count their blessings on their sales charts. However, a few of her more classic spoofs and her unrestrained comments on such taboo subjects as religion and politics have caused loud roars. Robert Dunville, the man who has to square off against her at such times, actually has a great deal of admiration for her. "She's as unbending as a wall of concrete. How can you stay sore at a woman who is thoroughly honest?" he asks. "You know, she won't take any product that she isn't sold on. Might seem funny for a



MOST CELEBRITIES WHO VISIT THE AREA wind up on the Lyons show, as did cowboy star Roy Rogers and his wife, Dale Evans. Twenty-two years in radio and TV have taught Ruth Lyons to handle stars. She gives some a build-up, some a cut-down to size.

woman who ribs commercials, but she figures people realize she's not really riding the product—just some of the advertising brass behind it."

It is fashionable for newly initiated enthusiasts to refer to Ruth Lyons as a "fresh breeze in broadcasting." Actually, that breeze has been wafting over the air waves since radio's pioneering days. After graduating from the University of Cincinnati, she got a job as an organist and pianist for local station WKRC. On one fateful day in 1931, a woman who ran a daily consumer program got the sniffles. No one else was around, so Ruth was tapped as a one-day replacement.

"They gave me a list of consumer hints to read, and the script was so deadly I gagged on it," she recalls. "So I threw it away and started kidding the sponsors. The announcer fell on his face. I mean that literally, because the fellow really hurt himself. I knew I'd be fired the next day, but I didn't care because I was sick of radio and wanted to become a librarian. But the program director had a brainstorm, decided I was unusual, and turned the whole program over to me. And I found I liked gabbing with people, even if I couldn't see them."

Eventually, Ruth became musical director, then program director at the station, in addition to running her show.

In 1942, she moved to WLW, the most important station in town. Thirteen sponsors went with her. She emceed two daily radio shows on WLW until 1949, when she converted them to simulcasts. Finally, her doctor insisted that she cut down to one straight TV program.

"When the TV cable first came through Cincinnati, I felt ill," she says. "I knew Dunville and Shouse [James D. Shouse, chairman of the board at WLW] would want to drag me into television. And I weighed 167 and figured I'd look like 200 on a TV screen. Well, nobody can say I didn't lose one fight with the brass, because in four months' time I had lost 45 pounds, gone from a size 18 to a 12, and decided I really wasn't too old and ugly to be seen in all those living rooms."

She Thought She'd Never Marry

When she was still at WKRC, Ruth Lyons came to the conclusion that she would never marry. "I'd worked twelve and fourteen hours a day to get where I was, and I didn't want to give it all up just to keep a husband happy. It never occurred to me that I could find a husband who wouldn't hate my success."

At a concert in 1942, she met Herman Newman, a Unitarian minister who was giving up the pulpit to teach speech at the University of Cincinnati. Herman was

good-looking, quick-witted, and as irreverent toward money as she was toward her commercials. They married soon after. They live in a modernized, 137-year-old farmhouse, where Ruth indulges mild passions for antique collecting, knitting, and cooking, and a fierce passion for their eight-year-old daughter, Candy.

Being a mother—and a public institution—makes for problems. Ruth is troubled by a persistent fear that her daughter will lack a normal childhood because of the mother's success. Such guilt feelings drive the high-strung performer into a state that can end in a good cry—or a sudden siege of hives.

Ruth considers herself completely unsophisticated—but this doesn't mean that she is overwhelmed by sophistication when she meets it face to face. When Gloria Swanson came on her radio show once to plug a picture, she made a slighting reference to this "unrehearsed little program."

"Look," snapped Ruth. "I remember when you got ahead in Hollywood by catching custard pies in your face." Swanson tried to recoup by tossing out a few praises. "That blarney didn't fool me, either," says Ruth Lyons. "The key word is sincerity. If you have it, I'm with you. If you haven't, look out, because I'll be throwing rocks." THE END

NEW!

24 TABLETS ONLY 15¢



FLAVORED Children's Size BAYER ASPIRIN
tastes so good, children willingly

CHEW IT or let it melt on the tongue
DRINK IT dissolved in water
MIX IT with their food

The Last Word

RISE IN ODDS

Minneapolis, Minnesota: Many of our friends who have seen the very flattering picture of our family in the January



There's one more flying Conrad—Besty (right)

COSMOPOLITAN ["Against All Odds"] have been calling to ask, "Don't you have ten children?" and "Where is Besty?" The fact is we do have ten children. Here is a photograph of Besty, our glamorous girl. She sent this from her school in San Francisco. I don't know if she wears the costume to class or to parties.

—MAX CONRAD

NEW ROLE FOR TANAQUIL

New York, New York: Congratulations and thanks for your intelligent article on Tanny LeClercq in the February COSMOPOLITAN. To bring you up to date on Tanny, I would like to add that she was recently married to George Balanchine. The wedding ceremony was performed by an old friend of ours in his house on Long Island.—MRS. JACQUES LECLERCQ

GERMAN HOSPITALITY

Brooklyn, New York: "The Welby Logans of Germany" in the February issue recalled many nostalgic memories for me. Like many others, I have hesitated to revisit Germany, but your article has convinced me that it can once more be a rewarding experience.

—FRANCES MAZO

TV OR NOT TV

Redondo Beach, California: Evan M. Wylie's "Violence on TV" [February] was excellent. I had stopped watching some shows without knowing exactly why; his article made me realize I had very good reasons.

—MRS. J. A. BISHOP

North Bend, Washington: So now we must make TV the scapegoat—once it

was movies, then funny books. There has been crime since Cain and Abel. Where was terrible TV in those days? TV programs depict evil, yes, but it is evil being destroyed by good. Only an already abnormal child would take them any other way.

—MRS. B. YORK

HIGH-TENSION READER

Stony Brook, New York: I am enjoying COSMOPOLITAN more than ever. The stories and articles have more interest and suspense. After all, these are tense times, and we like tense, exciting stories in order to relax and forget our troubles.

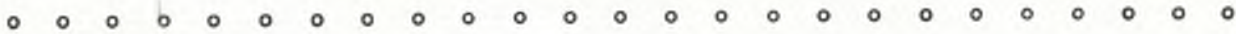
—MRS. MARY GACE HEYER

HEART THROB

Charlotte, North Carolina: The article "Don't Worry About Your Heart" [February] is just another of the excellent medical pieces I have come to expect from COSMOPOLITAN. Your magazine seems to gain vigor and vitality with each issue.

—A REGULAR READER

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Looking into May

Marilyn Monroe, best-known calendar girl since *September Morn*, was designed by nature to make women go into tantrums and men into movie houses. As Hollywood's not-so-secret weapon in its battle with television, Marilyn is the subject of a fascinating profile.



Of all the women a man meets, he chooses to marry one—too often the wrong one. What makes a brilliant man marry a nitwit, or a kindly man a shrew? In a provocative article, Amram Scheinfeld gives a revealing explanation of "Why Men Pick the Wrong Women."

PLUS A TENSE MYSTERY NOVEL AND SIX GREAT STORIES

Notes

ON YOUR NORTHERN NEIGHBOUR

More than half the world's fresh water is in Canada.

♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

In one season at Wedgeport, Nova Scotia, a Los Angeles couple caught 43 bluefin tuna which scaled a total of more than 25,000 pounds. No wonder so many salt water anglers head this way between July and mid-October!

♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

To get over the Great Divide, transcontinental trains do a complete loop through the granite hearts of Mounts Cathedral and Ogden, in the Canadian Rockies. Trains turn completely around in these spiral tunnels, gaining altitude eastbound, dropping to lower levels westbound.

♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

Rue Sous-le-Cap (Under-the-Cape Street) in venerable Quebec City is reputed to be the narrowest street in North America.

♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

Tourists have a lot of fun on Magnetic Hill, near Moncton, New Brunswick. If they pull to a stop, then release their brakes, they find their cars running slowly backward, uphill. Some think a powerful natural magnet lies concealed in the hill; others that it is an amazing optical illusion.

♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

Yoho National Park in British Columbia gets its name from the Indian word meaning "it is wonderful." Vacationists agree.

♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

Forty thousand Canadians enlisted in the Union Army during the war between the States.

♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

The first white man to see buffalo was an Englishman, Henry Kelsey, who visited the Indian tribes of what is now western Canada back in the 1690's.

♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

When the mighty glaciers of the last ice age melted they left behind a vast inland sea in Manitoba. On the dry bed of this sea, which disappeared 15,000 years ago, have been found the fossilized remains of a huge sea reptile and of the ancestors of our present-day octopus and squid.

...relax in Canada

Every play-spot is a picture-spot in this fascinating land of **VACATIONS UNLIMITED**



GREEN lakeland resorts... mountain scenery at its most magnificent... the leafy wonderlands of vast National Parks... it's all yours to roam in for a refreshingly *different* holiday this summer. Go canoeing, riding, hiking; meet new people you'll like at luxurious "name" hotels, friendly cabin camps and dude ranches. Have fun every day!

GREAT days in the outdoors are so easy to enjoy. Go motoring, picnicking, exploring playgrounds only a matter of minutes away from cities.

GAY seaside resorts and summer colonies give you easy informality, a variety of sports. Decide to stay as long as you can. See your travel or transportation agent soon; send coupon now.



01-1-22-53-03
CANADIAN GOVERNMENT TRAVEL BUREAU
Department of Resources and Development, Ottawa, Canada

Please send your 48-page, full-colour book on vacation attractions in all parts of Canada . Tell me where Canadian travel films are available in the U.S.A.
Check ✓ as required.

Name _____
(PLEASE PRINT)

Address _____

Town _____ State _____

Tick-Tock...Tick-Tock...FOR LONG AND QUIET YEARS!



*The whiskey that didn't watch the clock
seven long years!*

SOME DAY, you will sip an Old Charter highball... and you will have made a friend for life! For Old Charter starts as the noblest of whiskeys, and seven years' aging makes it magnificently mellow and ripe. So, naturally, Old Charter is a bourbon of unique, superb quality!

OLD CHARTER



**KENTUCKY'S FINEST
STRAIGHT BOURBON**

STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY • 7 YEARS OLD • 86 PROOF
OLD CHARTER DISTILLERY COMPANY • LOUISVILLE, KY.