

# COSMOPOLITAN

A close-up photograph of a woman's face, looking directly at the camera with a neutral expression. She is wearing a white headscarf that frames her face. A large, vibrant bouquet of flowers, including red poppies and white daisies, is positioned in front of her face, partially obscuring her eyes and forehead. The background is a plain, light color.

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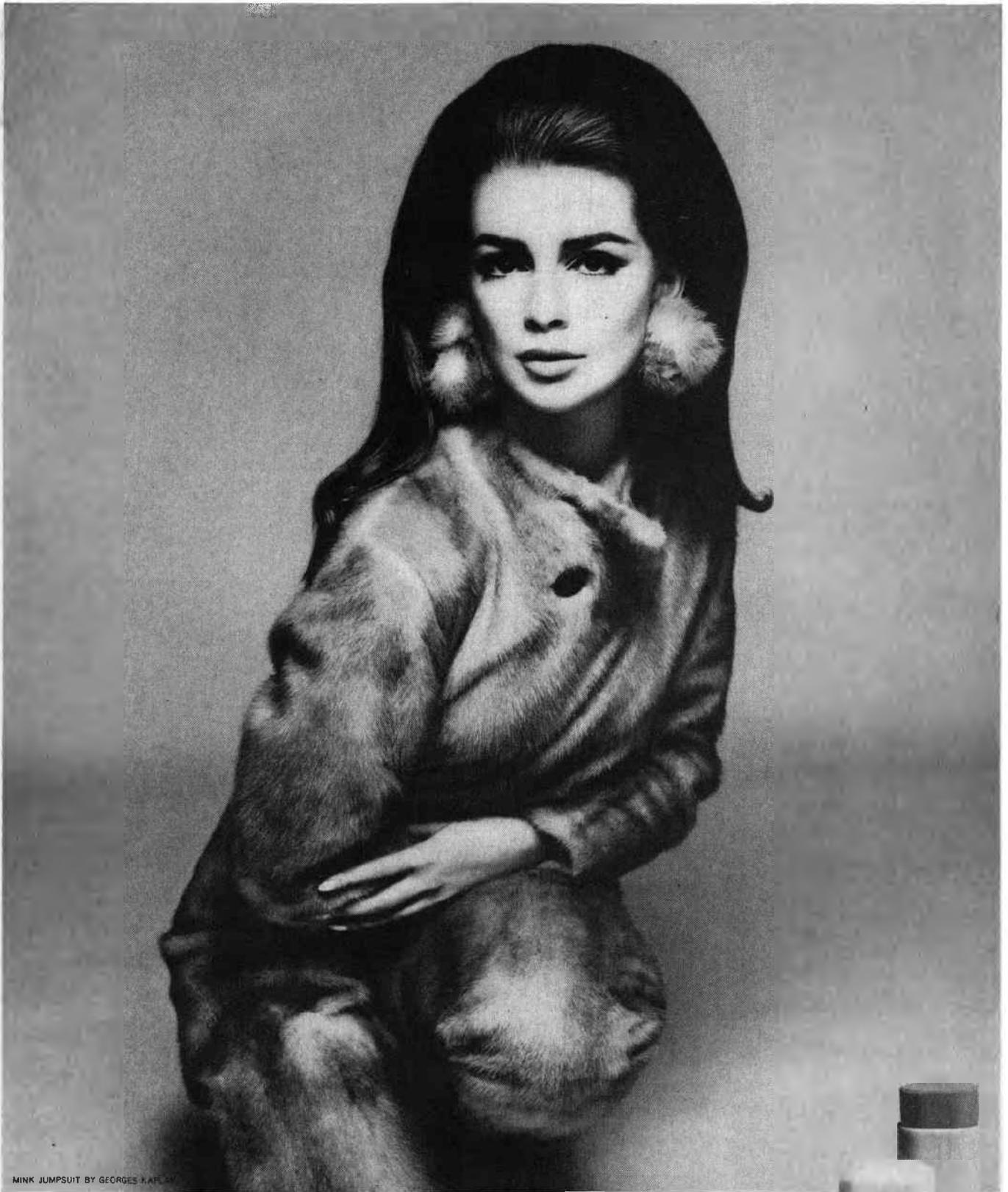
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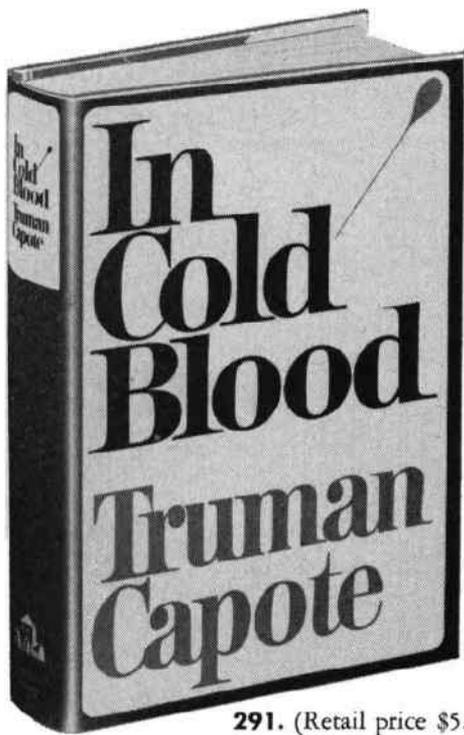
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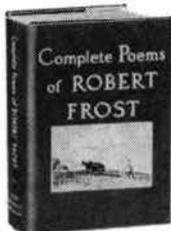
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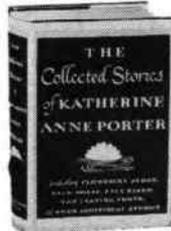
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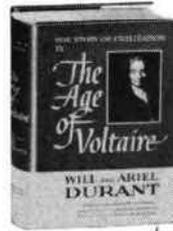
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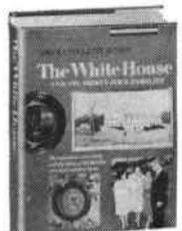
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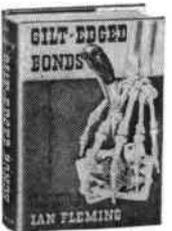
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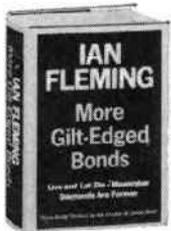
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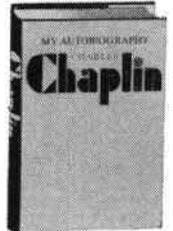
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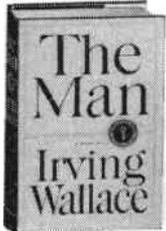
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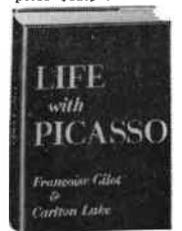
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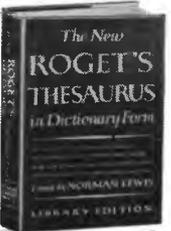
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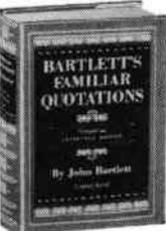
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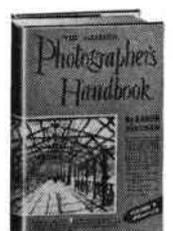
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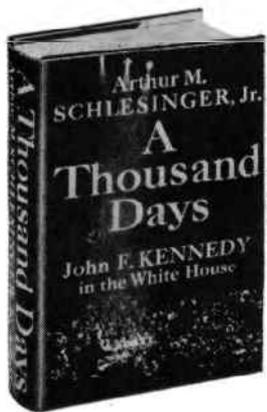
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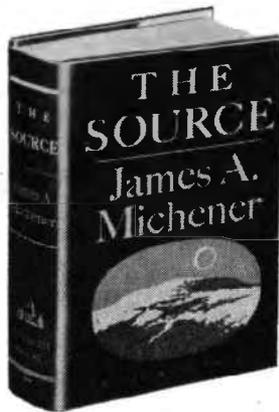
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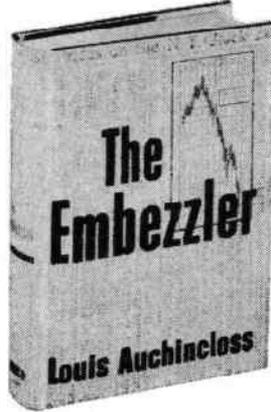
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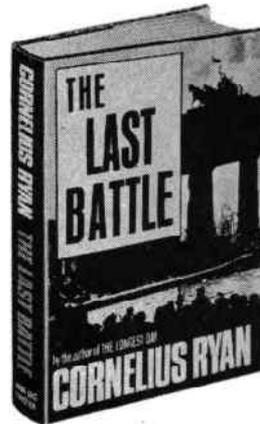
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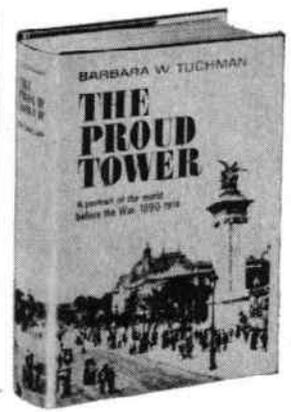
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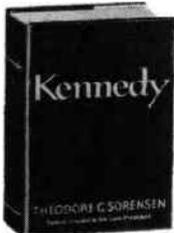
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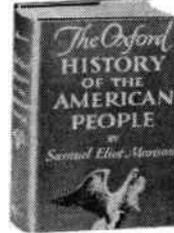
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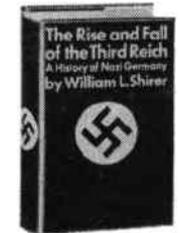
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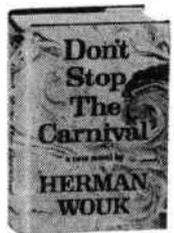
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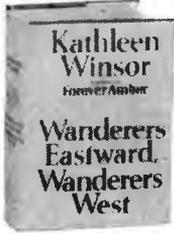
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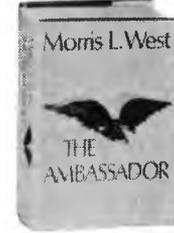
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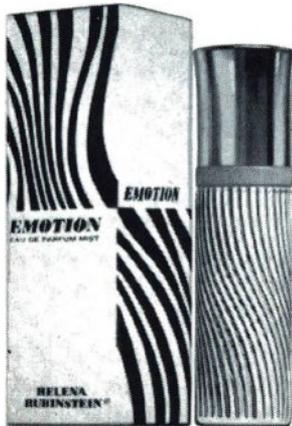
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Dear Reader:

Jo Coudert phoned me one Monday morning that she would be dropping off the manuscript of her new book that day. When it hadn't reached my desk by late Tuesday, I asked around and learned that our receptionist had glanced at it, become fascinated, and taken it home with her. The next morning she handed it over excitedly to my secretary, who started reading the manuscript on her lunch hour, and now pleaded with me to let her take it home. And so it wasn't until Wednesday that I got my hands on *Advice from a Failure*, with recommendations from these two unauthorized readers who swore, each in her own way, that it was the best book of its kind they had ever read. That had never happened in our office before.

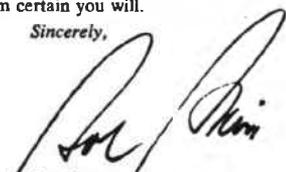
I asked Peg Parkinson, one of our editors, to read the manuscript right away. When I poked my head in her office late in the day, she was just turning over the last page. Very quietly she said, "Wow." That evening it was read by my wife and partner, Patricia Day, who is a cool one about incoming manuscripts. She stayed up very late that night. The next morning she asked simply, "How fast can we bring it out?"

After I read it, to confirm the rapidly spreading excitement in our company I sent the manuscript out to specialists in the field of psychology. Dr. Harris B. Peck, Director of Mental Health Services of the Albert Einstein College of Medicine, wrote us that *Advice from a Failure* was full of "profound wisdom," handled with "delicacy and tact." Dr. Molly Harrower, Professor of Psychology at the New School for Social Research, called *Advice from a Failure* "A challenging book, exceptionally well written. The intelligent reader cannot help but benefit from it." Dr. Saul Scheidlinger of the Community Service Society in New York reported *Advice from a Failure* is "Refreshingly different... Every intelligent reader is bound to profit from it, rich as it is in wisdom, sensitivity, and compassion."

I sent 500 advance copies of *Advice from a Failure* to booksellers and influential librarians across the country. Their enthusiastic reactions came in the form of phone calls, letters, telegrams --and orders.

I have just finished reading *Advice from a Failure* for the fifth time, and am still finding fresh and immediately useful insights in every chapter, as I am certain you will.

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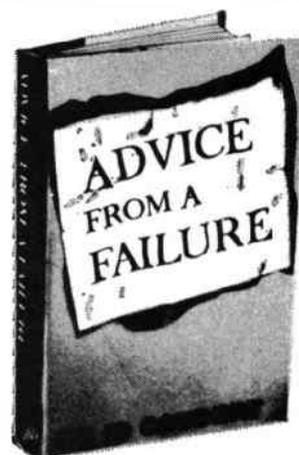
- How to lessen your discomfort with people who trouble you--and how to reason with unreasonable people.
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start  
something...



## Step into my parlor

● What kind of girl are you, anyway? Lois Wyse tells you six types you *might* be (page 46) and Walter Meade and Rex Reed have teamed up to tell you whether you're a hip or *square* girl. "I say there's at least one hip girl in every small town," says Rex, "and you don't have to be wealthy or kooky to be one." Do you qualify? Turn to page 34. The writers? . . . Walter Meade is Cosmo's book and articles editor; Rex Reed is a New York bachelor—well so is Walter for that matter—and Lois Wyse and her husband run an advertising agency in Cleveland.

Many people who saw the movie *Repulsion* were anything but repulsed by a Botticelli-faced young actress named Catherine Deneuve who plays a psychopath. (Really, this girl kills off lovers as casually as you or I would kill off a bottle of Pepsi.) Paris-based Cynthia Grenier has done a charming portrait of Catherine (page 84). "I found she has great dignity and a special kind of integrity," says Cynthia. "At least she had the guts to refuse to marry someone just because she was being pushed into it." Catherine *didn't* marry Roger Vadim, the father of her child, but *did* recently wed London photographer David Bailey.

The "Diary of an Unfaithful Wife" on page 48 is true—not one of those spun-sugar or spun-sorrow stories dreamed up because a magazine decided "It's time to deal with a racy subject." (I do honestly believe that's what you get a lot of the time.) Edna O'Brien, one of England's top novelists, wrote it.

Whatever turn the war takes in Vietnam, our article on page 80 is a testimonial



Lois Wyse, Rex Reed, Walter Meade, Lyn Tornabene, Cynthia Grenier

to the gutsiness and enduring womanliness of the girls who wait for the men to come home. Lyn Tornabene, who went to Fort Benning, Georgia, to write the piece says, "The experience was one of those overwhelming ones which somehow change your life." Perhaps you're one of the wives yourself or will be sometime.

Once again, talented Bob Peak has done *all* the illustrations for the fiction. And I think you're going to be scared out of your wits by this month's mystery novel, "Darker Than Amber" (page 118).

Happy Easter.

*Helen Gurley Brown*

Helen Gurley Brown, EDITOR

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# TUVA RA

BY TUVACHE



# Discover the beach they missed in 1492



Come, come, the coast is clear. Cabot Beach and your own private ocean. Frankly, we're not sure how long this exclusiveness will last. After all, Prince Edward Island has rightly been called Canada's garden province. Go fishing for trout, salmon, striped bass and you-name-it, and just let the luck swim in. Surf or deep-sea, the waters around Canada's garden isle are a fisherman's paradise. Prefer dry land sports? There are championship golf courses that will try your skill even if you're pro calibre. You're a sea food buff? Prince Edward Islanders proudly maintain their shore dinners surpass anything you'll discover up and down both North American seaboards, and we bet you'll agree. Why not start charting your Canadian adventure right now? Mail this coupon for maps, booklets, everything you need to get there . . . before the world does!

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# Canada!

# BEFORE



**A Coty Cremestick turned Alice Pearce...**

# AFTER



## into Joey Heatherton.

And you thought lipsticks weren't important, eh?  
Another Cremestick trick: they're moisturizing,  
but they're never greasy.  
And zip! They're on in a stroke.  
Ask Alice Pearce.

Some luscious Cremestick colors:

POPPY LOVE  
Wear it.  
But watch it!

PINK ME UP  
That's what it's called.  
That's what it does.

WET APRICOT  
Much nicer than  
dry apricot.

SUN SHIMMER GLOSSER  
For come-hither  
highlights.



And:





# COSMO GOES TO THE MOVIES WITH LIZ SMITH

## HARPER

● HARPER is a Technicolor "movie movie" in the old detective story vein a la Philippe Marlowe. It has a cast of great stars, biting dialogue, extraordinary photo effects (achieved both through camera work and the use of unusual locations), and touches of originality in giving us a hard look at the seamy life of a private eye mixed up in a rich man's kidnapping. The cast list is so good it is hard to believe. We have Paul Newman as the cynical hero, Lauren Bacall as a paralyzed rich lady who hires him to find her eccentric and not very lovable husband, Pamela Tiffin as the spoiled daughter of the house, Bob Wagner as a beautiful hired hand, Arthur Hill as the family attorney, Shelley Winters as an overindulgent ex-starlet running to fat, Bob Webber as her psycho husband, Janet Leigh as the fed-up wife of the shamus and Julie Harris as a jazz singer. With so many talents how can it miss? Answer: It doesn't. It is consistently entertaining, zigging between laughs, thrills, suspense and sardonic comment. Two of the best bits: Newman's surprising and realistic love affair with his wife and Miss Winters on an eating-drinking binge. And . . . a neat surprise ending.

## INSIDE DAISY CLOVER

● They've made a good thing out of INSIDE DAISY CLOVER, Gavin Lambert's celebrated novel of teen-age eccentricity and Hollywood corruption. Maybe it's because they let Lambert write his own screenplay. But credit goes to Producer Alan Pakula and Director Bob Mulligan for their tender loving care, to the brilliant actors, and to the eerie and somber use of color, suspense and atmosphere to illuminate the dark doings at the heart of both adolescence and Hollywood. Natalie Wood, a beach bum kid, lives with her ma, "The Dealer," on a boardwalk. She is discovered by a producer (Christopher Plummer) and made into a star. She weds an amoral drunk movie idol (Robert Redford), has her heart broken, loses her ma (Ruth Gordon), and tries the funniest suicide since silent films. Things end on an upbeat note, dumping a big portion of the original novel,



but I suppose that was Lambert's privilege. Natalie Wood is a totally believable cynical kid. My, this girl is a pro! Robert Redford will be our next fabulous male face and what's more, he can really act. Christopher Plummer is sardonic and brilliant as always; Miss Gordon is, of course, classic.

## THE CHASE



● As an unstinting admirer of Sam Spiegel, Lillian Hellman, Horton Foote, Arthur Penn and most of the actors who created THE CHASE, it pains me to say it is a very bad picture. However, it didn't bore me. Marlon Brando plays a Southern sheriff who hates the violence and petty meanness of his Texas neighbors. An escaped convict (Robert Redford again) returns home, stirring everyone to hatred, suspicion, and violence. This includes his wife (Jane Fonda, playing a Texas tramp with a finishing school accent) who is having an affair with his childhood friend (James Fox). Then there is the convict's mother (Miriam Hopkins), the small-town philosopher (fatuously performed by Henry Hull) the sheriff's wife (Angie Dickinson—good in a small role), a drunken adulteress (Janice Rule—the best thing in the film), a rich-man tyrant (E. G. Marshall) and assorted types Hollywood thinks of mistakenly as "small town." Everything is far-fetched and overdone. The violence is ripely repulsive. The town set is obviously a back lot and the color is washed out. Brando is magnetic, but this role is far beneath him. The Chase is no more meaningful than that television potboiler, The Long Hot Summer.

## LORD LOVE A DUCK

● George Axelrod's newest, LORD LOVE A DUCK, styles itself a "black comedy," but actually it's just tattletale gray. Roddy McDowall runs amuck as a smart high school kid able to grant Tuesday Weld's every wish. These include getting to be most popular girl in school, getting "pinned," marrying a wooden hero (Martin West), getting rid of her husband, becoming a movie star. Despite maddening moments of pedantic acting by Roddy (when he repeats everything twice)

and some disgusting pointlessness (Tuesday and her father in an incestuous eating orgy in a drive-in), the film has several bright spots. One is Lola Albright as Tuesday's mother, a cocktail waitress. Despite the slapstick, she invests her role with tragic overtones. Then there is Ruth Gordon again as Tuesday's mother-in-law; she is obviously starting a film career that will make us wonder how we lived without her. There are a few funny digs at Los Angeles and the world out there—drive-in churches, bikini moviemakers, etc. But the end fizzles to nothing. Does Roddy actually have a romance with Tuesday? Like other of Mr. Axelrod's smutty jokes (such as having the principal doodle a questionable figure on his desk pad), I guess you have to be Inside to know.

## THE SILENCERS

● They could have made a very acceptable U.S. secret agent version of James Bond out of the realistically serious "Matt Helm" books without gagging it up in Hollywood, but obviously those two words—Dean Martin—immediately infected everyone concerned with THE SILENCERS. The result—a movie that is half a foldout from Playboy (the ladies in the film are called "Slaygirls") and half an absurd action epic on the same old Dr. No-2nd Best Agent wavelength. I disliked this movie until about halfway through its flagrant vulgarity when they introduced an improbably red-haired girl named Stella



Stevens. From the moment she emptied her bathing cap on Dean Martin at a Phoenix swimming pool I was hooked. You **have** to see this delicious comedienne as a girl who can't do **anything** right. Daliah Lavi is a double agent victimized by the costume designer. She isn't the only one. But most of the girls don't wear anything much so . . . Cyd Charisse is impressive in a much too brief role as a nightclub performer. Dean Martin is his usual ingratiating self—lots of drinking, jokes about Frankie, and a kind of genial dissipation as he essays a Hugh Hefner graduate trying to resign from counter espionage. The plot doesn't really matter. Nothing much does except the last half, full of furious action, and Stella Stevens, full of true comic talent. THE END



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The first complete hair coloring treatment in a tube...shampoos, conditions, covers gray

POLYCOLOR is so easy! Just shampoo in about once in 5 weeks *without re-touching roots*. There's *no* damaging bleach. And *no* mistakes when used as directed. POLYCOLOR brightens your hair. Blends and evens the tone. Gives

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## Play it pale

—and clearly natural.  
New no-color  
translucent powder  
lets the real  
you show through.  
Suddenly, you're fair,  
fragile—sheerly  
fascinating.



**NEW**  
**Brush-Alive!** by **angel**  
**face**

# - up Shake-up!

## Touch on a blush

-  Two brilliant blusher ideas — for shading, for shaping, for adding that hint of tint that pretties you — that makes you fresh as all outdoors.
- 

## Glow all the way

-  Five all-aglow basic beige-to-bronze tones look innocently natural yet far from naive. You stroke them on with the deft little brush — that's why the finish is flawless — faultless — fantastic and then some!
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New sheer brush-on make-up in tortoise shell compact, complete with brush inside.



New Brush-Alive! is the brush-on make-up that lets you pick the look you long for. Eight only-great shades—basic shades, blusher shades, a terrific new translucent, too. It's a shake-up! It's a breakthrough! It's the new know-it-all and do-it-all make-up. It's Brush-Alive! by Angel Face. \$1.50

# Aren't you too young to feel so tired?



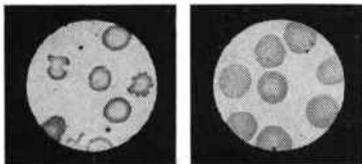
YOU NOTICE it day in, day out. You get up tired and go to bed tired. And you *look* as tired as you feel. Of course, there's no single reason for it...but if you're one of the 40 million women who have a regular period, you may lose much more blood-iron every month than you replace through the foods you eat. It is this loss of blood-iron that can leave you always looking and feeling tired.

## Women Need Twice As Much Iron

Even if you're only 5 feet 2, you need twice as much iron every day in your diet as your 6-foot husband. Put extra iron in your blood by taking Geritol regularly to make up for your monthly losses.

Just two Geritol tablets, or two tablespoons of Geritol liquid, contain *twice* the iron in a pound of calf's liver. In only one day, Geritol-iron is in your bloodstream carrying strength and energy to every part of your body. Check with your doctor, and if iron-poor blood is making you tired, take Geritol. Feel stronger fast...in seven days, or money back from Geritol.

PHOTOMICROGRAPHS OF DOCTOR'S STUDY

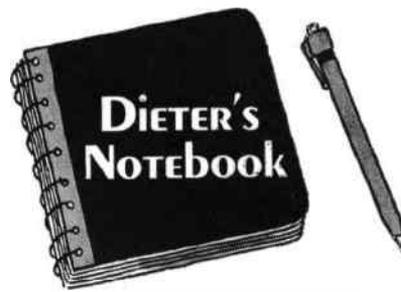


**Pale, Iron-Poor Blood**

When you're tired your trouble may be due to pale, iron-poor blood like this.

**Geritol, Iron-Rich Blood**

Geritol supplies the iron to change iron-poor blood into rich, red blood.



BY JOAN DUNN

■ It's no April fooling that the most encouraging aspect of weight watching these days may be that *everybody* diets. In sum: It's In to be thin. Even cookbooks finally are reflecting the trend. . . .

For instance, slipped in among the lovely cakes and pies in **The New Good Housekeeping Cookbook** (Harcourt, Brace & World, \$7.50) is an eleven-page weight-watching section. Here's just one of the slimming but succulent recipes:

*Zucchini Parmigiana*  
(70 calories per serving)

salt oregano  
2 medium zucchini, 2 medium tomatoes,  
cut in 1/2-inch cut in eighths  
slices 1/2 cup grated  
1/2 teaspoon dried Parmesan cheese

In salted water, simmer zucchini slices and oregano 10 minutes, or until tender. Preheat broiler 10 minutes, or as manufacturer directs. Arrange drained zucchini and tomatoes, cut sides up, in a shallow baking pan. Sprinkle with salt, then cheese. Broil, 4 inches from heat, for 3 to 5 minutes, or until cheese melts and turns light brown. Serve immediately. Makes 4 servings.

• *New food and drink. You have a friend at Wilson & Co.—so attests the Federal Meat Inspection Division of the Department of Agriculture. Through "precise control of livestock breeding"—I think this means Wilson has the pigs on diets—the company is bringing to market it's Big Eye pork chops, only 77 calories per cooked ounce.*

*The chops should be pan-broiled in a heavy frying pan. Don't add fat or water, and don't cover. Just cook slowly, turning occasionally, and pour off fat as it accumulates.*

■ In the booze department, bottled low-calorie cocktail mixes for Manhattans, whiskey sours, daiquiris and Tom Collinses are now available. Manufactured by Party Tyme Products and labeled Diet Tyme, the mixes are sold in reusable glass shakers. Diet Tyme will save you 26 to 72 calories a cocktail.

• *Methodology. There are as many ways to diet successfully as there are successful dieters. I know one young executive who diets successfully and swears he just begins to "think thin" and the pounds roll off.*

*Naturally, he also begins to eat less, but for him the only diet plan needed is the mental commitment to lose weight.*

■ For most of us, however, dieting requires a *plan*. Miss Nancy DuBois, a New York editorial researcher, says you must have a reason; hers was that she wanted to be with people who *did* things—"not the other outcasts." (Nancy weighed 220 pounds.) Now she's at the weight—145 pounds—that's right for her frame, and that she means to keep.

Her plan? She began by *gradually* eliminating fattening, nonnutritious food from her diet. Candy was the first item to go. Little by little, Miss DuBois broke a lifetime candy-munching habit. Next went desserts, in the same gradual way.

Finally, she learned to cope with the crux of her problem: The habit of thinking like a fat girl. Here's how she describes the process: "When one is fat, one is usually either extremely self-effacing or overly clownish or a combination of both. You wear drab clothes, build up reserves against men and generally are very unhappy. After you get thin, you're apt to still retain the habits of a fat person. The former fatty has to cope with challenges previously unknown: How to choose a pretty wardrobe, how to respond to a man's admiration. Believe me, you get to liking the challenges and begin to *think thin*."

• *Moral: If you can't give up the goodies all at once—try giving them up gradually.*

■ *Exercise.* This little workout is designed to flatten your stomach and lop off your hips. But no need to tell you. You'll *feel* what it's doing!

Stretch out on a sheet, face downward on the floor. Extend your arms in front of your head, palms down, arms close together. Keep legs together, toes pointed. Then—keeping your head down—simultaneously lift arms and legs off the floor as far as you can. Do the exercise twice the first day, gradually get up to five, taking a deep breath before each try. And oh yes! . . . afterward take a five-minute rest. You've earned it! THE END

Send your diet problems and triumphs to *Dieter's Notebook*, c/o COSMOPOLITAN.



Pay more for our new soap...and save.

When we made our new soap, we didn't copy the other grocery store soaps. We didn't make a more expensive cheap soap. ☹️ No. It's the other way around. ☹️ We made Princess like those rich soaps that cost \$1.50 a bar in fancy department stores. Those super-fatted, hard-milled soaps. ☹️ But we make our rich bars of soap by the millions...so we can charge lots less. (You can buy seven or eight bars for \$1.50). ☹️ You save another way, too. We put rich emollients and moisturizers right inside Princess...so you don't have to buy them in bottles. ☹️ Come on...pay more for our new soap...and save.





## If Eve had worn Aziza, she wouldn't have needed an apple

The ever-so-innocent, irresistible look of Eve. Shimmery, shadow-y lids and lashes, color-kissed with three lovely eye-ssentials from Aziza—Creme Stick Eye Shadow, Waterproof Brush-On Mascara, Liquid Lid Liner. Eve wears greens. What shades for you? Misty blues, delicate purples, velvety browns? For new loveliness, look for Aziza on fine cosmetic counters everywhere. from PRINCE MATCHABELLI



## Analyst's Couch



By Karl Easton, MD  
*Psychiatrist & Psychoanalyst, Diplomate,  
 American Board of Psychiatry and Neurology*

### ● QUESTION:

*I love to get presents more than I love to give them—but then, I'm poor. Will I improve when I have to live less from hand to mouth?*

### ● ANSWER:

The person who enjoys giving as much as receiving probably does not exist. It takes many years of healthy experiences in living to finally begin to overcome the basic infantile self-centeredness that, to some extent, exists in all people. A really generous and mature person is one who enjoys giving *almost* as much as he enjoys receiving.

You are right in your belief that there is a connection between the ability to give and being poor. There is a psychological economic law about giving and getting. It is easier to give when one feels he has received in the past, is being given to in the present, or will continue to receive in the future. In the man-woman relationship, the man *should* be able to be a bit more of the *giver* than the receiver. A woman is the giver in relation to her *children*.

Psychiatrists do occasionally treat persons who exhibit great anxiety or guilt when gifts or favors are offered to them. Psychiatric exploration of this problem invariably proves that beneath the tension and reluctance even to receive presents actually lies an exceptionally strong craving for them. The gift represents love which the recipient yearns for and even demands. The intensity of these unconscious wishes, however, arouses anxiety and guilt when gifts are forthcoming. Your attitude of gratefully receiving is normal.



# Margarita

MORE  
THAN  
A GIRL'S  
NAME...



WHITE  
OR  
GOLD  
LABEL  
86  
PROOF

Tequila, once the royal beverage of Aztec kings, is today the worldwide "in" drink. When you order Tequila insist on the brand supreme — Jose Cuervo. More expensive? Yes, a little. And why not? Cuervo Tequila has a unique smoothness and flavor distilled from Jalisco mescal and Mexican sunshine *con amor*. Tequila Margarita, Sunrise, Sour and Martini are at their fabulous finest with Cuervo brand. Send for the Cuervo Tequila recipe booklet. *Tequila Margarita: 1½ oz. white Cuervo Tequila; ½ oz. Triple Sec; 1 oz. fresh lime or lemon juice. Shake with shaved ice. Serve in a salt-rimmed glass. Cheers!*



# JOSE CUERVO TEQUILA

SOLE U.S. IMPORTERS / YOUNG'S MARKET COMPANY, LOS ANGELES 54, CALIFORNIA



# the beauty bar



## MIX YOUR OWN BEAUTY POTIONS —FROM THE ICEBOX

Gloria Swanson once said: "The best cosmetics are in your own icebox." We ransacked ours and found some foods are great for the skin. Naturally we checked with a well-known skin doctor before suggesting you try these on your face. The doctor enthusiastically approved of them . . . and our kooky recipes too! Are you ready?

**MILK** So what's new? Cleopatra bathed in it simply ages ago. Why not you? (Better start dating the milkman! Milk is a great skin cleanser and soother (our icebox doctor said that he uses it to soothe skin irritations). If a whole bath seems beyond your means, dip some cotton into half a glassful and wipe away the day's makeup . . . face and neck.

**EGGS** Whip up a super face mask with the whites of two brown eggs. (James Bond eats only brown eggs . . . so, of course, we prefer them too!) Beat the whites with a fork until they stiffen . . . smear onto your face with fingertips . . . then lie down and relax for ten minutes. Feel your skin tighten? Now at this stage it's up to you whether you wash the mask off or leave it on. Some models who want to lift their faces for a few hours of photography merely cover the egg white with makeup. . . . But remember, Cinderella, it will crack and look flaky before the day is out, so we suggest you wash it off with cold water and be content with a wonderfully smooth-feeling skin!

**CUCUMBER** Nature's own astringent, but it must be fresh cucumber says our icebox specialist. Cut off three juicy slices. Rub one piece over the brow, cheekbones and chin . . . so c-o-o-l. Now lie down and place a slice over each eye. Five minutes later . . . your face should look and feel quite sparkling.

**BUTTER** Pretend your face is a slice of bread. Butter it with a generous coating of frozen butter. (Don't use a knife silly . . . merely rub the frozen butter against your



Drawings by Lene Bernboom

skin.) Remove this golden mask after seven minutes. . . . It's an excellent emollient, the doctor told us . . . makes even a sunburned face creamy-smooth again.

**HONEY** We all know about the birds and the bees . . . but did you know that bees are responsible for a fabulous honey mask? Sure it's sticky but don't you want soft skin? (The nectar presumably tightens the skin and leaves it firm but soft.) All right, put two tablespoonfuls of clear honey into a glass jar and the jar into a double boiler. Heat over a low flame for ten minutes. Pour the honey

into a saucer and apply to your face. Massage it gently into the skin, especially around the dry spots . . . the cheekbones between the eyebrows, under the eyes and on the forehead. Leave on your face ten minutes; remove with warm water mixed with the juice of a fresh lemon.

**LEMON** Did you know that if you squeeze a lemon in front of a flute player he can't blow a note? (It makes him dribble.) Never mind, you cut a lemon in half and dig your fingertips into the fruit . . . then rub the juice over your hands. Our consulting doctor, shattering one of our favorite beliefs, insisted that lemon juice doesn't bleach the skin. But he says it makes hands soft (if not white) and who doesn't want caressable hands?

**STRAWBERRIES** OK, weaklings, eat five now—save some for later—then mash the rest into a bowl with a fork. Pat this pretty mess onto your face. (Strawberries stimulate and refresh the skin.) Leave for ten minutes. Pretend you're in a highbrow facial clinic . . . and be thankful you don't have to foot their kind of bill for your strawberry mask! Splash the mask off with cold water.

## RECIPES (jammed with stay-young and stay-slim ingredients)

### STRAWBERRIES IN BED

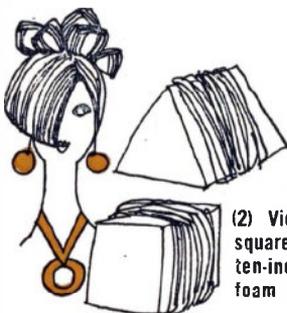
Strawberry omelet . . . a great Sunday morning-in-bed treat—even if you do have to get it yourself! Crack two brown eggs into a bowl . . . heat a lump of butter in a pan . . . beat eggs briskly with a fork . . . then pour eggs into the pan. Beat madly with fork for one minute while shaking pan back and forth. Drop in a handful of whole fresh strawberries. Fold omelet over and slide from pan. Scurry back to bed with this treasure.

### PRE-DINNER DATE NIBBLE

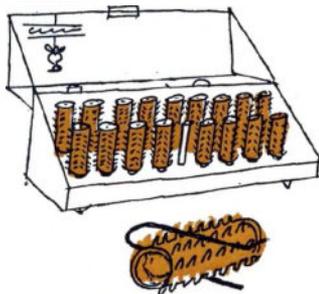
Cut off four slices of cucumber and spread them thickly with honey. Delicious! Don't nibble more than four slices—you'll have no room left for the escargots!

## WHAT'S NEW (FOR HAIR)

(1) Carmen Curlers—electric hair-roller heater with eighteen rollers and plastic-tipped hair clips, \$50.



(2) Vidal Sassoon's do-it-yourself square and triangular curls. Each ten-inch loop of hair, \$10. Stere-foam setting block, \$2.50.



## WHAT DOES IT DO FOR YOU

(1) Gives you a jet-set in fifteen minutes. Plug in this natty beauty appliance. Wait five minutes for the eighteen plastic rollers to heat on the metal rods (don't worry, the heat cuts off automatically at just the right temperature) . . . pop the rollers in your hair . . . and by the time the last one is in you're ready to take out the first roller. WOW! Live like a movie star and have a perfect hair set every day!

(2) Makes you an extrovert . . . because everyone will comment about your square and triangular curls. Wind the loop of hair around the specially shaped block and spray with lacquer to set. When dry, don't comb out the curls—just pin them to the top of your head in a cluster, or add them to your chignon . . . very fetching. Want just extra curls? Maybe a curl flipping over your cheek or curving under your chin? All right, comb out the loops after setting and pin them to strategic spots.

BY PAMELA ROTHON



The Modess Shield... safe, effective; unobtrusive.

Here's why.



Across the bottom and up both sides,  
under a soft outer covering,  
a continuous shield of blue polyethylene  
makes new Modess®  
the most protective napkin.

**Modess**... *because*

# COSMO READS THE NEW BOOKS



BY CLEVELAND AMORY



■ "Sex! Sex! Sex!" says one of the girls to one of the boys in Jacqueline Susann's **Valley of the Dolls** (Geis, \$5.95). "Is that all you think about? I like sex. But in its place." Well, one thing

is certain—it's all over the place in this book, which is the story of three yes-girls who rise and fall in the business there's no business like. This story has been told before, but Miss Susann makes you *care*—not only about the dolls themselves but also about the other, medicinal, "dolls"—pep pills, sleeping pills, etc. There's everything here from breast surgery to pill-suicide, from lesbianism to a terrific description of a "nice" mental home. However, the only really "nice" thing about the book, the friendship between the girls—well, even this goes. But, we repeat, Miss Susann makes you care, and we advise you to read it.

There's also an English novel out about pills called **Prudence and the Pill** (Lippincott, \$2.95), although this story is confined to the birth control pill. It's the story of what happens when a pillar of society, who hasn't been having too much luck with his pillow talk, substitutes aspirin for his wife's pills. His wife, sister-in-law, his niece, his mistress and his downstairs maid all get pregnant. The author, Hugh Mills, concludes, "Each of these logical ladies—having done everything she could to avoid the boundless woes of parenthood—decided, as soon as maternity was thrust upon her, that her achievement was quite unparalleled, wholly desirable and almost unbelievably clever. The logic of women is different from the logic of other people."

Logic aside, there's a very funny novel out called **In Praise of Older Women** (Trident, \$4.95). "This book," writes Hungarian author Stephen Vizinczey, "is dedicated to older women and addressed to younger men—and the connection between the two is my proposition." This is the autobiography of a Hungarian boy who is a "translator," between the GI's and various Hungarian ladies, at the age of eleven, has his first affair with a beautiful woman in her forties when he is fifteen, and goes on from there. Where it all leaves you younger women I don't know, but taking a leaf from Ben Frank-

lin, who advised young men to collect old mistresses, the author gives allegedly fictitious proof, by trial and error, that older women are better lovers. If I were you, I'd sue.

For contrast there's a novel called **The Man Who Loved His Wife** (G. P. Putnam's, \$4.95). But you can relax, the man didn't—in fact, this story by Vera Caspary is the story of a man who had cancer of the larynx, and is so mean and jealous that when he dies you can't tell if he killed himself, or his wife did it or his daughter, or his son-in-law. We think the author did it, but we forgive her because the book is so fascinating.

Next on your novel list this month should be **Too Far to Walk** (Knopf, \$4.95) by John Hersey. It's about a college boy who sells his soul to a friend who promises him every delight a modern college boy could want. He revels in all the "isd's"—love, sex, demonstrating, etc.—and even tries LSD itself. Again, like Pope's definition of true wit, it's been heard before, but ne'er so well expressed. Mr. Hersey's last few books disappointed us, but not this one.

Another big-namer is Graham Greene, whose novel **The Comedians** (Viking, \$5.75) is about that sad, terror-ridden island of Haiti. It's an atmospheric book; dark and shadowy. If it isn't too vague and mystical for you, try it—but only if you're in a brooding mood.

Louis Auchincloss offers you **The Embezzler** (Houghton Mifflin, \$4.95) but thorough as is this study of a banished Wall Street manipulator, determined to justify himself to grandchildren he will never see, it is more for your father or your boyfriend than you.

On the other hand, **Sandra Rifkin's Jewels** (New American Library, \$3.95) by Roy Doliner is a book for everybody. The necklace is owned by a rich matron who enjoys her possessions most when she is before her mirror, mirror on the wall—dressed in it and nothing else at all. Which, you've got to admit, is a pretty fair start for a story.

Charlotte Armstrong's **Dream of Fair Woman** (Coward-McCann, \$4.50), is a fairly routine exercise in witchery from the author's practiced hand—well worth your time but still not as good as some of her others.

On the nonfiction front, is a World War II memoir, **Report From No. 24**

(Lyle Stuart, \$4.95) by Gunnar Sonstebj. Although Mr. Sonstebj was a much decorated hero of the Norwegian Resistance, he seems most concerned, in his book, with train timetables and bus schedules. You can't completely disguise a life of derring-do but it is a shame that Mr. Sonstebj who acted with such outstanding bravery could not write with more bravado.

Autobiographies of famous madams are not our favorite reading, but we recommend **The Lady of the House** by Sally Stanford (G. P. Putnam's, \$4.95) if only because we cannot resist a book which begins, "I didn't set out to be a madam any more than Arthur Michael Ramsay, when he was just a kid, set out to be the Archbishop of Canterbury. Things just happened to both of us, I guess. At a time when most young girls decide to become schoolteachers, actresses or lady lawyers, one doesn't, after carefully considering all the vocations open to a female, say, 'That's for me; I'm going to be a madam.' Madaming is the sort of thing that just happens to you. . . . It doesn't take much to produce a good merchant of cash-and-carry love; just courage, an infinite capacity for perpetual suspicion, stamina on a twenty-four-hour-a-day basis, the deathless conviction that the customer is always wrong. . . . do-it-yourself gynecology, judo—and a tremendous sense of humor. Aside from these basic talents a good madam must possess an understanding of female psychology (in the broadest sense)." She even includes a definition of morality: "As far as I'm concerned, morality is just a word that describes the current fashion of conduct."

If you want to dig a little deeper—but not too deep—on this subject, we suggest J. Robert Moskin's **Morality in America** (Random House, \$5.95). If it does nothing else it will ask you a lot of embarrassing questions:

Am I immoral if I pad my income tax deductions?

Am I immoral if I object to giving economic aid to a lot of primitive, probably lazy, countries?

Am I immoral if I let a friend "take care" of a speeding ticket for me?

Am I immoral if I believe that the poor ought to lift themselves out of the slums?

THE END



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Every smart woman keeps searching for her identity—the inner woman she really is, and the outward expression of it. She looks for a special way to shape her mouth or tilt her chin... a new color that will light up her skin... a fragrance that's like her personal message to the world. When you see a woman who's found herself, you know it. There's a quiet excitement about her that says, "I like being me."

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# On Being Feminine

**T**he woman in my office told her story this way: "I was at that time in the beginning of my analysis. I was making rapid progress and gaining self-confidence. I felt I had to use the surplus energy and assert myself. The target was the man I loved, to whom I am now happily married. He was the safest target for I knew how much he loved me and was sure he would not retaliate nor abandon me.

"I behaved peculiarly. I talked and acted as I pleased, showing no consideration for him. At that time we were not married yet. He used to call me every day. Often I knew that it was he who was calling, yet I did not pick up the phone. Often I promised to call him and didn't. I was too honest to be unfaithful, but I acted as if I preferred everyone else's company to his.

"My husband is a creative writer, and today we are doing so many things together. At that time, however, I showed little interest in his work. I was supposed to help him in writing, but I got myself involved in everything else and could find no time for him. I really don't understand how he tolerated me. . . .

"I admired him for his moral courage, honesty and frankness, yet I constantly found errors with the poor man. Whenever he was efficient, I called him a robot. Whenever he slowed down, I called him an unspontaneous bore. I decided to 'educate' him. In order to become a 'true self' he had to conform to what I had decided his true self was. He was forty years old, yet I demanded that he 'be himself' and act like an adolescent, because at that time I was conducting educational activities for college students. I was twenty-eight then.

"As I said, I was loyal and faithful, yet I acted in a way that aroused suspicion and jealousy. I invited men to my apartment and went out with them socially, while I was engaged.

"After the wedding I took over our intimate life completely. Whenever he followed me with desirous, amorous, sensual looks, I snapped: 'You are chasing me.' Whenever he tried to come nearer to me, I found fault with him. I warned him: 'The more you demand, the less you will get.' And he stopped demanding. That was the way I learned to use sex as reward and punishment; when he annoyed me, I would go on a 'sex strike' for weeks and weeks.

"Thus we gradually developed a peculiar sexual pattern. I became the aggressive partner and he the receptive one. Whenever I desired him, we became in-

timate. But if he took the initiative, I had millions of excuses. We had sex whenever I decided to.

"I was not intentionally nasty. I did love him and did not intend to hurt him. But I enjoyed being able to take charge and I did. I had to have my way.

"Unfortunately, my husband's neurotic permissiveness made things too easy for me. The more he tried to please me, the more I picked on him until he could do no right. I became his mother who distributed graces and penalties at will.

"This went on till I made progress in psychoanalysis. I began to realize that one can assert oneself without dominating others. I saw myself as a castrating woman. My husband was becoming less of a man, and I less of a woman.

"Oh, how I wished he would stand up for his rights and put me in my place! I began to plead with him to become a man. I told him what was going on in my analytic sessions. He meekly replied, 'It wouldn't work. If I asserted myself, you'd yell at me. I can preserve our marriage only by placating you.'

"I began to hate him and his dependence. I decided where and when we would dine out, go to a show or meet friends. I even thought of divorce.

"My analyst helped me to become aware of my ambivalent feelings toward my husband. I knew I loved my husband and loathed him at the same time for his kindness that turned into weakness and love that turned into submissiveness. I could not deny my share of his mental and moral decline. My control over our sexual life had spread into other areas. I forced him to move into a neighborhood he hated, accept friends he did not care for, and live a life he did not like. Professionally he became apathetic and inefficient. His income dropped.

"But I still could not stop myself. I knew I was being monstrous and our marriage was heading for catastrophe.

"Then my husband started his analysis. For the first time in five years he went (without me, without even consulting me!) and bought himself two suits. He absolutely forbade me to go out with other men or to invite anyone home when not in his presence. He said: 'We must not have separate friends!' He took over the initiative in sex. We are not rigid on that issue, but in most cases he now initiates the love play. I enjoy the feeling that he desires me so much and I respond very well.

"Life became so much more satisfying, so much more interesting. He takes the initiative in everything. Before,

he always asked me, 'What do you want to do?' This was disgusting, but even today I don't like him saying: 'We are going to do this or that.' I prefer: 'Let us do this. Is it all right with you?' While he takes the initiative, I may agree or disagree.

"When I started my analysis he remarked that I had turned into a tigress. When he started his analysis, I felt I was living with a roaring lion. Gradually things are calming down and we find proper outlets without hurting one another. We have had moments, but there is mutual understanding and respect now. And we do many fascinating things together. . . ."

● When my patient finished her story, I asked myself: Must it be this way—such heartache—before the woman finds a role in which she can be truly feminine and yet adult? Still other patients come to mind who play their feminine role a different way. . . . Marjorie Morningstars, living in accord with *feminine mystiques*, or as obsolete figures from Margaret Mead's or Helene Deutsch's books. These women appear to have no brains, but only sexual organs plus hands to cook with. Are they happy? Not often.

Is there a reasonable and dignified way of life for the modern woman? Must she be stupid to make him feel smart? Or, if she rebels, must she become masculine?

I recall case after case in which women, unable to accept themselves and the mold in which they were cast, tried instead to change their husbands.

All these women meant well. But they could never accomplish their task without becoming domineering and without the submissiveness of their husbands. Ultimately all these marriages degenerated into mother-child relationships.

The problem of the correct role for women is complex and there are no pat solutions. Our ideas on men and women and marriage are hopelessly obsolete. In ancient times the dictum "He shalt rule over thee" applied to a man's relationship to children and women as well. Man was the head of the tribe, the owner of his children, his mate, his herds. No man in our times "owns" his wife. Women have acquired civil, political, economic and educational rights. They are no longer anyone's property; they are neither slaves nor children. Yet they seem to make persistently one of the two wrong choices: They become either subservient *childish* housekeepers or

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## On Being Feminine

(continued)

they become aggressive, *masculine* tyrants. In neither case do they play their proper role of *adult women*.

Much free interpretation of Freud's early writings (by Helene Deutsch, Margaret Mead, Marynia Farnham, Ferdinand Lundberg and others) has not helped to dispel the confusion. The books of Eleanor Flexner, Max Lerner, Simone de Beauvoir and Betty Friedan cleared the air somewhat, but there is still much confusion regarding the role, status and nature of women.

When an adult male and female enter a love relationship, who should obey whom and why? They owe each other *mutual respect and consideration*.

It is a myth of the good old times that a man *must* be bigger, smarter, older and better educated than a woman, and a woman *must* look up to the man she marries. Most men are nothing to look up to. Most women are as smart as their husbands are. When two people love one another, differences are complementary and the talents of each of them benefit both.

Intelligence-test scores show no significant differences between the two sexes. Nor are there substantial differences in academic achievement between men and women. Women play an active role in the arts and professions. In the Soviet Union the majority of physicians are women. The former Secretary of State of Israel is a woman. The Prime Minister of India is a woman. The scientist who discovered radium was a woman. More and more women are holding important positions everywhere.

In our times, when a female journalist, physician, professor or scientist marries a man, she does not do it for "security." She is just as secure as he. Nor does she do it for prestige or social status. She does it because she loves him and they want to be together to do whatever they can for each other. Love is a desire to give, to care, and to make one's love object happy.

Women cannot accept the obsolete role of dependence. They must become equal partners. The trouble is that whenever women refuse to be treated as children, they often begin to emulate the only pattern of adulthood known to them—the *pattern of men*.

Unfortunately, the myth of male superiority has too often corrupted feminine aspirations for true equality. When a woman wants to assert herself, she often acts as if she were a man not emulating the real man of our times, but the patriarchal, dictatorial, obsolete owner of women, children and sheep. The mythical qualities of masculinity are still much alive and have misled women

# For long, long, long lashes...

to think that independence means imperialism, and that self-assertion means control of others. In short, *in the struggle for adult femininity many women have abandoned their own nature and assumed an obsolete masculine role.*

The truth is that the peculiar role of the two sexes is determined by and related to their psychosexual roles. All other areas of life are culturally determined and change with changes of culture. In *all* civilizations men have male sexual organs and women have female sexual organs. Their psychosexual experiences are different. In all civilizations men become more quickly aroused than women. In all civilizations men and women appreciate a great variety of experiences differently; affection, tenderness, longing, belonging, craving, jealousy, loneliness and possessiveness are experienced differently by men and women. Sexual experiences are different for each sex. Only women have menstrual cycles, get pregnant, give birth and go through menopause. There is no power in the world that can obliterate these deep bio-psychological differences. And whenever men and women do not act in courtship and marriage in accord with their sex, they must be confused and unhappy. But outside the psychosexual area, *women are not a separate class or category. They are people.*

It is only in parenthood when a man must be a father. The pregnant woman and mother needs protection for herself and the children, but not in the way that a child needs it. She must be an adult who assumes full responsibility for her part in marriage and parenthood. The emotional needs of a man or woman may differ from each other and must be recognized and respected, but no man should be a parent to his wife nor a woman a mother to her husband.

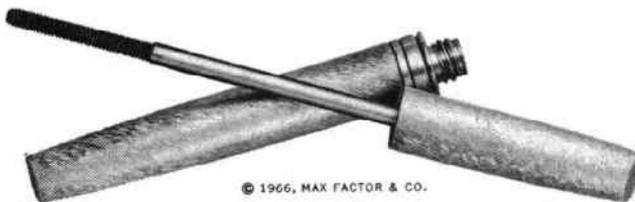
The modern woman as a *woman* must stay feminine in relation to her man. She must be as receptive, charming and enchanting as her predecessors were, starting with Eve. As an *adult* she must have her share in family life and find her place in the national economy, science, or the arts the best way she can fit into them as an individual. The modern woman must learn to grow and mature according to her bio-psychological nature, and within the specific culture into which she was born and raised. Marriage, in a democratic society, can be neither dependence nor independence. It must be interdependence. There are no fixed rules as to how two individuals must interact. But they must interact in self-respect and in respect for each other's biological and cultural roles.

THE END



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# COSMO LISTENS TO RECORDS

BY NAT HENTOFF



Country music (often referred to slightly as "hillbilly music" by urbanites who think themselves sophisticated), was limited to regions in the South and Southwest. The music and performers moved North and West as more rural folk came to the cities, but boundaries of taste and tradition still separated devotees of country music from the rest of the populace.

In recent years, however, as a result of the rapid rise of interest in folk music among college students and other venturesome listeners in their twenties and thirties, the community of Country music has broadened greatly. Radio stations in several Northern metropolitan centers play only Country recordings, and swarms of musicians in that home-style idiom work the folk club and college concert circuit. Among those most in demand are Lester Flatt, Earl Scruggs and the Foggy Mountain Boys—an exuberant ensemble that specializes in sizzling bluegrass music as well as other forms of traditional Southern folk expression.



**TOWN AND COUNTRY**, a recent Columbia release by Flatt and Scruggs, distills the multiple pleasures of their field of expertise—the quicksilver banjo virtuosity of North Carolina-born Earl Scruggs; the relaxed, astutely dramatized singing of Lester Flatt from Tennessee; and the collective drive of the Foggy Mountain Boys. The songs range from evocations of a country boy in a big city ("Detroit City," "Seattle Town") to diverse looks into the past ("The Last Public Hanging in West Virginia" and Mr. Scruggs' stunning "Foggy Mountain Breakdown"). It took awhile, but today, you're hip if you know the score in country music.

Nina Simone is her own category, ranging from blues to ballads to folk to jazz to gospel. She can be tough as well as tender, and she excels at setting and deepening all manner of moods—as she forcefully shows in **Let It All Out**. (Philips).

The essence of swing is contained in **'Pres' at His Very Best** (Emarcy), a superlative reissue of quartet and septet performances of the early 1940s by the nonpareil tenor saxophonist **Lester Young**. Among his colleagues: Count Basie and "the man who plays like the wind," drummer Jo Jones.

A woman of passion, as well as discipline, **Wanda Landowska** markedly expanded the expressive possibilities of the harpsichord. An energizing illustration of Landowska at her most dramatic—and resourceful—heights is **Dances of Ancient Poland**. (RCA Victor).

If you want to know what the blues are all about, one of the most knowledgeable of all guides is the virile, penetrating **B. B. King**. In **Confessin' the Blues** (ABC-Paramount) he personalizes a dozen classic tales in that bristling idiom—from "See See Rider" to "How Long, How Long Blues."

There is little question that the next major conqueror of American audiences from the sophisticated tradition of French and Belgian composer-singers is darkly handsome **Jacques Brel**. He has already filled Carnegie Hall (December, 1965) where he was greeted by *The New York Times* as if he had just completed a space flight. If you want to be In, one route is his album, **Jacques Brel** (Reprise).



An unexpected treasure is a new recording of Stravinsky's explosive **The Rite of Spring** (*Nonesuch*). Making this a collector's item is the presence, as conductor, of **Pierre Boulez**, the influential avant-garde composer. An added boon is the entrancing **Four Etudes for Orchestra** by Stravinsky.

Born in Athens and transplanted to America, a striking young woman who prefers to be known only as **Fleury** is both an actress and a singer. In the latter capacity, she reveals in **Fleury: The Isles of Greece** (*Vanguard*) a rich, sensuous voice, an exultant command of undulating rhythms, and a proud affection for the wide, boldly colored range of Greek folk songs.



Many original cast albums endure only as nostalgic addenda to old theater programs, but **Man of La Mancha** (*Kapp*) should prove able to stand on its own, long after its widely-lauded New York production is over. Based, by writer Dale Wasserman, on a crucial few hours in the life of Don Quixote, it surges with powerful melodies (Mitch Leigh); literate, sometimes tart lyrics (Joe Darion); and perceptive singers (Richard Kiley, Irving Jacobson, Joan Diener, Robert Rounseville). Credit, too, the crisp direction of Albert Marre.

A mellow minstrel with a penchant for robust, vintage songs and Dixieland merriment behind him, **Clancy Hayes'** new collection of **Happy Melodies** (ABC-Paramount) should help dispel most moments of transient gloom. As a bonus, there is the sinewy, witty clarinet of Pee Wee Russell.

Recorded live, **The Budapest Children's Choir at Carnegie Hall** (RCA Victor) has the impact of the first days of spring—fresh winds, a renewed opening to experience, and the possibility of innocence. Their program, including folk songs and folk-based works by such as Bartók and Kodály, is divided into music of the four seasons. THE END



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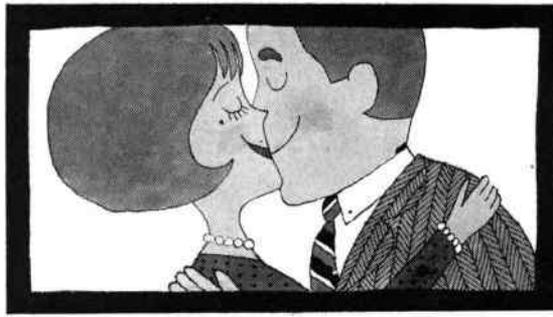
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BY JOHN MILDER

## Hi-fi Your Way Into His Heart

● Hi-fi equipment these days is just as much at home in the career girl's one-room apartment as it is in the most luxurious bachelor pad. Music from a good sound system offers an ideal accompaniment to your life. It goes with candlelight dinners as well as with the flurry of housecleaning beforehand, and it's a fine, undemanding companion over a lazy, curled-up-on-the-sofa evening.

Hi-fi has outgrown the knobbery and jargon that once made it something only an engineer could love. You may ask the male down the hall to help you install your stereo system, but it won't be for the reason that you can't understand anything about it yourself.

Another thing of the past is the I-built-it-myself look of hi-fi equipment, with its plywood cabinetry, dangling wires, and huge coffinlike boxes for the speakers. Today's stereo system tends to be compact and pleasantly waltzy in appearance, simple enough to blend well with almost *any* furnishings.

At this point, maybe we should explain just what "high fidelity" is all about. It goes back to the 1930s. The design goal of manufacturers in those days was something called "nice tone"—sound that was good and mellow, with just enough definition to allow you to tell different musical instruments apart—*some* of the time. Anything beyond *nice* tone was difficult and expensive to achieve. But a few people *did* want to hear sounds as they were actually produced and chose to assemble their own sound systems piece-by-piece.

Things began to change with the arrival of the LP record in 1948. Gradually, the sensible proposition that musical instruments ought to sound like themselves replaced the limited notion of "nice tone." And with the arrival of stereo records in 1958, the interest in good sound was no longer the exclusive province of the gadgeteer.

Fine. But just what is stereo? Well, it's simply an electronic imitation of the way you hear. When you listen to a "live" sound, each of your ears hears a slightly different version of the same

thing, and your brain puts the two sounds together into a single composite that has depth and perspective. Stereo imitates the process by recording two slightly different images of the same sound and by keeping the two images electronically separate until they issue from two speakers to be put together by your mind's ear. The point of it all is not the novelty of hearing violins from one side and drums from the other, but the depth, detail and natural quality of stereo sound.

While we are at it, we ought to make it clear that stereo is actually *easier* to listen to correctly than older "monaural" (single-speaker) sound systems. Your living room is not too small—or large—for stereo, and there is no mandatory place where you must put the speakers. The all-important dimensional quality of stereo is audible to a healthy extent even in the *worst* room with the *worst* possible arrangement of speakers. Understand, too, that stereo is a means to *higher* fi, not (as is sometimes intimated) a replacement of the idea of fidelity. A tin-horn-type stereo phonograph will not be a very pleasant addition to your life; you shouldn't let the *novelty* of stereo prevent you from keeping an ear out for *quality* in stereo equipment when you select it.

How *do* you shop for stereo? Begin by dropping in for a moment at two or three music or "audio" stores to get an idea of the shapes and sizes of what they have to offer. *Don't* do your looking in a camera shop or a major appliance store, where hi-fi is almost certain to be a sideline and the choice extremely limited. And *don't* rush to buy. Make sure you hear a representative hi-fi sampling before you make up your mind.

Have a look, for instance, at three or four of today's "modular" stereo systems. A fairly recent development, the modular system distills the idea of basic hi-fi "components" into a simple three-piece arrangement. There are two compact speaker cabinets (many of them no bigger than makeup cases) that you can put wherever they sound and look best.

The third part, a "center control section" (which can be even smaller than the speakers), is usually housed in a tabletop cabinet and can go wherever it will be unobtrusive and easy to get to. The center section comes with a record player and the necessary control knobs (the "amplifier" and other electronics are sequestered well out of sight within the cabinet). The center section may also contain an FM stereo (the engineer's term is "multiplex") tuner for radio broadcasts. If it doesn't have FM radio facilities built in, it will certainly have jacks to allow you to buy an FM tuner later and plug it into the system. And it will very likely have jacks both for hooking in a tape recorder and for listening over headphones.

The lowest price of admission for modular hi-fi is between two hundred and three hundred dollars. For this, you can take home KLH's Models Eleven or Fifteen, or the Fisher 50 or 85. These systems are for playing records only (a matching FM radio-stereo tuner will cost you about one hundred twenty dollars more when you get around to it), and they use very compact speaker cabinets that can be tucked in convenient corners or completely hidden from sight behind furniture or drapes. Their sound is fine if not ultrawide-range, and they are powerful enough for just about any apartment. Very similar, is the Scott "Stereo Compact" at two hundred ninety-five dollars.

At the three-hundred-dollar level, KLH offers the Model Nineteen, a complete system in very compact form with an FM stereo tuner. Scott's entry is the "Stereo Classic" for FM stereo only (in this case the radio comes first); you can add the record player of your choice later at further expense. Also at this price level is a very new phenomenon; the modular *tape* system, which has *no* provisions for record playing now or later. Wollensak offers the Model 5300 (two hundred eighty dollars); and Ampex markets its 860-813 combination (three hundred fifty dollars).

Max Factor sheds a lovely new light on the subject of compact make-ups.



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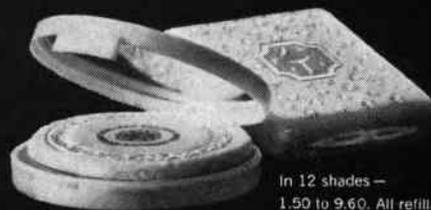
## Now...a unique Creme Puff formula that actually adapts to any kind of light.

*The dimmer the light,  
the brighter you look.  
The brighter the light,  
the softer you look.*

Creme Puff contains millions of unique light-reactive particles. Some are light-reflective. They "seek out" light, and give your skin a lovely, lively glow

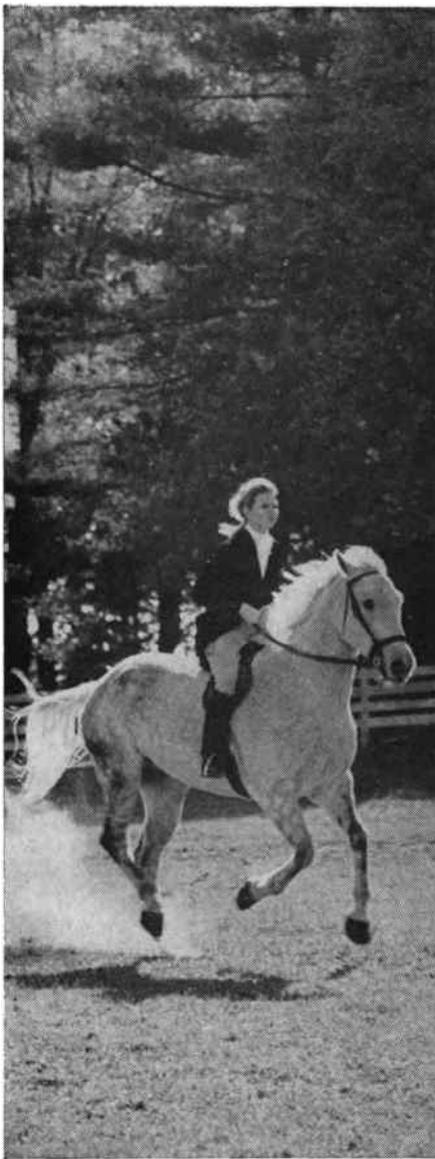
(even in dim light). Some are light-refractive. They "absorb" light, and make your skin look soft (even in harsh, glary light). Every time you puff on Creme Puff, as a make-up or a touch-up... you get the new softness of a compact make-up that actually adapts to light. Plus the sheerness of powder and foundation, blended in the prettiest shades you've ever seen.

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In 12 shades —  
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**TAMPAX**  
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SANITARY PROTECTION WORN INTERNALLY  
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## Hi-fi Your Way Into His Heart (cont. from p. 30)

Also, Sony offers a wide range of stereo tape systems in a comparable price bracket. If you are starting from scratch, with no records worth talking about, you might want to consider the music-on-tape systems. The *sound* can be unbelievably good, and tapes given reasonable care can last indefinitely. The weakness of the tape systems—not to be dismissed too lightly—is the relative expense and limited repertoire of commercial tape recordings (as opposed to records).

If you can go as high as four hundred dollars (in a single lump sum or via monthly payments), you can now expect a level of performance for which the hi-fi hobbyist a few years ago might have paid twice the amount. The Fisher 95, the Harmon-Kardon SC-440, and the KLH Model Twenty are the names and numbers to see and hear in this category. Aside from completeness (built-in FM stereo and jacks for hooking up every conceivable accessory), what these systems offer is rich, wide-range sound by way of bookshelf-size speaker systems and enough power to handle just about anything—including a post-wedding move to a horse breeder's manor house or an artist's loft.

The chances are that you will live happily ever after with one of today's modular systems. Still very much an alternative, however, is the piece-by-piece "component" approach to hi-fi. If you are game to learn just enough technicalities to understand which piece does what, the appeal of componentry is that you can start modestly and gradually build up a music system of far more impressive proportions than you might be able to afford at the outset.

The links in the component chain are as follows. First, you need a "program source"—such as a record changer, an FM tuner, or a "tape deck." Then there's the amplifier, which takes the fairly weak electrical signal from a program source and makes it hefty enough to power the final component, the speaker (which turns electricity back into sound). If you want to keep the individual pieces from piling up, you can buy the amplifier and tuner already combined in a single "receiver," probably the most popular hi-fi component these days.

The variations on the hi-fi component approach are almost endless. You can start out, for instance, with a record player, a stereo amplifier, and a *single-speaker* system—adding the second speaker for stereo sound when you can afford it, and tacking on an FM tuner and tape machine still later. Or you can start with one speaker and a stereo

*receiver*, taking all your music from FM broadcasts.

There are far too many makes and models of components to cover systematically here. Besides the names already mentioned (all well represented in the component field as well), you will see record-playing equipment from Garrard, Dual and Thorens; tape decks from Sony, Concertone and Tandberg; amplifiers, tuners, and receivers from Sherwood, Dynaco and Bogen; and speakers from such as AR, Bozak and J. B. Lansing. Components come in a wide price range.

Once you settle on the equipment you want, you will find it easy to live with—whether or not there's a man around to supplement the instruction book. When you set things up, make sure that the record player and the controls you use most often (like the volume and tuning knobs) are placed conveniently. You may like to sprawl on the rug once in a while to listen, but don't put the record player where you have to get down on hands and knees to *operate* it.

When you place the speakers, don't worry about finding the "correct" spot for stereo; you will have just about the whole room to choose from, providing you keep the speakers far enough apart for good stereo coverage. One important thing to keep in mind is that the overall sound quality of your speakers—the richness or the lack of it—is very much a function of the balance between their bass and treble. And you get the balance the way you like it by using a very simple rule of thumb: The closer you put the speakers to intersecting surfaces in the room (wall and wall, wall and ceiling, and wall and floor), the more bass you will hear from them. You will get the most bass, for instance, when a speaker is in a corner near the floor or ceiling, and the least when it's out in the center of the room on a table. With this general rule to go by, you won't have trouble getting the overall sound to your taste.

As for operating the equipment, you will find it easier than dealing with a new electric range.

One of the nice things about owning good sound equipment is that it encourages you to shop for more records. And a good record store is not without a good quota of interesting young men. According to the owner of New York's Liberty Music Shops, two pairs of eyes meeting over the same album cover tend to exchange a kind of glance not seen in front of a Pollock at the Museum of Modern Art. And if things don't work out—well, *you* console yourself via tape, disc and FM. THE END

# Love for the Mature Woman

● In our competitive youth-oriented society, the mature single woman (divorced, widowed or unmarried) must rethink her standards if she is to achieve fulfillment and love.

With the surplus of females, the mature woman doesn't seem to stand a chance. There are eighteen million single men and women in the United States. Only five million are men. However, some women *are* going to be more attractive than others to these men. You can be one of these women, despite your maturity, if you care *enough* to make a few adjustments.

Apparently not many mature women feel love is possible for them. They substitute too many other things in its place. Food is the most frequent substitution. The average woman between forty and sixty is more girth than grace. She doesn't attract men physically. And she first *has* to attract a man physically if love is to develop.

Another substitute she uses for love is in certain absorbing kinds of illness. If a woman has backaches, frequent headaches or is chronically fatigued, she should analyze herself and see if she hasn't subconsciously decided that she isn't desirable—and therefore seeks an excuse in illness.

Still another substitute for love may be children who no longer want mother full time. Yet mother clings to them and consequently adds to the children's and her own problems instead of realizing she is *free*, often for the first time in her life, and taking advantage of this by realizing dreams: returning to school, achieving commercial success or traveling.

Mature women also defeat themselves by accepting old-fashioned standards which value a woman only for her ability to bear children. Today a woman now is valued for *more* than her ability to produce children. Older women should stop acting as though their *raison d'être* is finished when the children are gone.

It is true that many of the available men have themselves decided that love is a lost cause. Too often they have panaches, are chain smok-

ers, careless about being clean, over-absorbed in cars, baseball and liquor. They fill their lives with substitutes for love.

Another substitute for love that both men and woman accept is sex. There is a parallel between food and love-sex. A person will return again and again to nourishing food. But one tires easily of rich desserts. So one tires easily of mere sex but returns to sex based on love.

A woman who passes herself around only guarantees her own loneliness. She has less and less to offer as she becomes more shopworn, bitter and hard. Consequently she becomes less desirable.

A young girl is entitled to a young man whom she can marry and by whom she can have a family. But these goals should not be those of the mature woman. Her goals are love and companionship. What, therefore, can she do to achieve her needs?

She can prepare herself for love by being her *best* possible self. She should get back her slender figure. Also, the right hairstyle, makeup and clothes will do wonders.

The only way to stay on a diet is to have a sufficiently important objective. The most important motive for a normal woman to do *anything* is the acquiring of a man.

Secondly, the mature woman must cultivate a cheerful disposition. Most young girls, because they have not yet been disappointed by life, are naturally cheerful. Men enjoy their company. What if the mature woman *has* been defeated some times in life? Why should she indulge in self-pity, jealousy or bitterness? She should be smart enough to know that *if* she does, she will find herself alone.

● As for her mind, surely she should improve it each year. If she isn't careful, the mature woman will find herself slipping, each year knowing a little less about more and more. Basically men have opinions about politics, world events and business trends. The mature woman must cultivate similar interests.

By the time a woman is mature

she has arrived at her place in life either through marriage or a career. (I am a successful woman. To have a man for a friend who was a failure would require special effort on my part.) Successful people naturally associate with others like them. Therefore, the mature woman is not looking for someone to help her climb, but is seeking men who are comfortable in the life she is comfortable in.

As you look around you will find that most men your age are either married or not marriage-minded. They may have been married and have "had it."

It takes work and skill for a mature woman to attract the relatively few men available to her.

● The answer is not cheap promiscuity, but a realistic approach to the situation. Don't be panicked into chasing just any man. Look around for an adequate man who is unappreciated. Smile. Accept his friendship. Be pleasant but do not pursue. (Men instinctively hate pursuit.)

Remember that you, too, have your habit patterns. You have friends you do not want to give up. You have a position in the world and like the independence of spending your own money. You don't want to cater to a man on a twenty-four-hour basis.

You would, however, be pleased to devote a few hours each week to the right man.

If you give a man chic, cheerfulness and companionship, you do not need to worry that you will lose him. Men really don't want change. That is, the average and normal man doesn't. He wants the security of appreciation and love. And so do you. This security of love, while it won't solve all your problems, as the perfect marriage would, will solve many of them.

See what you can do for yourself. If you make yourself your best, life will give its best to you—the love of a man who is your equal. And who knows? This disinterested-in-marriage approach of yours may just happen to suggest marriage. Reverse psychology, you know!

THE END

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# WHAT'S HIP, WHAT'S

BY WALTER MEADE

■ From the day some bright Neanderthal took possession of the first cave, some folks were let in and others were kept out. It wasn't long until there were more ways of dividing humanity than anyone has cared to count. There were mountain people and valley people, royalty and peasantry, cowboys and Indians, city slickers and hicks, cops and robbers, rich and poor, Whigs and Tories, Republicans and Democrats, flappers and blue stockings, and on and on and on. . . .

The thing that all groups have in common, of course, is an *opposition*. Without an opposition you just don't have a group because it gets impossible to tell who belongs *in* unless you know who must remain *out*. If your mother or grandmother thought of herself as a flapper then there had to be other young women around who *didn't* flap. Otherwise the distinction would be absurd.

For a long time the criteria people used in grouping themselves were much the same: wealth, power, breeding, position, color, national origin and talent.

But in the late twenties, when Freud was startling Vienna and the stock market was startling (and nearly upending) America, a new group made its appearance. None of the old criteria applied to it. The group's members, weary of the ways of the world, began to think that salvation lay in getting *wise* to themselves. In other words, what set *them* apart was essentially a state of mind. They were detached, cool. Their gaze turned inward while the world occupied itself with an attempt to preserve a way of life that was crashing down around everyone's head.

In 1929 George Abbot—in a show called *Broadway*—coined a word to mean *get wise to yourself*. The word was *hip*, a mutation of an older word, *hep*, which meant to *know what was going on*. Since then, the concept of *hipness* has come to occupy the serious attention of such serious people as Kenneth Rexroth, Eugene Burdick and Norman Mailer. *Hipness* has come to mean: (1) to be anti-intellectual, anticommercial, anticulture (according to Kenneth Rexroth); (2) to refuse to discuss the rationality of what you believe (according to Eugene Burdick); (3) to be cool no matter what (according to Norman Mailer who estimates there are only a hundred really hip people around anywhere. Say it isn't so, Norman).

The main thing is that through a kind of creeping inflation—the mystiques of

far-out jazz circles and lower-bohemian navel pondering helped—the little word *hip* became a big deal. It became a concept. A psychological posture, if you please!

Hipness selected as its opposition the daylight, nine-to-five, getting-and-spending world. The folks out there were "squares" and their dreary world the "square world."

Squares were not innocuous. They owned and ran the world. They were responsible for everything in it, and everything in the square world was rotten as hell. Yes, it's true squares fought the wars and collected for the charities, but who says they did so for the right reasons? Squares believed everything would turn out all right if you just didn't *deriate* from the *consensus* and become *subversive*. All you had to do was *play the game*. All you had to do was *follow the rules* and nothing terrible would happen to you. Square people were frightened, follow-the-leader people. They invented institutions, governments, churches, insurance and the telephone company. And those institutions protected them and in turn developed the way of life that square people loved. (So said, and say, the hippies.)

The square world was materialistic (keep up with the Joneses), hypocritical (I love my wife, but oh! you kid) and crazy (Dash makes your washer TEN FEET TALL). The square world was Babbitt's paradise. And you could not *talk* to anyone in it.

And what are other square values from the hip point of view? The American dream of a nice house, a nice family, 2.5 nice children, a nice suburb, a nice job, a nice car, a nice lawn, and a few nice martinis before supper. You play the game nicely, live the way the men and institutions who have the power to advance or inhibit you tell you to live, and everything will be all right.

■ Now all of this does work out very well for many people. If it didn't, the square system wouldn't last very long. Anyway, perhaps the majority prefer to be directed in their attitudes and goals by something larger than themselves. Yet, for many others, the square life brings about a vague sense of unease, a sense that something is missing. According to Jules Feiffer, the unhappy square is a man who complains about his job, which he hates, and dies of boredom a few months after he retires. He picks a wife he is not attracted to

# SQUARE?

and remains attracted to girls he thinks are tramps. He watches television six nights a week so he won't have to talk to his nice family, and joins a club so that one night a week he can talk to someone.

Feiffer may have something. Square people *do pretend* to like things they hate and to hate things they really love. Here are two for instances. A survey taken of New York City newspaper readers showed that three and a half million people said they read *The New York Times* and seven hundred thousand said they read the *Daily News*. The actual circulation figures are just about reversed.

Research done by Dr. William H. Masters of St. Louis indicates that what people say excites them sexually is a far different thing from the things which actually do excite them. How did he find that out? He measured psychological responses during sexual stimulation. (Yes, he did.)

Well, no one ever said that being square was easy. All that responsibility! All those obligations! Sometimes square people do try to chuck it all.

■ There are two favorite periods for a bust-out. One is the student days. Sandra finds herself pinned to Lamont Rutledge. Suddenly, at the junior prom, she looks at him and he looks, oh, sort of squeaky. He smells sort of, oh, antiseptic. She says, feeling queasy, "Couldn't we get out of here?" He puts his arm around her and says, "Not now, honey, I want to talk to Bob Morris. You know his dad is Frank Morris of Morris Paper Box." The next day she gets mononucleosis. She recovers, flees campus just before finals and runs off to New York to meet some real men and real life. She probably will survive. Whether she will become permanently unsquared is another matter.

The other favorite time for the big break is about age forty. Forty is a very bad age for square people, mainly because it's too late. The psyche is well trained by then and nine times out of ten it trips the renegade up. If you're a square banker, for instance, you embezzle a little from your bank. You run off to New Orleans or someplace you thought looked good in a movie. The fuzz gets you and puts you in the pokey. See? Right back in the box. A real square box. Locked up. Just like always. That's what you wanted all the time. Crime is *very square*.



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## WHAT'S HIP, WHAT'S SQUARE? (continued)



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To be hip, on the other hand, does not mean to be promiscuous, childish, dirty or totally withdrawn on dope.

Basically it means to have the will to become yourself, to come to your own view of things no matter how odd that view may seem to anyone else. To do this requires considerable effort, imagination and courage. And it doesn't *always* work out very well.

We are taught to be afraid of so many things that are not in themselves frightening that it takes some doing to get over it. Fear of other people, of taking chances, of love, of sex, of saying what you mean, can be awful obstacles. Confronting those experiences directly may sometimes take a lot of guts. Hip people manage to do it. Hippies tend to feel they must face whatever *is*. They tend to be alienated from the rest of society because having examined its values, they often reject them.

Unfortunately this makes hip people either very cool, far-out or boring. This is because they often are left with nothing to replace the values they reject.

The pleasures of hip people tend to be special and private. They listen to music, read, talk almost exclusively with other hip people, and lead rather passive sex lives. Perhaps the main reason for the passive sexuality point is that hip people are really not very fond of other people. What they always seek are relationships as opposed to kicks. They live in a square world and they know it. They trust few others. They smile wanly when they speak as though you are not supposed to believe what they say.

Hip people do not try to force anything or preserve anything while squares preserve practically everything, even things they have ceased to care about, enjoy or use—like their marriages, theater programs or orchid corsages.

There are only two arenas where the hip world and the square world make contact: art and humor.

Artists, particularly painters and musicians—hip to be sure—are hired entertainers in the square world. From the Sistine Chapel to the Newport beaches, artists are, ironically, commissioned to decorate and entertain with works which the square world keeps *trying* to understand. When hip and square meet you get something like oil and water.

For instance. In painting, the value to the artist is the creation of the painting. The value to the square is the preservation of the painted canvas and the cultivation of its market value. (Museums where people whisper as though they are in a shrine, are not hip places.) Similarly, you get square people, heads

bent, brows furrowed pretending to understand the music of Dizzie Gillespie—as though it were work to listen to it!

The other arena where hip and square collide is humor. Neither understands the other. In the United States, hip humor runs from bawdy folk tales and underground films to sick jokes which are a direct attack on square values. Square humor ranges from just plain dirty jokes to camp—both low and high.

Camp, in case you've been away, is a word now used to describe a person, place, object or action which has style but no content, or in which the intent is different from the effect. Soap operas—in which the intent is serious and the effect funny—are camp. So are musicals of the forties. Liberace is camp and Mae West is, and Forest Lawn Cemetery is. In camp parlance something, say actress Fay Wray in the old film, *King Kong*, is so bad it's good. But from the hip point of view the same thing is so bad it's bad—a nothing, a drag. For hip people, camp is practically a definition of the square world in which things of no value are mistaken for things of real value. Camp is absurd because it removes the possibility of judgment. If the wretchedly bad, the totally empty is considered good, then there can be nothing *really* good, nothing of *real* value. Camp is just another of the square diseases like ulcers, heart trouble and insomnia.

'How do you know if you're square or hip? Hip people just know, that's all. Square people never know so they don't have to worry, do they?

Well, what do you do if you're a hip person in a square world, baby? You swing. You learn to move from one scene to another without blowing your cool. More and more people are doing it because more and more people are hip. Be that as it may, the world is square and offices and businesses are always square and you've got to make a living. How do you do it? You cliché it all day and become unique at night. You pass for square until you can call your time your own!

When it gets to be 5 P.M. you move from one world to another. If you can get out of a knit suit with a gold circle pin and into your fun-and-games clothes without feeling sneaky or guilty, then, my girl, you are likely to be a swinger.

And if you never give all this a thought, if you're not hung up on the way other people think of you, or on some guy, or on some tedious habit, then you are in danger of being more than just hip. You might be *perfect*.

THE END

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Barbara Hayes of Oakland, Calif.  
Before her Mark Eden Course  
BUST: 34B

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So all right! We've just finished telling you that hip people never have to try—they just are. But if you're curious about what's currently considered hip (and square) here is a semiofficial list.

# THE HIP (?) GIRL'S DIRECTORY \* \*

BY REX REED

## ARTISTS

### HIP

Picasso, de Kooning, Ben Shahn, Léger, Ida Kohlmeyer, Stamos, Cocteau

### SQUARE

Keane, Andy Warhol, Lightenstein, Motherwell, Jasper Johns, Bridget Riley

## HOSTESSES

### HIP

Mrs. Jack Heinz, Lady Pamela Berry, Susan Stein, Elsie Woodward, Susie Gardner, Mrs. Merriweather Post, Mrs. Vincente (Denise) Minnelli, Mrs. Ray Stark, Mrs. Alfred Bloomingtondale

### SQUARE

Mrs. Joseph Levine, Perle Mesta, Mrs. Horace E. Dodge, Lydia Katzenbach

## COLLEGES

### HIP

University of California (at Berkeley), Yale Drama School, Oberlin, University of N. Carolina, Sweetbriar, Sophie Newcomb, Princeton

### SQUARE

University of California (at Los Angeles), Radcliffe, Vassar, Smith, Yale, Amherst, University of Miami

## FASHION WHIMS

### SQUARE

White crepe blouses, Overnight ascots, Just-below-bosom pearls, Papier-mâché jewelry, White stock-

ings, Double-breasted jackets, Poor-girl sweaters, Skinny coats, 'enry 'iggins sweater jackets, Rings on toes, Six-inch earrings, Bell-bottom trousers, Party pajamas, Backless anything, Dynel hair switches, Detachable curls, Shoulder makeup, Lacquered triangle bobby pins, Vinyl raincoats

### SQUARE

Teased hair, Silver jewelry, Lace (except at night), Plaids, Courrèges boots, Monogrammed blouses, Formal evening gowns, Gold kid shoes, Capri pants, Mexican ponchos, Thong sandals, Gay deceivers, Mongol haircuts, Red toenail polish, Mama-bear coats, Hairbands of men's print handkerchiefs, Ankle bracelets, Fresh permanents

## PERFUME SCENTS

### HIP

Gardenia, Haitian vanilla, Men's colognes, Lilac

### SQUARE

Spicy oriental scents, Wood scents, Verbena

## HAIRDRESSERS

### HIP

Vidal Sassoon, David Crespin (at Henri Bendel), Aurelien Lintermans, Paul Molé Barber Shop

### SQUARE

Mr. Kenneth, Ernie Adler, George Masters

## COSMETICS AND LOOKS

### HIP

Pink rouges, White eye liner, Powdered eye shadow, Positive lipstick colors, Any look designed by Pablo of Elizabeth Arden

### SQUARE

Lip glossers, Nude lipsticks, Architectural haircuts, Scarlet nailpolish, Loose powder

## BOUTIQUES

### HIP

The Staircase (Hollywood), Little Match Girl (N.Y.), Paraphernalia (N.Y.), Splendiferous (N.Y.), Serendipity III (N.Y.), Neiman's (Dallas), THE COLLECTION (N.Y.), Espana (New Orleans)

### SQUARE

(Too numerous to list)

## RESTAURANTS

(If Your Man Has Money)

### HIP

Sardi's West (N.Y.), The Leopard (N.Y.), Four Seasons (N.Y.), Le Pavillon (N.Y.), Colony (N.Y.), Chasen's (L.A.), Matteo's (L.A.), La Scala (L.A.), Dominick's (L.A.), The Bistro (L.A.), Chez Jay (L.A.), Brown Derby (Beverly Hills)—back room only, Corinne Dunbar (New Orleans), Commander's Palace (New Orleans), Brennan's (New Orleans), Ernie's (San Francisco), The Blue Fox (San

Francisco), The Buena Vista on Fisherman's Wharf for gin fizzes on Sunday a.m. (San Francisco), London Chop House (Detroit), The Lion's Head (Atlanta), Rotunda Club in Jefferson Hotel, Richmond, Va.

### SQUARE

Sardi's East (N.Y.), Lutece (N.Y.), "21" (N.Y.), Don the Beachcomber (L.A.), Brown Derby (Hollywood branch), Antoine's (New Orleans), Americana (Atlanta), Old Bookbinders (Philadelphia), The Pump Room (Chicago)

## RESTAURANTS

(If Your Man Is an Average Guy)

### HIP

The Ginger Man (N.Y.), Jim Downey's (N.Y.), Luchow's (N.Y.), Boat House (N.Y.), O' Henry's (N.Y.), The Red Rug (run by Connie Bennett's daughter; bring your own wine), (N.Y.), Edna Earle's Fog Cutter (L.A.), Cock 'n' Bull (West Hollywood; (L.A.), Sunday brunch), Dolores' Drive-In (L.A.), Aware Inn [elegant health food (L.A.), dinners in slacks], The Maid's Quarters (Atlanta), Galatoire's (New Orleans; best in the city, inexpensive), Glad Hand (Sausalito, Calif.)

### SQUARE

Any Automat, Schrafft's (unless you're having lunch with a girlfriend), Luau (L.A.), Any Howard Johnson's

## DRINKS

### HIP

Sazerac, Black Russian Pimm's Cup w/cucumber, Pinch bottle Scotch on rocks, Blue Tail Fly (Blue Cointreau and Pet Milk), Margarita, Gin and tonic (only in winter), Double gin on the rocks, Beer and Guinness Stout (mix to taste)

### SQUARE

Zombie, Brandy Alexander, Rum and Coke, Tom Collins, Singapore Sling, Southern Comfort (unless mixed with cranberry juice and called Scarlett O'Hara), Dry Gibson, Dry Manhattan

## WORDS AND PHRASES TO USE

### HIP

Blow your cool, Crackers, Snarky, Mousing, Mippy

### SQUARE

Raunchy, Swinging, Too Much, Groovy, Pussycat, Fab, Super, Get serious

## SPORTS

### HIP

Fly fishing, Sky diving (Suicide, anyone?), Steamboat racing

### SQUARE

Touch football, Nude skiing, Anything that causes perspiration

## AFFECTATIONS

### HIP

Skiing accidents, Imitating Elaine May, Claiming to know Veda Ann Borg

### SQUARE

Nail biting, Chain-smoking, English accents, Being camp, Quoting lines from *All About Eve*

## WINES TO ORDER

### HIP

Dom Pérignon, Château Grillet '59, Montrachet '60, Lake Niagara (white), Den-

is-Moulié Cognac, Château de Loise '61

### SQUARE

Sparkling burgundy, Chianti, Any rosé except Tavel

## LOVE TOKENS

### HIP

Overnight telegram, 1910 edition of Havelock Ellis, Bottle of Dom Pérignon, Over four-page letter, handwritten, specially delivered, Three dozen yellow roses

### SQUARE

A box of chocolates, A Frank Sinatra LP, Two tickets to *Hello, Dolly!*, Store-bought valentine, Teddy bear, Saltwater taffy from Atlantic City

## PASTIMES OR HOBBIES

### HIP

Quilting bees at the women's house of detention, Crosswords, Sculpture, Showers de deux, Swimming *au naturel*, Haunting Third Ave. (N.Y.), antique shops

### SQUARE

Watching television, Crocheting, Piecing mosaics, Stamp collecting, Auto-graph collecting, Buying sheets from male film stars' beds at auctions

## WRITERS TO READ

### HIP

Colette, Céline, Kafka, Wallace Stevens, Flannery O'Connor, Iris Murdoch, Eudora Welty, Saul Bellow, Ronald Firbank, Carson McCullers, John Barth, Bernard Malamud, Ignazio Silone, Marcel Proust

### SQUARE

Ayn Rand, Harold Robbins, James Jones, Norman Mailer, Hans Christian Andersen, Henry Miller, Dale Carnegie, James Baldwin, Hemingway, Françoise Sagan, Gayelord Hauser

## PERFORMERS

### HIP

Jackie Cain and Roy Kral, Nancy Wilson, Peggy Lee, Mose Allison, Mark Murphy, Mel Torme, Chris Connor, Miles Davis, Frances Faye, Dean Martin

### SQUARE

Eddie Fisher, Harry Belafonte, Frank Sinatra, Duke Ellington, Peter, Paul and Mary, Bobby Short

## RECORDS

### HIP

Any Mahler symphony, Brubeck (without his quartet), Theolonius Monk, Complete LP of any offbeat opera, like *Lulu*, Two-LP set of Leadbelly, Florence Foster Jenkins' recital, Original cast LP's of *Candide*, *House of Flowers* and *Golden Apple*, Old Libby Holman 78's

### SQUARE

Comedy LP's, Glenn Miller waltzes, Italian sound tracks, Any Richard Rodgers musical, *Judy Garland at Carnegie Hall*, Flamenco guitar, Organ recitals, Gregorian chants, Irene Dunne singing, "Smoke Gets in Your Eyes"

## DOGS

### HIP

Russian wolfhounds, Scotties, Taffy-colored cockers, Yorkshire terriers, Beagles, Afghans

### SQUARE

French poodles (any size), Collies, Dachshunds, Chihuahuas, St. Bernards, Pomeranians, Black cockers, Hound dogs

## GIFTS TO GIVE A MAN

### HIP

Art Nouveau jelly beans (\$5 a pound at Henri Bendel), Fig leaf bathing suit, Old-world globe, Course in conversational Chinese

at Berlitz, Gold blazer buttons, Electric wastebasket, Any book on Lizzie Borden or Jack the Ripper, Pewter coffeepot, 50-yardline ticket to the Rose Bowl game, Burberry coat, Homemade loaf of bread, Antique coal scuttle Suzuki motorcycle, Have his Army boots bronzed

### SQUARE

Lava light, Cuff links, Op-Art ties, English Leather cologne, London Fogs (unless lined with nutria or raccoon), Rubber plant, Any book by Ian Fleming, Jackson Pollock puzzle, Seal-electric set, Vargas pinup collection, Socks suspenders, Hairpiece

## NAMES TO DROP

### HIP

Truman Capote, Liza Minnelli, Gloria Vanderbilt, Diana Vreeland, Audrey Hepburn, Gloria Guinness, El Cordobés, Tom Wolfe, Mike Nichols, Billy Baldwin, Christina Ford, Yves St. Laurent, Ursula Andress, Bishop Pike

### SQUARE

Susan Sontag, Andy Warhol, Edie Sedgwick, Baby Jane Holzer, James Aubrey, Nureyev, William Buckley, David Susskind, Allen Ginsberg, Carroll Baker, Elizabeth Ashley, Joan Baez, Jack Paar, Elizabeth Taylor

## FOOD

### HIP

Soufflés, Blintzes, Japanese food, Beluga caviar, Hard-shelled crabs, Watercress sandwiches, Pumpkin ice cream, Cottage cheese, Raw cauliflower, Flan, Meat and spinach pies from Syrian bakeries, Quiche Lorraine, Lemon icebox pie, Crawfish bisque

### SQUARE

Crêpes Suzette, Chinese food, Hot hors d'oeuvres,

# THE HIP (?) GIRL'S DIRECTORY \* \*

Clams, Bagels and lox, Tutti-frutti ice cream, Sour cream, Coleslaw, Tapioca, Pizza, TV dinners, Shrimp cocktail, Ketchup, Coq au vin, Sauerkraut, Thousand Island dressing

## INS AND OUTS OF DATING

**HIP**  
Circle Line boat tours of Manhattan, Supermarket dates, All-night camping trips, Going to same restaurant four nights in a row, Afternoon dates at cartoon film festivals, Gallery openings, Intimate dinner parties for two, Horse races, Horror movies, Riding in a convertible with top down in winter, Spur-of-the-moment dates, Entertaining a man at home in formal attire, Roller-skating, Standing room at the

opera, Breakfast dates, Discussion of trivia on first date (e.g., naming ten movies with Elisha Cook, Jr.)

### SQUARE

Bring your own bottle parties, Drive-in movies, Blind dates, Wading in Plaza pool at dawn, Giving a man unlisted phone number on first date, Corsages, Dating during a civil rights demonstration, Dating movie producers, Midnight hansom cab rides, Greenwich Village (unless taxi drops you off there by mistake), Organ concerts, Rodeos, Smooching on first date, Dating merchants to get free gifts, Deep discussions on first date (e.g., homosexuality, abortions.)

### ACTORS

**HIP**  
Jean-Paul Belmondo, Paul Newman, Peter O'Toole, Ossie Davis, Richard Burton, Steve McQueen, Dirk

Bogarde, Maximilian Schell, Sean Connery, Oskar Werner, Michael Caine

### SQUARE

(too numerous to list)

## ACTRESSES

### HIP

Julie Christie, Natalie Wood, Shirley Knight, Vivien Leigh, Sarah Miles, Jean Seberg, Anne Jackson, Julie Harris, Sophia Loren, Jeanne Moreau, Jane Fonda, Rita Tushingham

### SQUARE

(too numerous to list)

And finally . . .

## WHERE TO BE SEEN

Humphrey Bogart film festivals, MFK's drugstore in Beverly Wilshire Hotel for breakfast, Auctions for un-

claimed railway freight, Ringside table wherever Mable Mercer sings, La Casa de los Marineros, on the New Orleans waterfront, Any wedding reception at the Hillcrest Country Club across the street from 20th Century-Fox in Beverly Hills, Chatting with George, the only person who can get you into The Daisy, Any room Jacqueline Kennedy is in

## WHERE NOT TO BE SEEN

The Actors Studio, Times Square, Radio City Music Hall, Bribing the doorman at Arthur, Any health club, Any Edward Albee play after the first act, Central Park after 6 p.m., Under the dryer at Kenneth's, P.J. Clarke's before midnight, Backstage at *Hullabaloo*, Entering or leaving the Margaret Sanger Clinic, Espresso coffeehouses



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... comes alive with each sip of the world's finest liqueur ... as the lovers along the Seine take in the big scene of Paris and enjoy it all with a Grand Marnier. Let the romance and excitement of Paris into your life ... delight in a Grand Marnier ... in a snifter ... a cocktail ... or in a magnificent recipe ... you'll love it, for it has spirit! For delightful cocktail and gourmet recipes, write for our free recipe booklet.



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New colors for lips and fingertips. Ever so enticing...with icing!



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Pick them in Creamy or Super-Rich formulas.

Peach Icing  
Honey Icing  
Pink Icing



**Enticing Icing** (pure). Wear it over Tulip colors for extra shimmer. Wear it alone. Or turn the colors you now own into the real spring thing.

Fashion-Stick—lipstick and lip-liner in one! Nail Fashion—in harmonizing colors. Silk Fashion Compact Make-up—in complexion shades, *and* in a new shimmering over-tone called Enticing Icing.



# Teeth-Capping Anyone?

BY JOAN WALSH

**M**ore than any other single factor, teeth are responsible for your looks. Why is that? Well, they determine the *contour* of your face, the angle of your jaw, the warmth of your smile. *If* you can smile at all. Some girls are so plagued by misshapen, discolored or broken teeth, they've been known to make a conscious effort to keep their mouths closed. How unfriendly! Almost anyone's teeth can be improved by capping and over one-half million American men and women had this operation last year, according to the Dental Information Bureau.

**What is capping?** Capping is replacing one or more of your damaged or crowded or not very pretty teeth with a new tooth made of porcelain. Your own tooth is *not* pulled. The crown—the visible part of your tooth, composed of a hard substance called dentine and covered with a layer of enamel—is drilled away by the dentist until there is sufficient room to add the new crown. The part that is left, the hub, contains the vital part of the tooth, and, of course, like an iceberg, the roots of the tooth are far up in the gum. A porcelain jacket crown is cemented into place over this hub. This procedure is technically called a porcelain jacket crown restoration but “capping” is the term most people prefer to use.

**Who needs it?** You do—if you have overlapping or poorly positioned teeth (front or back of the mouth), spaces between your teeth or simply an unsightly broken tooth. Your dentist may even *have* to do a crowning if your tooth is so worn down that there's no room for a filling, or if it is badly discolored due to a dead nerve.

**Will it hurt?** There shouldn't be any pain since the procedure is done under either local or general anesthesia. As for drilling, the high-speed air turbine diamond drill, in general use by dentists for about eight years now, greatly reduces the vibration and heat caused by drilling.

**What are the advantages of capping?** Having your teeth crowned is the *best* way to a prettier smile. Moreover, crownings can save you time, money and discomfort when they are done in lieu of extractions. Your dentist can then build on the healthy roots of your *own* teeth. A case in point: One dentist showed me pictures of teeth that were, in great part, literally dissolved because the patient drank excessive amounts of lemon juice day after day for a number of years. (A friend of the patient's had told him it was good for him.) Though the teeth looked like melted lemon drops, fortunately there were enough of them left so that the dissolved tooth structure could be replaced with crowns.

**Will I have to see a specialist?** No, your own dentist will do a good crowning job for you. This is part of a dentist's regular training.

**How long does capping take?** It depends on how long it takes the lab to make your new tooth and when your dentist can give you appointments and fitting on the permanent crown. Your first visit—and the major work is done then—will include the drilling, of course, plus the

taking of several “impressions.” These vary depending on what the individual dentist feels are best suited to his particular operation. Usually they include plaster or wax impressions to get the overall relationship of the upper or lower teeth, depending on which area is being worked on, plus a bite into wax for the relationship of the teeth when your jaws are closed and biting down. The third and most important impression is taken with material called “dental impression compound”—a kind of wax—which gets the impression of the actual pared-down tooth (or teeth). After all that, the temporary plastic crown is cemented on. (This looks almost as good as a real tooth.) A week later your dentist removes the temporary crown—no pain—and cements the permanent one on the hub. So you see, you are not forced out of circulation while the porcelain crown is being made.

**Is the capping permanent?** Yes, unless you break the new crown by chomping month after month on hard chewy candy or mowing off corn on the cob. If you travel a lot, it might be wise to carry a duplicate tooth with you. Your dentist will usually supply this for the net cost of the tooth (about thirty dollars).

**How much does capping cost?** Dentists' fees vary according to geographical location and the dentist's type of practice (yes, some dentists have a ritzy trade), but the average cost is around one hundred dollars per tooth. There are many types of crowns which cost *more* but we're talking about standard porcelain jacket crowns. If you are one of the 7,500,000 members of group dental insurance plans, or have a rider in your personal medical insurance that covers dental work, jacket crown restoration will probably be included. Dentistry is primarily a health service, but crowning is considered cosmetic and each plan will differ in the amount of coverage. Will dentists let you pay on time? Yes, usually. Routinely, the fee per tooth covers all work. But sometimes extra work (and an extra dental fee) is called for: example, root canal work to clean out infected nerves before capping.

**A blow by blow (ouch!) description:** Suppose you decide to have a tooth (or maybe three or four teeth) capped. You may have sneaked up on this decision after a year or two of “not facing it” but one day when your dentist is finishing an ordinary filling, you ask what he thinks about capping your discolored front tooth. If he advises you to go ahead, you could discuss prices then and make future appointments, each of which will last one and a half to two hours. The tooth capping should take two appointments. Also, some preliminary work is necessary before capping can begin. This includes taking an X-ray, scaling and polishing your teeth, and cleaning the root surfaces. Perhaps that's been done during your present appointment.

When you return for the actual work of capping, your dentist will first take a plaster of paris impression of the tooth as it now is, so that the new one can be molded

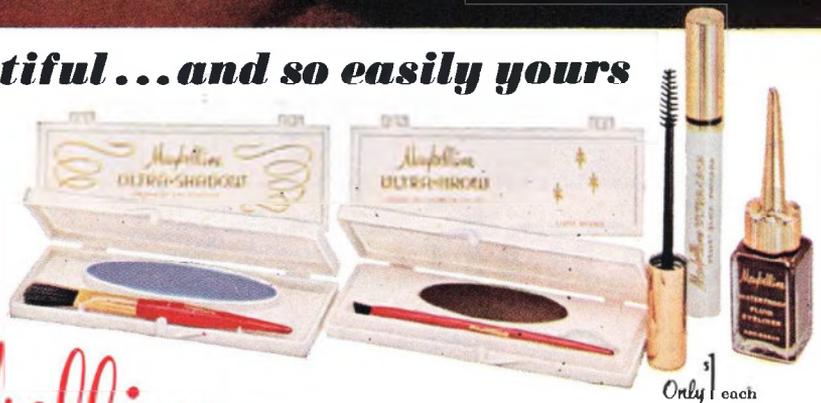
(cont. on page 44)



**These are Ultra-Eyes!**

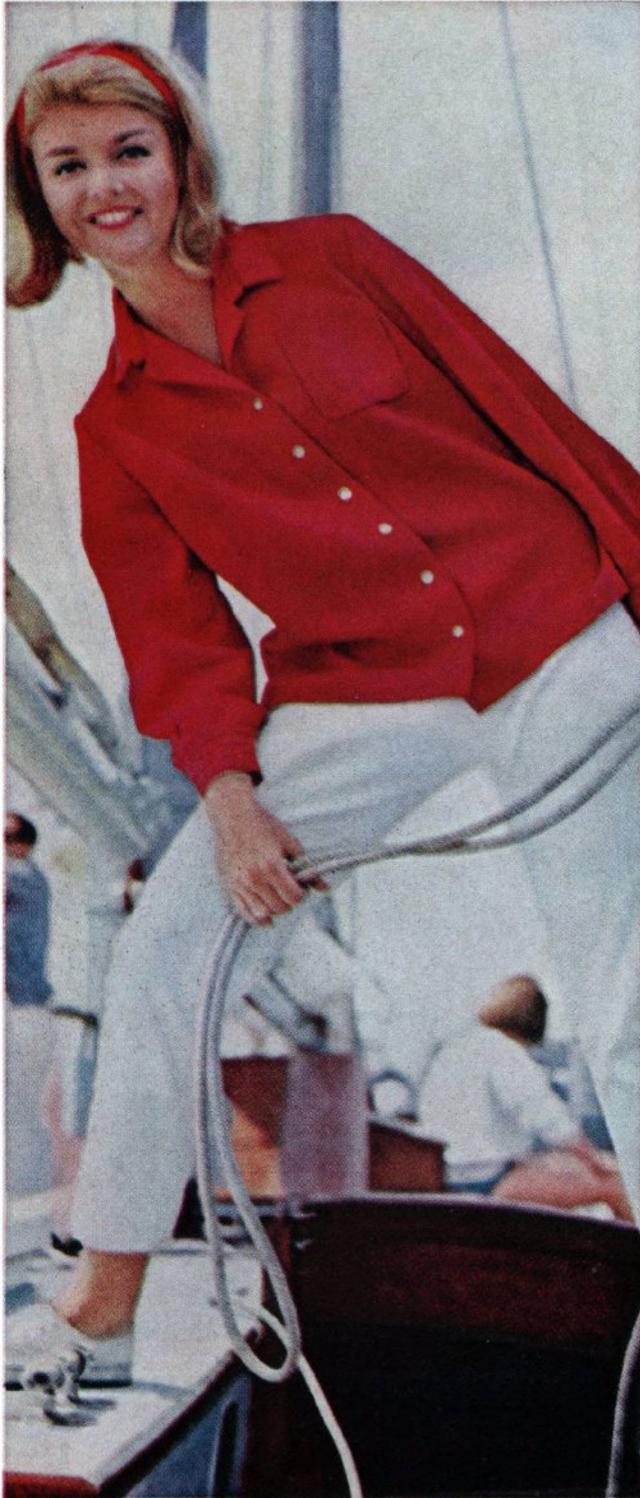
***Ultra-soft... Ultra-beautiful... and so easily yours***

Brush-stroke easy! Jewel-tone Ultra\*Shadow is actually blended as you apply with the Soft.Brush. Next, swiftly form expressive, feathery-soft brows with Ultra\*Brow. Add Fluid Eye Liner to make eyes look far larger. Then... most exciting... color, curl and lengthen your lashes with Ultra\*Lash Mascara.



*Maybelline* the most prized eye cosmetics in the world

# Confident?



## Confidets

You've never had all this protection:  
New pink shield, new fitted shape,  
extra absorbency.

Scott makes it better for you.



## Teeth-Capping Anyone?

(cont. from p. 42)

on the same lines. This step may be a bit unnerving: One woman, a capping veteran, maintains that each time this impression is made, she is sure, when it hardens, that *all* her teeth will come out with it. They don't.

Now for the drilling. Salve is spread on your gum to deaden the pain of the novocaine injection or your doctor may use one of the newer anesthetics, Lidocaine, Xylocaine or Unicaine—all essentially novocaine with different amounts of Adrenalin. A preparation containing Adrenalin would not be used at all for people with a history of heart trouble—not you, of course! After the anesthetic “takes,” drilling begins and much of your tooth will be taken away. Don't worry—it doesn't hurt and there'll be plenty of healthy tooth left! After the drilling, more impressions are made (this time with plaster *and* wax) to insure proper fit of the new tooth on top of the old and to make certain it will look like the others. This impression is taken generally when more than one tooth is being capped, but it *can* be done for just one tooth. You first bite down on a compound of wax and resin, then on wax alone, and finally another *plaster* impression is made. Your temporary crown, filled with medicated cement, is then fitted on. The approximate hour and a half in the chair leaves you weary but not frazzled. The temporary crown is made of acrylic plaster for a front tooth and of light aluminum for a back tooth. If you have a heavy bite, your dentist might advise against porcelain and give you a permanent acrylic crown. It won't break as readily as porcelain where the bite is close, but it does wear down a bit more easily.

**Who makes the new tooth?** Usually a laboratory, specializing in porcelain work or one with a special department for it, although a dentist may have his own facilities. The color selection is usually made by the lab since the colors must not only match the adjoining teeth but different anatomical effects must be taken into consideration. You won't come out with a blinding white tooth or teeth. No dentist or lab technician will supply you with anything that looks like a Chiclet. By placing shades of fake teeth against your own, they'll pick (with your approval) the shading that looks most natural.

Your second visit may be two days to two weeks later when the permanent crown is ready. It is first placed over the pared-down tooth. With a piece of carbon between your teeth, you bite down to make sure your bite is correct and you're not forcing your teeth forward. The new tooth may be filed down until no carbon remains on it as you bite down. There! Just right! On goes the cement—he will push the new tooth firmly up under your gum, and *voilà*—the new smile! How marvelous to leave the dentist's office knowing you haven't lost a tooth—you've gained one!

THE END



WHO SAYS YOU CAN'T WEAR YOUR HAIR LIKE THIS?

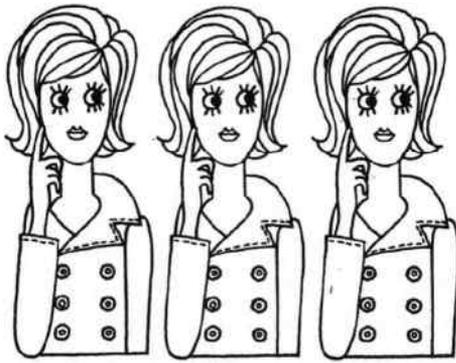
ALL YOU NEED IS A DYNEL CHIGNON, A DYNEL POSTICHE, A BRUSH, BOBBIES AND A YEN!

With hairpieces of Dynel<sup>®</sup> modacrylic fiber you can be a Brigitte one moment, a brunette the next.

No fretting over damp days, setting every night. Just brush and look smashing. That's because they're not fake anything.

They're real Dynel. Another quality product of





# WHAT KIND OF GIRL ARE YOU ANYWAY?

BY LOIS WYSE



## The Housewife

Very few married girls think of themselves as housewives.

Today a girl is not Just A Housewife. She is A Housewife Who Does Something.

She writes the school pageant, sings in the choir or is terribly tennis.

To prove how archaic the term "housewife" is, hark back to your childhood and be reminded of the bridge-playing, blossom-gathering life led by married ladies.

Today's Housewife has to be a Something Else. She has to be total community dedication or somebody's paid worker.

Marriage is In.  
Housewives are Out.

## The Girl Who Marries for Money

Poets ignore her and novelists hate her. But mothers love her.

For she is the one girl who listened when her mother said, "It's just as easy to marry a rich man as a poor man."

Now that she has her rich husband, does she find life dull? Indeed not.

She knows why she got married.

And once married to Rich Him, she worked hard. She studied Great Books and The Art of Art and What Was Bach Really Like.

Her "a" is broad, but nothing else is. All her curves are in place. She even looks richer than Rich Him.

About him: She may not be mad about him, but she is crazy about his charge-a-plate.

Girls who marry for money very seldom leave home for love.

## The Girl Who Marries a Man of Destiny

Long before he paints The Masterpiece, writes The Book, ascends The Podium, or becomes President of the Company, he marries Her.

She is the girl next door.

He makes fifty dollars a week.

For fourteen years she Has Faith. She doesn't bother to get new clothes, new friends, new books or new ideas. She is too busy Having Faith.

Her faith is justified.

Opportunity knocks.

Money, fame and honor roll in.

Does she buy new clothes, make new friends and get new books?

Yes.

With the alimony.

Because for the first time in years he looked at his wife and discovered that girl next door never grew with him. She was not meant to be a Wife of Destiny. His secretary, however, is. She understands His New Position. She is fifteen years younger than he.

And you know how flexible they are at that age.

## The Corporate Wife

She is the girl who is not too smart, too pretty, too sexy or two-timing. She is the girl Junior Executive married when he was Promising Trainee.

Corporate wives are visible only at dinner parties, company picnics and occasional conventions.

The rest of the time Corporate Wife keeps house in her dear little corporate home in the same suburban area as all the other corporate families. She diapers dear little corporate children and pulls out dirty old corporate crabgrass.

On weekends she goes to marvy little parties with all the other corporate wives. She is very careful to discuss safe issues like war, peace and Beethoven. She never discusses inflammatory subjects such as who was promoted and why they need another man in cost accounting.

When Corporate Wife goes to dinner at the home of Someone Higher Up, Corporate Husband panics.

"Martha, you have a runner!"

That isn't all Martha has.

She has a Corporate Dress, and is wearing it. It is black or navy. It neither reveals the knee nor threatens the bosom.

When she arrives at the party she will smile and ask for a corporate drink: an old-fashioned or a whiskey sour. She will be afraid to ask for ginger ale. (Is Harrison's wife some kind of prude?) If she asks for a martini, her husband will rush home to send out 403 résumés.

What happens to dear little corporate wives?

They get neat little corporate breakdowns.

## The Glamour Girl

Glamour girls frequently have false eyelashes, false bosoms, a false laugh and a false sense of values.

They may be found in two varieties: (1) young glamour girls who really are; (2) old glamour girls who aren't anymore. They wear sunglasses, have this season's dog and use so much makeup it looks as if they use none.

Young glamour girls really need very little description. If you are a girl you dislike them intensely. If you are a boy you like them intensely.

Older glamour girls are much more interesting than younger glamour girls.

They are always on crash diets. They do not like to go out during the day, and at night wear low-cut dresses and laugh low, throaty laughs while their mascaraed lashes flap up and down.

If glamour girls (older variety) would relax and be natural, they would be housewives. And housewives are Out.

## The Really Rich Girl

It is often difficult to spot really rich girls because they look like really poor girls. Only rich girls are paler and more round-shouldered. In the locker room, however, it is very easy to spot them. A really rich girl always wears white underwear. They never wear black lace slips; they don't have to. They are more concerned with Grandmother's endowments than natural endowments.

Once a rich girl is married, she shops in bargain basements while the chauffeur waits outside.

Really rich girls wear plain dresses with a strand of pearls. They wear their pale hair pageboys and Peck & Peck tweeds—the same every season.

Really rich girls belong to all the right clubs and send their children to all the right schools, where said children are admitted the day they are born.

It is simple to recognize the daughter of a really rich girl. She wears her mother's school ring, is driven to school by her mother's chauffeur and there she is in the locker room in her mother's white cotton undershirt. THE END

Illustrations by Nancy Bukacnik.

**You'll never  
yank  
at a girdle  
again**



**Maidenform's  
'Concertina'  
stays  
precisely  
where  
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**'action insert' opens when you bend,  
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NOW AVAILABLE IN CANADA

'Concertina'\* comes in more than a dozen styles—in firm power net, with extra long legs, and zipper closing—or, as shown, a sheath of lightest "Lycra". (Power Net Elastic: Nylon, Acetate, "Lycra" Spandex. Satin Elastic: Acetate, Cotton "Lycra" Spandex, Nylon.) Small to X-Large. 6.95 to 15.00. \*Reg. U.S. Pat. Off. © 1966 by Maidenform, Inc., makers of bras, girdles, active sportswear. **This is the dream you can be - with**

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# DIARY OF AN UNFAITHFUL WIFE

This is a true account— as  
told to one of England's  
top novelists, Edna O'Brien

● My earring was missing. I looked on the sofa and behind the cushion. I said almost to myself, "I'll miss it." It was turquoise stone on a little gold chain. E took off the other and asked, gently, if the holes in my earlobes hurt and I said No, only when someone swung on my earrings and then we were kissing again. Later he put his hand in his pocket and there the earring was. He said, "Did you put it in there?" I was piqued that he should think me capable of such a thing. He was conscious for the first time of the real danger of being caught. His safety being **threatened** (that word again). . . .

We have never danced, played tennis or got on a bus together. . . .

A long shudder: from the back of my neck down to my heels. I think of a wire fence that has been charged with electricity to keep the sheep away. The thought runs away with me: Most people I know are sheep, maybe not in their private selves but in the them that they show at dinners and so forth. I can picture E's face now; at first it used to

slip out of my mind as soon as it got in. We have a way of staring into each other that both makes us more alive and more dead. Dead to the outside world, alive to each other. Is that what Narcissus did in the pool? Is that love? . . .

He said when women don't talk in bed a man remembers the body more. Perhaps she keeps her mouth shut. . . .

I got there first. I can never time these things. It's like being fat or thin—I'm never fat, never thin; I'm always on the way to being either. The lobby was crowded. There were colored travel slides of other places. The Riviera is blue, so is Athens. When E came in I said, "Let's go to blue Athens." I would love to go away with him for one week, just one week even knowing that it would have to end. The dining room was enormous. I asked for a table in the corner because if we were in the middle of the room I felt I would have fallen. It is impossible to chew food in front of him. When we part he always looks happy and I woebegone. I admire this in him. I admire men. I even admire my husband. Not because of A's tenderness but be-

cause of his job, all day consulting records and files and people. . . .

I swing between bliss and the last step of despair. Met my Jeremy after school today. Five minutes late. All the other children had gone. He was half crying. He said, "My shoelace is undone." It wasn't. Children are shrewd. . . .

An evening is inhabited by other beautiful evenings. Getting ready for E, I thought of getting ready for my husband, and it all seemed right and perfect and harmonious. It was cold in the bedroom because something had gone wrong with the pipes, and I had a sharp thought of a leaf of mint all frosted over and this became confused with cake decorations and angelica, and it was such a beautiful sensation on that cold, breathless evening, just to be able to think of the frostbitten sprig of mint and E's mouth when we met that would reach out to merely touch mine, rather than saying hello. Which is why I shouldn't have asked it of him. "Write you a note!" he said. "Why should I do that?" I suppose he thought I was snooping around looking for love proof. I suppose he was right. . . .

In putting all this down I suppose I am betraying E. It's odd really; his vigilance, my carelessness. In pubs he looks around—not all the time, but often. His collar is usually too tight and hurts his neck when he looks around. You would think he was married but I wasn't. . . .

When E and I are at ease with one another we always have to leave. Fear then takes charge of me. I rush home. I tell lies to the taxi driver; I think what can I tell him in order that he will drive more quickly. The traffic jams drive me mad. It's the worst time that; not only my heart but all of me palpitating. . . .

Pubs, parks, parks, pubs. He says if we go to the cottage the woman, some woman, will come in the day before and light a fire. Light a fire! I want it to be all cold, so that we can sit with blankets over us, like invalids, but sipping whiskey. I don't want it all warm and cosy like home. . . .

E tipped the waiter who carved. I said, "What a strange thing to do." He said it was the done thing. I said, "You're a snob." There was such a silence—hurt him I think. (Another poor boy who made good. They really never get over it, do they?) When we came out it was raining. We stood for a taxi and he said, "You take the first one." He never said that before. He always came part of the way with me and then got out. Maybe it was the rain. I came home showered with perfume. I carry a spray, so that when I leave him I can cover up his smell. I come in my husband's house reeking with guilt. . . .

E lives in a high, steep house, Georgian knocker, four pints of milk a day (if one can judge by the empties outside), gauze curtains. That I know. And his home telephone number. He doesn't know I know. I looked it up in the telephone directory and then one night I went just to see the house, as if seeing the house was going to cure me. My husband said when I got back, "That was a long walk." "I went to Hampstead," I said, "to see what it looked like." "And what does it look like?" "Interesting," I said, sort of joking. But the chill in the room was fierce. I said, "We

must do something about these radiators." A said, "Well, you have all day, or haven't you?" I shot out of that room to make tea. Other people may lose their tempers and break down or commit suicide, I make tea, all very lofty. I brought it through to A, with some toast, and I put on the record of Jewish prayers. We talked fairly friendly, but you couldn't get the chill out of the room. Jeremy's face was so warm in bed; he wrinkles his nose when you kiss him asleep. I put on the light, just to see the spatter of freckles on his nose—they're nearly fading. A asked why I put on the light. I said it was to see the freckles. He said the freckles were there at eight o'clock when I went out, or hadn't I thought of that? . . .

Isolated hearse of loneliness.

"To enter into someone else's life is too frightening." Harold Pinter.

Not to enter into someone else's life is too bleak. Me. When you fall in love it is spring no matter when. Leaves falling make no difference, they are from another season. . . .

I tried to be funnier for A. I told him about the old woman of ninety who had the note on her bureau saying "zest." I said she was probably bolstering herself up. He said most likely it was a tip for the horses. It is this deflating quality in A that I used to like, that I now dislike so much. We went for a walk on the common. At no point did the three of us walk together. Either Jeremy was on in front with him and me trailing behind, or Jeremy and I were together and A was brooding. He has a divorce case coming up this week and I think how odd that he should know everyone's secrets except mine. And I look at my husband and want to kneel in front of him and ask him to forgive. . . .

Sundays with my family are the worst. . . .

Saw an advertisement for a film showing pictures of four women and the caption said, "Teen-ager, Restless Wife, Woman Possessed, Floozy" I'm all of them. . . .

Frantic news item in the paper. Man suspecting his wife was unfaithful, guessed that she had sent her lover a telegram. Decided that she would probably have written a draft telegram first, then crumpled it up and put it in the wastepaper basket at the post office. Went there and found it. It said, "Love you, miss you, see you Tuesday." I cut it out and left it on A's desk, supposed to be both a joke and a cover up. The perfume no longer sprays away the guilt. . . .

I squeezed E's hand, his face flinched. I had squeezed it on a piece of sticking plaster—he had cut his finger shaving. "Shaving, you know, shaving." I said I read somewhere that when you squeezed the lemon over the oyster, that although you cannot see it with the naked eye, the oyster is known to flinch. So we ordered two dozen oysters and a batch of lemons and it was one of those times when we were cruel about everything. Except each other, so it was all right. . . .

"She is at war with her lot. How could she help but die young, cramped and thwarted?" That's what Virginia Woolf said about Charlotte Brontë. Well no one is going to say

# DIARY OF AN UNFAITHFUL WIFE

(continued)

I died thwarted. Every young man that whistles at me now I smile back. I think if I'm going to be adolescent by having a love affair, then I'm going to be adolescent about everything. Jeremy and I eat cookies and play games. . . .

I can see now how war rules out the obligation of everyday honor and what a relief that must be. I read the papers, plenty of wars but they're at the other side of the world. A and E in the same trench with photos of me, just like the movies. I've gone four times to see the Jean-Luc Godard film *Une Femme Mariée*. He's on my side. Both men turn out to be fools. And she doesn't even get pregnant. . . .

I have a terrible feeling that it will end stupidly, like that E won't appear at one meeting, or I won't and we will never be able to get in touch to make another date. It's possible. I wrote him one note. His wife said, "Who from?" He said, "Publishers." She said, "Posted on Sunday?" The conversation—as he told it to me—ended there. I waited for one more confidence, one more betrayal of her—like waiting to see a hanging—but it did not come. I am glad now, though at the time I was furious. He said, "They would be nice, these notes, but better not." I said, "They would all be very sweet and idle like little scraps of confetti (a lie), but better not." . . .

Our first kiss—of all places in an entrance to a garage—it was funny. The garage was closed and a sign on the door said "Headroom 8 feet 6 inches" and E pretended to measure me and then kissed me and then drew back and said, "Now you kiss me," and I said, "I can't. I don't know how," and yet I did. We had dinner. I told him all the funny things I could think of, they kept pouring out of me. We laughed so much, we drank wedding wine. He sat back on the chair that was like a sofa and smiled. There was a cushion between us and he held it up and said, "I am offered one shilling for this cushion," and then he stooped down and removed one of my shoes and put the cushion under my foot. It was delicious. He said there ought to be rooms upstairs. I said there ought not. I said if there was going to be anything between us it was going to be gay, moral and lighthearted. "Gay," he said; he was astonished. I said, "Was that vulgar?" He said, "Not at all, but I seemed like such a sad girl." Sad! I was like a fun fair that particular night. He ought to see me in my normal state. Of course I didn't say that. (That's the trap: We hide the truer part of ourselves when we love.) I smiled, sadly. Once you're thought to be something you act it like mad. He kept stroking my foot on the cushion and I can't remember being anxious about being late home. . . .

E came into the party with glasses on, he took them off, he stood with his back to the wall, he put them on again. I thought that man is nervous and handsome. There were sixty people having dinner. Hired chairs, I imagine. The little gold chairs you see in smart restaurants. I was at his table, not right beside him but opposite. He ate hardly anything. "Don't you eat?" I said across the table. "Not veal. It's veal," he said. After that we kept looking at each other. He refused pudding, so did I. (Beautiful chestnut pudding with cream on top and biscuits around the side.) A committed look does away with the appetite. Afterward in the bedroom there were women talking. I only remember the dress, not the face. It was a long black velvet dress. Later I saw her talk to E and then she went away. I said, "Who is that?" and someone said it was his wife as she was walking away. She had her back turned to me which is why I never saw her face. It seems she sings in a nightclub. When she was gone he came over to me. He offered me a toothpick as a sort of joke. "It's wood. I never eat wood," I said. "The thing is the splinters get caught in your teeth and then you have to apply yourself to getting them out as well as getting the bits of food out. It's an interest," he said. He writes novels. They are like that. Full of strange, funny things but sad behind it all. Other people came over to flatter E and I lost him, then didn't. I had the impression that he was organizing something. He came back later and said, "We're going on for a poker game and your husband is invited." "That's nice," I said, not showing anything on my face. I made a point of going in the car with A and it was easy for me to be happy. Chain smoking, chain drinking and not a sign of sleepiness. . . .

I do not deny this monstrous desire. I want everyone to be in love. It's cowardly, weak, dirty . . . but it's great. I seem to be going into great detail about this period of my life because what went before it was arid. . . .

Weeping a little, laughing a little, running, yes running along a street with Jeremy as if I were nine. I stretch and I think I can touch the stars. I deep breathe, I talk too much, I give myself away in bursts of excitement, then I think I am being silly or someone else thinks it for me and I stop. . . .

Love has always guided my life. I am aware that there exist adventures whose heroes are not men and whose processes are not sensual but let these adventures go on, they are not for me. I always want to be in love, always. It's like being a tuning fork. The grave is otherwise. Reason, to be sure, intervenes and speaks to me of the purpose of life, parenthood, responsibility. I have to admit that a lot of parents are serious—most parents are—and nevertheless a lot of children are messes. Why is this? . . .

I can't go for a walk but it hits me—adultery: theirs, mine, everyone's. I went to the park this morning. In one of the summerhouses saw a stroller with a child in it. A man and woman nearby. I thought a happy family, out together wheeling their infant. (Man probably has odd hours.) Then as I came nearer I saw them kiss and I still thought what a happy family. Then when they heard my footsteps rummaging through leaves—it is autumn—they separated

quickly and with a vengeance. My footsteps made enemies of them. Guilt is a terrible thing. I am beginning to think it is a pure nuisance. It doesn't stop me seeing E—maybe it encourages me to—but it does stop me enjoying myself. I wanted to say to the couple in the park "Go ahead. Kiss. Be happy." But of course I said nothing. . . .

I think it would be nice to be young again and arrange my life differently and then of course the question asks itself: "Which of them would I have married?" The answer is as meaningless as the answer I would get if I picked the petals of a daisy and took the reply from its yes or no. I have a terrible feeling I would marry neither. I am promiscuous at heart. Isn't everyone? . . .

I have a nagging feeling that it will end stupidly. . . .

I know now that jealousy is the direct result of self-betrayal. A says, "I may be late this evening," and my heart begins to race and I say, "Why, when, where" in a burst. I think he is leaving forever; or chatting up some of those divorcées he has. . . .

Always thinking ahead, doing dinners that will last for two days in case E rings up and I suddenly need to get out. . . .

I see people I don't want to see just to give the lies some specter of honesty. Saw a boring woman last night who told me about an affair on a cruise and how she *couldn't* because she would have felt like a prostitute whereas she *could* in her own home. Respectability! Went to the telephone booth to call E. Written up on the wall was "I love Leslie and Joan." I told him about it. I said didn't he think it was sensible? He said very. He is much deeper than I am, he doesn't say much. . . .

Pub lunch with E. I had been shopping. I was ashamed to carry in the shopping. Thought it was too domestic or did I think I wouldn't look as interesting to him? We sat so close, squeezed together because there were people on all sides of us. The midday activity is great. I never witnessed it before. We talked about orchards. He had one once, tended apples. He said, "Did you know that there are roses that smell like apples?" I said No. He said, "Did you know that red roses have white centers?" I said No. He said, "I used to look into those white centers, for aphids." I find that beautiful. . . .

He takes on and off his glasses. I think his eyes are weak. They sometimes look so tired and therefore smile wanly. In direct contrast to his chin which is jutting out like a promontory. . . .

Poor Emma Bovary. . . .

There are two stones in (I think) Japan; they are at either side of the sea and a rope has been tied from one to the other because it is thought that they are lovers' stones, or the reincarnation of lovers who have died and turned into stone, or some such parable suitable to my love-ridden condition. . . .

Smelled narcissus but saw none except in the head. A whole meadow of them white with their bitter beautiful smells. E's raincoat was the color of dust and the first time I touched it—the first-kiss time where it said "Head-room 8 feet 6 inches"—it felt like a paper flower. Now they

are all jumbled together in my head—the meadow of narcissus, dust on mountain roads, his coat, the eyelash that had fallen onto the lower edge of his left lens just where the bifocal ridge was, his coat that felt like paper and his kiss that felt like flower. The first time is always the most delirious. I know what alcoholics must feel the second before they touch a drink and what shoplifters experience when their hand closes on the goods, because these people I liken myself to, these reckless, hungry insatiable people. . . .

Our rooms. Our woods. Our restaurants. Our ardor, witnessed only by the furnishings. In one room there was an ornamental ceiling, all stucco and encrustation. I admired it. I didn't say so. Later, he said, "Nice ceiling," and I said, "I thought so all along," and he said, "Why didn't you show it to me?" and I said, "I can never show the things I see, or say the things I think when I am in love with someone," and he said, "That's lonely, that's desperately lonely," and I thought: He and his wife share things and that's why he's still with her and why he'll stay with her. Am I a freak as well as a fool? It was a friend's flat. A friend of his. Incredibly tidy. . . .

Out at dinner he had been. He said the conversation was about bathrooms, their styles, etc. I said wealthy married people put great imagination and money into bathrooms. I asked if he thought it had something to do with their sexual discontent; did he not think that all those mirrors, all those blue bottles, all those sunken baths, all those silent flush lavatories, all those fancy wallpapers were in the hope of instilling a nice sexy aura? E looked at me very seriously and said it could well be and then he took off his glasses and rubbed his eyes, a thing he does when he is either irritated or tired. I suppose I put my foot in it, I suppose **they** have a sexy bathroom. I tried to make amends by saying that when I was in love I liked desolate surroundings, cheap restaurants and halves of bitter instead of whiskey. He said, "I must remember that." He said it quite tartly. It was the first tiff we'd ever had and it wasn't even a tiff but a difference of opinion about bathrooms. God. . . .

I cannot help my religion and my mythology. I was reared on it. . . .

When my husband and I went on to someone's house for the poker game I didn't play because I can't. I was put sitting next to E for no other reason than that I was near the door and it was thought it would be useful to let me get drinks for people. I was the only one not playing. He wrote out the best hand for me anyway. The first thing he wrote was **Pair**, the second thing was **Two pair**, and I said, "Isn't it all very chummy," and he laughed ever so slyly, and he finished writing the things and left the sheet of paper before me and that, seemingly innocent of gestures, was a pact between us. The players all became very serious, very silent. Discs were thrown in to indicate a certain amount of money. I thought: They're all their true selves playing this game, and I said to him, "You don't seem to be too aggressive," and he looked at me, and then at my hand lying flat on the table and he put his own hand down

# DIARY OF AN UNFAITHFUL WIFE

(continued)

and though not touching, it was in that gesture he first propositioned me. We didn't say a word. I looked at A. He was turned to someone saying, "What have you got to show?" and I thought: I'll never forget this minute. E's and my hands touching though not touching, my mind, limbs, reason, all carried off like minds, limbs and reason on a merry-go-round. The people played for a long time, then just before we broke up E took back the paper on which he had written the good cards for me and wrote, "Will you meet me tomorrow morning at the Kenco on King's Road? If you can't, don't worry as I go there anyhow to sharpen my wits." I read it, he watched me reading it and neither of us was surprised. . . .

I confide in no one, only this wretched jotter. Back entries are always it. Today I am going to wash curtains, seventeen pairs and starch the ones that need starching and iron all of them and rehang them and be so tired that it does not bear thinking of.

"What did you do yesterday?" E asked.

"I smelled mimosa and saw leaves flying around in my head—all colors—and when I lay down at night I couldn't get those leaves and the colors out of my mind," I said.

"Sweet, sweet girl," he said. I suppose he thinks life with me would be lyric, leaves flying about, and smells and sensations and never having to cut carrots. I give this impression. I am incurable. . . .

I swing between bliss and the last step of despair. Cupidity, lies, constipation, lies, so little of it is love at all. How many kinds of love are there? How many people do I know that are really capable of it? . . .

Just as I always knew it would. We were to meet in the lobby and he didn't come. After an hour or so I went to the desk and asked if there was a message. None. After another hour or so I came home. . . .

Next day when E didn't telephone I did. A woman answered. I put the phone down. He must have guessed. He telephoned very soon after. I denied having tried to get through to him. He said his wife had got wind of it and had said if he saw me again it was all over between him and her. I said how unreasonable. He said people are. He said we should lie low for a few weeks. He sounded frightened. I said could we meet just once? He said in a few weeks. It ended like that, absurdly. . . .

Camus says, "I do not regret it, therefore I know that it was good."

I don't regret it. I still preserve the memory of a good but unfinished thing. I hope he calls. He won't. Even the

hope of his calling has faded and I rely on the fact he has days when he needs me but can do nothing about it. . . .

I make sponge cakes. Madeira cake and cold soup. I think I am pregnant. I think it no matter what proofs there are to the contrary. Jeremy came in from school I said, "There's homemade cake," and he said, "It's awful, it tastes like stuffing." I'm disappointed with him for not liking the cake and then disappointed with myself for subscribing to all the nonsense like that if I make a cake I will be all right in the eyes of my son. My son has more sense than I have. He wants me happy, he doesn't give a damn about homemade cakes or clean sheets, he wants to stay in his own world of fantasy. He wants a brother. God, if I'm pregnant there shall have to be blood tests. . . .

I read somewhere that the downfall of all great men, leaders, and little men, who've fallen, that their downfall was contained in their own personalities and I believe it in a way that you can only believe when you've proved something to yourself. Last night after we had put the light out I began to cry and A said, "This crying is getting to be a habit," and I said, "It's nearly over now," and he said, "What?" and I told him. I just told him straight out. He said, "I partly guessed," and I said, "Why didn't you ask me?" and he said "I didn't want to know." I realized then that I should never have told him, that by telling I had made it worse. I had humiliated him. He said, "I hope I never run into him," and I said, "Why?" (my questions are imbecilic) and he said, "For obvious reasons," and I gasped or something predictable and then he got out of bed, put the light on, took the books from the bedside table, also took the aspirin bottle and went off. I followed with a blanket—Veronica wipes the face . . . and handed it to him in the guest room. I tried to apologize, he said, "Don't!" I knew that the best thing was for me to leave the room, leave him alone, let it mend itself, but I couldn't. I just stood there saying Sorry, sorry, sorry, even though I knew it was imprudent. Couldn't move. This paralysis, this failure of my will to make my body move, terrified me. He threw the blanket out after me. It lay in a heap on the floor, it was a rug really, very gay and red with lovely long tassels. I couldn't drag it along with me, I could hardly carry myself. I wondered if he might kill me. . . .

He didn't. He's still in the guest room. I suppose it will be all right by this time next year. I rang one person who knew E and I said, "Do you ever see them?" and she said, "It's impossible, they see no one, they're frightened at losing one another," and I thought how improbable that I should have known E at all and I thought no one knows I knew him, loved him, was loved by him; it's all such a secret that the time will come—and it will come—when it will all vanish into the world of dream. Like the people in **Last Year at Marienbad** I will not be sure whether it was something that happened, or something I told myself had happened in order to get through days. I have nothing of his, no keepsake, not even one of his novels signed by him. I have of course the indent of his body upon mine: If only bodies were like stone, or plaster or wood or silver sugar bowls then mine would retain all the marks of his, my

body would be like the surface of a table, bearing and retaining proof of everything that has happened to it. . . .

Not knowing is the worst. If E sent a note or a telegram or anything just saying, "Finished," I could take it but I still cling like a scrap of wet newspaper clinging to a railing. It is the hoping that wracks me. If only I could stop. . . .

It's his being a writer for sure, it's what made him consort with me. They swallow people up and then put them on paper and virtually kill them off. . . .

Only once did he ask about A. And I said, "He is alone and friendless." I shouldn't have said it. . . .

How woebegone I am. . . .

I cut myself on the sheared edges of a metal can of pears and let it go septic. In that way I elevated myself in the eyes of my family and abased myself in my eyes. . . .

How woebegone I am. . . .

All day long I was sad, though drunk. . . .

I went to the school, the school where his child goes. Once we were lunching and he had to leave to get there by three thirty. I conveyed him part of the way and then I vanished. It was a house—like any other house in a square, and going back to find it I wondered if I would. Wasn't difficult. The name was written outside on a brass plate. I got there exactly at three thirty. Not a sign of a child. I hung around. The heart pounding away. Five minutes went by and no child emerged and I thought: They don't come out until three forty just like every other school but he said three thirty to be on the safe side, and I resented him for lying. The first child to emerge could be his—dark, in need of sun because he had the skin that would easily brown but in a dull climate was yellow. The child got into a car and was driven away by a woman. More children, mothers, motors: I left before they all came out. The whole thing—my going there—seemed in such utter bad taste. I can't do that again. Safe people offend me, but foolish people like me offend me even more. . . .

I could find an excuse—I could send E this gibberish and to be honest I would send it if I thought it would reach him and him only. But if it got to someone else that would be treachery and treachery is the only thing at the end of love that makes it all (the love) null and void. Somehow changing, fading, dying love is natural but love ended in treachery ceases in the mind to be connected with love at all. . . .

Marvelous. Jeremy came in from school and I said, "Anything nice happen today?" and he said, "Yes, a hamster broke loose and ate all the Christmas decorations," and we started laughing and I thought later it's the first moment for months that I have had a thought that has no relation to either E or A and I said to myself: Let this be the first of many free moments, and Jeremy and I had chocolate mousse and tea and laughs. I do not ask that today will be like yesterday, or like tomorrow. I want to live, for the moment, for the special unrepeatable experience: It can be laugh, love, pain, orgasm or whatever. I want to be free—I'll never make it but no one can say that I haven't tried. . . .

The End



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# SECRET AGENT GIRLS

BY CYNTHIA GRENIER

**T**he last male retreats, it seems, are fast being cut off. Gradually the male has been driven out of his bars, his clubs, practically his very clothes. He shares virtually everything with his mate. Is there no hiding place left to him? The answer, until recently, used to be the world of fantasy through books and movies—the world of spies and criminal derring-do. This was sacrosanct male territory. But now this bloody bastion is also crumbling. The girls, it seems, are taking over in James Bond land.

James Bond, whom I shall arbitrarily call the last great male hero, tried his best to warn men, to set them on their guard. Women who emulated him, who went for the concealed pistol and stiletto bit, were, said Bond in strict dictum: "Unhappy sexual misfits—barren and full of frustrations, girls whose hormones have got mixed up." As if to support this statement, Bond tussled with such "feminine" adversaries as the brutish, frumpy Rosa Klebb (in *From Russia With Love*) and tough Pussy Galore (in *Goldfinger*).

But now the female Trojan horse has been brought into the masculine fantasy world by Bond's fellow males—writers of books and makers of films—and the land of derring-do is indeed being feminized. The new heroines are flashing—like deadly glittering earrings—the twin attractions of violence and sex. Two new films coming out of Italy—a land where men are living through a keen love-hate struggle vis-à-vis the independent female—teeter on the titillating edge between his fantasy world and hers.

Ursula Andress, that leggy, chilly blonde, who is practically guaranteed to set off a Pavlovian twitch in an Italian (or any other) male, plays a professional killer in a world-of-tomorrow movie,



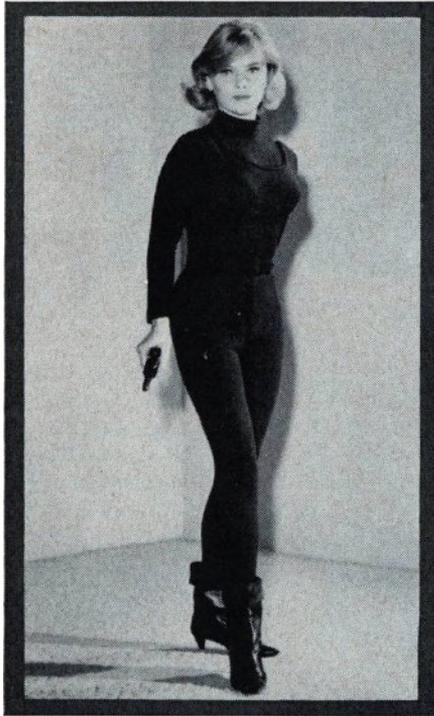
Above: Rossana Podesta, who bails out the boys in *Seven Golden Men*. Her weapons: pastel mink, black body-stockings and wigs. Left: Monica Vitti as Modesty Blaise. Weapons: a necklace that converts to arrows, a tear gas lipstick, a loving way with men.

*The 10th Victim*. To earn her killer's stripes, Miss Andress is required to rack up—you guessed it—ten victims. The future being the future, she is given a deadly science-fiction killer's kit to carry out her deadly assignments. The most publicized weapon in her arsenal: a pair of double-action pistols, which, when activated by a thrust of the pectorals (she's conveniently performing as stripper for this particular kill), let go straight from the bosom. This is about as heady a blend of violence and sex as you're apt to find in popular entertainment today.

In the second film, *Seven Golden Men*, the locale is contemporary Italy. But here the real-life director and script-writer, Mario Vicario, is married to his star, Rossana Podesta, and this conjugal relationship leaves its mark on the motion picture.

At the outset, *Seven Golden Men* looks much like pastiche-Bond, with the handsome male brain of a gang masterminding the robbery of gold from the vaults of Geneva's Union des Banques Suisses. Rossana is cast as the familiar decorative decoy. But gradually, supervising the spectacularly complicated robbery from under an assortment of colored wigs, black lace body-stockings, white fox, pastel mink, honey-colored broadtail, black seal, wildcat and leopard complete with matching boots, lizard bags and diamond-encrusted Steinbergian glasses, Rossana takes over. Operating with a gold and sapphire pin that is connected invisibly to a microscopic radio transmitter and sender, Rossana calls all the turns. And when the grease begins to burn, who saves the bacon? Who uses the old female intuition? Who pulls the men out of the tight spots? Who else but the gang's mastermindress and our director's little wife, Rossana.

**SECRET  
AGENT  
GIRLS** (continued)



**POW!** Anne Francis as the redoubtable Honey West **ZAP!** Ursula Andress, ingenious in *The 10th Victim*

Director Vicario, a dark, attractive man in his midthirties, stoutly maintains his aim was not a heroine who is "some kind of demonic, ferocious IBM machine of a female animal," but rather, "a very human sort of woman with all her little weaknesses—a creature whose piquant femininity is her great charm."

And then there is the film version of *Modesty Blaise*. (A condensation of the spy novel appeared in the November *COSMOPOLITAN*.) If the male bastion was shaken in the previous two movies, it completely collapses with this one. Modesty is every girl's surrogate in the land of female fantasy, experiencing the ultimate in high adventure, violence and sex.

It's all pure fantasy for the tired working girl after a hard day at the office. Even Modesty's instruments of destruction are woman-oriented, revealing the kind of practicality that makes for a good housewife. A gold-wire necklace turns into a radio antenna. The decorative weighting of a chiffon skirt is used for the steel cord of a bow; the bow itself is adapted from partner Willie's belt. Another part of Modesty's necklace

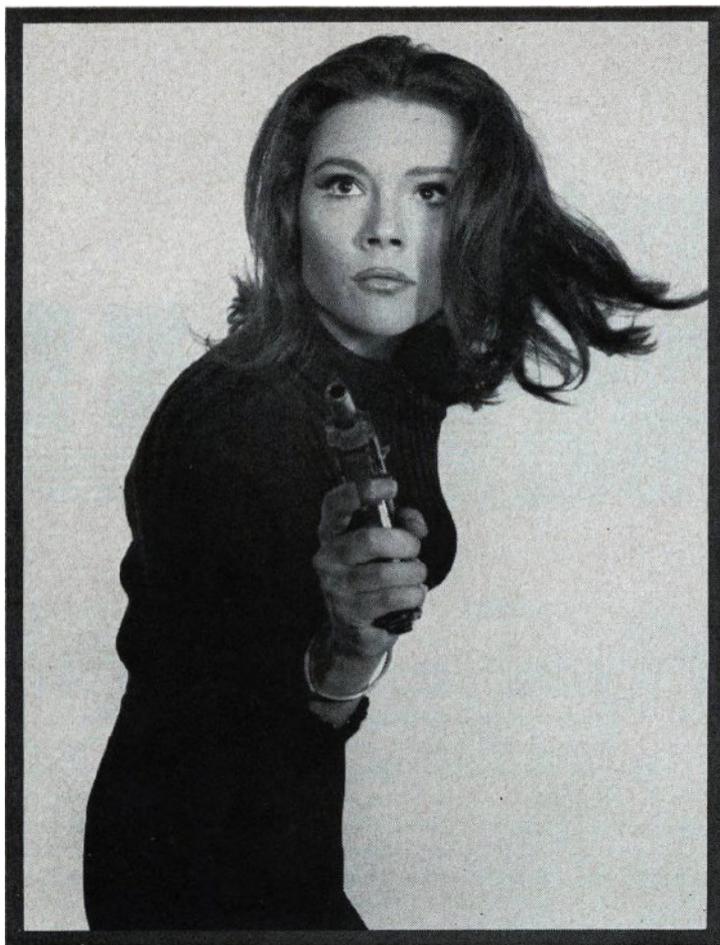
converts into arrows. A turn of a jeweled lipstick releases tear gas. The humble egg is converted into a grenade with a plastic filling. Modesty's thirty-inch chignon—when loosened—serves as a handy garrote. Her one bit of apparel, just for kicks, is a black net garter belt with little men for garters and little hangman's nooses for the loops. Yet Modesty never gets caught outdoing the tomboy or the tough. She may kill but never with any sacrifice of her femininity. (!) Her keynote is total, feminine glamour. Super multitoned eye makeup that never smudges or runs no matter how dramatic the situation. Masses of marvelously coiffed hair. High heels. Filmy, extravagant, original gowns—revealing, but with a ladylike touch.

And who plays Modesty? Monica Vitti, who's been shown off by Antonio Antonioni in the past in four intellectual films highly rated in the art movie circuit. Her roles in these films, incidentally, have been hailed as the positive distillation of modern woman—cool, lucid, intelligent, desiring love but disturbed by man's irresponsibility in giving it.

Television is coming on strong in the

female take-over, too. Great Britain's television series, *The Avengers*, this fall introduced a new heroine, complete with a fashion collection especially designed for her. (The collection is going on sale in retail stores so all female television viewers can live out this fantasy—almost for real.) The program stars Diana Rigg, a little twenty-seven year old, as Mrs. Emma Peel, daughter of a millionaire shipping magnate, youthful widow of a famous test pilot and the internationally educated symbol of the jet-age female. Mrs. Peel drives a high-speed Lotus Elan and fights fast, free and furiously with every technique from karate to her own brand of "feinting." Emma Peel is a younger, gayer and more feminine character than her British television predecessor Cathy Gale, played by Honor Blackman, who was given to hurling men to the floor in smart judo holds. Her wardrobe, understandably, includes a mélange of day and evening dresses that are sometimes demure, sometimes daring, and are done up in female fabrics like lace, silk, lamé and crepe.

Emma's fighting suit, when it's time to kill a sentry or scale a wall, also



**BANG!** Diana Rigg, startling in *The Avengers*



**ZING!** Gila Golan, incapacitating in *Our Man Flint*

largely discards the old Cathy Gale leather image for a different brand of sex appeal. Emma's brand is based on form-fitting stretch jersey. Where leather is used for the *animal* look, the effect is softened by wearing leather over a crepe blouse. Emma's collection also includes thigh-length skirts, cat-suits and hipster pants—to say nothing of several Op Art motifs.

Like her Cathy Gale predecessor, Emma is adept at judo and karate. But Emma is a merrier girl than Cathy, with a lively wit that brings a touch of humor to the dire predicaments in which she is involved. In fighting, she is likely to trick her opponent. Cathy Gale would never have approved of such underhanded methods. At all times, Emma's wit and femininity conceal a cool, resourceful woman who is at her best in a crisis.

Typical of the tone of the Emma Peel television program is a segment called *Castle Death*. It is set in a gloomy Scottish castle, and problems arise when dead frogmen turn up in the waters of a neighboring loch. Emma appears on the scene in a tartan cat-suit and oatmeal-tweed jacket; she wears trousers

throughout the episode—since the men are all wearing kilts.

Her other outfits are equally fascinating. For evening dress in the stately castle: ice-blue lamé ensemble complete with ankle boots, hipster trousers, bare midriff, bra top and semiconcealing jacket. For exploring dungeons and torture chambers by night: a flesh lace cat-suit under a white chiffon negligee. For the fighting finale: a black stretch-jersey suit.

The television people rather proudly describe their Emma as “a swinging girl representative of the Britain of the future,” but she really seems symptomatic of a current international trend. The ladykiller is proliferating like mad. The Italians have announced two new lady agents: Rossana Schiaffino as Carole in *Carole of the FBI* and Gabriella Giorgelli as Annie in *Interpol*. *Death at Quai No. 17*, with promises of special secret-agent costumes to match. The French have *Olivia*, featuring that deliciously dangerous young woman who plays the French *Sûreté* against the CIA in the best-selling books of Jean Laborde, just bought for the movies. The advance talking-up in

Paris claims that Brigitte Bardot will play Olivia. And what is America doing in the feminine fantasy world? Well, U.S. movie houses *did* show us Melina Mercouri as the elegant mastermind of *Topkapi* a couple of years ago. In a sense, she prefigured the trend toward the successful (until she got caught) lady in the land of crime, though she never personally killed anyone.

A more definite contribution to the trend is Hollywood's *Our Man Flint*. Here the chief villain is a chipper beauty named simply Gila (played by Gila Golan) working for one of those international agencies for world destruction known as Galaxy. Naturally Gila kills quickly and effectively. She makes love to our man Flint, cons him, is out-conned by him (shame!); ultimately she saves his life.

Then there is the private eye of *Honey West*, (the American television series introduced last fall with Anne Francis in the title role. Perhaps you'll get an idea of how Honey works if we tell you she carries a grappling hook in her handbag).

The latest plan, we are told, is to introduce *The Girl from U.N.C.L.E.*

Bye-bye Bond.

THE END

12 YEARS LATER:

## What's Happening to

# TRANQUILIZERS

President Johnson takes them, his doctors reported to the press after his recent gallbladder operation. So does Iran's Prime Minister—he keeps a bottle of them next to his “hot line” to the Shah. Even the men from *U.N.C.L.E.* take them though only when gravely threatened by an enemy agent. The business executive facing his board of directors takes them; his harried secretary probably does, too. Out in the suburbs the mother of five gulps them down—to help get through one more day of household chores. In the city, the high-strung model takes them as she rushes to still another photographic appointment.

And, before you meet your boyfriend, *you* may take them—particularly if you're not sure you're coming on double-whammy. And don't bet *he* doesn't take them—and for the same reason.

In America alone, twelve years after their introduction to the public, a staggering one and one-quarter billion tranquilizers are consumed annually. An estimated one out of twelve Americans takes (or has taken) tranquilizers.

It is true that hospitals have made the most dramatic use of these drugs—to calm psychotic or severely disturbed mental patients so that they can be helped by psychotherapeutic treatment. But millions of only mildly neurotic or stress-ridden Americans now are devotedly taking tranquilizers to help them get through the crises of life in a jangling, jumping, high-pressure society.

As the demand for the drugs has escalated, so has the variety. However, tranquilizers fall into two main categories: the so-called “major” tranquilizers which are used in cases of severe mental or emotional disorder and the “minor” tranquilizers, taken by normal—or merely neurotic—persons.

Best known are the minor tranquilizers, like Miltown and Equanil. After great initial enthusiasm and high—often unrealistic—expectations, doctors and public alike are learning to evaluate tranquilizers for what they are: A worthwhile crutch—but not a cure—in certain situations.

A girl, who has just broken up with her boyfriend or a man who has lost his job might use tranquilizers to get past the “crisis.” The tranquilizer allows the sufferer to be “tuned down but not tuned out.”

A space engineer in Houston, Texas, was upset almost *every* day by the pressure and strain of his satisfying but very exacting job—not to the point of serious mental illness, but enough to cause constant family fights. His doctor advised him to take a small dose of a minor tranquilizer each evening as he left the office. The twenty-minute drive home would be enough time for it to take effect. The results were immediate and gratifying. If this particular user stays within the prescribed dosage, there is no reason why he—and his family—should not enjoy the benefits of his mild tranquilization as long as the strain threatens him.

The problem of a young bride in Lake Forest, Illinois, was something else again. She had broken out in a skin rash which her doctor suspected stemmed from extreme tension. He prescribed tranquilizers along with specific medication for the rash. The calming effect of the tranquilizers helped her, as it has helped in many such somatic disorders. Pope Pius XII, for instance, took tranquilizers during his severe hiccup attacks.

But the main function of minor tranquilizers is to calm nerves and allay

anxieties which they do in much the same way as classic sedatives like the barbiturates. Their great advantage is that, unlike the barbiturates, they do not usually—when used in the proper amount—make the taker drowsy or reduce his alertness. (It is also harder to commit suicide by taking an overdose of them, although many people have tried and some have succeeded.)

The margin of error between a helpful dosage and one that can cause trouble by slowing down physical and mental reactions is narrow, however, and each individual's sensitivity to tranquilizers is different. When it was disclosed recently that the pilot of an airliner that crashed into a mountain, killing twenty-six persons, had been taking tranquilizers, the Federal Aviation Agency ruled that all pilots taking the drug be grounded. When the driving records of sixty-eight persons taking a certain tranquilizer—described by one very eminent authority as “one of the safest pharmacologic compounds available”—were checked out, it was discovered that their accident rate was ten times the normal. Therefore *anyone* who is starting to take tranquilizers, or is switching to a new kind of tranquilizer, should avoid driving or similarly demanding skills until his reactions can be checked by his physician.

● Minor tranquilizers, besides “slowing down” some people, can produce an array of adverse reactions such as dizziness, headache, dryness of mouth, nausea, vomiting, chills, rash, fever—more good reasons to take the drug only under a doctor's supervision.

Mixing tranquilizers and alcohol is a particularly tricky business. Tranquilizers *may* reduce an individual's toler-

# WIZARDS

BY WILLIAM FURLONG

ance to alcohol. The martini that would go down without causing tipsiness under ordinary circumstances may be one too many if it comes on top of a tranquilizer. On the other hand, the alcoholic who uses tranquilizers as a help in staying on the wagon may find that he has merely switched his addiction. And, indeed, anyone who uses these drugs to excess over a long period of time risks becoming addicted. The "addiction" seems to be a *psychological* dependence rather than a true *physical* addiction as in narcotics. But "withdrawal" can be painful; delirium, convulsions and even death have been reported in extreme cases.

The second main category of tranquilizers, the "major" tranquilizers used in the treatment of psychotics—those afflicted with *severe* mental disorders—are less well-known to the layman but ever more important and revolutionary in their effect on medical science. Like the minor tranquilizers, they do not "cure" anything, but they do calm the psychotic patient and make him "reachable" so that psychiatrists can communicate with him and start effective treatment. It is, admittedly, *not* the tranquilizer but the psychotherapy that brings about a "cure"—the elimination of the problem or the adjustment of the patient to the problem. But the tranquilizers have become a key tool in permitting the psychotherapy to take place and even in helping the psychotic patient return to society.

One such patient, a girl in her early twenties we shall call Abby, lived with her parents in Westchester, in a well-to-do suburb of New York City. She felt smothered and confined by the "suburban jacket." Afraid of missing "life," Abby moved out of her parents' home

and into a Greenwich Village apartment where she threw herself into the life of a "beat" crowd. This did not make her happy either and Abby found herself sinking into a deep depression. She imagined her new friends were talking about her, commenting she wasn't really one of them. One night at a party, she thought she saw a friend's face dissolving into a grotesque mask. Abby burst into hysterics. Nobody could calm her and she was taken to a hospital.

● Only a decade ago, this outburst might have been the prelude to months or even years of hospitalization for Abby—for she had clearly become psychotic. But at the admitting hospital, she first was given a series of tranquilizers to quiet her, then another psychotherapeutic drug called an "anti-depressant" to lift her mood. These made her calm enough, and hopeful enough, to later undergo intensive psychiatric treatment. Within eight weeks she was allowed to move back to her apartment to sleep while continuing to spend her days in psychotherapy at the hospital. Eight months later, while continuing to take the tranquilizers prescribed by her doctors as a support, she had a part-time job as a librarian and visited the hospital only for an evening psychotherapy clinic.

Like the minor tranquilizers, the major tranquilizers have their dangers and, occasionally, severe side effects. Some of them, for instance, unless accompanied by other medication, produce what is called "a Parkinson reaction"—a trembling, stooping and shuffling gait similar to that in Parkinson's disease. Jaundice, blood disorders and a variety of less severe reactions must also be watched for. At least one ma-

ior tranquilizer reduces sexual potency but this drug's effect can often be used to advantage, as in the case of Sue, a young woman who had been hospitalized and sterilized by the age of twenty-two because of "behavior intolerable in the community." Helped by the tranquilizer (and psychotherapy), she was able to leave the hospital and "just let the boys go their way . . . I feel so much more at ease with myself."

Perhaps the most incongruous problem doctors have with the major tranquilizers is convincing some patients to take them at all. While people with mild anxieties tend to gulp down minor tranquilizers in doses out of proportion to their real needs, many deeply disturbed persons refuse the major tranquilizers or fail to take them in the amount prescribed by their doctors.

An example is a young artist—we'll call her Liz—who, while still in her twenties, had won two of the most coveted art awards. But just below the surface of her creative personality lay a deep and abrasive paranoia. As long as she took tranquilizers, she was able to keep the paranoia under control and work with her doctors toward a cure.

● But sometimes, alone in her studio, she became so absorbed in her work that she forgot to take her pills at the prescribed intervals. As she slipped unwittingly into a paranoid state, her unfounded fears and suspicions—the symptoms of paranoia—mounted. On one occasion she telephoned the police to report that motorcars were circling her studio and "keeping an eye on her."

Finally she was persuaded to accept an injection of a serum developed by Dr. Nathan Kline, one of the major figures in tranquilizer research. The serum

# TRANQUILIZERS?

(continued)

provides a tranquilizing effect over several days or even weeks. Liz's condition improved markedly during the first week. She could maintain coherent conversations with her doctors; she became less fearful. Her doctors continued to give her injections of serum. She received one every three weeks for the next several months. After five months her doctors reported her in "a good state of equanimity and productivity."

Another exceptional but unstable person who refused to take the tranquilizers—but for a different reason—was a young executive. Brilliant, creative, the patient had an inexhaustible drive that was almost manic. After one episode which resulted in his wife and child leaving him, his doctor gave him a tranquilizer to calm him. For the first time in several months the patient got more than two hours sleep. The next day he agreed to go to the doctor's office.

● As he sat in the waiting room, with the effect of the tranquilizer wearing off, he began to feel expansive. He wrote three poems, designed a house for some property on which he'd taken an option a few days before and also proceeded to expound a new theory of physics. Face to face with the doctor,

the patient refused to take any more tranquilizers. They dulled his brilliance, he said.

The patient finally was persuaded to accept tranquilizing injections and in time stopped "spinning" at the hypermanic rate he had reached. While still extremely outgoing, his intensive drive was controlled. Even he had to admit the tranquilizer was beneficial. But his case suggests one of the more perplexing dilemmas of this tranquilizer era.

Now that we know how to reduce anxiety, how *important* is it as a driving force in a creative society?

When the wife of Ara Parseghian, the highly excitable football coach, then at Northwestern University, urged him to take tranquilizers on stress-filled football weekends, he refused. "I don't know whether you *should* inhibit your spontaneous reactions," he said. "It's a naturalness; it's *me*."

There are many experts who believe that anxiety does fulfill a useful purpose. Dr. Harry Beckman of Marquette University in Wisconsin feels that the indiscriminate use of tranquilizers "may ultimately eliminate from the race those periods of travail, turmoil and stress out of which the supreme efforts of mankind have so often

emerged." He points out that men like Michelangelo, Rembrandt and Beethoven were, through much of their lives, "enigmatic, distrustful and misanthropic" and may even, at times, have "crossed at least the borderline of madness." Dr. Beckman concludes that "those urges that keep us frothing in our laboratories and at our desks, when more sensible men are out fishing, are perhaps the precious links with the 'looney bin' that should not be severed."

● On the other hand, there is always the possibility these creative geniuses did their finest work when they were relatively tranquil. Dr. Frank Berger, who was chiefly instrumental in the development of the minor tranquilizers Miltown and Equanil, asserts that "there is no scientific evidence to indicate that anxiety is a motivating force, and it may well be the opposite."

Now that it is reaching the age of puberty, the twelve-year-old tranquilizer era is just learning what its problems are. Undoubtedly these problems in the future will *increase* in size and variety. The consolation is that they are being triggered by the same factor that inspired the problems of the past twelve years: The dramatic success of tranquilizers in paving the way for psychotherapeutic treatment of the mentally ill, and in lessening the anxieties of the temporarily troubled. THE END

## A TRANQUILIZER GLOSSARY

The field of mental health has given rise to a bewildering array of drugs called "tranquilizers." One estimate places the number at seventy-five different chemical compounds with one hundred different names. (The trade names Miltown and Equanil, for instance, are the same chemical compound.) Another estimate puts the number of "psychotherapeutic drugs" at more than two hundred. And one standard reference work in the field has more than seventeen hundred entries under drugs intended for treatment of emotional problems. But the most common way of cataloging tranquilizers is according to what they treat:

(1) **Psychoses**—These are the most severe and deeply-rooted mental and emotional problems. (If a patient has insight into his problems and complains of his symptoms, he is called neurotic; if he does not have insight and blames everyone else for his troubles he is called psychotic.) Schizophrenia—in its various forms—is the most common psychosis. The drugs used as tools in handling psychoses are called "major" tranquilizers. The most familiar of them—though by no means the *only* ones—are chlorpromazine (trade name Thorazine) and reserpine. Since the introduction of the "major" tranquilizers into the U.S. in 1954, the care and treatment of the mentally ill has been revolutionized. After reaching a peak in 1955, the population of U.S. mental hospitals now has declined 10 percent, even though the population of the nation expanded by twenty-three million persons and the number of persons needing psychiatric care doubled. At the same time, tranquilizers proved

to have a number of serious side effects. However, major tranquilizers are not addictive; a patient can give them up whenever his condition warrants it. Few do; most persons continue taking tranquilizers for years after they've become "outpatients" in mental hospitals.

(2) **Anxieties**—These are less severe ailments: insomnia, tension headaches, backaches, certain kinds of superficial depression, etc. The anxiety may be rooted in anything from premenstrual tension to an unhappy love affair. Drugs used to calm the anxieties are "minor" tranquilizers and the most familiar have the trade names Miltown and Equanil. Though their side effects are not, by and large, as serious as those of the major tranquilizers, these minor tranquilizers *are* addictive.

(3) **Depressions**—These are severe and enduring cases—such as grip the manic-depressive person—not the passing superficial depression. There is an ever-increasing variety of drugs (called "tranquilizers" in the loosest possible sense) used to attack these problems. Some are called anti-depressants (such as Parnate); others, "psychic energizers" (such as Benzedrine and Dexedrine). And still others include—in a *very* broad interpretation—certain of the balincinogenic drugs. Because of the great range of drugs included in this group, very few generalizations can be made about them—other than *never* use them without the close supervision of a doctor.

*A Cautionary Word:* A person who has just taken *any* drug that affects his mood or might impair his judgment (as in the case of tranquilizers) is in no condition to decide for himself whether he needs *more* of the drug.



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# Girls' Guide To Church-Going



Capsule reviews (just in time for Easter)  
of what's happening in churches in six major cities—  
from Sunday spectaculars to intimate talks.



## CHICAGO



Everything's legit at **Fourth Presbyterian Church**. The congregation is dressed by Bonwit and Brooks. The red-coated choir sings joyously and sincerely; not lustily or loudly. The organ prelude is Brahms. The minister, Dr. Elam Davies, gives a drama-studded sermon, with just a touch of English accent and not a trace of elocution-school phrasing.

Fourth Pres is huge, cathedrallike, gothically beautiful. Many of Chicago's "400" attend services. And it's reputedly the best hunting ground in town for the eligible doctor-lawyer-businessman. Single-adult groups have a social hour fol-

lowing the Sunday evening Vesper Service.

**Rockefeller Memorial Chapel** (*Protestant Interdenominational*) offers the pizzazziest Sunday morning music in town. Services lead off with a carillon concert (Scarlatti, if you're lucky) and end with more of the same.

The Reverend E. Spencer Parsons, chapel dean, preaches only two or three Sundays a month. Impressive guests (they've included the late Paul Tillich and Martin Buber) speak on other Sundays. Most speakers are strong on ecumenicism. They make you chuckle and feel most properly religious. The congregation is mostly made up of University of Chicago faculty and students (many from other countries).

For the past fifty-four years, **The Pe-**

**ples Church of Chicago** (*Unitarian*) has been the religious home of Dr. Preston Bradley, the famed radio preacher, and the church service is his show.

In his late years, Dr. Bradley is plump and wears his white hair long in back, like small-town preachers of long ago. He is articulate and reflective, and preaches to the emotions of his congregation in a therapeutic-counselor kind of way.

This is not a church for the elite. It's a muskrat-tweed, not cashmere-mink, crowd. The building has the atmosphere of a moose lodge, and the organ drowns out the weak choir. The ushers are the friendliest in town.

**The Holy Name Cathedral** (*Catholic*) is set midst college campuses

# Girl's GUIDE TO CHURCH- GOING (continued)

(Loyola and Northwestern), the fashionable Gold Coast, cheap bars, honky-tonk Rush Street and slums. It makes for a motley congregation—a conglomeration of the elite and the mister-have-you-got-a-dime set, with enough med, dental, and law students to raise the group IQ.

Holy Name is His Excellency The Most Reverend John Patrick Cody's Church (he's Archbishop of Chicago), though he only presides on Christmas and Easter. It's a must for tourists.

Services at **St. Andrew's Greek Orthodox Church** combine warmth and pomp in a mysterious old-world atmosphere. The sanctuary is honeytoned and bright—all marble, white and gold.

A family-type congregation with Adonises and Athenas among them. Services are spectacular—strong on incense and liturgy in the Eastern tradition. Choir is mellow. The sermon (in Greek) is followed by a chat (in English)—a friendly ministrations by Reverend John Hondras, who talks commonsense encouragement on timely subjects.

A remodeled row of stores on Seventy-fifth Street houses a strictly Orthodox synagogue—**Congregation Anshe Kenneses Israel**. It observes all the traditions. Services are long (8:45 A.M. to noon Saturday) and all in Hebrew; women sit in a separate section, behind a row of false shrubbery, and carry no purses; men wear yarmulkes (skull caps) and talesim (prayer shawls). Everyone, including the rabbi, exits for a recess while services continue.

Rabbi Moshe Litoff, a youngish, balding highbrow, gives an In-group sermon, heavily sprinkled with Hebrew—not Yiddish—which he does not translate. Refreshments (kiddush) are served following the services.

In the middle of downtown Chicago, **The Chicago Loop Synagogue** is modern as Miami Beach. It sports a frenetic blue-and-sunshine-yellow abstract window wall facing Clark Street.

Much orthodoxy has disappeared at the Loop. Females can sit alongside the males and carry purses, but men still wear skull caps and prayer shawls and the service is heavy Hebrew.

The congregation is largely male—traveling salesmen, biz-execs, lots of doctors, dentists, lawyers and judges,

plus a few Loop characters of the Damon Runyan ilk.

Rabbi Irving J. Rosenbaum, tall, thin, balding, talks to the head, usually on political science and peace topics.

No danger of falling asleep at **Greater Harvest Baptist Church**. The music is loud and rousing, with a kinky beat. Soloists, including Mahalia Jackson, start out low key and warm up to fever pitch. The choir of one hundred sings out joyously, clapping openly, swingingly. The service moves ad lib from song to sermon.

Reverend Henry Bracken, a handsome man about fifty, preaches at stage edge—no script, no pulpit—starting in a soft chant and working up to a fiery, staccato shout. His pet topic: Sin. His savvy message: Get right and stay right.

**Baha'i House of Worship** is the only Baha'i temple in the United States.

The service is short, simple, and philosophical—a smorgasbord of selections from the Sacred Scriptures of Baha'i faith and "other great faiths of the world," read by three laymen (including women) from an ultrasimple podium. An *a cappella* choir spells the readers.

The congregation is mostly tourist—some in slacks or stretch pants carrying cameras—with some couples from Northwestern, some clergymen, and a few Baha'i regulars.

The pastor is impersonal; the organist, routine; the service, bland. But it's a congregation of eligibles—blue collar, white collar, old, young—some obviously prosperous, at the **Seventeenth Church of Christian Science**.

On Wednesdays, members of the congregation stand up and give testimonials of faith. Their stories are off the cuff, but they are told unfalteringly—about how faith heals physical ills, how it brings business success, how it bestows happiness through adversity.

Don't smoke—even in the ladies' room; Christian Scientists don't.

**Lois Mandel**



In wicked old New York City, there are over seven hundred churches and one hundred synagogues. What follows is a guide to the merest handful of the city's places of worship.

Who can resist a church with the endearing name of **The Little Church Around the Corner**? Officially named *The Church of the Transfiguration (Episcopal)*, this sanctuary with its delightful fourteenth century Gothic architecture and serene gardens has long been a New York landmark. It is especially famous

for its innumerable weddings. The record: forty-three weddings in one day.

The Episcopal church in New York does much to encourage the would-be actor, and fashionable **St. Bartholomew's** is no exception. Its Community Club sponsors an active drama program. St. Bartholomew's is noted for its preaching and its choir. The young out-of-towner will find the friendly coffee klatch after the 11 A.M. service on Sunday an opportunity to meet new friends.

Impressively large, **The Archdiocesan Greek Cathedral of The Holy Trinity (Greek Orthodox)** is transformed into a "back home" church by the warmth and closeness of its congregation. Neighborliness is evident every Sunday—from the moment shipping and movie magnate Spyros Skouras passes the collection plate to the serving of free coffee and cake after the service. On some Sundays, sermons are preached in English.

Every Sabbath long lines form in front of the **Marble Collegiate Church** as tourist and native alike come to hear Dr. Norman Vincent Peale speak. It's wise to come early, since the overflow is relegated to side rooms to watch the services on closed circuit television. When the doors open, the congregation is cheerfully ushered inside by young men wearing white carnations in their lapels. Dr. Peale's church and Dr. Peale himself exude a happy optimism. The choir is wonderful; the sermon, inspiring.

Gigantic **St. Patrick's Cathedral** contains sixteen altars and houses the crypts of the Archbishops of New York. It is the seat of the Roman Catholic Archdiocese of New York. Large crowds of shoppers and office workers attend the noon masses daily. The focal point of architectural beauty is the main altar with its bronze baldachin. This great canopy, soaring fifty-seven feet into the air, is so delicate in design that its great bulk nonetheless gives an illusion of airiness. Behind the main altar is the delightful little "Lady Chapel"—a church within a church, where many small weddings take place.

**Spencer Memorial Presbyterian Church** is way out—and not just because it is in Brooklyn Heights. Reverend William Glenesk, the church's young, avant-garde minister, uses cymbals at his Sunday services to signal the doxology. Jazz sessions and folk "sing alongs" are also a part of Reverend Glenesk's attempt to "break down the barriers" of conventional churchgoing—to make religion "joyful, dramatic, exciting."

There is no doubting the devoutness of those attending the **Russian Orthodox Cathedral of the Holy Virgin Protection** because there are no chairs to sit on, nor cushions for kneeling and prostration. You'll see simple, sincere people in this downtown cathedral—the women wearing babushkas. No White Russian

nobility. The experience is memorable.

The **Judson Memorial Church** in the heart of Greenwich Village, was established in 1892 to serve the needs of the community—whatever they might be. Through the years Judson Memorial has held to this tradition, despite loud criticism. Pop Art and “happenings” were introduced at the church’s gallery. Jazz, poetry, dance, modern music and drama are an integral part of worship services.

For their purity of heart and their understanding of contemporary life, the rabbis of **Congregation Rodeph Shalom** are an inspiring force to the Jewish community. Some grown-ups will find the wise and gentle instruction sermons of the children’s Sunday school to be enriching experiences.

*Anne Marie Lamanda*



Churchgoers in Washington, D. C., have a choice of religion, fellowship or American history. A “must” for tourists is **St. John’s Church** at Lafayette Square across from the White House. Sermons are well-rehearsed, direct, full of quotations from theologians, poets and writers, and are read (but not too obviously) by the Rector, John C. Harper, a youngish forty-one. The congregation and ushers are friendly, particularly for a big-city church which perhaps has reason to be snobbish because of its proximity to “the mansion.”

A landmark of the Thomas Circle area is the jutting steeple of the **National Christian Church** (*Disciples of Christ*)—the church President Johnson calls home when in Washington. Before too many apartment dwellers in the neighborhood complained, you could locate this church by the sound of its bells. Minister George R. Davis presides over a congregation of one thousand one hundred active members at Sunday services. His dramatic hand-waving sermon delivery, from sketchy notes, keeps his audience awake at two Sunday morning services.

The **New York Avenue Presbyterian Church** has three claims to fame—Abraham Lincoln almost joined it. Peter Marshall preached many of his famous sermons there and Dr. George Docherty carries on today in the Marshall tradition. Dr. Docherty is an outgoing Scotsman who’s been known to don his kilts on more than one occasion for annual musical presentations of the congregation. His enthusiasm sets the pace for the two thousand member nonsegregated congregation.

**Washington Cathedral** is probably the closest any American church edifice

comes to approaching the grandeur of European cathedrals. When fully completed it will stand as the sixth largest church in the world. Its fourteenth-century styling (stained glass, marble, needlepoint and metalwork, crafted by artisans from all over the world) gives the place an awesome yet almost sterile atmosphere. Services are led by its Dean, the Very Rev. Francis B. Sayre, Jr., a long and lanky man with deep-set eyes. He speaks in rich, sepulchral tones, for and against anything on his mind—including his opinion of Lyndon Johnson (not good) during the last Presidential campaign.

At the **All Souls Unitarian Church** at Twelfth and Harvard Streets, Minister Duncan Howlett delivers such topical, nonreligious sermons as “The Parable of the Power Failure.” After the service, you can tour the church and perhaps meet members of the young adult group. In addition to their Sunday morning discussions, Young Adult social activities include dances and parties.

A snow-white haired Irishman presides over the “mother” church of the Archdiocese of Washington, **St. Matthew’s Roman Catholic Cathedral**. This distinguished looking, rosy-cheeked man is the Right Rev. John K. Cartwright. His sermons in the huge, red brick Italian Renaissance cathedral are quietly religious and heard by about eight hundred and fifty worshippers every Sunday.

If you have a yen to poke around among Congressmen and high government officials, you might try the In crowd at the **National Presbyterian Church** at Connecticut and N Streets, N.W. Ushers wear striped coats and tails and you *might* find yourself seated near Justice Tom Clark or J. Edgar Hoover. Leading the oldish, moneyed congregation is stern looking, scholarly Dr. Edward L. R. Elson. A short balding man in his fifties, Elson is a “middle of the road” theologian with a crisp, sharp delivery.

Attending a **Religious Society of Friends** meeting at 2111 Florida Avenue, N.W., for the first time is like watching a concert conductor strike up a complete silence. You may sit half an hour before anything happens at all. There is neither script nor music. If and when the silence is broken by a member, you may hear his thoughts on any subject from “How to Be Totally Committed to God.” to “The Togetherness of Married Life.”

As candidates for the friendliest-people-in-Washington list, the Mormons would rank high. Their church, called the **Washington Ward of the Church of Jesus Christ** and located at 2810 Sixteenth Street, N.W., has between four and five hundred members, mostly young college students from around the country attending classes here. Visitors at all times are made welcome. (Mormons are known for their active recruitment pro-

gram in this area and are not the least bit shy about snagging an occasional Presbyterian or Methodist.)

If you want to see some of that “Old-time revival, hey brother, hey sister, clap hands to the music” religion, don’t miss the morning service at **Greater New Hope Baptist Church** at 816 Eighth Street, N.W. From the young people’s Paradise Chorus singing “Everywhere I go, Jesus is Mine” to the “How to Save Your Souls, Sinners.” to the pastor, Charles H. Hamilton, the service is not to be missed. Just to make sure everybody is happy, the minister keeps asking, “Did you all enjoy the message? . . . Are you having a good time? . . . And wasn’t that music really grand? . . .”

*Betty R. Beran*



“Jazz can call us to account for the sin of being as dull as sin,” says Methodist minister David Lehmborg. On a recent rainy Sunday morning, jazz musician Paul Horn called a large audience “to account” with his *Jazz Suite on Mass Texts* during services at the Reverend Lehmborg’s **University Chapel** on the University of California campus. Professional musicians and a full chorus assisted the composer in the performance. “Jazz,” says Reverend Lehmborg, “is an emotional experience and true religion begins with the emotions.”

This progressive attitude is widespread in Los Angeles Methodism. At the **Los Angeles Methodist Church** and the **Westwood Community Methodist Church** an organization known as Crossroads sponsored Friday night rock ‘n’ roll dances; shows, featuring such performers as Connie Stevens and Dean Jones; and modern drama. The Reverend Jack Harper, director of Crossroads, says that an average of three to four hundred young people turn out for these events, “and some of them even come back on Sunday to attend church!”

The **Wayfarer’s Chapel**, perched high on a cliff overlooking the Pacific Ocean, is a Southern California landmark. Designed by Frank Lloyd Wright, the glass, stone and redwood church seems to erupt from the walls of the cliff. The chapel was built by the Church of the New Jerusalem, sometimes known as the Swedenborgian, a protestant following founded in England. Located near Marineland, a few miles south of Santa Monica, the chapel is a favorite spot for weddings. Reverend Robert Loring Young performs over four hundred ceremonies a year for couples of all faiths.

**St. Lawrence of Brindisi** is the Ro-

# Girl's GUIDE TO CHURCH GOING (continued)

man Catholic parish church for the Watts area, a place where Irishman, Negro, Mexican, Italian, Chinese and Anglo-Saxon kneel side by side to worship. Now affectionately called the **Church of Charcoal Alley**, it stood, unscathed, like a beacon of hope amid the smoking skeletons of fire-gutted buildings on the morning after the Watts riots. The pastor, Father Valerian O'Leary, is dedicated to the idea that education is the first important step in helping this area. He points to the three hundred and seventy pupils at the church's adjoining school. "What do you see? White children? Negro children? Chinese children? Well, they don't see any color at all. They simply see other children."

When Rabbi Edgar F. Magnin steps behind the pulpit in the magnificent **Wilshire Boulevard Temple**, a visible wave of anticipation passes over the congregation. Heads come up, necks strain, and ears are cocked to catch every word uttered by the seventy-four-year-old leader of Reformed Judaism in the Western United States. This beloved man, who acts like a vigorous fifty-year-old, has the rare ability to speak to one thousand people as intimately as to one person. His ministerial robe flows unbuttoned. He's likely to lean on the pulpit. His preaching motto is "Don't ever bore them."

On Sundays, the Reverend Vernon F. Frazier conducts services at **The Lutheran Church in the Foothills**. During the week he tends his "special parish"—the one hundred and twenty thousand people in Los Angeles who work at night, in gas stations, hospitals, hotels, bars, factories, warehouses. Since "The Pastor for the Night People" began his special ministry several years ago (mostly out of curiosity), his warm smile has become a familiar sight in many places where ministers are usually *persona non grata*. He doesn't walk around saying, "Brother, are you saved?" but makes friends, listens to lonely people, who want to talk, and even writes and distributes a newspaper for his weekday "congregation."

The lighted cross atop the enormous dome of **Angelus Temple**, headquarters for the *International Church of the Four-square Gospel*, can be seen for miles at night—an impressive memorial to one woman's determination. Aimee Semple

McPherson, a faith-healing evangelist, saw the vision of the temple in 1921. Within two years she had built the temple and paid off the entire million-and-a-half-dollar mortgage (with money raised on evangelistic tours). A service at Angelus is an experience in "that old-time religion" with revival ministry at its most colorful. Rolph McPherson, the son of Sister McPherson, is pastor at the temple, and leader of more than eight hundred Four-square churches around the world.

Each Sunday, **The Hollywood First Presbyterian Church** has an overflow crowd for four services. One reason for the turnout is the exquisite music furnished by seven choirs, forty handbells, and a magnificent organ. The pastor, Dr. Raymond Lindquist, probably rightly, believes his congregation can receive as much inspiration from choral tributes to God as they can from a good sermon.

At the **First Baptist Church** of Van Nuys, Dr. Harold L. Fickett, Jr., preaches old-time gospel with no apologies. And although he allows no such modern innovations as church dances, more than one thousand young people attend youth programs regularly. Dr. Fickett and his staff provide activities for all ages. Their purpose is to "keep our people so busy they won't have time to get into trouble."

**Joan Schmitt**

## SAN FRANCISCO

Roman Catholics are San Francisco's largest and most regular group of churchgoers. One of the best places to see them in action is **Old St. Mary's** in Chinatown. Opened in 1854, it has been providing an almost continuous Sunday show ever since. It offers seven masses, two of them supplemented by its famous Paulist choir.

As becomes a multilingual city, nearby **Notre Dame des Victoires** has some Catholic masses in French. **St. Peter and Paul's**, in Italian-dominated North Beach, schedules some in Italian.

San Francisco's first Protestant church, established in 1849, is the **Old First Presbyterian**, now located at Van Ness Avenue and Sacramento Street in the heart of "automobile row." The service here is prosaic and can be recommended only to stalwart Presbyterians.

For the musically inclined, the **Third Baptist Church** has one of San Francisco's best choirs. (They occasionally sing at Grace Cathedral.) The Third Baptist has the largest Protestant congregation in the city, composed almost entirely of Negroes.

At downtown **Glide Memorial Church**, simple Methodist services begin

each Sunday after a glorious carillon concert has called the worshippers—and awakened the sleepers! A church with a bland exterior, Glide Memorial has a surprisingly warm interior. Coffee is served after each service.

**Grace Cathedral (Episcopal)**, straight up a hill from Glide, is a great Gothic mass of concrete and stained glass begun in 1914 and finished (finally) last year. It is built on the site of a former gold king's mansion and presided over by Bishop Pike, surely one of the most controversial figures in modern American church history.

Another cathedral, the **Russian Orthodox Holy Trinity**, is a startling contrast to Grace. For the curious layman, it's a *must*—a picturesque church with drama and pageantry. The outside of the church is unimposing, but the interior could have been transplanted intact from Czarist Russia, with its gilt icons and priests in magnificently embroidered blue-and-gold robes. The two-hour Sunday service begins at 10 A.M. with a ferocious clanging of bells. The ritual is in Russian, and the well-rehearsed choir sings in Russian. As a production, it can't be beat.

The Lutheran-inspired services at **Norwegian Seamen's Church** make churchgoing an easy to swallow pill for its congregation: Services are held only once a month, on the last Sunday. A taped carillon concert always precedes the service which is held in the Norwegian Seamen's Union. This converted mansion on the steep Hyde Street hill commands one of the most breathtaking views in San Francisco.

Simplicity is the keynote at both the **First Unitarian** and the Swedenborgian churches. The gray stone Unitarian church was the final pastorate of Thomas Starr King who is buried in its tiny graveyard. It has a racially mixed congregation and choir and is known throughout the city for its church leadership.

Every Thanksgiving the Unitarians hold joint services with **Temple Emanuel**. On alternate years the service is held in the Moorish-style temple at Lake and Arguello, the center of Reformed Judaism in San Francisco.

As for the Swedenborgians (**Church of the New Jerusalem**), their tiny, rustic church is tucked away on Lyon Street in the middle of fashionable Pacific Heights. The service, which is similar to low Episcopal, is presided over by beatific Reverend Othmar Tobisch. The church building, patterned after a village church in Italy, is filled with simple, natural objects and the garden is abundantly planted with trees and flowers gathered from around the world. There is always a full chorus of birds singing in the trees.

The **Buddhist Universal Church** thrives on showmanship. Their production every other Sunday afternoon is pure theater, and their choir could easily understudy its counterpart in *Anna and the King of Siam*. Dr. Paul Fung, a doctor of the Dharma, lectures for a half hour in Chinese at one service and for the same length of time in English at another. No one in his audience has any trouble knowing what's going on. His very efficient corps of ushers hands out mimeographed sheets explaining the "cast of characters" he will discuss. When Dr. Fung is through, the stage is set for the choir. A button is pushed, two panels slide back, and the choir appears, singing first in English, then in Chinese. The choristers range in age from four to twenty. As they sing, a six-foot mosaic Buddha smiles enigmatically down on them. There are Sunday tours.

**Yvonne Baker**

shores of Lower Long Lake in Bloomfield Hills. The Kirk is traditional Gothic, patterned after the thirteenth century Melrose Abbey in Scotland. Stained glass windows of Presbyterian blue key the interior mood of the building. Kirk's congregation is affluent, informed and sophisticated. Reverend Harold C. DeWitt is an effective speaker who knows how to keep you coming back for more.

Sunlight bounces off the Detroit River, illuminating **Mariner's Church**, Detroit's oldest city church. Located in the midst of the glossy Civic Center, the stone and lime mortar building is the only historic landmark located in the downtown area.

Mariner's Church was built in 1849 for Great Lake sailors. In the early days, it was also spiritual home to horse and buggy aristocrats. Today it has lost most of its regular congregation. Music is supplied by an organ, a soloist, and the con-

gregation. The people are too few and too widely scattered to sing in solid unison, yet there is a feeling of much music. Sermons, delivered by Rector Richard W. Ingalls, are pleasant conversation. He has a chatty rapport—and greets the congregation at the door as they leave. A social hour follows services.

Sunday services at **Grosse Pointe Memorial Church** (*Presbyterian*) are an achievement in spiritual showmanship. Ushers, resplendent in cutaways, guide members into the rich interior with a low vaulted ceiling, carved wood and antique chandeliers. The stained glass doors contain forty panels, depicting the search for the Holy Grail.

The minister and choir, wearing black robes, enter without fanfare from the side. Singing is professional and enthusiastic. Lights are dimmed dramatically for fine sermons, slightly offbeat.

THE END  
**Linda LaMarre**



A "big fat parish," **Christ Church Cranbrook** (*Episcopal*) is located in one of the highest per capita income areas in the state of Michigan. The Gothic gray block structure houses a sixty-two-bell carillon and examples of ecclesiastical art from the eleventh century on—large stained glass windows, tapestries and carvings.

Parishioners arrive early for the 9 A.M. Sunday service. The congregation is well-dressed (ladies wear hats), and includes many children and a few negroes. The service presents little visual stimulation. The minister, Reverend Gerald B. O'Grady, Jr., choir, and congregation follow the day's program. A coffee hour follows the hour-and-a-half service.

With its massive peaked roof shooting one hundred feet into the sky, the plummeting roof line sweeping off like delta wings on a supersonic craft, **Congregation Shaarey Zedek** (*Conservative Judaism*) is perhaps one of the most inspiring temples in the world. The roof line is continued in the main sanctuary with a forty-foot polished marble shaft containing the Ark. The Tree of Life, a graceful silver form, is suspended from the top of the shaft; the eternal light burns continuously at the base. Saturday morning services run from 9 A.M. to 12:30. Members of the congregation are eager to explain the proceedings and welcome questions from visitors, even during the service. Wine, cakes and coffee follow in the social hall.

"A sermon in stained glass and stone," the **Kirk in the Hills** (*Presbyterian*) sprawls in medieval splendor along the

Are you ready to explode? Have blue days? Tired and weak, spoiling for a fight? Feel heavy and bloated? Ache all over? Want to be left alone?

## THE WEEK BEFORE!



Familiar with those symptoms?

More than 50% of American women of child-bearing age experience fatigue, nervousness, bloating or certain other symptoms—the week before their menstrual period. It's called Premenstrual Tension Syndrome. It's probably been with us since Eve. They used to say it was "part of being a woman." But now all this has happily changed. You—may get help in the relief of many of the symptoms that plague you—the week before—with PRE-MENS TABLETS.

PRE-MENS TABLETS, formulated by an eminent physician, have been used by thousands of women. The tablets were found to be highly effective in helping relieve the ill effects of the premenstrual tension symptoms. Two tab-

lets are taken three times daily after meals, starting five to ten days before the expected date of your period.

If you have not yet tried this remarkable medical discovery which helps relieve premenstrual tension problems—you owe it to yourself and your family to do so. You may discover, like so many other women, that here indeed is the relief you have sought for years.

**SAVE \$1** To make it easier for you to discover the extraordinary help afforded by PRE-MENS TABLETS, we are extending an offer for a limited time only!

Mark \$1.00 on the blue liner from inside a pack of PRE-MENS TABLETS (36 tablet pack) and we will, by return mail, send you a crisp new dollar bill for trying the product.

**PRE-MENS** TABLETS  
Available at all drug stores

# THERE IS NOTHING LIKE A DRESS

*He admits she's cute in slacks, regal in a coat,  
chic in a suit . . . but when she's in a dress she's an absolute  
honey-of-a-girl—his honey, his girl, all girl!*

FASHION EDITOR SALLY CHILD: PHOTOGRAPHS BY FRANCESCO SCAVULLO



**W**hy shouldn't she feel like a movie star, and charm one to pieces as well, in a petaled Empire evening dress of black organza? The charmed movie star: Omar Sharif who plays the title role in David Lean's *Doctor Zhivago* (an MGM release). The gown by Junior Sophisticates, \$120.

Saks Fifth Avenue, New York; Hutzler's, Baltimore.

Jewelry by Mimi di N.

**S**he is his girl. . . . She's Anne de Zagheb in a "sin" dress (the new *In word for cocktail dress!*) nestling up to her singer-composer husband, Paul Anka. The disarmingly sinful dress is silky cotton, called "Bi Bi." by Edie Gladstone for Deeb's, \$45.

Bloomingdale's, New York; Robinson's, California.







T
hank you—I just love compliments.”  
 And won't she get plenty of them!  
 Van Johnson (busy with round-the-  
 world nightclub engagements) shows  
 how a man is affected by this  
 seductive, after-five floral chiffon  
 by Edie Gladstone for Deeb's, \$60.

Bloomingdale's, New York; Robinson's, California.

A
honeybunch of a girl . . . so soft  
 and huggable as she cuddles up  
 to Omar Sharif in her ruffled, chiffon,  
 innocent-as-a-lamb dress (not really  
 innocent—that's a see-through  
 top over a strapless orange slip) by  
 Bill Smith for Janine Kahan, \$145.

Woodward & Lothrop, Washington, D.C.; Frederick & Nelson, Seattle.  
 Jewelry by Mimi di N.



**N**o, Peter Duchin isn't thinking about his sensational Decca recording *Dance Till Dawn*. . . . He's struck with how glamorous a girl can look in a flowered sheer voile over a cotton duck slip of the same flowered print. By Leo Narducci for *Guy D.*, \$40. Earrings and ring by Mimi di N.

*Guy D.*: Arnold Constable, New York & branches; Jordan Marsh, Miami.

**"D**on't you love this spicy shift, George?" She knows George does (that's George Segal who plays Nick in the movie *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?*). What man wouldn't flip over the back-zippered, silk-linen design by Rudi Gernreich, \$150? Bracelet by Vogue.

Rudi Gernreich: Splendiferous, New York.

"Invisible Chairs" by Laverne International, Ltd.





**W**hen a girl wears a silk, kimono-sleeved Kabuki dress to dinner, cocktails or lunch, she makes any man (for instance, talented Peter Falk, star of television's *Trials of O'Brien*) enjoy life so much more. This zip-down-the-back fantasia is by Stanley Herman for Mr. Mort, \$35. Earrings by Vogue.

Mr. Mort: Bergdorf Goodman, New York;  
The Higbee Co., Cleveland.

**W**ho can resist a "baby doll" when she looks so very womanly in lime green double chiffon with lantern sleeves and flowing Empire lines? Not Peter L. Marshall surely, Julie Harris' handsome co-star in the stage hit *Skyscraper*. Yes, the dress is meant to be worn that short! By Rudi Gernreich, \$165. Necklace by Mimi di N.

Rudi Gernreich: Splendiferous, New York.

All shoes by Capezio.





**M**akeup to wear to bed! Isn't that going way too far? But what better place to look like a Botticelli angel (dewy-skinned, rosy, curly-lashed... *you* know)? And some of the things you do at bedtime will soothe and nourish your face, arms, neck, toes—*all* of you, *all* through the night.

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# MAKEUP TO WEAR TO BED

# MAKEUP TO WEAR TO BED

(continued)

## Your Bedtime Splash-Down

No, no excuses ever . . . not even if you crawled home at 4 A.M. with scarlet fever on your brow and two broken wrists. Even if you showered earlier, into the bathroom . . . into your shower cap . . . into the shower. With a natural sponge, lather all over from brow to toe using a nonalkaline cleaner like Vita-Bath (it doesn't dry your skin). Out. Dry. Off with the cap.

## The Cleanest Face in Town

Slip an elastic headband around your neck. . . . Now pull it back up so all your hair is securely away from your face, ears, nape. Out with a two-in-one cleanser that removes makeup and clingy mascara . . . Helena Rubinstein's Skin Dew Cleanser Concentrate and Eye Make-up Remover is a thorough two-in-one. And use an upward motion when massaging the cream into your face. Of course you've been told. . . . Upward motion too for tissueing off the cream.

## Look! Invisible Pores!

You're ready to tone up your clear-swept face with a freshener that shrinks your pores to near invisibility and makes your skin more receptive to absorbing a night cream. Soak a piece of cotton (or try Johnson & Johnson's Soft Puffs), in a nondrying freshener like Max Factor's Skin Freshener. Pretend you're a Pop artist and stroke the cotton over your face and neck with extravagantly long upward strokes. Feel silky? You're ready to make the most of your night cream.

## Your Night-Blooming Skin.

Once upon a time there was a pretty girl who wore a greasy night cream which made her look a fright and got all over the pillows and her husband. Another girl wore it one night and the man from the apartment opposite knocked on her door to ask if he could borrow some milk for his cornflakes. He took one look at her shiny greasy face and decided he would prefer to eat breakfast alone *forever*. Poor man. Poor girl. So be warned. . . . Try a rose-tinted night cream . . . Germaine Monteil's Rose Skin Cream . . . doesn't shine . . . gives your face a deliciously soft bloom.

It also helps replace the skin's natural oils during the night. With fingertips, smooth a little over face and down to the line of your nightie (we'll discuss nighties later). You look pretty dishy.

## Bedtime Blush

Perhaps you need a tiny touch of color on your cheeks . . . a faintly sleep-flushed look such as children have (lucky children!). Smooth a lot of cream rouge (Merle Norman) across your cheekbones. It goes on pinky white but, after a minute, highlights your skin. Now stroke it faintly under your chin and jawline. And why not trace the rouge lightly around the contour of your ears? Makes them look like Dresden.

## Nighttime Eyebrows

Most eyebrows look forlorn and naked without makeup. Crayon comes off. So you need an eye makeup that won't smudge . . . like cake for eyebrows (it stays put until removed with cleansing cream). Choose a shade lighter than normal. With a fine brush apply the cake firmly into your brows. . . . Now move onto the next stage.



## Bedroom Eyes

It was a fortunate girl who was labeled "Bedroom Eyes" in the 1920s — sleepy, sexy eyes, that meant! *You* can have them too. For super Bedroom Eyes, start with eye drops (Murine Eye Drops)—one in each eye. Shut your eyes and roll them around in an invisible, flirty circle. Open them . . . soothed, soft, clear. And *now*: No, we don't suggest you wear fake eyelashes *every* night, but there's always an occasion in every girl's life when she wants extra allure. Bedtime Flutter-Lashes by Faberge are pretrimmed, feathery lashes made especially for bedtime. Wear them *au naturel* . . . no liner or mascara. Put them on with the special waterproof adherent and they'll cling on and on and on—no matter what. . . .

## Sweet-Smelling You

It is very warm in bed and naturally you perspire, which is a good enough reason for using a bedtime deodorant . . . like the Alberto Culver Company's Calm. A few whooshes of this spray powder deodorant and you'll wake up sweet.

## Baby-Skin You

You spend hours lavishing creams and other delights onto your face but what about the rest of your body? Give it a generous massaging with a rich, soothing lotion. Revlon's Moon Drops Moisturizing Body Balm vanishes into the skin and moisturizes legs, arms, rough elbows and heels. It leaves a haunting floral fragrance.

## Light-Footed You

And here is a treat for your toes. Foot Light by Max Factor. Soothe and smooth weary feet with this spray which also acts as an effective foot deodorant. If you are not *too* ticklish . . . spray it on the soles of your feet. It feels heavenly.

## Sleeping-Beauty Hair

There is always some girl willing to bore you with tales of how she was made to brush her hair every night which was why she had such beautiful shiny tresses (and sprained

wrists!). Unfortunately this boring girl *has* something. We don't suggest you go to such extremes but *do* brush out the day's dust at bedtime. And now onto the delicate subject of rollers. We all know rollers are indispensable, *but* we should never let *him* see them. (They are passion killers.) Besides they're uncomfortable to sleep in, (if you call it sleep, since rollers so often keep you awake). So wait until *he* leaves for the office in the morning . . . then pop in your rollers and spray them. Try Colgate Palmolive's Respond spray which holds hair well and has a protein formula. Leave in rollers for twenty minutes while you're dressing . . . brush out. Rollers at night just aren't necessary.

## Nifty Nighties . . . Cuddly Sleep Bras

Take a look at your nightie. Does it really *do* something for you? No? Well cut it up and clean the chandelier with the remains.

Plump girls: Wear a long nightie in a dark shade . . . try navy, bare at the throat with sleeves to below your elbow. Very flattering.

Slimmies: Wear a shorty like the fabulous one in our picture. It's designed by Rudi Gernreich.

There is an exclusive group of girls known as the Sleep-Bra Band . . . who wouldn't dream of going to bed *sans* their nighttime bras. If you want to join this group, try Maidenform's very soft, tricot-and-lace bra . . . it fastens at the front . . . gives that rounded bosom. It's called Reverie.

## A Heavenly Aura

So you think it's a sheer waste to wear perfume to bed? . . . Think again. There is a vibrant perfume called Rumeur by Lanvin with an intoxicating aura . . . reminds you of champagne suppers . . . brocaded walls . . . music somewhere. Dab that crystal stopper on strategic places . . . over the heartbeat . . . the hollow of the throat . . . the insides of wrists . . . very beguiling. We don't suggest *you* buy it—at twenty-five dollars an ounce—but a clever girl like you has only to drop a subtle hint and . . .

## Delicious Indelible Mouth

Lipstick to wear to bed. They are mad! Wrong. *You'd* be mad not to try this sizzler . . . Faberge's Bedtime Lipstick. It's a natural-looking pale orange (like the first lipstick you were allowed to wear). But it stays *on*, doesn't come off on anything. Slick it on . . . then wait a minute. The color will bloom. Wipe away every surface trace and WOW! . . . All that remains is the most stunning natural color which, between us, is definitely and outrageously sexy.

## A Sensational Soother

Have a change from your usual cocoa. Here is a really sophisticated drink, guaranteed to lull you to sleep. Two tablespoons of Grand Marnier liqueur in a glass of warm milk. . . . The ingredients of the liqueur — cognac and orange — mixed with milk make a smashing brew. Pour the milk into a saucepan, add two tablespoons of Grand Marnier and heat for one minute. Not to be gulped from just any glass standing uncomfortably in the kitchen . . . but sipped slowly, dreamily, in bed from a crystal glass.

## Breath of Spring

We don't have to tell you to clean your teeth. . . . You did that ages ago. But mouth spray—two squirts of Lavioris — after your bedtime brew makes your breath extra sweet for the night.

## Beautifully to Bed

And now the time has come to slip between these cool, crisp, scalloped sheets. Ours, are by D. Porthault, Inc. . . . And, if you're thinking of buying the sumptuous down-filled satin comforter, you had better start saving now . . . it costs one hundred ninety dollars.

• • • •

That's right! Make up and look perfectly gorgeous in bed *tonight*. (The other nights are up to your conscience.)



# WAR WIVES 1966

How they feel about Vietnam. What they're doing while their husbands are away. Every girl will find some personal meaning in this firsthand report.

BY LYN TORNABENE

**I** don't think I realized Bruce was going until after I took him to the post. With all the hustle and bustle and him packing—we were trying to make it *exciting* for the children so they wouldn't be crying and everything—I just didn't *think*. Then I realized after he had gone: Oh gee, I should have said this and should have done that! And then I said to myself: 'Well, he's gone and he can't come back for a year. Everything's on my shoulders. Let's get started!'

These are the words of Claudia Harris of Nashville, Tennessee, an attractive, fragile blonde, who looks as though she would be capable of dropping into a deep curtsy if a man asked her to dance. Her husband is a captain in the 1st Cavalry Division of the United States Army. Last August the captain packed his gear in their rented house in Columbus, Georgia, and left from nearby Fort Benning with some fifteen thousand other men of his division and associated units to go to Vietnam. As this article is being written, the 1st Cavalry is in combat near the Cambodian border. And Claudia Harris waits, with her four youngsters, as perhaps one hundred thousand women wait throughout the United States, in trailer camps and housing developments, in tiny apartments and in splendid homes.

These waiting women are anomalies—war wives in a peacetime society. Primarily they are professional soldiers' wives; women who consider themselves "military" and the rest of us "civilians"; women who are sending packages to the front while the rest of us wait for United Parcel to deliver the ordered sales goods; women who scan television news shows for familiar faces while the rest of us watch *Batman* and *Bewitched*; women who ask, "What do you mean, 'social life'?" while the rest of us party it up; women who are afraid to answer a doorbell at night, not because their caller might be a burglar, but because he might be from Western Union. They are the women left behind.

What is life like for them?

We wanted to know, and so we went to the place where it would be easiest to find out: Columbus, Georgia, a city of approximately 140,000 population, with nothing to distinguish it from a hundred other American cities except that in its midst are at least twenty-five hundred women from all over America who chose, historically, to wait together for their men to come home from war.

Traditionally, when men ship out of an Army town

for year-long hardship tours, their wives disperse within a month. They go back to hometowns to be with families who can help them through the lonely days. Many 1st Cavalry wives did, indeed, do just that. But an extraordinary number chose to stay in Columbus, like wives of Greek fishermen who stand out a storm, facing the sea, until the fleet returns.

Why have they stayed in this Southern Army town? Not because of the physical attraction of the city. Columbus, situated one hundred miles southwest of Atlanta, across the Chattahoochee River from Phenix City, Alabama, shows clearly the strain of adjusting to the tide of Army personnel which first fills it and then drains out of it, like water from a bathtub, leaving a ring around the edge. It is a city that looks like it is simultaneously coming and going.

Columbus' shopping area is decentralizing, following the Army people who settle on the rim of Fort Benning. No mixed drinks are served publicly, so there are few restaurants which provide the atmosphere for leisurely dining. There are plenty of places offering instant fun for servicemen, but none that offer a comfortable evening out to women without their men.

Many of the departing soldiers wanted their wives to go home to parents or in-laws, but the women stayed to be near the things that made them feel most secure: other women in the same situation; and the Army base with its PX, its commissary, its hospital, its astonishing facilities (golf course, swimming pools, theaters, etc.) and its fatherly concern. Many of them stayed, too, for the sake of their children, temporarily fatherless, who would have to readjust to new schools and new friends. And many stayed simply because they would not feel at ease anywhere else.



Jonny Trotti, whose husband, David, is a captain in command of a weapons unit, says she stayed in Columbus because "*so many* of us are here. It's much better than being in a place where other husbands come home every night. Here we can go downtown to the movies and nobody thinks anything of it. In a civilian community, if we went out, we'd be considered frivolous; if we stayed in, people would say we were moping. It's easier here." Jonny is twenty-three, and the youngest of the wives we met.

Across a neighbor's china coffee service, dark-haired,

gregarious Joanne Browning of Akron, Ohio, says that the last time she went home she was "bored to death" and felt completely out of place. "Everyone went out of their way to be polite and nice, but we were in two different worlds." Mrs. Browning is in her late twenties. Her husband, Richard, is a captain in an advisory position to the 1st Cavalry. They have five children: eight, seven, six, five and three. ("Where was Richard that missing year, Joanne?" tease her friends. "Korea," she blushes.)

"When my children asked if we were going home," says the somewhat more romantic Claudia Harris, "I explained to them: 'Home is where Daddy left us to wait for him.'"

 The civilians of Columbus wanted "home" for the girls to be their city. When word came that the 1st Cavalry was leaving, the local citizens promised the wives special care and consideration if they would remain. The promises have been kept. Extra police patrols have been ordered to residential areas in which there are many women alone, streetlights have been placed along dark sidewalks, merchants have extended credit when needed, city officials have answered emergency calls to do everything from baby-sitting to changing tires. The "civilian" women of Columbus have held "socials" for the war wives, and have stood by their side wrapping packages both for our soldiers and the South Vietnamese.

The main problem that has plagued the wives is money management. The Army does not provide automatic allotments for wives of men above the classification of E-4 (a relatively low one). Paychecks go directly to the men, who then send money home for the women to live on. Ideally, money from the front should arrive once a month in Columbus, but there are a thousand different circumstances that can delay, or prevent, its arrival.

In general, the women appear to be living comfortably but monastically. Most rent apartments, trailers or houses. A few own their own mobile or permanent homes. They call their residences "quarters," and they have a military look. There are no knickknacks, none of the accessories that make a house homey but are awkward to pack. There are the basics: couches, chairs, beds, tables, televisions and appliances. Most of the quarters have large and modern kitchens, but many of the war wives admit they are not making much use of them.

"We quit cooking when the men left," confessed one wife. As she spoke she stood by the stove pouring coffee with one hand and steadying her two-year-old daughter (the youngest of three) with the other. One of the first things this wife did after her husband left for Vietnam was to buy two peach and two pear trees. Army people don't usually plant trees around their quarters; what's the sense when they will move on before the leaves appear? She didn't mention them to her husband in her letters. But, well, she just felt she needed *something*. (We are not using this wife's name deliberately; her husband was killed in action a few weeks after we interviewed her.)

To "civilians" some of the war wives seem remarkably unconcerned about the dangers their husbands face. You know they are *not* unconcerned—particularly when they ask you please, not to come by in taxis after dark because taxis deliver telegrams—but they show that cool stoicism Americans have gotten used to seeing on the faces of our astronauts' wives. Typically, one woman says: "The dangers are there, of course. But my husband is better trained to fight the war than my children are to cope with crossing the street."

What worries the wives, they claim, are "the little things." Over and over you hear it, from the trailer courts to the lovely, antique-laden house on the hill. In the latter resides a major's wife who added considerably to our understanding of military wives, but who wishes her name withheld because her husband is up for promotion.

"When he goes away," she said in a slow Southern drawl, "you worry about the same things you worry about when he's home. You worry about whether he'll remember to put on a clean shirt or whether he has everything he needs. You know what I mean—you worry about so many inane things. You don't worry about all the dreadful things you read in the papers. You know, you *can't*."

"But it's not something that's going to go on *forever*. It's not the type of loneliness a widow has, knowing that there's no answer. If something's wrong with the car, you know you can put it in the garage and write to your husband about it, and in ten days or two weeks you get the answer back. And because you know you can, you don't write about it, you take care of it *yourself*."

They are not amazons, insist the wives, they are women who have grown into their jobs by working at being what their husbands want them to be. Claudia Harris put it like this:

"I want so much to please Bruce. I think maybe he had his doubts whether I could make it without him. He really felt the baby couldn't be born unless he was here. I surprised him."

Another wife, Betty Avery, wife of Major James Avery of Walled Lake, Michigan, used nearly the same words. Said Betty: "Normally, I get real depressed after having a child, and I was afraid I'd really break down when he left, but I kept telling myself *I wasn't gonna do it*. And I didn't!"

 Betty, like many of the women, tries never to write her husband anything upsetting. She does this, apparently, because she wouldn't dare do otherwise. "I did write a depressing letter once when Jim was in Korea," she confesses, "and he wrote back and sent me this poem about a spunky Army wife—she was to do this and this and this—and I felt like a heel. But I mean, he did it for my own good."

Jonny Trotti doesn't agree, and we're going to tell you in detail about Jonny in the hope that you can see her as we did. We wanted her to have her picture taken for us, but she was afraid, because she knew so many war wives who were getting crank phone calls. A widow she knew was quoted in the local paper as being happy for the twenty years she had to remember with her husband, and later got a call from a screaming woman who called her a hypocrite. Other war wives have heard from oddballs blaming them for the Vietnamese war, and, in some towns, the lives of war wives have even been threatened.

Jonny was born in Anadarko, Oklahoma, raised in Alvin, Texas, and married David Trotti five years ago when they were both at teachers college.

She is quite tall, slim and loose-jointed, and looks nineteen. Her hair is light red, cut a la Julie Andrews, and she has freckles. When we talked in her small house on the edge of Fort Benning, she sat in an armchair holding her infant son, trying to decide whether she should visit her husband's father whom she barely knew but who was seriously ill. (Her husband's parents were divorced, his mother remarried, and he had not seen his father in some time.) She was not making a fuss about her dilemma; she was merely in the midst of it.

# WAR WIVES 1966 (continued)

Jonny's source of help with her decision would normally be her husband, but she hadn't heard from him in a while. She writes him almost every day, everything that happens in a day. If their little girl has a fever, she says so; if Jonny is lonely, she says so. "It's the only way," she explains, "that he stays a part of the family. If I kept writing him that everything's fine—I'm fine, the kids are fine, everything's fine—he would think I was *hiding* something from him. And it wouldn't be good for *me*. One of the girls I know is cracking up from holding herself in. She won't tell her husband anything. She's *really* going through this alone."

Jonny sounds, when she talks, like a newlywed, and the reason, she says, is that Dave went to Korea fourteen months after they were married and stayed a year. "We hung on to that magic of the first year a lot longer than most people do."

On request, Jonny had her little girl, Davi, bring from the kitchen table a framed photograph of Dave. "We eat with him every night," Jonny said, explaining why the picture was soiled. And then she laughed at herself, saying, "Boy. I must sound *corny!*"

She went on: "A lot of girls do fight this life, and they are *miserable*. They never get used to the idea that their husbands must go away. When I married Dave, if I had known for sure he would be killed in Korea, I would have married him anyway, to be his wife before he left. Like every young soldier, he was on again, off again, about staying in the Army. But I always knew he would stay in. And if this was what he wanted, it was fine with me. Their going to war? Well, you develop a philosophy about it and just don't think about it anymore.

"There was only one time . . . in labor . . . I wondered 'Will he get home to see the baby?' You *know* they're coming back, but you still wonder. I really hope he knows it's a boy. I haven't gotten a letter acknowledging my wire. I've gotten some mail, but it's all old. I hope he knows about John."

Jonny was visited by another war wife that day, who came by to find out if she'd gotten any new letters, or whether there was any news from *any* source. They do that, the wives. After the mailman leaves there is an outbreak of phone calls and a mad exchange of information. "Where are they in *your* letter?" "Did they find any V.C. [Vietcong] on their second patrol?" "Is it still raining there?" "Did he say he needed anything?" "Did they get the packages?" There is no censorship of the mail, but still the women search for hidden meanings between the lines. Rumors about troop movements and the nature of the enemy are as rampant in Columbus as they are in Vietnam.

 Laura Broaddus, a tall, thirty-two-year-old Kentucky-born woman of quiet dignity, doesn't approve of this exchange of information. Nor does her husband, 1st Sergeant Dairl Broaddus, whose four or more letters a week often remind her: "Don't listen to rumors." Nevertheless, Laura is as hungry for news as are the rest of the wives. She even has a road map of Vietnam, so she can follow troop movements.

It was from television last July that Mrs. Broaddus first learned her husband would be going into combat. At that time President Johnson announced at a tele-

vised press conference that he was ordering the 1st Cavalry to Vietnam. Since he has gone, she has drawn inward, she says, upon her own small family (four youngsters) and upon her religion for the strength her husband expects her to have. She does not go out even to bowl or to play bridge as many of the other women do.

"Some women need more than I need," she says. "It's enough for me to stay here in our house, take care of the children, go to church, and keep things pleasant and normal. This is the way I want my children to remember me this year."

Like most of the women, Mrs. Broaddus is disturbed by the publicity given draft-card burners. "But I don't let it get me," she says. Some women speak more strongly. Says Jonny Trotti: "Draft-card burners? Just a bunch of cowards." The major's wife avers: "They don't know what they're doing. It's a fad, like goldfish swallowing."

 About protest demonstrators, the women are nearly of a mind. They are puzzled, they say, that so many civilians do not understand what the Army is doing in Vietnam. "Don't they know our husbands are *protecting* their right to demonstrate?" one woman asked. Another felt the demonstrations should be stopped because they are "bad for the men." Nearly all the men have written home about the demonstrations, and at least one husband, CWO Stewart Whisnant, sent a wry letter to his wife, Betty, suggesting that the demonstrators do their marching on the Vietcong infested road to Plei Me.

The women we met are very quick to say that their husbands *should* be the first to go to war, "because it is the job for which they are trained." Their pride in their husbands' jobs, and in their own, transcends anything "civilians" normally encounter. You almost have to *hear* the way Laura Broaddus calls her husband "a true soldier, a man dedicated to his country, his home and his family," to believe such pride exists. You have to *hear* the major's wife saying:

"Don't you remember Scarlett O'Hara saying she didn't mind Charles Hamilton being killed in the war, but it was so *humiliating* that he died of measles? I think that's one of the things about the widows—they feel their husbands have gone for a *cause*. Death is so meaningless if he's hit by a car or if he's, you know, killed in an accident, something like that. They didn't *want* their men to go to war, and they want them back *terribly*, but they know they went for a reason."

Perhaps it sounded corny at first when Jonny Trotti asked, "Hey, have you ever been to a review? You know, the troops parading the colors? You should go to one if you can. It's really the most stirring thing. You go there and see that flag go by and maybe for the very first time in your life, you know what patriotism means."

But it was not corny at all to get a long-distance call from Jonny just before midnight a few days later, and hear her, too *breathless* to stay on the phone more than a minute. She said:

"You'll never guess what! It's so sad and it's so wonderful. They're letting Dave come home because his father is sick. And I don't know what to say. Tomorrow! Tomorrow he'll be home! He's in Hawaii, and he knows about the baby, and we'll be together! I might even have him for a whole month. And I've got to get my hair done and clean the house, and you know, *everything*, tomorrow. And listen, you have a good time at home, do you hear? Don't worry about us, now, you hear?"

THE END



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● Paris. Three doors down from the My Sin bar and half a block up from the fanciest shopping street in Paris' fanciest arrondissement is a new, very white, ten-story apartment house where France's most successful young actress, Catherine Deneuve, lives.

"Madame Bailey?"

The concierge, a plump, graying woman, doesn't recognize the name. "*Connais pas.*" Don't know her.

"Mademoiselle Deneuve?"

"Ah, *oui*, Mademoiselle Deneuve." Now the concierge is all beaming recognition and hastens to walk you to the elevator. "Seventh floor, second door on the left."

The doorbell brings the thumpy gallop of a young child on the run on the other side of the wall, followed by sounds of energetic beating of fists. A maid opens the door, doing her best to hold back a flailing-armed, cheery-faced

little boy. He is Christian, Catherine Deneuve's out-of-wedlock son by French film director, Roger Vadim.

The apartment which Catherine and Vadim had decorated and lived in together for two and a half years is large and luxurious. Three walls of the living room are covered in dark silk; the fourth is plain window looking out on neighboring chimney pots. Among the furnishings: a beige velvet sofa under a brightly colored nineteenth-century lithograph of a locomotive; a series of low round tables, their tops covered with semi-precious stones, marble eggs, old watches; a massive seventeenth-century Spanish table. Expensive. Elegant. Personalized. No camp, beat, Op or Pop intrudes here.

Catherine herself comes in looking extremely dishy indeed. Glowing pink and clean. A mass of pale blonde hair neatly French-twisted around her head.

Makeup limited to some brushing of brown about the lids. Eyes big, brown and very direct. Straight little caramel wool shift stopping well above her pretty knees. Black patterned nylons and Mary Janes in black suede. A kind of lady-like way of being with it.

Little Christian settles himself by his mother's feet. She says affectionately, "Look at him. He's only two and a half now, but did you ever see such ears and feet? He had the *longest* feet, hands, ears when he was born. It's going to take him *years* to catch up with them. He's going to be *huge*."

"You're going to be bigger than your father, aren't you?" she says. Christian, who looks like an exact miniature of Vadim but for his mother's firm chin and blond hair, happily laughs.

"Out, young man. leave us alone to talk now." Christian responds with good-natured obedience and toddles out.

*London Daily Express, Pictorial Parade*

BY CYNTHIA GRENIER

# Catherine Deneuve

# Catherine Deneuve

(continued)

"How did your parents and friends feel when they learned you were refusing to marry Vadim when you were pregnant with Christian?" I ask.

"Oh, my parents were furious, just furious with me. Particularly while I was pregnant. After the baby came, they got like all grandparents. They stopped thinking or talking about the situation and just loved Christian." Catherine reaches for a cigarette. Her face flushes delicately rosy each time she talks about details of her private life, but her voice and manner stay calm and poised.

"I'm not *against* marriage, you understand." She worries about getting her point across. "It's just I *personally* don't like the idea that many women seem to have—that marriage is a social necessity. That you *must* get married because you're pregnant or you *must* get married because you've been living together for a certain period of time.

"I'm not a rebel," Catherine appeals, brown eyes at their most sincere. "I don't want to change anyone else's way of living; it's the way I feel about my own life. I couldn't see getting married just to legitimize my child when there were no other reasons for marrying. Vadim wanted to marry me for Christian's sake. My parents wanted me to marry Vadim. But not for me. Marry, just *pour la forme*, and get divorced later. No. Oh, no." She sets her jaw.

Although Catherine is on top of the situation now, the months following Christian's birth were far from easy for her. She was still much attached to Vadim. The French press was running nearly daily stories about his escorting Jane Fonda (whom he married last summer, two days after Catherine married photographer David Bailey in London). In August 1964, while Catherine was making *Repulsion* in London (a film that opened in America some months ago to wide critical acclaim), she could only say of Vadim that it was too painful to talk about. The anguish in her face hardly *seemed* put on.

Yet she says now: "Apart from my parents being angry with me before Christian was born, I can't say I have suffered from the situation. Vadim and I are friends. He adores children. He sees Christian very often. The two get on beautifully. I don't know if they always will, but it's wonderful now."

How does Catherine feel about cou-

ples living together out of wedlock after her own particular experience that lasted some three years?

She thinks about this seriously, then answers gravely, choosing her words with care. "Living together without being married can be both stronger and weaker, at the same time, than wedlock. Weaker in the sense that if you have an argument, you risk it turning into a real blowup. Then one of you walks out and it can really be the end. The end. And about something terribly trivial. This can't happen in a marriage. Divorce is, after all, a pretty big hurdle. You stop short many times.

"Living together is stronger perhaps in the sense that you don't take everything and each other for granted. The very fragility of the relationship sometimes becomes a strength, if you see what I mean. Women too often relax in the security of marriage. Men too. You lose everything you started with."

Suddenly Catherine grins. "I'm *not* sorry to have married David. Particularly since it was *his* idea." She laughs at my reaction.

"Yes, it was David who asked me to marry him. I would have been just as happy living with him, but since he said one day, 'Will you marry me?' and since I was very much in love with him, I said, 'Yes,' and there it was. I don't really feel being married has changed anything so far for me, although, as I say, the weight of divorce would not be light. Marriage is serious. This is the way I feel, at least, right *now*. These are suitable ideas for me now. I don't say I'll feel the same way at thirty-five." She thinks about this a moment. "Probably not."

Was it true what had been reported in the press—that Catherine had first met her husband David Bailey, a British fashion photographer, when he was on assignment from *Playboy* to shoot her in the nude?

For the only time in the conversation, Catherine appears a bit flustered. The cool vanishes. "Oh, those *Playboy* pictures . . ." She sighs, partly exasperated, partly resigned. "I'll tell you what happened. A photographer from the magazine was on the set of *Repulsion* taking pictures during the scene where I'm naked. Which I just hated by the way." Her cheeks go pink. "It's hard enough to do a scene like that anyway without having to watch out for a photographer who's ducking around. Well, they asked if I wouldn't pose privately for a big story in *Playboy*. I refused. But then Romek (Roman Polanski, the young Polish director of *Repulsion*) kept after me every day. He kept saying how much it would help the film in the States. How I was being childish to refuse. Now, I think

Romek's the most wonderful director I've ever worked with. He's terribly demanding, but he gets so much out of an actor. Well, anyway, because it was Romek, and because I wanted him to stop pestering me about it all the time. I finally agreed. I immediately regretted it. I said I wouldn't have any of the magazine's photographers, so Romek proposed David Bailey. I'd met him a few times at parties in London, and of course, I knew his work. I thought the pictures would be—well, different. Sophisticated. Elegant." The whole idea was wrong. I was *furious* at myself for having agreed in the first place. *Furious* during the shooting sessions, then *furious* when I finally saw the story.

"I think it shows in the pictures just how much I didn't like the whole idea." She shakes her head, most of the anger gone now. "I never should have agreed. I'm not prudish—I just think that sort of picture is not my style. It doesn't go with me or the kind of roles I play, or probably ever will play. Maybe it's all right for Brigitte, although come to think of it *she's* never agreed to pose for *Playboy*. I don't know that the pictures did me *or* the film any good. Of course, I might never have got to know David. No, I didn't hold his taking the pictures against him. I suppose it actually made a kind of bond between us . . . established a funny shortcut intimacy, although I didn't see it that way at the time. I was so angry and upset, and he felt so bad that he wanted to make it up to me, and we started going out, and there it was." She spreads her hands, showing the simplicity of it all. "Now I *love* posing for him—for fashion pictures—although I usually detest modeling. There's a wonderful kind of complicity and excitement when I work with David.

"He's wonderful!" The words burst out. "He loves Christian. We want to have *lots* of children. I love them. Anyway, I disapprove of only children. Lots of children, but not for right away."

Catherine wants to limit her film work to two or three pictures a year—to leave herself plenty of time for her men. Christian she can take with her on location—her child is a veteran of five movie sets in as many countries by now—but David is more often than not tied down with high fashion work at his London studio. The Baileys have become London-Paris commuters, with alternate weekends in the two capitals.

As for Catherine's career, it is coming along bloomingly. *Repulsion* ended up on many important critics' best ten lists of 1965. Her latest film, *La Vie de Château* (Life in the Castle), won France's Prix Louis Delluc, a cinema prize roughly equivalent to a Pulitzer. And she, herself, cast in a light com-

(cont. on p. 88)

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# Catherine Deneuve

(cont. from p. 86)

edy part, rocked directors like Jean-Luc Godard and Philippe De Broca back in their folding canvas chairs. They'd admired Catherine for her gentle grace and demure ways in films like *The Umbrellas of Cherbourg*, but now her "wit and vitality" opened up brand-new possibilities for her career. Under Vadim's direction, Catherine had always appeared docile and passive. Now her own personality seems to be emerging.

The producer of *La Vie de Château*, Nicole Stéphane, an actress of distinc-

tion herself (the star of Cocteau's *Les Enfants Terribles*), is convinced that Catherine has it in her "to be a real actress, to surpass Jeanne Moreau. But it seems to depend on her personal life. I mean, Catherine emerges from personal unhappiness and misfortune a much stronger, deeper person, and this shows in her acting. Obviously, I hope for her sake she has a happy life. If she shouldn't . . . well, we may see the development of a great actress."

Catherine was introduced to Vadim when she was seventeen—a gentle, sheltered seventeen at that. During the first few years they were together, Catherine's obvious adoration of Vadim was so total that friends felt pity in advance for her letdown that would surely come. Most of the time in public Vadim appeared considerate enough to her, but he never stopped giving interviews in which he would explain his preference

for "simple, childlike women," and how for true conversation he must go to his men friends.

There is a new air of maturity about the post-Vadim Catherine. You are talking with an adult rather than a lovely girl-child. I mention this to Catherine.

"A number of my friends have told me this recently. Maybe it's because of my new responsibilities. David can't speak any French—you know how the English are about learning any other language—so I have to make a special effort to keep him from feeling left out or isolated when we're in Paris. All my friends speak French, almost none of them English. I'm responsible for the running of the apartment, the nurse, the maid and Christian. I make all the decisions in Paris, explaining them to David. I do feel a bit older. I suppose it's only natural." She sighs. "After all, I am twenty-two now." THE END

## How Others See a Young Star



**DAVID BAILEY** is a thin, wiry, cheeky twenty-seven-year-old with a mop of disciplined dark hair. His bearing has a marked absence of formality. Levis, sweater and boots were his wedding costume. He talks purest Cockney, "ain't" substituting for "isn't." His feeling for Catherine borders on adoration. As for his asking Catherine to marry him rather than continuing along in a happy relationship, he points out, "I travel an incredible amount of time, and so does Catherine. Now, hotels never mind anyone signing in with his wife and people don't object if you bring your wife along on an assignment, but they don't feel the same way about your happy relationship, y'know?"

"I like the idea of Catherine keeping on with her movie work. I'd rather not have her sitting around being bored at home. I want her to be happy."

**ROGER VADIM** is a lanky six-footer with a long Slavic face. His small green eyes are intelligent and cool. He's extremely forthright about his previous female relationships. His current love, new wife Jane Fonda, is being treated most protectively. "I happen to like women who make no effort to compete with a man. Women who are happy just to be perfect little female animals. In a relationship with someone like Brigitte (first wife Bardot) or Catherine,



I was fascinated by their femininity, their willfulness, their charm. I always make it clear they can't count on any emotional security from me, which is something that all women seek. I think Catherine now has found her own security."

**JEAN-PIERRE CASSEL**, the charming star of so many of Philippe De Broca's films, has a double connection with Catherine. In addition to acting with her in *Male Companion*, he kept company with her older sister, actress Françoise Dorléac (*That Man From Rio*). The two sisters are today's Joan Fontaine and Olivia de Havilland in terms of sibling rivalry. Cassel says, "I rarely saw the two together. To be honest, I avoided it. The atmosphere . . . well, a terrible strain on the nerves." Professionally, he gives Catherine all points. "Receptive. Hard-working. On the ball. Conscientious. Not a drop of phoniness in her. At first, she got fame without really wanting it. Now, she appreciates it. Vadim never knew how to use her as an actress. All her good work has been done since she's left him."

**ROMAN POLANSKI**, a pocket-size puckish Pole, speaks of Catherine with unbounded enthusiasm. "I had no idea she was going to be so wonderful when I asked her to be in *Repulsion*. I thought she looked great and would be good malleable material. During the shooting of the film, I think she really began to go around the bend a bit. I used to stick a wax hand in the drawer of her makeup table and do things like that, to give her a scare. Catherine would come running to me in real, stark terror—unless maybe she was turning me on. No. That's not

her way. The role was really driving her a little crazy.

"The only fault I can find with her is this sexual shame bit. The time I had getting her to do the nude scenes. . . ."

"David Bailey called me up the day after he shot Catherine in Paris for *Playboy*. He said, 'I'm going to marry that girl. Why did you ever introduce us?' Everything was so easy; now you've gone and complicated my life."

**FRANÇOISE DORLÉAC** (Catherine's sister) is reported as saying, "Thank God, at last she's gotten married."



Director **PHILIPPE DE BROCA**, a small somber fellow, can't get over his astonishment at Catherine's performance in *La Vie de Château*. "I don't know where she was hiding it. In *Male Companion*, she was a dream to work with. But it was rather as if she herself was in a kind of dream. In this new film, she seems to know exactly where she's going."

**JEAN-LUC GODARD**, ultraserious, king of the Nouvelle Vague (the new name of films that, somewhat ambiguously, search for values in the modern world), openly marvels at Catherine's screen transformation. "Amazing. Really amazing. In her other films, she looked beautiful. Soft. Touching. But you didn't feel anything like wit or vitality or even coquetry. Now she makes you know there's a real woman there—with all the faults and charms of womankind. The possibilities for her are all changed now."



COAT BY P. R. L.

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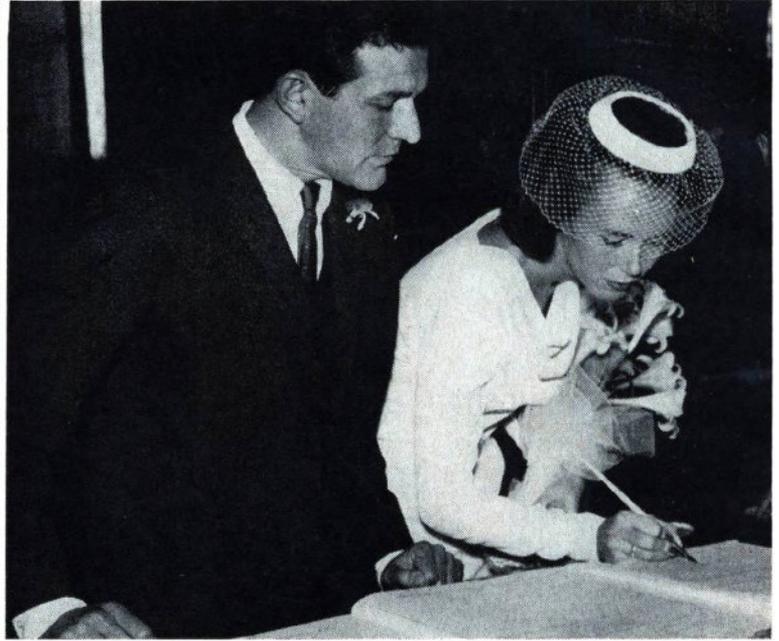
by SHULTON



# Marry the Man Today



"Waiting on gold thrones in the crimson Palazzo Conservatori at City Hall. Who's nervous?! Molto elegante!"



"Nancy Friday, William H. Manville . . . signing on the dotted line made us feel quite permanent already."

The first time we talked about getting married, it was May and we were lying on a beach in Barbados.

Bill said: "I never expected to meet you or that I would want to be married again," and then, "You don't want a big wedding, do you?"

I said: "I'd love you even if that critic hadn't called you the most unmarried writer he'd ever met," and, "We'll get married in our own way."

My way should have been my family's way (isn't that how it goes until we find our own?): in my case, the Traditional Family Wedding. This was doubly so since my only sister had eloped several years back, leaving my mother holding only one balloon over her head when the word *wedding* came up: me, in a long, white, virginal dress. Had I married at twenty-one, it would have been my balloon, too—Howard, fresh out of Harvard Law, and me, fresh out of Wellesley, and we'd be long settled in the House on the Hill. Lucky for Howard and me, we didn't.

Instead, I left home to—what else?—seek my fortune. Isn't that what the traveling, the apartment, the career and the men are all about? Now, after working in New York for six years and being in love as many times, my idea of

how to get married had changed as radically as my idea of *whom* to marry. *Fortune*, the *man*, the *who* and the *how*—all had happily come together in Bill.

He was a writer who liked to move around (weren't we in Barbados?), had been married and divorced, and had lived alone for five years. Was I going to ask him to rent the striped pants and meet four generations of my family in three nervous days while getting married in a style that wasn't his? No more than I'd ask him to take out a mortgage on the House on the Hill.

After all, it was that very style, his way of life that I loved. If his style wasn't traditional, it also wasn't completely and *compulsively* antitraditional: Get in the car one day and drive until you hit a justice of the peace. Nor would he have wanted a city-hall ceremony, that usual dreary alternative.

So what do you do when you've eliminated all the "usuals" and want to make up a way to marry which is personally yours?

When it's a beautiful day in May and you're in Barbados, you order another rum punch and invent your own thing, in your own way, in your own time.

We made The Plan: *Get married in City Hall. City Hall, Rome.*

"OK," you say, "that's fine for you, on the beach with that writer down there in Barbados on your two weeks' vacation. But what about me, marking time until my twenty-one-day vacation on my day-by-day agenda at my nine-to-five-o'clock desk? I'd love a romantic wedding, so would George, but do you know what an accountant makes? Another thing: Italy is Catholic, George is Jewish and I'm Episcopalian. Let's be practical. Anyway, my mother would die if she missed my wedding."

You're a good, sensible girl—but don't let that ruin a good thing. We assure you that you can go ahead and get gaga on the romance of being married in Italy and *still* be practical.

First, there is probably no simpler place in the world to get married than Rome. We did it in a leisurely four days, but we know a couple who met on the *Cristoforo Colombo* en route to Italy who pulled it off in twenty-four hours. (Naturally, they also pulled a few strings.) Next, don't worry about your religion, nationality, divorce, annulment or whatever. As long as you are marriageable in your *own* country, you are marriageable in Italy. (And, yes, an Italian marriage is legal in *all* fifty United States.) As for a Rome

# ...in Rome

BY NANCY FRIDAY MANVILLE

Photos by Elio Cardone



"'Auguri'—best wishes says the darling who's married us. A Barcelona sorcerer made my dress . . . tutto inexpensive."

"How can one girl be so happy? I would have married Bill anywhere but it was especially wonderful that day in Rome."

marriage being expensive, I won't even mention the old joke about the bankrupt Father of the Bride, or what it costs for even a modest hotel reception following a shirt-sleeve ceremony at City Hall. But when you marry *alla Romana*, the wedding is practically a gift from the city of Rome. As for the honeymoon, you are already *there*.

You have a mother. I did too. Invite her. Tell her to treat herself to a trip to romantic Rome to see her romantic daughter's romantic wedding, instead of splurging it all on a dull old reception at the country club (which costs from \$1,000 to \$2,000 for one hundred people at \$10 to \$20 per person). That's the lovely thing about getting married in Rome—the only people there are those who love you enough to *come*. Members of your mother's Thursday Afternoon Club, for instance, will *not* be there.

The sun was shining the day we got married at the Campidoglio, Rome's City Hall. It was 11:30 A.M., October 20th, and the bride wore a simple white crepe sheath (street length). The building was by Michelangelo of Florence, the dress by Pedro Rodriguez of Barcelona. A pretty cosmopolitan wedding, but that was the way we chose to come at it: Rome by way of Spain and

the French Riviera. (We sailed over on the Concordia Line.) You might choose to be more direct: Alitalia nonstop to Rome. Or more brief: a fourteen-day excursion flight.

As soon as Senor Rodriguez himself had placed the last dart on my white crepe, we drove from Barcelona up the Costa Brava and down to Rome. (You should consider having your wedding dress custom made, if not in Spain, say at an haute couture salon in Rome like Patrick de Barentzen; it's a dress you will be beautiful in again and again and it is about one third the United States price. And today most high-fashion designers carry a less expensive, ready-made boutique line; since even a boutique dress is fitted, gratis, to your measurements, you end up with a dress made on—and for—only you. Cost: around one hundred dollars.)

Part of The Plan was to buy an economical European car—maybe a small, white convertible that would take us from our wedding to southern Italy, and that we would take back to New York. That's just what we bought—a Renault Caravelle (\$1,900 purchased in France, and we shipped it home for \$250, including customs charge). Tax-free cars are one of the few great bargains left

in Europe and you might look into one of the United States agencies that specializes in handling everything for you.

We had made reservations in Rome at the Hotel Inghilterra, about three espresso bars away from the foot of the Spanish Steps. If you like a room at the top of the Steps, try the Hotel De La Ville (first class) or the Hassler (deluxe). The Inghilterra is dusty with an old-fashioned birdcage elevator but it enjoys a certain snobbish mystique among writers, nightclub entertainers and connoisseurs of *la vie*, probably more because it's small and hard to get into than because of its comfortable second-class rates (double room with bath, \$10; single room with bath, \$6; ask for the top floor—it's quieter and the rooms have balconies). We stayed there because it is centrally located to the American Embassy and the Campidoglio (City Hall).

No time to unpack. We put on our most serious clothes, comb our hair, take our passports (and Bill's annulment papers from his former marriage), walk up to the Piazza Barberini (stopping at Rugantino's for a bracing shot of Campari soda), turn right up the Via Veneto and enter the gilded gates of Queen Margherita of Savoia's

# Marry the Man Today... in Rome (continued)

Palace, now known as the American Embassy.

Surprise: The formalities at the Embassy are very easy. Only one type-written form. We stand under the American flag and raise our right hands and swear we are serious, and I already feel I am married. Bill admits he is too light-headed to think straight. Five minutes later we are sitting in the sun (naturally) across the street at the Caffè de Paris, toasting one another with bitter-sweet Negronis: Good-bye old life, hello everything.

Next stop, we were told at the Embassy, is the Anagrafe, where all the paper work of Rome, including civil wedding certificates, is registered. It is a five-minute taxi ride, and as we pass that white bit of pre-Fascistic fluff, the Victor Emmanuel monument, the driver laughs, "Ha ha, in Italy we call it 'The Wedding Cake'!"

The Anagrafe is a solid civil office-building filled with floors of emotional Italians trying to get official documents emotionally. We speak no Italian, so we are a big hit, a welcome distraction from the hated officialdom, a chance for the first man we encounter to abandon the tiresome registration of his automobile and to come with us to the second floor where jolly weddings are made possible. In one minute he finds us an interpreter and two people to witness our registration. "*Auguri, auguri!*" he cries in parting: "Best wishes, congratulations!"

It seems all Italy waits here with us, perhaps because Italians go through both a religious *and* a civil ceremony (so can you, if you like), and also because they move around in large numbers—where Mamma goes, so goes the entire family! We have to wait an hour, but it doesn't matter; when we leave we have set the date and the hour for the ceremony—they give us an appointment card to remind us. Indeed! This is our *last* official duty (aside from a thirty-cent registry stamp we will painlessly buy tomorrow) and no one will mention forms or money again. (At the Anagrafe we paid the City of Rome the eight dollars marrying fee. Repeat: No money will change hands again, before or after the civil ceremony.)

We walk down the broad business-like steps of the Anagrafe and into the grass and broken rock of the Teatro Marcello next door. We sit on a Corinthian column and watch the cats.

The Campidoglio is only a boulevard away, so we climb the steps to Michelangelo's perfect piazza and ask a guard where is the marrying room. "In the Palazzo Conservatori," he points. It is

locked, but there on the door, for all the world to see, are the civil marriage banns. Ours will be there tomorrow. We walk down through the ancient Roman Forum, across the piazza where Mussolini used to holler, down the busy corso to Rosati's. It has been a day. But in the Piazza Popolo the sun is doing its usual late afternoon swing over the obelisk. Right now it is focused on the waterfall high up in the cypress trees. Higher still is the Casina Valadier, originally built for L'Aiglon, Napoleon's infant son, the King of Rome. It is now a restaurant.

"I bet their terrace is still sunny at noon," says Bill.

We decide to have our wedding lunch there.

Not too early the next day, we go to the jeweler Buccellati's on the Via Condotti. We aren't here just because it's right around the corner from the hotel. My breath has been clouding the Fifth Avenue window of Buccellati's New York for some years now. We wade through plush rugs, sit in fin de siècle chairs and look at velvet trays of gold rings: simple rings delicately etched, rings with diamonds, rings with amethysts, rings with emeralds. They are so beautiful, Bill buys two for me: "Now you will be doubly married." (A girl doesn't quote the price of her wedding rings, but I can assure you that a Buccellati ring in Rome is a small fraction of what it would be in New York. And what customs officer would be so left-handed as to ask about wedding rings?)

We have one of our now customary celebratory lunches at the Flavia restaurant, made famous by the naughty Burtons during the filming of *Cleopatra*. Over a bottle of Asti Spumante (Italian champagne) Bill puts one of the rings on my finger; "Here's to the day you get the other." Waiter, more Asti Spumante.

Then we drive up to the Hassler Hotel, where I make reservations for my parents, then on to the Casina Valadier to arrange for the wedding feast. These are the details which can make nervous parents nervous wrecks; now, when they arrive, we can *all* enjoy Our Wedding.

The management of the Casina Valadier is used to wedding celebrations: Isn't their nineteenth-century villa, with its colonnaded portico atop the two sweeping staircases, in the most beautiful gardens of Rome? Would we like the traditional Italian wedding cake and *semifreddo* (Italian ice cream)? Of course we would, and we make up a menu to include three of our favorite



"Mother and Dad were our witnesses. . . . We were just the excuse they'd always needed to make a trip to Rome."

Italian dishes (under five courses wouldn't be traditional). There will be twelve of us: my parents, a few Italian friends and some friends from New York who are using us as the excuse to make that postponed trip to Europe. The management will set up a private bar in one of the small tapestried rooms off the terrace: the usual cocktail fare, aperitifs for the Italians (who don't drink seriously) and we would like French champagne (the Italian is all right but it's not French). The management absolutely aches with kindness and suggests it would be cheaper if we bought the champagne ourselves; they will charge us a slight corkage fee. Doesn't that *not* remind you of any restaurant you know? French champagne costs about seven dollars a bottle in Rome; the wedding lunch, complete with wine and service, will be about six dollars a person.

We select a white wine, Soave, for the lunch and then discuss where on the terrace to set the tables. There, in the sun. "*No, signorina!*" cries the maître d', "not in the hot sun; you want the shade." All right then, there: under the grape arbor by the marble balustrade so that we can see all the rooftops of Rome.

Bill is so nervous the morning of our wedding that he washes the car. He finds one of those nonstop spigot fountains up near the Quirinale (the President's Palace) and he takes off the dark gray jacket of his marrying suit. When the fish lady from the neighborhood market has filled her pails, he sponges down our white getaway car. Then he collects my father and takes

him to an espresso bar where they have Stock (brandy) with their coffee.

Mother is with me. She is marvelous. She has been putting off Europe until they built a bridge; Bill and I are it. Now that she is here, she throws coins in *all* the fountains, buys flowers from all the vendors, and when the guitarists play, they sing to her: *They* know.

She has brought me a slip all laced with blue satin ribbon: tradition. Coffee and brioches arrive on an elaborate silver tray from the management, with a card: *Auguri!* Mother repacks my suitcase and asks if I need anything. Flowers arrive from Bill: a corsage for mother and white, long-stemmed lilies for me. The card says, "I can hardly wait to see these. Love, Bill."

Rudi, the hairdresser from Elizabeth Arden's, arrives; he has seen me only once, two days ago, when he did my hair and I told him I was getting married. He has come to comb out my hair—his own idea, even though it is a Sunday morning. The bellboy arrives; the limousine (which my father had ordered) is waiting.

When I look at our wedding photographs I am always amazed by my show of teeth; it must be unlawful to look that happy. The pictures taken that day (there is an official photographer at the Campidoglio who automatically takes dozens of photos of each wedding; you buy only the ones you want) tell the story: There we are entering the handsome sixteenth-century room, the chandeliers above, crimson all around and two uniformed attendants at the door; there's the frock-coated usher seating Bill and me on two gold thrones with my parents and two witnesses (ours were friends who live in Rome, but finding witnesses is not difficult) on either side. And there's the official in his red, white and green sash, a jolly bespectacled Roman who conducts the brief, dignified ceremony. Beside him is the interpreter (in our case a bilingual friend, perhaps in yours an interpreter provided by the city) who translates that the official instructs me to always live in Bill's *stanza* (room) and to help provide for the family, should Bill become ill. Will I? I will. Bill is instructed to love me a lot and take care of me and a few other things. Now the official slips the ring halfway on my finger (the City of Rome doing its part) and Bill puts it on the rest of the way. And then we kiss, right over the famous SPQR (the insignia of Rome: *Senatus Populusque Romanus*—translation: The Senate and the Roman People), and then we shake hands with the official who is now like a member of the family, and then we support mother who is faint, and then

we rush out into the brilliant noonday sunlight bouncing off the bronze rump of Marcus Aurelius' horse and we drink the champagne we have foresightedly placed in buckets of ice in the trunk of the car, and then we all drive off to the Casina Valadier where our table seems to float high over the city, all white linen, crystal and flowers.

There is an overexposed picture of us running down the circular stairway of the Casina Valadier with someone we don't even know throwing long-grained Italian rice, and somehow we did drive the twenty kilometers to the Villa Florio, our honeymoon hotel high in the Alban Hills. It wasn't just the

champagne. It was a very heady day.

So were the two following, when we wandered around the village of Grottaferrata, watching them unload the casks of yellow-green grapes already starting to ferment, eating in near-deserted mountainside restaurants and watching the leaves come down on the terrace outside our hotel room. Three days later, we drove south, down the Autostrada del Sole to Positano, where we renewed our suntans and decided that this was the prettiest village we had seen on any of the Rivas. One day we went even closer to the sun, on a ferryboat south to Capri. And one day we came home. THE END

## TEN EASY STEPS TO GETTING MARRIED IN ROME (And One Hard One)

1. This is the hard one: Find the man. The right one.
2. From here on, it's easy. Get the two of you to Rome on your budget and on your own time. If you don't want to pay your air fare all at once, try "installment transportation." This means you can take up to twenty-four months to pay. Just ask any authorized travel agent how to do it, or else have him do it for you, free. Eleven airlines fly from the United States to Rome, and you can stop over at other European cities without paying a cent extra.
  - (A) 14-21 Day Round-Trip Excursion Flight: \$409.
  - (B) Jet Round Trip:
    - First Class: \$890.60 (year round).
    - Economy Class: \$544.40 off season (from August 4—May 21); \$629.90 in season.
  - (C) Special Charter Flights: (Check with a local ski or recreational club to get you on one of their round-trip flights.) Rates vary from \$200 to \$300 round trip.
  - (D) Passenger Liners:
    - Prices vary from line to line, from ship to ship. Travel time: 8 to 10 days.
    - First Class to Naples: start at \$417 per person one way off season; \$466 in season (May 1—August 7).
    - Cabin Class: start at \$312 off season; start at \$354 in season.
    - Tourist Class: start at \$248 off season; start at \$309 in season.
  - (E) Freighters (they usually book one-way): Price varies according to the line. For instance, Concordia Line to Genoa charges \$320 one way. (This is one of the best freighter lines. The boat has a swimming pool, exceptionally good food, and carries only 12 passengers. Figure on two weeks, maybe more, to get there.)
3. Check in at your Rome hotel, where you have made reservations in advance through a travel agent in the U.S.
  - Deluxe: (Hassler, Excelsior, etc.) double room with bath, \$25.
  - First Class: (Hotel De La Ville, Plaza, etc.) double room with bath, \$15.
  - Second Class: (Inghilterra, Nazionale, etc.) double room with bath, \$10.
4. Go to the American Embassy and tell them you want to get married. Be sure you have passports, plus divorce or annulment papers, if any. They will give you a document saying you are marriageable in Rome; you will give them about \$3.
5. Have a celebratory drink across the Via Veneto at the Caffè de Paris.
6. Hop a cab to the City Records Dept. (Anagrafe). Register with city officials the day and hour you would like to be married at City Hall (Campidoglio). Cost, along with one or two official stamps, about \$8.
7. The wedding dress. Try Patrick de Barentzen, Valentino or Barocco; a short simple thing you will wear again can begin at \$100 and go up to heaven.
8. Buccellati's next. Buy the ring. Maybe a simple gold band for \$30. They have them with rubies, diamonds and emeralds too.
9. Make reservations for honeymoon hotel through American Express, Cook's, or your own hotel in Rome. Historic Villa Florio, for instance, in nearby Grottaferrata has pool, beautiful rooms, terraces. Rates: double room with bath, \$15. Actually, any hotel in Rome could be honeymoon hotel or make a reservation in nearby Positano at the Hotel Miramare (double room with bath, \$15), and plan to take the ferry boat (80¢) to Capri.
10. Set up the wedding feast. Just ask your favorite restaurant to do it for you. By now you will have found one. About \$6 a person—and gala.
11. Now that you've made your bed, lie in it.



*Drawings by Lionel Kalish*

# Instant French

Here's the French they don't teach in school. Some of it's nice, some of it's naughty, but all of it's easy. See for yourself. By Arthur Train Jr.



**O**n appropriate occasions the Frenchman can be as formalistic as a Chinese mandarin. He not only speaks French, he speaks it well. He not only speaks it well, he speaks it perfectly.

But what about occasions which call for informality? What about *le français en bigoudis*, *French in hair curlers*—which we might call “French with its hair down”? Well, as befits a race which makes an art out of almost every activity, the French are artists in the use of colloquial phrases and in the witty, pungent condensations which can be classed as slang.

Colloquialisms are born on the streets. They are also born in the concierge's loge (the super's apartment) in the café concerts where satirical songs are sung, in student hangouts and in dens of vice. They are not taught in the schools.

Although language is in constant flux, and nowhere more than in slang the French have a sixth sense which enables them to keep track, without effort, of what is up

to date, of what is appropriate to a given milieu, to the degree of intimacy of the speakers, to the presence or absence of ladies and/or nonladies. Many colloquialisms are more commonly used at one educational or social level than at another. Young persons use expressions to each other which they wouldn't use to their parents. Parents use expressions to each other which they wouldn't use to their children. (Often the same expression, no doubt.) Students have a lingo of their own. So do the members of *le milieu*—*the criminal class and its fringes*.

These variations give rise to anomalies. An upper bourgeois, mindful of his position, may declare that “No well-educated French person uses coarse or vulgar locutions.” But a marquis, feeling sure of his position, may well utter slang, too crude for these pages, whenever he feels like it.

Outside the uneducated, the dividing line is probably not so much class as age.

Most of the locutions served up here are in fairly common use. But some uncommon ones have been included simply because they are colorful or witty. If a vulgar phrase is funny, it has been included perhaps on that ground alone. As you read this article, you will have occasion to call out to whoever happens to be nearby: “Listen to this! When the French say thus and so, what they really mean is “—.”

So don't spend all your time in the main tent of the linguistic circus, where academicians in gold braid indulge in semantics high above the tanbark. Spend some time at the lowly sideshows, too. You'll be glad. *Le français en bigoudis* is more trenchant and witty than ordinary French because it is full of shortcuts. It is as remarkable for what it leaves out as for what it leaves in. If you want a shortcut to French, why not become familiar with the shortcuts the French themselves have invented? And now to begin.

Here is a way to acquire some thirty words of French in less time than it takes to make a cup of instant coffee. Take any consonant, follow it with a vowel. Repeat. Most of the time this will give you a usable word, even if nicknames, slang, and baby talk have the upper hand:

**B** is for **Ba-ba**: a (literally) *rum cake*, or a *Russian peasant woman*

**Bé-bé**: a *baby*

**Bi-bi**: meaning *me, myself* or a *woman's hat*

**Bo-bo**: a *sore*

**C** is for **Co-co**: a term of endearment, especially for parrots and other birds

**D** is for **Da-da**: a *hobby horse*. Also, a *hobby*. The English say: “ride one's hobby.”

**Dé-dé**: a nickname for *André*



**Di-di:** a nickname for *Frédéric*, *Henri* and other names

**Do-do:** nursery word for *bed*;

**Faire do-do:** *to go to bed*

**F** is for **Fi-fi:** a *girl's name* and the title of an operetta famous in the early years of the century. Also used of the organized resistance fighters in World War II—the **Forces Françaises Indépendantes**

**G** is for **Ga-ga:** slang for *gâteaux*, which means *senile*. The word itself is getting *senile*, i.e.: out-of-date.

**Gi-gi:** *Girl's name* immortalized by Colette.

**Go-go:** a *sucker*; a *dumbbell* who is easily cheated

**À go-go:** *all you want* (of something)

**L** is for **Li-li:** nickname for *Liliane*, *Jacqueline*

**Lo-lo:** nursery word for *milk*

**Lu-lu:** nickname (diminutive) for *Lucienne*. We used to say: She's a *lulu!*

**M** is for **Mi-mi:** a *girl's name*. Also, if you want to say of a man that he's nice or cute, you can say: *qu'il est mimi!*

**Mé-mé:** short for *mémère* which is slang for *grandmother*.

**Mo-mo:** *Il est mo-mo* is a slangy way of saying that *someone is nuts*.

**N** is for **Na-na:** a heroine of Zola's who was no better than she should have been. One can say also of a pretty girl: *c'est une na-na*.

**P** is for **Pa-pa:** the *father* of *bé-bé*

**Pé-pé:** short for *pépère* which is also slang for *grandfather*. Also a nickname for just about anyone.

**Pi-pi:** means what it means in English.

**Po-po:** is the *potty*—both *pi-pi* and *po-po* are perfectly acceptable expressions in French.

**T** is for **Ta-ta:** a *sissy*

**Ti-ti:** a *street urchin* or *ragamuffin*.

**To-to:** classic name for a *little boy* in children's stories

**Y** is for **Yé-yé:** rallying cry for teen-agers.

The habit of duplicating syllables, which originated in the nursery, has been extended to many words, most are onomatopoeic.

**Boui-boui:** (literally) a *shady* (dubious) *nightclub*

**Cache-cache:** *hide-and-peek*

**Can-can:** (slang) *gossip*. Otherwise, the high-kicking dance, originated in the Gay Nineties.

**Coin-coin:** the *quacking of a duck*

**Cou-cou:** the cuckoo's tendency to appropriate the homes of other birds led to the word used for and of a deceived husband: *cocu* (in English: *cuckold*).

**Cri-cri:** a *chirping cricket*

**Crin-crin:** a *fiddle* (*crin:* *horse-hair*)



**NA-NA**

**Dare-dare:** *postehaste*, hence, *helter-skelter*. Probably from the sound of the wheels of the *post chaise*.

**Fla-fla:** *faire du fla-fla*, *to show off*

**Glou-glou:** *gurgle-gurgle*. *Ça fait glou-glou:* (literally) *It makes glou-glou* (as it goes down).

### Pronunciation key

**A** pronounce as *a* in *pa-pa:* *parler*

**À** is longer as in *father:* *hâte*

**E** pronounce as *e* in *serve:* *je*

**Ê** pronounce as *e* in *heir:* *réalité*

**È** and **É** pronounce as *e* in *met* but draw it out: *crème, bête*

**E** final *e* is usually silent at end of a word: *presse, dressage*

**I, IE, Y** pronounce as *e* in *green:* only shorter: *vitamine*

**O** pronounce as *o* in *oblige* without any *u* sound but *drier:* *obéir*

**Ô** is as round as possible as in *home:* *atôme*

**U** round the lips to say *o* but say *ee* instead: *tulipe*

**AU, EAU** pronounce as *o* in *oblige* but without any *u* sound at all: *sauté, gâteau*

**AI** pronounce as *e* in *heir:* *aimer*

**EU, OEU** pronounce as *e* in *serve:* *fleur*

**OU** pronounce as *oo* in *fool:* *amour*

**OI** pronounce as *wa* in *wad:* *au revoir*

**QUE** pronounce as *cu* in *curve:* *que*

**QUI** pronounce as *kee* in *keel:* *qui*

**Sounds that you make in your nose**

**IN, AIN, YN, EIN, IM, AIM, YM:** pronounce all these as *an* in *thanks:*

*impossible, train, faim, syndicat, symphonie, plein.*

**AN, AM, EN, EM, AND, END,**

**ANT, ENT ON & OM:** pronounce as *a* in *wand*. Make this sound very short and very nasal: *danse, lampe, tendre employer, quand, élégant.*

**C** pronounce as *k* before *a, o, u* and consonants, as *s* before *e* or *i:* *café, comédie, cultiver, céleri, cigare.*

**CH** pronounce as *sh* in *sheer:* *chéri*

**G** pronounce as *g* in *get* before *a, o, u:* *garçon*, before *i, or e* pronounce as *s* in *treasure:* *gentille, girafe*

**H** is always silent

**J** pronounce as *s* in *treasure:* *juste*

**S** pronounce as *s* in *sit:* *savoir*. Between two vowels pronounce as *z:*

**cuisine**

**T** pronounce as *t* in *tip*, however, it is pronounced as *s* in *see* in the combinations *tion, tiel, tial, tieux:*

**nation**

**TH** pronounce as *t:* *cathédrale*

**As a general rule, all final consonants are silent:** *bouquet*

**Gnan-gnan:** *lacking in guts, nerve; slack; also, clumsy*

**Frou-frou:** *the rustle of skirts and petticoats*

**Nou-nou:** *a wet nurse; sometimes a nanny*

**Passe-passe (un tour de):** *sleight-of-hand tricks*

**Pousse-pousse:** *a ricksha*

**Ron-ron:** *purr, ronronner: to purr* (What goes on inside a contented cat.)

**Teuf-teuf:** referred at first to a *little train*, like puff-puff or choo-choo. Now used of an *old car*.

**Tam-tam (faire du):** to say something scandalous

**Ton-ton:** an *uncle*

**Tou-tou:** a *dog*

**Zin-zin (être):** *to be crazy*

The locutions given next can be used in answer to just about anything someone may say to you at a social gathering. They've been



## FLA-FLA

divided into categories according to your reaction—or the lack of it—to what the other person has been saying (even though you may not understand *what* he says, you react to how he says it). These remarks never commit you positively, but armed with these you can safely set forth on the sea of French social life.

**You have no opinion whatever about what is being said:**

**Ou . . . i . . . i . . . i:** Pronounce with a rising inflection. Conveys practically nothing except to imply

that you are listening, even if you aren't.

**Ah, bon:** Expresses nothing, as above

**Evidemment:** Although it seems affirmative, it does not really imply, especially when drawled interrogatively, that you agree.

**C'est normal:** Implies that you are slightly in agreement.

**Vraiment:** Used with a rising inflection, may express slight surprise or doubt, or, if the inflection is not marked, may simply show that you take an interest, even if you don't. Stated emphatically, shows indignation.

**The speaker begins to arouse your interest:**

**Tiens, tiens:** This is the best word to know. It can mean absolutely anything, according to the intonation used.

**Allons donc; allons voyons:** This expresses mild disagreement but also shows a desire to be conciliatory.

**Ca, alors:** A moderate amount of surprise or even indignation has by now been aroused, while

**Ca donne à réfléchir** and,

**Vous croyez?** may suggest that the speaker is beginning to get you thoroughly mixed up. Since he's speaking rapid French you may not know exactly what his words mean, but you don't like his attitude.

**The man talking to you has by now succeeded in arousing your enthusiasm:**

**Comme c'est passionnant!**

**C'est merveilleux!**

**C'est extraordinaire!**

**Sensationnel!** (Sensass' or sensa' if you are under thirty.)

In a conversation between Americans the above phrases would indicate marked interest. Between English persons they would probably indicate wild enthusiasm. But in French they are current coin. If your enthusiasm has really been aroused, you can show this by transferring your praise from the topic to the person of your inter-

locutor. Assuming that you are a woman and he is a man, you can say, without sounding unduly flirtatious:

**Vous êtes formidable!** (Formid' if you are under thirty) literally: *you are formidable*. The colloquial meaning corresponds somewhat to our, "You're terrific," but is less familiar and slangy.

**Vous êtes étonnant!** *You're astonishing. You're remarkable.*

**Vous êtes terrible!** (Don't use at all unless you're under thirty.)

Dwell on the r's, but do not roll



**VOUS ÊTES FORMID'**

them. *You're terrible, terrifying.* You're terrific—this should only be used when being very familiar and slangy.

If you think you do not agree with him, use:

**C'est vraiment votre avis?** (hypocritically interrogative) *Is that really your opinion?*

**Peut-être, peut-être bien:** in a listless drawl; to express disagreement would require too much effort. It means *maybe* or (*it*) *may well be*.

**Enfin:** This is said with a disillusioned and world-weary air. (Remember that this is a social occasion, and violent disagreement would be *mal vu*: *ill-bred*.) As used here, it has somewhat the meaning of *come, now*. . .!

**Oh! là! là!** A skeptical connotation. This can mean *you exaggerate*.

**You not only disagree with him, or think you would if you were sure of what he was saying, but**

**dislike him and everything about him:**

In this case, stop feeding him any more stopgap phrases, which, only whet his appetite for words. Turn to the person on the other side of you, and say (thereby putting your original interlocutor in his place):

**Là, pour le coup, je suis entièrement d'accord: I quite agree with you.**

**Très juste: Very right, very fair, or quite right.**

**C'est tout à fait ça: It is absolutely that. That's exactly right.**

**Absolument: Absolutely right!**

**You disagree with his opinions, as far as you can figure them out, but feel no antagonism toward him as a person:**

In this case you can say what the French so often used to end by saying, (accompanied, since you are not French, by a disarming wink): **Évidemment, tout ça c'est la faute du gouvernement! Obviously all that is the fault of the government.**

Words used by people to denote and accompany physical action are entirely different in various parts of the world. Here are some French ones you can utter at the appropriate time:

**Bing!** to go with a blow.



**CRIC-CRAC**

**Boum!** or **boum badaboum!** when a child falls down.

**Cric!** and **crac!** and **cric-crac!** express the noise made when some-



**PLOUC!**

thing hard and dry is torn apart or breaks. **Crac** also means *all of a sudden*.

**Flic** means *crack!* and **flac** means *bang! slap! crack! plop!*

**Flic-flac!** is used when blows are delivered to both cheeks, or for several cracks of a whip.

**Floc!** means *boom!* as when something falls down heavily.

**Ouf!** means *phew!* usually indicating relief.

**Paf!** goes with a blow.

**Pif-paf!** usually for blows on both cheeks.

**Pan!** goes with a blow.

**Patapouf!** *flop!* also, a *big, fat man*.

**Patatras!** crash (When a body [of a patapouf?] falls, making lots of noise.)

**Plouc!** when something small (a pebble) falls into the water.

**Plouf!** when something fairly large (a life preserver) falls into the water.

**Pouf!** *phew!* indicating relief, like *ouf*, but less common.

**Toc!** or *toc-toc!* Meaning: *rap, tap*. Also used of fake jewelry.

**C'est du toc:** *it's phony*.

**Top!** *Now!* Used as a time signal.

**Top-la!** *Shake hands on it!* Used as a strong sign of agreement.

**V'lan!** *Rap! Slap! Bang! Whack!* Often when something is thrown.

Probably based on *voilà!*

The French language is rich in

insults, both proper and improper. Translations can only be approximate; the literal translation is sometimes omitted here. When the word becomes familiar, you can supply your own translation. You can also intensify all the epithets in this and the two following lists by preceding them with *espèce de . . . , kind of (a) . . . or type of (a) . . .* Example: *espèce de crétin*. When *espèce de . . .* is used with a very strong insult, it merely emphasizes the disdain of the speaker for the insultee.

**Abruti!** (literally) *sot; brute*

**Andouille!** a *chitterling* (long sausages of pigs' intestines stuffed with meat), *idiot*

**Assassin!** less strong than in English

**Ballot!** *fat-head*

**Blouson noir!** *black jacket*. As an insult it is roughly equivalent to calling someone a juvenile delinquent.



**TOC-TOC**

**Canaille!** *rabble, riffraff;* hence, *scoundrel*

**Chameau!** *camel, stinker, cad*

**Cochon!** *pig, dirty pig, swine!*

**Crétin!** *cretin, half-wit;* originally a (regional) term of pity for a Christian.

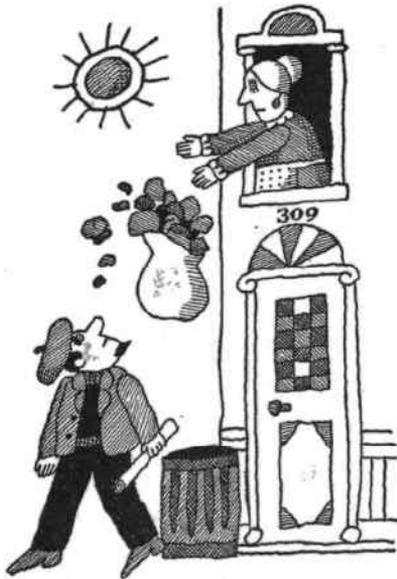
**Goujat!** *scoundrel*. Related to Yiddish *goy* from Hebrew *goya*—a Christian servant.

**Idiot!** less strong than in English

**Imbécile!** less strong than in English

**Muffe!** *cad*

**Pauvre type!** *poor guy!* But insulting when addressed directly to



## ORDURE

the subject.

**Voyou!** (more or less) *guttersnipe, from voie, street*

**If he's made you so angry that you're willing to risk an impropriety, try these:**

**Charogne!** (literally) *carrion!*

**Fumier!** *manure!*

**Ordure!** *garbage!*

**Raclure!** *scrapings, refuse!*

**Salaud!** *dirty one, stinker!* This expression and the next two are based on the French word *sale* (*dirty*).

**Saligaud!** *attenuation of salaud*

**Salopard!** *stinker!* masculine of *salope, slattern*

**Insults to females: proper and improper. These are comparatively inoffensive:**

**Chipie!** (literally) *shrew, sourpuss*

**Coquine!** *hussy*—mild, usually addressed to a little girl

**Gourde!** *a gourd, empty-headed, a fool*

**Harpie!** *harpy, shrew*

**Pécore!** *creature, animal, goose*

**These are insupportable and are used in extreme cases only:**

**Charogne!** *carrion, wench!*

**Fille de rien!** *girl of nothing, a worthless girl, a trollop*

**Fille des rues** is a *girl of the streets, a streetwalker*. **Trainée:** (literally) *dragged, one who has*

been dragged (*who drags herself through the streets*).

**Peau de vache!** *cow's skin, (really no English equivalent); can be used about men too.*

**Pute, putain!** *prostitute*

**Salope!** *dirty one, (from sale), slattern*

**Garce!** Originally simply the feminine of *garçon*, it became highly uncomplimentary and is now roughly the equivalent of *tart, trollop*.

## Insult Stoppers

If you clash with another driver in those crowded Paris streets and start using invectives from the preceding lists, the following are useful to end the verbal jousting.

**Va donc, eh, chauffard!** (literally) *So get going, eh; roadhog; and: Va donc, eh, chauffeur du dimanche!* *So get going, Sunday driver.* A Sunday driver is as ill-considered in France as a *peintre du dimanche, Sunday painter*.

**Tu peux toujours courir!** *You can always run (for it).* Rather like our *go chase yourself*.

**Je ne t'ai pas demandé si ta grand'mère fait du vélo:** *I didn't ask you whether your grandmother rides a bike. I didn't ask you anything. Mind your own business.*

**Et ta soeur!** *And your sister!* (i.e. The adversary's insult applies to her also.) We would say: *So's your old man!*

A number of catch-all words meaning *guys, fellows, characters*, are given below. All are intensified if preceded by 'un drôle de' (*a funny kind of. . .*)

**Bougre:** (literally) *character, guy*, (comes from the word for Bulgarian); also used as a swear word. Intensified: *un drôle de bougre, or sale (dirty) bougre!*

**Gars:** a *lad, a fellow, a guy*, related to *garçon*.

**Un petit gars:** *a little fellow, an urchin.* In *gars* both the *r* and the *s* are silent.

**Loustic:** *oddball*, usually with a nuance of waggishness. When mercenaries in the Swiss Army were

homesick, a buffoon was called in to cheer them up. From the German *lustig, (gay)*.

**Zig, zigue, zigoto, zigomar:** *companion, character, guy; c'est un bon zigue.* *Zigue* was originally a mispronunciation of *gigot* which in early days meant, in addition to a *leg of mutton, a musical instrument and a playful (wanton) girl.* And is no doubt related to the musical forms *zigue* and *jig*.

**Zouave:** (literally a *zouave*, member of a colonial Algerian infantry corps with a distinctive costume, named from a Kabyl tribe, the "zawia." A *fool*.

**Faire le zouave:** (literally) *to make (act) the zouave*, means to act clever, to play the fool.



## LOUSTIC

**In this next list of words about women, the terms often have a specific connotation:**

**Une aguicheuse, une allumeuse:** *a seductive, tantalizing exciting woman, a teaser, a woman who leads one on*

**Un bas bleu;** *a blue stocking*

**Une bêcheuse:** *One who digs the soil; a very conceited woman*

**Un cordon bleu:** *a blue ribbon, a winner*

**Une gonzesse:** *a brat, a young woman; an alert, clever, knowing woman (very slangy)*

**Une mijaurée:** *An affected woman.* From the word meaning to cook over a slow flame.

**Une morue, la morue:** *a prostitute*

**Être une fine mouche:** *to be clever, alert, knowing*

**Une pécore:** *a creature, an ani-*

*mal*, a goose, (originally *sheep*)  
**Une pépée, une poupée:** a doll,  
a (slick) chick

**Une pétroleuse:** An incendiary  
(female) who uses paraffin, as was  
done in 1871 during the Commune.  
A teaser, a woman who leads one  
on.

**Une pimêche:** a woman, a shrew,  
a priggish woman; related to *pin-*  
*cer le bec*—to pinch the beak

Most of the terms of endearment  
following are more likely to be  
used with women than with men.  
The baby-talk redundancies have  
been translated as *little*, i.e. *bi-*  
*biche* as *little doe*, *pupuce* as *little*  
*flea*

**Ma biche, ma bibiche, ma bich-**  
**ette, mon bichon:** my dear little  
*doe*

**Ma biquette:** my little kid

**Vieille branche:** old branch (of a  
tree), an affectionate put-down

**Mon canard:** my duck

**Mon petit caneton:** my little duck-  
ling

**Mon chou:** my cabbage (but de-  
rives, no doubt, from *chou à la*  
*crème*: a cabbage of cream, or a  
cream bun)

**Ma cocotte:** my hen. It is also, of  
course, the old-fashioned term for  
prostitute—less insulting than  
*poule*

**Ma doucette:** my little sweet one

**Mon gros:** my big one

**Mon lapin:** my rabbit

**Mon loulou, ma louloute:** de-  
rived from 'loup,' (wolf), first ap-  
plied to a small dog, then a woman

**Ma moumoute:** my kitty, my  
*pussycat*



**MON LOULOU**

**Mon petit oiseau:** my little bird

**Mon petit, ma petite:** my little  
one

**Ma puce, ma pupuce:** my flea, my  
little flea

**Mon gros (petit) rat:** my big  
(little) rat

**Mon vieux, ma vieille:** my old  
one; 'ma vieille' is not exactly flat-  
tering when used of a woman.

The examples given below have  
no special connotations. They are  
simply exclamations and can be  
used unless marked otherwise.

**Bon Dieu!** (literally) *good*  
*Lord!* which may be stretched out  
into *bon Dieu de bois*: *good Lord*  
*of wood!* and *bon Dieu de bon-*  
*soir!* *good Lord of good evening!*  
The last two also stand simply for  
*good Lord!*

**Bon sang!** *good blood!* which  
can also be stretched out into *bon*  
*sang de bois*: *good blood of wood!*  
and *bon sang de bonsoir!* *good*  
*blood of good evening!*—all refer  
to God's blood (old-time English:  
'od's blood!).

**Mon Dieu!** *my God!* has been  
used so much it is now no more of  
a swearword and no stronger than,  
say, *Heavens!*

**Sacredieu!** *holy God!* **Sacré**  
**nom de nom!** *holy name of a*  
*name!* is a euphemism for holy  
name of God! **Sapristi!** and **saper-**  
**lipopette** are also based on *sacré*  
and mean *good Lord!* but they are  
quite mild and have an ancient  
flavor.

#### **Blue as a Color: Blue in Oaths**

**Sacrebleu!** *holy blue!* Since  
*bleu* is a euphemism for God, it is  
used in a number of oaths. **Par-**  
**bleu!** *by blue!* (by God!), and  
**sacrebleu!** are not too old-fash-  
ioned, but such oaths as **ventre-**  
**bleu!** **palsambleu!** and **morbleu!**  
are.

**Bleu:** (literally) *blue*, means  
"really rare" in answer to such  
a question as: "How would you  
like your steak?"

**Un bleu, des bleus:** a blue  
(thing), some blue (things), a  
rookie in the army (who wears



**BON SANG!**

blue); also, mainly in the plural:  
*overalls, dungarees, Levis. Avoir*  
*un bleu, des bleus:* to have a blue,  
*blues;* to have a bruise, bruises.

**Un bas-bleu:** a bluestocking.  
An English author and conversa-  
tionalist who habitually wore blue  
stockings frequented a certain En-  
glish salon. The name was first at-  
tached to men and women who at-  
tended this salon, then to high-  
brow women in general. Note that  
**un bas-bleu**, (masculine) refers  
to a woman.

**Un conte bleu:** a blue story; a  
fairy tale or a tale in which there  
is little or nothing unpleasant. Re-  
member the volumes of the biblio-  
thèque rose and the bibliothèque  
bleue?

**Un cordon bleu:** a blue ribbon,  
a master chef. The blue ribbon was  
the insignia of l'Ordre du Saint-  
Esprit (Holy Ghost), which com-  
prised the king and the highest  
peers. Later it was used to describe  
a past master at anything, but espe-  
cially cooking.

**Avoir une peur bleue:** to have  
a blue fear, to be in a blue funk,  
to be scared pink

And there you have it! Dupli-  
cate syllables and words .. give  
you an instant vocabulary, spar-  
kling conversational rejoinders, ac-  
tion words to release your tensions,  
terms of disdain and terms of af-  
fection—everything you need to  
know to communicate something  
in French. **Bê-hé, tu es formid!**

THE END

# THE DELIBERATE MISS

*Everything that deceives may be said to enchant.*—PLATO

■ To illustrate a point, I must be a little autobiographical. Once there was a very special man whom I dated for almost a year. We had all kinds of things in common including an appreciation of food and a love of cooking. He had many perfect meals at my apartment; he was beginning to walk around absentmindedly humming strains of Lohengrin. My ears perked up considerably and I decided to pull out all the stops and invite him to a really gorgeous dinner with just the right amount of candlelight and music, and the kind of food he couldn't resist.

On the day of the dinner (a Saturday), I shopped for food and flowers, a couple of serving pieces I needed and exactly the right wine. I planned to have some of the coarse *pâté en terrine* that I knew he loved and purchased it from a small French charcuterie. I thought I'd follow this with his favorite soup, a petite marmite, and then go on to sautéed stuffed veal birds served with risotto and a crisp, raw zucchini salad. For dessert I bought some of the fresh goat cheese we both liked—a huge cube that I dipped in white wine and then coated with rosemary, to be eaten with pears and the rest of our wine.

That, at least, was the plan but it wasn't my day. I was about to serve the *pâté* when I tasted it and found it was wildly salty—so much so it was impossible to eat. I announced the fact, he tasted it, agreed, and we both decided to skip it, figuring there'd be enough to eat without it. I wanted to serve the soup in an old Limoges tureen which I had inherited from my mother, but as I poured the broth into it I heard a crack as sharp as pistol fire. By the time I found out what it was, the soup was running all over the counter, and as I lifted the tureen to save the remaining soup, the whole thing came apart in my hands, thereby ending the second course. Still, my guest, a man who really cared about his food, remained amiable. But as I was changing into dry clothes the untended meat burned black as charcoal.

Dinner, in short, was ruined; in about twenty minutes the whole day's work had been wiped out. There was the risotto and the zucchini but that was hardly enough, and besides, the rice was beginning to get mushy and the squash was going limp. I was embarrassed beyond recall, and by this time my starved dinner guest had stopped humming the "Wedding March" and was switching instead to "Good Night, Ladies, We're Going to Leave You Now."

But I had not underestimated this man. He

said we could go out to dinner, but the table looked so nice, the fire was going well in the fireplace, and it was cold and rainy outside. He suggested, since I was so overwrought, I sit down, have one more sherry, and he would fix dinner on condition that I stay out of the kitchen until he was through. There was rummaging through the grocery closet; the refrigerator door slammed a few times; I heard some chopping and, finally, the rattle of pots and pans. Then came the sounds of sizzling and bubbling, and in about twenty-five minutes he announced dinner. Out he came, this darling man, with a tray holding two huge soup bowls full of steaming, fragrant, thin spaghetti, over which he had poured an exquisitely aromatic sauce of nut-brown garlic and golden oil, flecked with freshly chopped parsley and lightly sprinkled with crushed hot peppers. He set down one bowl at each place, apologizing for the simplicity of the food, and poured glasses of cool white wine. The sauce (*aglio-olio*), and the spaghetti done perfectly *al dente* were just satisfying and soothing enough for my distraught state. We wound up with cheese and pears and more wine—I still can't remember how the dishes got done.

Funny thing was, this man, so swept away by his own ability, proposed that very night out of sheer self-satisfaction. I accepted and he still prepares *aglio-olio* for me and kids about my fall from culinary grace.

The story, though extreme, illustrates the point of this chapter, and though my miss was not deliberate, there are times when such a tactic may be in order. I'm the last one to believe a man prefers a Dumb Dora, but the vision of a knight-errant on a white charger is almost always with him, and we have to arrange for him to be a hero once in a while. Naturally, before going off on this plan, you must be sure the man can cook. If you are, then just once, after having served him a couple of wonderful meals, goof—and let him save the day. You needn't go so far as I did; you want him to think you're charmingly scatterbrained, but you don't want him to think you're a thoroughgoing incompetent and given to messes. How men hate messes!

There are a few small errors you can make which any man who cooks should be able to rectify. Take *hollandaise* sauce for instance: Nothing curdles more easily, and nothing is easier to fix with a tablespoon of boiling water and a bit of stirring; or a too thin gravy can be thickened, with a little flour dissolved in water. You want to flambé a dish with brandy? It's a common error to pour unheated brandy into a pan, set a match to it and then

wonder why nothing happens. Of course, the brandy has to be heated first, but how could a mere girl know that? It takes a man to save the *crêpes*. Perhaps he knows how to correct salty soups (by adding a raw potato to the pot); or ask him to plunge the live lobsters into the boiling water. He can open the wine without splitting the cork, fix the spring on your poultry shears—but do not ask him to carve the roast. That's a traditional job for the head of the family, and he isn't there to play house.

Remember that he is to be called only in a dire emergency, even though it's one you invented yourself. And be sure you know how to correct any of your artificial errors, for if he does not, dinner may be ruined.

A man who cooks is bound to talk about his specialties. When you know which of his dishes is his particular pride, ask him to teach you how to prepare it; or better, cook it for him, and let it turn out not quite so good as his version so he can show you how. Men love to show women how.

## THE MENU THAT FAILED

*Pâté en terrine* (purchased from a French charcuterie)

*Petite marmite*

*Sautéed stuffed veal birds*

*Risotto Piemontese*

*Raw zucchini salad*

*Goat cheese and pears*

*Wine: Soave Bolla or Bertani*

or

*Emergency aglio-olio* (garlic and oil)

## PETITE MARMITE

(As it's impossible to make only two bowls of this glorious soup, you'll have it around for a while. It definitely improves with age and you'll have an excellent stock for eating or cooking. Refrigerate the extra broth, and every five days or so bring it to a boil, let it simmer for ten minutes and cool it again. The meat can be eaten cold the next day: in a salad or sliced, with mustard sauce.)

Put 1½ pounds of rump beef or flanken, a small veal bone and a couple of beef bones in a 3-quart soup kettle with 2½ quarts of water. Add a level teaspoonful of salt and 2 peppercorns. Let the water come to a boil and then simmer for 1 hour. Skim the scum from the surface as it collects. After an hour add 2 small whole peeled carrots, half a small white turnip, 1 leek, 1 stalk of celery with leaves, and a small onion studded with 2 whole cloves. Add a pinch of thyme and a small bay leaf and cook slowly for another 45 minutes to 1 hour.

(continued on page 127)

**"Kahlúa Sour."**

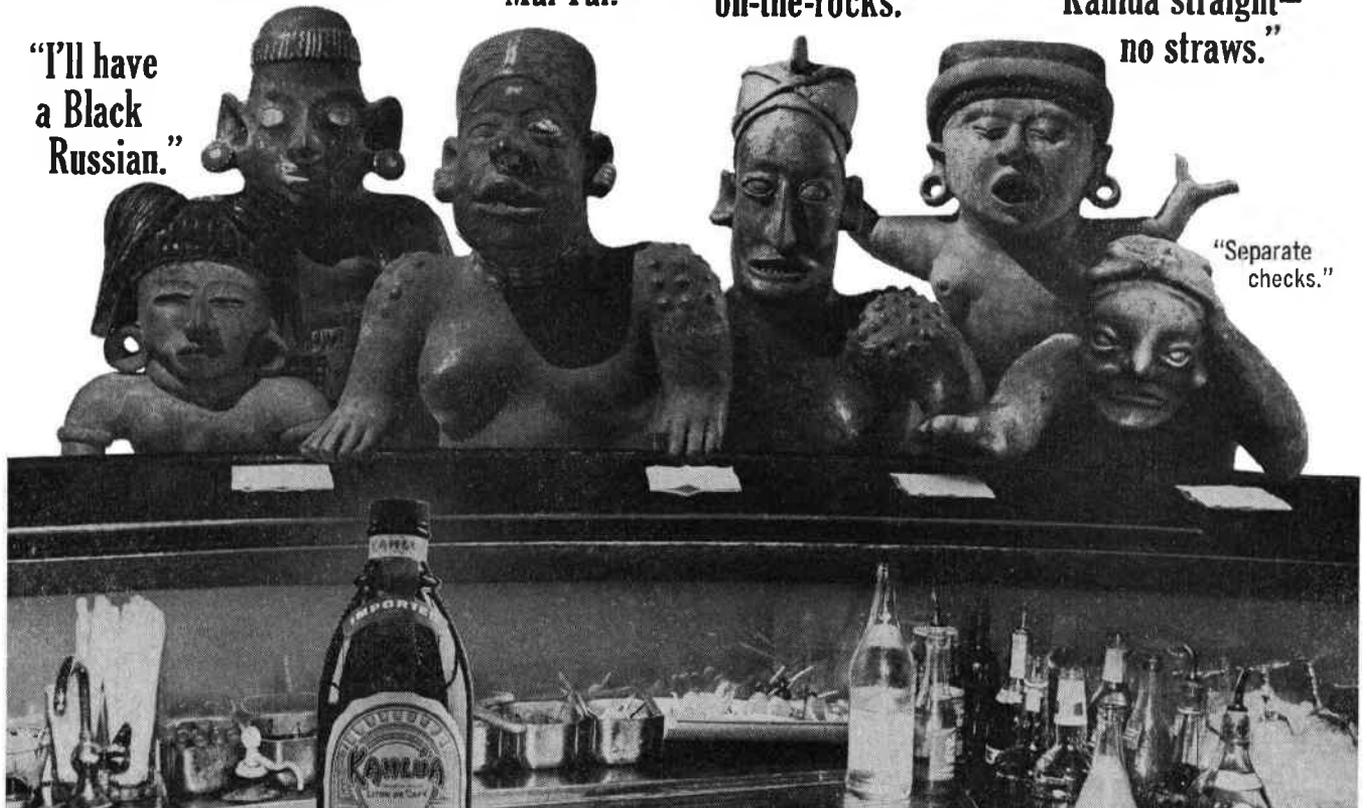
**"Kahlúa  
Mai Tai."**

**"Kahlúa  
on-the-rocks."**

**"Kahlúa straight—  
no straws."**

**"I'll have  
a Black  
Russian."**

**"Separate  
checks."**



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ILLUSTRATED BY  
Peter Peak



Swaddling  
Clothes

By Yukio  
Mishima

FICTION

He was always busy, Toshiko's husband. Even tonight he had to dash off to an appointment, leaving her to go home alone by taxi. But what else could a woman expect when she was married to an actor—an attractive one? No doubt she had been foolish to hope that he would spend the evening with her. And yet he must have known how she dreaded going back to their house, unhomey with its Western-style furniture and with the bloodstains still showing on the floor.

Toshiko had been oversensitive since girlhood: That was her nature. As the result of constant worrying she never put on weight, and now, an adult woman, she looked more like a transparent picture than a creature of flesh and blood. Her delicacy of spirit was evident to her most casual acquaintance.

Earlier that evening, when she had joined her husband at a nightclub, she had been shocked to find him entertaining friends with an account of "the incident." Sitting there in his American-style suit, puffing at a cigarette, he had seemed to her almost a stranger.

"It's a fantastic story," he was saying, gesturing flamboyantly as if in an attempt to outweigh the attractions of the dance band. "Here this

new nurse for our baby arrives from the employment agency, and the very first thing I notice about her is her stomach. It's enormous—as if she had a pillow stuck under her kimono! No wonder, I thought, for I soon saw that she could eat more than the rest of us put together. She polished off the contents of our rice bin, like that. . . ." He snapped his fingers. "'Gastric dilation'—that's how she explained her girth and her appetite. Well, the day before yesterday we heard groans and moans coming from the nursery. We rushed in and found her squatting on the floor, holding her stomach in her two hands, and moaning like a cow. Next to her our baby lay in his cot, scared out of his wits and crying at the top of his lungs. A pretty scene, I can tell you!"

"So the cat was out of the bag?" suggested one of their friends, a film actor like Toshiko's husband.

"Indeed it was! And it gave me the shock of my life. You see, I'd completely swallowed that story about 'gastric dilation.' Well, I didn't waste any time. I rescued our good rug from the floor and spread a blanket for her to lie on. The whole time the girl was yelling like a stuck pig. By the time the doctor from the maternity clinic arrived, the baby was born. But our sitting room was a pretty shambles!"

Swaddling Clothes by Yukio Mishima, translated by Ivan Morris. Copyright © 1966 by New Directions Publishing Corporation.

# 産着

(continued)

"Oh, that I'm sure of!" said another of their friends, and the whole company burst into laughter.

Toshiko was dumbfounded to hear her husband discussing the whole horrifying happening as though it were no more than an amusing incident which they chanced to have witnessed. She shut her eyes for a moment and all at once she saw the newborn baby lying before her: On the parquet floor the infant lay, and his frail body was wrapped in blood-stained newspapers.

Toshiko was sure that the doctor had done the whole thing out of spite. As if to emphasize his scorn for this mother who had given birth to a bastard under such sordid conditions, he had told his assistant to wrap the baby in loose newspapers, rather than proper swaddling.

This callous treatment of the newborn child had offended Toshiko. Overcoming her disgust at the entire scene, she had fetched a brand-new piece of flannel from her cupboard and, having swaddled the baby in it, had laid him carefully in an armchair.

This had taken place in the evening after her husband left the house. Toshiko had told him nothing of it, fearing that he would think her over-soft, oversentimental; yet the scene had engraved itself deeply in her mind. Tonight she sat silently thinking back on it, while the jazz orchestra brayed and her husband chatted cheerfully with his friends. She knew that she would never forget the sight of the baby, wrapped in stained newspapers and lying on the floor—it was a scene fit for a butcher shop. Toshiko, whose own life had been spent in solid comfort, felt the wretchedness of the illegitimate baby.

I am the only person to have witnessed its shame, the thought occurred to her. The mother never saw her child lying there in its newspaper wrappings, and the baby itself of course didn't know. I alone shall have to preserve that terrible scene in my memory. When the baby grows up and wants to find out about his birth, there will be no one to tell him, so long as I preserve silence. How strange that I should have this feeling of guilt! After all, it was I who took him up from the floor, swathed him properly in flannel, and laid him down to sleep in the armchair.

They left the nightclub and Toshiko stepped into the taxi that her husband had called for her. "Take this lady to

Ushigome," he told the driver and shut the door from the outside. Toshiko gazed through the window at her husband's smiling face and noticed his strong, white teeth. Then she leaned back in the seat, oppressed by the knowledge that their life together was in some way too easy, too painless. It would have been difficult for her to put her thoughts into words. Through the rear window of the taxi she took a last look at her husband. He was striding along the street toward his Nash car, and soon the back of his rather garish tweed coat had blended with the figures of the passers-by.

The taxi drove off, passed down a street dotted with bars and then by a theater in front of which the throngs of people jostled each other on the pavement. Although the performance had only just ended, the lights had already been turned out and in the half dark outside it was depressingly obvious that the cherry blossoms decorating the front of the theater were merely scraps of white paper.

Even if that baby should grow up in ignorance of the secret of his birth, he can never become a respectable citizen, reflected Toshiko, pursuing the same train of thoughts. Those soiled newspaper swaddling clothes will be the symbol of his entire life. But why should I keep worrying about him so much? Is it because I feel uneasy about the future of my own child? Say twenty years from now, when our boy will have grown up into a fine, carefully educated young man, one day by a quirk of fate he meets that other boy, who then will also have turned twenty. And say that the other boy, who has been sinned against, savagely stabs him with a knife. . . .

It was a warm, overcast April night, but thoughts of the future made Toshiko feel cold and miserable. She shivered on the back seat of the car.

No, when the time comes I shall take my son's place, she told herself suddenly. Twenty years from now I shall be forty-three. I shall go to that young man and tell him straight out about everything—about his newspaper swaddling clothes, and about how I went and wrapped him in flannel.

Her taxi ran along the dark wide road that was bordered by the park and by the Imperial Palace moat. In the distance Toshiko noticed the pinpricks of light which came from the blocks of tall office buildings.

Twenty years from now that wretched child will be in utter misery. He will be living a desolate, hopeless, poverty-stricken existence—a lonely rat. What else could happen to a baby who has

had such a birth? He'll be wandering through the streets by himself, cursing his father, loathing his mother.

No doubt Toshiko derived a certain satisfaction from her somber thoughts: She tortured herself with them without cease.

The taxi approached Hanzomon and drove past the compound of the British Embassy. At that point the famous rows of cherry trees were spread out before Toshiko in all of their purity. On the spur of the moment she decided to get out of the taxi and view the blossoms by herself in the dark night. It was a strange decision for a timid and unadventurous young woman, but then she was in a strange state of mind and she dreaded the return home. That evening all sorts of unsettling fancies had burst open in her mind.

She crossed the street—a solitary figure in the darkness. As a rule when she walked in the traffic Toshiko used to cling fearfully to her companion—tonight she darted alone between the cars and a moment later had reached the long narrow park that borders the Palace moat. Chidorigafuchi, it is called—the Abyss of the Thousand Birds.

Tonight the whole park had become a grove of blossoming cherry trees. Under the calm cloudy sky the blossoms formed a mass, a solid whiteness. The paper lanterns that hung from wires between the trees had been put out; in their place electric light bulbs, red, yellow and green, shone dully beneath the blossoms. It was well past ten o'clock and most of the flower viewers had gone home. As occasional passers-by strolled through the park, they would automatically kick aside the empty bottles or crush the wastepaper beneath their feet.

Newspapers, thought Toshiko, her mind going back once again to those happenings. Bloodstained newspapers. If a man were ever to hear of that piteous birth and know that it was he who had lain there, it would ruin his entire life. To think that I, a perfect stranger, should from now on have to keep such a secret—the secret of a man's whole existence. . . .

Lost in these thoughts Toshiko walked on through the park. Most of the people still remaining there were quiet couples; no one paid her any attention. She noticed two people sitting on a stone bench beside the moat, not looking at the blossoms, but gazing silently at the water. Pitch black it was, and swathed in heavy shadows. Beyond the moat the somber forest of the Imperial Palace blocked her view. The trees reached up, to form a solid dark mass against the night sky. Toshiko walked slowly along the path

# Why wake up with smudge pot eyes?

beneath the blossoms hanging heavily overhead.

On a stone bench, slightly apart from the others, she noticed a pale object—not, as she had at first imagined, a pile of cherry blossoms, nor a garment forgotten by one of the visitors to the park. Only when she came close did she see that it was a human form lying on the bench. Was it, she wondered, one of those miserable drunks often to be seen sleeping in public places? Obviously not, for the body had been systematically covered with newspapers, and it was the whiteness of those papers that had attracted Toshiko's attention. Standing by the bench, she gazed down at the sleeping figure.

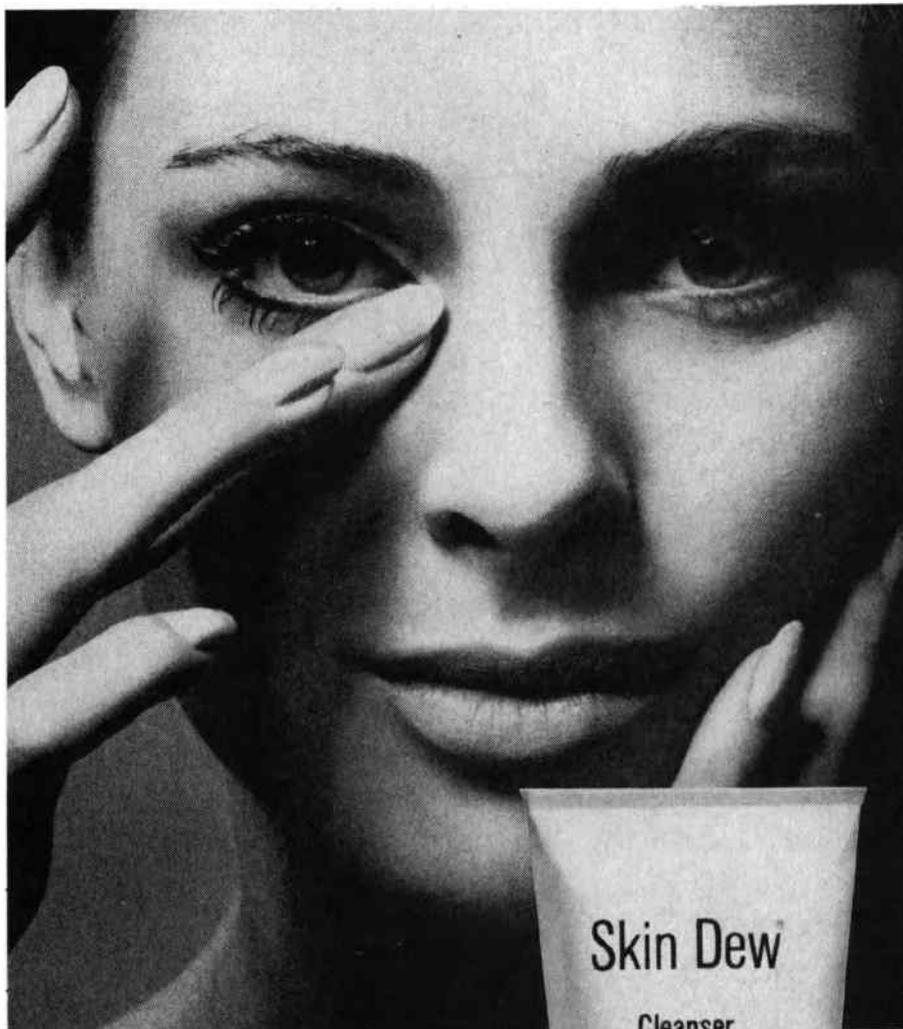
It was a man in a brown jersey who lay there, curled up on layers of newspapers, other newspapers covering him. No doubt this had become his normal night residence now that spring had arrived. Toshiko gazed down at the man's dirty, unkempt hair, which in places had become hopelessly matted. As she observed the sleeping figure wrapped in its newspapers, she was inevitably reminded of the baby who had lain on the floor in its wretched swaddling clothes. The shoulder of the man's jacket rose and fell in the darkness in time with his heavy breathing.

It seemed to Toshiko that all her fears and premonitions had suddenly taken concrete form. In the darkness the man's pale forehead stood out, and it was a young forehead, though carved with the wrinkles of long poverty and hardship. His khaki trousers had been slightly pulled up; on his sockless feet he wore a pair of battered gym shoes. She could not see his face and suddenly had an overmastering desire to get one glimpse of it.

She walked to the head of the bench and looked down. The man's head was half buried in his arms, but Toshiko could see that he was surprisingly young. She noticed the thick eyebrows and the fine bridge of his nose. His slightly open mouth was alive with youth.

But Toshiko had approached too close. In the silent night the newspaper bedding rustled, and abruptly the man opened his eyes. Seeing the young woman standing directly beside him, he raised himself with a jerk, and his eyes lighted up. A second later a powerful hand reached out and seized Toshiko by her slender wrist.

She did not feel in the least afraid and made no effort to free herself. In a flash the thought had struck her. Ah, so the twenty years have already gone by! The forest of the Imperial Palace was pitch dark and utterly silent. THE END



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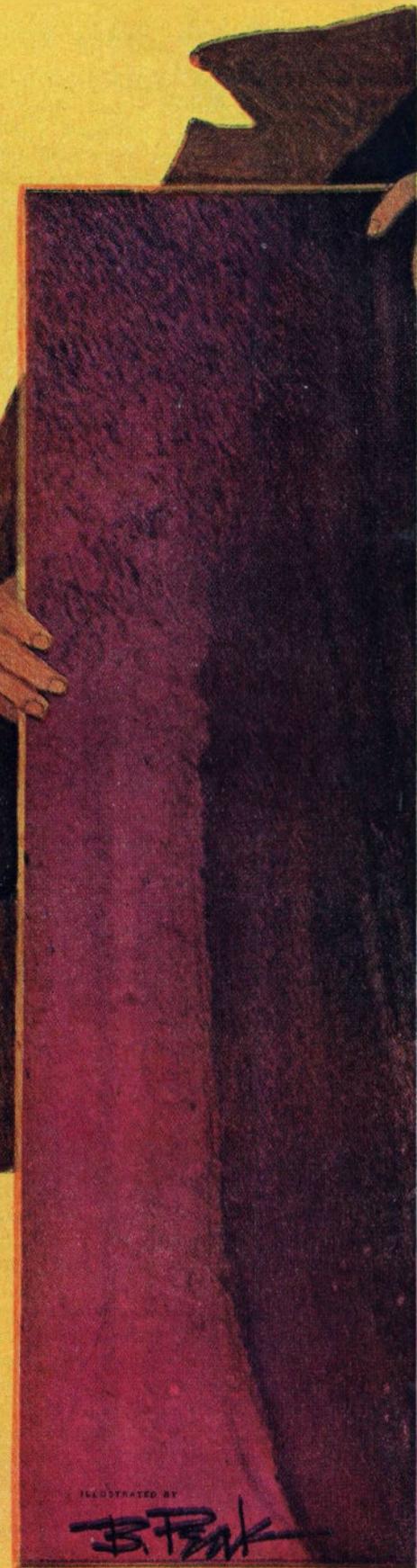
# Zalman's Galatea

● Zalman noticed her legs first—partly because he was what is vulgarly known as a legs man, and partly because they were the first bit of her that he saw, coming down the stairs into the basement cafeteria where he was having his lunch. They were not far from being the loveliest pair of legs he had ever seen on a woman, and he was a man who knew.

His eyes moved upward as she descended. Her figure was also something quite out of the ordinary, what could be discerned of it through a highly unbecoming flannel dress and over-size trench coat, both in shades of mud. By the time he got around to her face, she had turned away and was choosing her food at the counter; but she had softly curling hair of a really extraordinary shade of reddish brown, screwed up carelessly at the back of her neck.

Zalman felt outraged. What a little sloven! How could a woman like that, with such natural assets, bury herself in such awful clothes and twist up her hair in that dreary way? Her shoes, too, he noticed, bordered

*He wanted to play Pygmalion,  
change her, transform her. . .  
But even he couldn't have  
predicted the results.*





on the criminal—brogues almost; the seams of her stockings wove like convolulus stalks up those superb legs, and disappeared—too soon—beneath the hem of the putty mac. All Zalman's professional feelings, as well as his personal ones, were affronted, for he was a models' agent and accustomed to beautiful girls whose one obsession was to make the absolute best of themselves.

As the girl moved along the self-service counter, Zalman soothed himself by imagining how he would like to see her dressed. His ideas were conventional, but sound—seamless stockings, black shoes with medium heels (she was above average in height), a suitably fitted dress in . . . sharp acid yellow, perhaps, with cinnamon thingamies, accessories. Of course, a lot would depend on the color of her skin and eyes. . . . He waited with some impatience for her to pay her bill, pick up her tray and turn around.

When she did so, he got a highly unpleasant shock.

She was ugly. So ugly that he sucked in his breath and turned his eyes instinctively away. To him ugliness, stark ugliness, in a woman was something unforgivable. Women had to be beautiful; what was the point of them, otherwise? To Zalman, women were in a class with flowers, paintings, music—they had no function but to decorate the world, to amuse, intrigue and delight men like himself. He had never demanded more of a woman than this; but nor could he settle for less, and women who were not clearly lovely and delightful seemed to him almost an insult to his whole philosophy of life.

In the ordinary way he would have put this girl out of his mind at once and taken care not to look at her again; but she was so spectacularly awful looking that he found her perversely fascinating. It would have been rather hard not to look at her, anyway, inasmuch as she was sitting right opposite him at the next table. As soon as she had sat down, she took a book out of the scruffy bag swinging from her shoulder, opened it, put on horn-rimmed glasses and began to read and eat at the same time.

Zalman somehow found he could not take his eyes off her now. His sense of outrage was dulled by pity. Poor little thing, he found himself thinking—poor little wretch! What chance has she of anything in this world? And he found himself feeling angry, too, for surely some of what was so offensively wrong could be put right. To begin with, she had at some time broken her nose, which

was now a flattened and grotesque small replica of a boxer's; her upper lip was so short that for a moment he thought she had a harelip, and her chin was long, almost comic, like a clown's. Her eyes were hidden, but her eyebrows were too thick, her forehead too high for anyone but a ballet dancer—an uncompromising shiny dome; and instead of giving herself a fringe to help it, she had scraped her front hair straight back as if defiantly saying: "Have a good look! I'm just as ugly as this, and I won't hide any of it!"

He stared and stared, something burning in him. He wanted to go to her and say, "Look here. I don't know you, but you can't go around looking like that. Go to a plastic surgeon and get your nose fixed; pluck your eyebrows; cut your hair thus and so, and learn something about makeup. . . ." Something could be done. The nose was the worst. Remedy that, and the rest would not be so bad. But meanwhile—no wonder she was badly dressed. What woman would bother about her clothes, if she had a face like that?

Eventually she closed her book, and without bothering to take off the heavy glasses stood up and walked swiftly out. She did not linger or glance about her, as most women do. She walked badly, like a soldier—in fact she marched, her flat rubber-soled shoes lightly squeaking on the floor. She walked up the stairs and disappeared.

Zalman got up and followed her.

What are you doing? he asked himself. You're mad! But it was no use. He couldn't let her go—looking like that. The walk had been too much for him—that chin-up, defiant, mannish stride. He had watched hundreds of women walk, and could interpret every movement, though he had not even known it until this moment. That girl was on the very brink of *really* not giving a damn anymore, as distinct from pretending she didn't. And that was perhaps the saddest and most compelling thing Zalman had ever seen in all his twenty-seven soft and undemanding years.

Outside, sunshine spilled onto the lunchtime crowds. He had long ago decided that the women of his city were growing prettier and prettier. Perhaps it was the extra milk and orange juice they had had as children (he had had it, too, and jokingly attributed his handsome face and sturdy six feet of never-failing health to this); or maybe it was because they were dressing better; or maybe it was simply that he loved women and could see beauty or at least a certain attractiveness in most of them. But now he did not notice them. He pushed his way

quickly after his quarry, who was striding along in the direction of a side-turning off the main road. He turned down it, and he had to break into a run for fear of losing her.

When he turned the corner, she had gone. But there was only one place she could have gone to in the time—into the stage door of one of the big city theaters. The irony of it struck him—a girl like that, involved in that most glamorous of worlds.

Without giving himself time to think, he went up to the old stage door keeper. "Excuse me, could you tell me where I can find the girl who just went in?"

The old boy looked up grudgingly from his racing page. "Which girl? I didn't notice no one."

Nobody would ever notice her pass, Zalman thought. "You know, the one with the—" his hand went automatically up toward his nose, but quite sharply he stopped it, and concluded: "with the beautiful figure."

The old man sniffed. "Didn't see no one." He bent again to study the form.

At a loss, Zalman stood waiting for inspiration. After a moment, the door keeper gave a grunt and mumbled, "Oh. Wait a tick. Yers. I think Miss Stephens went past. Yers. I think she did. She'll be in the prop room. Downstairs and to your right, next the stage. You a friend of hers, are you?" But Zalman was halfway down the stone stairs and didn't answer.

He found her in a strange half room, like a three-sided box with no lid, adjoining the echoing roofless cavern of the stage. Everything was dark but the boxlike room, and that was like something out of a child's dream, half practical reality and half deceptive fantasy. The trestle tables were loaded with artificial fruit and flowers, bottles and baskets, plates of unreal food, a pile of bright clothes, a feather duster, some stuffed animals and a lot of other things which would normally have drawn Zalman, fingering and exploring, into every corner, for he was a man who had never outgrown his childhood delight in ingenious imitations or the trappings of illusion. But in the midst of the bright welter was the girl, busy arranging things in order on the trestle and checking a list. From the back, she excited him again: she had taken off the trench coat and the flannel dress gave her body a touching quality of beauty curtained and disguised. But when she turned at the sound of his footsteps, her face almost made him quail. She still had the glasses on and she looked terrible.

"Hello, are you looking for someone?"

He closed his eyes for a moment as she spoke. Her voice was magic. Funny

how rare it is for a beautiful model to have a lovely, low, musical voice like that. What a waste, in a way, like the legs, like the figure! But that was unfair. Nature's compensation. Why shouldn't she have a pleasant voice? It was probably nothing out of the ordinary, really; it only seemed so by contrast with the face it emerged from.

"I think I'm looking for you," he said, and now his mind began to race, for he had made no plan. "Miss Stephens, isn't it?"

"Yes, that's me."

In her own domain, she lost the defensive stiffness he had been so shocked to notice before. She was relaxed, standing with her weight on one hip, an expression of mild curiosity on her face and none of that affectation in her manner which a normally endowed girl will always adopt in the presence of a strange man, none of the muted challenge, the earliest feelers going out: Are you interesting? Are you interested? Is this the beginning of something important? Zalman was only now aware of how inevitable that was, and what a strange relief it was for once to find the challenge absent.

He felt himself wanting to relax, to be himself, to get to know her. But he had pursued and picked up too many girls in too many situations which called for quick thinking and ingenuity, and without stopping to think he launched into his line.

"I'm Zalman Thurston of Darren's—you know, the model agency. I noticed you just now in the cafeteria. I do hope you won't run away with the wrong idea, but I'd be awfully grateful if you'd consider doing occasional photographic work for us."

Her whole manner changed. Without actually having moved, her body seemed to have gone taut, and her face closed. Her voice was like the torn edge of a piece of metal now, when she said: "Is this your idea of a joke?"

He felt for a moment so overcome that he wanted to turn and run. He had said what he always said, unthinkingly, but this time it had been something so terribly wrong that he had hurt her to a point where *he* felt he could not bear it. They stared at each other, he in shame, she in ice-cold patience waiting to hear how he would extricate himself. For a moment he saw strange depths in her eyes, depths of pain that frightened his undeveloped, shallow soul.

At last he swallowed and managed to say, with something like dignity, "Miss Stephens, you have a beautiful figure. A model's figure. A beauty you've been told that before now."

"What would you do?" she asked im-

mediately. "Photograph me from the neck down and give me the head of some girl with a beautiful face and a body like a gorilla?"

The crudeness of the comparison spoke her unhappiness, the constant misery of ugliness. He could hardly forgive himself. Presumably she forgot sometimes, when she was alone here and working, and he had come barging in and reminded her. He saw her move a step backward, and was surprised to see that his hand had gone out toward her without his instruction. He hastily withdrew it. He saw that there was nothing more he could do or say for the moment. She was frozen shut against him.

"Please forgive me if I offended you," he said. She gave a funny, stiff little nod, and he went away.

Back in his office, shaken but safe, he decided to forget her. What, after all, could he actually do about her? It had been just one of his crazy impulses. He spent the afternoon arranging sittings and appointments for one flawless girl after another, looking at their photos, dialing their numbers, interviewing them, praising them to fashion editors and photographers. He dealt in beauty for three hours, and at the end of it he wondered why he felt so stale, and why he was still thinking about that squashed nose and those thick brows and that long chin. Could it be that one needs relief, even from glamour?

At half-past five, she was still in his mind; she was there an hour later when he was taking his shower and changing for an evening that he was not aware of having planned, and she was no fainter at half-past seven when, with a feeling of utter helplessness, he presented himself once more at the stage door.

This time the old man was more alert. "Here, you can't go in just now! The curtain's gone up. Miss Stephens can't see you now, she's busy."

Zalman checked. A reprieve—a sign from fate! But he heard himself asking anxiously, "When will she finish?"

"Five past ten, curtain down," said the door keeper. "Want to leave a message?"

"No," said Zalman. "No message."

He went away again. He did not know what to do with the evening—a most unusual situation for him. It was ludicrous to hang around for nearly three hours—why? For what? He stood in the alley, cursing himself for this folly. Why didn't he ring up one of his many enchanting girlfriends and take her out to dinner? But he didn't want to.

Eventually he went round to the front of the theater, bought a seat and watched the play. Actually he was watching the props. He recognized many of them, and

it was pleasing to think of Miss Stephens having set them all out in their appointed places before the rise of the curtain. He felt obscurely satisfied when the right articles came into the right hands at the appropriate moments. He didn't notice the play. He was trying desperately to think. He wanted to heal the hurt he had caused her this afternoon. Beyond that, he could not plan.

After the show, he went round again and waited until all the actors and their friends had emerged, and then slipped in and down the stairs. She was moving briskly about the empty stage, putting things away and tidying up. She wore a shabby denim skirt and a dark red man's shirt with the sleeves rolled up carelessly on her smooth, round arms. Even her elbows were pretty. She was not wearing the glasses, but her face remained ugly.

She stopped dead when she saw him and there was a long and difficult silence. Zalman, who was never silent with women, unless by design, felt like a complete fool standing there with cold shivers of embarrassment running over his shoulders. Madness! Why was he torturing himself?

But there she stood; her hands were small and perfect, holding a vase of wax flowers, and when he looked at the place where her throat disappeared into the neck of the old red shirt he was more moved than he had been by the whole perfect body of the last girl he had looked at.

"Please," he blurted out at last. "will you come out with me when you've finished and have dinner with me?"

He had never said anything so gauche in his life, nor felt so clumsy.

"Why?" she asked.

"Because I want you to. I want you to," he repeated helplessly.

That face, that face! Every time he looked at it, he shivered. But he could not look away. She had to say Yes—he had to hear that thin, embittered mouth saying Yes.

He took her to a new place, very chic, very expensive. He chose it because of the brightness of the lights there; he didn't want her to think he would only take her somewhere dim and quiet. She had had nothing to change into, and ordinarily he would have been cringing before the headwaiter's disapproving glances, but he was so overjoyed that she had come at all that he did not notice.

They talked—stiffly at first, but then gradually, as the marvelous food and wine did its work, more freely, more happily. The specter of the afternoon's fiasco drifted away. She relaxed a little, putting her delicate forearms on the

table and playing with the flower arrangement. Her hands fascinated him. The skin on them seemed to shine with smoothness and he longed to touch them, but then her face would get in the way.

He tried to find out about her, but she was very reserved—oddly so. Her name was Ruth; she was twenty-five—nearly as old as he—and had been in the theater since she was eighteen. She was currently studying lighting and hoped to be a director some day. It was clear the theater was very important to her, yet he felt there were whole areas of her life about which she was deliberately saying nothing. She lived alone, and said she liked it. Of course he did not believe her.

Watching her hands, which she had begun to use in lovely, fluent gestures, he asked idly: "Did you never want to be an actress?"

The hands became still and lifeless, and the exquisite voice lost its musical timbre. "You do manage to say the damndest things," she said with a flat note of irony.

This was the moment, perhaps. He could retreat, or forge on. He decided to forge. "I don't understand," he said blankly.

"Look at me."

"I am."

"Do you see the face of an actress?"

"Actresses," he said, "have all sorts of faces."

"None like mine. I dare swear," she said with a grim quaintness.

The casual approach seemed best, though very risky. "Well, I don't actually remember one with a broken nose, but that could easily be fixed if it mattered to you."

"If it mattered—!" Her voice went almost shrill for a moment and she stopped at once. There was a longish silence while she looked down at the tablecloth. "It does matter," she said quietly at last.

"Well, then—?"

She looked swiftly up at him; her eyes, which were very dark brown, stared at him intensely. "I can't talk about it casually," she said in a low, strained voice. "Do you mind?"

"I didn't mean to sound casual," he said.

"It would be a little nearer the truth to say that I can't easily talk about it at all," she said. "I know I'm ugly." It was the first time he had ever heard anyone stammer over a vowel. "Don't say anything please. It doesn't matter."

"It does matter!" he said with sudden urgency.

"To me, yes," she said. "But not to anyone else. Please let's stop. I—I was having such a good time until we began about it."

Zalman felt the strangest sensation in his throat, as if he were going to weep. But he changed the subject, and gradually she relaxed again. Afterward he took her home in a taxi. It was dark, and he felt strongly moved to take her in his arms. It was partly because being in a taxi with a girl after dinner automatically set in motion certain conditioned reflexes, but what was not so automatic was the fact that he did not touch her. This time it was not her face, which he could not see; it was a reluctance to let her think him the type of man who always makes passes at girls in taxis. Particularly since this was more or less the truth.

She lived in a rather shabbier district than he would have imagined. Surely stage managers in big city theaters were rather well-paid? It was not exactly a slum, but the terraced houses were all alike in their drabness and the street was ill lighted and without trees. It did not suit her. He helped her out of the taxi and went with her through the creaking gate and up the narrow tiled path to her front door.

She put out her hand, and when he held it, his own tasted its smoothness for the first time and found it sweet. There was very little light coming through the glass panel in the door, and with her small hand in his it was almost impossible to stop himself from kissing her, but he held back; the odd thing was that it was not wholly the knowledge of what she looked like that restrained him, but something else. Despite the disturbing depths of knowledge in her eyes, he chose to believe that she was unused to such precipitate behavior and would not welcome it.

"May I see you again?"

"Do you really want to?"

"Yes."

There was a pause, and she gave a small sigh. "I wish I understood all this," she said.

So do I, he thought.

"Come swimming with me on Saturday."

"I can't—we've got a matinee."

"Sunday, then. We could go in the morning and have lunch there."

She hesitated. "Where—the sea?"

"I thought, my club. It's just outside town. It's very nice. The water's heated," he added urgently, for he feared she would find some pretext to refuse.

"But I can't swim."

He nearly said, "With your figure, you should live in a bathing suit," but he didn't because every reference to her looks seemed to offend her, and anyway it sounded cheap. You could say such things to a model, but . . . "Maybe I could teach you," he said instead. "It's just a matter of believing you won't sink."

There was another short silence and then she gave a queer little chuckle. "All right," she said. "But if it's a matter of confidence, I don't suppose I shall be able to learn."

Sunday was a day of sunlight and perfection. He called for her at ten o'clock in a car even more glistening clean than usual, and she came out shyly, wearing dark glasses and a head scarf pulled well forward to throw kindly shadows on her face.

She had on a summer dress of plain dark blue and white, her lovely arms bare to the shoulders and her feet in leather sandals, and carried an old wicker basket containing a rolled-up towel, some apples and a bar of chocolate with nuts.

"I didn't know how far it was," she excused these items. "Perhaps we might get hungry on the way."

Zalman wished he'd thought of it. She got in beside him. The roof was down and the wind of their motion soon blew the scarf back off her face. He kept glancing sideways at her. The squashed profile was immobile, rather tense. Each time he looked at her, she turned her head slightly away. After a while he suddenly put his hand over hers which lay in her lap and said impulsively, "Don't do that."

She made a startled little movement of her head, but didn't ask what he meant. "I can't help it," she said. "I don't like to be looked at."

"I wouldn't look at you if I didn't want to."

"That doesn't follow," she said seriously. "Lots of people look at me because they can't quite believe it."

Tragic though this was, Zalman found himself wanting to laugh. He did laugh. She turned right around in her seat to stare at him. "What do you find funny?" she asked him in her defensive voice.

"I don't know," he answered quite honestly. "Nothing, really. I was laughing because I feel happy and silly, not because anything's actually funny."

She stared at him a little longer, and then said slowly, "If you can laugh at my face, I suppose that's better than—"

He was still holding her hand and watching the streaming road. They were out in the country now, and the world seemed utterly free and beautiful. He breathed a deep lungful of fresh air and

almost sang, "Oh, never mind about your face today! It doesn't matter! Look how marvelous everything is!"

He put his foot down on the accelerator and the additional speed flung them both back against their seats. After a long moment, she slowly faced forward again and he felt her hand relax in his. Later still, the limp fingers curled round his own as she suddenly pointed—"Look, look! A magpie! Two!"

"One for sorrow, two for joy," he said. "Salute them, quick, or it won't work."

"I waved. Will that do?"

"While you could still see them?"

"Yes."

"Then it's all right," he said judiciously. "They accept waves."

The pool was almost indigo, and cool as a sapphire in the green velvet of the lawns. Miraculously, there were not too many people. He changed into his trunks and spread a towel on the velvet to wait for her. The flowerbeds were like heaps of colored stuffs from a glorious Victorian ragbag; the thrushes and blackbirds sang wildly in the cedars. There was a smell of flowers, pine, chlorine and roasting meat. Zalman lay back and stared at the sky, thinking of nothing specific, only feeling happy in all his senses.

She came walking toward him, in a new bathing suit. Her body moved with a mixture of awkwardness and natural grace; she was embarrassed by her unwonted nakedness, but she must have known that every eye was upon her, and she held herself tall and tried to hide her painful self-consciousness. Her arms were held stiffly, but at least she did not stride. He could not take his eyes off her as she approached. She was so beautifully shaped that even he, confident to the point of conceit, had a moment of disbelief that it was to him that she was coming.

She sat down quickly beside him, trying to curl her long legs up under her. "Why are they all staring at me?" she whispered.

"Don't you know?"

"I feel so embarrassed."

"There's no need. They're looking at you the way you looked at the magpies—in pure pleasure and admiration because you're so lovely."

She did not look at him, but at the grass beside her knees, and she began to play with it with one hand. "It's strange," she said. "I've always known my body was all right. But it's no help. It even seems irritating—a waste, like having a box of treasure on a desert island."

At this, Zalman felt an all but overpowering wave of emotion. What it was, exactly, he couldn't be sure—whether it was compassion, pure physical well-be-

WHEN NO MAN'S HANDY • BY AL LEES

## Small Plastering Jobs

● Now you've done it! You've taken that picture off one wall to hang it on the opposite wall. And you've jiggled out the picture hook it hung on—leaving a pit in the plaster that looks like a moon crater.

Well, here's where you make the acquaintance of spackling compound. Spackle is a packaged powder you can buy in any hardware or paint store. You mix it with water to form a thick paste, then dampen the edge of the pit or crack and force the paste in, using a putty knife or hard-rubber plate scraper. When dry, sandpaper lightly till the wall feels smooth under your fingertips.

Larger cracks and holes must be widened at the edges to give the patching material a chance to wedge itself into place. With an old paring knife, cut along the edges of the crack so that the crack is V-shaped—wider at the edges than down the center. Spackle won't do for large patches—you'll want another powder, called patching plaster or plaster of Paris. Make the mix just as dry as can be smoothly applied—add too much water and the patch will sag. After dusting and wetting the beveled edges of the old plaster, apply the patch in two coats, leaving the first about 1/8 of an inch below the surface and letting it dry before filling flush.

Now how can you hide that ugly white patch? One way is to seal the patch with thin shellac and then try to match the old paint coat. Check the chip cards at the paint store for the closest color and buy enough paint to redo the entire wall on which the patch appears. It's not advisable to paint just the patch because it will show. If the wall doesn't exactly match adjacent walls, it won't be noticed, since room light never strikes all walls with equal intensity. THE END

ing, or attraction, or what; but he had a wild urge to fling himself at her, knock her over onto the soft grass, and roll about with her as if they had been two crazy children—to twist his fingers in that curly hair, to hold her tight and hear her laughing and shrieking while he tickled and bit and kissed her. He thought he would explode if he didn't let himself do all this immediately. So he jumped to his feet with a violent start, and without saying a word or looking back took a wild, running dive down the slope and into the pool.

When he had churned his way up and down it for four lengths without pausing for breath, he felt safer—or rather saner. He swam to the side nearest her, and found her sitting straight up staring at him with big round eyes, like a startled squirrel.

"Come on in!" he called.

She rose like Venus and came toward him.

"What came over you just then?"

"Don't know—just had to take some action," he said. "Come down here, where it's shallow." She sat on the edge with her legs in the water, and he dared to put his hands on her incredibly slender waist to help her to jump in. She was not wearing a cap, and her hair gleamed like oiled teak in the strong sun. She splashed about, then let him tip her for-

ward, lying trustfully on his spread hands and making inefficient stirring motions with her hands.

"Kick—kick!" he urged her. "Push the water with your hands!" He had never met a girl who couldn't swim with consummate ease; her frowning, concentrated efforts to obey touched him, and so did her delight in the unaccustomed feeling of the water flowing past her skin.

"Don't suddenly let go—don't leave me!" she implored him, and he felt happy that she would soon learn that she could trust him.

Afterward they lay side by side in the sun and then dressed and went into the clubhouse for lunch. Everything in the dining room seemed to sparkle—the white linen, the silver, the crystal; there were garden flowers on each table, and wine in beaded buckets of ice. This club was really an unwarranted extravagance for a young man in Zalman's position; he had actually joined for reasons of conquest—business and social—all more or less unworthy; and although it would not be true to say this was the first time he had enjoyed himself here, it was certainly the first time he had really felt sure it was worth the money.

It was Ruth's pleasure in everything which principally delighted him. Over

## Zalman's Galatea (continued)

the loganberries and whipped cream, she gave a sudden sigh.

"What is it?" he asked anxiously.

"Contentment," she replied, adding: "Too placid a word, perhaps."

**H**is heart was stung with joy. He felt genuinely alarmed for the first time.

He had thought himself in love every other month since he was sixteen, but some deep honesty had always informed him that he was only playing at it. This reliable inner voice was keeping remarkably quiet now.

After lunch they went for a walk. She walked at a little distance from him, and every time her hand swung past his he wanted to reach for it. A suddenly awakened instinct of self-preservation prevented him. One could not just pretend that the ugliness of that face had vanished—it had not, in fact he could not understand how he had spent the last three hours in its presence without being aware of it.

Was it conceivable that one's affections could completely bypass a face like that? He did not really believe it, not of himself. Higher, nobler men than he might find it possible, but he had only to imagine for a moment introducing that face to any of his smooth young friends as his special person, be it girlfriend or wife, to produce in himself an effect of inward quailing. But the soft, free hand kept on swinging past his, and at last his own reached out of its own accord and took it. . . .

The madness went on. He kept seeing her. Even when he was not with her, he kept seeing her, and he stopped seeing other women. The ravishing faces he had before his eyes all day meant no more to his libido now than pictures on postcards. He tried to reason with himself each week as Sunday drew deliciously nearer. What had set him off on all this? He had wanted, simply, to improve her. A kind impulse, nothing more. Well, perhaps it had a bit of the old power complex mixed in with it, but what harm, if it were a power for good? He was trying to get back to this original objectivity one afternoon as they walked high on a crest behind the club—which in the meantime had subtly become "their place" to such a degree that he could no longer bring other people there.

He broke a long patch of peaceful silence to begin: "Ruth—"

"Yes?"

"May I talk to you?"

"About my face." She did not ask, she stated.

"You once said it mattered. I can see how it might, to you." *I sound as if it didn't to me*, he thought. *I'm not being honest.* "I only wondered . . ."

"How it happened to me?"

"No. That, no." And it was true. He had never wondered *how*, only why she endured it. But now he did. "Tell me."

"It's an unpleasant story," she said in a flat voice, in which he was surprised to detect a note of warning. He smiled confidently.

"Nonetheless . . . if you want to, of course."

She paused for a moment in her walk, as if debating with herself, and then walked slowly on, looking ahead.

"I was never exactly a raving beauty, but I used to take steps . . . my eyebrows, my hair—I was clever about makeup in those days. I even managed to make this spade-like chin look vaguely aristocratic. So successful were all these aids to nature that I actually contrived to . . ." Once more she stopped, and this time turned to him, a sudden clear look of challenge in her face. "Do you really want to hear all this?"

"Yes."

"I've never told anyone before."

He felt self-assured, strong and male. He touched her wrist. "Tell me."

She stared at him for a moment, gave a little shrug, and went on. "I attracted a young man. As it might have been, yourself." Her manner had changed. There was a hardness now that threatened to turn into cynicism. "He was a marvelous-seeming young man, more, far more than I had ever dared to hope for. I was so bowled over by my good fortune, that I forgot the advice that all wise mothers give to their daughters. Not that I ever had a wise mother; but I heard the advice, of course, so I can't plead ignorance as my excuse."

Zalman felt a numb whiteness in his head as if he'd been suddenly struck. Underneath his would-be worldliness, he was a very, very conventional young man. That is not to say that he himself was highly moral; but he suffered from the double standard.

**R**uth continued. "We both behaved atrociously. I don't, of course, mean by going to bed together. He behaved badly because he made love to me for reasons that were connected with my well-made body and not with his own emotions. I behaved badly because, when I came to realize this, I grew dishonest in my desperation to marry him. I was in love with him, but I don't suggest that that excused my quite deliberately getting pregnant."

Zalman was so shocked that he had to stop walking. His mouth was dry and he couldn't look at her.

"Do you want me to stop?"

Her voice was gentle, but there was a thread of very feminine mockery in it too. He sat down on the turf and shook his head.

She leaned against a tree and stared at the view. "When I presented him with my—ultimatum—he reacted in a way which will perhaps seem shocking to you. It did to me, too, at the time. But looking back on it, perhaps it was no more than I deserved. This strikingly handsome, well-set-up, well-bred and soft-spoken young man suddenly went quite black in the face with rage. He must have guessed at once that I'd done it on purpose. He didn't say a word. He stood in front of me, doubled up his fist, drew it back—I remember looking at it, thinking 'It's coming'—and punched me in the face."

Zalman felt sick. "Enough?" she asked, and now her voice was wholly kind.

He shook his head again, staring at the ground. She continued in the same quiet voice, "I never actually saw him again. I had the baby. It wasn't . . . right. Not because he'd hit me; I asked that. I wanted it to be that. But it wasn't. It had just happened—it can happen. Tell me, do you think one should keep such babies, or put them in homes?"

"I don't know," he said thickly.

"I didn't know either," she said. "I still don't know. I had no one to ask no one of my own, I mean. So I asked the experts—the doctors and so on. They said I must put her away. They said it was the only thing I could do. So I did it."

**T**here was a very long silence. Zalman was pressing his hand hard down on a sharp stone, and that was helping him a very little to retain a sense of reality.

"They are very expensive, those places," she went on at last. "It's right that they should be, of course. It helped me to have to pay a lot. Of course it didn't really help—nothing does. You think all the time that you should have her at home with you—somehow. But you don't. You go on with your life and you take a check with you each month when you go to visit. I won't tell you about the visits. That is something very private and very terrible, not to be wished onto anyone else."

He managed to look up at her. She was standing perfectly still against the tree trunk, her hands folded in front of her and her eyes moving over the blue misty hills across the valley. He reached

out his smarting hand and closed it over her instep and the leather straps.

She looked down at him. Tears spilled down her face, quiet tears of acceptance. "She's dead now," she said. "She died this spring, when she was six years old. The relief is something I can't describe. The relief . . . and the shame that follows the relief."

**H**e felt the tremor go through her foot and upward, and when it reached her face she broke. She came down beside him on the ground and he held her, as any man would, but his soul was frozen. He could not feel anything but shock and numbness. His world was not like this. In his world—his gay, young, flashy, smoothly running world, such injections of raw life were beyond his capacity to take. His pampered spirit felt as if it might blow apart with the numbing inner pressure of what it was being asked to absorb.

After a while she released herself, and sat away from him, drying her face and blowing her nose prosaically. He felt limp and beyond his depth. He could not begin to think what to do or say next.

However, she took charge very competently.

"Well," she said, "now you know. It's been quite a problem, deciding to tell you. And quite an ordeal doing it. For both of us, I see. . . ." She touched his hand for a moment, and then quickly stood up, shaking out her skirt. "Let's be getting back, shall we?"

They walked back to the club in silence, got into the car and drove home. And that seemed to be the end of that.

For several weeks, Zalman was in a turmoil. Not only was every preconceived idea about Ruth shattered; so were all his innocent conceits about himself. He had believed himself man enough to cope with any woman's "past"; he had romantically supposed that his love would not alter where it alteration found—and by now he knew that he was, or had been, properly in love.

But Ruth's story had proved that his emotional stomach was not mature enough yet for such strong meat. He writhed at the realization, but he could not evade it. A whole man would have held Ruth and kissed her and comforted her with a promise that a new life was beginning for her. *He* on the other hand had driven her home in silence, shaken her hand with a mumbled good-bye and not made any effort to see her since. He was ashamed, the more so since he knew why she had told him. "I attracted a young man—as it might have been you . . ."

In the small accounting hours Zalman learned from his own thoughts. He

learned that his condescension had been ludicrously misplaced. She was, in wisdom no less than in experience, older than he. Only in looks had he any advantage—and for the first time in his manhood, he now rated his handsome face at nothing, cursed it, in fact, for the folly of imagined superiority it had led him into.

His days went on as before—except that now he endlessly drew her face on his blotter and note pads and in the margins of books. He had always had this small talent, and now he was surprised at the likenesses he achieved—not the likeness of Ruth as she was, but as she must have been before, and as she could be again if the money for an operation could be found.

Well, no—not found. Zalman had the money in his bank. He made enquiries, and learned that what he had saved in a casual way, during seven years of profitable employment, was more than enough for the best in plastic surgery. He delayed a long time because some instinct told him that such failures as his could not be paid for in money, and that if she chose to regard his gift as a payment she would not accept it.

**B**ut at last, some action becoming imperative, he went one morning to his bank, cashed his savings, put the whole lot in an envelope (a check would somehow have lacked immediacy—a check could be ignored; hard cash could not) and sent it to her at the theater.

Just to make sure that she could not misunderstand the purpose of the money, he enclosed one of the sketches he had done of her, with her nose straight and perfect above a relaxed and smiling mouth.

No sooner was the envelope in the mail than he was assailed by the most horrible misgivings. What would she think when she got it? Either that he was trying to buy himself off, or (worse? better?) to buy himself on again. The worst of it was, he didn't understand the real truth himself. He both longed for her, and feared the thought of her; she attracted and repelled him at the same time. Was his gesture one of generosity, or guilt? Or—oh, God!—was it merely one of his silly, ungrown-up impulses to make himself feel good, which his thrifty soul would later meanly regret?

He passed four days of the most acute mental discomfort and personal insecurity he had ever experienced. Then, one morning in the middle of work, she telephoned.

He became speechless at the sound of her voice. He had an important client sitting opposite to him, and he stared



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## Zalman's Galatea (continued)

fixedly into his bilious little eyes to give himself a point of balance.

"Zalman, may I see you, please?"

He cleared his throat and tried to summon words, feeling like the vilest of criminals, caught and trapped.

"Will you come to the theater after the play this evening?" He managed to croak something affirmative. She thanked him in her beautiful voice, and hung up at once.

Zalman looked at his watch. Twelve hours to wait. Twelve hours! He felt desperate. What had he done? What was she going to say to him? Or he to her? Could he behave himself with decent warmth to her, or did his absurd, irrepressible shock at her story go so deep that he wouldn't be able to, however much he tried?

He got through the twelve hours somehow, stumbling (for he was a little drunk, having had two unaccustomed Scotches and no food) down the familiar stone stairs to the prop room at exactly half-past ten.

She was just putting her coat on, and turned to smile at him as his footsteps sounded behind her.

Nothing had changed. Her face was still ugly—and he still wanted her. He felt a staggering flood of relief because he felt just as before.

"Zalman," she began without preamble. "It's about the money of course. You are quite crazy, and it's taken me three days to calm down sufficiently about it to decide what—what attitude to take." She smiled at him a little shakily. "When I discovered, though, that it was *attitudes* I was trying to decide about, I abandoned all the ones I'd been considering and—" She stopped. "I want to ask one thing. Was the money a gesture, or do you really want me to use it?"

How unerringly she put her finger on his own dilemma! And only the strictest honesty would do—that was the awful thing, or she would see through him at once.

"I'm not sure myself," he said at last. "I only know I had to send it."

She smiled—a sweet, relaxed smile, a reward for truth.

"Then let's wait a while. Say, a month or two. After that, you'll know what you want me to do."

"If I really wanted you to use it—I mean, if you could believe that I did, and it wasn't a gesture—would you?"

"Yes."

Everything cleared in his mind and heart as if a deluge had swept away all

the dust and confusion. "I know already. I do want you to use it. I don't want to wait."

He took an exultant step toward her, but her expression of doubt checked him. She looked at him for a long moment.

"Pygmalion?" she asked quietly.

He could only stare at her. She was incredible! It was more than mind reading, for she saw thoughts he hadn't admitted to himself.

Suddenly there was only one thing to do. He put his arms round her and kissed her. He closed his eyes to do it, and the mark of her lips was as indelible as the stain of sweet, dark fruit.

"How can you bear to see people so clearly?" he whispered.

"None too easily," she replied in a voice steadier than his.

He touched the disfigured nose with the back of his fingers.

"Will you have it done?"

She looked into his eyes, first into one, then the other.

"Yes," she said at last. "If it means that you will kiss me with your eyes open."

The operation took some time to arrange, and meanwhile he saw her nearly every day. He felt quite dizzy with excitement as the appointed time drew closer. Soon—soon she would be changed, given the features that would make the whole thing . . . possible. He so successfully projected himself into that future time, that without thinking about it he introduced her to all his friends and went about with her everywhere, quite happily. It was as if the change had already taken place. Ruth smiled and went with him everywhere he wished to take her; the ordeal of meeting people grew gradually less. She, too, was looking forward; the long ugliness was going to end. She could endure it tolerantly in the meantime; suffering for it was senseless now that the cure was at hand.

She chose the nose she wanted from a book of photographs the plastic surgeon showed her. It was a nice, calm, straight one. He said he thought he could lengthen her upper lip at the same time. She did not trouble herself anymore about the money; she could see that Zalman had given it from his heart, which makes no debts. She wanted to repay him by becoming as nearly beautiful as she could.

The operation took place one Wednesday morning. When she awoke, she had a very sore face, and a disproportionate lump of white dressing in the middle of it. She lay squinting at it, dreaming absurd dreams of emerging like a butterfly, totally transformed into love-

liness. Everything ugly about the past lay immured in that white bulk; when that was taken away, it would all be sloughed off, forgotten. She thought of her child, and the twin pangs of guilt and relief were both less than they had ever been before.

Zalman came every day to see her. "May I be here when they take all that off?"

"No! And you mustn't come for ten days afterward, either. They say it always looks terrible at first, all swollen and red. Don't even call. Then come on the tenth day. I want you to get the full effect of your—present to me."

He came on the tenth day.

She was back in her apartment now, of course. She did not have a telephone, and she had not yet returned to the theater, so he had written to ask if he might come to see her. She hadn't replied, but he took that for consent, and simply arrived.

He knocked repeatedly on the door, but there was no answer. After a while, he tried it—it was open. With a slight feeling of unease, he went in.

Ruth was standing in the small living-room with her back to him, looking out of the window. The room had a look of automatic neatness, but there was something missing: There should have been an air of renaissance, an aura of celebration, but there was none. Even the flowers he had sent were not to be seen. The room was somehow cold.

"Ruth?"

She didn't move, but clenched her hands briefly. His heart jumped to his throat with terror. What had they done to her? He ran across the room, and turned her round by the shoulders.

He gasped, and then his face relaxed into a smile of joy and relief.

"Darling! It's marvelous! You look beautiful!"

He kissed and kissed her, rapturously, scarcely noticing her unaccountable stiffness in his arms until he tasted tears.

"What's wrong, love?" he asked anxiously. "Is your poor face still sore? Did I hurt it? I forgot how new you are!"

She was gazing at him, and for the first time he saw total bewilderment in her face.

"It's not sore," was all she said.

"Aren't you pleased? Aren't you thrilled?" he kept asking, like a child. He touched the new face with gentle hands, feasting his eyes on it. "It's almost exactly what I pictured! Oh, darling, it's so gorgeous! We must go somewhere and celebrate!"

"Not tonight, Zalman. Will you forgive me? Not tonight."

He was disappointed, but it was a pinprick to his joy. "Tomorrow night, then—whenever you like." He kissed her again. "See? My eyes are wide open! And when we're married, we'll always make love with the light on, so that I can look at you. . . ."

When he'd gone, she walked slowly to the mirror she had bought as a gesture of faith in the future before the operation—the mirror she had wanted to smash when she had looked at herself with horror in it after the bandages had come off.

She stared at herself. Her nose was different, certainly. But it was a far cry from the trim little one she had naïvely picked out of that fairy-tale book. Neither was it anything like the one she had been born with. It was a strange, unfamiliar protuberance, a sort of elegant beak jutting out of her face—so unlike what she had expected, so at odds with her idea of herself, that she felt a strangeness in her own face.

She didn't even have to look in a mirror to be constantly aware of it—it got in the way of her eyes and when she put her hand up to touch it, it felt like

a freakish obstacle stuck there irrevocably by mistake.

The surgeon had been delighted with his work, and her protests, made faint by dismay and disappointment, had been met by robust assurances that she had been blessed with one of his finest rhinoplastic triumphs. He admitted that it was not the nose she had ordered. "It doesn't always work out as one expects," he said lightly. "Never mind! It's a very fine nose. Most distinguished!"

To Ruth's anguished eyes, then and now, it looked almost worse than before. Almost, she could long for the poor, familiar, misshapen nose back again—at least she had recognized herself behind it. And Zalman . . . Zalman had fallen in love with her despite it. She had been so deadly certain that the strange new nose would make him recoil from her again that she had not even put powder on it, nor done any of the things to her hair and face that she had planned for the occasion.

And now—this. This incredible, stunning surprise. The new nose mysteriously seemed to please him after all, even fit-

ting into some preconceived pattern in his mind.

Or did it?

He was young, too young inside himself to act so well for her sake, however much he might love her. How, then, to explain his reaction? Was it enough to expect the best in order to see what you want to see? Or was he—just possibly—seeing *her* now, so strongly that the face did not matter?

She sat for a long time, letting the slow realization of the security of love spread its healing over her. Then she suddenly stood up and went into the bedroom. In a box at the bottom of a drawer, she unearthed her compact, her lipsticks and the rest of her makeup, all dusty and tarnished from disuse. She carried them back to the mirror, and then, slowly and rather clumsily, she began to experiment.

After ten minutes she stopped, and, abruptly, began to laugh. She was still laughing on a pure, gay note as she went to the bathroom and washed it all off. After that, she pocketed some pennies and hurried out to phone Zalman from a local pay phone. THE END

## Coming in May COSMOPOLITAN

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Charlotte, Anne, Jr., and Christina Ford

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# YOUR APRIL



## ARIES (March 21st—April 20th)

Aries individuals are noted for acting first and thinking afterward, and their natural propensity is to deal with things in a direct way. Conflicts could arise this month when people do not dance to your tune. Impatience with others, more especially the family, could have disastrous results during the first week of April. Because this is your birth month, with the Sun and also your ruling planet, Mars, passing across your sign, your energy will be an irritant to those who have the task of clearing up the debris that your impetuosity leaves in its wake. After April 18th working conditions should improve rapidly, and through unexpected and unpredictable events there will be opportunities for profitable changes in your career; in this respect you can pull out all the stops and channel that energy of yours toward making your presence felt—not that an Arian needs this sort of advice. Perhaps it is just as well that there is so much activity in your professional life because romantically things may be a bit tricky, especially in the second half of the month, when much of your fire could be very rapidly cooled and all you will be left with is a lot of steam.

## TAURUS (April 21st—May 21st)

What you lost on the romantic merry-go-round last month could well be gained during April but you may have to wait till toward the end of the month, and even then it will come from where you least expect it. It would be advisable to sign either contracts or documents in the first week of the month, especially where your personal finances are concerned, and at the same time try to reach agreement if changes in your career are affected. Tread warily in any partnership dealings and do not be forced into making any hasty decisions, no matter how rosy the picture may be painted. About the eighteenth of the month you will be aware that some serious reorganizing will be necessary in the home, and the indications are that a certain amount of traveling may be involved. Throughout the whole of April, friendships could cost you a great deal—both in time and money—and, if there is no alternative to becoming involved, make sure that you are **au courant** with all the relevant facts in order not to dissipate your time and energy. Taurians are thorough but must be allowed to plod at their own pace, for if nagged they become like the “bull in a china shop.”

## GEMINI (May 22nd—June 21st)

You may feel slightly let down after the first week of the month and although there is still a great deal of good luck surrounding you, concentrate on the proved and avoid speculation after the first week of April. Do not allow social commitments to become the major interest in your life for, although there should have been a vast improvement brought about by changes you have made in your working life, it is still too early to take good fortune for granted. Home conditions should be more settled than of late but tread very carefully around April 2nd and 3rd when your motives, no matter how genuine, may be misinterpreted. About April 9th you may feel that, no matter how hard you try, others will be unreceptive and even downright obstructive. Where your career is concerned it would be wiser to hide rather than show your displeasure. On no account put pen to paper without careful consideration. You can expect some friction where romance is concerned, especially around the fifth and thirteenth; no need to get hysterical, it is a passing phase and, as in everything else, clever old Gemini has probably got another fish to fry.

## LIBRA (September 24th—October 23rd)

Watch it this month! Things could be a bit nasty. With both the Sun and Mars in your opposition sign for most of April, it will not all be going your way. Librians are not renowned for either their stamina or vitality and during the first three weeks extra care is needed, particularly as far as your health is concerned. After the seventh of the month you should have some marvelous opportunities to enhance your career. Older people are very much involved here and it is possible that you can gain financially through their intervention. At home a certain amount of reorganizing, possibly entailing some travel, will be necessary. Your finances still remain a mystery and there will be a lot of robbing Peter to pay Paul. Illness among colleagues and those who work for you may affect your plans radically this month. As you are very much affected by your surroundings, endeavor to make them as congenial as possible. Romance is all right—but only all right. This is not the moment to fuss over minor imperfections in others, they may feel just the same about you and welcome an opportunity to point out your shortcomings—so leave well-enough alone.

## SCORPIO (October 24th—November 22nd)

One or two Scorpionian dreams will prove to be just that this month, and between the twentieth and twenty-second a lot of time will be spent clearing up the confusion that has developed from your inability to discriminate between the real and the imaginary. Romance, emotions and finances all need to be sorted out. Conflicts between old and new attachments are very much in evidence and your loyalty may be put to the test on more than one occasion. This also applies to close friendships. There is every possibility a financial obligation which has burdened you for some time may be relieved, or moneys due to you will be forthcoming. However do not get carried away and allow yourself to be tempted by new speculations which might well plunge you back into the same predicament. Home conditions will be more settled in the first half of the month than the second, but it is more than likely that your social life will prevent you from having many early nights. Invitations will pour in from new sources and the unexpected will be the most enjoyable—provided you curb your sometimes-tactless tongue.

## SAGITTARIUS (November 23rd—December 21st)

Jupiter, the ruler of Sagittarius, still remains in the opposite sign of Gemini, and because of this you may find your usual good luck running out, so curb your tendency to argue, and generally float with the tide this month. Until April 18th you should at least be lucky in love but this will have its ups and downs, and expect it to be down about the fifth. Sagittarians have been bogged down by restricting conditions in the home for some time now. During April you could find ways of making life easier, even if it means making one or two radical changes. You should be feeling madly energetic—make sure you do not institute too many changes (or don't let others know what you are up to). Wherever possible avoid working solo because partnerships offer better prospects, and opportunities to link up in profitable ventures could arise. Your financial position is complex. Some gains are likely, but the domestic scene will still drain your resources. After April 21st there could be money from an unexpected source, but do not run away with the idea that you can afford to take a gamble—you cannot.



# HOROSCOPE



## CANCER (June 22nd—July 23rd)

Until April 21st the Sun's position is in an adverse angle to your sign of Cancer and around the fifth of the month both home and working conditions are likely to be affected, so expect conflicts to ricochet between the two. For the time being it would be advisable to take an objective view of your position before embarking on any new enterprises. Concentrate on clearing up any outstanding commitments. All documents and agreements require careful handling and, if finances are in any way involved, you will have to be very beady-eyed indeed to avoid suffering some sort of loss. The Cancerian's romantic life is bedeviled by mystery and confusion and the unexpected seems to be the order of the day. It is very much a time when everything should be aboveboard, for the right hand just might find out what the left one is up to, so caution is the watchword and ease up on your demands for outward signs of affection. Around April 22nd plans involving travel or any form of communication may be thwarted. The position of Uranus and Pluto in your third house indicates that there is a change of mental attitude taking place which could bring about a whole new approach to life.

## LEO (July 24th—August 23rd)

Whatever it is, it will not be a dull month for Leos—providing they enjoy the sensation of a seesaw. The ups and downs are to be felt where romance is concerned, even to the extent of being off with the old and on with the new, and around April 22nd you could hit bottom with a bump that may be decisive. Leos are not the most cautious individuals at any time and throughout April you will have more than one opportunity to have your say. In fact it is more than likely that it will be your determination that gets the cards on the table, but if you are not prepared to gamble, do not play. This also applies to finances which, to say the least, have been a problem for some time past; where joint interests are concerned very careful manipulation will be needed if you are not to be low on funds. There does not seem to be any way to stabilize your financial position, so you will just have to accept fluctuations for the time being. Home conditions will be more settled and many Leos will be preoccupied with domesticity, which will be a comfort during the bumpier moments of the month.

## VIRGO (August 24th—September 23rd)

This should be a very active month for Virgoans, but as the pace is both set and controlled by the whims of others, you should play along with them—at least for the first half of April. After the twenty-first you can afford to take a stand and tell them where to go. Do not let your lack of confidence allow you to hesitate over this or you will find you are being told where to go. April 16th and 17th could be a bit chaotic so do not ask favors of your partners at this time. The answer would be a very firm **No**. Virgo is said to be the Sign of Service, but you are endowed with a shrewd and subtle mind which can usually see the opportunities, so muster all your confidence and determination to make the most of them and you will turn this service to your own advantage rather than others turning it endlessly to theirs. Anyway, your confidence should be going through a boom period, as romantically things could not be better. Travel is very much in evidence during April and from the twenty-first on, anything involved with foreign interests is favorable. Though you may be tired of hearing it, caution is needed where the immediate family is concerned.

## CAPRICORN (December 22nd—January 20th)

Home is not necessarily where the heart is this month and, though Capricornians are not very adaptable, many of their homes will undergo changes during April. It could be that the improved working conditions of late have much to do with this, and reorganization is necessary for greater professional freedom. The first week of the month should be sensational for career prospects entailing increased earnings. There will be no problems in business partnerships, but do have a care when dealing with your spouse. One or two tricky situations could arise, mainly due to your impatience. These upsets with regard to the home are not really serious but should not be taken lightly for fear of hurting more than you intend. April 21st and 22nd you may need that spouse to be a full ally when relatives are at it again. There will be a few romantic surprises and not necessarily from the obvious quarter. Although there is no direct health problem, the active tempo of your life at the moment may impair your resistance. The Capricornian is penny wise; if you must, this is the month to be pound foolish.

## AQUARIUS (January 21st—February 19th)

For one reason or another April should be a decisive month for Aquarians. Although in many respects you are creatures of habit, when you do make a change it is with a vengeance. Upheavals in the home or a permanent change of residence are possible, but not without resistance from those concerned. The planet Venus enters the second house of your solar horoscope on April 7th. As she passes, the benefits to your finances will be passing also. Toward the end of the month this same beneficial yet fickle planet moves perilously close to Saturn, that old monster who has bedeviled your money matters, and if there are still outstanding difficulties regarding business partners after April 20th, you should reach a settlement, not however without making concessions. Romantically—don't bother; it would be very costly in more ways than one. It could be your detached manner that has brought about this rift. Your idealism leads you to an inordinate concern for people in general; by showing concern for people in particular, i.e. those near you, everything could be lovelier.

## PISCES (February 20th—March 20th)

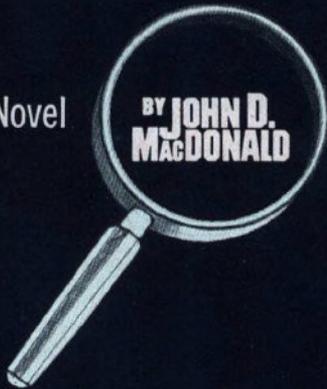
Try a different approach this month. After April 7th, when Venus enters your sign, you should become more optimistic about your future and less dissatisfied with your lot at the moment. Romantically this could be a very eventful period with a lot of Pisceans swimming in all sorts of directions—nevermind the proverbial two. Emotionally it is a very satisfying time and others will take more notice of you than of late. Around the twenty-second unexpected changes of plans will leave you somewhat confused and it is the one time in the month when a lot of old problems will once again be to the fore. Financially there are opportunities for increasing your income, but the outgoings will also be greater than anticipated. Some important decisions regarding your career can be made now, so put on a bold front and do not underrate your market value. When the planet Jupiter moves into the sign of Cancer next month, where it stays until September, it cannot help but improve your circumstances. But to reap the full benefit of Jupiter's rays you must know what you want and make some effort to get it.

THE END



*The view from the  
bridge looked great—  
to everyone but  
Vangie Bellemer, who  
was about to be  
thrown from it.*

A Complete Suspense Novel



BY JOHN D.  
MACDONALD

# DARKER THAN AMBER



We were about to give up and call it a night when somebody dropped the girl off the bridge.

They came to a yelping stop overhead, out of sight, dumped her over the bridge rail and took off.

It was a hot Monday night in June. With moon. It was past midnight and just past the tide change. A billion bugs were vectoring in on us as the wind began to die.

It seemed to be a very final way of busting up a romance.

I was sitting there under the bridge in a skiff with my friend Meyer. We were under the end of the bridge nearest the town of Marathon, and it is the

# DARKER THAN AMBER

(continued)

first highway bridge beyond Marathon on your way to Key West.

My bachelor houseboat, *The Busted Flush*, was tied up at Thompson's Marina in Marathon. It had been there since Saturday afternoon. After I got in I phoned Meyer at Bahia Mar in Lauderdale, where he lives aboard his cabin cruiser. I'd been gone a little longer than I'd planned, and I had one small errand for him to do, and one small apology for him to make for me. I said that in return, if he wanted to come on down to Marathon by bus, I could put him into a good snook hole at the right time of year, tide and moon, and then he could come on back to Bahia Mar with me aboard *The Flush*, and we'd get in late Wednesday afternoon, probably—not that it mattered.

**M**eyer is the best of company, because he knows when talk is better than silence, and he tries to do more than his share of all the less interesting chores.

Until I asked him to join me, and heard him say yes, I had thought I wanted to be alone for a few days.

I had taken an old friend on a lazy cruise down Florida Bay, to give her a chance to mend nerves badly jangled by emotional problems. She had done a great deal of talking. After I put her ashore at Flamingo, where her sister was waiting to take her home to Atlanta, my houseboat seemed full of a blessed silence.

I was getting oil pressure fluctuation on the starboard diesel, and I had a friend at Marathon who would take a look at it without trying to find some plausible way to pick my pocket, so I aimed for Marathon and had him check my trouble.

The repair was a minor job, one I could have done myself if I'd been able to diagnose it. I heard the word on the snook hole, remembered the way Meyer would talk a good one up to the side of the boat, and that was how we happened to be under the bridge in a rented skiff Monday midnight, casting the active surface plugs into a splendid snook hole, with the skiff tied to one of the bridge pilings. In the current boil of the incoming tide they had been feeding nicely. I'd had good results with a Wounded Spook with a lot of spinning clattering hardware on it to fuss up the water and irritate them. We'd hooked into at least ten good ones, lost seven amid the pilings, boated three in the eight- to twelve-pound range.

But we were down to that just-one-more-cast. After midnight on a Monday

in June, traffic is exceedingly sparse. The concrete bridge span was about twenty feet above the water. We were in the shadows under the bridge. I heard a car coming and it seemed to be slowing down. There was a sudden screech of brakes overhead. And, moments later, the girl came down. She came down through the orange glow of bridge lights, and the white pallor of moonlight. Feet first. Pale skirt fluttered upward baring the long legs. Just one glimpse of that, and she chunked into the water five feet off the bow of the skiff, splashing us, disappearing. Motor roared, tires squealed, car rocketed off.

It was a forty-foot drop for her. Twenty feet of air, twenty feet of depth. I would have expected her to bob up but for one thing. She hit my line. The surface plug was a few feet beyond where she hit. And she took it right on down to the bottom, and there the plug stopped taking out line against the drag.

I had twelve pound mono on that reel. I pulled at it, and it held firm. I tossed my wallet into the bottom of the skiff, shoved my rod at Meyer and asked him to keep the line tight. I yanked my boat shoes off, went over the side, took a deep breath and let half of it out, and pulled myself down the monofilament, hand over hand, sliding my hands along it, grasping it between thumbs and finger pads. Soon, in the blackness, I reached and touched the hair afloat, dug my fingers into it, got a good hold to try to lift her. Two hands, with that extraordinary gentleness of the last margin of consciousness, closed softly around my wrist. I pulled my way down her body, down to the ankles to find why I couldn't lift her off the bottom. I felt the double ridges of wire biting into the slenderness, leading down and through one of the three oval holes in a hefty cement block. I felt swiftly for the place where it was fastened, felt the hard twist of wire close to the block. I knew that if I had to go up for more air and come back . . . no girl. And my lungs were beginning to try to pump the air in, so that I had to use an effort of will to keep my throat closed against the blind effort. It had been done with pliers. Heavy wire. I knew which way it had to twist. It tore the pads of my thumb and fingers. I hooked fingers into the pocket of my shirt, ripped it off, wrapped it around the wicked ends of the wire, then untwisted as hard as I could.

**T**he world was getting dreamy. Just slightly vague. But it began to unwrap, and the free ends made it easier by giving me more leverage. I wanted to stretch out, sing some old sad

songs, and float on out to sea in the softness of the tide. The wires were free. I yanked them through the hole in the cement block. I kicked hard against the bottom, and came slowly up, smiling perhaps, nodding a little, loosely hugging the hips of the drowning girl. I was thrust rudely out of sleepy-by into the ugliness of coughing and spewing and retching in the fractured moonlight, then trying to hold her so her face was out of the water. That was when I saw Meyer, standing in the skiff, outlined against the lights, carefully playing the two big blundering fish and trying to work us toward the boat. Soon I could help. He knelt and got hold of the girl and worked her aboard over the flat stern, and as I hung on, waiting for strength to climb aboard, I saw him tumble her roughly, face down, over one of the seats, stand straddling her, reach his hands under her, and pull up slowly, then let her drop and shift his hands and push downward against her back just above the waist.

My feet were beginning to trail outward in the increasing strength of the outgoing tide. Had she been dropped five minutes later I wouldn't have been able to get down to her against that tide run.

**I**worried up over the transom, sat there gasping.

"While you were down there," Meyer said, his voice distorted by effort. "I went over to town and had a couple of beers."

"She was alive when I got there, buddy. She grabbed my wrist. So I had to unwire her from her anchor on the first trip."

"Some tenderhearted guy," Meyer said. "Didn't have the heart to tell her they were all through. Easier to kill them than hurt their feelings."

"Is that the best way to do that?"

"Shut up. It's my way. And I think it's working."

I fumbled in the tray of the tackle box and found my small flashlight. I'd recently put new batteries in it. Her soaked skirt was bunched, covering her from midhigh upward. Quite a pity, I thought, to discard such a long and lovely pair of legs. I rested the flashlight where it shone upon her ankles, and hunched down with the fish pliers and nipped the wire. Freed of that stricture the legs moved a little apart, bare feet both turned inward. Bent over in that position, I saw a glitter under the edge of the bunched skirt, reached and lifted it slightly and saw my Wounded Spook against the back of her left thigh, the rear set of gang hooks set deeply. I clipped the leader off at the front eyelet, and as I did so she gave a shallow, hacking cough

and spewed water into the bilge, then gagged and moaned.

"Any more criticisms?" Meyer asked.

"What happened to mouth-to-mouth?"

"It sets up emotional entanglements, McGee."

After more coughing, she made it clear she wanted no more punishment. Meyer rolled her over, scooped her up, placed her in the bow, fanny on the floorboards, shoulders against the angle of the gunnels. I put my light on her face. Dark hair was pasted down over one eye. She lifted a slow hand, thumbed the hair back over her ear, squinted, turned her face away from the light, saying, "Please."

I turned the light away, totally astonished to find that it was a face which lived up to the legs, maybe more so. Even in the sick daze of waking up from what could have been that last long sleep, she was delicately Eurasian, sloe-eyed, oval, lovely.

As he moved to reach the lines to free them, Meyer said, "Damned handy, Travis. As soon as you run out, they drop you another one. Stop panting and start the motor, eh?"

Back at Thompson's, I ran the skiff up alongside the starboard stern of *The Busted Flush*. She was tied up with the port side against the pier. While Meyer held it there, I scrambled aboard. He lifted her to her feet and I reached over the rail, got her, swung her aboard, tried to put her on her feet and had to hold her to keep her from falling. Meyer went chugging off in the skiff to put it over at the small-boat dock where it belonged.

I took her down into the lounge, and on through past the galley to the master stateroom. She stood braced, holding tightly to the back of a chair while I turned the lights on and pulled the pier-side draperies shut. Her head was bowed. She looked up at me and started to say something, but the chattering of her teeth made it unintelligible. I took my heaviest robe from the hanging locker and tossed it onto the big bed, then got her a big towel from the locker in the bathroom and threw it in onto the bed and said, "Get out of that wet stuff and dry yourself good."

I went to the liquor locker, found the Metaxa brandy and poured a good three inches into a small highball glass. I carried it to the stateroom and knocked, and in her chattery voice she told me to come in. She was belting the robe. Her clothing was in a sodden little pile on the floor. I handed her the glass. It chattered against her teeth. She took it down in three tosses, shuddered, then sat on the edge of the bed, hugging herself.

Meyer appeared in the doorway.

"Chills? Hmm. Shock. Reaction. Miss, if you have the energy, a hot shower or, better yet, a hot tub. And then another drink. OK?"

She gave a tense little bob of her head, and Meyer scooped up the wet clothing and, in moments, I heard the roar of the water into the huge elegant sybaritic tub installed by the original owner before I had won the houseboat in a Palm Beach poker session.

Meyer assisted while I removed the hooks from the back of her left thigh. She lay prone and did not wince or cry out. All dedicated fishermen know the procedure. You have to poke the barb up through the skin in a new place, cut the barbed point off with the nippers, then back the hook out the way it went in. A dab of iodine completes the surgical procedure.

Though I hope my manner was professional, even Kildare or Casey would have been aware of the long elegance of those dusky pale legs with their flawless, fine-grained matte finish.

We had introduced ourselves. The surgical team of Meyer and McGee. Meyer known as Meyer. McGee known as Travis or Trav. When she didn't respond, Meyer said, "What do we call you?"

Her tub was ready. She turned and stared at us. Her eyes were entrances to deep caves. Nothing lived in the caves. Something had once but now there was nothing back in there but some piles of picked bones, ash where the fires had been, and some scribbling on the walls. "Jane Doe will do fine," she said, and headed for her hot tub.

People leave things on boats. I stow the girl-things in a big drawer under the bed in the guest stateroom. I selected a pair of girl pajamas, Dacron sailcloth slacks size twelve, a pleated white shirt with long sleeves and a pair of zoris which seemed about the right size. I stock some of those courtesy packets of female toiletries the better hotels keep on hand for guests whose luggage is taken to some unlikely destination by their friendly airline. I picked one of the ones labeled brunette, and put it with the clothing in on the bed in the master stateroom. I found Meyer in the galley swashing the salt out of her clothes in a small tub of fresh water. Mother Meyer.

"What we have, Doctor Watson," he said, "is a raw silk sleeveless blouse in natural color, and an orlon fleece wraparound skirt, both items with the label of something called The Doll House, in Broward Beach. And we have these lacy little blue briefs, and the matching bra, about a B cup size 34 I would judge, excellent quality and unlabeled, possibly from a custom

house. No shoes. And, as you may have noticed, no jewelry, no wristwatch. But pierced ears, indentation of a ring on the ring finger of the right hand, and though she's no sun bunny, a stripe of pallor on the left wrist where the wristwatch was worn."

I followed him into the lounge. "Age, Mr. Holmes?"

"Some Oriental blood. Complicates the problem. I'll say twenty-six, but give me two years either way."

"How about the long decorative fingernails, Mr. Holmes? Too long for useful work, no? And broken practically down to the quick on the third and fourth fingers of the right hand, possibly from a struggle."

"Very good, Doctor Watson, my dear fellow. Is there not one other thing worth consideration?"

"Uh . . . the scar on the right cheekbone?"

"Meaningless in itself. Come, man!" I looked blank. He said, "I shall give you a little help, Doctor. Imagine how some other young woman might react to the same set of circumstances."

I ran through a short mental list. Many would have been blubbering and thrashing. The gutsier ones would have been so shaken by the nearness of an untidy death they would have long since made some strong statements about whoever had heaved them over the railing. But this one's fatalistic acceptance of it seemed almost eerie. A gambler, accepting her losses. This one had to be very familiar with some corner of our culture where being tossed off a bridge was a normal emotional or professional risk.

We heard a door open, the gargling sound of the tub water running out, the sound of the stateroom door closing. In a few minutes we went as a committee of two, rapped on her door, and heard her call to us to come in. She lay in the middle of the giant bed under the coverings in the striped pajamas, her head, turbaned in a maroon towel, resting on two pillows. Her color had improved. We stood at the foot of the bed. "Much better, eh?" Meyer said.

"I got a little buzz from that big knock of brandy. On account of I guess nothing to eat since breakfast maybe."

"No trouble to fix you something, Jane Doe," I said.

She frowned. "I don't know about solid food. I got a feeling maybe I wouldn't hang onto it so long. Maybe some warm milk and a couple aspirin, Mr. . . . I forgot your name."

"Travis McGee. The hairy one is Meyer. How about a big warm eggnog with no stick, vanilla, nutmeg on top?"

She looked wistful. "Gee, when I was a little kid . . . sometimes . . . That

# DARKER THAN AMBER

(continued)

would be nice, honest." She glanced toward the chair where the clothing was. "There's a girl on board?"

I told her the clothes had been left behind, and Meyer and I were the only ones aboard. Meyer said, "In the morning, when you feel up to it, my dear, you can tell the police what happened."

I was aware of all the emptiness behind her eyes as she said with gallows humor, a small twist of her mouth, "Just one of those fits of depression, I guess. Maybe my wash wasn't white enough. Wrong bleach."

"So," I said, "you tucked a cement block under your arm and hopped over the railing?"

"It wasn't easy. How about the egg-nog, McGraw?"

"McGee."

Meyer stood looking approvingly at her and shook his head and said gently, "No matter how or why it happened, it would have been a waste of exceptional loveliness if you'd died."

She looked startled, and then with more bitterness than I have ever heard a woman speak of herself before, she said, "I am a dream walking, Meyer. A real vision, buddy."

You can watch the Meyer magic at work and not know how it's done. He has the size and pelt of the average Adirondack black bear. He can walk a beach, go into any bar, across any playground, and acquire people the way blue serge picks up lint, and the new friends believe they have known him forever. Perhaps it is because he actually listens, and actually cares, and can make you feel as if his day would have been worthless, an absolute nothing had he not had the miraculous good fortune of meeting you. He asks you the questions you want to be asked, so you can let go with the answers that take the tensions out of your inner gears and springs. It is not an artifice. He could have been one of the great con artists of all time. Or one of the great psychiatrists. Or the founder of a new religion. Meyerism.

Now he reached and patted Jane Doe's ankle under the sheet and coverlet. "My dear, you are going to have the best sleep you've had in months. Just stay awake long enough for one of McGee's famous egg-nogs."

Her smile was almost shy. "OK."

When I took the egg-nog in, she was almost gone, but she stirred, braced herself on an elbow, drank it a few swallows at a time until it was almost gone, looked sleepy-eyed at me and said, "I could be down there dead. And

maybe this is the way it would be."

"We're real."

"You are. But I don't know about Meyer." . . .

Meyer and I discussed our guest as we filleted the snook and wrapped the fillets in foil. After putting them in the icebox and hosing off the deck, we took the discussion into the lounge and continued it over a nightcap.

There was no disagreement. She was exceptionally attractive in an almost theatrical way, but she was certainly making no girlish effort to get any kind of a response out of either of us. She had remarkable control of herself. She had the flavor of hardness of someone who has been playing in the big fast tough leagues. There had been no merciful rap on the skull before she was dropped into the sea. It had the flavor of professional expertise rather than amateur emotionalism, and thus there had to be a good professional reason for scuttling goods of such quality—either money or information.

Meyer said, "Of this be sure. We will never know why those two men dropped her off that bridge unless she decides it is in her best interests to tell us."

"Two men?"

"At least two, and probably in a convertible. From the time the car braked to a stop until she hit the water, there wasn't time to work her out of a sedan with that block wired to her ankles. I doubt they'd have had her strapped to a fender like a dead doe. And also there was no sound of a car door at any time. The car started up so quickly whoever dropped her wouldn't have had time to get back behind the wheel. Besides, the motor was being revved the whole time it was stopped. So I see a nervous man at the wheel and a powerful man in the back seat with her. Powerful and agile. He jumped out over the door, scooped her up—a hundred and twenty pounds of girl plus cement block—swung her up and over the parapet and let her drop feet first, vaulted back into the car as the other man started it up. I'd also guess they were parked a distance from the bridge, lights out, well over on the shoulder, waiting to be certain nothing was coming from either direction. As she knew what was going to happen, it must have been a horrid wait for her. But I would wager she didn't whine or beg."

I shook my head admiringly. "Ever wonder if you're in the wrong line of work, professor?"

"Travis, I'm an economist, hence reasonably logical. Don't overrate my talents, boy. You function superbly in areas where I'd be helpless as a child. I couldn't have gone down

after her, or made myself stay down when I learned it was the only way to save her."

"McGee, all meat and reflexes."

I had finished making up my bed on the yellow couch in the lounge. He studied me thoughtfully. "Meat, reflexes and a kind of romanticism you refuse to admit. I think any involvement with Miss Jane Doe's problems could be bad news. You could get the same kind of professional attention she got. I'd miss you. She's a lovely package with very dead eyes. You get that look from seeing too much too soon. Goodnight, O mighty fisherman. This last thing we caught; what we do is release it. Like sportsmen."

He plodded off to bed leaving me momentarily irritated with him. Why should he assume there was any chance of a hang-up over Miss Doe? Her playmates played just a little too rough. I was asleep within minutes.

At breakfast, over scrambled eggs and fried fish, I explained to Meyer that whoever dropped the girl had to know the area because it was the only really deep hole within miles of Marathon, adjacent to a highway bridge.

We were on second coffees when we heard her running the water in the bathroom. Soon she appeared in the doorway, looking down at us in the booth adjoining the galley, wearing the black pants and the white shirt with its trimmings of lace.

"Good morning to Meyer and McGee," she said. "If there is really no other woman aboard, one of you is a real jewel, washing out the dainty underthings."

"Always at your service, Miss Doe," Meyer said. He got up. "Sit here, my dear. Opposite the McGee. Boat owners get waited on hand and foot. I'm chef as well as laundress. And your turn will come. Coffee black and hot first?"

"Please." She slid rather stiffly into the booth.

"How do you feel?" I asked her.

"As if somebody tried to break my back."

As he placed the coffee in front of her, Meyer said, "Thank me for that too. I stretched you out across a boat seat and I could feel your ribs give every time I pushed the air out of your lungs. But I was reasonably careful not to break any."

The morning light was brilliant against her face as she sat opposite me. Her dark hair was brushed to a gloss, hung free, two dark curved parentheses which framed the lovely oval of her face, swung forward as she dipped her head and lifted the cup to her lips. She had made up her mouth carefully with the lipstick from the con-

venience kit. The pale down on her face, just below the darker hair of the temples, grew quite long. There was one faint horizontal wrinkle across the middle of her forehead, twice arched to match the curves of her brows. And a slightly deeper horizontal line across her slender throat. A few pores were visible in the ivory dusk of her skin where it was taut across the high solidity of Oriental cheekbones, but there was no other mark or flaw upon her, except the cheekbone scar shaped like a star. In that light the color of her eyes surprised me. Light shrunk the pupils small. The irises were not as dark as I had imagined. They were a strange yellow-brown, a curious shade, just a little darker than amber, and there were small green flecks near the pupils. Her upper lids had that fullness of the Asiatic strain, and near-death had smudged the flesh under her eyes. She looked across at me, and accepted the appraisal with the same professional disinterest with which the model looks into the camera lens while they are taking light readings.

"And otherwise?" I asked.

"I slept very well. You will have to fill in some blanks. Where are we?"

"Tied up at Thompson's Marina at Marathon."

Meyer explained it all: how we happened to be there, what we saw and heard, and who had done what. As he explained, she ate with a delicate voracity, a mannerly greed, glancing up at us from time to time.

"McGee stayed down just long enough to make my blood run cold," Meyer said. "I know it was better than two minutes."

She looked at me, eyes narrowing slightly in a speculation I could not read. I said, "I knew you were alive when I got to you. So that was the only good chance I had to bring you up alive, to get you loose that first time."

"And you heard the car leave?"

"Before you touched bottom," I said.

Her plate was empty. She put her fork down with a little clink sound. "Then we three, right here, are the only people who know I'm alive. Right?"

"Right," said Meyer. "Our plans before you . . . uh, excuse me, dropped in . . . were to leave sometime this morning and head for Miami. Want to come along?"

She shrugged. "Why not?"

"My dear," Meyer said. "it would seem as if someone took a violent dislike to you last night."

"Is that a question?"

"Only if you want to give an answer. We are not going to pry. So you

don't have to make up any answers. Tell us what you feel like telling us, or nothing at all."

"He . . . one of them—there were two—he didn't like it. He wished there was some way to get around it, so it wouldn't have to happen. But he knew and I knew we were way past any place where there was any chance of turning back. I was scared sick. Not of dying. When you take a chance and lose, that's the chance you take. What he didn't like most was being told not to make it easier. He didn't think that was right. And that's what had me so scared, going out the hard way. Being down in the water and no chance to do anything, and holding my breath down in the dark on the bottom as long as I could. I whispered to him, begging him to put me out first. He knows how. I thought he would. He could have done it so Ma— . . . so the other one wouldn't even have heard. But then they stopped and as he swung me over, that wire hurting me terrible, and let me go. I knew he wasn't going to." She stopped and gave us both a look of savage satisfaction. "I was taking a breath to scream my lungs out but then I knew that if I didn't make a sound, the other guy would think Terry had knocked me out before dumping me, and he'd have to report it, and they might give him a hard time. I sure owed him a hard time, so I didn't let myself make a squeak and it . . . I guess it took my mind off everything a little bit, and at least I ended up down there with a big hunk of air in my lungs instead of all screamed out. Funny, it could have made the difference."

"And probably did," Meyer said. "And it was why I thought someone was disposing of a dead body, the way you came down without a sound. A good thing Travis got down there quickly."

"Boy, if they ever find out somebody got me up in time!" I saw her shiver. It was a clue to her being more rattled than she would let herself show us. Her voice was at odds with the pale and dusky elegance of her. It was a rich, controlled contralto, but she switched back and forth from the vulgarity of an artificial elegance of expression to a forthright crudeness. I could not tell whether it was spirit or stupidity that made her feel pleased with her own cleverness in giving Terry a hard time as she was, as far as she knew, being murdered.

She raised her eyebrows in surprise and said, "You know, I haven't even said thanks! OK, thanks guys. McGee, it took guts to go down there after me, and it was a nice thing to do for anybody. I don't remember much. Just all black and terrible, and

then somebody pulling my hair and touching me, maybe a fish going to eat me. Then . . . there's a blank part and then I was in a boat, and sick, and you trying to bust my ribs, Meyer. So thanks, I guess."

"You are entirely welcome," said Meyer. "You are alive on a one in ten million chance. From now on your life is pure profit. What are you going to do with it?"

"I'm trying not to think about it. I don't know." She looked unhappy. "I guess a person gets used to being told what to do. Like the Army or something." She bit her lip, studied each of us in turn, worried and wistful. "You fellows are not exactly running away from the old lady for some fishing, and then back to the insurance office. This boat and all. And you have a lot of cool. It didn't agitate you, me showing up so sudden. I don't know what you two have got going, but if there's maybe a way I could fit in . . .?"

It was touching in a strange oblique way. The family had moved away and the housecat was scratching at a new screen door.

"I am an economist, semiretired," Meyer said. "And McGee is in the salvage business, on contract."

"So maybe you're squarer than I thought," she said in a troubled way. "I just don't know. I guess I better not run into any . . . old friends."

"If you're looking for answers, Miss Doe," Meyer said, "please remember that we don't know the questions."

With a brilliant and artificial smile she said, "At least I owe you my right name, boys. Vangie. Short for Evangeline. Evangeline Bellemer."

"Bellemer," Meyer said. "A corruption of the French, meaning beautiful sea."

"That's what I got dropped into, eh? I guess I have to think things out. Do we get to Miami this afternoon?"

It amused me. *The Busted Flush* is no hydrofoil. "By five or six tomorrow evening, maybe."

"Better it should take a month or a year," she said.

After I'd settled up for dockage and fuel, Meyer freed the lines as I trundled *The Flush* out of there, running her from the topside controls forward of the sun deck. Then Meyer went below on galley duty, Vangie saying she felt well enough to do her share.

A half hour later she came topside and sat in the copilot chair, explaining that Meyer had showed her where the girl clothes were stowed, and where the booze was stored, and had shoed her away and said he'd finish the chores. She'd found red denim shorts and a pink sleeveless blouse. She wore a pair

# DARKER THAN AMBER

(continued)

of my hefty wraparound sunglasses, and she carried a tall, lethal highball.

It was trivial conversation. Yes, the houseboat doesn't go very fast. Yes, they put the numbers on the markers so you can find them on the chart. See the chart? Those are markers.

She eased around to it cautiously. Yes, as Meyer said, we each lead the bachelor life aboard our own boats at Bahia Mar at Fort Lauderdale. Could I maybe operate my salvage business from some other place, like maybe New Orleans or Georgia?

Then came the philosophical observation: "Travis, the way it works, and I guess it would be the same in the salvage business, you can set up a fair and square offer and it just lies there. But this boat is like a great pad for entertaining. I mean it's like a really great apartment. What I could do beautiful for you, suppose some customer is holding back? I could be like a hostess, sort of. Believe me, I know how to soften them up. A few laughs. Some nice drinks. They feel great. They want to sign the papers. Now don't say no until I finish. I couldn't risk hanging around Florida. I wouldn't get in your way at all. I'd be a housekeeper, sort of. Just for my keep. And nothing personal at all between us, if that's the way you'd want it. If I do you good in a business deal, then you could pay me something or nothing, whatever. Honest, I wouldn't have any angles. I wouldn't get cute. I can cook and clean and take care of your clothes." Her laugh was forced. "Where are you going to find coolie labor so cheap, McGee?"

"Question?"

"Go ahead."

"It's the old question about the gift horse. You wouldn't turn yourself into a serf out of pure gratitude. So why not just take off from Miami? I'll stake you. You can send it back some day if you want. With your looks, there'd be a dozen kinds of unskilled labor you could do which would pay well, Vangie. Cigarette girl, hat check, hostess. Your playmates know you're dead. It's a big country."

She took her time. She was slouched, bare feet braced against the panel in front of the copilot seat. Even as I checked the marked channel far ahead, peripheral vision gave me considerable awareness of those great legs. I sensed she was staring at me, making up her mind about something.

"OK," she said with a sigh of resignation. "It's because you wouldn't need a social security number, or references

from the last job. Almost anywhere, any kind of club work where there's a liquor license, everybody has to register with the law. Wherever you go, you get checked out. My prints and picture are on file, McGee. It wasn't a big deal. I drew a suspended. But then . . . a few years ago, there was big trouble. I was with this guy. We were traveling and the car conked out. We were broke. I thumbed a ride. A man stopped for me. My friend came out of the bushes and hit the guy too hard. We were maybe nine hundred miles from there when we heard on the car radio he'd died in a hospital after making a statement. We wiped the car off and abandoned it. The man described me pretty good. This scar on my cheekbone helped. I left some fingerprints somewhere on that car. They made me, but they didn't make my friend. Felony murder, McGee. There's no reward. But they never stop looking. OK, it was a stupid thing. You know what he had on him? Thirteen dollars! And I didn't even like the idea at the time, and I tried to talk Griff out of it. I was very dumb at that point about guys like Griff. I just didn't know how hardcase he was. So . . . he lined me up for what I've been doing the last couple of years."

"Which is?"

"Something you're better off not to know about."

"How about turning state's evidence?"

"If I knew then what I know now, I would have done it as soon as I could slip away from him after we heard on the radio the salesman died. But that's something you have to do quick. The longer it goes, the less chance of making a deal."

"Maybe you could make a deal by giving the whole story on whatever it is you've been mixed up in lately?"

Her laugh was short and ugly. "When anybody lifts the lid off that can of worms, dearie, it's going to get too warm for anybody to get any guarantees. Forget it. Are you going to turn me in?"

I looked at her. Amber eyes challenged. Wryness tugged at a corner of the sensuous mouth.

"If you thought there was a chance, you wouldn't have told the story."

She kept working on the strong drink. The ice was melted. She took small spaced sips. She was making it last. "So, McGee, now that you know the leverage, at least you can sew up the slave labor."

"Here's the offer, Vangie. I can time the trip to bring us in after dusk. You can stay below deck as many days as you need to think things over. Nobody will come aboard. When you decide how you want to jump, I'll stake you to

a few bills and, if you want, drive you at night to the jumping off point. Maybe, if I can find the man I'm thinking of, he could fake you up any papers, any background you need."

"Why? Why all the nice? Don't hang me up that way, Trav."

"Why?" I said. "Because I pulled you up off the bottom. Pure possessiveness maybe. Or because I have done some damn fool things which turned out better than I had any right to expect. And maybe my motives at the time weren't any better than yours. And maybe, girl, it's my hunch that if you were perfectly happy with the so-called can of worms, your playmates wouldn't have deep-sixed you."

She bit her lip. Her stare was astonished and respectful. "I got to watch you. I guess I keep telling you more than I think I'm telling you. Meyer too. Maybe they come to the end of how much they can take, just like I did. You kind of stop giving a damn. And . . . the bridge wasn't really so bad, when there doesn't seem to be any other answer. I kept thinking it was what I had coming. There are things too big to ever pay for. You say what good is a conscience? So you say you'll give up having one. But it comes back. God knows, it comes back. I . . . I've got to be alone and do some thinking."

Five minutes after she went below, Meyer came up and handed me an opened bottle of icy Dos Equis, sat where Vangie had been, drank deeply of his and said, "Aaaaah! So clever, these Mejicanos."

"Did you have that many chores below?"

"I took a look. The conversation looked intimate. You dig pretty good. So why interrupt the confession hour? If there was one."

"Not about whatever fun and games she's been involved in lately. But about how she got roped into the operation. Wanted for felony murder, and that was the leverage."

"To tell you that much, she wanted something of you, no?"

"To join my ball club. Total effort for no pay. But I'd have to move *The Flush* to another state. Her refuge, entirely on my terms."

"And it got you right here?"

"I said I'd hide her awhile if she wanted, and help her get a good running start. That would be all, professor. I'm just a gullible, impressionable youth. And I get the impression that inside that exquisite and erotic exterior beats a girlish heart as warm and tender and gentle as one of the meat hooks in a walk-in cooler."

"You show certain promise of eventual maturity, Travis. Any clues about

the organization which . . . struck her name from the roll?"

"Two other doxies are involved, with the suggestion they've been levered in to it too. And a hardcase named Griff, her partner in the felony murder a few years back."

"Two and a half names thus far. Griff, Terry and the driver of the disposal car, someone name Ma—as in Mack, Manny, Malcolm."

"And the whole operation is so rancid. Doctor Meyer, that if anyone blew the whistle, they'd have little chance of leniency."

**H**is eyebrows went up, giving him simian wrinkles across the forehead. "We can alter an old equation to fit illegal occupations. The greater the stench, the greater the profit." . . .

It was a hot lazy day. Our passenger fixed lunch, brought it topside on a tray, cleaned up afterward and in abrupt exhaustion sacked out below.

Tarpon Bay seemed a reasonable halfway point, and after I had moved well off east of the channel, set the big hook in good bottom and killed the engines, she came stretching and yawning up into the sunset light to say that it looked as if we were in a lake, and why were we stopping, was it busted?

I explained that we didn't want to overtax the captain by running all night, so parking was standard procedure.

As it was very still and very hot, I got the big auxiliary generator going, and we buttoned up the boat and put the air conditioning on high. The fading day put an orange-gold light through the starboard windows of the lounge. I briefed her on the music machinery, and after she couldn't find anything she liked among my tapes or records, I put the FM tuner into the circuit and she prowled the band from end to end until she settled for a Hollywood station whanging away at what Meyer terms beetle-bug mating chants. She boosted the bass, and put the gain slightly below torture level. My big amplifier fed the rickety-bang into the big wall-mounted stereo speakers, giving us all the resonances and overtones from twenty cycles all the way up to peaks no human ear can detect.

Barefoot, Vangie danced alone on the lounge carpeting, half of a dark drink in her hand. The dance was mildly derivative of the frug-fish-watusi era. Meyer and I had dropped the desk panel and we sat on either side of it, playing one of those games of chess where, by cautious pawn play by both of us, the center squares had become intricately clogged as the pressure of the major pieces built up, and each move took

lengthy analysis. While he pondered, I watched Vangie. She gave no impression of being on display. Her face was without expression, eyes partially closed. She rolled and twisted her body to the twang-ka-thump music, but in a controlled and moderate way. I could not tell if she was lost in the music or lost in thought. Nearly everyone over nineteen who tries the modern dances of the young looks so vulgar as to be almost obscene. And I would have expected Evangeline to be no exception.

But when she bowed her head, the wings of dark hair swung forward, and in the rhythmic turning of her upper body from side to side, in the roll and swing and cadence of her hips, she achieved that curious quality of innocence the young ones project, wherein body movements which are essentially sexual become merely symbolic sexual references, mild and somehow remote.

As I was pondering a move, Meyer got up abruptly and went and came back bearing what he calls his tourist disguise — a big black gadget bag choked with cameras and equipment. He caught her several times from different angles before she turned in her solitary rituals and saw him and stopped abruptly. He told her it was strictly amateur. Over the din of the music she shouted that she would give him some real poses. She shook her back, hooded her eyes and gave him a loose-lipped smirk of stylized lustful invitation. She hit three such poses and Meyer recorded them dutifully, thanked her, and put the camera away.

She turned the music to bearable level, and sat near us and said, "I could have made it as a model. Honest. You hear lots of girls say that. I'm real photogenic. You'll see. Meyer, when you get the prints, I was making some money at it when I was sixteen. There was a free-lance guy got very high on my chances and I went to New York with him and he got me lined up with a good agency and I did maybe nine or ten jobs, fashion stuff, college clothes. Then he got jealous about another guy and he got drunk and he popped me a good one." She pointed to the scar on her cheek. "It would have been OK except it got infected. Usually I use Covermark on it, but it got washed off last night. I don't know. I could have made it, but you really have to work. Now I'm better than fifteen pounds too heavy to do model work.

"**M**eyer, keep those pictures out of circulation, OK? I guess Trav told you why. Listen, that looks like a slow game. If somebody would let me sign a marker for twenty bucks, maybe some three-way gin would be fun. What do you say?"

Meyer, with a slow fish-eating grin, made a knight move of such unexpected brilliance, I saw at once there was no way I could recover without the loss of a major piece. "This game is over," Meyer said comfortably.

In the middle of the night, with the air conditioning off, *The Flush* unbuttoned, the cool of a night breeze moving through the boat, I was asleep on the big couch in the lounge, and trapped in one of the old bad dreams, the kind that come back as long as you live. When something touched my shoulder, I knew they had come up behind me.

I went in an instant from the dream to the reality of the touch in the darkness of the lounge, made a hard spasmed leap from that prone position that took me over the back of the couch, with, in the moment of takeoff, my right hand snatching the little air-weight Bodyguard, hammerless .38 special. I rolled noisily to the wall, and where shadows were deepest, moved swiftly and silently to the light switch near the desk. I could see a shadow moving away from the couch. Squinting in advance to avoid the dazzle of the lights, I came up into a crouch and hit the switch.

**V**angie had been backing away. She stared at me, eyes squinched against the sudden glare, and stopped there looking at me and at the deadly muzzle of the little short-barreled handgun. I let the nerves and muscles go loose, slipped the weapon temporarily into the desk drawer.

"Salvage business!" she said in a thin enraged tone. "Salvage? Who are you kidding, McGee?"

"I've made a few enemies."

"Who'd ever guess?" She was wearing the blue and white striped pajamas I'd dug out for her. Her hair was rumpled. "I'm all shaky," she said. "Touch somebody, and they go up like a rocket. Boy!"

"I'm sorry. Is there something you want?"

"I guess as a first step you could turn off the lights. Then give my heart a chance to slow down."

After a time she sighed audibly and said, "I guess I took too long a nap after lunch. I woke up. I got to thinking about everything and I couldn't get back to sleep. Let's say I got lonesome."

"People do."

"And scared?"

"You've got reasons."

She sighed again. "So I had this lousy little impulse. Maybe I wanted to say hello. Or thanks. Or prove I'm alive. Something. Now I just feel slightly stupid."

"You caught me in the middle of a bad dream, Vangie."

# DARKER THAN AMBER

(continued)

"I've been having bad ones for a year."

"Want to talk about it?"

"I don't know. I guess not. Look. There's this thing about Meyer and about you. Today I had the feeling you *like* me. I'd forgotten how it felt. This little visit, it's a pass or an offer or a gift or . . . you name it, McGee."

"It doesn't have to have a name. Just don't misunderstand why I'm saying no thanks, Vangie."

"No strings. Honest."

"I know. And it's nothing about you and nothing about me. It's just too cut and dried. OK?"

"Well sure." She stretched, yawned, hitched toward me and planted a quick, noisy, sisterly kiss on the corner of my mouth. "Night now," she said and went silently off into darkness.

At eleven the next morning I left Meyer at the wheel and went down to liberate a couple of bottles of cold Mexican beer. She was sitting in the booth by the galley, scowling into a cup of coffee. "Sit a minute?" she said. I slid in, facing her. "Thanks for the offer about me hiding out on your boat for a while, Trav. But I think I'll take off tonight, that is if you weren't having me on about a stake, and if you can get it for me tonight."

"What would you like?"

"Two hundred?"

"I've got it aboard."

"I might come back in a hurry, that is, if I can sell you on helping me. If I need help. It's like this. These last two years for the first time in my life I've been stashing money away. We had orders we could live good, but not too good. I'd say I've got maybe thirty thousand. I hid it in a good place. By now, you can bet on it, Griff has gotten into my place and cleaned it out. Clothes, furs, jewelry, luggage, color television everything. And he'll have cashed in my dear little convertible too. He's quick and tough and smart. He *knows* I've been squirreling away cash money from my share, and even though I put it in a good hiding place, sooner or later he's going to find it. He thinks he's got all the time in the world. If my luck is running better these days, he hasn't found it yet. And if my luck is running real good, maybe I can sneak into my place and grab it and get out. Then I'm long gone. In the night I was thinking. I love to fix my girlfriends' hair. It's real kicks for me. I love Hawaii. Born there. My old lady, she was quarter Chinese, she brought me to the mainland when I was eleven.

With five thousand I could get a little beauty shop started, and feed the rest of the cash into the bank little by little along with the receipts. I'd feel safe there."

After a wistful moment she said, "Anyway, if he's watching my place too close and I lose my nerve or I can't get him away from there somehow . . . You're a very huge-size guy and you moved awful swift with that gun. I think you're a real bright one, and I don't think you scare easy. But if you came up against Griff, I'd still make it a three to one bet against you. If you did get the chance . . . would you make a try for it?"

"Whose money is it?"

That dark amber of iris seemed to deepen. "Ask it, baby. See if it remembers whose pocket it came out of. It's mine, baby, and I earned it the hardest way there is. My slipping off the hook won't change one thing. They'll recruit a new gal to work with Griff. You want to worry, worry about how many more dead pigeons there'll be before they slip up or get out of the business."

"So it's yours. If I go after it and get it and get it back to you, I keep half."

Her eyes widened and narrowed. She opened her mouth to speak, but changed her mind. She ticked one long fingernail against the tabletop in a slow, thoughtful tempo. "Yes indeed," she said. "You *did* say salvage business. And I bet you wouldn't even think of blowing the whistle on Evangeline and keeping the whole thirty. Half is a lot better than nothing at all. I just hope I don't have to use your services, pal. I can hardly stand the rates."

"There's one thing you could do. Write the whole thing out. Seal it in an envelope. Leave it with me. Then if things go wrong . . ."

Her single cough of laughter left no look of amusement on her face. "If anything at all goes wrong, I'll be a dead girl. Griff will make sure. And no dead girl cares who gets what or what happens to who or how often."

She left well after dark, with the borrowed two hundred, and wearing borrowed black slacks, red belt, gray blouse, a white scarf tied around her hair. She donated her drowning clothes to the stockpile aboard. She hurried off the stern gangplank, blew a quick nervous kiss and hastened into the night. Meyer had gone back to his own clunker, and I drifted after Vangie, noted the brand name of the cab she got into, and memorized his plate, went and wrote it down, locked up *The Flush*, picked up Meyer and went off to eat Chinese.

After the seriousness of dedicated eating was out of the way, Vangie Bellmer was Topic A, at the table, and on the way back to Bahia Mar, and in the two deck chairs on the cockpit deck of his small cruiser. When finally he withdrew into silence, I knew that he was about to perform the Meyer-rite of tidying up.

"I shall now itemize," he announced, "with no attempt to separate assumptions from those facts she related to one or the other of us. Item: We postulate three couples, each couple working as a team, in separate and possibly at times simultaneous segments of the overall program. As the subject's partner, one Griff, did not share living accommodations with her, and as we can assume the other two females as attractive in a rather gaudy way as the subject, it would appear to be some systematized and murderous variant of the badger game. Item: Were the subject to have received 25 percent of the take from each venture, and tucked away 25 percent of her earnings, we can extrapolate a total gross of three quarters of a million dollars gross from the operation. Item: The subject after two years began to crack under the strain and probably attempted, without success, to warn or aid an intended victim. Reprisal was immediate, merciless and well-planned, and perhaps executed by the male members of the other two teams, as ordered by that person or persons who direct the enterprise. Item: In conversations with me the subject showed an amazingly detailed knowledge of the better shops in Nassau, Curaçao, St. Thomas, Haiti . . . in fact the entire Caribbean area. Item: She stopped suddenly, changed the subject so abruptly, one has to believe her knowledge of current conditions at such cruise ports is related to the operation in which she was involved. Item: Your phone call to the cab company revealed she had the cab take her all the way to Broward Beach. Many lonely, middle-aged and solvent men come here to try to begin a new life. Yet were they to disappear one by one at an abnormal rate over the past two years, certainly one or the other of us would have seen some mention of it in the press. Disposal of bodies at sea would be no great problem, but a missing passenger creates a stir and is investigated.

Oh, and one final item. She called one of her girlfriends, doubtless a coworker, DeeDeeBee, a pet name apparently constructed from the woman's initials. Now permit me one guess about the probability of the success of Miss Bellemer's mission. If her partner has located the cache, removed the money, she might be in little

danger. If he has not located it, and believes her dead, he will keep a very close watch on her place because of the chance of her having told someone else of the hiding place. And any attempt to lure him away with a false message would certainly alert him. In that event, I would give her very little chance of survival."

"Meyer," I said at last, "you have a very curious mind."

"And I have to live in here with it, remember," he said, tapping his skull.

"I'll play your game, Meyer-san," I told him. "Item: She told us more than she meant to, or knows she told us. Item: Those three fun-loving couples—with Vangie replaced—are going to keep right on knocking off people. Item: It's a cruel world anywhere you look these days. Item: Ol' Trav is going to sit this one out."

"You've certainly got that right, Travis."

"I take my retirement in installments. I scramble when the money is low. Right now I'm in good shape."

"So let the world go by."

"Right!"

"Right as rain!" said Meyer.

So I sat there and I relighted the pipe and I sighed and I tried to find something neutral to think about, and at last I stood up slowly, saying several short, ugly words in various combinations and arrangements. I got off on to the dock, pointed a finger at him and said, "OK I'm hooked. I have to find out. But this time, Meyer, you're in too. I need that orderly machine you wear in your head. And if I come out of it with a little meat and gravy, we share."

"Now wait! Hey! Just a minute!" I heard him but I kept walking slowly home to my *Busted Flush*. . . .

At five o'clock in the late afternoon of the next day, a detective sergeant on the Broward Beach force studied my driver's license and slid it back across the counter to me. He wore soiled sports clothes and had a tenant farmer face. In the blank for occupation on my license is typed SALVAGE CONSULTANT.

"Give it to me again slow, Mr. McGee, why you think this Marie Bowen could be the hit-and-run victim?"

"I've had a couple of dates with her. She shows up on time, but she won't tell me where she lives. Someplace here in Broward Beach. Last night she didn't show at all. The description on the news broadcast seemed to fit. Do you know who she is yet?"

"Not yet. We got the car though, this noon. It was clouted from in front of a shopping center movie place about eleven last night. This year's Olds Kids, I'd say. It was wiped clean. Any

## SEDUCTIVE COOKERY, PART V (cont. from page 100)

### THE DELIBERATE MISS

Set the pot into a sink or pan full of cold water and after 10 minutes, skim the fat from the surface. Reheat and correct the seasonings and serve in individual bowls such as those used for onion soup. The same topping of a slice of toasted French bread and grated cheese can be used. The soup may be served clear, or you can add a little of the carrot, celery, turnip and beef, all finely diced.

#### SAUTÉED STUFFED VEAL BIRDS

- 3 veal scallopini (½ to ¾ pounds), pounded 1 in by butcher
- 3 tablespoons breadcrumbs
- 1 tablespoon minced parsley
- 1 clove finely minced garlic
- Salt and pepper
- 1 tablespoon olive oil
- 1 slice mozzarella cheese, finely diced
- ½ 2 tablespoons Parmesan cheese
- 2 slices prosciutto, finely minced
- ½ cup white wine
- 2 tablespoons olive oil
- 2 tablespoons butter
- Lemon juice

Cut scallopini in half diagonally so you have 6 pieces. Toss together all ingredients except for the 2 tablespoons olive oil, wine, butter and lemon juice. Place generous teaspoonful of stuffing on wide end of each scallopini and roll tightly, securing with toothpick or tying with kitchen thread. Heat oil and butter in 10-inch skillet and when bubbling subsides, brown veal on all sides slowly. Pour wine over all and 1 tablespoon water, cover and simmer for 20 minutes. If more moisture is needed in the pan, add water or stock.

Remove veal to heated platter, pour fat out of pan, add a small lump of butter and about 1 tablespoon lemon juice and swirl it around to pick up meat juices stuck to the pan. Pour over the veal and serve.

#### RISOTTO PIEMONTESE

- ½-¾ cup Italian white rice or a long grain, nonconverted, absolutely raw rice
- 2 tablespoons butter
- 2 cups well-seasoned hot chicken or beef stock
- 1 tablespoon butter
- 1 tablespoon grated Parmesan cheese
- 2 white Italian truffles

kid knows enough to wipe a car off after trouble. It was abandoned in a parking lot. If it was a pack of kids, one of them will open up to somebody. It's too big for kids to handle."

He turned to an empty page in his pocket notebook, wrote, tore it out, handed it to me. "You take this over to City Memorial, give it to the fellow there that's on duty in the morgue. Six blocks west from here. If it's this Marie Bowen, you phone me from there, otherwise, thanks for the effort. And if it is or it isn't, it still won't be any fun taking a look."

Do not wash rice but rub it until glossy between two clean dish towels. Melt butter in a heavy saucepan and when it begins to froth, add rice and sauté slowly, stirring until it becomes golden, but not brown. Add half the chicken stock, cover saucepan, lower flame and let rice simmer for 30 to 45 minutes, adding more stock as it is absorbed. Be sure it cooks slowly and that your pan is a heavy, well-insulated one such as enameled cast iron. When rice is tender but not mushy, and stock is absorbed, it is done. Add butter and cheese and stir through. Serve at once in a warm bowl garnished with the sliced white truffles.

#### RAW ZUCCHINI SALAD

- 3 small zucchini
- 2 teaspoons red wine vinegar
- 2 tablespoons olive oil
- 1 clove garlic
- ½ teaspoon salt
- ¼ teaspoon black pepper

Wash and dry zucchini and cut into julienne strips the thickness of wooden matchsticks and about 2 inches long. Put remaining ingredients in bottle about an hour before needed. Shake well and pour over the zucchini, discarding the garlic clove. Toss and let marinate at room temperature for 45 minutes; chill slightly for 15 minutes before serving.

#### EMERGENCY AGLIO-OLIO (GARLIC AND OIL)

Put ½-¾ pound of spaghetti, linguine or any long non-noodle pasta into 4 quarts of well salted, rapidly boiling water. Let it cook at a rolling boil, uncovered, for 10-15 minutes or until the macaroni is tender but firmly al dente (to the teeth, meaning you can chew it).

For sauce, heat a little less than ½ cup olive oil in a skillet, add 3 cloves thinly sliced garlic and let cook until golden brown. Remove oil from heat, and when it stops sizzling but is still hot, toss in 1 tablespoon minced Italian parsley. About 2 minutes later, add ¼ teaspoon salt and a couple of grinds of black pepper. Simmer 10 minutes and serve over cooked spaghetti with crushed hot red peppers sprinkled sparingly on top. THE END

I looked at the note on the way out. It gave me a strange jolt. "Give bearer a look at the Jane Doe."

Their morgue was linoleum and battleship gray, with a ceiling maze of ducts and pipes. A colorless young man shoved his girlie book aside, glanced at the note, dropped it into the wastebasket and led me back to the bank of steel vaults like a huge filing cabinet, pausing to flick the harsh banks of overhead fluorescents on. He rolled the drawer out, I felt a stir of air colder than the air in the morgue

# DARKER THAN AMBER

(continued)

room. He flipped the sheet down as far as her waist, unnecessarily.

I imagine they had left the eye open to aid identification. The other side of her head and the other side of her face could be identified as having probably been of human origin. From the waist down it was not a woman shape under the sheet, just a lumpiness like a bed carelessly made up to resemble someone sleeping there, and the shoulder on the bad side of her was pushed in, in a curious and sickening way.

I looked at that eye. An eye which has dried has an oddly dusty look. Like a cheap glass eye in a stuffed owl. It was the color I knew it would be. Darker than amber. With green flecks near the pupil.

I looked at the young man. He was standing there, staring at the dead flesh which he had so unnecessarily uncovered, his underlip hanging away from his teeth.

"You!"

He gave a little start. "Uh . . . can you give us an I.D.?"

"Sorry, no." He shrugged, covered her, banged the drawer shut.

Every fatality has its self-appointed expert. I found him running a corner sundries store a hundred feet from where she had been hit at about midnight the previous night. He had opened up early, before the mess had been cleaned up, and he had it all figured out, and he kept telling everybody just what must have happened. "It's such a fast north-south side street, without lights, the locals use it at night when they're in a big hurry. Kids in a stolen car. Topsy woman starts across the street. Not a chance to stop in time. So they try to cut around behind her, between her and the curb. What does she do? She panics and tries to run back to the sidewalk, but two feet from the curb, where all the busted glass was, the right front of the car catches her. Yessir, a terrible thing," told with relish. "I paced it off, and that poor woman went thirty feet through the air, and they hosed it clean later, but this morning you could see where she hit the front of the Exchange Building just below a second-story window, and she bounced off of the stone front, a glancing blow like, and she landed dead in the middle of the sidewalk another fifteen feet farther on, so all told it was forty-five feet from where she got hit to where she come to rest, and, friend, you can bet your bottom dollar that poor woman didn't feel a thing. Once you figure it out logical,

you can see why there aren't any skid marks at all, and anybody in that car feeling the thud of how hard she got hit, they'd know there was no point in trying to find out how bad she was hurt."

I could imagine Vangie had known what was going to hit her. I could guess she had ridden in the car they killed her with. And she had stood there in the shadows, waiting for it to go around several blocks after they let her out, her and the man who stood behind her, big hands clamped on her elbows. Two or three blocks perhaps, to get up the speed to make it absolutely certain. Then she'd see the headlights coming fast, maybe with some blinking to make identification certain, and then she'd feel the grasp tighten, and she would try to brace her feet, but the brutal shove would send her floundering out, while the man who'd held her dodged swiftly back to avoid being spattered, then walked swiftly to the corner, walked another half block, got into his own car and drove sedately away. I wondered if this time Vangie had broken, if she had begged. I could not guess. I had not known her. I could not hope to guess which were the lies and which was the truth.

Maybe, for me, the only true knowing of her, was down there in the black press of the outgoing tide, my fingers wrapped in her hair, feeling the frail questioning grasp of the girl hands on my wrist, then feeling the girl shapes of her as I pulled myself down her body to the wired ankles. All right. So that was it, the awareness of the life down there, going out of her quickly, the desperation and the stubborn wire and the haste. It was a difficult thing to do. You feel good to do a thing like that. And then when they take what you saved and see how high they can splash it against a stone building, you get annoyed.

OK, hero. Tip the cops. It's their job.

But there is thirty thousand floating around somewhere. It needs a new home. And you've invested two hundred already.

At ten that night Meyer came aboard *The Busted Flush* with the photographs of Vangie. I had asked for glossies of the four he had taken when she had posed for the camera, one set in a five by seven size, the other wallet size. I took a look, then turned on the radio news, and studied them while the man covered national and international news. They were sharp, expert shots, and Meyer enjoyed being told so. But despite the jazzy cheapness of the poses, there was enough loveliness there to make me feel ill remembering what a stone building and a cement sidewalk had done.

They opened local news with a special. The Broward Beach police had just announced an identification of the mystery woman in last night's hit-and-run fatality. From her fingerprints the central FBI files had positively identified her as one Evangeline Bellemer, age twenty-six, with a record of three arrests for extortion, one conviction, and on the wanted list for the past three years for questioning regarding the robbery-slaying of a salesman on a highway near Madison, Wisconsin. Her companion-accomplice had never been identified. The pair had been traced as far as Chattanooga where the salesman's car was recovered. Her local address, if any, as well as the name she was using were not yet known. Police were conducting an extensive search for the driver of the death car.

I turned the news off and told Meyer I was going to find a place to hole up at Broward Beach, then poke around. He said it would be a good idea to be careful. I said that anyone who got a close look at what was left of Vangie would remember to be careful.

South of the city of Broward Beach, along A-1-A, is where the action is. The junk motels, bristling with neon, squat on the littered sand, spaced along the beach areas, interspersed with package stores, cocktail lounges, juice stands, laundromats, hair stylists, pizza drive-ins, discount houses, shell factories, real estate offices, sundries stores, little twenty-four-hour supermarkets, bowling alleys and faith healers. The sprawl continues down through the contiguous communities of Silvermoor, Quendon Beach, Faraway and Calypso Bay.

I had left my venerable Rolls-Royce tethered in her stall. It was no occasion for anything as conspicuous as the electric blue of old Miss Agnes, who, during her darkest hour, had been converted by some maniac into a pickup truck. I cruised in my inconspicuous rental Ford and decided upon a motel called the Bimini Plaza. I did not know if it was in Silvermoor or Quendon Beach, nor could I think of any reason why I should care. It merely looked a little richer than the others, and had, according to its sign, three pools, three bars and inimitable food. It also had a bad case of vacancy, a June problem that usually mends itself in July. I took their best, a large end room at the ocean end of one of the three parallel wings. I had a salt-crusted picture window facing seaward, and a cleaner one facing the pool area in the inner court. I had two double beds, two weights of traverse draperies, a glassed shower stall, a large tub, a bidet, an ice-cube maker, polar air conditioning, remote controls for the color

television set, and an ankle-deep lavender rug. For nine bucks, single.

The place was abundantly mirrored. There was a long one over the long, multilevel counter top which extended the length of the bedroom wall opposite the double beds, and one set into each of the sliding doors of the clothes closet, and one set into each side of the bathroom door. The bathroom wall above its counter top was all mirror, as well as a smaller wall area in the bedroom, in the alcove where the dressing table stood.

I registered my appreciation of Vangie's playmates by deciding to carry the airweight Bodyguard at all times. It goes into the side pocket of the pants, the right-hand pocket. The spring-pop holster is fastened into the pocket. It was made to my order by a talented Cuban. Slide the open hand into the pocket, press just so and it jumps solidly into the hand. It makes no bulge. There is nothing to catch on the fabric. Florida has handgun rules as curious as anywhere else. I own one acre of scrub land in one of the pork chop counties in North Central Florida. Taxes come to \$4.11 a year. The obliging sheriff renews my permit every three years. In Florida you can keep a gun in your car, your home or on your boat with no permit. You can carry it on your person on your own land with no permit. In certain areas you can carry it anywhere if it is openly and prominently displayed. But they do not like it tucked out of sight.

I can never tote it around, aware of the meager weight of it against my right thigh, without feeling a little twinge of theatrical jockassery. Carrying a gun, especially a very utilitarian one, has the bully boy flavor of the ersatz male, the fellow with such a hollow sense of inadequacy he has to bolster his ego with a specific symbol of prowess. Except for those whose job it is to kill folks, having to use a gun is the end product of stupid procedure. It is a handy grisly way of correcting mistakes, so the only time to carry it is when you head into an area where a lack of information compounds the possibility of the inadvertent mistake.

I put the five by seven shots of Vangie under the patterned paper lining the shallow desk drawer. The wallet-size shots were in the wallet. I had used the sample of her handwriting from her scorekeeping chore during the three-way gin game, and had written across the most blatantly invitational of the four poses—"All my love from your Vangie." Green ink. Childlike backhand. Circle instead of a dot over the *i* in *Vangie*.

"And wish me a little luck, too, dead

girl." I told her. "They used you badly. And you were not a very nice girl, I'm afraid. But it is time to begin."

The one useful label in the clothes they had tried to drown her in was The Doll House. I found it in the middle of a rich row of expensive shops on Sea Crescent Circle in Broward Beach. I parked nearby and walked into the cool shadowy hush full of the girl smells of fabrics and scents, where prism spots shone down upon elegant displays, and a slender pretty clerk came quickly and silently across the resilient carpeting to may-I-help-you-sir.

Though I am much more plausible as a construction worker or pro linebacker, I can get away with the yachtsman bit by dressing for it. Boat shoes, faded khaki slacks, basque shirt, white denim bush jacket, with wooden buttons, worn slung over the shoulder, finger in the hanging loop. Add an aimless amble, agreeable smile, and an air of being able to buy that end of town if the whim strikes you, and they tab you as the owner of that big motor sailer which came in off the Atlantic and tied up yesterday.

"I do hope you can help me, Miss. I didn't get anywhere with the other shops along this row. I'm trying to locate a girl. I had the name written down. Lost it. I'd guess this is the kind of area where she'd shop. Happen to have a picture of her right here."

As I fumbled for an unsigned wallet picture, she said, "If she is one of our customers, Miss Gates or I should know her. She moved into better light and looked at it. 'She's been in here,' she said. 'Let me check the files.'"

She disappeared into the back of the store. Long minutes went by. At last she came back carrying a slip of paper. "Sorry it took so long, sir. I couldn't remember which month I sold her the skirt she wanted shortened. I wrote it down for you. Is that the name?"

The slip read: "Miss Tami Western, 8000 Cove Lane, Apartment 7-B, Quendon Beach."

"About three miles south of the city line," she said.

"I do appreciate this. Excuse me, but I got the impression Miss Western isn't one of your favorite people."

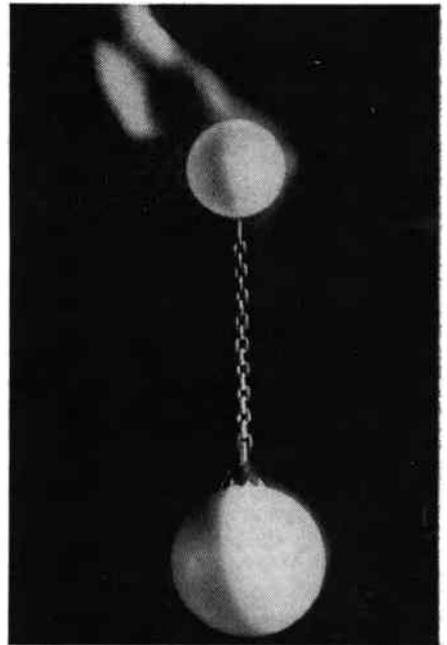
Her small shrug, the slight grimace were most expressive. "It doesn't exactly make my day when she and her friend drink their lunch and come rolling in here. I'll certify they're loud, at least."

"Her friend is the same type?"

"Not physically, but yes. A redhead. Plump. DeeDee or BeeBee or TeeTee. One of those names. With plenty of cash in hand, believe me. I don't want to sound catty, but they both seem to

belong just where they come from, south of here, from one of those towns along the beach. Sand Alley is what people call that seven miles of fun and games. We don't get many of . . . them in this area, thank goodness." . . .

I found Cove Lane a mile south of the Bimini Plaza, turning off A-1-A between a shopping plaza and a self-service car wash. Two blocks west it changed from business to residential.



The swingers

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# DARKER THAN AMBER

(continued)

Number 8000 took up half of the fourth block, and was far more attractive than I had any reason to expect. They were garden apartments, single story, in gray weathered cypress trimmed with white. Ten numbered units, each containing four apartments—A, B, C and D—but so laid out, like the spokes of a wheel, with plantings, high basket-weave fencing, access drives of white crushed shell, that each had a look of restful seclusion, and the look of being near the sea.

A small sign advised me to inquire at Howard Realty, three blocks east, for rental information. There were little hooks on the sign on which had been hung a gray and white sign saying APARTMENT FOR RENT.

At Howard Realty, a sallow, spidery young woman with thick glasses, a bright yellow blouse and pink shorts, was minding the store.

She explained they had one A, two B's and two D's for rent at the moment, but they never stayed empty long. She opened a gate and let me come behind the counter for a close look at the big model of the apartment project hanging on the wall. It was like a bas relief map, with stylized paintings, drives, and with the ten units, of four apartments each, represented by plywood cutouts painted white and numbered. The panel was about eight feet long and four feet high. In each corner, in larger scale, were cutaways of the four floor plans available. I said I was interested in a B. That was their larger one-bedroom style, she said, nicely furnished. Under the number for each apartment there was a little hook with a tagged key hanging on it. Red discs of cardboard were hung on five of the hooks indicating the vacancies. 7-B was not one of them. 2-B and 5-B were available. She said they were getting \$162.50 per month for the B's on a minimum three-month lease during the off-season. Two hundred twenty dollars during the season. Both rates plus tax, of course. Special arrangements on a one-year lease.

I said I'd like to take a look at 5-B, please. She said she was alone at the moment, and if I'd wait around, pretty soon she'd be able to take me over there. I told her that what I'd really had in mind was a chance to steal the lamps and the silverware.

She goggled up at me through those heavy lenses, then smiled a pleasant crinkly smile, slipped the key off the hook and handed it to me. "So we're insured, Mr. McGee."

I did some contrived dawdling. I asked about maid service and she said they didn't supply it, but they'd help me locate someone. I wanted her phone to ring, but it wouldn't. I asked her if I could see one of the lease forms. She trotted over to a desk, and I turned my back to her, slipped the 7-B key off its hook and put the 5-B key in its place, then turned and took the lease form from her and thanked her and said I'd be back soon and went out to my car.

As I did not know who might be watching me or from where, I parked at 5-B and fiddled around a few moments trying to open it with the 7-B key. Then I looked at the tag and walked to 7-B. I opened the door, and decided it would be more natural to leave it a few inches ajar. I knew from the intensity of the heat in the small foyer that it was empty. It was indeed a most attractive place. And hot. Within minutes sweat was trickling into my eyes. It took not more than three or four minutes to make certain it had been picked clean. No furs, no jewelry except costume jewelry. Plenty of underthings and resort wear and some cocktail dresses. Dressing table and bathroom counter top and medicine cabinet stocked with enough stuff to start a drugstore with a cosmetics department. No luggage at all on the high shelf in the closet. But about forty pairs of shoes. No sign of any personal papers or records or photographs. Big high fidelity combination with a stereo record player and a bin stuffed full of Vangie's kind of music. It was very neat and clean, the bed made fresh, turned down, clean towels on the towel bars. But there was the beginning of a little film of dust on the wooden surfaces. From the kitchen window I could see that the carport was empty. I found specific evidence in the living room. I tilted an upholstered chair over and looked at the underside of it. The material covering the springs and webbing had been removed and stapled back on. The staples were shiny. They rust quickly in the summer humidity.

Two choices—Griff had located the bundle she had squirreled away, or he had satisfied himself it wasn't in the apartment. Or, a third choice, somebody had made her very anxious to explain where she had hidden it. A woman named Bellemer had died, badly. Another woman named Tami Western had gone on a trip. Car and luggage gone. When the rent ran out, the management would pack the rest of her stuff and store it, and when the storage charges were up to the estimated value, it would be sold off for the storage. Landlords know that

when a girl's money stops she'll often pack the good stuff and leave.

Another few minutes and I would look as if I'd been standing in a shower with my clothes on. Just as I reached the foyer the door was pushed open. He was a broad one. Thirty, maybe. Orange swim trunks, very loud, very skimpy. Legs like a fullback. Fly-boy sunglasses. White towel hanging around his neck. Black curly hair on top of a broad hard-looking head, and no evident hair anywhere else except some pale fuzz against deep tan from the knees down. There was too much belly, but it was such a deep brown he was managing a precarious hold on the beachboy image. He had a shovel jaw and a curiously prim little mouth.

"What the hell is going on?"  
"That's a good question, friend. You'd think the way this operation looks they'd be smart enough not to try to rent one of these until they get the last tenant's crud out. Let me out of this sweat box, please."

He backed away and I pulled the door shut.

"You lost me someplace on this rental play, buds. There is a chick has it and she's on a trip."

I frowned at the key, showed it to him. "7-B. The girl in the Howard office gave it to me. First, I tried to open 5-B with it. I thought that was what she said. Then I looked at the tag and tried this one."

"I saw the door was open, buds, and I knew the chick wasn't due back yet, so it's maybe somebody clouting the place."

A girl's voice, sun-drowsy, came drifting over the wall from the adjoining courtyard. "Whozit, Griff? You talkina Mack, hon?"

"Just some guy, they give him the wrong key at the real estate. Give him the key to Tami's place. Mack won't show for an hour anyway if he shows at all, kiddie."

"You recommend this as a good place to live?" I asked.

He shrugged the heavy meat of his big shoulders. "Everybody's got to live someplace, buds." He walked toward the gate, wiped his face on the towel and went in where the girl was.

I went back to Howard Realty and explained what had happened and how a neighbor had straightened me out. She was aghast, could not understand how she could make such a mistake, found the 5-B key on the 7-B hook and decided somebody named Fred had knocked them off while sweeping and put them back on the wrong hooks. I said there was no need now to look at 5-B. I'd gotten a good idea from Miss Western's layout how it would look. I

was definitely interested, but I had a couple of other places to check out first. She explained that they might be gone, both of the B's, in the next hour, or they might stay vacant for a week. She couldn't hold one for me. I said I understood perfectly, and I asked again about maid service, saying that Miss Western's place looked so tidy and clean I wondered if I could find out her maid's name, if she had one.

She checked a card file and said that Miss Western had a part-time cleaning girl, a colored girl. She wrote the address down. Mrs. Noreen Walker, 7950 Fiftieth Street, Arlentown, Phone 881-6810.

I tried the number in a booth in the drugstore in the shopping plaza at the corner of Cove Lane and A-I-A. "Noreen, she be back along maybe six o'clock, from the bus. She wukkin' today," I was told. So I spent the intervening time sorting out the bars and cocktail lounges along Sand Alley.

Whatever con Vangie-Tami had been working, it had to have a base, a proper climate for the establishing of contact with the mark. It is not always possible to judge by the exteriors. By five thirty I had weeded all the places along Sand Alley down to four probables, all within two miles north or south of Cove Lane. Lolly's Five O'Clock, The Ember Room, The Annex and Ramon's. I crossed off the others merely by walking in, looking it over, walking out. There's no law against it.

These places had carefully muted lighting, uniformed help, premium brands, glistening glassware, thick carpeting, live cocktail piano, and dim and intimate little nooks and banquet corners for the whispered pitch. And they all had that special flavor you feel in the back of the neck, the feeling of being looked over, appraised, categorized. I had a drink in each, and hit The Annex last, and decided it was the best bet. The drinks were priced a little lower than elsewhere, the portions more generous. The cocktail waitresses were of bunny caliber and dressed as revealingly. The cheese in the pot on the bar was sharp and good, the crackers crisp, and my Plymouth gin over ice was poured freehand and generously into a squat tumbler by a green-coated barkeep with the face of a young well-fed weasel. Couples sat in the shadowy corners, heads close together.

**I**t seemed most apt it should be called The Annex. The same order of business is available in every moneyed area from Vegas to Chicago, Macao to Montevideo. They make the nut, plus a small profit, if any, on the liquor trade. It is a padded, sweet-smelling trap for the ones who are live, loaded and un-

# Sound-Off

● Give me a man, any man, but never a man who tries to be this year's Henry Higgins. This fellow with whom you're obliged to play Galatea wants to make you over and before you know it you're swept into his plans to turn you into an Outdoor Goddess, an Indoor Hibiscus, The Brain of the Year or some other species usually quite remote from your own natural personality. He influences your wardrobe choices, selects your reading material, redecorates your apartment, enrolls you in night school courses and supervises your recreation. It all gives you a vague feeling of dishonesty, but since it keeps him interested, you cheerfully become the New You. The catch of it all is that once you're completely transformed into his type of girl, he usually quite abruptly moves on, leaving you for a while, anyway, totally exhausted, mildly schizophrenic and with nothing to do on Saturday night.

Meredith Brucker,  
San Marino, California

COSMOPOLITAN invites its readers to tell us their pet peeves. The writer of what we judge to be the best letter each month will receive \$25. Address all entries to: Sound-off Editor, COSMOPOLITAN, 1775 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10019. Nonwinning entries cannot be acknowledged or returned.

wary. The lounge is where they sort them out using every resource—from the shrewd guesses of bartenders, waitresses and entertainers, to the microphones in the lamp bases, rest rooms and phone booths. Whatever your special kick, if you have the money to pay for it, some men with eyes like wet slate will sell you the arrangements elsewhere, and arrange time after time for it to cost you everything you've managed to save.

I hit the weasel with a dollar tip for my single drink to keep his memory green, and went off to find Noreen Walker.

Arlentown was the Negro section of Broward Beach, and Fiftieth Street improved as I neared her block. The little frame houses were more recently painted. I stood at her white gate in the evening slant of sunshine while her

mother called to me from the porch that Noreen would be out in a minute.

I went back to the car and sat behind the wheel, leaned and swung the passenger door open. Through the open door, in a few moments, I saw her come down the porch steps, push the gate open, come to the car, her head tilted in inquiry. She wore blue sandals, long Bermuda shorts, a pale blue knit sleeveless blouse with a turtleneck collar. She was a tall slender young woman, very long-legged and short-waisted. She was lighter than her mother, her skin the tone of an old penny. She had a slanted saucy Negroid face, the broad nostrils and heavy lips. Her eyes were set very wide, and were a pronounced almond shape, and very pretty.

"A skin' fo' me, Mister?"

"I phoned earlier and somebody told me you'd be home around six."

"You want maid work? I ain't got me no free day at all."

I took the fifty-dollar bill out of my shirt pocket and let her see the corner of it. "I just want to talk to you."

"What you spect to buy with that piece of money? If you tryna set me up someways, somebody con you wrong. I'm a hardwukkin' widow woman with two baby boys in this here house, never been in no law trouble, so best thing is, you drive away." She looked at me with a vacuous stupidity that was just a little bit too much, as was the dialect bit. I showed her a picture of Vangie and said, "I want to talk about her, Mrs. Walker." I knew that any cop, city, state or county, would automatically call her Noreen.

"That there is Miz Western; wuk for her a long time, out there at that Cove Lane. Doan know nothin' about that lady 'cept I cleans for her."

I had something which had proved useful before. As I looked for it in the back of my wallet, I said, "My name is Travis McGee and I am from Fort Lauderdale, Mrs. Walker." I handed her the business card of Mr. Sam B. K. Dickey, prominent Negro attorney in Fort Lauderdale, active in civil rights matters and the NAACP. His office number was on the front of the card. He had written his unlisted home phone number on the back and under it written, "Phone me collect at any time at home or office if you wish to ask a question about Mr. McGee. SBKD."

She went into the house with the card without another word. I had done Sam Dickey a special favor once upon a time, and he had given me this passport to a strange country. In ten minutes she came out, bent, leaned in at the passenger door and handed the card to me. With much more precision of diction

## DARKER THAN AMBER

(continued)

than I had expected, she said. "I'd better not get into your car, Mr. McGee. I can meet you after dark and talk to you. I'll tell you where. Nine o'clock?" "OK."

There was a sharp and obvious look of intelligence in her eyes. "Mr. Sam described you and said you can be trusted. I hope you understand the imperative disguise, the act."

"If I was over on the dusky side, Mrs. Walker, I'd be the dumbest happiest darkie you ever see. I'd tug the forelock all the living day." She gave me a quick broad smile, looked down the street and said, "I don't want the tongues to wag too much." She told me exactly where to meet her at nine.

At five after nine I drove into a narrow driveway and parked in a backyard screened by a high thick hedge of punk trees. There was a small lighted screen porch, and she got up from a chair and greeted me. She had changed to a dark-green jumper dress worn with a long-sleeved white shirt which had a big loose white bow at the throat.

She explained the house belonged to friends who were out for the evening. We sat in comfortable chairs on either side of a small table. Looking amused, she said, "You had no way of knowing, of course, but I nearly flipped when you handed me Mr. Sam's card. I'm CORE, on the regional committee. Mr. Sam has talked to our group a dozen times. My husband was from here. I'm living in his mother's house. We met at the University of Michigan. After . . . he died of cancer almost two years ago, I . . . I needed some kind of challenge, I guess."

"Seems you found it." I said. "Sam Dickey knows my brand of intolerance. I've got no use and no time for boors and slobs, for people who are mean as snakes, or plain stupid. Also it's hard to have any kind of social relationship with people you have nothing at all in common with. So I apply it to everybody, regardless of whether they're white, pink, blue, green or burnt umber. Sam Dickey kept telling me people have to take a stand on this or that. But I guess I just can't give much of a damn about group efforts or groups of people. I'll do my relating to them one at a time, and everyone is different. So, good luck, for whatever that's worth. And right now the one I'm checking out is Tami Western."

"I've worked for her, part time, for fifteen months. She goes away so often it hasn't been on a regular schedule."

"Where does she go?"

"On short cruises out of Port Everglades to the Caribbean. Anywhere from five days to fifteen days. I'd guess she's gone on about a dozen cruises since I've worked for her, Mr. McGee."

"What's her routine between cruises?"

"When she first gets back she hardly goes out at all. Then after a while she starts going out for lunch and shopping, and going out on dates at night."

"Is she all right to work for?"

Noreen Walker shrugged. Her conversational manner had that almost challenging elegance of the educated Negro woman talking to a white man. "She's generous. She gives me little gifts she gets that she doesn't want, and perfectly good clothes she gets tired of. And . . . she treats me like a person instead of a thing."

"What does she do for a living?"

"I wouldn't have the slightest idea, Mr. McGee."

"Come on! I'm not a cop. This isn't for the record. I want to know any guesses or hunches. You must have had some."

"Sure have. There's one thing. Any time I work there, it has to be when she's there. I haven't got a key. She phones me at home and we arrange it. There's a friend of hers lives alone in the next door apartment. Griff, she calls him. Not a boyfriend, I'd say. More like they were in some kind of business deal together. As far as I know, she has just two girlfriends. When I'm working there, sometimes one or the other will be with her. A few times it's been both. They play gin rummy and play her records and try on clothes and do each other's hair. And they . . . they talk pretty rough, Mr. McGee. Let's say they're definitely not ladies. One they call DeeDeeBee. I know what it comes from because I've heard Miss Western tease her by using her full name, Delilah Delberta Barn-tree. I don't know the name of the other one. She's younger than the other two. A blonde. They call her Del. I wasn't trying to listen to them. But from the little things I heard, the only thing I've been able to figure out is that the three of them are sort of professional cruise dates. And on a cash basis, judging from the money they'd have on the table when they played gin. Miss Western always pays me in cash."

"No one else came to the apartment?"

"Not while I was working. And . . . I'd guess not during the week or ten days when she wouldn't go out after she got back from a trip. But later . . . I think there were times when she'd entertain a man there. Different men. Sometimes when she'd be dating, I'd be there working and she

would be stretched out on her bed making love talk over the phone."

I went over it again with her. She came up with a name she thought might be Del's — the youngest one's — boyfriend, Terry. I asked her where she thought Miss Western might keep her cash reserves in the apartment. She thought a moment and said it had to be somewhere in the kitchen. Twice when Miss Western hadn't had enough money to pay her, she'd gone into the kitchen and shut the door and come back with the money a good five minutes later. I tried her on the names of some of the clubs along the beach and she remembered seeing The Ember Room, The Annex and Ramon's on match folders. She had spent two hours last Saturday cleaning up the apartment. Miss Western had seemed restless and cross. She had been back from a cruise about four days at that time.

When I thanked her for her help, and her patience, she asked me if I could tell her what it was all about. I had already decided what it would be best for her to know, so I said, "There's a pretty good chance she might be dead, and not yet identified as Tami Western. When they do identify her, the law may want to ask you some questions."

I saw the slender copper throat bunch as she swallowed. She said, "Cap'n, I just a part-time cleanin' woman for that Miz Western; don't know nothin' 'bout her at all, Cap'n sir. No sir, hasn't nobody come askin' me nothin' 'bout Miz Western no time."

"Just right, Mrs. Walker."

She made a face. "We don't get exactly the same kind of law in Arlenton you might be used to, Mr. McGee. And that's what needs changing the most. So we adapt ourselves to it. Or, like Mr. Sam, wear the billy club scars like medals of honor. I'm not that brave. But my sons will be. You can bet on it."

"Next time I see Sam Dickey I'll tell him this new breed of tiger is pretty impressive." I stood up. "Thanks again. Give you a lift back to your place?"

"Thanks, but I have to wait for my friends. Homework. Voter registration lists. Assessments." She chuckled. It was a good warm furry sound. "A cleaning woman's work is never done."

A very talented old-time con man once coached me very carefully in the fine art of appearing to be very, very drunk.

At midnight, after having changed to an executive-on-a-convention suit, I reappeared, stoned to the eyebrows, at the bar of The Annex. I walked with the controlled care of a man walking a

twelve-inch beam forty stories above Park Avenue. I eased myself onto a bar stool in stately slow motion. As I stared straight ahead into the bottle racks, I saw, out of the corner of my eye, the contented weasel approaching to wipe the spotless bar top.

"Good evening, sir," he said with that small emphasis which was in tribute to the dollar tip way back during the cocktail hour. "Plymouth over ice?"

I swung my stare toward him, without haste, focused ten feet behind him, and then on him. I spoke with deliberation, spacing each word to give it an unmistakable clarity. "I have been in here before. You have a good memory, my man. Plymouth will do nicely. Very nicely indeed. Very nice place you have here."

"Thank you, sir. We get a very wonderful class of customers here. Down here on vacation, sir?"

I slowly brought him back into focus. "What is your name, my good fellow?"

"Albert, sir."

"Albert, you mix a most generous portion. You have a pleasant manner about you. I appreciate that. Sincerely, I do not speak in jest. I see that the throng of happy customers has diminished since I was last here. Was that earlier this evening, or yesterday evening?"

"This evening, sir. The way it is, June is a slow month."

"You mentioned vacation. No, Albert, I was engaged in a business enterprise. It paid off most handsomely."

"Congratulations, sir."

I remained stately. "Then why, pray, am I depressed? Could it be because a man, alone in unfamiliar country, has no chance to share good fortune with anyone?" I underlined the situation by turning on the bar stool and watching a cocktail waitress go by, on her way to the service bar. I watched every step of her swaying, semiclad progress, turned back so quickly I swayed off balance, caught myself, closed my eyes, swallowed, then opened my eyes and refocused on Albert. "Companionship is a precious commodity," I said.

"You said it, sir."

"But I am a very circumspect man, Albert. Too cautious, perhaps. I seek your advice on a rather delicate matter." I made sure he saw at least one fifty when I fumbled a twenty from the sheaf of bills. I put the twenty on the bar, my hand on top of it. "If I should offend you, Albert, I shall be stricken with remorse." I lifted my hand. "But this token is yours, regardless of the outcome." It vanished with the speed only a weasel can muster.

"You won't offend me, sir. You can bank on it."

I took the match folder from my

pocket, stared at the blank inside of it as though refreshing my memory and, lowering my voice and leaning toward him, an act which brought him closer, I said. "A fellow I met three bars ago suggested to me I might find a pleasant companion among the habitués of this superior place. But I did not trust him, Albert. He had a hungry look. He suggested I seek an introduction to a Miss Tami Western, or a Miss DeeDee Barn-tree or a Miss Del something-or-other. I did not catch her last name. I trust you, Albert. I have decided that if you do indeed approve, and if one or more of the ladies might be present this evening without escort, and if . . ."

He was shaking his head sadly. He picked up a glass and began polishing it, looking at it through the light. "No sir. That's not so good. Even if one of them was in. Western or Barntree or Whitney, it wouldn't be that kind of a setup. No sir. Maybe the guy you met, he was sending you to play in the traffic. Those three are dolls all the way, but if somebody gets like carried away and won't take no, they phone muscle to come over and take him out in the parking lot and kick his kneecap off."

I had him pour me another drink. "Then what kind of setup are they in, Albert?"

With weasely, knowing grin, he said. "When I don't know, and I don't, it means it could be unhealthy to try to find out, sir. We understand each other?"

"Right from the beginning, my good man."

He leaned close again. "Pimmy—she's the one walked by and you were watching? Serving that deuce in the corner right now. She's a truly great kid. Absolutely wonderful sense of humor. She's had a hard time lately. The guy she was going with they took him back in the service and sent him overseas. I feel like if there's two lonely people, I'm doing a good thing, you know, sir? Trade is so light she could get off practically anytime. But it would be up to her strickly. I mean if she takes to you right off. What you do is move to an empty deuce over there on her station and when she comes to the service bar, I'll get the word to her that you . . . Is something wrong, sir?"

I had closed my eyes and begun to sway from side to side. I opened them and stood up very slowly and cautiously. I wiped my forehead with the back of my hand. "Fresh air is indicated, Albert. Immediately. Possibly another time. You've been a true friend. I do appreciate it. Sincerely I do." I put a five on the bar and walked my twelve-inch girder to the doorway, hear-

ing his farewell with overtone of disappointment as I pushed my way out into the warm night air.

Back in my hall of mirrors, stretched supine on one of my twin double beds in the cave-breath of motel air conditioning, I felt no remorse at disappointing the weasel. Pimmy, that truly great kid with the wonnerful sense of humor, would have decided we should go to my place, and stopped along the way for booze and mix, and played coy until whatever she put in the drink she made me had knocked me out. Then strip the wallet and scurry on back to The Annex, and if the pigeon was stupid enough to sign a complaint, there were plenty of people ready to swear she hadn't left the premises all evening.

There was a better sum of money on my mind. I had the hunch it was still there. Griff wouldn't have been so alert to notice a door ajar. I recalled how Vangie-Tami had not screamed on her way into the sea from the bridge. She could have been just tough enough when they were setting her up for the second and successful attempt to deny them any knowledge of the money. It had to be in the kitchen if it was still there. In a hiding place that took two minutes to open and two minutes to close. And getting into the apartment presented no problem at all. I reached for the phone and left a call for quarter to five.

I parked across the street from the apartment complex. I went into the courtyard, wedged the tire iron into the crack of the sliding glass doors and exerted increasing pressure until the latch metal tore free. I went quietly through the darkness, closed the kitchen door behind me, closed the aluminum slats of the venetian blinds and turned on the lights.

After thirty minutes I was beginning to feel unlucky. Stove, dishwasher, cupboards, wall oven, refrigerator . . . all negative. I moved a stool. It was on casters, the kind called a kick stool.

When you put your weight on it, the wheels retract and it stands firm.

I looked at the ceiling fixtures. The one over the sink was a double circle of fluorescent tubing, the kind where the base fastens against the ceiling by means of a knurled center screw. I moved the kick stool over in front of the sink and turned off the lights, opened the blinds. The day was brightening rapidly and soon there would be the first horizontal rays of orange sunlight coming in from the Atlantic. Without any particular optimism, I undid the knurled screw. The base came down and hung by the wiring, a foot below the acoustic tile of the kitchen ceiling. The wires hung from the coun-

# DARKER THAN AMBER

(continued)

tersunk junction box. The base was round, perhaps sixteen inches in diameter. A crude rectangular hole had been cut into the tile beside the junction box. I reached up into the hole and over to the side, away from the junction box. The first packet I brought down was two inches thick, fastened with two red rubber bands. There was a fifty exposed on one side of it, a twenty on the other. The second packet was thinner, with a hundred on one side, a ten on the other. The third was the thickest of all, with twenties on either side. The last one was medium, exposing a ten and a fifty. I shoved them inside my shirt and rebuttoned it. I fitted the base back over the threaded fixture spindle, replaced the knurled nut, got down and rolled the kick stool away. Vangie had made a shrewd selection. The hiding place was obvious and unlikely.

With a satisfying weight and bulk inside my shirt and with tire iron in hand, I went out the way I had come in. Just as I touched the gate, I heard a single crunch of a step on the brown pebbles behind me, and as I tried to spin, hard metal hit me briskly and solidly over the right ear. It wasn't meant to knock me down. It was perfectly gauged to do exactly what it did. With the echoes of the first red and white explosion going on in my head, I staggered back against the gate. The tire iron clanked onto the pebbles. That kind of a blow on the skull creates a wave of nausea in the back of the throat, clogging and receding, coming back in diminishing force several times as vision clears.

In the increasing light I saw that shovel-jaw had looked better in his fly-boy sunglasses. His eyes were small, inflamed perhaps by his days on the beach, and his lashes were stubby, sparse and pale. They had the look you see in elephant eyes, a dulled and tricky savagery. He stood at a professional distance, and held one of the most reliable and deadly of handguns aimed casually at my chest, dead center, a heavy Luger. I could see how neatly he had taken me. He had been tucked behind the plantings just to the right of the gate, perfectly content to wait there, knowing it was the only way out.

He hooked a toe under the tire iron, flipped it far to the side. "You keep getting the wrong key, buds."

"You keep pretty good track of this place."

"I run the wire from a little Jap intercom through the wall, set it on

dictate at full volume, the other half of it next to my bed. I get a week off one of those little nine-volt batteries. You come through loud and clear. I was expecting somebody. Not you. Somebody I know better. Turn real slow. All the way around. That's nice. Hands flat against the wall. Feet farther from the wall. Lean! Just right."

He searched me with a long reach, quick and light little taps and strokes with his fingertips. Maybe, if he had not come across the bulge of the money inside my shirt when he did, he would have reinvestigated the small bulk of the gun in the right-hand pocket of my slacks. Or maybe not. It is such an unlikely weapon in such an improbable place, it will get past most hasty police searches.

He made me unbutton the shirt with one hand and move several feet along the wall and stand as before. He squatted, gun now in his left hand, and tucked the packets into his shirt front. He stood up, made certain I had no more money bulges, said, "Where, buds?"

"Up under the big light fixture over the kitchen sink."

"You had to find it. If you knew, you wouldn't have been in there so long, kiddie."

"So you've got it. So you win. Let me go. I'm just a hired hand, working on shares for somebody who had a hunch there . . ."

"What I don't have to know or care buds, is who you are or who told you what. Then I don't have to sweat out what I should believe. What I get from you is the mouth shut, and no sudden motions. There is a busted door and that tire iron, and if I yell stop thief and try a warning shot and it hits you in the spine, I can testify because on the cop books, I'm clean as a Girl Scout. You've got a car somewhere close, so do just what I say, real slow and nice, kiddie."

He was a pro. He moved me from the courtyard to behind the wheel of the rental car without giving me one whisper of a chance, and yet without giving anyone who might have seen us a hint of our special and deadly relationship. He sat beside me, the Luger barrel on his left thigh, aimed at the middle of wondrous, precious, irreplaceable McGee. He had me start it up, go out to the highway, turn south and proceed at a docile thirty-five.

"Look," I said. "I met a guy at the bar at The Annex and . . ."

"Just drive, kiddie. That's all."

We came to an area where the beach businesses thinned out. Traffic was very light in the early early morning. He had me wait on the right shoulder until

there was none at all in either direction, then go diagonally across the highway, up sandy ruts and pull around and stop behind a huge V-shaped billboard advertising commercial real estate. The orange-red sunball was lifting out of the Eastern sea, and there was an icy knot in my middle warning me that if he continued the expertise, it was the last look I'd get at it. Vangie had not overrated him. He got me out of the car with very explicit instructions, walked me across sandy hummocks, past tall clumps of sea oats, toward the sea until we came upon a swale between brown dunes which seemed to satisfy him.

"Now, buds, very slow, you lie down there, flat on your back."

"Why?" I demanded, surprised at how husky my voice was.

"Because you've been very depressed lately, and there's no way anybody can trace this Luger. Because, kiddie, you could get taken drunk and do too much moaning about almost clouting some good cash, and what nobody needs is any kind of publicity. Down, boy."

He could do it, leave the Luger in my hand, fire one out to sea to satisfy a paraffin test, walk home by way of the beach. Surf would mask the flat outdoor sound of the shots.

"Can . . . I smoke a cigarette?"

"Stop stalling!"

I said, "Give me that much break anyway! What kind of a guy are you?" I did not think he would shoot as I made my whine of complaint and despair, and as I pantomimed my nervous search for my cigarettes.

I slapped my shirt pocket, reached into the right-hand pocket of my slacks. The spring release jacked the little Bodyguard into my hand, and I fired once, falling to the right, rolling hard, every nerve arched tight waiting for the slug. I ended up in a prone position, braced on my elbows, left hand clamping the gun wrist to steady it. He was down. I saw his right hand on a slope of sand, the fingers opening and closing. The Luger stood upright in the soft sand a foot from his hand, barrel sunk straight down. I walked to him on my knees, holding the gun on him. I circled him, picked up his weapon, tossed it a dozen feet behind me. The upper right side of his chest had a spreading red stain sopping the thin yellow fabric of the sport shirt. He coughed weakly and blood ran from the corner of his mouth down into the coarse sand.

Those reddened eyes looked at me with a troubled vagueness. "Everything feels like it was going all loose inside me."

"I want to know about Vangie. You shove her in front of the car? Where's

Terry and the Whitney woman? Where's Barntree and Mack? Who's the boss man?"

I saw him find his way back from a far place and look at me. "You'll go get a doc. I'll tell you a little. I get fixed up, you get the rest of it. You . . . you took me good, kiddie. Good as I've ever seen." His voice was fainter. I urged him to tell me a little. He closed his eyes and said, "Ans Terry. Him and Del Whitney. They're . . . aboard . . . *Monica Day*."

And then he went out, not with the dramatic docility of the typical television departure, but with that sudden, final, terrible effort, that gagging, bulging moment of final awareness before the softening and flattening and stillness. It had been so quick I guessed the slug had opened one of the big arteries in the right lung. I stood up. The beach was empty. Through a space in the V of the billboard I could see a swift bright pattern of morning traffic. I had to force the numbness out of my mind.

I took back the money, found nothing informative in his pockets. With a piece of weathered board, using it as a shovel, I dug a hole in the loose sand at the bottom of the swale, as long and as wide and almost as thick as Griff. I dragged him parallel to it, and rolled him a half turn, face down, into it. I used the board to scoop up the Luger and drop it beside his ear. Then like some dull-witted oversize child playing bulldozer, I circled him on my knees, using the board as a dozer blade, covering him two feet deep. I stood, inspected the area, flipped the board into the weeds. The loose sand made vague pockmarks where we had stepped. The wind might uncover him, or bury him ten feet deeper.

I became aware of the extent of my emotional reaction when, as I walked back to the car, I found I had to concentrate on the motions of walking, tell each leg in turn to lift and bend and stride. I heard a strange noise and knew I had been hearing it for some time. I identified it as a small frail whimpering sound, coming from my own throat.

I got into the car and started it. In the next instant I was unlocking the door to my mirrored hotel room, with absolutely no memory of the trip back. I locked and chained the door, closed both thicknesses of draperies. Slowly and thoroughly, using the kit from the inside pocket of my suitcase, I cleaned the stub barrel of the Body-guard and replaced the missing round. I took the rubber bands off the money, sorted it by denominations and counted it twice. Her guess was a little off.

Twenty-eight thousand, eight hundred and sixty. I put the overage, in fifties and twenties, into my wallet. I banded the twenty-eight into a single chunky brick, wrapped it in a dirty shirt, took it out and locked it into the trunk of the car, wedged behind the spare.

After a long steaming thorough shower, I stretched out on the bed. Same position I could have been in, the rising sun drying out my open eyes, waiting for somebody taking a shortcut to the beach to discover the suicide. I thought I should feel very good about being here instead of there. But I felt listless. A nice bundle of money. It would buy a very lush year for T. McGee. When Griff disappeared without warning, they'd suspend their operations, I told myself. But, old buds, old kiddie, for how long?

By early afternoon I was back aboard *The Busted Flush*, the air conditioner struggling to bring it down to the normal setting, as I put the money away. I have a barrel safe, carefully hidden. It contains enough of value to send the expert away reasonably content. But the heavy money goes into a waterproof aluminum box a child could open with a Boy Scout knife. The child—or the man—who could find that box aboard *The Flush* would frighten me somewhat.

My second errand that Friday afternoon took me over to Port Everglades to check out the *Monica D. Day* is the Italian pronunciation of the letter D, for DeLorio Shipping Lines, with a home base in Naples, operating two small single stack, single class cruise ships out of Port Everglades to the Caribbean from November through June each year.

The *Veronica D.* was in. There was a small area of aimless activity where cases of provisions were being taken off a truck and put on a conveyor which ran up into an open cargo hatch in the side where hands were taking them and stowing them. I found a young officer off the *Veronica* standing in the shade of the customs shed, and I became a potential customer, asking questions. He knew a fair amount of English and was sufficiently bored to welcome any diversion. The *Veronica* was going to sail that evening for Italy and start a Mediterranean cruise schedule. The *Monica D.* was on her last Caribbean cruise of this season, and would join the *Veronica D.* after it was over. He dug into a thick black wallet until he found a card on which was printed the Caribbean schedules of both ships during the season now ending.

We smiled at each other, bowed, shook hands, and I went back to where my car was parked and studied the

card. On her last cruise of the season, the *Monica* had left Port Everglades last Tuesday at ten in the evening. Today she was at Kingston, Jamaica, and would be sailing from there at 5 p.m. Arrive at Port-Au-Prince at one tomorrow afternoon, and sail at nine in the evening. After Sunday at sea, she would hit Nassau next Monday at one in the afternoon, and sail just four hours later, and dock right back here at eight in the morning next Tuesday.

I thought that Ans Terry and Del Whitney had probably been on so many cruises together they were a little bored. I could give them a break by livening up the last leg of their journey. From what the white-toothed officer had said, there would be plenty of room aboard this time of year. I could fly over to Nassau Monday morning and ride the *Monica* right back to this wharf. But I had some questions which needed the discipline and logic of the analytical mind of my friend Meyer.

The Hairy One had just returned from the beach, and I collected him from his boat and brought him aboard *The Flush*, where conversation is more private. As I brought the cold beers to the lounge, I found him staring at me with intensity and care.

"Somewhere it stopped being a spectator sport?" he said. "A cold wind blew in from someplace?"

"I didn't know it showed, Meyer. It got very iffy. It got very close and narrow. The one called Griff was as good as she thought he was. Some evening, a long time from now, if the mood is right, I will give you a play by play with gestures. All you need to know is that by dawn's early light today, I buried him in soft sand on a beach, and nobody will ever tag me for it. I wish I could stop remembering how the back of his neck looked. I buried him face down."

He did not say anything.

"I came back with the money, Meyer. Just a little short of what she said was there."

Still he did not speak or look directly at me.

"And I know more about the operation. Not enough yet. But more."

He aimed that blue stare at me. "So? An academic interest? You have the money. Or maybe you are the romantic angel of vengeance, and you'll bury them in the soft sand, one at a time, face down?"

"What the hell is wrong with you, Meyer? I have to crack one of them wide open. So far open he can't close his mouth. And I have to then hand him over to a cop bright enough to know what he's got hold of, and I have to back away so fast the

# DARKER THAN AMBER

(continued)

cop never gets a good look at me. And I need help!"

The big long slow ugly grin took shape. "So I worry a little bit sometimes. About you, Travis. About the Evangeline from the depths. Was the dying harder for her the next time? About the men who'll die. It's easy to do a little and say that's enough, say let's not get involved."

"We're involved, Meyer."

He shook his head, like a bedazzled bear. "It's your line of work. So give orders."

I told him all the significant bits I had dredged up in my chats with Noreen Walker, Albert and Griff. He sat looking sleepy, but I had the feeling I was feeding the punched tap to a programmed computer.

"Thirty or forty dead men," he said. "Nice restraint. Nice selection. Three teams working. If a man and two hundred thousand dollars disappear, the heirs can afford to track down every little clue. A lonely man drops out of sight. So does eighteen thousand, twenty thousand; who gets dangerously agitated? A daughter in Milwaukee with four kids to take care of? And there has to be some way, of course, to make the victim help out, make him act like a man on the run, using a fake name, carrying his savings in cash, wiping out his back trail. Why? He knows nobody is after him. So somebody is after the girl. He is helping her flee. Romantic. Very stimulating. The vulnerability of the middle years. And . . . very merciless and cynical. So, both members of each team go cruising. Interesting! One girl and two men sail. One girl and one man return. How? Logic says some foolproof way of sneaking aboard, and some way of changing identities, and in no way alerting the curiosity or suspicion of other passengers or the crew. Mr. McGee, we must observe very carefully all the ceremonies of the departure of the *Veronica D.* They are sister ships I understand. The routines will be the same."

We arrived at dockside a half hour before the scheduled departure. I followed Meyer around. He watched the routine at the gangplank used by the boarding passengers. We went forward and up the visitor's gangplank and were given blue passes, numbered. We surrendered the passes and went ashore. He stood and watched the other visitors leaving the ship. Finally he nodded and we went to the car. We went to Pier 66, took the elevator up to the top of the hotel where the circular win-

dowed lounge, like an excruciatingly long play record, makes one revolution an hour. Soon it would be dusk. We saw the *Veronica D.* head out past the sea buoy and set a course north, staying with the Gulf Stream for a free boost.

"Now then," said Meyer, after the first two swallows of his drink. "I found several ways it could be done. Here is the simplest and easiest. Let us say that Griff's last name was Griffin. Let us say Vangie has lured a man named Smith into going on a cruise with her. She establishes the fact she or they are in danger. She says she will get their ticket under an assumed name. Mr. and Mrs. Griffin. They are on one ticket. There is a tear-off portion covering only the ticket number and stateroom number for when two people are boarding separately. She says they must not be seen together at dockside. She takes the ticket, gives him the tear-off stub. She tells him that the instant they are aboard, they must both go at once to the stateroom. Griff and a friend come aboard by way of the visitor's gangplank, picking a time when many are boarding simultaneously. Each gets a blue card, a boarding pass which must be surrendered upon leaving, or the head count will be wrong and the gangway guard will report a visitor still aboard. Griff gives his blue card to his accomplice. The accomplice, aligning the two cards carefully, waits until the bull horn orders visitors ashore. He wedges into the throng and puts two passes into the busy hand of the gangway guard. Griff meanwhile has gone to the stateroom. Perhaps, by that time, Vangie has given Mr. Smith a special celebration drink from a little flask, and he is snoring heavily in the bathroom with the door closed. Vangie has brought aboard Griff's cruise clothes in one of her suitcases. They stay in the stateroom. At three in the morning the two of them take the semiconscious Mr. Smith on a beneficial stroll on deck, supporting him on either side, singing if they run into any other night walkers. The boat is understaffed and the crew is overworked. There are many places where, with a little caution, a little patience, it would be easy to drop the surplus passenger into the sea, weights of some kind wired to his body. The stern is a good place, the lowest deck where there is a railing. Vangie could leave Smith there with Griff and go to the next deck above, whistle an all clear.

At breakfast the next morning the dining room steward greets Mr. and Mrs. Griffin. A great pleasure. They have traveled with him before. They tip well. He saw their name

on the passenger list, but did not see them at dinner. Vangie says she's always a little bit sick the first few hours. Glad to have you aboard, he says. They get a nice table."

"Here's to Smith," I said. "Here's to that poor sad romantic pigeon." We touched glasses, drank.

"Smith multiplied by thirty or forty," he said. "Efficient, workable, profitable . . . and extraordinarily ugly and cruel."

"You've earned a closer look, Meyer. Fly over with me Monday morning and ride back with Ans Terry and Del Whitney."

He spilled a little of his drink on the back of his hand. "Travis, this is Meyer. The cerebral type. I wouldn't want to be a handicap in your line of work, believe me."

I leaned toward him. "Proposition: The strain finally cracked Vangie. Thus this pair could be feeling the strain too. Problem: How to increase the strain to the cracking point. He tossed Vangie off the bridge last Monday night. They sailed the next day. Does he know she survived? Does Del know he and Mack were ordered to kill her? Meyer, you might have some very good ideas on how to help me make them edgy. They're dangerous as coral snakes. It'll be a nice change for you."

I could almost hear that mind click into gear. "A change it will be," he muttered. "I have one small idea to start with."

Saturday morning I bought our tickets. Miami to Nassau by Bahamas Airways, and return by *Monica D.*, with McGee in Stateroom 6, an outside room on the Lounge Deck, and Meyer in an inside room on B Deck, a remote place.

From the travel agency we went to see an old friend of mine, an elderly cricket-size show-biz talent and booking agent named Jake Karlo. With the set of the pictures of Vangie in front of him, he slowly turned the pages of a huge book. He stopped, stabbed a finger at a pretty face under the protective acetate sheet and said, "This one. This Merrimay Lane. Right size, and with a good man on makeup, she could do it fine. Not close range, but you said from fifty feet. Don't worry she's a blonde. Wigs she can get. Right now she's between gigs, but I've got her sold for a series of commercials they start filming at Cat Cay and Bimini middle of July. A dancer and a pretty good little actress. But like before, McGee, all I do is say you're a friend. OK? And you'll level with her all the way."

As he was chatting to her over the phone, larding the talk with sweethearts and darlings, I explained to

Meyer that on these little favors Jake didn't want any percentage from his client, and thus preferred to leave any persuasion up to me. . .

After an intense, careful study of the pictures of Vangie, which included going over to a wall mirror in the living room of her studio apartment in the Hialeah section, shared with other girl or girls from the visible evidence, and pulling her eyes into a slightly Oriental shape, she came back and plumped herself down on one of the studio couches and pulled her legs under her and said, "I guess so, at a distance. Jake said you'd tell me why, and for how much, and it would be entirely up to me."

"The girl in the picture is dead. A man tried to kill her. He dropped her off a bridge. She escaped by a minor miracle. So his associates took care of her a few days ago. Tuesday this man arrives back at Port Everglades on a cruise ship, in the morning. Mr. Meyer has the clothes she was wearing when the man dropped her off the bridge. They're in that package. You're about her size. We want the psychological leverage of having him spot you in the crowd meeting the ship."

"So he tries again, huh?"

"In a crowd in broad daylight? And we'll both be there."

"Mr. McGee, you look big enough and rough enough to be very reassuring to a girl. But aren't you talking about a guy who could flip completely?"

"The spectators and the passengers getting off are on either side of a woven-wire fence. You'll understand when we show you the layout. He won't have a chance of getting to you."

I was not impressed. She seemed too young, skeptical, indifferent. She was wearing a brief blue cotton shift. Her figure was, if anything, better than Vangie's had been. She picked up one of the pictures again. "I'll say one thing. She looks as if she'd know the name and number of all the players in every game they've got. Why did they kill her?"

"She was in a very dirty business for a long time, and finally, to her own astonishment, it sickened her and she nearly ruined the whole operation. We want to kick it apart and finish it for good. But without getting involved in any part of it—the law part or the newspaper part."

She said, "Maybe I like her a little better. Nobody knows how truly lousy evil he can be if life sets enough traps. What's it worth to you?"

"Five hundred all right?"

She stood up and shrugged. "Plus expenses. Sure. But don't expect me to be knocked out by the figure, Mr. Mc-



by Margo Rieman

(Approximately five to ten minutes for preparation time.)

**THE MENU (serves 2)**

Mushroom Salad  
Springtime Shrimp  
Rice Vert  
Italian Bread  
Raspberries Grand Marnier

**SPRINGTIME SHRIMP**

1 lb. shelled, raw shrimp  
flour  
2 tablespoons olive oil  
1 tablespoon butter

**Sauce:**

2 tablespoons butter  
1 tablespoon flour  
½ cup hot water  
½ teaspoon lemon juice  
salt, pepper  
1 tablespoon minced garlic  
2 tablespoons minced parsley

Dust the raw shrimp with flour. Melt the butter and olive oil in a flat baking pan. Add the shrimp and broil 3 inches under a low flame for 8 minutes, while making sauce. Melt 1 tablespoon butter in small saucepan and stir in 1 tablespoon flour. Add hot water, lemon juice, dash of salt and pepper and bring to a boil. Cook 5 minutes. Add another tablespoon butter and stir in; then add garlic and parsley. Pour over broiled shrimp and stir to coat shrimp. Return under flame and broil, under *high heat*, 2 to 3 more minutes.

**FOR THE SALAD:**

Drain the liquid from a small jar of marinated mushrooms and toss with salad greens. Garnish with the mushrooms and serve.

**FOR THE RICE:**

Cook instant rice as directed on the package, adding 1 teaspoon chicken broth seasoning to the water. When cooked, fluff with a fork while adding 2 tablespoons minced parsley and 2 tablespoons minced chives.

**FOR THE BREAD:**

Buy Italian bread at the market and heat in the oven. Slice lengthwise and tear into chunks of eating size before serving.

**FOR THE DESSERT:**

Half-thaw a package of frozen raspberries and sprinkle each serving with 1 or 2 teaspoons Grand Marnier before serving.

Gee, Mr. Meyer. It isn't a case of just standing there in her clothes and a black wig. People have their own way of standing, moving, holding their hands and their head. Fifty feet isn't as far as you think. I want facial expressions you remember. Gestures. Voice. What her background was. I'll get a friend up here with wigs and makeup kit and he'll do fine as far as the outside is concerned. But you men have to work with me and get the inside just as good, or it isn't worth doing. I'm not a store dummy you prop up behind some fence for effects. If it was important enough to her to get killed over, and worth five bills to you, then it's worth me sweating it right. You'll remember better if I'm in costume, so you come back at about four this afternoon." I felt a lot better about her.

I was expecting an eerie impact when we went back to her place, but she was just Merrimay Lane in Vangie's oyster-white wraparound skirt in orlon fleece, and her sleeveless raw silk blouse with the Chinese collar styling. Merrimay Lane with a black wig like Vangie's hair, with her mouth painted to the shape of Vangie's mouth, and with some kind of invisible goop which had tilted her eyes to the tilt of Vangie's. Her eyes were a soft spaniel brown rather than that special darkened yellow of Vangie's. She was a kid made up for the high school play.

"What we do, the way we work it, as I walk, sit, stand, move around, you keep telling me what's wrong, and help me fix it and nail it down until I've got it."

But by six o'clock it was as eerie as anyone could wish. She had worked with total attention, total dedication, irritatingly hauling out of us the specifics we did not know we had stored away. Vangie had slowly appeared before us, and at the same rate, Merrimay Lane had slowly disappeared.

Just after sunset Meyer and I drove back up the turnpike to Lauderdale. We had a date with her on Sunday to take her up and show her the layout and arrange the timing.

After a long silence Meyer said, "This is none of my business. But I am in lots of things lately like that. A personal observation?"

"Go ahead."

"That clever girl, the closer she got to being Vangie, the more you reacted to her. Let us say in a personal way. And there was awareness and response; very tangible, no words needed.

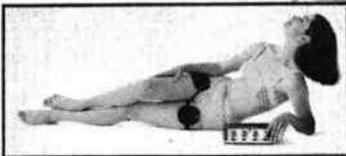
"So?"

"So there was no reaction to the genuine Vangie. Which leads me to one of my significant sociological observations."

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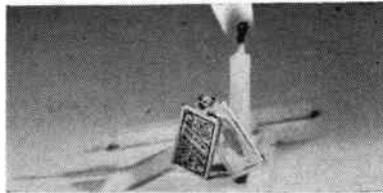
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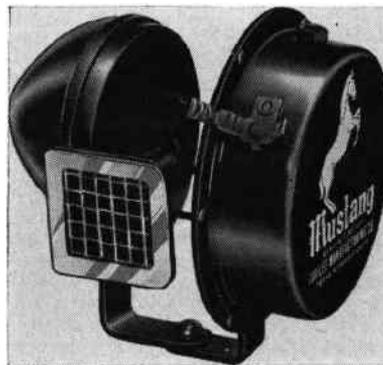
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BY CAROL CARR



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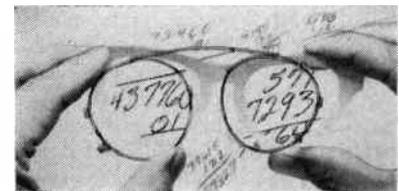
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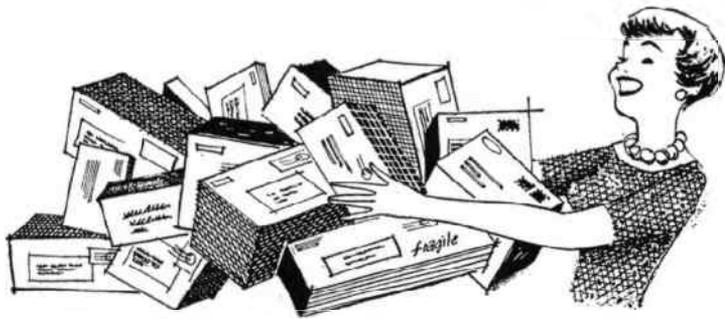
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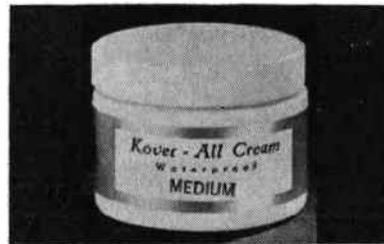
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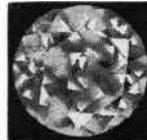
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# DARKER THAN AMBER

(continued)

"Favor me with the same, O sage."

"In becoming Vangie, she kept the one thing of her own Vangie no longer had. It is, I think, a sense of her own value, the value of her approval and appreciation of a man. This is not to say she would withhold intimacy, only that she would give and take on the basis of a more discriminating sense of values. In a sense she hooked you with what Vangie could have been."

"Most entertaining, professor. Miss Merrimay is an attractive and vital girl. We hired her for one purpose, and when that is finished, I have no further interest."

"Then, my friend, why have you just gone right past our exit ramp?"

At ten thirty on that hot Monday morning, the black taxi brought us in from the airport, down Nassau Street and west on Bay Street, to let us off at Rawson Square. I knew from the look of Bay Street that no cruise ships were in. In the hot months when there are no cruise ships tied up to Prince George Wharf, or anchored out in the harbor beyond the lighthouse, Bay Street slows to a walk. The pretty shop girls stroll and chatter. Drivers nap in their cabs. Traffic is sparse and stately. The fat dark women yawn and gossip in the straw markets as they weave tourist goods.

I found an official-looking mustachioed fellow who told me that the *Monica D.* would tie up at the wharf about one o'clock, and a Dutch boat was due in the evening. We checked the bags at the Prince George Hotel. We poked up and down Bay Street, killing time, and keeping an eye open for any little surprise gift which might give Ans Terry the flying twitches, in addition to the one Meyer had prepared in a borrowed darkroom Sunday night. He had gone through his files of negatives and prints and had made up an eerie collage, made a copy negative from it, and reprinted it carefully. It was an eight by ten glossy, dominated by an enlargement of Vangie's sexy smiling face, which by darkroom trickery he had made to look as if it were smiling in death, the flesh sliding and melting from the skull structure. Surrounding it he had a long shot of a bridge at dusk, a close-up of a cement block, a picture of gravestones, a picture of lights reflected on the black run of tide in a channel. On a pale area in my reasonable imitation, of Vangie's hand, I had written, "See you soon, buds."

Meyer was getting increasingly nervous, and admitted it, so I took him to

the Carlton House for a splendid planters punch at the dark shadowy bar, and then we strolled back through sunlight and watched the *Monica D.* get herself moored to the wharf with casual skill, with enough gay pennons and flags and banners and streamers to equip six new gas stations on opening day. The deck crew in whites, and the packed, expectant, gaudy, gabbling herd of passengers crowded the starboard side of B Deck where the gangplank would be hoisted. They would have four hours in this last romantic port of call to distribute their remaining funds along Bay Street for delicious goods they didn't need, but couldn't help buying because it was cheaper than at home.

Beefy women led the charge as they started handing out the shore tickets. This was the *Monica's* last cruise of the season, one of the shortest and cheapest, and it was at about half capacity, with perhaps a hundred and sixty passengers. They were sunburned, stuffed with cruise food, boisterous with their brand-new friends, and trying to forget how soon the trip was ending.

Though all I knew about her was that she was a tall young blonde, I trusted my instinct to pick her out of the pack and, through her, identify Ans Terry. But no one seemed to fit. As I was about to suggest to Meyer we go aboard, she started slowly down the gangplank. Unmistakably she. Theatrically she, making her exit after the rabble had been cleared from her path.

White cotton twill pants, fitting her slenderness with an almost improbable snugness. They came to just above her bare ankles, with a slight flare, an in-step notch. The wide waistband was snugged around her slender waist, and above it was six supple bare inches of midriff, and above that a little half-sleeve truncated blouse, fine red and white stripes, so dense with stiff ruffles she looked like a Christmas display of ribbon candy. Atop the interwoven and intricate coiffure of cream-blonde hair was perched at a perfect straightness a wide-brimmed, white bullfighter hat of straw in a fine weave, with white ball fringe dangling all the way around the rim. She carried a red purse shaped like a lunch bucket. Her sandals had half-heels, white straps, thick cork soles. The very wide flat rims of her sunglasses were a red and white checkerboard pattern.

She came slowly down the gangplank, the slope creating, with the thick soles of the sandals, considerably more hip motion than she could have achieved on a level surface. Every crew member who could get to a rail on the starboard side stopped work, watched her reach the bottom and start

across the level cement before turning reluctantly back to duty. She was aware of the stares, needed them, dressed for them. When she was thirty feet from the end of the gangplank a big man came hurrying down, his stride long and limber. He wore white stretch Levis, a navy knit sport shirt. Wads of muscle bulged the knit shirt. His forearms were enormous, his waist and hips slender. It struck me that he moved and handled himself in a Mr. America variation of her rather functional display, but he had a face far older than the body, a long, sallow, eroded face, brows and lashes so pale he had little expression. His pale hair was just a little too rich and too curly to be his.

"Del!" he called sharply, audibly. It was a confirmation I didn't need. She turned and waited. They talked there. When she tilted her head back to look up into his face from under the brim of her hat, I knew he was tall enough to look me in the eye. Few are. She took a list from her purse and held it so he could see it too, and then they began walking slowly toward Bay Street. I told Meyer to go get his bag and go aboard and find out their cabin number. I followed them, trying to plan my contact with her on what I could guess about her relationship with him. She gave the impression of docility, waiting with a nervous half-smile until she was certain whatever she had said had pleased or amused him, then laughing in a forced way. I am so conspicuous I've had to learn every trick there is. Finally they separated and I watched her go down the block and into the Nassau Shop. I went in and circled around and came up to an island counter where on the other side of it, opposite me, a clerk was showing her a tray of glittering wristwatches.

Under the creamy weight of her hair, the black of brows and lashes was a contrived and startling contrast. Her face and features were small, pointed, cute in the way a Barbie Doll is cute. Her voice as she talked to the clerk was breathless, childish. And, I suppose, cute. Her eyes were fantastic—huge, set far apart, and a clear, brilliant, bottle-glass green. Her mouth was unfortunate, a small mouth with a considerable pulpy bulge of plump unpainted lips. She glanced across at me as she talked to the clerk, a very swift practiced appraisal and then a small vivid fleeting challenge—half erotic and half innocent, a quick offer and quicker retraction of a promise of delight.

I had to guess what might work, and guess how hard I dare hit her with it. Like diamond cutting. You guess at the fracture line, and take your whack. It

# DARKER THAN AMBER

(cont. from p. 137)

opens up, or it turns into broken dust. I moved around the counter and when the clerk went to get another tray of watches, I said, "Listen, Del. And don't make a fuss. Tami gave me a message for you."

"You have me confused with somebody I think."

"Tami Western. She told me where to find you, before they killed her." I held out the clipping I had taken out of my wallet while moving toward her. "You must have known her right name." Her hand shook as she took it. Then it fluttered to the floor and she leaned against the counter, eyes closed. I picked up the clipping, told the clerk we might be back later, took Del by the arm just above the elbow and led her over to a mirrored corner behind the circular racks of skirts. When I released her she tottered. Her color was bad.

"Pull yourself together, girl. This isn't a trick. Where and when are you supposed to meet Ans?"

"In . . . in an hour at that B-Black-beard Tavern. . . . Who are you?"

"A friend of Vangie's from way back. When she smelled what could happen, she came to me in Lauderdale. The name is McGee. Travis McGee."

"She n-never mentioned you."

I told her how to find the Carlton House. She left first and I followed her there, joined her in the lobby, took her to a dark corner of the bar. She wanted Scotch on ice. A double. We had a round table in a corner. She wanted to see the clipping again. She read it all and handed it back. "But why?"

"Here's what I know. Last Monday night Ans and Mack drove her down into the keys, wired a cement block to her ankles and dumped her off a bridge. Some guys were fishing under the bridge. They rescued her. She got to Lauderdale and came to me. From what she heard Ans Terry and Mack say, they've decided to fold up the operation for a while. She didn't want to risk contacting you or DeeDee Barntree. I loaned her some money so she could go up to Cove Lane and grab the money she squirreled away and make a run for it. She'd made me promise to warn you and DeeDee. I guess I didn't make it to DeeDee in time. Griff was going to take care of her, and I guess he made it. I guess she went off a bridge or got tucked into the swamps."

She hugged herself and hunched over as if she had stomach cramps. "But why?"

"Maybe somebody has figured out too much. They could be nervous. So the

best answer is to scratch you three, lay low, and if nothing develops, recruit some new girls and start up again."

After a long sickly silence she said, "I just couldn't understand why Ans has been so mean this trip, so plain dog mean to me. Worse than ever before. And he came home so late the night before we sailed. Do you know . . . what we've been doing?"

"Yes, and I'm taking a chance of getting mixed up in the stinking thing, by coming here and booking back to Everglades on the *Monica D.* like Vangie suggested. The kind of business you've been in, girl, the only way they retire you is the way they retired Vangie and your other girlfriend, and the way they've got set up for you."

"Stop talking like that!"

"Why should I? Your tender feelings? If any of you three women were picked up, you'd talk to save your skin. I wonder if it's worth saving."

"Listen, Mister, I didn't ask to get into this line of work."

"Just lucky?"

"What you should know, Ans was a cop when I met him. I got in some trouble four years ago, up at Jacksonville Beach. I was just a dumb kid, nineteen. He said I could be nice or I could take a five year fall. Later when they kicked him off, he looked me up and said he could still turn me in. That was two years ago. So he explained the setup, but he didn't explain all of it. I thought we were just going to keep the old guy under and then get off at the first port and fly back with the money he brought along. And then Ans . . . dropped that nice old guy off the ship, and then I was stuck, wasn't I? You just make yourself stop thinking about them. You just try to have a good time. That's all. You make yourself forget their faces and their names. Gee, you know. I just can't believe Tami and DeeDee are gone and I'll never see them again. You know something? If Ans and Mack goofed it up and Tami got away, they aren't going to be too popular either and . . ." She stopped suddenly as if remembering a bell which had rung a long time ago. "You said something about saving me, about me not being worth saving, I guess. Did you have some kind of idea?"

"If it works, it's the only chance you'll ever get."

I outlined it quickly for her. I told her I would buy some inconspicuous clothing which would fit her and take it aboard. I made her remember my cabin number. Six. She said they were in fourteen, close by. She said it was Ans's custom to drink heavily before and after dinner lately—something he had never done before—and go to bed

about ten. When she was certain he was asleep, she was to write a note to him and pin it to her pillow, saying that she heard over radio in Nassau about Tami being killed, and she had figured out why, and she was sick of everything and of herself, so she was going to go over the rail. Good-bye.

"And you come right to my place. Leave everything behind except what you sleep in. Everything! Rings, watch, toothbrush. I'll buy what you'll need. Scoot to my cabin. The door will be ajar. I can arrange to have somebody take my bag ashore and through customs. I can bribe the room steward to let us stay in my cabin until long after everybody has cleared off the ship. Then we walk off."

"Then what?"

"First things first. They don't hunt down somebody they think is dead. One step at a time and we won't get confused."

I took her through it again. She agreed. She seemed grateful, but dubious. And perhaps too scared to carry it off with Ans Terry—if he had been a reasonably good cop. She went stiling off to join Terry. Male heads at the bar turned to watch her out of sight. It was going to be a good trick making her inconspicuous.

After I'd checked aboard, gotten the suitcase and purchases placed in my pleasant cabin, I went looking for Meyer and found him in the ship's lounge, a place with a black composition floor, a white pegboard ceiling—with sprinkler heads at exactly the right height to tear holes in my scalp—and with groupings of overstuffed chairs and couches upholstered in pink, blue, lavender, yellow and orange. Meyer had picked an orange setting and was drinking Pauli Girl.

He said, "I have a great room down there. It gives me the feeling of being entombed in a ghastly flickering glow of tiny light bulbs. When I stay down there I have had thoughts, like what if there is always another teammate aboard with each couple to help out and keep an eye on things. How did you go?"

The explanation of how I had done startled him, and he shook his head sadly at such recklessness, assimilated and sorted the information and said, "What is she like?"

"Little thick fat hands with nails bitten down to the quick. Dumb, vulgar, shrewd, vulnerable. I don't know. I know she responds to the strong hand, the air of authority. She likes being told what to do. Then she can't be blamed for anything that happens."

"Do you know what comes next?"

"Not exactly. I want her out of that

stateroom when I go after the funds. I was playing it by ear."

He beamed at me. "I know what comes next."

"I knew you'd be useful."

"It's something you can sell her easily, with your charm. T. McGee. Mr. Terry won't report the suicide note. He'll slink off with the luggage. So how should she make absolutely *certain* she'll still be safe, even if they don't buy that suicide note? She writes a *second* suicide note, with a confession in great detail, for somebody to take off the boat and mail to the cops."

I stared at him admiringly. "And the law tucks them all away so Barbie Doll Del can feel safe, and then if it doesn't work out just right with Ans Terry we've powdered them anyway. Meyer, you are trickier than I realized."

With owlish astonishment he said, "My dear boy, for a man who set up the currency and borrowing structure of Pakistan, little matters like this are no more complex than the rules of mumblety-peg."

"But if he senses something sour and hammers it out of her?"

By ten minutes to eleven I was beginning to suspect it had happened just that way. I sat in the darkness of my stateroom. We'd turned west and the old *Monica D.* was wallowing her way through the chop of the Providence Channel, lifting, sighing, corkscrewing, her old muscles and sinews creaking and popping. Many of these old crocks on the cruise circuits come under the grandfather clauses. Under the plausible registry of their authentic home ports they can be counted reasonably safe and well-maintained. But anyone who, for example, buys passage aboard a thirty-year-old tub made in Denmark, registered in Liberia, cruising the tricky waters of the Caribbean with Spanish officers and Korean deckhands, is playing a damp form of Russian roulette.

My stateroom door was open an inch, wedged with a match folder to keep it from banging as we pitched and rolled. Dim corridor lighting shined through the crack. Suddenly the light was blocked out for a moment and the door opened wider and closed with a clack of the latch. Her small, shaky voice said, "Mr. McGee? Mr. McGee?" I told her to use the light switch to the left of the door. As I finished speaking, I moved five swift silent feet to the left.

The lights came on. She stood there in what I later learned is called, unfortunately, a jama shift in a yellow check pattern. Her creamy hair, undone, spilled long, as she stared at the snub barrel peering from my fist, she looked like a corrupt Alice in an evil

Wonderland. I shoved the Bodyguard into the pocket holster and said, "In case he herded you in here."

She sat on the edge of a chair, shoulders hunched. "No. He's stopped. I did just like you said. You better not let him find me, Mr. McGee. Ever."

"Lights off in there?" She nodded. "Lock the door when you left?"

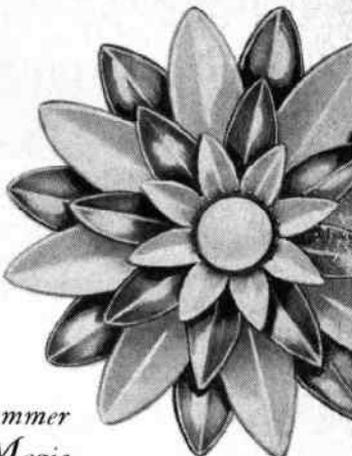
"No. You said don't take anything. You have to lock the door with the key. I'm . . . so scared." She came swiftly up from the chair, standing tall to nuzzle her face into my throat. I put my arms around her and held her. She was trembling. I could not reject her without further crippling her spirit. Her attachments and relationships had been on the basis of a male ownership, and she could begin to feel more secure with any small demonstration of physical affection, feel more certain of a future home. The abandoned puppy whines outside the kitchen door and, when it is opened, comes in with his belly close to the linoleum, ears back, tail tucked under, wagging tentatively.

I could guess that to her there was no reality in the world except herself. On that basis, everything in her environment had the same dim value. The murderous game she had been playing had the same significance as if she had been shoplifting for the past two years. Vangie would be fading in her mind, because other people were no more real than old movies on the *Late Show*. The accidents of life could have as readily drifted her into the housewife role, and she would have brought to that role the same talents—simple greed, self-display, subservience to strength, gullibility and sloth.

I released her and moved away and said, "See if the stuff I got you fits. It's there on the extra bed."

She took a childlike pleasure in opening the packages. She looked at each item, took them into the bathroom, and came out in ten minutes, saying, "Gee, this is pretty dim stuff, you know? I'd never buy it for myself. What do you think, honey?"

Gray skirt, plain white blouse, gun-metal cardigan, brown sandals. I made her tie her hair up in the blue scarf I had bought and put on the simple and very dark-hued sunglasses. Once I had made her subdue the normal mechanics of her walk, she could be mistaken perhaps, at two hundred feet, for a girl on vacation from a small drab college. She complained that the skirt and sweater were too narrow, but she could walk in them as far as she would have to walk. The purse I had gotten her was like a leather feed bag with a drawstring, and it would serve to carry the essential toilet articles off the ship.



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# WATE-ON

## DARKER THAN AMBER

(continued)

The outfit was not much to pay for insurance against somebody spotting her. And I had to buy an outfit anyway, to convince the ex-cop, when he found nothing missing, that she had indeed taken the dive.

When I told her what she had to write, and that it had to be addressed to the police. She fought it even after I'd pointed out that her girlfriends were dead and it couldn't hurt them, and that I'd feel better about any future help if all her playmates were out of the way for good. Finally I shook her until her teeth clacked, shoved her toward the desk where I'd put the sheaf of ship's stationery, and roared at her to start writing.

I pulled a chair close to hers and watched every word, asked questions, made her put down the answers. Names and addresses. Griff was Walter Griffin. The orders came from a man named Frank Loyal. The top man was named Emil Berga. She wasn't supposed to know that name. She'd found out by accident. When Ans found out she knew it, he had beaten her mercilessly as a warning never to mention it. She said Berga was supposed to be in some kind of legitimate business. I knew of him. His nickname was Nogs. He operated a string of monkey jungles, parrot farms, orchid displays, Seminole villages and alligator farms along the Tamiami area; sad, drab attractions reputed to be fronts for less legitimate merchandise.

Then I made her cover the actual mechanics of the operation. "The thing was to get some old guy on the hook, like forty-five or fifty years old," she said. "The ones too young, or too smart or too loaded, you have to brush off. So you get one on the string and you play coy and you get his right name and the address where he came from, and Frankie Loyal would run that through a credit check thing and find out if he was kidding about being a widower or divorced and so on, and about how much he could scrape together in cash money. When Frankie said OK, then you start the act. Like you've really fallen for the guy, but all the time sad and mysterious and tragic about something terrible that could happen. You can't be seen anywhere with him, and you make him move to another place under another name so you'll have a place you can be together. Honest, once one of those old guys really believes a young gal is head over heels, you can sell him any nutty story you can dream up. The

story we used was about a psycho boyfriend who'd kill us if he ever saw us with another man, and we wanted to run away, but it took money to run away. Then we would say real wistful that we have a married girlfriend at one of the places where a cruise boat would stop, like St. Thomas, and she'd give us a guesthouse to stay as long as we want, and if we could go on that cruise boat with maybe twenty thousand cash, we could live ten years on a beautiful island. Next you tell him that the psycho boyfriend has found out about him, and you get the guy to send some picture postcards to his friends and relatives. Frankie would supply us with the postcards. They were from places a long way off. Santa Fe and Oregon and Hawaii. Then we'd give them back to Frankie and they'd get mailed from one of those places so it wouldn't seem too many guys were disappearing from here. The relatives would be looking in the wrong places, thinking that was where the old guy was the last they heard from him."

The boarding scheme was precisely as Meyer had predicted. There was one refinement. She would ask the man to bring the money in tens, twenties and fifties in a money belt. After he had been knocked out, Ans would remove the money belt and replace it with a scuba-diving belt, with each compartment snapped shut on its wafer of lead, and strap the money belt around himself. A few hours out of Port Everglades, somewhere southeast of Miami, they had jettisoned a stupefied chemist from Youngstown, Ohio, fifty-one years old, divorced, who'd made a twenty-six-thousand-dollar contribution which had earned him an unknown grave on the silty bottom rather than the romantic years in the island hideaway with this green-eyed dolly who had so obviously adored him. "Dumping them is easy," she said. "Every boat has a couple of good places where unless somebody is walking by on the deck, nobody sees it happen."

She thought she and Ans had worked it fourteen times. She said that after a while you lost track. Nine names was the best she could do, and she was not sure she had two of them right. It had taken three hours, fifteen sheets of paper. She was whining that her hand was full of cramps and she was so tired she felt sick to her stomach. So I stopped reaching for more detail and let her sign it, "Confession of a suicide. Del Whitney," with a flourish. So I prodded for one more fragment of truth, and at last she signed her right name under the other. Jane Adele Stusslund, born in Wellington, Minnesota, one thousand years ago.

Fear and strain had exhausted her. But after she had readied herself for bed, she made that token offer she thought I would require of her. When I said rest was the important thing right now, her relief was evident. With the lights out she called across to me in her child-voice. "He kept all the money every time. I haven't got dime one, honey. When we get away, are you going to take care of me, dear?"

"We'll work something out."

"What line of work are you in anyway, honey?"

With a bitter smile in the darkness I said, "Cruise director."

I counted to five hundred, dressed in the darkness, went and leaned close to her and heard the buzzing of her, the honey-bee rhythms from the deepest pool of sleep. I took the key and the bulky unsealed envelope, locked her in, and went down to Meyer's cubicle. He opened the door for me, squinting, looking like a sideshow bear in the awning-stripe pajamas of green, black and cerise. He sat on his bed and I sat on his one chair while he read swiftly and methodically through the pages of confession. He folded it, put it back into the envelope and said, "You were haunted by the look of the neck-nape of the dead Griff. How comfortable it must be to drift through life without cumbersome and awkward baggage. Such as pity, mercy, empathy, concern."

"One concern, Meyer. Don't get caught."

"And the money is laced around Ans Terry's middle, and Ans is in alcoholic sleep, and we have work to do, eh? Let me get dressed."

I looked him in the eye and lied to him. "There's no point in it now, Meyer. Give me that photograph and I'll drop it off where he'll see it first thing in the morning. The liquor has had too much time to wear off. Barbie Doll has wrapped it up. Let's figure that he'll be jumpy enough to get pretty conspicuous when Merrimay puts on her Vangie act."

He tried to hide his joy at not having to come with me. Meyer is a gentle man. Violence upsets him.

After I left him I found an open deck and leaned on the rail and looked at the dark sea. Self-awareness is always an iffy and imperfect thing. I was going after Ans's belt. The reasons for not doing so were perfectly sound. I did not wish to think I still had to go around proving things to myself. There are few animals more dangerous than a cop gone bad. I finally found my reason, and it was not a very pretty reason. Empty and vicious though she might be, I had a little tweak of guilt

at conning her so totally and ruthlessly with a promise of safety, a fabric of lies. It made it all too easy and so I needed cleansing. Risk is a special cathartic. And also the rationalization was handy. He could do some fancy running on twenty-six thousand, and losing it might numb him, make him an unmoving target. And he could just as easily have knocked Vangie out before hoisting her over the bridge rail.

I closed the door of Stateroom 14 without a sound, and stood for a long time, waiting for my eyes to adjust to the slight glow in the room which came from the yellow crack of light shining out from under the door of the head.

At last I could see the shapes emerge, the silent length of him in the far bed, the vague bulks of the furniture, even the oblong of the note pinned to the pillow of the empty bed. I moved to the porthole and worked the curtains aside so that a nearby deck light increased the inner illumination. From there I could look down upon him, and hear the slow rasp of his breathing. He was on his left side, tilting toward the prone position, hands wedged under his pillow, right leg bent, the knee bracing him.

I moved around behind him. The covers were halfway to his waist. I reached across him with my right hand, and with both hands I carefully picked up the coverings and turned them slowly down until, when I doubled them back, the folded edge was below his waist. He slept in pajama tops. I nipped the loose edge of them and folded them upward. Around the lean fitness of the Mr. Body waist was the dark band of the moneybelt, perhaps four inches wide. It was too dark to see how it fastened. It looked as if it could be one of those types made of GI fabric which have two straps and two buckles in front, one above the other.

With infinite care I ran my fingertips around him, lightly brushing the fabric of the belt. In the front, in the middle of him, I felt the metal edges of the buckles, the strap tongues. His belly lifted and fell with his breathing, and closing my eyes, so as to focus my whole perception on touch, I made certain I knew just how they were fastened. One at a time I worked each strap out of the leather loop. The next step was more difficult, the problem of pulling the straps through the first metal part of the buckles. There was a slight loosening at the bottom of each exhalation. I pulled gently each time he exhaled, and gained perhaps a quarter inch each time. It took a half-dozen exhalations to release each strap. His sweat and breath smelled

rich with booze. Then, all that held the belt were the little metal prongs through the strap holes. I pulled on the strap of the bottom one first. Each time he exhaled, I risked a slightly increased pressure. Then, in my fingertips, I felt the little pop as the buckle was freed. I knew how I would work it. Get the other one open, then gently lay the belt open so that it was held by the weight of him. After that, stealth would be the greater risk. I would merely get a good grip on it, snatch it violently out from under him and be out the door before he could paw the cobwebs out of his eyes, taking the off chance of not meeting a member of the ship's company in the corridor.

Perhaps I was thinking more of the final steps than the final buckle. Or I had to tug harder at it. He grunted, rolled toward me, brought his hand down quickly, so quickly his fingertips brushed the back of my hand before I could get it away.

I heard his hand patting at the buckles. He sat up quickly.

As I saw him lean to reach toward the light switch, I clenched my hands together, chopped down hard at the exposed side of his throat. But in the darkness I hit too far back, and my fists rebounded off the great rubbery bulk of the trapezius muscle, and he disconcerted me with the speed with which he came lunging off the bed, shoulder slamming into my chest, big arms clamping and locking around me as he drove me back onto her empty bed. I felt my whole rib cage bending, and he had the sense to keep his face tucked against me so I couldn't get at his eyes. He grunted with effort and I felt blackness moving in behind my eyes. I chopped at the nape of his neck with my fist, but I couldn't get enough force into the awkward blows. I found an ear, wadded it small, and tried twisting it off, but the pain merely increased his power. Then, knowing there was only one chance left, I got my thumb under the corner of his jaw, fingers clamped for leverage around the back of the bull neck, and with waning strength, dug that thumb in as deeply as I could. He wheezed, and the pressure slackened enough for me to fill my lungs, pushing the darkness back. Suddenly he released me, yanked his hand back and tried a clubbing punch to the face, misjudged the distance, hit me squarely in the throat. The pain galvanized me into a leaping spasm that carried us both off the bed and down onto the floor between the beds. My throat felt full of broken gravel. He was underneath. I picked his head up by the ears and banged it down as hard as I could, twice. Then

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**DARKER THAN AMBER**

(continued)

he wormed to the side, rocked up onto his shoulders, clamped me diagonally across the chest with bare legs as hard as marble, and if he'd had one more half second to bear down, that would have ended it. But I made a frantic, stretching, stiff-fingered stab into the socket of his throat. With a whistling gasp he went flopping and floundering away, audibly struggling to suck air past the numbed larynx, yet managing to scramble to his feet before I could, and as I was coming up, he kicked me squarely and solidly on the point of the chin with the hard pad of his right foot, spilling me over into an underwater vagueness, a smeared and sleepy drifting. He reached into the bathroom and flipped the light on, and from far away I heard his grunt of satisfaction, his anticipation of getting a good look at me and finishing me off.

Like an old club fighter functioning on instinct alone, I swam up to my feet trying hard to remember something important. It was something I had been waiting for a chance to do, but he had never given me the chance. For some reason he wasn't moving. He stood in a funny crouch and he was turned in profile to me. I suddenly realized he was staring at Vangie's eerie photograph. It was on the floor. I had put it on the foot of Del's bed as I had passed it on my way to the money. In our struggle it had slipped from the bed and skidded over to position itself nicely in the band of light from the bathroom. In the next half second I remembered the very important thing, and the Bodyguard chunked up into the meat of my dreamy hand. I took two long wandering steps and just as he started to straighten and turn, I laid it high against the side of his curly head. Imagine a Sandy Koufax stoned to the ears, and trying to unleash his fast ball, and put the point of impact just a bit higher than the place where he releases the ball, and the picture is reasonably accurate. He dropped with an impressive looseness, his forehead bouncing off the middle of Meyer's interesting collage.

I plumped down like a weary child and in a short time the last of the mists blew away. I hunched over to him and fingered the pulse in his throat. It bumped steadily along. I prodded his head, and felt the unreal texture of the hairpiece which had probably prevented my giving him a happy little depressed fracture. The blow had bounced the gun out of my hand. I found it near the foot of his bed. I found the

money belt under her bed. The second strap had torn loose.

I found that the single strap seemed to hold the belt safely and snugly around my middle. I put him back in his bed, just as I had found him. I straightened up the room, removing the signs of combat. I folded the picture and put it in my pocket. I turned out the light and left. Out on deck I let the photograph flutter into the sea, and told Vangie that by landing face up, she had very probably saved my life. Favor returned. Score even.

In Stateroom 6 Miss Del Whitney was still buzzing contentedly. I stuffed the money belt into the bottom of my suitcase. That surgeon named sleep asked me to count to ten and I didn't get past three.

I got up with the first honking, bell ringing, shouting in the corridors, door rapping and bull horn announcements to get all luggage ready and put it outside the room doors. I dressed quickly, strapped the money belt on in the bathroom. When I came out she had still not moved a muscle, still lay there in the spill of creamy hair, fatty little mouth agape.

I locked her in and located my room steward. He was full of importance and business and responsibility, with no time for an overnight passenger who could be expected to tip small, and who was trying to tell him something. But then he happened to focus on the bill I was holding, and he saw the zero printed beside the five. Then I had every crumb of his attention in total and vivid focus. I said I wished to remain in my cabin until all the other passengers had cleared customs and departed. He said that was very difficult. Almost impossible. I said I was no longer alone in my cabin, that a lady was with me. I said that others would be taking our luggage off. I said that the husband of the lady had learned she was on the *Monica D.* and that he would doubtless be waiting for her with a gun, and others might be hurt, and it would be a sad and bloody ending to the last cruise of the season, no? I was doing a favor for a friend, so that he could disembark with every indication of innocence.

The steward said there were others who would have to be induced to cooperate. But of course, I told him, and perhaps he could put a sign on the door of Stateroom 6 which would keep the luggage people and the cleaning crew from disturbing us, and no doubt he could arrange to bring breakfast for two to No. 6, large glasses of fresh fruit juice, pastries, two pots of coffee, and perhaps a small flagon of brandy for the coffee to quiet the lady's

(cont. on p. 148)

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## DARKER THAN AMBER

(cont. from p. 146)

nerves. And later, when the coast was clear, he could tap at the door. So saying I took a second fifty and stuffed it into his shirt pocket to join the first one. He straightened his shoulders and said that in such a delicate situation, all things became possible. He winked and I winked, and we bowed to each other.

I went back and grabbed my suitcase and hustled it down to Meyer's little cave, left it outside his door. I went in and as he closed the door behind me, I took the money belt off.

His heavy black brows climbed halfway to the hairline. "Meyer, it was on impulse. Maybe not one of my better ones. He woke up and it got to be a pretty busy thing. He didn't see me. Full report later. I'm in a hurry. He got a nice look at your artwork. I put him back to sleep and put him to bed. He won't know what's real and what isn't. The steward is bribed. The little lady has slept through all the turmoil so far. I couldn't risk wearing the money belt off, because if it goes wrong and I'm stopped, I'll be searched and it would look strange. You wear it, even if you have to tie it on with string to get it around you."

"Please!"

"And be the first one off, if you can, no matter how rude you have to be. You'll have to target him for Merrimay. Stay close to her. Luck."

When I got back a notice in flowery Italian script was taped to the stateroom door. She was sitting on the side of her bed, yawning and buttoning the white blouse. She peered at me through the tousled hair. "I sure sacked out, honey," she said. "The whole thing seems crazy. All of it. Like I can't hardly believe it. He's read that note by now. It makes me feel spooky. All my clothes and stuff are there. He'll believe it."

"That's the idea."

"It's all fixed so we can stay right here you said?"

"All fixed. My friend has my bag to take off. And your letter to mail."

She sat very still, then sighed and stood up and said, "I guess what I'll do is turn into a redhead, honey." She patted her hip. "And let go of the diet bit. I can put on twenty, thirty pounds like almost overnight. You wouldn't know I was the same person. I don't let it happen on account of it's such a fight to get back down where I belong. I won't do it if fat girls turn you off too much, but it would be safer for a while anyways." She padded slow-

ly toward the bathroom, frowning, and said, "I got to have clothes anyway, enough to get along on, so I might as well buy fat ones."

She stopped and looked frightened when someone knocked on the door. I hustled her into the bathroom. I took the breakfast tray from the steward and thanked him and firmly closed the door while he was still trying to peer around me to identify the woman.

When she came out, looking fresher with her hair combed and her face washed, she was pleased to find breakfast waiting. When the ship's motion eased and the engines slowed I got up and looked out the ports and saw we were moving in past the breakwater.

I told her I was going out and make certain Ans Terry got off without making a fuss. She started to object, but I told her I'd lock her in and there was a sign on the door posted by the steward to leave No. 6 alone. She responded to the slight edge in my voice with an immediate docility.

They laid the starboard side against the wharf. The ship's little orchestra was out on the weather deck, tootling gaily. The shore hands ran the big hawser loops over to the iron bollards, and the winches aboard snugged her firm, fore and aft, and when the deeper resonances of the main engines stopped, leaving only the auxiliaries humming, the band came through more clearly, and I could hear the yelps and bayings of greetings from the hundred or so people standing beyond the hurricane fencing some seventy or eighty feet from the side of the ship, sun-brown people in bright hot-weather clothing. The minute the two gangplanks were hoisted up and latched, the ship's officers, in spotless whites began to disembark, the captain first, all smiling because it was the end of the last cruise before going home to Italy again, most of them carrying small zipper bags and briefcases. The PA system aboard blared that all debarking passengers should gather on the Promenade Deck at the amidships gangplank, ready to leave as soon as all the luggage was off.

Then I moved aft to where I could see the ship's end of the passenger gangplank, and I saw Meyer there, against the rail, first in line. He did not see me. He looked very resolute. The cargo hatch in the lower hull had been opened, and the gravity roller conveyor set in place. Baggage was coming down and the porters were filling the first big hand truck. They would roll it into the shed and begin filling the next one, while in the customs shed other porters would hustle it, according to alphabetical name of the passenger on the tag to the proper customs section. One out

of every three pieces coming off seemed to be one of the straw liquor baskets. The passengers were lined up, clutching customs declarations and proof of vaccination, the ones wedged near the rail peering over and trying to identify their own pieces of luggage. The shoreside public address system began to wham out a series of marches, the speakers so overloaded much of it was just an overlapping resonant blur. A few favored passengers were paged and directed to go forward to the other gangplank. They were the ones with a little political leverage. They had to walk down the wide wharf corridor between the wire fence and the side of the ship, past their fellow passengers whose impatience to get off was further stimulated by this demonstration of privilege. The one-class ship in the last minutes of the cruise had become a two class ship, and the favored dozen walked a little stiffly under the pleasant burden of importance, chatting together with animation. In the shed they would get a head start on the inspection.

Suddenly I saw Meyer among them. His name had not been called. He walked like the king of all the bears, looking up at the ship, searching me out. Spotting me, he made a single airy little gesture, a prince of the blood flipping a florin to the humble peasant. And if he ran into any special curiosity inside the doors of the shed, I could guess exactly how he would handle it, with cold professorial gaze, great pomposity, excluding any possibility that Herr Doktor Meyer could be given anything but the most privileged treatment.

I then saw him searching among the visitors behind the wire, as I was, to spot Merrimay Lane, our imitation Vangie. I believe he saw her just as I did, standing in too dense a clot of people, and he veered over to her, moved her along. They walked on either side of the wire fence until she had reached an open space. He paused and said a few more words to her, then hastened to catch up with the rest of the privileged ones.

I had not been able to spot Ans Terry, and I began to have worrisome visions of him in his bed exactly as I had left him, the blood ball in his brain slowly suppressing the automata of lungs and heart. Lesser damage could leave him comatose for seven hours, seven weeks, or seven years. As my concern grew, I went hurrying back up to the lounge deck, walked past fourteen and saw that the door was open, and two maids were in there, working fast at stripping the beds, and chirping to each other in the happy fluidities of Italian.

I finally found him up on the Sun Deck, standing against the starboard

rail, looking down. There were a few other passengers up there too, the relaxed ones who will not stand in lines when they do not care if they happen to be last. I sauntered over and took a position ten feet aft along the rail from him. There was no one between us. His long sallow face looked strangely blank. There was a small purple knot on his forehead.

I could guess that inside his head his brain was pacing back and forth like a caged animal. He knew he had seen the picture, yet it was impossible there could be such a picture aboard. Del had left a strange note for him and gone over the side. Somebody had taken the money. I saw Merrimay in that open place to which Meyer had directed her. She was Vangie, with that same assured insolence of stance and expression and tilt of head as she looked up at me. I turned my back toward Ans Terry and then pointed at him, first finger like a gun barrel aimed through my body at him.

**A** march ended and in the electronic hissing between numbers, she yelled, "Ans! Hey, Ans!" I saw him tauten, stare down and locate her. She waved, stood in that exaggerated hipshot Vangie-way, pulled her dark

glasses off, gave him Vangie's broad mocking grin, and blew him a kiss. He stared at her, mouth hanging open. I saw a silver strand of saliva swing in the wind from his chin and fall away. He made a curious noise, half cough, half animal grunt, spun away from the rail and ran. He plunged between an elderly couple and sent the woman flailing headlong into a tall stack of deck chairs. As I went racing by I saw her roll onto her back, blood welling immediately from multiple lacerations, and heard her husband in terror and outrage, yelling, "Help! Help!" into the din of martial music. As I reached the deck below, I saw Terry just disappearing down the ladderway to the next deck. As I tried to circle a fat man sitting red-faced on the deck, he nimbly extended a leg and hooked my feet out from under me. I slapped the deck with my palms, tucked a shoulder under, rolled back up onto my feet, took three wild steps backward and sat down with a painful solidity.

"Stop all this crazy running! Bust all my cigars!" yelled fat man.

I scrambled up and went to the rail, knowing he would appear down there, off the ship, knowing that successive shocks had blanked everything out of his mind except a bestial necessity to

get to Vangie and finish her, regardless of consequence. I had one chance of knocking him down. I got ready for it.

**F**at man pawed at my shoulder to turn me around, and saw the snub-nose barrel resting on my forearm. "Parm me all to hell, friend," he said and walked swiftly away. Just then Ans Terry came down the gravity conveyor, riding backward, clubbing with a big fist the deckhand who clung to one ankle. Ans knocked the man loose and swung off the conveyor, dropped lightly to the concrete wharf and started toward Merrimay. I ducked to the gun level, knowing it would throw high aimed downward, knowing that with the inaccuracy of the barrel length, my best bet was an aimed shot at the small of his back so that I would have all the breadth of the back as impact area. I cocked it for the greater accuracy of single action, but just then an agile and wiry porter ran in from the side and sprang onto that broad back, locking his arms around Terry's throat. He staggered under the additional weight, kept going more slowly. A dock guard trotted in to intercept him, and whaled him mightily across the belly with his billy club, an approach which reduces ninety-nine out of a hundred men to

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**MAY COSMOPOLITAN—ON THE NEWSSTAND APRIL 26TH.**

# DARKER THAN AMBER

(continued)

the immediate level of ferocity of the Easter bunny. But he was whamming a tripled layer of muscles trained to the hardness of interwoven cordovan. Terry grasped the club, stopped, planted his heels, made a swinging motion like a hammer throw. The guard had the thong around his wrist. Somebody had shut off the music. I heard the brisk snap of bone as the guard went rolling across the cement.

While stopped, Terry evidently decided to remove the minor annoyance on his back. He broke the hold on his throat, took the man's wrists, bent abruptly forward, a deep strong bow, a yanking leverage of the arms which sent the little brave one through the air to sprong into the wire mesh fifteen feet away and rebound. All the people had backed away from the fence. Merrimay, to my absolute and total astonishment, stood her ground, the knowing smile in place.

As I started to aim, the burly chap who'd been knocked loose on the conveyor and had ridden it all the way down, got to Terry, clapped a hand on a bull shoulder, spun him and hit him with great enthusiasm, squarely in the mouth. The people aboard and ashore were strangely silent. I could hear some little kids crying. Men were converging on the action with varying degrees of haste and caution. Terry hooked the burly optimist in the middle, doubling him into slow-motion collapse. A guard bounced a billy club off the sculptured blond curls. Two baggage handlers hit him high and low. Two hands off the ship were competing to hit him in the face. And the cautious ones came diving in then. Some went staggering back, rubber-legged. One went down and started making unsuccessful efforts to get up. They bore him down, but he came floundering halfway up, and a man screamed and went waddling away, clasping himself. Terry was erect for a moment more, and somebody had snatched off the hairpiece. His skull glistened, and I heard the tock when the club rapped it. He melted down from view, and turmoil ended. They began getting off him, moving back, fingering their faces and looking at their hands for blood. A dock guard bent over Terry, gathered the limp arms behind him, clicked handcuffs on him. Overhead, on the boat deck, the same cracked voice was still yelling, "Get a doctor! Quick! Somebody get a doctor!"

Everybody aboard and ashore had suddenly become noisy, telling each oth-

er what they had seen. And, of course, everybody had seen something quite different. The last of the casualties were up on their feet, some of them leaning on friends. Terry began rolling from side to side, and they plucked him up and stood him on his feet, trickles of blood coming from fresh welts on the hairless skull. He went along, docile, one holding each arm. After about ten steps he suddenly began leaping, writhing and kicking, and began a terrible, spine-chilling, open jawed howling. "Haaooo haaooo haaooo." It stilled the crowd sounds.

He tore himself loose from one man. The other was still hanging on and being spun around. A third man trotted up, timed the spinning, and clopped him on the skull again. Terry went down to his knees. They yanked him up and led him away to some structure beyond the customs shed. He stumbled along, head bowed, head wobbling from side to side. The crowd noise had started up again. A dock guard walked to the blond hairpiece, bent over it, stared curiously at it. He reached to pick it up, pulled his hand back, wiped the hand on his thigh. It gave the crowd the release of laughter, semihysterical. The guard took the billy club and scooped it up, holding it at arm's length, balanced atop the club. He acknowledged laughter and applause with a little bow toward the ship, then toward the fence, and as he marched off with it, with that priceless timing only accident can achieve, the PA system began the "Colonel Bogie March."

I looked for Merrimay. She stood alone, head bowed, shoulders sagging. She took an uncertain sideways step and I thought she might faint and fall. Then she straightened her shoulders and lifted her head and looked up at me for a long moment, without gesture or expression. She turned and began walking toward where Meyer would come out of the customs building. It was an odd walk. She was caught somewhere midway between Vangie and Merrimay, and I guessed that it would be a long time before the last of Vangie was completely gone.

I went back to the stateroom. I told her Ans had gotten off with no fuss, no official excitement. She wanted to know what all the yelling had been about. I said a drunk had gotten off with an armload of parcels and had kept dropping them and picking them up, one after the other. We could hear the cleanup squads in the corridor. She was a little flushed and blurred by the brandy. She prattled and chattered about the new life coming up.

"If you're going to have a new name, it should sound enough like before so

you get a reaction to it. How about Nell? Do you like Nell? And listen, honey, is it OK I pick a name with a hyphen, like English? They churn me up big. Something like Cole-Thompson. Nell Cole-Thompson? How do you like that, honey?"

I was stretched out on the bed. "Just fine."

"You don't have to stay in Lauderdale do you? I mean it'll be real big in the papers, and I know so many of the kids along Sand Alley, I could run into somebody, maybe a bartender or waitress or something from there, who'd maybe know me even fat and red-headed. We could go a long ways away, I wouldn't have to stay fat so long. You'd like that, wouldn't you? Honey?"

"That would be great, kid."

"Gee, I was certainly getting tired of all these cruises."

The steward tapped on the door at last. We walked out and down to the Promenade Deck and down the gangplank. We were watched with a certain specific and speculative curiosity. The gate in the wire fence was open. She waited in the shade of the building while I phoned a cab from the outdoor booth.

As directed, the driver of the air-conditioned cab turned south on Route 1 after we left the port area. After four blocks I told him to pull into the shopping plaza ahead on the right and park as near the drugstore as he could. I told him I had a couple of calls to make. It might take awhile. I gave him a five-dollar bill to keep him from getting restless listening to his own meter.

"Just sit tight, Nell," I told her.

"Sure, honey." The Nell made her eyes sparkle.

We had decided on that shopping plaza and that drugstore because when they had enlarged the plaza, they had put another front on the other side of the drugstore to face the other parking area. Meyer and Merrimay had an hour and a half head start on me. They were in the last booth beyond the soda fountain.

She saw me first, and spoke to Meyer and then she watched me with a small and almost apologetic smile. The wig had been stowed away; her eyelids were cleansed of the transparent film which had pulled them to Oriental suggestion, her mouth back to her own shape and taste, and she had changed to a short-sleeved red and white striped blouse, a split red skirt. They both looked and acted tense and edgy.

She opened her fist and looked solemnly at the dime resting on the palm of her hand.

"One last time," she said, getting to

her feet. "Better be the same girlish voice as before, huh?"

"The cab is smack in front of this place." I said. "Mention it's a Red Banner Cab."

As she headed for the booths, Meyer said, "That is a one, Mr. M. Her idea to keep on being Vangie when she stopped a kid a half block from the station and gave him a dollar to take the letter in and give it to the desk sergeant. She watched and made sure he went in. We gave them forty minutes. She changed in the back seat of her little car while I drove down side streets. When she phoned from here, they couldn't hide how heated up they were. She said she might be able to arrange it so they could pick up the girl who wrote it. She could guess that they had already been talking to the Broward Beach police. She said the suicide was a lie, so the girl could get clear. They kept trying to keep her on the line. She hung up and called them back ten minutes later, said to have a patrol car waiting in the parking lot of the Howard Johnson's you pointed out, that one six blocks north of here. And next time she phoned back, she said, she'd tell them where they could grab the Stusslund girl, alias Del Whitney. They had stopped pretending by then, and said they already had the Barntree woman in custody up in Broward Beach, and they would be most interested in talking to Stusslund."

Merrimay came quickly back to the table. "They should be coming this way by this time, gentlemen. Shall we?"

We went out what had once been the back door. Her own car was handy, a little white Corvair hardtop. She handed me the keys. Meyer forced and huffed his way into the rear seat.

"We'll take a look at the end of it." I told them.

I circled the block and drifted into the lot where the cab waited. I went up a row, found an empty slot sixty feet to one side.

The end of it was small and quick and saddening. Two cars arrived. Two big ones in summer blues hopped out and trotted to the cab, pistols in hand, simultaneously opening both rear doors as the other car squeaked to a stop behind the cab, blocking it in. They pulled her out, took her in a short quick jolting trot to the police car behind the cab and stuffed her into it. I saw her blonde head, heard howling, caught one last glimpse of the puffy mouth in the widest circle it could manage.

The two went back to the driver, then hustled into the drugstore, and I backed out of my slot and drove slowly and silently home to *The Busted Flush*.

We moved the Meyer luggage and McGee luggage from the little white car to the boats of the respective owners. With the air conditioning laboring to drop the temperature to a new setting, we sat in the lounge of *The Flush*, drinks in hand. Meyer made a grumpy sound and unlatched the money belt and hurled it in my direction. I stuck a hand up, caught it as it went by, unzipped it, found that the Youngstown chemist had favored hundreds. I counted out ten of them, leaned and dropped them into the lap of the split red skirt.

"Oh, come on!" said Miss Merrimay Lane.

"Standard bonus for hazardous duty," Meyer said. She thought it over and then tucked it away. The skirt had a pocket. Meyer stood up, a little too obvious with the look at the watch, the nod of a man who had a desk calendar full of urgent appointments. "Before I have to leave you, Travis baby, what happens when she screams all about a con artist named McGee and they pick you up. You are not unknown hereabouts."

"Look, fellows, this must be a real flipped bit. I'm as vulnerable to stretch pants as the next guy. So I said howdy on Bay Street yesterday, bought her a drink. Del Terry she said she was. And I backed out when I saw the shoulders on Mr. Terry. Wouldn't you? I introduced myself. Why not? So I'm a candidate for her smoke screen. Listen, if you think they'd let me or anybody stay aboard that bucket when we're supposed to go through customs, you better go ask the crew how I worked it. I went through customs with my good friend Meyer. Me? In that cab with her? Boys, you better find out who she's covering for. Any friends of hers who look like me, I'd like it if you sent them up to Raiford to live."

Meyer nodded. "And it will work. Because essentially her story is totally improbable. Miss Lane, it *has* been a pleasure."

After he left the awkwardness built between us. It was noonday. She said, "Well . . . I have this terrific date in Miami with a record player and crummy old faded mended leotards, and two routines to work on. . . ."

"Miss Merrimay?"

"Sir?"

"You stood there. He was coming at you, and you stood there."

She was on the couch and she folded over, rested a forehead on her knee, rolled her head from side to side. She spoke in a faraway voice. "Sure. I know. But I was Vangie. I was dead. I was . . . paying for things. He couldn't hurt me. Not anymore. Not anymore than he had already. I could wait and

watch him and laugh at him. And then . . . I left *her* and came back into myself. And I was really scared to death." She sat straight up and looked at me. "Travis?"

"Yes, Miss Brave Lane?"

"Tell me all the things about this I don't know."

"You won't get back to the leotards for quite a spell."

"So be it, said the girl with the empty glass," she said.

Twelve hours later it was midnight, and in the black dark lounge of *The Busted Flush* we heard the big wrap-up of local news, with her dear soap-scented head tucked most pleasantly under the angle of my jaw. The big thrill wrap-up.

They had nailed them all. All but the elusive Griff. A tender little human interest story on the grief of the divorced wife of the chemist, Powell Daniels, and their twin fifteen-year-old sons. They even had Nogs Berga in custody. He said it was a conspiracy, doubtless politically motivated.

"Mmmm. All that money," said the murmurous drowsy Miss Lane.

"Sure. What came out of the belt goes to Youngstown. Parcel post. Use a ruler and print block capitals and no handwriting guy in the world can nail it down."

"I'll remember that, darling. Practically forever."

"And ten of what came out of Vangie's ceiling goes to Meyer."

"He won't take it."

But he did, and put it into a savings account with the understanding that on the Fourth of July of each year he would draw out the four-hundred-fifty-dollar interest to finance the Meyer Festival to celebrate booze, babes, beer, bonhomie, Bach, blues, rhythm, bombast, blarney, and behavioral psychology, on a beach area to be pre-designated, accessible only by boat.

I killed the news in the middle of the weather report, carrying Miss Merrimay Lane on my journey over to the radio dial because it seemed easier than untangling her.

"Hey!" she said. "You know what? Here it is pitch black night and who can see my face, but every-time I think about it, I find out I'm wearing this big stupid smile. Does that signify anything, Sir Travis?"

"That you have a nice disposition, M.M. Real sunny."

Her friendly left hook drew blood. But not very much. In friendly fashion I tossed her through the air onto the couch. I needed both hands to paw through the records. There was an old Ruby Braff I wanted to try out on her nerve ends.

THE END

# DEAR



# Cosmopolitan

*Drawings on the following pages  
by Bud Simpson: 8, 12, 16, 22, 28, 152*

## BRAIN AND BRAUN

February was fantastic. What a valentine! I particularly liked "The Step After Muscle." My husband is *both* brainy and brawny and while he may not need his big shoulders to punch an IBM card, they sure are nice to rest my head on. MRS. ALICE WILEMOT  
*San Francisco, California*

## SEDUCTIVE COOKERY

I have just completed "The Spider and the Web" (January). It was interesting, humorous, unbelievable and rather crude. Do women really go to these extremes today?  
BARBARA BILBY  
*Gary, Indiana*

Yes.

THE EDITORS

## THE ALCOHOLIC SOMEBODY KNOWS

I commend you for publishing "The Alcoholic Nobody Knows" (January). I, too, am a female alcoholic, and agree with everything Ann Borowik says except about alcoholics being *born*. I don't think this has ever been proved. I am in my middle thirties and never did actually become a "lush." When I met my husband, who is an alcoholic too, he spotted my alcoholic weakness right away. It saved me years of suffering because I was able to watch it. I hope the women and men who read this article will "listen" hard to what it says for any clues that might fit them. Life isn't worth living if you don't beat this disease before its really dire consequences set in.  
BARBARA R.  
*Washington, D. C.*

## ADVICE FROM ZSA ZSA

Darlings,  
Your article about getting married ("Uncensored: How Girls Really Get Husbands," December) is fine but I think getting a husband is terribly easy. It's *holding* him that's important. The big question is whether you want him or not. Your next article should be about that. Love, ZSA ZSA GABOR  
*Los Angeles, California*

## RELIGIOUS RETREATS

Congratulations on "Religious Retreats for World-weary Girls" (January). You will be glad to know that apparently the article filled a real need.

We have had numerous telephone calls and letters of inquiry from young women of all faiths and of no faith who expressed their positive reactions.

SISTER DOROTHY  
HOLY SPIRIT RETREAT HOUSE  
*Los Angeles, California*

I was much impressed with your article about retreats. I make a yearly retreat at Casa de Paz y Bien, one of the retreat houses you mentioned. About 35 percent of the men and women who make retreats there are not of the Catholic faith. If you want to spend the entire time doing things like eating, swimming and sleeping—that's OK. The sermons are delightful, though, and I would hate to miss one.  
BLANCHE ABNEY  
*Phoenix, Arizona*

## TIRE TROUBLE

Tell the truth. Isn't "Al Lees"—the byline on the "How to Change a Flat Tire" article (January)—really a pseudonym for a woman? Or is it simply that Mr. Lees has never changed a tire? Since he says "jack up the wheel . . . then simply roll the spare out of the trunk," you'd better inform your readers that it's much simpler to remove the spare from the trunk *before* you do anything else.  
DON BAER  
*Chicago, Illinois*

*Mr. Lees is Mr. Lees. He's changed 1,322 tires in his life and while you might prefer to do it your way, you can do it his.*  
THE EDITORS

## OUR APPEAL IS SHOWING

Don't you think anything appeals to women except men and sex? My neighbors and I want you to know your magazine is unadulterated drivel.  
MRS. IRMA MONCE  
*Ontario, Canada*

I'm amused by the number of letters you get saying COSMOPOLITAN is a "sex guide for single women."

I'm one girl who has babies, bills and budgets. This does not mean, however, that I don't enjoy being an attractive female. Your magazine appeals to such women—regardless of their marital status.  
JANE WARDELL  
*Omaha, Nebraska*

At first I disliked your magazine because of its emphasis on male-female relationships, but after five months of reading I find you have more to offer. The subject of sex may be interesting, but too much is not for me. I'll continue to look between the pages for your other fine articles.  
ANN GRAVINA  
*Cincinnati, Ohio*

At last—a magazine for career girls over twenty-one. My friends and I are all around thirty (single, and *not* involuntarily alone) and are plain tired of housewives' magazines, home magazines or those tasteless London-look teen things! There *was* no magazine for us till you!  
MARY VAITKUS  
*Hartford, Connecticut*

## OVER 30

Mr. Keating has written an objective, meaningful, mind-opening observation on mankind. I am happy he is over thirty—it needed to be said by someone this side of the "line." I, too, am over thirty, and am grateful to Mr. Keating for speaking out boldly and valorously.  
JOAN RADCLIFFE  
*Los Angeles, California*

A good writer can manage to make it sound admirable for men to burn their draft cards and demonstrate against government, but the dissenters may not be so admirable as they are plain scared. You ought to tell the story of some kids who are *not* burning their draft cards but are gutsy enough to do what has to be done.  
E. G. WATTS  
*Pasadena, California*

*We'll be running a rebuttal to Mr. Keating's article in a future issue.*  
THE EDITORS

Address letters to: Letters Editor  
COSMOPOLITAN Magazine  
1775 Broadway  
New York, New York 10019

The Editors of COSMOPOLITAN and Coty Cosmetics regret that this magazine had already gone to press when we heard the news of Alice Pearce's death. It was impossible for us to cancel the advertisement running in this issue.



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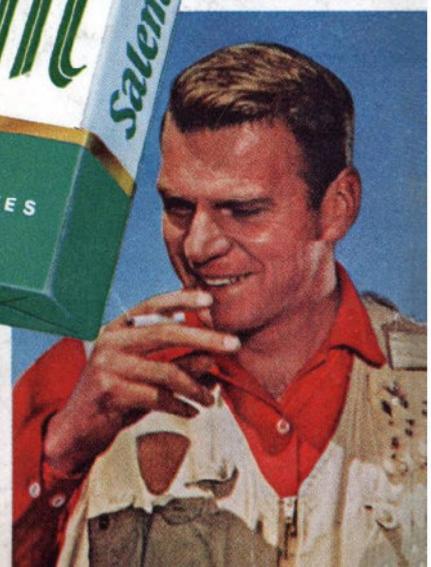
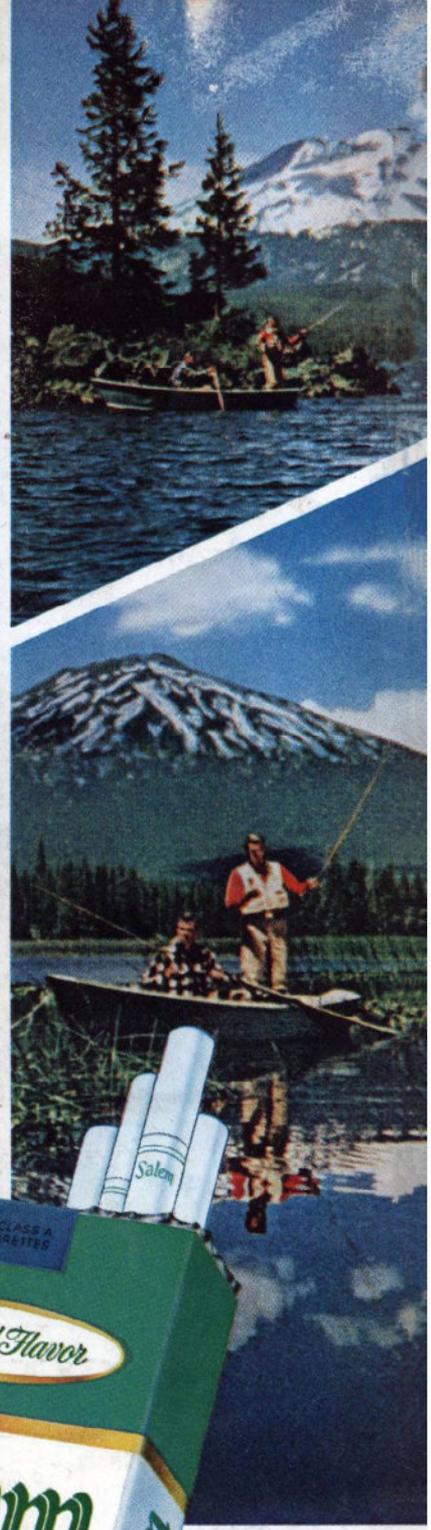
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