COSMOPOLITAN

December, 1957 • 35c

How Many Americans Believe in God

SPECIAL TELEVISION SECTION Treasure Chest or Idiot Box? • Ratings Disease
James Arness and the "Adult" Gunslingers • What You Can't See on TV •
Spectre of Pay Television • Ed Sullivan's Cosmopolitan All-Star Show

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Two Networks

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"I am not allowed to love. But I will love you if that is your desire..."

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AND INTRODUCING FOR THE FIRST TIME MIIKO TAKA

PRODUCED BY WILLIAM GOETZ · DIRECTED BY JOSHUA LOGAN · BASED ON THE NOVEL BY JAMES A. MICHENER · SCREEN PLAY BY PAUL OSBORN

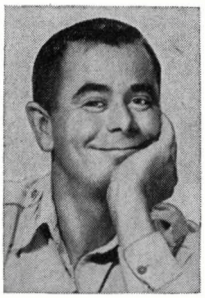
Song: 'SAYONARA' Words and Music by IRVING BERLIN
MUSIC BY FRANZ WAXMAN

PICTURE OF THE MONTH

Take note of the foreword of M-G-M's happily anticipated comedy "Don't Go Near The Water":

"This is a story of some of those fearless and wonderful guys of the Navy Public Relations 'Corps'. They push a perilous pencil, pound a dangerous typewriter and fire a deadly paper clip. But they DON'T GO NEAR THE WATER!"

This gives you a hint of what's ahead, although we were already alerted by the reports of the Hollywood preview. From Louella Parsons: "The preview audience never stopped laughing. Don't miss 'Don't Go Near The Water'!" From Hedda Hopper: "You'll howl your head off." And from Groucho Marx: "The funniest picture I've ever seen."



Of course, there was the rollicking best-seller by William Brinkley to start off with, and the perfect casting: Glenn Ford, Gia Scala, Earl Holliman (of "Rainmaker" fame), Anne Francis, Keenan Wynn, Fred Clark, Eva Gabor, Russ Tamblyn, with the screen's newest funny man, Mickey Shaughnessy.

Glenn Ford, the embattled captain of "Teahouse of the August Moon" is even better—and more embattled now. Not only does he get entangled in typewriter ribbon and red tape, but also in the love life of a lowly seaman and an officer nurse for whom he plays Cupid against all regulations. His own pursuit of the native beauty Melora provides additional romance to the tropic island setting.

Highlights to watch for: the bold maneuvering of the beautiful, blonde magazine correspondent who crashes a cruiser, from the mast of which are flown her dainty black lace panties; and the inept building of a clubhouse by the officers.

We hereby salute producer Lawrence Weingarten, director Charles Walters, scenarists Dorothy Kingsley and George Wells. CinemaScope and Metrocolor enhance this Avon Production.

So hang your cares on the nearest hickory limb and get as close as you can to M-G-M's "Don't Go Near The Water."

COSMOPOLITAN

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DECEMBER, 1957 Vol. 143, No. 6

TELEVISION SECTION

SPECIAL FEATURES

SERVICES

FEATURES

FICTION

COMPLETE MYSTERY NOVEL

COVER—*Polly Bergen began as a pert songstress at sixteen and she's been rising like an irrepressible bubble ever since. Sparkle and bounce aren't enough, though, says Polly; she has needed hard work, determination, and ingenuity too. The night a crushed contact lens left her half-blind before the TV camera, she won fans with an endearing squint. When a throat ailment kept her from singing, she talked her way to success in dramatic roles. Now star of her own TV show, she's counting on that same hard work and determination to keep her career bubble on top. Photo by Angelo Pinto.*

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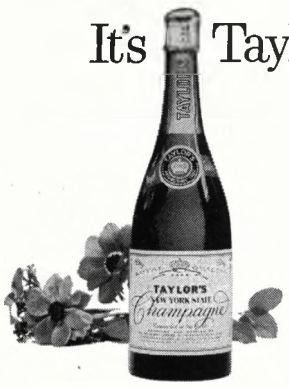

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Ed Sullivan's Cosmopolitan All Star Show

Television's brand of cloak-and-dagger secrecy surrounds Ed Sullivan's show almost up to the moment it goes on the air. No one sets foot on the set—not even the boy who delivers the coffee and sandwiches—without having been grilled by the doorman first.

George E. Joseph

Polly Bergen

Ordinarily, we'd take a tolerant view of all this concealment. Right up to yesterday, we'd have been blasé enough simply to blow on our fingernails at the thought of Sullivan's staff slinking into conference rooms to plot their line-up of stars—possibly after inspecting the premises for rival networks' dictaphones.

Now, though, with Ed Sullivan putting a "Salute to Cosmopolitan" show on the air on Sunday night, December first, we're taking a dimmer view; the fact is, we find that we're almost as much in the dark about the contents of Sullivan's "Salute to Cosmopolitan" as the public.

We *have* elicited from the close-mouthed Sullivan outfit the intelligence that this month's cover girl, Polly Bergen, will be on hand, along with the Glenn Miller Band, led by Ray McKinley; The Crickets, who recorded "That'll Be The Day"; and the De Marcos, who, according to a COSMOPOLITAN poll, are the most popular dance team in the country. And that's about all, so far, that we've been able to shake loose from Sullivan.

An Imp for Fred Astaire

This seems to be our month for TV; on the same night Sullivan's salute to us hits the airwaves, Fred Astaire will play the lead in our wacky story, "Imp on a Cobweb Leash," on CBS's General Electric Theater (Sunday, December 1, at 9:00 P.M. EST).

Hard-to-get Astaire read the John Keasler story in the August 1956 COSMOPOLITAN ("It intrigued me") and before you could say $6.80—a figure that appears in the story—Astaire was busy learning how to hold a cobweb leash. "I'm planning to do it *right*," he told us. We tried it ourselves, looked like somebody holding a watering can, and gave up. Now we're waiting for nine o'clock the night of December first when we can see the maestro do it *right*.

Parable for Parents

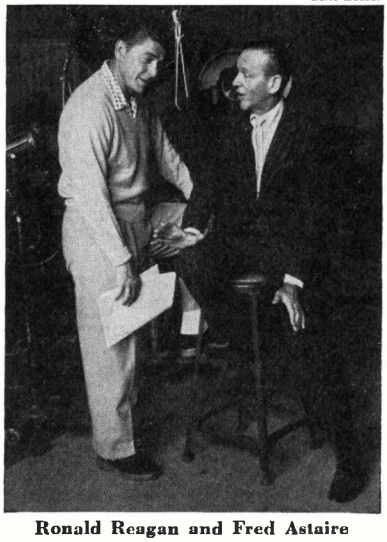
"Wild Oats" (page 96) is the story of a fairly privileged teenaged boy and his relationship with the next-door maid. It is one of the most shockingly revealing commentaries on parental attitudes we've encountered in a long time.

Written by Anita Rowe Block, it's already slated to appear in January in a Doubleday collection of Mrs. Block's short stories. The book title: *Love Is a Four Letter Word.*

In the same collection will go COSMOPOLITAN's November story, "Whipping Boy"—a Block tale that, incidentally, brought us more mail from men than from women. Quite a few of our male correspondents were anonymous.

—H. La B.

Gene Lesser



Ronald Reagan and Fred Astaire

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The Perma·lift Bra, in this unretouched photo, was worn 1 year and washed 73 times—proof that Magic Insets never lose their firm uplift and beautiful support.

THE BEST IN RECORDS

Television on Wax

BY PAUL AFFELDER

Aside from the big quiz shows, among the most durable of TV programs are those that are built around pop singers. It figures, quite naturally, that many of the songsters who are favorites on the home screen occupy a like position on the home phonograph.

Polly Bergen, this month's cover girl, has a new TV show and a new Columbia album. The album, which takes its title from the lead song, "The Party's Over," consists mainly of torch ballads delivered in very torchy fashion. Polly really pours her heart out in this collection, and Luther Henderson and his Orchestra are right behind her to sustain the blue mood. "It Never Entered My Mind," "Make the Man Love Me," "Smoke Gets in Your Eyes," and "Ev'ry Time We Say Goodbye" provide the disk's most convincing moments. (*The Party's Over.* Columbia CL 1031. $3.98)

A real TV veteran and still going strong is Perry Como, who's picked the repertoire for his latest RCA Victor record from the songs most frequently requested by his video audience. Judging by the age of the tunes selected—"Swinging down the Lane," "Angry," "S'posin'," "Sleepy Time Gal"—he must be idolized by others besides teenaged girls. He sings in a calm, relaxed, easy-to-listen-to manner, and the small combo—guitar, bass, piano and drums—that supports him is far more versatile, inventive, and appealing than most groups of this kind. (*We Get Letters.* RCA Victor LPM 1463. $3.98)

Bilingual Gisele MacKenzie's warm contralto voice and cultured, clear French diction lend distinction to an attractive collection of songs, some originally French, the others American with adapted French lyrics. Background variety is provided by three different arranger-conductors—George Siravo, Sid Bass, and Neal Hefti—each working with a different-sounding instrumental setup. (*Mam'selle Gisele.* RCA Vik LX 1075. $3.98)

Outdoor jazz. One night during the summer of 1956, the Hollywood Bowl, long associated with "symphonies under the stars" and Easter sunrise services, became the scene of what is establishing itself as an annual affair and a guaranteed sellout: an outdoor all-star jazz concert. Norman Granz, who sponsored it, also recorded it, and the entertaining results may be heard in a two-disk Verve album. The event gets under way rather slowly and tentatively with a jam session by trumpeters Harry Edison and Roy Eldridge, tenor saxmen Flip Phillips and Illinois Jacquet, and a rhythm section including Oscar Peterson, piano; Herb Ellis, guitar; Ray Brown, bass; and Buddy Rich, drums. But it picks up considerable momentum when this group has its second workout, and becomes downright distinguished with some quiet, subtle jazz stylings by the Oscar Peterson Trio and some smooth, virtuosic, concert-like improvisations by Art Tatum. The concert reaches its climax with the appearance of Ella Fitzgerald, who does some marvelous straight singing, a lively bit of scat, and a wicked imitation of Louis Armstrong, with whom she does two delightful duets at the concert's conclusion. (*Jazz at the Hollywood Bowl.* Verve Set MGV 8231-2. 2-12". $9.96)

Musical laughs. Ever since Haydn awakened a dozing audience with a sudden crash in his "Surprise" Symphony, some so-called "serious" musicians have been eliciting guffaws from sophisticated listeners by letting down their long hair. Most recent of these is Gerard Hoffnung, British cartoonist and tuba player, who brought his book of caricatures, *Hoffnung Music Festival,* to life last year in what London papers called the "Crazy Concert." Angel has released a recording of this zany event, which includes such aural nightmares as "A Grand Grand Overture" for orchestra, organ, rifles, three vacuum cleaners and an electric floor polisher; a horn concerto by Mozart's father, played on a hosepipe; and the aforementioned "Surprise" Symphony with some new surprises. Altogether, a hilarious musical spoof. (*Hoffnung Music Festival Concert.* Angel 35500. Factory sealed, $4.98; standard package, $3.48)

Mighty five. Along with his nine symphonies, Beethoven's five great piano concerti form an important part of the foundations of the orchestral repertoire, and with good reason. In the first two the composer reveals his first symphonic breakaway from the classical traditions of Haydn and Mozart; in the Third he is gently but movingly melancholy; in the Fourth—the best of the group—he is quietly contemplative and occasionally quite dramatic in a deceivingly simple sort of way; and in the Fifth—the "Emperor"—he is grandly strong and heroic. Rudolf Serkin, Wilhelm Kempff, and the

late Artur Schnabel have had many pertinent and worth-while things to say in their recordings of these five mighty works. They have now been joined by Artur Rubinstein, expertly companioned by Josef Krips and the Symphony of the Air. Rubinstein treats the music in virile, forthright, often exciting fashion, quite in contrast to the approach of some of his competitors. It is all very refreshing, eminently right, and provides another interesting viewpoint on these many-faceted scores. (*The Five Beethoven Piano Concerti.* RCA Victor Set LM 6702. 5-12". $14.98; available singly at $3.98 each)

RECORDS FOR CHRISTMAS GIVING

Original Cast Show and Movie Albums

"Around the World in 80 Days." Decca DL 9046. $3.98.

"Bells Are Ringing." Columbia OL 5170. $4.98.

"Funny Face." Verve MGV 15001. $4.98.

"Li'l Abner." Columbia OL 5150. $4.98.

"New Girl in Town." RCA Victor LOC 1027. $4.98.

"The Pajama Game." Columbia OL 5210. $4.98.

Popular

Belafonte Sings of the Caribbean. RCA Victor LPM 1505. $3.98.

Love Is the Thing. Nat "King" Cole. Capitol W 824. $4.98.

Tribute to Dorsey. Tommy Dorsey. RCA Victor LPM 1432/3. 2-12". $3.98 each.

Ella Fitzgerald Sings the Rodgers and Hart Song Book. Verve Set MGV 4002-2. 2-12". $9.96.

All of Me. Johnny Hartman. Bethlehem BCP 6014. $4.98.

Lena Horne at the Waldorf-Astoria. RCA Victor LOC 1028. $4.98.

Jazz

Satchmo: A Musical Biography of Louis Armstrong. Decca Set DXM-155. 4-12". $19.50.

What Is Jazz? Leonard Bernstein. Columbia CL 919. $3.98.

Ellington at Newport. Duke Ellington. Columbia CL 934. $3.98.

Encyclopedia of Jazz on Records. Decca Set DXF-140. 4-12". $15.98.

New York Jazz Quartet. Elektra EKL 115. $4.98.

Comedy

'Ere's 'Olloway. Stanley Holloway. Columbia ML 5162. $3.98.

Dinner Music for People Who Aren't Very Hungry. Spike Jones. Verve MGV 4005. $4.98.

Christmas Records

Adventure in Carols. Ferrante and Teicher. Westminster WP 6021. $3.98.

The Holly and the Ivy. Alfred Deller. Vanguard VRS 499. $4.98.

Joy to the World. Roger Wagner Chorale. Capitol P 8353. $3.98.

Symphonies

Chausson: Symphony in B flat Major. Paul Paray. Mercury MG 50108. $3.98.

Martinu: Fantaisies Symphoniques (Symphony No. 6); Piston: Symphony No. 6. Charles Munch. RCA Victor LM 2083. $3.98.

Sibelius: Symphony No. 1 in E Minor. Paul Kletzki. Angel 35313. $4.98.

Concerti

Brahms: Piano Concerto No. 1 in D Minor. Rudolf Firkusny. Capitol P 8356. $3.98.

Schumann: Piano Concerto in A Minor; R. Strauss: Burleske. Rudolf Serkin. Columbia ML 5168. $3.98.

Orchestral Miscellany

Albeniz: Iberia (complete). Eugene Ormandy. Columbia Set SL-237. 2-12". $7.98.

Curtain Going Up. Arthur Fiedler. RCA Victor LM 2093. $3.98.

Opera

Mozart: "The Abduction from the Seraglio." Sir Thomas Beecham. Angel Set 3555 B. 2-12". $10.96.

Offenbach: "La Périchole." Cyril Ritchard. RCA Victor LOC 1029. $4.98.

Tchaikovsky: "Eugen Onegin." National Opera. Belgrade. London Set XLLA-41. 3-12". $14.94.

Verdi: "Aida." Arturo Toscanini. RCA Victor Set LM 6132. 3-12". $11.94.

Choral Music

Brahms: "A German Requiem." Rudolf Kempe. RCA Victor Set LM 6050. 2-12". $7.96.

Handel: "Solomon." Sir Thomas Beecham. Angel Set 3546 B. 2-12". $9.96.

Vocal

Grieg Recital. Kirsten Flagstad. London LL 1547. $3.98.

Recital of Songs and Arias. Renata Tebaldi. London LL 1571. $3.98.

Piano

Dinu Lipatti: His Last Recital. Angel Set 3556 B. 2-12". $9.96.

Mendelssohn: Songs Without Words (complete). Ania Dorfmann. RCA Victor Set LM 6128. 3-12". $11.94.

Organ

Franck: Three Chorals; Vivaldi-Bach: Organ Concerto No. 2 in A Minor. Jeanne Demessieux. London LL 1433. $3.98.

Chamber Music

Brahms: Piano Quartets (complete). Victor Aller, Hollywood Quartet members. Capitol Set PCR 8346. 3-12". $11.94.

Drama

Shaw: "Saint Joan." Siobhan McKenna. RCA Victor Set LOC 6133. 3-12". $14.94.

Hi-Fi Demonstrators

Britten: The Young Person's Guide to the Orchestra; Prokofieff: Peter and the Wolf. Cyril Ritchard and Eugene Ormandy. Columbia ML 5183. $3.98.

Nostalgia in Hi-Fi. Old coin-operated musical instruments. Golden Crest CR 4002. $4.98.

THE END

Oral Relief for Acute Asthma

BY LAWRENCE GALTON

Good news for many asthmatics, especially those subject to overwhelming, acute attacks, is the development of a new medication which brings relief within minutes. The new drug, Elixophyllin, is a liquid that can be taken orally, thus eliminating the need for injections during acute paroxysms and the agonizing wait for the doctor who will administer the injections. The drug also appears to be valuable in chronic asthma and its complications, and to have special advantages for asthmatic children.

At Long Island College Hospital, when fifty patients who came to the emergency room in the midst of acute attacks were given some of the drug to gulp, thirty-seven experienced complete relief in thirty minutes or less and required no further treatment.

Until now, injections of epinephrine or aminophylline have been the two most reliable means of rapidly terminating severe wheezing, labored breathing, and chest tightness during an acute asthmatic episode. But the injections must be administered by a physician, and suffering may be prolonged until his arrival.

Elixophyllin, an alcohol-water solution of theophylline, the parent drug from which aminophylline is derived, has the unusual ability to pass rapidly from the gastrointestinal tract into the blood stream, where it acts to bring relief. Obtainable on prescription, the solution can be kept in a medicine cabinet, desk drawer, locker, or pocket, ready for use the moment an acute attack threatens.

Elixophyllin has also brought excellent results in the treatment of chronic asthma. Even between acute attacks, breathing is a constant effort for many asthmatics. Small doses of Elixophyllin, tailored to individual needs, have been used to relieve wheezing and to reduce the frequency and severity of acute attacks. The relief, one physician reports, is often especially dramatic in elderly, debilitated asthmatics with complications like emphysema and chronic bronchitis. An impressive general improvement in health has taken place in some previously incapacitated patients. Some have been able to return to work; many have gained needed weight; a number have been relieved of dependence upon hormones.

A fifty-nine-year-old woman who suffered for five years from chronic bronchitis, marked emphysema, persistent wheezing, and one or two acute asthmatic attacks weekly has had no acute attacks since she began using the new medication. She no longer wheezes, she is able to work, and she has gained twenty pounds.

In children, the drug acts even more rapidly, and it is effective in much smaller doses than the aminophylline rectal suppositories frequently used. Because suppositories may require up to six hours to take effect, anxious parents sometimes give a second and third suppository, building up a potentially harmful concentration of aminophylline.

Thus far, Elixophyllin appears to be safe, and no serious undesirable side-effects have resulted from its use.

Obesity and coffee may be linked in some cases, reports one physician. The majority of his obese patients, he finds, drink considerable quantities. The average is six cups a day; one housewife consumed twenty. Coffee stimulates nerves, since the average cup contains 1.5 grains of caffeine. Nerve stimulation increases nervous tension, which often leads to nibbling. Moreover, heavy liquid consumption in itself causes weight gains. By advising an obese patient to decrease his coffee-drinking to three cups a day, "one can help him control his weight more easily," reports the physician. Substitution of decaffeinated coffee has also helped patients reduce.

Severe infections that do not improve with antibiotic treatment may be helped by a combination of an antibiotic with gamma globulin, a blood fraction. After studies of laboratory animals had demonstrated its usefullness, the treatment was tried in forty-six patients with severe, intractable infections such as osteomyelitis and overwhelming sepsis, with uniformly good results. THE END

For more information about these items, consult your physician.

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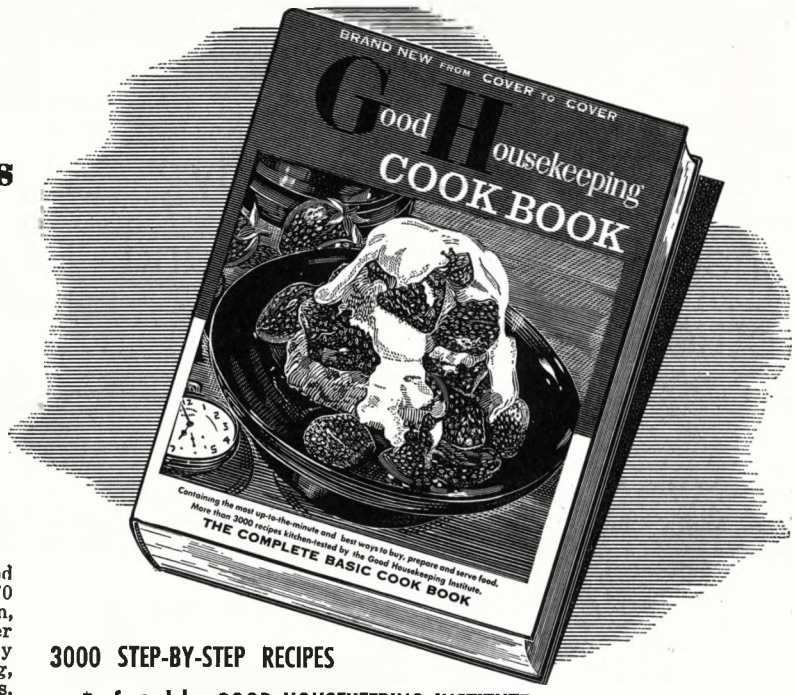

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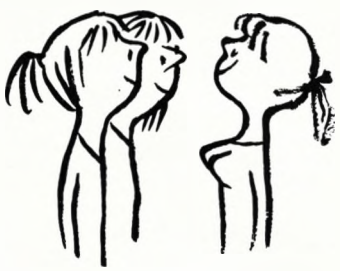
Note to Santa Claus, Body Conscious Bobbysoxers, and Prettied-up Plaster Casts

BY AMRAM SCHEINFELD

Note to Santa Claus: Don't bring just any old toy to a young child with the thought, "Hmpf! He'll play with it only a few minutes and then lose interest." That will be true only if it's the wrong toy for a child of his age, say psychologists Kenneth E. Moyer and B. von Haller Gilmer (Carnegie Institute of Technology). After studying toy interests of children aged eighteen months to seven years, they developed a half-dozen experimental toys which held the children's attention for an average of fifteen to forty consecutive minutes, and sometimes for as long as two hours. Most of the toys ("Circus Wagon," "Take-Apart Airplane," etc.) called for problem-solving, manipulative skills, and color matching. Even tots aged two to three, when given the rights toys, played with them for extended periods—up to twenty-five minutes. The psychologists warn that many toys which attract adults have little appeal for children.



Body conscious bobbysoxers. A young girl's sexual and physical development is a major factor in her standing and popularity among her classmates, reports psychologist Margaret S. Faust (Stanford University). Querying girls in the sixth through ninth grades, she found that the most admired ones, the leaders, were generally those who had reached or were reaching puberty soonest.

High aimers and ulcers. Do you always play the long shots? Do you raise on your draw for an inside straight? Do you buy highly speculative stocks? If so, chances are you're either heading for ulcers or you already have them, according to psychologist Irving Raifman (National Naval Medical Center, Bethesda). Testing G.I.'s at a V.A. hospital, he found that those with peptic ulcers tended to set considerably higher goals for themselves than those with normal insides. He concluded that "persons suffering from peptic ulcers have difficulty curbing their aspirations . . . and are willing to gamble for high stakes without being familiar with the tasks they are undertaking."

How sound are your beliefs? Here are some statements dealing with human nature about which American and British college students have been queried. Which would you mark "Right," which "Wrong"?

(1) If a cave man's child could be reared from birth by American parents today, he'd still be more backward than the average American. (2) The conscience is part of man's natural equipment at birth. (3) On the average, the strongest men physically are the weakest mentally. (4) Brilliant children are more subject to brain fever than average children. (5) Geniuses always manage to rise above their environmental handicaps. (6) Mothers instinctively know the best methods of caring for their children. (7) Primitive people are born with keener senses than civilized people. (8) Human nature can't be changed, because it is based on instincts. (9) Most children are born good. (10) The average white man is born superior intellectually to the average man of any other race.

"Your beliefs" answers: All of the statements are wrong, according to modern scientific teachings. However, when queried recently by Dr. F. W. Warburton (University of Manchester), British and American students not only accepted some of the statements as true, but they grouped themselves along national lines in their choices. More British students failed to recognize fallacies in the first five statements; more Americans erred on the last five.

Are you a "Scrooge"? If you're anything like the old misanthrope of Dickens' "Christmas Carol," you'll reveal it in many ways, according to sociologist Morris Rosenberg (Cornell University). His tests indicate that the more an individual mistrusts and dislikes people, the more skeptical he'll be about freedom of speech, and the readier he'll be to advocate suppression of political and religious liberties, to question the public's judgment in elections, and to regard all public officials as tools of political machines. Such a person will also be all for the "spare the rod and spoil the child" principle; he'll sneer at the motives of charitable people; and he'll be strongly militaristic, holding that men are by nature warlike and that war is inevitable. (But remember, even old Scrooge was made to change!)

Dangerous sex training. A warning that too-sophisticated sex education may have serious consequences for children comes from Mayo Clinic psychiatrists Edward M. Litin, Mary E. Giffin, and Adelaide M. Johnson. They report that many parents, in an attempt to be "modern," show little or no modesty in the home, go about in all degrees of nudity, sleep and bathe with the child until he or she is almost adolescent, are overly free in sex talk, and so on. In some cases, boys and girls thus trained have embarked on abnormal or perverted sexual behavior. Especially menacing are situations in which a parent behaves in an overamorous or "seductive" manner towards a child of the opposite sex, as when a mother kisses and caresses a young son too ardently or uses her charms to excite him. A corresponding relationship may exist between father and daughter. Where abnormal sexual symptoms are already evident in a child, the parent or parents involved may have to be given psychiatric treatment along with the child, and in

some cases it may be necessary to remove the child from the home for a while.

Missionary know-how. Not destroying the "pagan"'s beliefs, but helping him adapt them to the new religion, is the key to a missionary's success, says anthropologist Horace M. Miner (University of Michigan). For example, Christianity permits belief in a whole host of supernatural beings besides the One God—angels, devils, souls and saints—for which the primitive man can be persuaded to "trade in" his demons and spirits. Incidentally, Dr. Miner points out that "conversion" hasn't been a one-way process: Many modern American homes are now decorated with African idols and other primitive religious objects.

Lonely-heart aches. Being single or divorced is much harder on the male heart than on the female heart, reports insurance statistician Edward A. Lew (New York). Among men, the rate of death from heart disease is 34 per cent higher for the single and divorced than for the married; in the case of women, it is only 8 per cent higher.

Prettied-up plaster casts. With the skiing season in full swing, those who have sustained broken arms or legs may

get some comfort from this: Plaster casts can be made more cheerful-looking and attractive by the application of a sprayed-on plastic in a bright hue. The washable coating also keeps the cast neat and defies attempts of friends to write on it. But if you wish to have such inscriptions preserved for posterity, you can decorate the cast first, then spray it.

No-smoking weight gains. It's generally known that people tend to put on weight when they stop smoking. But how much weight? Dr. Josef Brozek and Dr. Ancel Keys (University of Minnesota) kept check on scores of men who'd stopped cigarette smoking voluntarily, comparing them with men who continued to smoke. After two years the cigarette shunners had gained from eight to nine pounds, while the smokers' weights had remained the same or dropped slightly. Evidence indicates that people who give up smoking do not usually develop abnormal eating habits (like munching) as a result, but eat as they would if they had never smoked. Say Drs. Brozek and Keys: "Smoking tends to depress the felt need for food." THE END

Your Cosmopolitan Movie Guide

BY MARSHALL SCOTT

Outstanding Picture to Come

A FAREWELL TO ARMS—Just as last season was the year of a Eugene O'Neill renaissance on the stage with the production of the multi-award-winning "Long Day's Journey into Night," the long-running revival of "The Iceman Cometh," and the musicalization of "Anna Christie" entitled "New Girl in Town," so it would appear that this is to be the movies' year to pay homage to Ernest Hemingway. Already on view is "The Sun Also Rises." In the works is "The Old Man and the Sea," with Spencer Tracy cast as the heroic old Cuban fisherman. And set to open before the New Year is David O. Selznick's production of the tragic love story of the American Lieutenant Henry and the English nurse, Catherine Barkley. This is the second time around for "A Farewell to Arms." In its first production, some two decades ago, Gary Cooper played the American serving with the Italian Army and Helen Hayes was Catherine. This time, Rock Hudson and Jennifer Jones play the war-crossed lovers.

For a time, the production of the picture generated a small war of its own: producer Selznick and director John Huston hurled angry verbal fusillades at one another, after which Huston stormed out of the Alps and Selznick brought in Hollywood reinforcements headed by director Charles Vidor. Thereafter, all martial action was handled by segments of the present-day Italian Army impersonating their World War I counterparts in the tumultuous retreat from Caporetto, from which Henry deserts to follow the pregnant Catherine to Switzerland.

The novel, one of the great love stories of modern literature and also one of the great pictures of war's devastation and tragedy, has been filmed mostly in Italy, with no expense spared. It enlists the talents of such superior Italian actors as Vittorio De Sica and Alberto Sordi, and such talented Americans as Elaine Stritch and Mercedes McCambridge in addition to Mr. Hudson and Miss Jones.

(Twentieth Century-Fox)

The Best in Your Neighborhood

WILL SUCCESS SPOIL ROCK HUNTER?—A hilarious cartoon about a young, ambitious ad-man who tries to induce a movie sexpot to endorse the products of his wavering client. Tony Randall is great as Rock, Jayne Mansfield uninhibited as the squealing, wriggling film star. *(Twentieth Century-Fox)*

THE HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME—That excellent actor, Anthony Quinn, is the deformed bell-ringer, Quasimodo, in this latest re-creation of Victor Hugo's famed novel. Gina Lollobrigida is the object of his hopeless love. *(Allied Artists)*

MAN OF A THOUSAND FACES—James Cagney is excellent in this film biography of Lon Chaney, the make-up master of such classics as "The Phantom of the Opera," "The Hunchback of Notre Dame" and "The Unholy Three." *(Universal-International)*

OPERATION MAD BALL—The officers and the enlisted men are at it again, this time over the efforts of the latter to hold a ball (with the cooperation of their girl friends, the officer-nurses). Rigged as a fast-moving farce, the Jed Harris production benefits greatly from the work of Ernie Kovacs as a hilariously obnoxious captain, Jack Lemmon as the leader of the enlisted men, Arthur O'Connell, Kathryn Grant, and Dick York. *(Columbia)*

THE PAJAMA GAME—Doris Day fits neatly into the otherwise original Broadway cast—John Raitt, Carol Haney, Eddie Foy, Jr.—of this high-spirited re-creation of the long-run stage hit. A superior musical. *(Warner Bros.)*

THE SUN ALSO RISES—Hemingway's great novel, which defined for the world one aspect of his generation, the one called "lost," has been given a respectful production by Darryl F. Zanuck. If it misses the bite and mood of the book, it does present a colorful, wildly surging fiesta, highlighted by an unexpectedly and exceptionally good performance by Errol Flynn. Tyrone Power and Ava Gardner are the tragically frustrated lovers, Jake Barnes and Lady Brett Ashley. Mel Ferrer, Eddie Albert, and Juliette Greco are other principals. *(Twentieth Century-Fox)*

THREE FACES OF EVE—Joanne Woodward runs the gamut from sexy slut through mousy housewife to integrated personality in this dramatization of the true psychiatric case history of a schizophrenic woman. *(Twentieth Century-Fox)*

TIME LIMIT—A tense account of the prosecution of a decorated American officer who had turned collaborator after

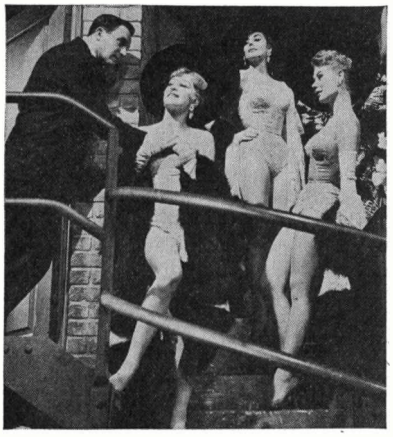
capture in the Korean War. Richard Widmark is starred as the probing prosecutor, Richard Basehart as the accused, and Rip Torn as a fellow-prisoner and chief accuser. *(United Artists)*

SAYONARA—Joshua Logan has given an elaborate, beautiful production to James Michener's bitter-sweet love story, a jet age variation of the "Madame Butterfly" theme, with Marlon Brando starred as the American jet pilot, Miiko Taka as the Japanese dancing girl he comes to love, and Red Buttons as a G.I. whose tragic life with another Japanese lass brings the story to its climax. *(Warner Bros.)*

SLAUGHTER ON TENTH AVENUE—"The man who rocked the boat" in an investigation of New York's waterfront violence a year or so ago, Assistant District Attorney William Keating, is the hero of this realistically told, hard-hitting film. Richard Egan plays the crusading Keating with no false heroics and fine acting by Mickey Shaughnessy, Sam Levene, Jan Sterling, and Walter Matthau adds authenticity. *(Universal International)*

PAL JOEY—Frank Sinatra is absolutely perfect as the fast-talking heel from the lower depths of the night club circuit in this commendable version of the great Rodgers and Hart musical derived from the John O'Hara stories. The plot has been cleaned up a bit, and a number of the great songs have been replaced by other Rodgers and Hart melodies, but, taken as it is and not in comparison with the original, it's an excellent job. Rita Hayworth and Kim Novak are the principal ladies in Joey's life. *(Columbia)*

LES GIRLS—Life with a troupe of dancing girls twinkling through Europe is



full of romantic and comedic complications. Kay Kendall is by far the most entertaining of the three principal damsels with whom the act's impresario (Gene Kelly) becomes involved, and there are nice touches by Mitzi Gaynor and newcomer Taina Elg. Music by Cole Porter. *(M-G-M)* THE END

It's Not All in Your Mind

Were you ever told that your headache, upset stomach, or back ailment was "just mental"? If so, you may be one of thousands victimized by some doctors' growing tendency to overemphasize psychosomatic medicine

BY H. J. BERGLUND, M. D., WITH H. L. NICHOLS, JR.

Over the past twenty years, a new concept of healing has arisen in medical circles. Its practitioners call it "psychosomatic medicine," and it has gained its warmest reception—both public and professional—here in America. Its fundamental thesis is, by now, quite well known. Psychosomatic doctors treat the mind and the body as one. They concern themselves not only with the visible physical ailment, but with its fundamental invisible cause—which, according to their theory, is almost always some disturbance in the patient's mind or emotions.

As a practicing physician, I am more than willing to admit that psychosomatics is a valuable new diagnostic tool. But it is, I am convinced, valuable only within an extremely limited range. At the moment the claims of its devotees far exceed its accomplishments, and in my opinion they are doing serious harm to the practice and spirit of medicine.

Take Apart to Understand

It is of course true that mind and body are practically inseparable parts of the human organism. However, the fact that elements are mixed is no indication that they cannot, or should not, be considered separately. The history of medical progress offers proof that we cannot understand things unless we take them apart, physically when possible, mentally always. Mind must be divided from body, heart from lungs, nerves of sensation from motor nerves.

It is a painful fact, which, like the rest of us, psychosomatic enthusiasts must accept, that we are living in an age of specialization. There is so much knowledge about the body that no one person can learn it all. Consequently, a system has been worked out whereby a patient goes to see a general practitioner first, and is then referred to a specialist, if either the G.P. or the patient thinks his trouble is of a special nature.

But now the advocates of psychosomatic medicine tell us that this system has to go; each doctor must not only know all about every kind of medicine, but be a Grade A psychotherapist as well.

If they really mean—and I think they do—that physicians should be aware of the possibility of emotional factors in the ailments they treat, they can relax. The majority of doctors in active practice have always been aware of them. The psychosomatic school takes credit for being the originator of the idea that patients should be considered as people, not as isolated symptoms or organs. They seem to think all doctors have the attitude of the ear specialist who said to a patient who was bothering him with a long account of irrelevant symptoms, "Sir, to me you are just a pair of ears."

Actually, there has probably never been a period in the history of medicine when the majority of practicing physicians did not consider mental factors in appraising a patient's condition. The intelligent G.P. has always advised patients to go on vacations, change jobs, or do anything else which he feels will make them calmer or happier.

Psychosomatic healers will, of course, throw up their hands in horror at this old-fashioned kind of "therapy." They are dogmatic in their insistence that medical and surgical doctors can perform only emergency patch-ups.

Dr. Franz Alexander, in his book, *Psychosomatic Medicine*, declares: "It is not uncommon to see improvement in the organic condition followed by severe exacerbation of psychological symptoms." In other words, the physician is like the man who drove out a devil and permitted the entrance of seven more.

Healthy Body, Healthy Mind

It has been my experience, and the experience of all doctors with whom I have worked, that the mental health of the average patient is greatly improved by cure of an ailment. Consider a hypothetical case—that of a woman trying to keep up her housework while she is bothered by a recurring pain in the abdomen. Such a person is likely to become disturbed emotionally. Her irritability provokes hostility in others. Worry as to the cause of the pain increases her consciousness of it, creates resistance against consulting a doctor, and interferes with relaxation and sleep, which would help to fight it. Anxiety is greatly increased by the suggestion that the trouble may be imaginary: many people would prefer cancer to mental trouble. If contact with the physician is long delayed, the patient may become hysterical.

A Physical Remedy

Let us suppose, however, that the woman finally does consult a physician, and a diagnosis of gallstones is made. Promise of a quick operation half cures the mental symptoms, and relief from pain and hospital rest finish the job.

In this case, the application of psychosomatic theories might have resulted in needless suffering for the patient. A classic example of such misapplication comes from Sharp and Dohme's *Seminar*, August, 1951: A twenty-nine-year-old married woman was admitted to a hospital complaining of recurrent attacks of intense cramping pain in the right side of the abdomen, with backache accompanied by weeping, vomiting and emotional disturbances. She had had a history of diarrhetic attacks, but all tests and x-rays made were negative. Because the hospital was psychosomatically oriented, she was placed in a psychiatric institution for ten weeks. She suffered constantly from diarrhea, cramping pain, and persistent abdominal tenderness, had no appetite, lost twenty-five pounds, and felt tired and weak. At the end of the ten weeks her temperature rose to 103° and she was transferred back to the general hospital, where an operation was performed and a fourteen-inch section of thickened and severely inflamed bowel and the left ovary were removed.

Although she required considerable reassurance during recovery, the woman enjoyed good health afterwards, with no

Reprinted from It's Not All in Your Mind, *by H. J. Berglund, M. D. and H. L. Nichols, Jr.*

recurrence of symptoms, either physical or emotional, during a two-year follow-up period. If the hospital had been medically, rather than psychosomatically, minded, she never would have been condemned to ten weeks in a psychiatric institution because her pain made her emotionally unstable.

Of course there are some patients who develop ailments just as fast as we can cure them. But the underlying cause can be bad luck as well as unidentified physical or mental pathology.

Another major fallacy of the psychosomatic attitude is the theory that the human body is naturally resistant to infection, degeneration and breakage until weakened by the drive of a repressed personality factor. According to the theory, this drive will make any necessary changes in defenses or structures to produce either the symptoms or the reality of an ailment through which it wants to express itself. In some quarters, the feeling seems to be that this is the only important cause of disease.

Variable Susceptibility

The idea is based chiefly on observations of variable susceptibility or immunity. No disease affects everybody in just the same way. In the most severe epidemics there are some who are not infected, and others whose symptoms are lighter and less prolonged than average.

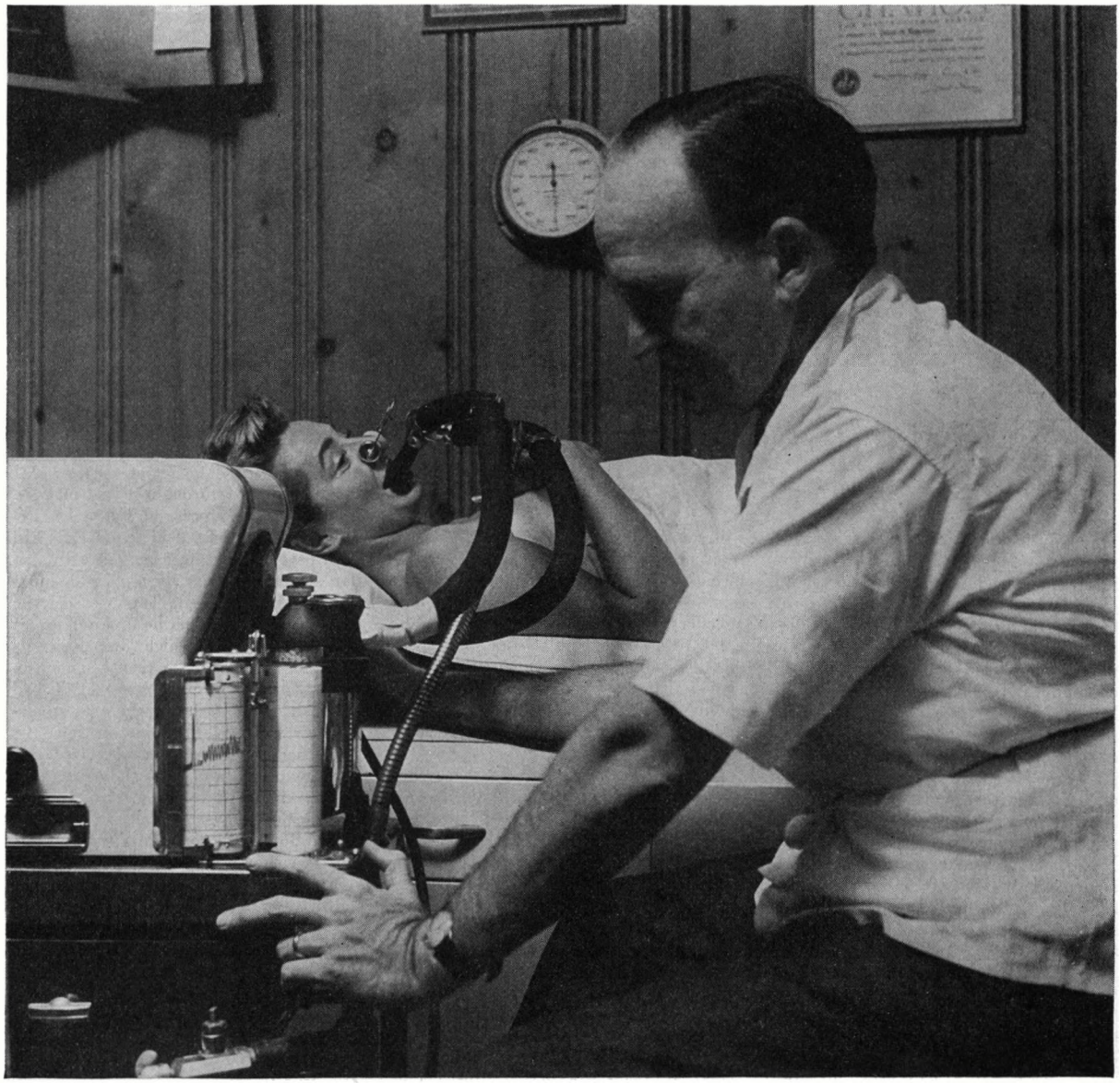
We know that there are a number of influences behind this variation. They include acquired resistance through antibody formation, conditions of exposure, general health tone, number and type of white blood cells, endocrine support or the lack of it, and the laws of chance.

However, our present knowledge of these and other mechanisms does not fully explain most cases; consequently, psychosomaticists conclude that if a physical basis for an illness cannot be found, a mental basis must exist.

Unfortunately for this kind of reasoning, the phenomenon of variable resistance occurs in many organisms which

(*continued*)

Maxwell Coplan



THE BASAL METABOLISM TEST being administered by this doctor is a diagnostic tool that reveals a variety of hidden symptoms. Absence of signs of a physical basis for an illness, however, does not mean a mental basis must exist.

even the most ardent apostle of psychosomatic medicine will admit are not affected by psychogenic factors. Bacteria, plants, and insects show about as much variation in disease susceptibility as humans.

The same fallacious thinking has been applied to "accidentitis," a "disease" which the psychosomatic school has made peculiarly its own. Psychosomaticists have found that a minority of the population have the majority of the accidents. Emphasis is laid on state and industrial accident studies which show that 10 per cent of the victims may have about 30 per cent of the accidents.

Accidentitis a Rare Disease

From these statistics, and from the characteristic personality pattern of the victims, psychosomaticists conclude that 80 to 90 per cent of "accidents" are not accidental, but are caused by a deliberate although subconscious intent not only to have accidents but to have them result in certain fractures or other damage.

"A very important cause of accidents is an intense desire to avoid them"

In analyzing accident statistics, psychosomaticists ignore the factor of chance distribution. If a hundred identical robots should have a hundred accidents by pure chance, the accidents would not be distributed evenly among them. About a quarter would have none, and 10 per cent would have 25 per cent of the total. The curve showing chance distribution is very similar to that of actual accident distribution. These calculations indicate that accidentitis is rarer than generally supposed, and cast doubt on the assumption that it is an important disease.

In fact, it seems to me more reasonable to assume that a frequent cause of accidents is an intense desire to avoid them. Fear of injury engenders tension, and tension is a factor in producing accidents.

Moreover, the doctrine of self-responsibility for accidents is very bad for the morale of the victim. If accepted by those around him, it will cause him to feel guilt, despair, or rage. It will deprive him of sympathy. It will probably slow or complicate the healing process.

But the prime flaw of the psychosomatic theory, in my opinion, is its insistence that psychosomatic methods should be adopted by all medical doctors. I maintain that this is neither necessary nor desirable. Psychotherapy is a specialty in itself. It requires years of study and experience to become competent, and a certain native intuition to be expert. Its practice requires devoting at least a half hour, and preferably an hour, to each visit. The medical doctor, because of his high overhead in staff and equipment, cannot afford that amount of time, nor can the average patient afford the price. Aside from that, psychosomatics is an ideology which is almost sure to interfere with proper discharge of medical and surgical duties to patients.

The doctor, whether general practitioner or specialist, diagnoses a variety of conditions, some of unknown origin, and many with confusing symptoms.

If he is a conscientious man, he will spend far more time on a difficult case than will be apparent to the patient. He will use all of his own resources, consult reference material, and engage in informal discussions with colleagues to establish a correct diagnosis or to find an effective treatment. He will feel obligated to undertake this labor only if he has a desire to understand and a conviction that the patient's health depends on his success.

Psychosomatics: Easy Way Out

If he becomes convinced that psychosomatic doctrines are true, he will lose both these incentives. If he concludes that the origin of all diseases, or at least of unexplained diseases, is mental, his conscience will allow him to take the easy option of ignoring the problem, or passing it on to a psychiatrist.

Here is how the modern G.P. should handle a patient, according to psychosomaticist Dr. O. Spurgeon English: "When a history, physical examination and laboratory tests have shown no evidence of organic pathology but indicate that emotional problems are present, the doctor can start psycho-therapeutic explanation as follows: 'You have pain and distress in the stomach (and/or) bowel. Now a healthy body functions painlessly, and since yours does not, and your examinations are negative, we conclude that your emotions are disturbing bowel function.'"

But do negative results of examinations and tests necessarily rule out all physical causes? It is highly probable that such tests will fail to uncover any of the following, even when they are present: allergies to foods, contacts, inhalants, heat, cold, or systemic infection; poisoning by obscure or low concentration chemicals such as D.D.T.; deficiencies or imbalances in hormones, vitamins or minerals in the blood; displacements in the upper back; alarm reaction against stress; prostate or ovary distress; or menstrual abnormality. In short, tests are an aid to diagnosis but they are not diagnosis in themselves. The doctor's knowledge and judgment are more important.

A doctor who is convinced in advance that a patient's symptoms are hysterical can hardly be expected to have, or even to pretend to have, much interest in them. All too often this facile disbelief in the reality of an ailment results in neglect of a serious condition.

The Wrong Treatment

In her book, *Mind & Body*, Dr. Flanders Dunbar inadvertently supplies us with a case which illustrates my point: A "physician" was treating a patient who complained of pains suggestive of appendicitis. There were good psychological reasons for supposing her ailment was imaginary, so he tried to get at the cause of the disturbance through psychoanalysis. But during the process of analysis he remembered that one of his colleagues had been psychoanalyzing a patient with similar symptoms when the appendix burst and the patient died. This worried the physician so much that he broke the rules of psychotherapy, which dictate hands off, and tapped his patient's abdomen. Her reaction was so intense that he had her rushed to a hospital, where an appendectomy was performed just in time.

Neither the reputation of the doctor nor the prestige of the medical profession is enhanced by an attempt to pass off a genuine physical illness as a mental quirk. But in the long run, probably the most serious consequence of the psychosomatic approach is the blunting of the doctor's scientific curiosity, which is a basic requirement for expansion of his knowledge and ability, and is the foundation of advances in medicine.

Our only defense against this kind of medical retrogression is to show both the doctor and the patient the evidence that diseases most often blamed on the mind are usually physical, and that the best and shortest path to their cure is through the body rather than the mind. THE END

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FIFTH AVENUE NEW YORK

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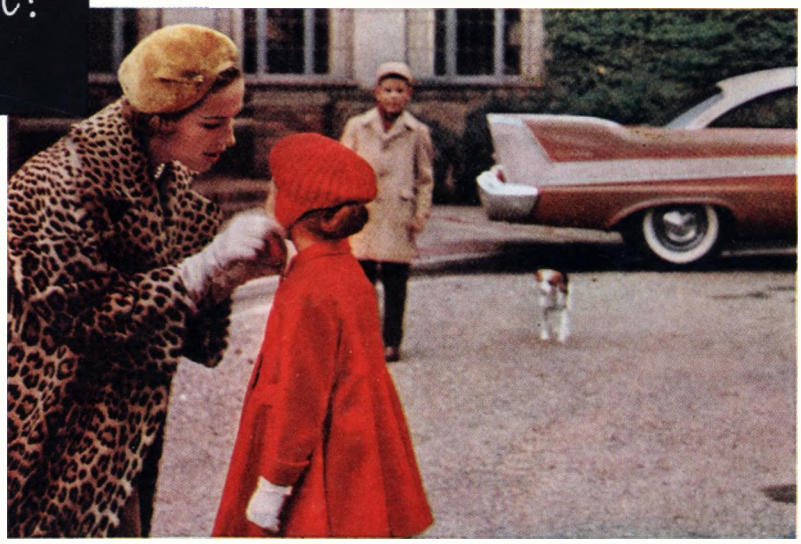

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you'll be a different woman with

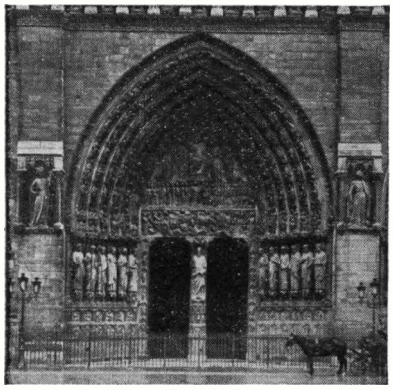
a Plymouth all your own

On Top of the World

Facts Picked Up Around the Globe **BY DAVID E. GREEN**

FRANCE . . . Elizabeth, daughter of Henry II of France, was married to Philip II of Spain by the Bishop of Paris outside the church doors of Notre Dame. Mary Stuart married the Dauphin the year before (1558) on the same spot. It wasn't until after the middle of the six-

I.N.P.



teenth century that marriage was considered a ceremony sufficiently holy to be performed within a church.

BRAZIL . . . Fetish temples are served by a priesthood of women, who combine medical care with religious practice. Therapy includes massages, rub-downs, and baths. Full treatment costs from $75 to $200. If the fee is paid in installments, the treatment is given in installments.

NEW ENGLAND . . . The religion that will probably die out soonest is that of the Shakers. They believe sex is sinful, even in marriage. Thus, they do not reproduce. There are now only fifty left—praising the Lord via whirls, dances and "shakes."

BIBLE BELT . . . Mark Twain hated any exercise, particularly walking. Told by a neighbor that the Bible advised walking, Mark asked for proof. The answer was, "Fifth chapter of Matthew, forty-first verse—'whoever shall compel thee to go a mile, go with him *twain*.'"

SNOWMAN'S LAND . . . The chances for a white Christmas are diminishing. During this century, in most of the United States and Northern Europe, winters have become milder. Polar bears are moving north, tropical fish are being sighted off the coast of Maine, and Scandinavians are farming mountainsides which were once ice-covered.

ITALY . . . One of the nails of the Crucifixion is part of the iron crown of the kings of Lombardy, a crown which the Emperor Napoleon I "acquired" when he appointed himself King of Italy.

BAR-CELL-ONA . . . This Christmas send a card or a gift to someone in jail, if only in commemoration of the fact that *Consolations of Philosophy* by Boethius, *Commentary* by Grotius, *Don Quixote* by Cervantes, *History of the World* by Sir Walter Raleigh, *Pilgrim's Progress* by Bunyan, and Luther's translation of the Bible were all written in jail.

MASSACHUSETTS . . . The first edition of the Bible printed in this country was not in English but in Natick Indian dialect. It was published by John Eliot, a Roxbury pastor, in 1658.

MOSCOW . . . There have been many strange religious sects in Russia—among them the Jumpers, who would blow upon one another during services and who often reached such a pitch of excitement that they jumped from roofs into space; the Skoptzi, who practiced mass suicide; and the unique sect spawned by Rasputin. He claimed that to be "saved" one must repent. Since, without sin, repentance is impossible, it became a duty to sin. "Sin-sational" ceremonies instituted by Rasputin made ancient Rome's orgies look tame by comparison.

JUDEA . . . Wearing a hat in the synagogue is a carryover from the days when the prayer shawl was put over the head and eyes to ensure concentration on prayer. Another Jewish tradition is kindness to animals; this is considered the purest form of goodness, as it is done without

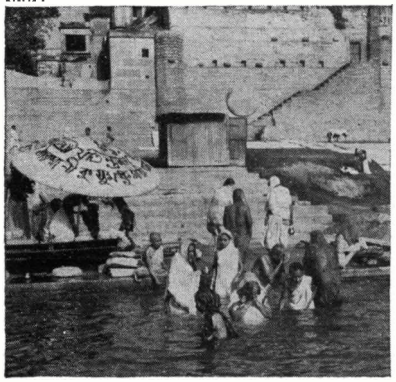
I.N.P.

any hope of reward. An orthodox Jew is forbidden to hunt.

NORTH POLE TO SOUTH POLE . . . Here are some of the benefits, besides the gift of Christianity, which the world has received at Christmastime—1814, the Treaty of Ghent ended the War of 1812; 1856, Woodrow Wilson was born; 1887, A. Conan Doyle introduced Sherlock Holmes in "A Study in Scarlet" in *Burton's Christmas Annual;* 1911, Captain Roald Amundsen reached the South Pole; 1916, Rasputin was murdered; and 1944, the American Third Army stopped the Nazi counter-offensive at Ardennes Bulge.

BRITISH COURTS . . . Because the Ganges River is regarded as sacred, Hindus swear upon a glass of the river

I.N.P.



water, just as Christians swear upon the Bible.

THEOLOGY TURNPIKE . . . Many religious thinkers have said the Devil's greatest triumph lies in convincing the world that he doesn't exist.

TRIM CHRISTMAS . . . Here is our Christmas gift to weight-conscious readers: Serve chicken (125 calories per serving) instead of turkey (300-400). Use whipped butter (30 per cent fewer calories than ordinary butter) at room temperature so it will spread thinner. Make cranberry sauce with Sucaryl instead of sugar (you'll save over 1700 calories per pound of berries). Whip potatoes with skimmed milk, using an electric beater to increase the bulk by adding air. Make your pie crust of homogenized crust mix combined with half a cup of farmer cheese for each one-third stick of mix and increase baking time by ten minutes. The resulting crust has one-third the calories of regular pie crust. (May your shadow grow smaller.) THE END

Statement required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Acts of March 3, 1933, and July 2, 1946 (Title 39, United States Code, Section 233) showing the ownership, management, and circulation of Cosmopolitan, published monthly at New York 1, N. Y., for October 1, 1957. 1. The names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, The Hearst Corporation, 959 Eighth Avenue, New York 19, N. Y.; Editor, John J. O'Connell, 959 Eighth Avenue, New York 19, N. Y.; Managing Editor, None; Advertising manager, James Swan, 959 Eighth Avenue, New York 19, N. Y. 2. The owner is: The Hearst Corporation, principal office, 100 West Tenth Street, Wilmington, Delaware. All of the stock of The Hearst Corporation is held by the following Voting Trustees, namely: Martin F. Huberth, 959 Eighth Avenue, New York, New York; Richard E. Berlin, 959 Eighth Avenue, New York, New York; Richard A. Carrington, Jr., 530 West Sixth Street, Los Angeles, California; Harold G. Kern, 5 Winthrop Square, Boston, Massachusetts; G. O. Markuson, 959 Eighth Avenue, New York, New York; Charles Mayer, Third and Market Streets, San Francisco, California; William Randolph Hearst, Jr., 959 Eighth Avenue, New York, New York; John Randolph Hearst, 959 Eighth Avenue, New York, New York; and Randolph A. Hearst, 1108 South Hill Street, Los Angeles, California, under Voting Trust Agreement dated as of February 23, 1952. The beneficial owners of the stock deposited under the aforesaid Voting Trust are The Hearst Foundation, Inc., the William Randolph Hearst Foundation, John Randolph Hearst, William Randolph Hearst, Jr., Randolph Apperson Hearst, David Whitmire Hearst and George Hearst. 3. The known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None. 4. Paragraphs 2 and 3 include, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting; also the statements in the two paragraphs show the affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner. John J. O'Connell (Signature of Editor). Sworn to and subscribed before me this twenty-fifth day of September, 1957. Robert W. Rupp, Notary Public, State of New York, No. 41-8706350. Qualified in Queens County. Certificate filed with New York County Clerk. Term expires March 30, 1958. [Seal]

PRACTICAL TRAVEL GUIDE

Everyone Likes to Go to Hell

BY EDWARD R. DOOLING

A knowledgeable travel agent might very wisely advise a nerve-shattered client to go to Hell, although he would probably word his suggestion diplomatically by advising a rest in the Cayman Islands. Hell is a bit warm, but it is a delightfully serene little corner of Grand Cayman Island, which lies south of Cuba and off the usual West Indian tourist routes. Grand Cayman has sunshine and sand, and is washed by the tepid waters of the blue Caribbean. Not much happens in Hell, but LACSA Airline pilots report that the local post office does, shall we say, a heck of a business in postmarking cards for in-transit passengers.

A camel bell is a prize souvenir for travelers visiting Spain's Canary Islands off the northwest coast of Africa. The bells, however, aren't just to add an artistically musical touch to island agriculture. The farmers bell their camels to keep them from falling asleep while plowing the fields.

Theatre tours from Miami to New York are currently being planned by National Airlines for spring and summer runs. The idea was initiated last spring and worked so well that National plans a series of the junkets, which include air transportation, tickets for a series of Broadway plays and TV shows, a United Nations tour, and a New York night club tour.

An air-borne bridal suite is the invention of Canadian Airlines. Their Orient-bound liners now have a honeymoon compartment up forward. It is a private compartment with seats for two and an overhead berth.

One of the best travel buys this winter is Colombia, South America, less than seven hours from the United States via Braniff Airlines. Taxi fare across the capital city of Bogota is about 16 cents, with no tip expected. The same sum will buy a huge orchid corsage. The bus ride across town costs three cents. Single room in a luxury hotel is about $5 a day and a full-course dinner with wine and filet mignon rates a tab of about $1.75. A wool *ruana*, or poncho, costs about $6, and a really fancy one with a hood may come to twice that much. Emeralds aren't cheap, but they're about one-third what they would cost in the United States.

Off-beat holidays are available to the European tourist in little Switzerland, the hub of Europe, which still has some rarely visited spots. Saas-Fee is a little town without automobiles; and, until recently, it did not even have a road. The approach had to be made on foot or mule back. Now a highway leads to a parking space on the village outskirts, and visitors explore the ancient streets on foot. Another such spot is the medieval town of Gruyères, long famous for its cheese but seldom visited by tourists. Men smoke their pipes with the bowls upside down in the small canton of Appenzell, and the residents still don their local costumes on Sundays. The town has never had any legislation regulating the practice of medicine, so it is filled with a weird assortment of health specialists, whose signs and displays of alleged remedies for all human ills make first class snapshot material.

Shortest land-sea-air tour for winter sightseers is being offered out of Miami by Cubana Airlines, Greyhound Bus Lines, and West Indian Fruit and Steamship Company. A single transportation price of $33.20 covers travel costs; other expenses depend upon the time spent at each stop and the accommodations and entertainment selected. Tourists buying the package ride from Miami to Key West travel in air-conditioned Greyhound buses on the Overseas Highway, take the air-conditioned ferry from Key West to Havana, and return to Miami on a Cubana Viscount, traveling by way of Varadero at no extra cost if they wish.

Safaris to South America offer another Southern Hemisphere "bargain," though not in the same tax bracket as our Bogota jaunt. Operated by wild animal hunter William P. Smith of Fort Lauderdale, Florida, the trips to Colombia, Peru, Ecuador, and Panama range

from sixteen days at $1,250 to thirty days for $2,150. Rates include round-trip first-class air transportation from Miami. jungle camps, guides, boats, Indian bearers, fishing and hunting equipment, food, drinks, lodging, and meals en route. The rates may sound plush, but they're nowhere near the cost of African big game safaris. Mr. Smith is a sort of poor man's Trader Horn.

"Cockles and mussels, alive, alive-oh." Are you one of the countless Americans who have always loved the lilt of that beautiful ballad about sweet Molly Malone, but who secretly wondered what in the name of Finn McCool is a "cockle"? An answer has been found in the town of Laugharne, Wales (pronounced "Larne"). The Cross House, the village pub frequented by the poet Dylan Thomas, will serve you pickled cockles with your lukewarm mug of ale. Cockles are heart-shaped shellfish, and the "cockle women" wade in the mudflats at low tide, filling their nets with them.

Scotch and water, American style, may lack the authority it seemed to have on your cherished visit to the "Land of Heather." It is probably because you live in a hard water area. The steward on the big double-deck BOAC stratocruiser explains the affinity of Scotch for soft water as you wing your way into a 2:30 dawn (by your New York watch).

Many a Britain-bound tourist is also surprised to learn that Drambuie, a favorite liqueur, is as clannish as Scotland's famous whiskey. Drambuie has been produced on the Island of Skye since 1745 and is, of course, offered BOAC passengers as an after-dinner satisfier during the overnight hop to London or Prestwick.

Cowboys are traveling east this winter. So don't be astonished if you visit the sprightly young country of Israel and see a "rootin', tootin' son-of-a-gun" from Tel Aviv decked out in a ten-gallon hat and levis, swinging an educated lariat over a herd of dogies on the road to Galilee. John Killough, veteran Wyoming cowboy, is directing a school for Israeli cowboys in the Valley of Gennesaret. He has thirty pupils, including an adventurous shepherdess named Carmela who wants to be Israel's first authentic cowgirl. It isn't just a tourist gimmick—the school is part of the United States Operation Mission Program conducted in cooperation with the Israel Department of Agriculture. "Operation Cowboy" was launched as a means of increasing Israel's stock of beef cattle, and over $200,000 has already been invested in the project. Next time you bump into a Texas rancher riding his range in a jeep, ask him whatever became of the cowboys. He will probably point toward the Middle East and say, "They went that-a-way." THE END

How Many Americans Really Believe in God?

Why, after two decades of skyrocketing church membership, are so many clergymen expressing serious doubts about our religious revival? What explains our failure to apply religious principles to our everyday lives?

BY T. F. JAMES

On September 15, 1957, the National Council of the Churches of Christ released its annual report on church membership in America. The statistics, compiled for the annual *Yearbook of American Churches* from official reports of 258 religious bodies, were impressive. A record-breaking total of 103,224,954 Americans were listed as active churchgoers. The churches also reported new highs in almost every other aspect of their operations. Sunday school enrollments stood at forty million. The number of local congregations had risen to 308,647, and there were 235,100 pastors—a new high. The average yearly per capita contribution had shot up to fifty-four dollars, and a record $775,000,000 was being spent on new church construction.

According to Council figures, sixty-two out of every hundred Americans of all ages are members of churches or synagogues. Other statistics are even rosier. In three separate surveys, one by the Gallup organization and two others by professional pollsters working for the *Catholic Digest* and the National Council of Churches, no less than 95 per cent of Americans questioned declared themselves to be either Protestants, Catholics, or Jews. Obviously, almost every person in America considers himself a church member, even if he does not go to church often enough to be counted. Other polls have produced equally heartening statistics. When asked, "Do you believe in God?" 97 per cent of Americans answered in the affirmative.

The Return to Religion

Enough said? There is, it would seem, strong evidence for the existence of what some politicians, many writers, and a few churchmen hail as a "religious revival" in America. In the years between 1926 and 1950, while the population of the United States increased 28.6 per cent, membership of religious bodies increased 59.8 per cent. In 1942, pollster Elmo Roper went about the country asking people which of three groups—politicians, businessmen and religious leaders—they felt were doing the most good and were "most to be trusted." Religious leaders placed third. In 1947 Mr. Roper repeated the survey and this time the religious leaders placed first. In 1953, an even higher percentage of the American people put clergymen in first place. Religious books like Fulton Oursler's *The Greatest Story Ever Told* have dominated the best-seller lists. The National Council of Churches reported that church contributions in fourteen major Protestant sects increased about 130 per cent between 1939 and 1952 in terms of 1939 dollars. Over two million people jammed Madison Square Garden to hear evangelist Billy Graham during his summer-long campaign in New York.

Gone are the days when an outspoken atheist like Robert Ingersoll could be an influential politician. At the Republican National Convention in 1876 Ingersoll was designated to nominate James G. Blaine for the presidency. Today, nomination by a non-believer like Ingersoll would be a kiss of death to a candidate. Rarely does a political leader run for office without affirming his devotion to religious principles.

Religion has even captured the juke box, with songs like "I Believe," "Count Your Blessings," and "The Man Upstairs." Airports and industrial plants are building chapels. Conrad Hilton, the

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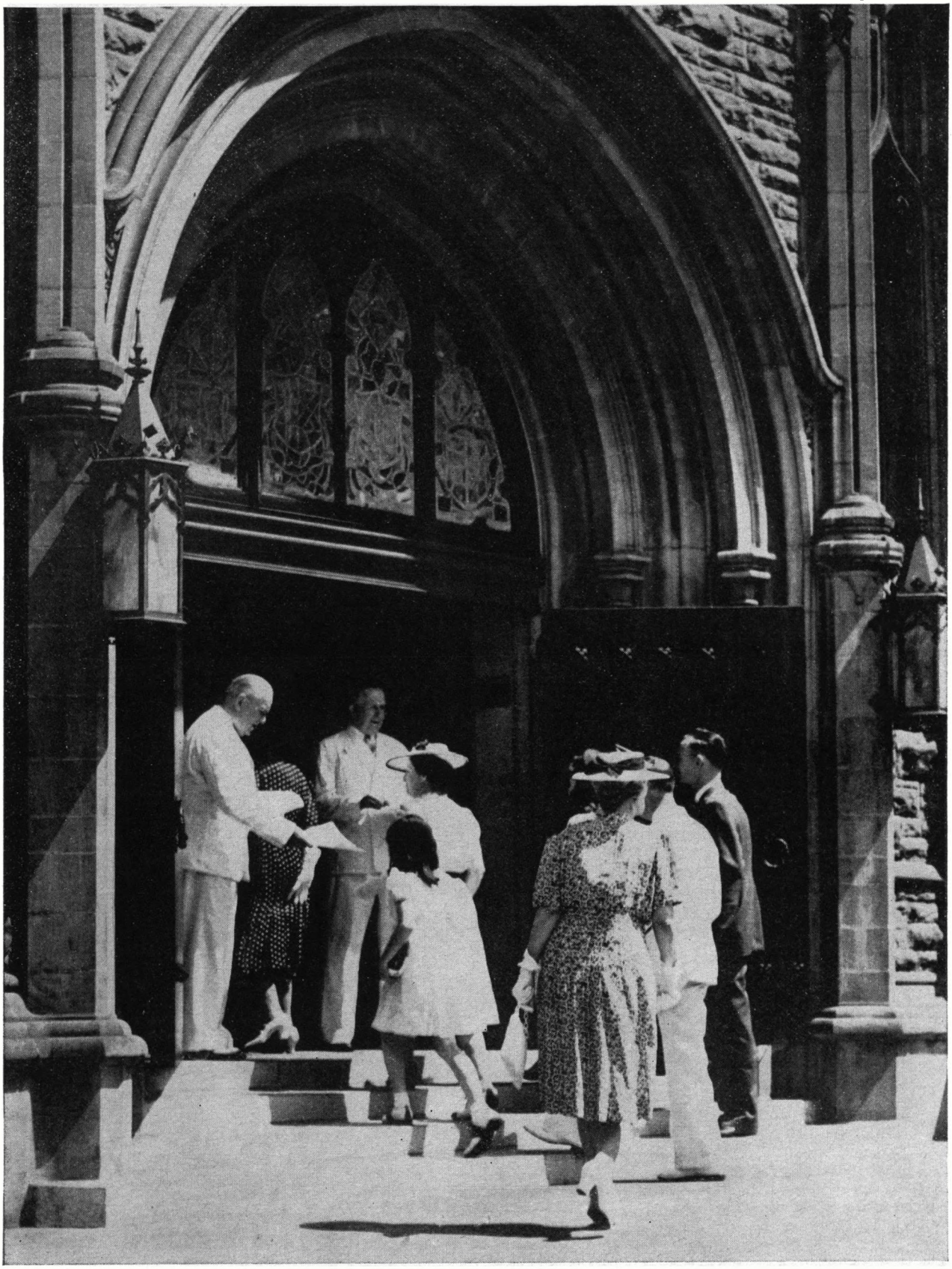

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OVER THIRTY THOUSAND Jehovah's Witnesses gather at Yankee Stadium for a five-day-long "Triumphant Kingdom Assembly." Sect also hired a swimming pool to baptize new converts. One survey indicates "fringe sects" like Witnesses constitute 25 per cent of number of Protestant churches, but have only 7 per cent of members. Witnesses number 740,000.

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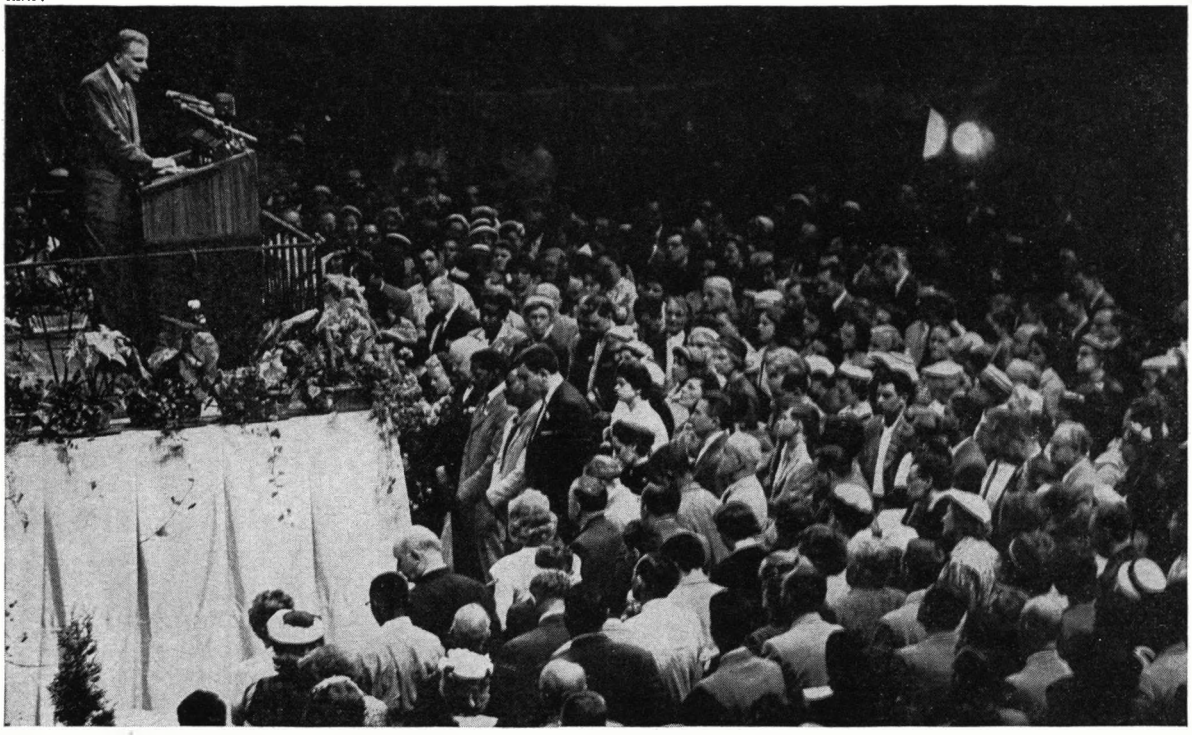

"DECIDERS FOR CHRIST" stand before rostrum during Billy Graham's record-breaking crusade in New York's Madison Square Garden. Over two million heard the evangelist during sixteen-week campaign. More than fifty-six thousand made "decisions"—accepted Christ. In his eight-year career Graham has preached to more than twenty-two million.

Half of Americans cannot name one of the Gospels

nation's leading hotel man, puts copies of the religious magazine, *Guideposts*, into all his hotel rooms each month.

Obviously there is hardly an area of American life which has not been affected in some way by this vast upsurge in religious feeling. But, strangely enough, through the roseate glow comes a chorus of voices expressing dissatisfaction with this seemingly praiseworthy spiritual phenomenon. Sociologists, pollsters, and a number of thoughtful clergymen are not at all sure that this imposing mountain of religious statistics is not a mirage, or at best a molehill.

Let's begin with the rosy figures supplied us by the pollsters. In one survey, four-fifths of all adult Americans questioned said they believed the Bible to be the revealed word of God. This is an impressive figure—as impressive as the hundred million dollars they spend each year on the Good Book. But when the pollsters asked, "Can you name the first four books of the New Testament of the Bible, that is, the four Gospels?" only 35 per cent could name all four, and 53 per cent could not name even one.

Another poll revealed that 80 per cent of Americans believe Christ is God. But when thirty outstanding Americans were asked to rate the hundred most significant events in history, the birth of Christ came fourteenth, tied with the discovery of the x-ray and the Wright brothers' first plane flight. In another poll, 73 per cent of Americans questioned said they believed in an after-life with God as judge. But when these same Americans were asked whether they had "any fear, not to say expectation, of going to hell," only 5 per cent admitted the slightest concern about such a possibility. Finally and probably most significant was a poll in which Americans were asked first whether they felt religion was "very important." A vast majority said that it was. They were then asked, "Would you say that your religious beliefs have any effect on your ideas on politics and business?" Fifty-four per cent said, "No."

A Statistical Bombshell

Meanwhile sociologists have been taking some hard looks at the realities behind the churches' statistical reports. In 1951, just as the religious revival was getting up steam, Joseph H. Fichter, S.J., published the results of his intensive, year-long study of a typical city parish in New Orleans. Until Father Fichter's study there had been little or no effort on the part of the Church to compare the number of Catholics actually practicing their faith in a typical parish with the parish's annual count. Father Fichter's revelations were described by Father H. A. Reinhold as a "bombshell."

Father Fichter declared that of the 10,946 persons officially considered members of the parish (and who testified to pollsters that they were Catholics) 4,219 were, for all practical purposes, "dormant." They neither attended church nor contributed money nor sent their children to religious classes. Of the 6,727 whom Father Fichter felt he could consider "practicing Catholics," only 3,465 attended mass on Sunday with any degree of regularity. Of the 5,281 whom Father Fichter considered "communicants," 1,117 had not fulfilled their Easter duties. The practicing Catholics, tested on sixteen points of dogma, scored a discouraging 56.9 per cent.

In a nation-wide survey of college graduates for the book *They Went to College*, three Protestant men out of ten and one woman out of five admitted that they rarely or never attended church

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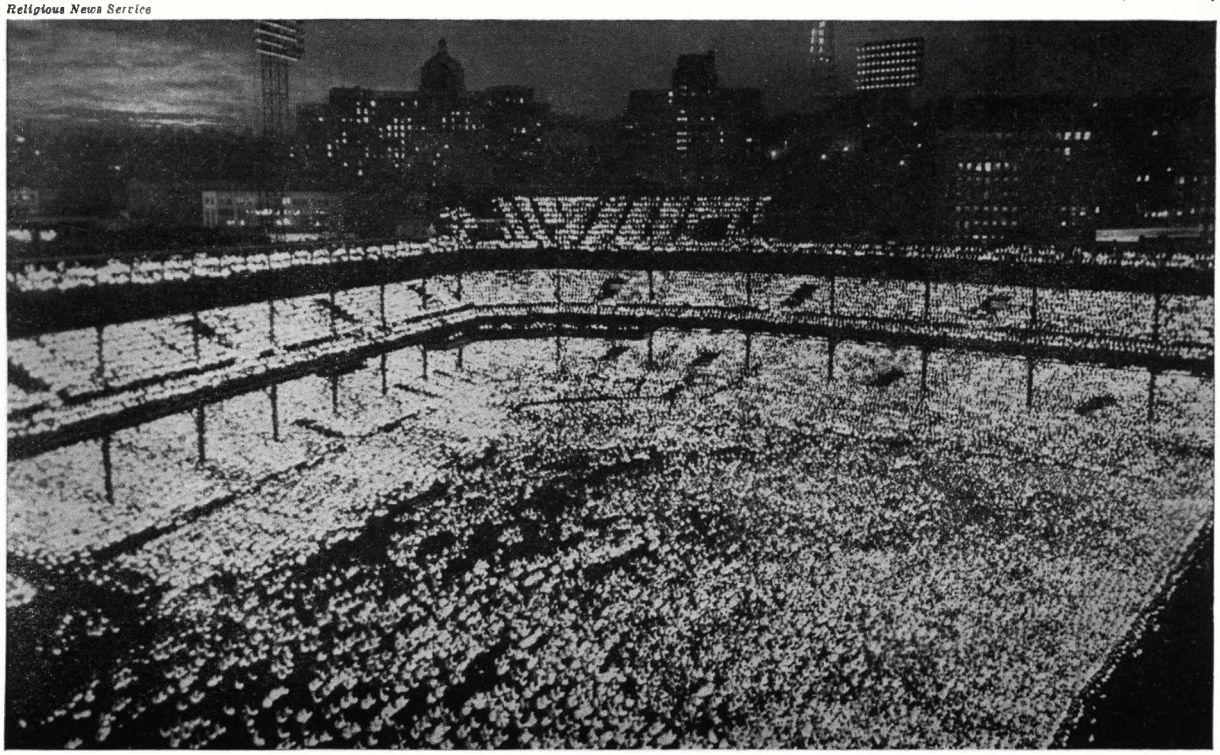

MEMBERS OF ROMAN CATHOLIC Holy Name Societies in the Pittsburgh Diocese, one hundred thousand strong, hold candles aloft during Eucharistic rally at Forbes Field. The laymen came from 452 parishes in ten-county area, used over three hundred chartered buses, five hundred chartered trolleys for transportation. Over 25,000 listened outside stadium.

"Faith has become a form of respectability."

—REV. ROBERT WELCH

services. (In this survey, Catholics fared better—nine out of ten Catholic women testified they attended church regularly. On the other hand, among Jewish college graduates only one person in eight attended services regularly.) A nation-wide spot survey conducted by George Gallup in which a cross-section of the nation's ninety-seven million adults were asked, "Did you go to church or synagogue during the last seven days?" yielded even more dismaying figures. Sixty-one per cent were forced to admit that they had not attended. Sixty-seven per cent of the Protestants and 38 per cent of the Catholics had not gone to church.

These facts, plus a number of others which we shall shortly discuss, have made many of America's most prominent clergymen extremely sceptical about the reality of our "religious revival."

"Today in our country," says Eugene Carson Blake, President of the National Council of Churches, "it is a cause of worry that morality seems to be on the decline at the moment when there appears to be a religious boom."

Father Robert Welch of the University of Iowa School of Religion has frankly called the religious revival "illusory." Faith, in his opinion, has become "a form of respectability."

The Decline of Faith

Dr. Liston Pope, Dean of the Yale Divinity School, declares, "There is no great religious revival in America, and probably will not be in the accepted sense. . . . Religion has a better hearing and less open opposition today than at any time in this century . . . but with respect to the values by which men live, religious forces for the most part have been relegated to the sidelines."

Rabbi Morris Kertzer, of the American Jewish Committee, whose work has taken him into thirty states and a number of foreign countries, believes "the religious revival has encouraged a new respect for the individual, and better relations between different races and faiths, but I see no comparable improvement in personal ethics."

"Little Genuine Commitment"

I asked Billy Graham his opinion one night after hearing him speak to a standing-room-only crowd in New York's Madison Square Garden. The evangelist shook his head sadly. "Religion is in danger of becoming a fad," he said. "Unless a person commits himself so that his belief permeates his whole life, it doesn't mean much. For all our talk about religion, there is tragically little genuine Christian commitment in America today."

Dr. Benson Y. Landis, editor of the *Yearbook of American Churches* and an expert on church statistics for over forty years, told me that in his personal opinion, in spite of the fact that the churches' numbers have tripled, "religious values have far less impact on American life today than they had in 1900."

What does it all mean? How can we account for the contradictory traits of people who spend one hundred million dollars a year for Bibles but do not know the names of Matthew, Mark, Luke and John; who believe in Christ's divinity but list his birth as the fourteenth most important event in world history; who admit religion is important but do not make the slightest attempt to apply its principles to major areas of their everyday lives; who list themselves as Catholics, Protestants, and Jews but rarely attend religious services? Can church membership grow while religious faith itself declines? What is behind the sharp dissatisfaction with the so-called religious revival expressed by America's more thoughtful clergymen?

First and most obvious, there are serious defects in our religious statistics. Dr. Landis is the first to admit this. "We don't know how many of the 268 religious bodies gather such information annually," he says. "Perhaps half of them do. Many of the published figures come from local church records that, apparently, are not carefully kept, either by clergymen or by lay people. Some church bodies gather figures at irregular intervals, and others simply make crude estimates of their constituencies."

More important, the definition of church membership varies widely from denomination to denomination. Some take what the statisticians call a "constituency count," in which a person is required to do little more than state his religious preference; others accept a "church membership" count, which merely requires a person to allow his name to be carried on the church rolls. Only a minority of churches limit their rolls to active members.

Piety in Suburbia

Nevertheless the statistics still point to an undeniable rise in religious interest and participation in the United States. But whether this is the result of a genuine growth in religious faith and devotion is open to serious doubt. Sociologist Will Herberg, in his penetrating book, *Protestant—Catholic—Jew*, points out that most of the religious ferment has taken place in connection with America's wholesale exodus to the suburbs. City and rural churches in many areas have declined in membership, whereas in almost every suburb churches and church schools are growing at a fantastic rate. But Dr. Herberg wonders whether many of these suburbanites, cast into a new and strange environment with no roots and few traditions, are not using the churches as a ready source of "identity." They join churches, in other words, out of a desire to belong to some recognizable group, rather than from religious conviction.

Harry Gersh, writing in *Commentary*, suggests that the hunger for religious

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Religious News Service

FREE RIDE TO CHURCH is policy of Flint, Michigan, cab company owner Charles J. Gray. South has the highest church attendance, Far West has lowest.

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"Religion is in danger of becoming a fad."

—BILLY GRAHAM

identification is even stronger among American Jews. "The synagogue," he says, "symbolizes the most important change in the move to suburbia. In the city we found it unnecessary to think seriously of ourselves as Jews. In suburbia the Jew is perforce a member of his religious community."

But a more important factor in the return to religion than the urge to belong, in the opinion of many observers, is the "cult of reassurance" which some people feel has transformed America's traditional religions into new, easy-going gospels which make no demands whatsoever upon the believer and guarantee impossible dividends. Certainly it is more than a coincidence that 1946, the year in which the revival began to roll, saw the appearance of Rabbi Joshua Loth Liebman's best-selling *Peace of Mind*, in which an attempt was made to harmonize religion and psychiatry and to show how faith could soothe a person's anxieties.

The Power of Dr. Peale

Rabbi Liebman's tract was soon outsold by that of another clergyman, a stocky, energetic New York minister named Norman Vincent Peale. His *The Power of Positive Thinking*, the best-known exposition of his gospel, is the third most successful book in the history of the publishing industry, topped only by the Bible and the turn-of-the-century novel, *In His Steps*. Dr. Peale's promises go far beyond those found in Rabbi Liebman's *Peace of Mind* and Bishop Fulton Sheen's *Life Is Worth Living*, not to mention the New Testament.

"Are You Missing the Life of Success?" reads one *Positive Thinking* advertisement. "Norman Vincent Peale's best-seller . . . is guaranteed to bring it to you! Make people like you. . . . Increase your earnings. . . ."

At various places in his books, Dr. Peale assures his readers that his instructions can also give them happiness, health, friends, relaxation, peace of mind, self-confidence, and "constant energy."

The key to all these blessings, Dr. Peale declares, is a healthy mind. Saturation of one's mind with unhealthy ideas—"apprehension, defeat thoughts, gloomy thoughts"—leads only to defeat and gloom. If a person is unfortunate enough to have a mind so saturated, how can he change it? The answer is simple: faith! Faith guarantees your peace of mind, your success in business.

To bolster this faith, Dr. Peale supplies his readers with a variety of laws, formulas, and techniques. Sample law: "When you expect the best you release a magnetic force in the mind which by a law of attraction tends to bring the best to you." Sample formula: "When you arise, say out loud three times this one sentence: 'This is the day the Lord hath made; we will rejoice and be glad in it.' If you repeat that sentence three times before breakfast and meditate on [it] . . . you will change . . . the day by starting off with a happiness psychology." Sample technique: "Picture worry thoughts as flowing out as you would let water flow from a basin by removing the stopper."

In a world shadowed by H-bombs, it is not surprising to find people searching for reassurance and escape from tension and fear. There is nothing whatsoever wrong with seeking this kind of help from religion. Men have done it from time immemorial. Nor is there anything wrong with seeking God's help in business or personal relationships. But when these are the only goals which people seek in religion, there is grave danger that the whole meaning of religion as we have known it will be turned inside out. In the past our religion has given men strength to face the harsh problems of human existence. Nowhere in the teachings of the Old Testament prophets or the preaching of Jesus is faith in God offered as a technique for achieving peace of mind or success. The great ideal of Jewish-Christian religion is summed up in the admonition, "Love thy neighbor as thyself." Throughout the centuries religion has urged men to care less about themselves and more about the suffering and weakness of their fellows.

The fear that we are losing sight of this fundamental idea has prompted many church leaders to speak out against the "cult of reassurance." Dr. Eugene Carson Blake, for instance, has declared that people who are turning to God through "fear, selfishness or a longing for security" are looking for magic rather than religion, and are trying "to use God for their own purposes."

A Meeting of Happy Minds

The extremes to which cultism can be carried were demonstrated at last year's convention of the International New Thought Alliance at the Hotel Statler in Washington, D. C. "Dedicated to Peace, Power and Plenty," 1,814 representatives of such positive thinking movements as Religious Science, Divine Science, Church of Understanding, and Science of Mind gathered to exchange happy thoughts and annihilate negative ideas. Among their activities: the Telegraphic Word Prayer Game, in which players used the initials of a negative statement to make a positive one. For instance: "My Life Is Miserable Since John Left Me" became "Much Love Is Mine So Joy Leads to Miracles."

Dr. Ruth E. Chew, in a lecture entitled "Shine, Shimmer, Scintillate," told how to live on a "diet of joy" by repeating, "I am filled with joy; joy, gladness and delight make everything all right." Her joy diet, said Dr. Chew, can heal anything, including cancer and tuberculosis. The Rev. Raymond Charles Barker offered a pamphlet entitled "Money Is God in Action."

A more profound insight into how far Americans have drifted from traditional

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Religious News Service

RED MASS, to ask God's blessing in administration of justice, is celebrated each year by Archbishop Patrick A. O'Boyle in Washington, D. C. With him are Vice-President Nixon, a Quaker, and Chief Justice Warren, a Baptist.

The choice: mature faith or "emotional infantilism"

Religious News Service

BAPTISM IN TENNESSEE'S "Bible Belt." Protestants have their greatest strength in the South, least in the Northeast; Roman Catholic situation is just the reverse. Sixty-five million Americans do not belong to any church.

I.N.P.

ABRAHAM KRENGEL, eight, lights symbolic candles opening Chanukah, eight-day Jewish Festival of Light for Hope and Happiness. Synagogue attendance has risen sharply in past few years, especially among younger Jews.

religion is provided by two surveys which asked questions designed to reveal how deeply a person's professed religious faith penetrated his life. The first survey asked, "Which do you think you are more serious about: trying to live comfortably, or preparing for life after death?" Forty-six per cent of those questioned admitted frankly that they were spending most of their energies trying to live comfortably. Only 21 per cent were chiefly concerned with preparing for the next life. Some 30 per cent felt they gave equal attention to both goals.

The other survey asked an even more subtle question: "Do you feel you fulfill the Christian law of love in your everyday life?" More than half gave affirmative replies. Apparently Americans have an enormous, un-Christian complacency about their virtue. Clergymen commenting on this answer unanimously declared that only a people who had lost contact with the genuine ideals of Christianity could so confidently identify their personal standards of goodness with the law of love. The great prophets and saints of the Jewish-Christian tradition struggled to live this law and invariably confessed their failure to do so.

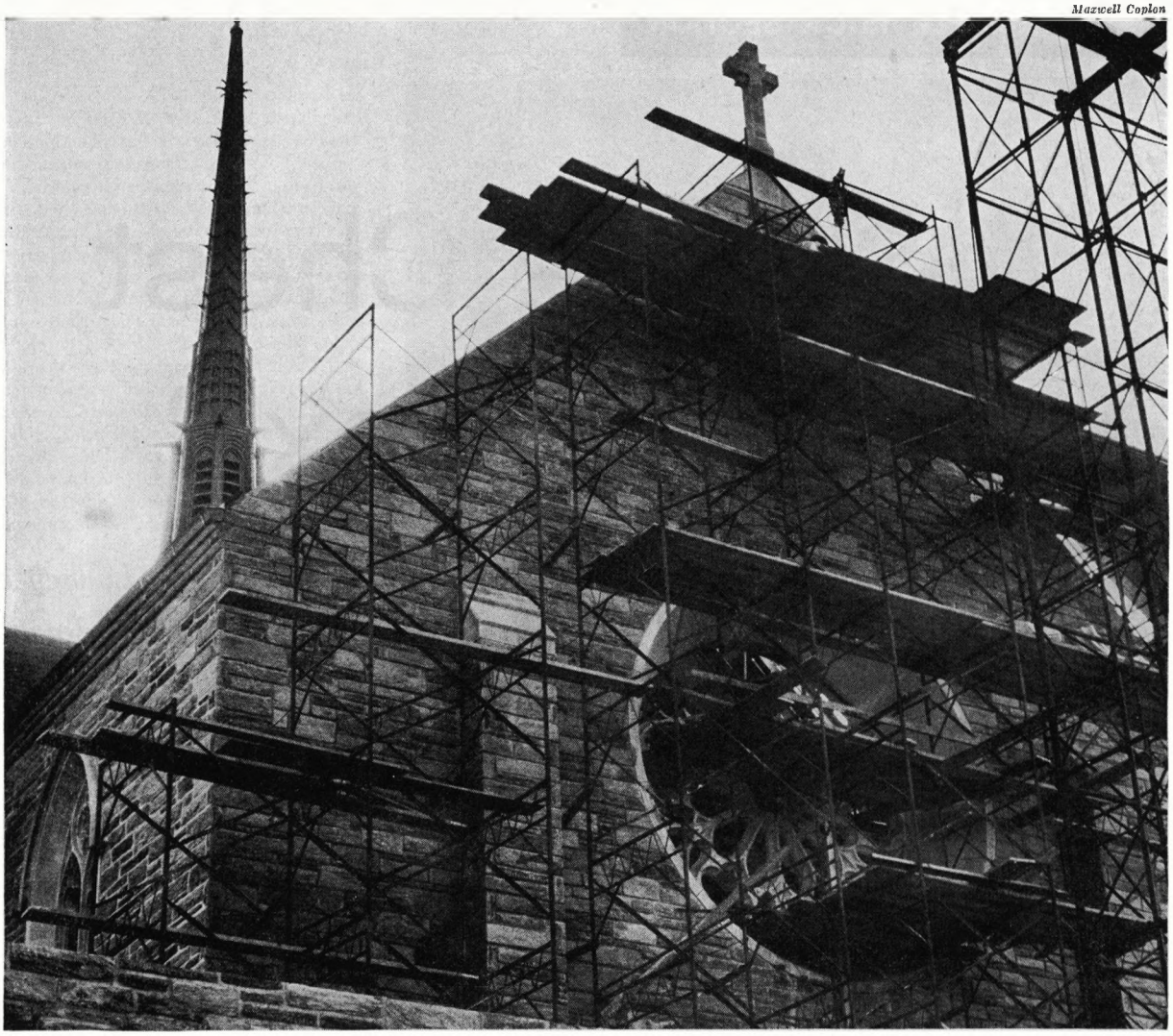
Some Encouraging Findings

But the picture is by no means entirely dark. Murray G. Ross, in his book *Religious Beliefs of Youth*, reports on interviews with hundreds of young people on almost every facet of religion in their lives. While his conclusions could be interpreted as discouraging—72 per cent said that religion played only a "small part" in their lives, and that they felt "no sense of urgency, no feeling of the need to strive, no consciousness that many of their everyday activities contradict the teachings of the religion in which they 'believe' "—he also found 17 per cent who were "fully committed," for whom religion was a determinant of behavior.

Howard Whitman, in his book, *A Reporter in Search of God*, tells how he went about the nation, trying to find out from the people themselves what religion was all about. He found many whose faith had failed them in moments of crisis, who stood bewildered before a meaningless universe. But he found many more who had discovered, often in the midst of the harshest misfortunes, what Mr. Whitman calls "mature faith—the discovery of a reality that enables one to face anything that can happen to one."

Perhaps his best example is Hilda Libby Ives, of Portland, Maine, a minister in the Congregational Church. Dur-

Maxwell Coplon



CHURCH BUILDING totaled $775,000,000 in 1956, a rise of $40,000,000 over previous year. Per capita contributions rose 8 per cent, to fifty-four dollars per person. Over three thousand new congregations were formed. Methodists have largest number of churches—39,845. Roman Catholics, with 34,563,851 members, are largest American denomination.

ing the flu epidemic of World War I, her lawyer husband died and left her with four small children. "I had no answer to death then," she told Whitman. "I asked myself, 'Was this God, who sent love into my life only to smash it?' I was like a child who says, 'Father doesn't love me. He makes me take medicine.' Like a child, I had to become aware of Father's larger purpose. I had to realize that love does not die with human ashes—that God himself is love." Mrs. Ives studied for the ministry and spent four decades of service in many parishes. "What I have sought," she said humbly, "is the kind of love that is not perishable with death." Reporter Whitman was convinced she had found it.

In other areas of American life, too, there are evidences of this mature faith at work. Certainly the great yearning of the American Negro for freedom and equality has been sustained and guided, in the main, by religious leaders. When bitterness and violence have erupted in the South over integration or other equality issues, as in the Montgomery, Alabama, bus dispute, Negro pastors have saved more than one community from a bloodbath by counseling their people to turn the other cheek, to forgive their enemies, no matter how fierce the impulse to meet violence with violence.

"Emotional Infantilism"

The religious struggle in contemporary America is not between belief in God and atheism. Rather it is between this mature faith and what Rev. Harold O. Bowman calls "emotional infantilism"—a religion for people "who want to live all their lives in a kind of cosmic bassinet." Will Herberg calls it a "man-centered" religion, in contrast to the "God-centered" tradition of Jewish and Christian faith. There are strong signs, particularly in our colleges, that more and more Americans are becoming aware that "faith in faith" is not enough, that it is time to consider what we believe without sentimentality and blasé self-satisfaction. America's clergymen, too, are rising to the challenge by re-emphasizing traditional values of humility and moral responsibility, and by saying less about what religion can do for a man and more about what a religious man ought to be and do. With such leadership, aided by our national preference for the true and genuine over the lazy sham and the phony formula, America's religious revival may yet become a genuine revival of religion. THE END

Treasure Chest or Idiot Box?

From Milton Berle to "Cinderella," from Gorgeous George to Lawrence Welk, from soap operas to the McCarthy hearings—in a dizzying decade television has poured out everything from culture to sadism, has rated praise as an "educational medium" and been blasted as a "vulgar menace"

BY MAURICE ZOLOTOW

There's a woman living over in Brooklyn—she happens to be a friend of my mother's—who may well be one of the most dedicated television viewers in the world. She feels about television the way the average fish feels about water. She just craves it all the time. She starts her day off by watching the Dave Garroway show while eating breakfast. All day long, she drags a portable from room to room, so she can keep on seeing television while making beds, preparing meals, and even performing her ablutions. She does not cease her televiewing until after the last scene of the Late Late Show. Her favorite TV personalities—Lawrence Welk, Groucho Marx, Arthur Godfrey, Perry Como—are as real to her as her husband. I believe this woman has quite forgotten that until recently there was no television in her home.

A recent survey—the world of television teems with surveys—estimated that there are now 44,000,000 television sets in operation in the country and that the average televiewer watches his set 6.07 hours a day. There are still 9,000,000 families who lack telesets, but despite these reactionaries, television has become an institution as solidly entrenched in American life as the hydramatic gear shift, frozen foods, air conditioning, the extra dry Martini, and Jayne Mansfield. In the incredibly short span of ten years, this large box with the picture tube has reshaped the behavior patterns of our people. It has played havoc with entertainment habits and brought about radical changes in drama, movies, and the higher culture. It has brought millions of people close to history in the making, to the fine productions of Shakespeare, to a galaxy of gifted clowns. It has given more pleasure, almost free, to more people than anything since the invention of kissing. But television has also brought ennui on a mass scale. On many evenings, banality is piled upon cliché, puerility upon vulgarity; boredom and vacuity emanate from stale melodramas, tedious quiz programs, and comedy programs without gaiety or satire.

It is hard to believe that in 1946 there were only 12,000 telesets functioning and that even as late as 1948 there were a paltry 175,000 sets in operation. The hardy pioneers of this prehistoric age regard the video-come-latelies with contempt. In those days you had to have real know-how to operate a set. The first telesets were seven-inch jobs with anywhere from ten to fifteen knobs, toggle switches, and dials to manipulate. There was plenty of manipulating to do. Every few minutes the image would go out of focus. Maybe a head would commence shrinking while the body became compressed. Or the figures would elongate so that the heads disappeared completely. You heard voices, but they were spoken, it seemed, by shoulders or chests. At other times, a veritable cascade of snowflakes would shower down upon the screen. The "snowstorm" was usually caused by a neighbor's turning on an electric razor, a vacuum cleaner, or a diathermy machine. Perhaps in the middle of one of those pioneering programs —"Alma Kitchell in the Kitchen," Roberta Quinlan at the piano, "Bob Emery's Small Fry," the wrestling matches from St. Nicholas Arena—the image would suddenly go berserk. Sometimes, especially when an airplane was flying overhead, the picture would fade away into a curious design of wavy lines and shadows. If you knew how to operate the "horizontal hold," you might get Miss Kitchell or Gorgeous George back. If not, you could enjoy the Salvador Dali-type picture of wavy lines.

In those days, televiewers enjoyed such things. One of the favorite programs was the test pattern. The test pattern, an abstraction of lines and circles, was on for long periods to enable the technician to tune his set perfectly.

There were other attractions besides test patterns. There were girls singing as they played the piano and men singing as they played the piano. There were Kyle MacDonnell and Roberta Quinlan and Bob Howard and Ted Steele and Sonny Kendis and Gigi Durston. The

camera simply focused on their faces or showed their fingers massaging the keyboards. There were ancient Hoot Gibson films, and there were wrestling matches in which hulking monsters wrenched limbs, gouged eyes, leaped on stomachs, and screamed in agony. During this torture, the nonchalant voice of announcer Dennis James informed us that the Mad Mahout had just given a person known as the Psychotic Serb a flying mare. Strangely enough, the murderous activity in the wrestling arena seemed to fascinate women more than men. One of the noted characters of paleolithic television was a woman whom Mr. James called Hatpin Mary. Hatpin Mary usually had a ringside seat, and when a wrestler she didn't like was pinned to the mat in her vicinity, she would remove a pin about the size of a stiletto and surreptitiously jab the victim in the rear end. It made fascinating entertainment!

For the male televiewer there was the Roller Derby, which featured two opposing teams of girls on roller skates who raced around a wooden track. They were filled with the killer instinct: they pushed, shoved, elbowed, and kicked opponents in the face with their skates. One Roller Derby heroine, Midge "Toughie" Brasuhn, would scatter members of the opposing team in all directions as she flew by, lapping an entire team.

In those days, when few persons had telesets, the owner was cast in the joyful role of host to the friendly crowd of relatives and neighbors who descended every night. It was considered proper to serve whiskey highballs and pass around popcorn and other culinary tidbits. For some reason watching television increases the appetite, they found.

There were other attractions besides the Roller Derby. There were marionette programs and "Ted Mack's Original Amateur Hour" and the "Kraft Television Theatre." The Kraft program began with adaptations of old Broadway plays, and it still maintains a decent level with teleplays like Rod Serling's "Patterns."

Two early sports telecasts marked the beginning of the end of old-time sports exhibitions. On June 19, 1946, the Louis-Conn heavyweight championship bout was telecast by NBC. Now, it was possible for everybody to have a ringside seat. In 1947, the World Series was broadcast.

New View from the Bar

And now television moved into the bars and grills. Millions saw their first television programs in a bar. There was a tacit understanding between bartender and televiewer that you had to order a beer every fifteen minutes to hold on to your franchise at the bar. Ultimately, free television spelled the doom of the gate at ball games, boxing matches, and similar events. Because of the competition of daily televised major league games, minor league teams played to empty stands, and gradually the customers began to desert the major-league ball parks, too. Baseball began to regard this with disfavor. Finally, many important sports events were barred to television.

Exposure and Overexposure

By 1948, television was changing from a novelty gadget into a household necessity. Still, there were frequent mishaps: a camera accidentally focused on a stagehand crossing a scene; things went wrong with the props. Once, on a program sponsored by an appliance company, a refrigerator door failed to shut. The announcer, who was explaining how simple and easy it was to operate the refrigerator, made several attempts to slam the door, but it insisted on swinging open. When the commercial was over, and the announcer thought he was off-camera and off-sound, he could be clearly seen and heard as he savagely kicked the offending door and cursed violently at his sponsor.

And then there were the girls. They were all over television. Beautiful girls. Girls playing the piano and girls singing and girls talking, talking, talking. Girls had never done well in radio, as talkers. But now there were panel and discussion programs on all the stations, and America became acquainted with Faye Emerson, Maggi McNellis, Arlene Francis, and Dorothy Kilgallen.

What all these girls had in common—besides beauty—was a style of *haute couture* known as the plunging neckline. Joe E. Lewis was singing a ditty about it in the night clubs. One stanza went:

The lower the V necks, the higher
the TV checks.
A fact we just cannot ignore.
With talent they're choosy.
They won't hire a chantoosie,
If her voice ain't a perfect 44.

But it was not until June 8, 1948, that television really loomed in the public eye. That was the night a tall, exuberant man with a broad grin made his debut on the "Texaco Star Theatre." The man was Milton Berle. For over four years he was to reign unchallenged as The King of Television. George Rosen, TV editor of *Variety*, said recently, "Big time television didn't really begin until that night when Berle went on. Berle sold millions of sets. All by himself, he made TV a must. He was called 'Mr. Television' and deserved the name. Nobody else, before or after him, had the kind of impact he did. It was only after Berle that TV hit big circulation figures and then the big sponsors came in."

Berle is a performer who will do anything for a laugh. On TV he told fast jokes (known in the trade as "one-liners"); he blacked his teeth; he mussed his hair; he garbed himself in women's clothes and shrilled falsetto; he exposed his face to hundreds of custard pies; he allowed himself to be drenched by seltzer. He sang, he danced, he did cartwheels and splits and contortions. He was a smash hit not only with adults but with the children, who took him to their hearts and dubbed him Uncle Miltie. On Tuesday night, between eight and nine o'clock, nobody with a teleset went out. Movie houses were deserted. Streets were empty. In bars, patrons lined up four deep. Outside store windows in which telesets were displayed, throngs squeezed in close to get a glimpse of Berle.

The year 1948 also saw the first good model of a TV set on the market—the famous RCA 630, a 10-inch-screen set selling for $375. According to Rosen, who has been reviewing video programs since 1939, "the 630 still has not been matched by any manufacturer, even RCA, for clarity of image and sharpness of definition. Although I now have a 24-inch black-and-white set and a 21-inch color set, I still hold on to my old 630 and use it all the time for shows like 'Person to Person' and Mike Wallace."

Basically, the Berle program was a variety show. Now variety, or vaudeville, has always had more mass appeal than any other type of entertainment. Berle showcased four, five, six different vaudeville acts on every show. He also got himself involved in every act.

The Rise of Vaudeo

Two weeks after Berle's debut on NBC, CBS presented the vaudeville show in a purer form. (*Variety* coined the word "vaudeo" to describe it.) This was "Toast of the Town," with Ed Sullivan as M.C. Sullivan, a former sports writer who later became a Broadway columnist, was at the opposite extreme from Berle. Sullivan's face was a deadpan, his posture was stiff, and he introduced his guests rather nervously. His inability to smile and his monotone voice soon gave him the nickname "The Great Stone Face." Once, after introducing guest Joe E. Lewis, Sullivan started walking toward the wings.

"There he goes," cracked Lewis, "the Smiling Irishman. The greatest smile since Ned Sparks. He lights up a whole room just by leaving it. I used to know Ed when he was a greeter at Forest Lawn Cemetery. He had to quit the job. It was too dangerous. They tried to bury him three times."

But the people sitting at home in their living rooms liked Sullivan's simplicity and sincerity.

The success of Berle and Sullivan spawned over twenty-five vaudeo programs on the networks. Allan Sherman, now producer of "I've Got a Secret," says, "I remember when the variety shows were on constantly and there were certain acts you'd see all the time, especially Smith and Dale in the 'Dr. Kronkheit' sketch, and a dog act called 'The Bricklayers.' I got so I knew the whole Smith

(continued)

Treasure Chest or Idiot Box? (continued)

Roller Derby Assoc.

NEAR MURDER ADDED ZEST to the Roller Derby in 1948, and the fans devoured "Toughie" Brasuhn's ruthless tactics. One critic gloomily predicted a TV future consisting entirely of lady wrestling matches.

THE FRENZIED CONTORTIONS of Milton Berle turned all eyes on TV in 1948, and started the big variety show trend. Custard pies in the face, smeared lipstick—the audience loved it. For a while.

and Dale routine by heart and I could brick up a wall as capably as any union bricklayer. Of course, I barked as I laid the bricks, but that didn't affect the quality of my work."

With the passing of time, the vaudeo shows—except for Sullivan—have gone the way of all teleflesh. Sullivan has become an institution. Not even when NBC threw a collection of comedians like Martha Raye, Jimmy Durante, Donald O'Connor, Bob Hope, and Eddie Cantor against him, were they able to dislodge him. Steve Allen, who runs a sort of sophisticated version of what Berle used to do, was thrown into the breach by NBC in 1955, and he has made some headway, but Sullivan is still the dominant Sunday night personality. The success of the Sullivan show is due, first of all, to the fact that Sullivan and his producer, Marlo Lewis, have shown good taste and shrewd showmanship in lining up interesting acts and big name stars. Sullivan travels all over Europe and Asia, seeking new acts. Sullivan was the first M.C. to turn the cameras on the audience and introduce celebrities for a bow.

Secondly, because of his newspaper training, Sullivan has a good sense of the topical. He always gets the winner of a big fight on the program. If a child is rescued from kidnappers, Sullivan will have him on the show. When Arthur Godfrey dispensed with the services of Julius La Rosa because Mr. La Rosa was not humble enough, Sullivan immediately hired La Rosa. Sullivan and Godfrey are both on CBS, and Godfrey is said to have screamed to high heaven, but not even CBS President of the Board William Paley could swerve Sullivan from his plan. He also put Marion Marlowe, another Godfrey victim, on his show. When Elvis Presley and his abdominal interpretations of modern music became popular, Sullivan signed Presley for $50,000 for three appearances. Since Steve Allen had beaten Sullivan to the gun with Presley, Allen cried "foul" when Ed outbid him; thus began the Sullivan-Allen feud.

The Television Trance

In the fight to corral the Sunday audience, both Allen and Sullivan frequently announce a long list of imposing Hollywood stars who then appear only long enough to smile and say, "Hello, it's so nice being here tonight." This practice strikes many observers as dirty pool, but since TV is free, who can complain? The fact that with television the price is right has always put the customer in a receptive and uncritical mood. At first, viewers found themselves trapped by TV. They would sit down at 7:45 to watch John Cameron Swayze hopscotching the world for headlines and then, hypnotized by the screen, they would sit for hour

after hour, a truly captive audience. In this trancelike state they became desensitized to both the very bad and the very good. Mediocrity began to seep in—people would watch anything, the sponsors figured, so why rack their creative brains?

TV Coasts Downhill

It was Fred Allen who remarked in 1949, "The reason they call television a medium is because nothing is well done on it." I should also mention Groucho Marx's acrid little thought: "For some technical reason which I do not comprehend, color television shows always look like two badly scrambled eggs." Although NBC and the set makers have invested billions of dollars in tooling up and production and in expensive color spectaculars, the public has not bought color TV. Despite lavish programs and a big promotion campaign, there are only 100,000 color TV sets in operation today.

How different it was between 1948 and 1950! People rushed to buy television sets. New models came out with 14, 16, 21, and 24 inch screens. By the end of 1950, there were 3,950,000 TV sets, and roof antennas, looking like mobiles made by lunatics, sprouted on houses. Not even the coming of the mass-produced automobile in 1905 had so quickly taken hold of the American imagination.

Slowly a new way of life was taking shape. People stayed home at night. They stopped reading books and magazines. They stopped going to the movies. They stopped talking to each other. They sat, and stared at television. It wasn't until 1954 that, from sheer boredom, they began to select programs and sets began to be left dark. One survey estimated that it took from two to four years for the novelty of TV to wear off in a family. After 1954, the circulation of magazines started to rise, and is now at an all-time high. Books are again being read. People talk to each other at parties. People even go to the movies, when there is a film of artistic merit.

Of course, in some ways television was more exciting to watch in, say, 1951, than it is in 1957, because there was more creative daring and originality. The young men who flocked into television—the producers, writers, actors, comedians—were full of the zest of explorers setting foot on virgin territory. The excitement of that search for new ways of telling a story and new uses for the camera is gone today. And so are the great men who encouraged exploration. Neither drama producer Fred Coe, nor musical revue producer Max Liebman, nor spectacular producer Sylvester L. (Pat) Weaver is functioning in this 1957-58 season. This in itself is a commentary on television today, for these men were among the most original minds

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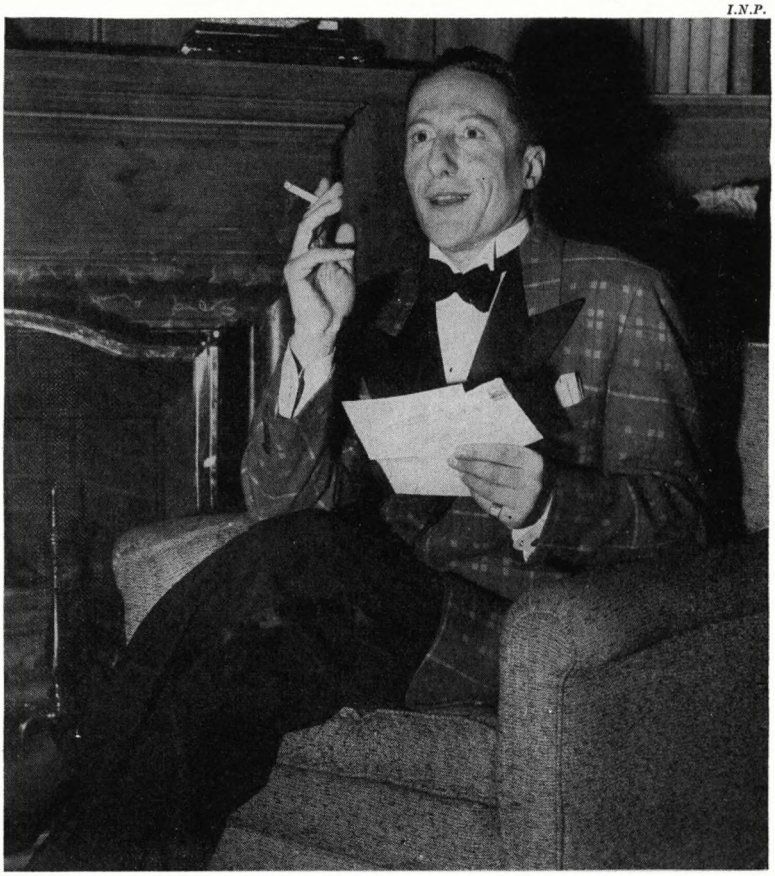
Andre DeDienes

FAYE EMERSON stepped into Diana Barrymore's shoes early in 1950 when Miss Barrymore didn't show for a scheduled spot—and the interview-plus-gossip show (with plunging neckline) got its start.

I.N.P.



"DON'T BE AFRAID, darling—it's only a man's apartment," purred "The Continental" in 1956. The ingredients were there: a smoking jacket, poetry reading, the romantic touch. But the show faded within six months.

In 1951 Kate Smith was singing "Vampin' till You're Ready," Portia was facing life, and something electrifying was added when "See It Now" showed soldiers sleeping, gambling, and grumbling in Korea

in television. It was Pat Weaver, for instance, who broke out of the thirty and sixty minute pattern and splurged with ninety minute programs. He stimulated the "spectaculars" and shows like "Today," "Home," and "Wide Wide World."

It was a different world in 1950 for the young men of television. Among those first young men was a comedian named Sid Caesar. To be exact, he was twenty-six when he first appeared on the "Admiral Broadway Revue" over NBC in 1949. He had played a tenor saxophone with name bands before the war. He had been discovered by producer Max Liebman in the U.S. Coast Guard. In 1950 Liebman persuaded NBC to let him put on a one and one-half hour revue using a permanent stock company of actors, a ballet chorus, and a vocal chorus, with beautiful sets and costumes and big production numbers. The scripts, written by Mel Tolkin, Mel Brooks, and Lucille Kallen, were the first TV comedy scripts to strike out in new directions. Liebman staked his future on two unknown actors—Sid Caesar and Imogene Coca.

The prevailing opinion was that it was impossible to put on a new ninety minute revue every week and keep it up for more than a month. Caesar kept it up for five years.

Hail, Mighty Caesar!

In the process, he set a standard for pantomime, for subtlety, for satirical sharpness, that has rarely been equaled and never exceeded by any other comedian on TV. Caesar could do a simple monologue about the problem of a man taking a shave and make it five minutes of hilarity. Caesar, Coca, and the stock company became famous for their astute satires of Hollywood gangster, Western and biographical films. Caesar and Miss Coca did a family type sketch, Mr. and Mrs. Hickenlooper, every Saturday night.

Another of Caesar's favorite characters was the German professor, who was invariably interviewed by Carl Reiner. The professor usually played a scientific expert. On one show he was Professor von Sedative, an authority on sleep.

INTERVIEWER: Doctor, would you explain to the audience in simple language the basis for your theory of sleep?

PROF. VON SEDATIVE: Yah. Schleep is vunderbar. Schleep is beaudiful. But schleep is no damn good to you if you is vide avake . . .

In 1954, the trio of Liebman, Caesar, and Coca went their separate ways. Caesar went off the air in 1957. As I write this, ABC plans to reunite Caesar and Coca in a new comedy series in 1958.

Yes, the period between 1949 and 1953 was a time of growth in TV. Following on the heels of Sid Caesar came a 240-pound genius who had been a small-time

HOWDY-DOODY recognized that kids were a special audience and courted them. In 1947 this show made the busier boxtop and the noisier breakfast food people get on the bigger bandwagon. Children's shows graduated to spectaculars, with successes like "Cinderella," broadcast in color, drawing over eighty-five million viewers.

night club comic: Jackie Gleason. Gleason started on July 8, 1950, over the Dumont network. With the coming of Gleason, a new style of comedy emerged. Gleason projected a quality of slapstick, pathos, and human insight that was akin to Charlie Chaplin's. Gleason could make you laugh and he could make you cry and sometimes he could make you do both at the same time. With the assistance of two of the most brilliant writers in television, Coleman Jacoby and Arnie Rosen, Gleason created the portraits of such types as Reggie Van Gleason III, The Poor Soul, The Bartender, Loudmouth Charley Bratten, Rudy the Repairman, and Ralph Cramden, who became the hero of "The Honeymooners." Like Caesar, Gleason is an actor playing in comic roles, rather than a comedian making jokes. Gleason is an actor with sensitivity, warmth, and sympathy for the foibles and foolishnesses of humanity. In Audrey Meadows and Art Carney, Gleason had two of the finest supporting actors in television.

The nation took Gleason to its collective heart. All around, persons were flapping their arms, elbows out, and chortling, "And awa-a-a-y we go!" Husbands were threatening their wives with, "One of these days—*pow*, right in the kisser."

The Shaky Pinnacle

Since the beginning of TV, CBS and NBC had battled for supremacy; now CBS seduced Gleason away from Dumont and put him in a one-hour revue on Saturday opposite the "All Star Revue," which featured Tallulah Bankhead, Martha Raye, Ed Wynn and Jimmy Durante. Gleason began pitching in September 1952. By 1953, he had climbed to the first five. By 1954, he had driven the "All Star Revue" off the air.

By December 1955, Gleason himself had been outflanked and driven out of the first ten by a diffident, shuffling, somnolent baritone reputed to be one of the nicest guys in existence: Perry Como. The Como show—with the highest-paid scripters in existence anywhere (four writers getting a total of $20.000 a week)—was deliberately put together to put Gleason out of commission, and it did.

Gleason was to learn the bitter facts of TV life: while it is possible for a great man to become the king of TV, nobody wears the crown for very long.

Back in 1952 Godfrey was the undisputed king of television. He starred in three different programs which were all in the top ten! No other performer has ever equalled that record in TV. Godfrey proved that for some actors charm would do it, charm pure and simple. Godfrey was the greatest charm boy of all time. He was also the best salesman and commercial reciter that TV ever knew. Como also is a charmer of the highest order.

I.N.P.

"LOWBROW" was the protest against TV, as "performers" like Gorgeous George hammed it up on-screen during the wrestling craze of 1948. But that year also saw the first telecast of a political party's national convention.

Just as Gleason was dispatched by Como, so Berle, staggered by the amazing success of Bishop Fulton J. Sheen's "Life Is Worth Living," received the *coup de grâce* from Phil Silvers' Sergeant Bilko show. The TV mortality rate is frightening. Liberace, with his piano, his white silk tailcoat, his candelabra and his oleaginous smile, was the rage of television for two years. He is now as dated as the buggy whip.

Replacing Liberace as the maestro of *schmaltz* is Lawrence Welk and his Champagne Music. Welk has two separate shows on the ABC network and was one of the hottest draws in the 1956-57 season. Welk has all the warmth and scintillation of a three-day-old flounder. He speaks awkwardly. He knows only one style of delivery: monotonous. He does not know what to do with his hands as he takes a stance before the camera. His music is a watered-down version of Guy Lombardo's. The critics regard him with intense aversion. "Nobody loves me but the people," Welk likes to say. And as long as the people love him, Welk will be sponsored during what is known in the trade as "prime time" (8 P.M. to 10 P.M.).

The Dreaded Decimals

Ultimately, what dethrones the kings like the Gleasons, the Berles, the Caesars, is that they do not get a big "rating," a "rating" big enough to reward the sponsor for the enormous amount of money he must spend for talent and network time. A show like Como's costs over $200,000 every time it is done. Ratings are the most controversial issue in TV. There are four rating services: Nielsen, Trendex, Pulse, and Videodex. Nielsen is the biggest and most comprehensive. Some sponsors spend as much

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Treasure Chest or Idiot Box? (continued)

Peter Martin

KYLE MACDONNELL, called the Dinah Shore of earlier TV, was a female "personality" who lasted until 1949. Ceil Chapman (right) was one of the first designers to dress TV stars free for publicity.

Peter Martin

ROBERTA QUINLAN, called the "female Hoagy Carmichael," started in TV in 1939 as a teenager. In 1948 the spotlight played on the lady and her piano in an "intimate" show which lasted through 1951.

as $500,000 a year on ratings and other statistical surveys of the number, quality and attentiveness of their TV audiences. Each rating survey uses a different *modus operandi*. Nielsen puts a tape recording device, known as an audimeter, into one thousand selected homes throughout the country. These homes represent a cross-section of the population. The audimeter mechanically records what channel the TV set is tuned to. Trendex and Pulse use the "coincidental" method. They telephone people and ask what program they're watching. Trendex selects numbers at random from telephone directories, and it surveys the fifteen largest cities. Every half hour it polls one thousand homes. Videodex, using the "recall" method, leaves diaries in 1,500 homes, and the diarists keep a record of the programs they watch.

The Ratings Disease

The surveys came on the scene in 1950; by 1954 they had become a dominant, and, some say, a destructive force. Goodman Ace, Como's head writer, once said, "Programs are canceled, actors are fired, a whole network is submerged—all because of that little figure which appears every two weeks in that little pamphlet in the inside coat pocket of the advertising man's Brooks Brothers suit." Most people on the creative and performing side of TV—even those with the highest ratings—regard them as evil. Ace says, "We in television are the victims of a rate race." Groucho Marx attacked the ratings in these words: "A lot of talented performers are being crucified and kicked out of their jobs because of the results of a thousand random phone calls made to homeowners, who, if they are home, may be doing such uncouth things as talking to each other or even reading." Another time he said, "Anybody who thinks the rating systems are scientific is crazy. I don't think you can get a correct idea of the favorite programs of 40,000,000 people by screwing a tape recording gadget into a thousand sets."

Says Eric Sundquist, a vice-president of Nielsen, "I admit it's hard for a lay person to understand how the opinions of 1,000 can be projected to give an accurate picture of the opinions of 40,000,000. But all studies of polling prove that the proper sampling can do it. The research departments of all the networks and advertising agencies have analysed our methods and believe in their validity."

On the other hand, as Goodman Ace once put it: "Polls are fascinating. They are read by everyone, from the farmer in the field all the way up to Tom Dewey, president of the United States."

It is not true, however, as some of the raters claim, that most of the critics

of the rating system are persons involved in programs which have received low ratings. One comic, after swearing me to secrecy, said, "I have a better show than ever this year, and yet my ratings are bad. But I wouldn't dare say anything critical about the rating system because it would look as if I was alibiing. And," he added, "let's face it: when my ratings were good, I had nothing but kind words for Nielsen and his cohorts."

One of the few television executives who speak out against ratings is Manie Sacks, a vice-president of NBC. Mr. Sacks states flatly that he doesn't trust ratings. Unfortunately, he does not control the sponsors—and sponsors do trust ratings. "They have nothing else to go by," he says sadly.

Sponsors cannot be blamed for relying on the rating system. After all, the surveys do have some value as gauges of popularity. If Nielsen's one thousand viewers all start tuning out Jackie Gleason, it is reasonable to conclude that something has gone wrong with the show. The unfortunate truth is that performers in recent years have shown a special talent for wrecking their own shows.

Before he will even consider making a picture that will be seen by fifty million people, a movie star will insist on a good script, good director, and big name supporting players. But he makes no such demands when doing a TV series that will be seen by fifty million people thirty-nine times a year. He wants cheap writers, cheap actors, and heavy residual rights. He wants a series that can be played over and over, to the endless increment of his bankroll. Such a show must be written and played with 1959 in mind, or 1960, or even 1962; ergo, the script must be a masterpiece of innocuous plot and dialogue. It must deal with a durable costume period (like the days of the Old West) or with a familiar domestic situation (as close to "I Love Lucy" as the laws of plagiarism permit). The result of this reliance on tested formulas is the same shows under different titles and with different stars. It tends to get monotonous, as you may have noticed.

Needed: More Ideas

This bank-balance approach to art moved one ad agency executive to complain bitterly, "Nobody's looking for new ideas any more. Everybody is looking for capital gains. The actors, the writers, the agents all want a piece of the property. When the financial arrangements have been made they sit down to write a show." "What TV needs today," says one, "is fewer tax experts and more ideas."

It also needs discipline for its stars. For some strange reason, when a performer comes to TV as a star from another medium, or when he hits the top in television, he ceases to be merely a gifted dancer, comic, or actor. He becomes a performer-director-producer-writer—the genius his press releases say he is. Red Buttons, George Gobel, Ray Bolger, Sid Caesar, and Jackie Gleason are just a few who suffered because they failed to recognize their limitations.

Caesar, of course, is the classic example. Manie Sacks says Caesar blew his hour show because his 1956-57 ratings were bad. Others think he had already doomed his show a year earlier by refusing to take direction and editing. His show turned into a series of bright, imaginative eight-minute sketches stretched into fourteen-minute bores. The critics deplored this waste of his talents and he finally took the hint. When the season closed he was turning out tight, hilarious sketches, but the folks had long since switched to Lawrence Welk.

Ray Bolger is another case in point. Over a thirty-year span he has enjoyed uninterrupted stage and screen success. To his stage and movie directors, he always listened respectfully. But in TV he insisted on overruling men who knew a lot more about the medium than he did. The result was a catastrophic TV flop last season.

Height of Fame and Euphoria

George Gobel fell prey to the same madness. Last summer his manager declared quite proudly, "George isn't like he was when he first started on TV. Now he has his own ideas." But he also has to share his network slot with Eddie Fisher.

Perhaps the most tragic example of self-devouring egomania is Jackie Gleason, whom many consider the most gifted zany of our time. He reached the peak of popularity by display of great talent.

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UNKNOWN ACTORS when Max Liebman took a chance on them in 1950, Sid Caesar and Imogene Coca made the comedy skit great. Their 1954 break-up will be patched up in January, according to the latest reports.

Today's puzzling turnover: fifty network shows, involving millions of dollars, got the axe last season. But Ted Mack's Original Amateur Hour is still drawing large audiences after nine steady years

and then forfeited his standing by arrogantly assuming that his audience would watch him do the same sketch every week for almost a full season. Thus Gleason joined his fellow comics in hastening the Golden Age of television to its close.

The Golden Age of TV

That Golden Age (1950-54) had seen notable achievements in another kind of TV entertainment, the drama. On such programs as "Studio One," "The Robert Montgomery Show," "Kraft Television Theatre," "The United States Steel Hour," and the NBC "Sunday Night Playhouse" there were exciting, literate, and often quite beautiful plays starring new young actors and actresses speaking the sensitive lines of young playwrights like Paddy Chayefsky, Robert Alan Aurthur, Tad Mosel, Rod Serling, Reginald Rose, N. Richard Nash, and Horton Foote.

These writers worked out new techniques for telling a story on TV. They concentrated on two or at most three characters and used plots with few involvements. The situations, while intense, was simple. The manner of playing was realistic, delicate, suggestive—because the good TV directors sensed that this medium was intimate and that the slightest gesture, the slightest accent of a word, could evoke a powerful emotion in the spectator. The performers brought a new dimension of reality to acting. Some were unknown until they were seen on TV. Some, like Eva Marie Saint, Rod Steiger, James Dean, Kim Stanley, Kevin McCarthy, Paul Newman, Darren McGavin, Eileen Heckart, and Anthony Franciosa, were to go on to important careers in films and in the legitimate theatre.

ARTHUR GODFREY made headlines when he fired singer Julius La Rosa. But some music-lovers thought the first opera written for TV, Gian-Carlo Menotti's "Amahl and the Night Visitors" (1951), was more important event.

By a stroke of fortune, the young writers, the young actors, and the young directors all came together at the right moment. It was a moment when TV, just getting out of its swaddling clothes, was flexing its arms; it had not yet grown fat with prosperity and become muscle-bound. Televison welcomed new talent and gave it a free rein. Fred Coe, who at twenty-five became the executive producer of the NBC "Sunday Night Playhouse," proved to be the perfect catalytic agent to transmute all these newly recruited talents into an artistic whole. Although Madison Avenue called the new playwrights the "unhappiness boys," the "Philco-Goodyear Playhouse" provided many with the richest televiewing experiences they were to know. There were the wonderful Chayefsky plays: "The Mother." "Holiday Song." "Marty." "The Bachelor Party." "The Big Deal." "Middle of the Night." There were Tad Mosel's studies of lonely and love-racked women in "The Haven" and "All My Lost Saints." There was Robert Alan Aurthur's "Man on a Mountaintop." Horton Foote's "Young Lady of Property," and Nash's "The Rainmaker."

No Place for Newcomers

At the end of the 1956 season, the "Sunday Night Playhouse" perished—a victim of the inertia and mediocrity that has been deadening the TV world. Recently Coe told me: "I am sorry to say that TV has closed the door to new writers and new actors. You can't train and develop talent any more. There's no place where the Paddy Chayefskys and the Eva Marie Saints of tomorrow can find room in which to learn their craft and mature. Today, it costs so much to put on a one-hour drama—I used to put on shows for $10,000 but now

it costs at least $50.000—that sponsors want to play it safe with established writers and name stars. I guess you can't blame the sponsors."

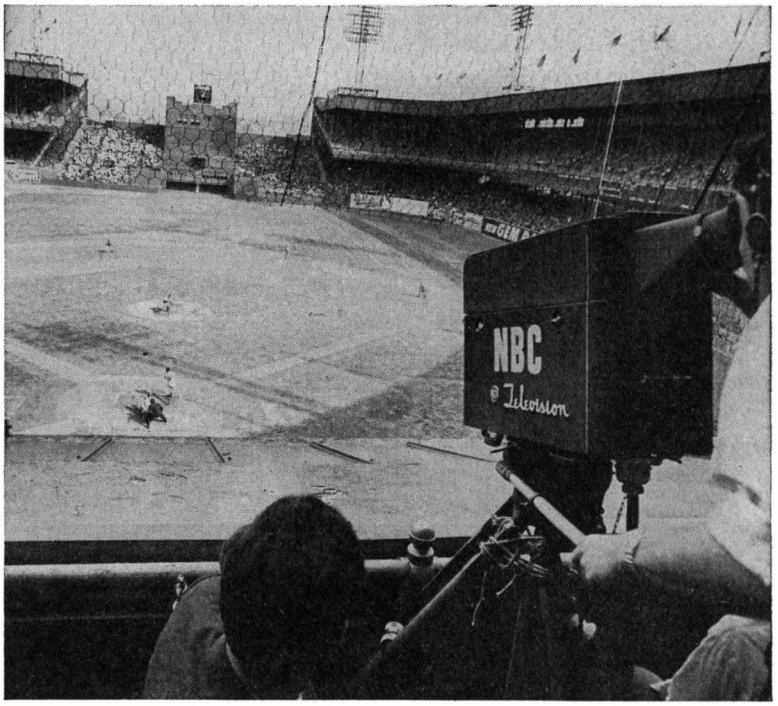
Perhaps television's most unique property is that it can send cameras anywhere and broadcast events as they occur. Some of the most exciting TV shows have been those in which there was no director, no writers, no actors. Just life. Like the Senate hearings on crime, with Rudolph Halley lisping his deadly questions at the gangsters and Senator Tobey delivering sermons and the nervous fingers of Frank Costello twiddling on a table. Like the clash between the late Senator McCarthy and Attorney Joseph Welch during the Army hearings. Like the current hearings of the McClellan committee on labor racketeering.

Exploiters of Immediacy

Among those who have taken advantage of the "actuality" of TV is Ed Murrow, whose "See It Now" program has often brought reality into the living room. On "Person to Person," Murrow has sent the cameras right into the homes of famous men and women, enabling the nation to become a sort of Peeping Tom. Murrow, with his air of bored superiority, his bland smile, and his chic cigarette held so daintily, has become one of the top favorites in TV. The popularity of "Person to Person" has shown that the public agrees with Alexander Pope that "the proper study of mankind is man." Another student of mankind and womankind is Ralph Edwards, who is in charge of jerking the tears on "This Is Your Life." The biographies of celebrities are told in terms of their friends and relatives and colleagues. The subject of the program is usually not aware that he has been chosen, and when Edwards, with hearty voice and a grin, informs the recipient of the honor, the man or woman usually breaks into tears and the tears keep flowing and flowing all during the thirty minutes. "This Is Your Life" 's most famous subject was Lillian Roth. She told the story of her rise and fall from big-time singer to girl-alcoholic and then her regeneration by means of Alcoholics Anonymous. Not since the death of Little Nell in *The Old Curiosity Shop* has anything so stirred the emotions of a country as the miseries of La Roth. As a result of her appearance on the program, she became the author of a best-selling book out of which a best-selling movie was later made. The title of book and movie was *I'll Cry Tomorrow*. The slogan of the Edwards program might well be "I'll Cry Tonight."

Another television interviewer who, on a more intellectual level, is studying mankind, is Mike Wallace, whose sensational "Night Beat" program brought him over-

MASTER OF SLAPSTICK AND PATHOS, Jackie Gleason was one of first TV stars networks competed for. By 1954 he was tops, but by 1955, after a fierce battle, a relaxed singer—Perry Como—outshone him.



MAJOR LEAGUE BASEBALL on TV got an early start in August, 1939, had its first color telecast in 1953. The Cincinnati Reds—Dodgers game (above) in April of 1940 at Ebbets Field helped push TV sports.

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Treasure Chest or Idiot Box? (continued)

I.N.P.

THE MC CARTHY HEARINGS: by 1954 a TV serial spy story, the hearings made people Government-conscious. The Kefauver hearings of 1951, with estimated audience of twenty million, started the hall rolling.

I.N.P.

PRESIDENT EISENHOWER and Mamie smiling big for TV in an era that has brought public figures into the nation's homes. NBC-TV showed Franklin D. Roosevelt opening the New York World's Fair in 1939.

night fame and carried him from a small local show to a nationwide program on the ABC network. Wallace concentrates on one subject for thirty minutes. His questions are probing, blunt, provoking, and backed up by well-researched documentation. He and his subjects have discussed with honesty, intelligence, brilliance, and, at times, vulgarity and bad taste, a variety of topics rarely discussed on television—political heresies, sexual love, birth control, drug addiction, crime, wire-tapping, homosexuality. At a time when TV seemed to be sinking deeper into the mire of mediocrity, Wallace, with his alert mind and his spontaneity, was the most exciting new star in the 1957 sky.

But let us now flash back to 1951 and to two programs which were, ultimately, to change the whole course of television. In that portentous year, Lucille Ball, an aging motion picture actress who could no longer command starring roles, and her husband, Desi Arnez, a rhumba band leader of small importance, decided to play a husband-and-wife situation comedy over CBS. But instead of playing their program "live," they decided to put it on film. CBS put up the total $12,000 investment, and Desilu Productions was formed. Today, Desilu's assets—which include one of the largest studio plants in Hollywood—are worth $14,000,000.

The Rush for Residuals

In October 1951, "I Love Lucy" went on. Six months later, Berle and Godfrey —although still up there—had been toppled from their number one perches. Audiences were not disturbed by seeing a program on film. A new word began to be heard in Hollywood: *residuals.* (Residuals are the rights to the second and all subsequent runs of a TV show.)

Soon after the arrival of the scatterbrained Lucy, there appeared on NBC a jug-eared, sober-faced, glum-voiced police sergeant named Friday who went about seeking "just the facts, ma'am, just the facts." Jack Webb, an unsuccessful radio actor, made "Dragnet"—which he wrote, produced and performed —a startlingly realistic documentary of police investigation. By December 7, 1952, the Trendex ratings reflected the new power of filmed TV shows—for "Dragnet" was also done on film. "I Love Lucy" was first with 63.1; "Arthur Godfrey's Talent Scouts" was second with 48.0; "Arthur Godfrey and His Friends" was third with 47.0; and "Dragnet" was fourth with 39.1. A few years later the first thirty-nine episodes of "Dragnet," syndicated to individual stations under the name "Badge 714," were a sellout. There was money in residuals.

So there began the gold rush to Hollywood, and everybody started turning out pilot films—either imitations of "Lucy" or imitations of "Dragnet." There were as

many as four hundred pilots manufactured, at an average cost of $50,000. Of these, fewer than fifty got on the air.

Nevertheless, television moved to Hollywood. Today, only 25 per cent of TV is "live." Except for the recent upsurge of the big money quiz programs like "The $64,000 Question" and "Twenty-One," there are few new "live" TV shows emanating from the New York studios.

The Quiz Craze

The idea of presenting thousands of dollars to people who knew the right answers to hard questions was hatched by Louis Cowan, a radio impresario who specialized in audience-participation and panel shows. His biggest hit thus far had been "Quiz Kids." Mr. Cowan remembered an old radio show, "Double or Nothing," on which the final query had become known as "the $64 question." He multiplied this figure by a thousand. He added dramatic touches to the scene. The contestant was immured in an isolation booth while suspenseful music groaned. The questions were sealed in a strongbox over which two husky bank messengers, armed with revolvers, stood guard. Producer Cowan also conceived the notion of carefully casting each contestant. He sought the most incongruous types for every category. Soon the whole country was sweating in sympathy with Patrolman Redmond O'Hanlon, a Shakespeare expert, with shoemaker Gino Prato, an opera lover, and with Gloria Lockerman, a spelling virtuoso.

"The $64,000 Question" premiered on CBS on June 7, 1955. By November it had zoomed to the heights and was leading the video pack on both Nielsen and Trendex. There came a rush of other big money giveaway shows. Cowan put on the "The $64,000 Challenge," in which geniuses were pitted against other geniuses. Teddy Nadler, a St. Louis postal clerk with a photographic memory, won $152,000 on this show. Jack Barry and Dan Enright put on "Twenty-One." Charles Van Doren, a Columbia University instructor, won $112,000 on "Twenty-One" and captured many a feminine heart with his good looks, his delicate air, and his well-mannered diffidence. The highest money winner during the gold rush was an eleven-year-old boy, Robert Strom. His category was science and his grasp of complicated mathematical formulae and abstruse scientific processes was so fascinating that the producer of "The $64.000 Question" changed the rules so that Master Strom, the child Einstein, could compete several times.

But the new "live" quiz shows did not alter the trend: more and more programs were being filmed. Another development further solidified the ascendancy of Hollywood. This was the release of old feature films for TV. After having hoarded their backlogs for years, the major studios changed their minds in 1955, and sold or rented their A and B pictures.

Today, the movie-minded men of Hollywood are in the driver's seat of television production. Their emphasis is on tried-and-true forms of entertainment. They have no awareness of the unique and exciting qualities of television. The 1957-58 season, now under way, indicates the shape of things to come. The shape is to be an apish mediocrity of what has made money in previous seasons. There is to be an end to creative experiment and imagination and courage. Because Perry Como was the smash hit of 1956, there are twenty-three shows like his, this season.

Because "Gunsmoke" and "Wyatt Earp" were hits, there are now thirty-five so-called "adult Westerns" this season.

As I write this, the only program which offers a promise of excitement and some sort of emotional experience is the "Seven Lively Arts" program, a new Sunday afternoon series on CBS, to be produced by John Houseman.

There may be other exciting programs on TV. There may be good plays now and then on "Playhouse 90" and Hitchcock's "Suspicion" over NBC. Ed Sullivan will still be around and so will Groucho Marx and Phil Silvers and Perry Como and Mike Wallace and Disneyland. There will still be spectaculars like the memorable ninety minutes that Ethel Merman and Mary Martin made so charming. The season which brings us Bing Crosby and Frank Sinatra on the same show will not be a total loss.

Apathy Sets In

But these bright spots are few in number. If, after more than ten years of development, TV has nothing better to offer than imitations of "Gunsmoke" and hours of feature-length movies made before 1948, then there is nothing to rescue TV from its rut of dullness. Apathy already is setting in. The apathy and boredom will increase. When millions begin turning off their TV sets, the big crisis will set in for the television moguls. Experts believe the crisis will come by 1960.

So, by 1961, the American people will be able to see and hear how the executive giants of TV have resolved the crisis. Of course, by 1961, many people may have forgotten how to operate a TV set. Then we'll need the spirit of '47 and more brave pioneers like those whose struggles with knobs and switches gave civilization its first out-of-focus image of Alma Kitchell or the Roller Derby. Maybe the Roller Derby will make a comeback in 1961. Who knows? At that, the Roller Derby would be a lot more exciting than many of the programs that are now driving the public back to radio.

THE END

The Adult Gunslingers

When evening is nigh, and ratings are low, it's back to the ranch and the old "Hiyo!"

BY JACK SCOTT

In 1885 a Texan who had ridden the range for half a century wrote a very successful book called *A Texas Cowboy*, and thus began the American fantasy that was to dominate every entertainment medium that followed—the Western.

Other writers, great and obscure, followed the Texan. James Fenimore Cooper's *The Prairie* was hailed as "the most important document producing a picture of the West in American minds." O. Henry's experience on a ranch provided background for many of his stories.

The world's first mass entertainment medium owed much of its early popularity to its evocation of the romantic Old West. Quick to learn that the mixture of horses, heroes, and gunsmoke was surefire, Hollywood set its first complete film story, "The Great Train Robbery" (1903), in the West. Its first feature (three reels) was a filming of the Buffalo Bill Wild West Show. William S. Hart became a national cowboy hero overnight, and Tom Mix followed hard on his trail, riding through 370 Westerns before talkies exposed his high, squeaky voice. Approximately one of every seven films made by Hollywood has been a they-went-thataway-er.

Movie stars-turned-producers, seeking a foolproof formula for their first venture, invariably make it a shoot-'em-up. Kirk Douglas launched his producing career with "The Indian Fighter." Burt Lancaster began with "Apache." Marlon Brando with "To Tame the Land."

The legitimate theatre has reaped profits from all-time favorites like "Oklahoma!" and "Annie Get Your Gun."

Meanwhile, back at the ranch, Americans still devour Westerns in print. In 1902, Wister's *The Virginian* led the list of the year's best-sellers. Zane Grey galloped way ahead of all other novelists in 1918 with *The U. P. Trail*, and in 1920 with *The Man of the Forest*. Grey's books sold over twenty-eight million copies.

The latest reading rage is paperback Westerns. The *Publishers Weekly* report for 1956 states that paperback Westerns jumped considerably over 1955 totals, while mysteries and science fiction (the other big sellers) declined.

It is small wonder that despairing television magnates, who had tried everything else, jumped on the old covered wagon. In every medium the Western has proved not only immensely profitable but almost completely free from criticism. Apparently, in the mind of the American public, bloodshed in the living room or modern city street is repulsive—but on a dusty trail or in a dirty bar in Dodge City, it is not only acceptable but noble.

Looking for a new angle, television has contributed the "adult" Western. What makes it "adult"? Certain intangibles, one of which is, undoubtedly, better writing. Another, according to publicity men, is greater realism: the hero, they point out, occasionally takes a drink, frequently makes a wrong decision, and infrequently kisses the leading lady.

Most critics say that television will run this form of entertainment into the ground by overdoing it. But, if past performance is any indication, a recent statement by one TV executive may be frighteningly prophetic: "A network that ran nothing but Westerns from 7 P.M. to midnight would, in time, capture the entire national viewing public."

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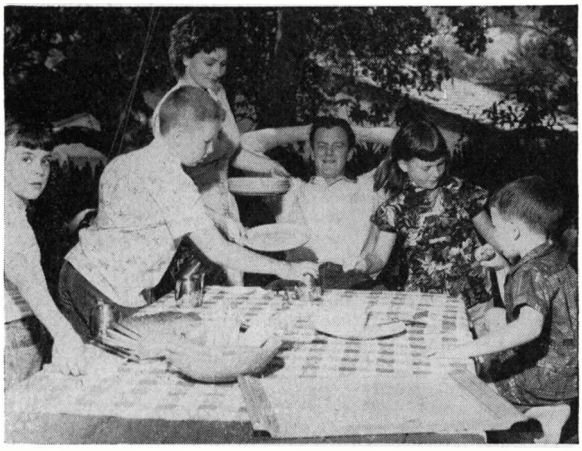
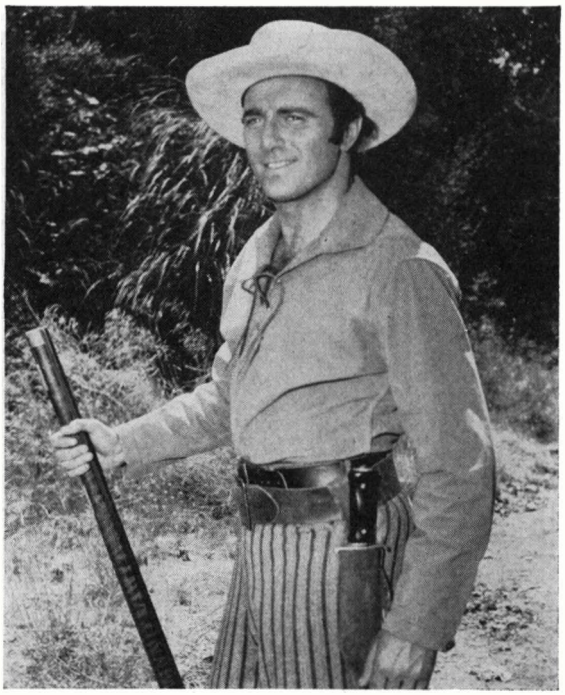


"GUNSMOKE" 'S JAMES ARNESS (6'6", 225 lbs.), star of the first Western to enter the realm of television's top ten, devotes spare time to his family. Known to millions of television fans as Marshal Matt Dillon, Arness is just plain "Jim" to wife Virginia, and "Pop" to their three children, Craig, ten; Jenny Lee, eight (in print blouse); and Rolf, five. According to a recent poll, the Marshal lassoed for CBS the greatest percentage of TV listeners at any single time period.

DOC, CHESTER, KITTY, AND DILLON (Milburn Stone, Dennis Weaver, Amanda Blake, Arness) form permanent quartet in "Gunsmoke." Dennis Weaver, who set football and track records in school, does a convincing job limping through his role. Kitty's kiss from the Marshal after seventy loveless episodes drew a reader response of five thousand letters. "It won't be repeated often," says Jim Arness. "People look up to me. I must be respected. I can't go far in romancing Kitty."

"HAVE GUN, WILL TRAVEL—Wire Paladin, Hotel Carlton, San Francisco" read the telegram sent to a troubled rancher in New Mexico by a top-hatted television hero of the Old West. After receiving a reply, the dapper sender, Paladin, left his seat in the lounge of the West Coast hotel, doffed his gentlemanly attire for the regalia of a swashbuckling gunslinger, and set out for New Mexico. Thus began another of this season's television Western series, presenting the American frontier's "Scarlet Pimpernel" in a role that calls for versatility as the hero finds himself dashing across the desert sands on a camel's back or bargaining with an Armenian vintner for his daughter's dowry on behalf of a bashful Texan. Richard Boone (Paladin), who is remembered by viewers as "Dr. Konrad Styner," was twice nominated for a television Emmy while in the prize-winning show "Medic" (in 1955, *Billboard* picked "Medic" as the number one network film show and as the top drama, and awarded it a "first" as a public service film). Two years after "Medic" left the airwaves, the six-foot, two-inch ex-amateur boxer joined CBS to cash in on TV's Western craze. A former oil-field roustabout and fisherman, Boone seems better equipped for his present role than for that of the life-giving doctor. Dodging bullets from a six-shooter must seem a safe occupation to Boone after his World War II career when, as an aerial gunner, he was torpedoed, bombed, kamikazed while based on aircraft carriers.

"WAGON TRAIN" rolled across television screens recently when a huge man cracked a twelve-foot whip and bellowed out a command. Ward Bond, veteran of 150 movies, will lead NBC's westward caravan in a series featuring Michael Rennie, Ernest Borgnine, Farley Granger, and other stars in supporting roles.



"THE ADVENTURES OF JIM BOWIE" follows history in one detail: Bowie, like actor Scott Forbes, was ambidextrous. Not mentioned is Bowie's frequent heavy drinking and his knife murder of an Army major. In television's fictitious account of his adventures in old New Orleans, the hero never even cuts a foe.

"MAVERICK" silenced some disparagers of Westerns one Sunday night by passing one favorite and closing in on another. James Garner, playing the Western adventurer Bret Maverick, squeezed himself between Ed Sullivan and Steve Allen shows, giving ABC their highest ratings ever for this time segment.

"THE RESTLESS GUN" blazes in the hands of John Payne, a longtime movie favorite who is its executive producer and author of one of the episodes. Gunman Vint Bonner is a new outlet for Payne, who has made plenty of hay since college days, when he used to wrestle for twenty-five dollars a match.

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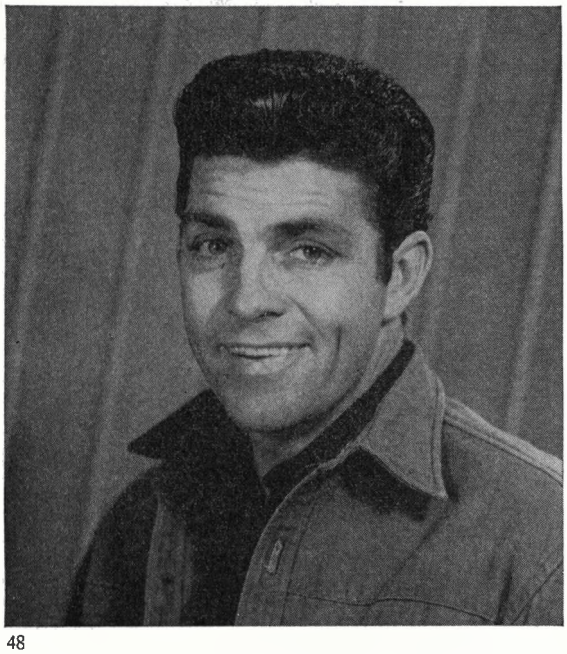
The Adult Gunslingers (continued)

"CHEYENNE" gave ABC executives something to cheer about when a rating service indicated the show had gunned down both Phil Silvers and Lonesome George Gobel one Tuesday evening. One of the major reasons for the show's success is another giant, 6'6" Clint Walker. One of the most genuine of Western heroes, Walker learned to ride and shoot as a boy, and actually lived the kind of outdoor life portrayed in "Cheyenne" when he worked as a deputy sheriff in Nevada and as a cowboy in Texas. He believes that hours of practice have made him the fastest and most accurate gunslinger in the Hollywood Badlands. "If you don't know how to use a gun," Clint explains with a wry grin, "you might just as well be holding a ham sandwich."



"TALES OF WELLS FARGO" stars Oklahoman Dale Robertson, who once worked as a cowboy. Being the outdoor type, Robertson brings authenticity to the role of agent Jim Hardie. Dale learned to draw a gun with his left hand "because I use the right to open doors and tip my hat." Fellow Oklahoman Will Rogers advised the drawling star, "Don't let them put your voice in a dinner jacket . . . people like their grits and hominy in everyday clothes." Will's advice has paid off.

"THE LONE RANGER," television's first Western celebrates twenty-fifth year on the air this February. The legendary masked man (ex-acrobat Clayton Moore is No. 5) has received countless awards and over five million fan letters. Moore, like his predecessors, must wear his mask in public. As the ever-helpful sagebrush knight, he once went to the aid of a tearful mother whose he-man son had not kissed her for weeks, "because the Lone Ranger doesn't kiss his mother."

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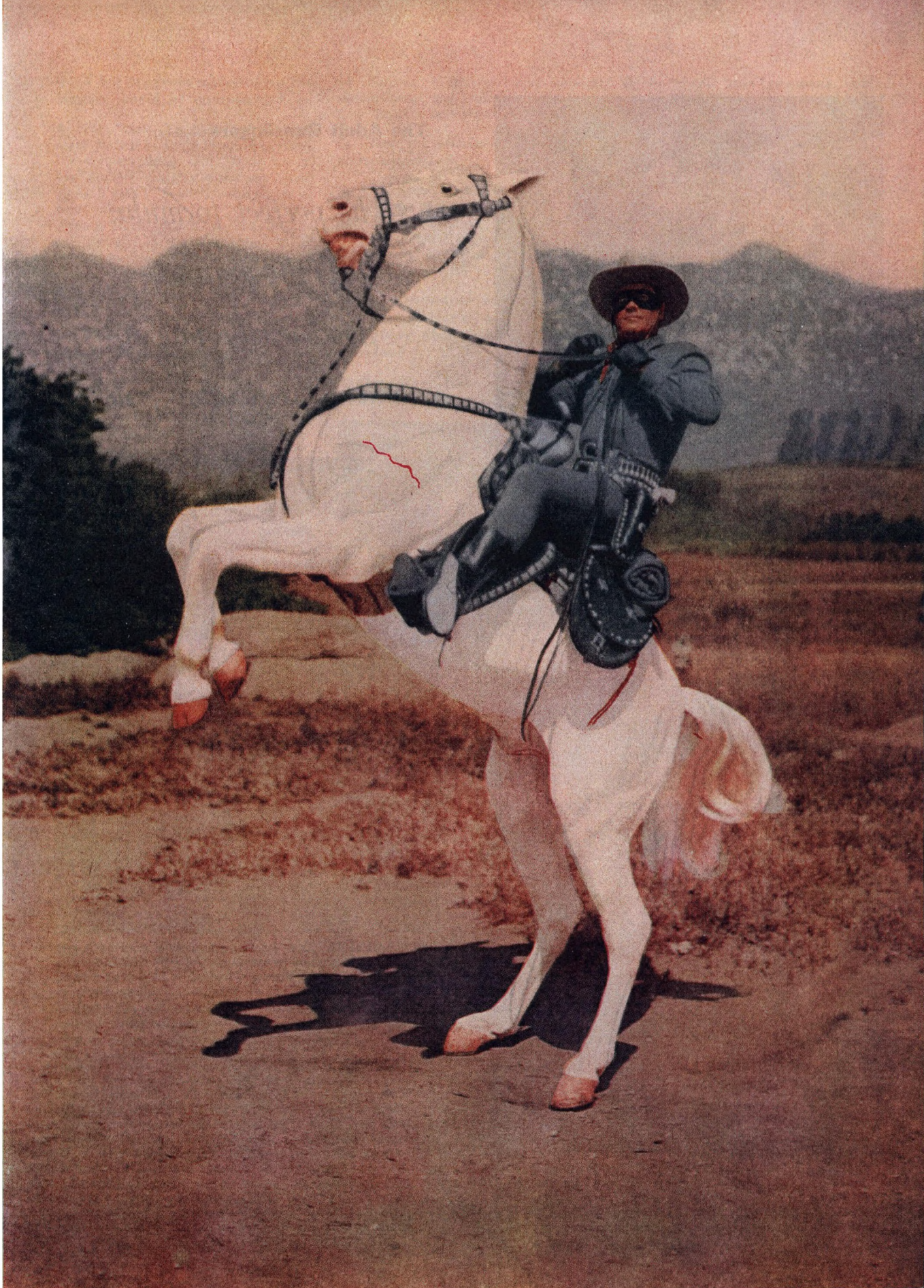
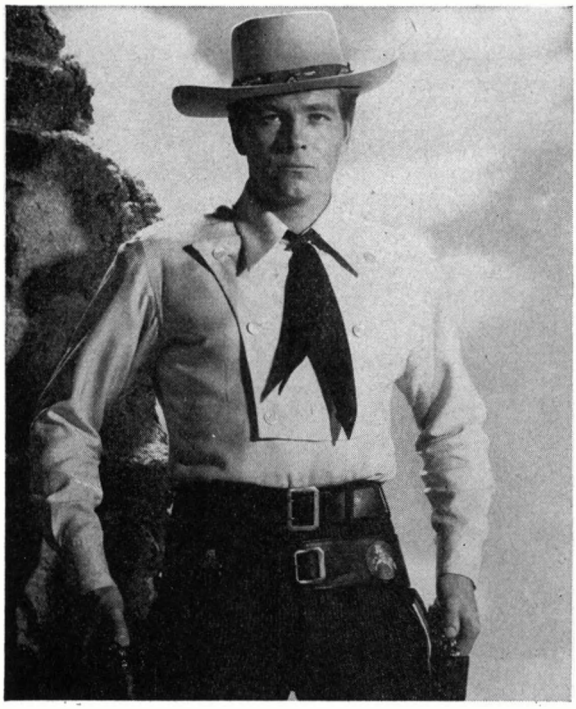
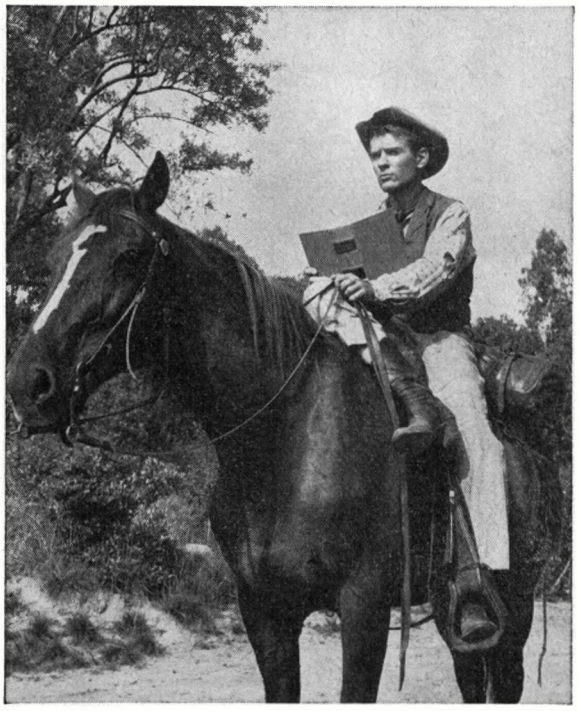


The perfect formula: Tight writing, good performances, and a predictable finish

"TRACKDOWN," story of early Texas Rangers, dramatizes actual cases from their files. However, Ranger Hoby Gilman (portrayed by Robert Culp) is not modeled after those Rangers who scalped Comanches and were driven out of the Army by General Zachary Taylor, who called them "lawless white Apaches."



"COLT .45" stars Wayde Preston in the fictitious role of Sam Colt, who is both a "traveling salesman" for the pistol firm and a Government agent. Preston is well equipped for his role: he had a pony at six, shot coyotes from an airplane at sixteen, was a park ranger, and was a rodeo bronc rider.



"SUGARFOOT" is a quiet and humorous aspiring lawyer in search of a town to settle in. Actor Will Hutchins, who plays the part of Tom Brewster, had never been near a horse before taking this role, but he does own a college degree to help him assume the manner of the tome-toting law wrangler.

"WYATT EARP" died at eighty-one years of age after a colorful Western career. "He could kill a coyote with a six-shooter from four hundred yards," declared famed lawman Bat Masterson, who claimed Earp never lost a battle with guns or with fists. Hugh O'Brian plays the part of Earp in a series based on the book by Stuart Lake, who knew Wyatt and is story consultant for the show. "There's enough material in Wyatt's life," says Lake, "for 150 episodes." O'Brian, once the youngest drill instructor in history of the Marines, takes his role seriously. He copies Earp's mannerisms, even to the upward motion of thumb across forehead, and practiced quick draw until his time was only two-tenths of a second. THE END

PRETTY POLLY

Television success is compounded of many things and is often short-lived. Polly Bergen may be one of the lucky ones with all the answers

BY SAM BOAL *Photos by George E. Joseph*

The minds of the men who pilot the television networks are so Oriental in their inscrutability as to make Dr. Fu Manchu resemble an ingenuous Yale freshman. Who can tell what they will do next? Witness their behavior this antic season. Despite the fact that the girl-singer mistress of ceremonies has never been a big rating-grabber, this is her year. Dinah Shore, Gisele MacKenzie, Polly Bergen, Patti Page, Rosemary Clooney all have their own shows. If Marjorie Main could sing, she would have her own show. As a matter of fact, she may get her own show yet, since in the case of some girl singers, the ability to sing is evidently not a requirement.

Polly Bergen being the subject at hand, let us begin with a discussion of "The Polly Bergen Show," sponsored by Max Factor, which alternates with the "Club Oasis" on Saturday nights on NBC. It is not an especially elaborate production. It is well-directed, well-lighted, well-costumed, and well-written—for people who like to glance at television over a magazine. Miss Bergen is a pretty girl who sings and does specialty turns with guest stars. That is all there is to it.

The way to get such a show, for the information of you girls in Arizona who wish to become girl-singer mistresses of ceremonies, is, first, to acquire the driving energy of a Nike, and then to have a timely accident happen to you. Polly Bergen acquired her driving energy from being the daughter of a construction engineer who moved from city to city. As a little girl she never lived in the same community for long, and she was forced to make new friends constantly. Yet she wanted to be liked and appreciated, and the best way—as she saw it—to make people like her was to entertain them. In short, she determined to become a singer and an actress.

POLLY BERGEN *tilts her head at camera; by accident, this expression made Polly a hit with the TV audience.*

The timely accident came long afterward. It "happened cute," as they might say in the industry. "It happened," says Polly, "because I stepped on one of my contact lenses just before a show."

This does not mean that she put her foot in her eye. The contact lens, one of two she had bought to conceal the fact that she is (as she puts it) "blind as a bat," fell out of one eye just as she was about to go on as M.C. of a variety show called "Soldier Parade." As she was stumbling about trying to locate it, she heard a sickening *crunch* beneath her shoe. With only one eye operative, she was forced to do the show like a contortionist, twisting her head one way to see the lines on the teleprompter and another way to smile at her guests. The smile became fixed on her face by sheer terror, and the effect was that of a nervous bird watching a tennis match. But it seemed to please the audience. She got some mail. "Look at this mail!" her agent cried to various TV producers.

The producers looked and began to hire her. Today Polly is successful in a variety of ways. She is a panelist on the quiz show called "To Tell the Truth." She is a singer, as she demonstrates on her own show and on a couple of long-playing records that have had fantastic sales. And she is also an actress (her performance in "The Helen Morgan Story" last season was considered a smash). All these efforts will earn her well over $200,000 this year.

That is a nice piece of change; but she pays heavily for it. Watching a Bergen rehearsal is a bit like watching Carmen Basilio work out. She and her dance director, Peter Gennaro, go through routines until she has them down cold. They rehearse before a mirror, and Polly watches her own movements with a steely eye. Some actresses merely walk through routines; Polly does them as though the mirror were a camera. She sings the same way. By the end of a day she is so keyed up that when she flops onto a sofa at home to spend a quiet hour or two, she can't stop her toes from wriggling.

No Overnight Success

Polly's show-business experience goes back more than twelve years. She insists that she is twenty-seven, which is hard for show people to believe, because she has been around so long. She becomes enraged when the public calls her an overnight success, for she considers herself a veteran entertainer. "I made some movies that I can't even recall making," she says.

Polly can't be blamed for forgetting incidents of her early life, for there was so much activity in it. She was born Polly Burgin in Knoxville, Tennessee, on July 14, 1930. There are still traces of Knoxville in her speech. Her father's work took the family to twenty-eight states. Eventually he got a permanent job in Los Angeles, and the Burgins settled there. Polly now considers herself an Angeleno.

Although she was not an especially brilliant student, she was a diligent one. Having once decided to become an entertainer, she proceeded to familiarize herself with classical music and studied voice for brief periods with a series of strict instructors. But when an orchestra leader named Dick Dildine offered her a job as vocalist, she quickly forgot her operatic aspirations. She was then sixteen. She made use of her Knoxville accent and specialized in hillbilly songs.

Movie producer Hal Wallis happened to see her during one of her Los Angeles band engagements. There was something about her that convinced him she might make a decorative addition to the Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis movies which he was then turning out in machine-gun

(continued)

succession. She survived three, and then moved on to a series of Westerns and war pictures for various studios. "I was no actress," she says. "I considered myself a singer. I knew that my acting was terrible—I used to go home at night and cry."

Earlier, while singing in Las Vegas, she had changed her last name from Burgin to Bergen because people had kept confusing her with the ventriloquist and had insisted upon spelling her name his way. "I finally stopped trying to fight it," she says.

In 1950, Polly Bergen changed her last name again, this time by way of the altar. At a voice teacher's studio she had met and fallen in love with a young man named Jerome Courtland, then just making a name for himself in the movies. Their marriage was disastrous, possibly because they were separated so much of the time. Polly had begun a night-club act which took her to a number of different cities, while Courtland went to New York to do the ill-fated musical, "Flahooley."

"I think they really loved each other," one friend of both says, "but the almost-inevitable strains and stresses began to turn up almost immediately. Polly drove herself in her work and she wanted a man to lean on when she got home nights. The trouble was, Jerry wasn't home nights—he was working himself. Add the fact that they were both immature, and you can see that their marriage just couldn't last."

After the divorce Polly threw herself into her work more furiously then ever. She went to New York, dyed her dark-brown hair red, and appeared briefly in John Murray Anderson's "Almanac" until her lack of sustained formal training caught up with her. During the show she developed a cold; she had no understudy and could not stop singing. Time and again she went on until her doctor ordered her off. Her throat was bleeding. She developed nodes and had to leave the show for an operation. Afterward she was forbidden to sing for a long time. She then began casting about for straight dramatic parts on TV, and enjoyed a modest success on several shows.

By then she was making fairly decent money, but not as much as she thought she deserved. For approximately $100,000 a year she became the Pepsi-Cola Girl, and the words "Hi! I'm Polly Bergen" echoed through millions of TV sets and radios. Almost as soon as she took that job she wished she hadn't. The commer-

POLLY REHEARSES *fifty to sixty hours for each of her half-hour-long Saturday night shows. "She works every minute," says her husband, Fred Fields.*

cials were fun, but the company demanded her presence at innumerable conventions, state fairs, and other congregations.

She took stock, reasoning that if she did not soon get out of that $100,000 rut she would never be accepted by the public as a dramatic actress. She made a brief Broadway appearance in a play called "Champagne Complex," in which her acting consisted of parading about in a red polka-dot bra and panties. This was not enough to sustain audience interest. In the classic phrase of S. J. Perelman, the play closed "like a ten-cent mousetrap."

Now Polly felt that she had to do something else. For some unaccountable reason, she became a quiz show panelist.

Mark Goodson, a TV producer, was looking for a pretty girl who could ad lib for a new show to be called "To Tell the Truth."

"We don't care about the answers," Goodson said, "or who gets the right ones. The audience won't remember that an hour after the show. We want them to remember you."

Polly became the irrepressible, giggly girl. When she gets the right answers she appears completely astonished, and her fellow panelists share her amazement. Needless to say, she seldom gets the right answers. She leaves that to Ralph Bellamy, Kitty Carlisle, and Hy Gardner. She babbles along, interrupts and asks outrageous questions, and helps turn what might be an ordinary quiz show into a professionally paced amusement.

The Helen Morgan Story

Meanwhile, romance again entered Polly's life, and from an oblique quarter. One evening, after a benefit performance, Fred Fields, a theatrical agent of the concern—Music Corporation of America—that manages Polly, helped her home with some costumes and then suggested that they go to dinner. Most actresses have the same regard for agents as they have for water moccasins, but Polly was hungry. She went out with him. She discovered she liked him. Three months later they were married.

She resumed her night-club appearances and was booked at New York's Hotel Plaza. One night she added some songs identified with Helen Morgan to her repertoire. A few nights later an elderly lady approached her and congratulated her. "Helen would have liked the way you do her songs," the lady said. "I know—I'm her mother."

Polly went home, flushed with excitement, and told Freddie about her pleasant experience. They looked at each other with sudden inspiration. Next day they learned that, although Mrs. Morgan had sold the movie rights to the story, she had not sold the TV rights. Freddie,

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POLLY'S QUIPS *on the quiz show "To Tell the Truth" break up her fellow panelists, Ralph Bellamy (left), Kitty Carlisle, and Hy Gardner.*

AFTER THE PERFORMANCE, *before rushing home to be with her family, Polly pauses for a word with panel show M.C. Bud Collyer and a friend.*

AT HOME IN HER FIFTH AVENUE APARTMENT. *Polly studies a new contract; as TV's most versatile girl, she's deluged with offers this year.*

FREDDIE FIELDS LIGHTS A CIGARETTE *for his spouse before she goes off to her telecast; only a show can drag her out of her home.*

who brings his show-business know-how to bear on her career at critical moments, denies that he advised Polly to buy the TV rights. But she did, for $10,000.

There ensued a monumental battle to get the story done on TV. Warner Bros., which had been postponing the making of the picture, became very much interested in doing it. Polly asked if she could test for it. "Yes," said an executive, "if you'll come to Hollywood at your own expense." "To hell with that," said Polly. She went to CBS with her property. The executives there were hesitant. CBS buys a good many Warner Bros. films, and the network was not overly anxious to back a relatively unproven actress against a huge film corporation.

A year went by, during which Polly cajoled, pouted, wept, and, finally, threatened, until she got her way.

Her Own Show

It was her success in "The Helen Morgan Story," many believe, which gave the network brass the idea of giving Polly her own show. "The Polly Bergen Show" went on the air in September, and if some of the critics had had their way, it would have gone right off. Polly knew the weak spots of the opening show only too well. "Let's face it," she said recently to a visitor, "it was a stinker. The writing was bad, the plot-line—what there was of it—was bad." She promptly fired the writers—she is in complete charge of casting and production (see page 39) and brought in Mel Brooks, former head writer for the Sid Caesar show. The second program was an enormous improvement, possibly because of the presence of Ernie Kovacs, who opened it by saying, "Hi! I'm Polly Bergen."

Polly loves her present work schedule. She does not work on odd weeks, which gives her more time to be with her ten-year-old stepdaughter, Kathy (Fields' child by a previous marriage). She and her husband seldom go out of their huge apartment on Fifth Avenue. They live about as modestly as people with an income of about a quarter of a million can live. She enjoys cooking and playing with Kathy. The couple are hoping to adopt a baby soon. "This is what I've wanted all my life," Polly said recently. "A real home, and a family to come back to, and I don't plan to give it up now. I've had ten years of show business. The minute it begins interfering with my home life, I quit." Considering the determination that has marked her life up to now, it is reasonable to assume that she means what she says. THE END

PREPARING TO GO ON. *Polly snatches a few minutes to chat with her ten-year-old stepdaughter, Kathy.*

What You Can't See on Television

Abbe Lane's plunging neckline, Hume Cronyn's *hell*'s and *damn*'s, Elvis's bumps and grinds are all in a day's work for this TV censor, who receives most of his beefs from the ladies

INTERVIEW WITH STOCKTON HELFFRICH BY MEL HEIMER

STOCKTON HELFFRICH. America's most important television "censor," is a Yonkers, New York, native, now in his mid-forties, whose official title with the National Broadcasting Company is "Director of Continuity Acceptance." He's the head of a staff of nearly forty and has been with NBC for twenty-four years, except for three wartime years as a Navy lieutenant. "My job," he says, "is to decide what is, and what is not, good taste in the presentation of radio and television entertainment."

Q. *Well, all right, then—what don't we see on TV?*

A. I'm not backing away from your question, but I'd like to approach it another way. Almost anything is acceptable to us *if* it's done adult-wise and isn't deliberately sensational. Good taste is our yardstick. Unlike the movies—and I'm not knocking them—television has no set, flat taboos.

Q. *What items do you often clamp down on?*

A. We have what we call areas of great sensitivity. They are: (1) the racial field (2) religion (3) sex, and (4) violence as presented to children.

Q. *You're not claiming, are you, that children see no violence on the magic screen?*

A. No. Conflict is all around us every day, in life. We can't control it, but we *can* control the degree to which we reflect it. We temper it.

Q. *What do you have to blue-pencil the most?*

A. This may surprise you: old movies. And I don't think it's because they were intended to be shocking or salacious. It's just that times have changed. In old slapstick films, for instance, there is an enormous amount of cruelty to animals. I guess the public thought it funny once; I doubt that it does now.

Q. *What have you removed from old movies?*

A. Well, Harry Ward, our Chicago man, seems to have been especially plagued. He's had to deal with (and delete) scenes where a woman said she'd shoot her husband rather than her dog, because she knew the dog was faithful. Where a man dressed as a woman faints, a doctor rushes up to open her/his blouse, and a sailor friend says, "Don't embarrass her. Let me do it." And so on, *ad nauseum*.

Q. *Besides certain scenes in old films, what have you kept us from watching?*

A. A Caesarean operation on "Medic." The smothering of the little princes in Laurence Olivier's "Richard III," and some of the bloodier death throes of Richard. The pelvic gyrations of Elvis Presley when he was on the Steve Allen show (you may remember we kept the cameras focused on him from the waist up). We deleted a few *hell*'s and *oh my God*'s from the Jessica Tandy-Hume Cronyn production of "The Fourposter."

Q. *It seems to me I remember some profanity in "The Fourposter."*

A. We left in one *damned*—after Hume fought us tooth and nail and finally convinced us it was right and necessary in the play. The scene showed him, at the end of an argument with Jessica, looking wildly into the camera and exclaiming, "I'll be damned if I understand women!" A lot of men have said that.

Q. *What is TV's feeling about profanity, in general?*

A. At NBC we don't take the position that it can never be used—but we approve it only when it is well justified dramatically. I think we permitted it first in "The Great Gatsby." The word was "damned," and no other word really fitted the action. TV has a legal definition of profanity, incidentally: "any word or phrase that calls on God to bring down vengeance." Remember when actor Lloyd Bridges let a "God damn it!" slip out one night? Our switchboards lit up like a Christmas tree with complaining calls. That was profanity. Without the "God," it would have been merely strong language.

Q. *How about rape?*

A. We don't encourage references to it, but we don't duck it, either. We let Siobhan McKenna say flatly, "He tried to rape me" in "The Letter." Anyway, maybe it gives parents a chance to explain to their kids just what it means.

Q. *What was your objection to the Caesarean birth on "Medic"?*

A. It was too stark. It was done well enough. I'd have let my young daughter see it. But it might have been harmful to two groups: some children, and pregnant women.

Q. *TV's censorship attitude is considered more liberal than the movies'. Do you think it's also preferable?*

A. Yes. We have learned much from the movies' mistakes. Hollywood has served us more than we always admit.

Q. *What program whipped up the biggest storm of complaints?*

A. The "Born Yesterday" show, with Mary Martin as Billie Dawn, I suppose. It's a funny thing, too; "Born Yesterday" really is a highly moral play. Trouble is, it uses a "floozie" to put across its point. Maybe I lived a little too dangerously in okaying it so liberally, but gee, the girl in the play wasn't really only a mistress of the junk-dealing tycoon. She'd lived with him for more than eight years, so actually she was a common-law wife.

Q. *What bothered people most about "Born Yesterday"?*

A. One line of Miss Martin's: "If he doesn't come across, I don't come across." I really think most of the complainants were upset because they expected Mary to be doing another "Peter Pan" part.

Q. *Do women complain more than men?*

A. They seem to. My lightly-to-be-considered theory is that when they see some plunging decolletage on a TV gal, they think she's competing with them.

Q. *What are some objectionable lines which have been scissored from scripts?*

A. Well, from a Milton Berle show we once deleted "Daring, exciting Cynthia; you always wore a strapless evening gown. You were so proud of your tattoo. And why not? George Washington crossing the Delaware . . . every time you took a breath in that strapless evening gown, Washington fell out of the boat."

From a Tallulah Bankhead show we snipped a line that guest Fred MacMurray was to use, referring to two Hollywood dog stars. MacMurray was to say he had just the vehicle for the canine performers—"The Fourposter." Oblique but specific. We just can't live with gags of the dog-and-post genre, where audience reaction is concerned.

Q. *How well do TV censors protect children?*

A. Pretty well, I think. There may be room for improvement, but that also applies to the public's protection of children in nearly all other fields.

Q. *Do you think TV's more liberal censorship pattern has added to crime or juvenile delinquency?*

A. No, definitely not. This has been proven statistically; in Chicago the City Council proved with slide rule and adding machine that juvenile delinquency had actually gone down since the advent of television. Kids, you know, learn a show's moral and ethical lessons a lot more quickly than most adults.

Q. *Does the villain always get his come-uppance?*

A. Well, there's no blanket rule as there seems to be in the movies. In "The Letter," for instance, the murderer wasn't executed or jailed as he might have been in films—but it *was* made clear that he was doomed to a life of misery.

Q. *Have you ever been surprised by the public's acceptance of something about which you were dubious?*

A. Yes. When Elaine Malbin did the dance of the seven veils in "Salome"—

NBC's Stockton Helffrich is both a judge and an arbitrator, linking the performer with a hypersensitive televiewing public.

and we thought it done in good taste—I braced myself for some beefs, but they didn't come. You explain the public to *me,* please.

Q. *As a censor, with whom do you war constantly?*

A. I don't war with anyone. I try to explain our position on a subject. But sometimes it seems as if nearly all viewers are censors at heart. And are they tough! They want sponsors' products boycotted, programs stricken from the air, and so on. "You took advantage of us in our living room!" is the most frequent accusation. But complaints don't "beat us down" unless they're so wholesale and spontaneous that it's obvious we goofed. We just try to learn. We're not sitting here trying to make a moral code for the country.

Q. *Is there one constant complaint?*

A. Yes—about abbreviated or daring costumes. Sometimes we agree and apologize. Other times, we defend. When Esther Williams wore a Bikini bathing suit on the televised aquacade show, there were some protests, but I couldn't agree. You see the same bathing suits on a beach—and besides, Esther Williams is so wholesome-looking that I don't see how anyone *could* complain about her.

Q. *What complaints are virtually unsoothable?*

A. There are a lot. Steve Allen, doing a guest column for John Crosby last summer, said, "These days almost every comedy routine you do will offend somebody or other." On Steve's show on July 7, there was a baby-naming sequence during which a reference to garbage men seemed inferentially condescending. That wasn't the intent, but a viewer in Linden, Michigan, wrote to say that he had read into it a sort of white-collar snobbishness.

Then there have been protests that the lower-case lettering originally used in the credits for the Perry Como show was ruining the education of children; that the comedy sketches used in the program "The Soldiers" were doing injury to the goals and aims of the armed forces; that "Richard III" shouldn't be shown because the old rascal was physically deformed. What can you do with complaints like those?

One night on "Your Hit Parade" a mechanical cobra was employed, and a viewer wrote she'd suffered a heart attack because she was afraid of snakes. Gee, the snake was so obviously manmade that it couldn't fool anyone.

Some of the protests really come in from left field. Some of them are written by people living in far-off ivory towers. One of our jobs is to make realists of such as these.

Q. *So by and large you think you can take credit for a constructive job?*

A. I do. If only for the fact that Melvin no longer takes such a verbal beating on the air.

Q. *Melvin?*

A. A worried mother wrote and pleaded that for her son's sake we stop having all dunces and "schmos" named Melvin. So I immediately sent a directive to all network producers and directors.

Q. *Thank you, Mr. Censor, on behalf of all Melvins.*

A. You're welcome. THE END

Joseph

FUTURE EXPLOITS of the rambunctious Piel brothers (story board, left) are explained to Ray Goulding (Bert Piel) by Ed Graham, their creator, as Jack Sidebotham (artist from parent agency) and Bob Elliott (Harry) look on.

Jingle, Jangle, Jingle

Over 200 million is spent yearly on television commercials to make you product-conscious —tunes and characters are household guests. Here is the fascinating story of how they are made

BY RICHARD GEHMAN

The eleven men sitting around the conference table wore expressions of such seriousness that an outsider could easily have supposed they were the cabinet members of some government, trying to decide whether or not to declare war. In one sense, they *were* declaring war—they were about to assault the American public with a series of television commercials advocating the merits of a new brand of soap, for this was the plans board of a large advertising agency which had just landed a million-dollar account.

Months of preparation had gone into this meeting. The agency first had hired some "motivational researchers"—psychologists who probe the public's reasons for buying—to find out what impelled people to buy one kind of soap rather than another. Second, it had put its market researchers to work on an analysis of the parts of the country likely to be most susceptible to the introduction of a new bar of soap. Third, it had sent a crew of bright young men to the factory to find out everything about the soap that might make it attractive to the public. Finally, it had hired professional packagers to devise an eye-appealing wrapping for the soap.

Next, the combined brains of the agency's executives had come up with three possible campaigns—three series of commercial announcements which would be tested to see whether they sold soap. These campaigns had been laid out on "story boards"—large cards outlining the action of the commercial in thirty or forty drawings and captions—at which the members of the plans board were now staring with rapt expressions. Within a matter of weeks each campaign would be written into a scenario, cast with performers, animated where animation was necessary, and produced in a studio, possibly by one of the large movie companies. Then the one that seemed most promising would ultimately be exploded upon the American public. Around the country, millions upon millons of viewers would receive the commercial with a variety of reactions: some would groan and switch it off, some would make a mental note to try the new soap, and some would sit there and wait patiently for the commercial to run through to the end, accepting it resignedly as one of the apparently necessary evils of life in the twentieth century.

Even for the person who prides himself upon his ability to decide for himself what car he will drive and what razor he will shave with, it is sobering—even frightening—to realize that more than $200,000,000 is being spent in the production of television commercials each year. This figure actually may be low—it represents, according to one agency man, only the amount of money spent in the film production of TV commercials. A similarly staggering figure goes into the research and preparation of the gimmicks that make us buy what we do.

"Television commercials are the next best thing to point-of-sale contact with the consumer," says an advertising man. "It puts the salesman and his product right into the prospect's front room." It puts him there whether the prospect wants him or not. The average TV fan, according to John H. Baxter of Chicago, is exposed to four hundred and twenty commercials per week, comprising over 2,500 scenes or pictures. "All told," says Baxter, while his fellow salesmen rub their hands in anticipation, "the viewer

gets five hours and eight minutes of commercials thrown at him each week."

That the making of TV commercials is now a business that bids fair to make du Pont's establishment look like a blacksmith shop is verified in the lament of a man who has become rich doing nothing but filming them during the past four years. "The big movie companies are getting into the act," he said recently. "They've been moving into New York, offering to make filmed spots at a very low cost, undercutting the rest of us just to get a foothold. They realize there's gold in those spots, and they're determined to get some of it."

High Cost of Hawking

The old established movie companies like M-G-M and Columbia are peculiarly fitted for producing commercials for the simple reason that the making of a one-minute spot is nearly as complicated and elaborate an undertaking as making a full-length movie. Indeed, producing a single one-minute commercial may actually involve more preparation and personnel than producing the one-hour show on which it ultimately will appear. Recently, making a series of commercials for an automobile company, a New York producer named Mort McConnachie sent film crews to Texas, Massachusetts, and Michigan. Special music was composed for the background of the film. More than 140 people were concerned in the making of the series. One of the spots was more than two weeks in the making, and the series cost around $50,000. It was edited by Paul Weatherwax, winner of two Academy Awards for his editing of "Around the World in 80 Days" and "Naked City." And this was far from the most elaborate of this producer's commercials.

One objective—and unusually daring—agency man has ventured to say that the tremendous cost of commercials may be held partly accountable for the noticeable decline in programing standards during the past two TV seasons. "Say a sponsor's got $100,000 a week to spend, not counting what air time costs him," this man speculates. "He can buy a comic for, say, $75,000. But to get the kind of effective commercials he wants, he's got to spend, say, $40,000. He doesn't hesitate. He knows a certain percentage of the audience is bound to look at almost anything—television has become a national habit, like smoking. So he buys a cheaper show, one he can get for, say, $50,000, and he spends the rest of his budget on the commercials. The result is poor quality TV. The sponsor doesn't care about quality, don't forget. He cares only about moving those groceries. The networks should care, but they don't seem to. Time and again the hard-headed network executives have said, 'We're salesmen more than we're entertainers.'"

The strange yet undeniable fact about all this spending to encourage us to spend is that so much of it must be done in the dark, no matter how much "scientific" preparation may be done in advance. Despite the researchers' analyses, nobody can pinpoint exactly what will make us choose one cigarette over another similar one or why we prefer certain brands of canned soup. The American nation has apparently maintained a good deal of the independent spirit on which it was founded. Advertising men are well aware of this annoying independence, and are reluctant to go on record about what makes one spot more successful than another. Ten topnotch agency executives, polled for this article, gave ten apologetically evasive answers. One said frankly that he did not wish to discuss the subject. Rosser Reeves, of Ted Bates & Company, said, "We are flattered to be asked . . . but we have a rather fixed policy on articles of this kind. We have done a tremendous amount of research, at a staggering cost, to find out what *does* make a successful commercial. If we say anything of value, we believe it is aiding our competitors. If we don't tell anything of value, our statement belongs in the humdrum cliché department. So please forgive us for saying that we'd rather 'sit this one out.'"

Campaign Plans Are Top Secret

An atmosphere of secrecy and security precautions, rivaled only by the situation obtaining in most guided missile projects, surrounds the making of commercials. The kindly, crotchety old stage doorman has been replaced by the heavyweight cop, and even the copywriters who write the scripts have to show passes to get into most filming sessions. Products are carried into the studios heavily disguised and masked. "You see, we have to be careful," one agency man says. "We've got a million bucks' worth of billings tied up in this thing. We think we've got a winner, a sure-fire sales pitch. If it leaks out and some other agency gets hold of it, we'll lose the account sure as hell."

Inconceivable as it may sound, there actually have been occasions when agencies hired spies in other agencies, which may be why so many commercials have an agonizing similarity. What happens to these spies when they are apprehended has not been reported. Presumably they are stripped of their copy pencils and Miltowns, divested of their Brooks Brothers suits, and sentenced to advertising Siberia.

A Sublime Dedication

TV selling is a grimly serious business to those who are aiming at us. So intense are their efforts to importune our attention and make us buy that their most surrealistic actions do not seem at all odd to them. One night in Hollywood, a successful commercial producer returned to his hotel room to find his son, who was working with him, carefully filing a turtle's toenails.

"What in heaven's name are you doing to that turtle?" the producer asked.

"He's got to slide down a board backwards, grab hold, and start climbing up again," the son explained. "His nails aren't sharp enough to dig in. He keeps slipping. I'm sharpening his toenails so he can hold fast."

"I see," said the producer, gravely and approvingly. Live animals, incidentally, always provide headaches for commercial producers; a certain dog once held up the filming of a spot for an entire morning simply because he didn't happen to feel especially hungry for the puppy biscuits he was supposed to be crazy about. Yet animals are regarded as sure-fire, a

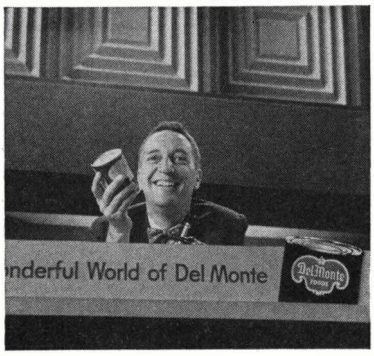
(continued)

BEAUTY SHOTS are a must for automobile commercials. Here the camera crew seeks the most attractive pose for star of a "Climax!" commercial.

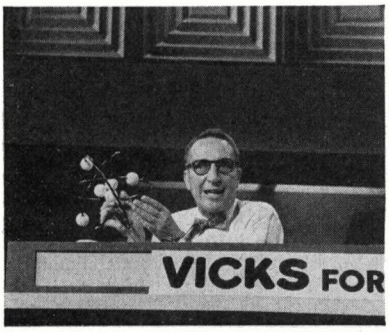
Jingle, Jangle, Jingle (continued)

Photos by George E. Joseph

Garry Moore, one of television's topnotch salesmen, tastes a Betty Crocker cake.



Moore sells because he doesn't "talk down," but treats his audience as equals.



To sell Vicks, Garry uses a model of an atom cluster and an atom tracer test.

"Garry can sell anything from shoes to automobiles," says one agency man.

PRODUCTION ASSISTANT for Garry's twenty-six spots, Dale Dannenberg (foreground) is one of TV's busiest girls. (Rear) Garry and Denise Lor.

concept the producers have borrowed from the Sunday supplements. TV may also be indebted to the supplements for its swing toward animated cartoons.

It is not unheard-of for producers to spend years in working up effective commercials. One man was challenged by a girdle company to make a spot showing how comfortable and non-restricting its product was, how it would not ride up, chafe, or otherwise inconvenience the wearer. The TV code prevents the showing of the inside of a woman's thigh. The problem was to present the girdle being worn without allowing the audience to see that censored area. The producer spent two years working out a solution, and eventually settled on a film which showed a girl in a black leotard and tights wearing the white girdle against a black background. It was a successful commercial, all right, and the fact that its maker died of a heart attack at the age of thirty-eight was probably nothing more than an understandable occupational hazard.

Birth of the Brothers Piel

Others have been even longer in the making. The Bert and Harry beer spots, among the most popular in the East, can be said to have been conceived nearly a decade ago, when their creator, a young advertising man named Ed Graham, was a student at Dartmouth. He was fond of Bob Elliott and Ray Goulding, two Boston disk jockeys, and felt that some day they might work into some of his plans for selling on radio and TV. A few years ago, when Graham was working at a New York agency, he overheard some of his colleagues talking about a beer company that was planning to launch a new campaign and was casting around for ideas. He devised the characters Harry and Bert Piel and tried to sell them to his bosses, arguing that Bob and Ray's voices were perfect. To show what the fictitious Piel brothers were like, he wrote exhaustive biographies of them.

"Too ordinary," he was told. "Maybe you have an idea there in the two imaginary brothers, but they aren't funny. Give them funny names."

Some other giant brains began working on the idea and came up with the names Philbert and Fosdick Piel, which—the giants agreed—were funny. They tested a few voices, including those of Mel Blanc and Parker Fennelly. The sponsor was not satisfied. He had taken a liking to the two brothers created by Graham. Presently he agreed to listen to tapes of Bob and Ray playing Harry and Bert. He liked it enough to test it in a couple of sample cities. It was a smash.

Ironically, one of the agency's top executives had declared flatly that this commercial would never sell beer. He claimed that it violated several of the principles

of successful TV selling. These principles, pretty generally agreed upon in the industry, hold that a good commercial must (1) instantly seize the viewer's attention; (2) be relevant; (3) be interesting; (4) be believable; (5) be entertaining; and (6) be persuasive, which is the most important of all. "Demonstration," says an agency man, "is at the heart of the most successful commercial. You can't just *say* so-and-so's tires are better. You've got to show the tires *being* safe—running over spikes without being torn, stopping on slippery pavements, refusing to blow out even when shot with a rifle."

For this reason, the testing laboratories of big manufacturers are the favorite haunts of the advertising agency men. Most companies test their products by putting them into all sorts of damaging, destructive situations. Many of these tests lend themselves to visual presentation, and are adapted directly to film. At a radio manufacturing company, a copy writer saw a man standing on a stepladder throwing portable radios on the floor to see whether their cases would hold up. "Eureka!" the writer shouted, or the Madison Avenue equivalent thereof. From that point on, he and his fellow drummers bent all efforts toward the invention of new ways to throw around portable radios.

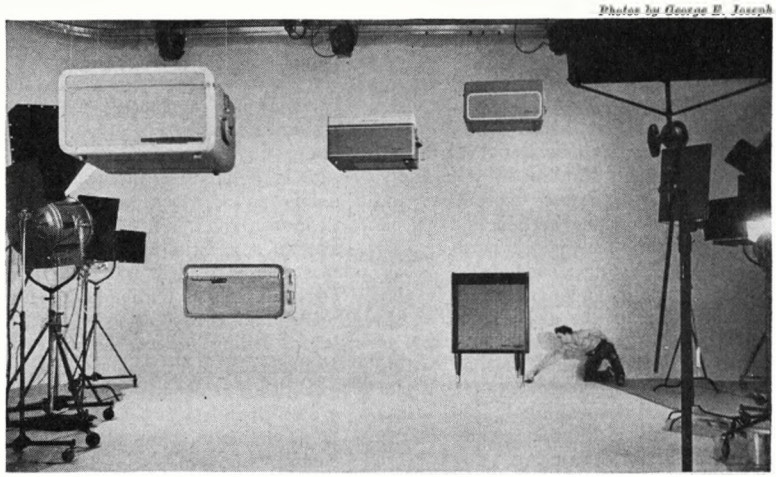
When the testing labs' devices aren't sufficiently dramatic to impress the viewers, agency men wrack their brains for alternative effective demonstration tricks. Occasionally they come up with real inspirations, as occurred the day a New York copy chief conceived the idea of showing the efficiency of an electric razor by photographing it shaving the fuzz off a peach without breaking the tender skin. And occasionally the inspirations prove almost impossible to execute, as that one nearly did. When the salesmen set out to shave their peaches, they found that peaches were shipped into the New York market with their fuzz already polished off. "We went nuts tracking down peaches with fuzz," one man says. "They were out of season most places, so we finally had to go to Chile for them. At one point we even had them coming in from the Union of South Africa."

"My Kingdom for a Plug"

There are those of us who may feel that this desire for authenticity is not only unnecessary but maniacal, but it is now so completely accepted in TV as to be all in a day's work for the ad men. They think nothing of taking a day and a half, or even two days, to shoot a girl singer and an eighteen-piece orchestra for a four-second segment of a one-minute message. They will spend as much as a week shooting and re-shooting to produce what is known as a "beauty shot"—a picture

(continued)

Photos by George E. Joseph



A LADY STAGEHAND puts the final touches on a costly commercial set; invisible wires hold the tape recorders as though suspended in air.

EASEL CARD, changed on cue, was early device in commercials. More polished techniques, such as the animated cartoon, have replaced it.

ACADEMY AWARD-WINNING film editor, Paul Weatherwax, is one of hundreds of top-flight technicians who are now employed making spots.

of the product in the best possible setting and light. They hire the best set designers, costumers, and lighting experts to assist in showing off the cereals, cake mixes, cigarettes, soap flakes, patent medicines, and automobiles that are paying the freight. No Broadway or Hollywood producer devotes more time and attention to making certain that his extravaganza is technically perfect. Last year Otto Preminger conducted a nationwide search to find a new girl to play Saint Joan; but the awe with which his efforts were regarded was laughable to Madison Avenue, whose agency casting directors have been known to take a year to find a girl who can apply lipstick in a way that will make women rush out and buy the brand she's using.

Casting may be the most important function of the commercial producer's job. He must find a person who can live up to the standards. These, as defined by Ralph Paul, one of the most successful announcer-salesmen on TV, are high indeed. "The viewer," he explains, "demands visual credibility as well as oral credibility. The announcer is a guest in your home, so you judge him as you would any other guest. He must have depth and character. He must command respect but leave you with the feeling that he enjoys things—people resent stodginess. In brief, he must appeal to you as a knowledgeable, stimulating, yet sympathetic human being."

This is a big, if not ridiculous, order for any casting director to attempt to fill. Nevertheless, the agency people, to whom nothing is too big or ridiculous, attempt it regularly. They hold conflicting notions about the kind of person who will make the best TV salesman or saleswoman. Some cling to the "star" system and hire only names; others believe that some name performers may offend the people who do not like them, thereby driving off potential customers. Agencies of the latter persuasion hire personable, relatively anonymous pitchmen who can deliver messages competently without permitting their own personalities to intrude. But such is the power of the medium that the unknowns soon become celebrities in their own right. Betty Furness was just another actress until someone discovered that people liked to watch her open refrigerator doors. William Lundigan's career did not really get under way until he began selling for the Chrysler people. Many entertainers have become so well-established as commercial stars that they are continually being given opportunities to do dramatic shows or to make other commercials.

The money is substantial. Jack Lescoulie earned around $100,000 a year selling automobiles. Betty Furness reportedly gets twice that. Around New York and Hollywood, minor league (and even big league) actors and actresses fight like so many cobras and mongooses for split-second appearances in filmed commercials. Every time a commercial is re-run, the performers get another check. "The checks may be small, but they mount up," one actor says. "Having a commercial is like having an annuity."

The Spiel with Appeal

Sponsors continually hope to hire the personality who, for some unaccountable reason, will hold the audience in a mesmeric grip and send them trancelike into the stores where the products are sold. Arthur Godfrey is generally considered the greatest salesman of all time. At one time his hold upon his fans was so powerful that he could pick up the agency-prepared commercial script, sneer at it in utter contempt, throw it away, then lean forward and give his audience a heart-to-heart talk about the product. Agency men used to get apoplectic until the sponsors reminded them that Godfrey was apparently setting new records in selling their products.

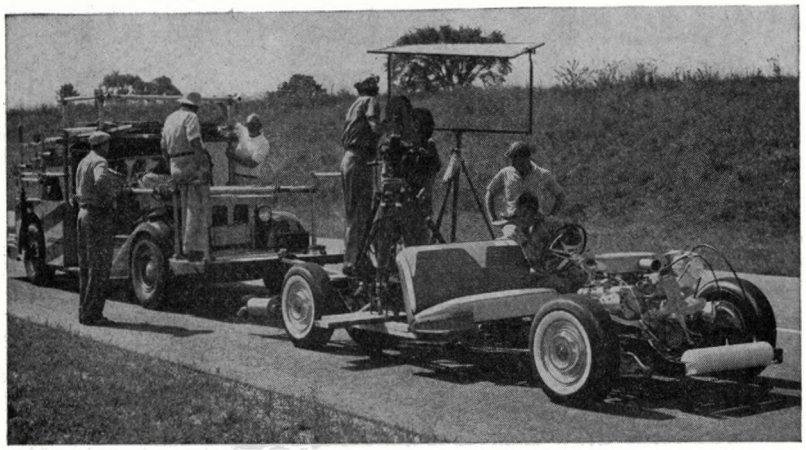
Beard the Buyer in His Lair

Actually, nobody ever knows whether a commercial is doing its job. There is no accurate scientific way of measuring, one agency man admits sorrowfully. All the big advertising companies employ needle-nosed representatives who are constantly bothering housewives to find out if they bought a certain deodorant because Garry Moore told them to—but the pollsters can only sample the population, and their findings are often spectacularly incorrect. If a line of canned goods begins vanishing off grocery shelves after a new campaign has been launched, the tendency is for the commercial producers to take the credit—but they have to admit, when pinned down, that advertisements in newspapers and magazines may have been equally responsible for the public's demand. The producers detest such forced admissions. They live defensively, possibly because they have to recognize in their souls the truth that most people regard commercials as nothing but interruptions. In the main, it is nonsense to presume that the vast, faceless horde is going to assemble in front of the set promptly at eight each Tuesday to watch breathlessly while a young man drags on a cigarette and demonstrates that he is immune to cancer.

Most commercial entrepreneurs absolutely refuse to admit that some of their spots are less effective than others. When a campaign flops spectacularly—a good example is the cigarette that proclaimed itself the ruler of them all, which seemed to offend people for some reason—the agency men piously blame the failure on nearly everything but the commercial itself. To admit defeat—that is, public rejection—is to file a petition for bankruptcy. The excuse most frequently given in case of failure is that no gimmick is infallible, and therefore another approach can be tried.

For this reason, all agencies are continually engaged in research to find out new ways to make us buy, or behave according to the sponsors' dictates. As Vance Packard has pointed out in *The Hidden Persuaders,* they are even probing our psyches to find soft, vulnerable, susceptible spots which can be touched to the sponsor's advantage. A young psychologist named James M. Vicary actually has developed a process whereby the television audience may be flashed a commercial *which it does not see,* but which nevertheless impresses itself upon the audience's subconscious. The process is called subliminal projection. During a

McConnachie Productions



THIS CURIOUS CONTRAPTION is a camera car, especially designed to enable McConnachie Productions to shoot films of moving automobiles.

six-week demonstration of the process in a New Jersey motion picture house popcorn sales went up 18.1 per cent and soft drink sales rose by 57.7 per cent. This bloodcurdling innovation operates on the principle that perception often takes place before a person's eyes are consciously aware of any outside stimulus. An advertisement for a soft drink thus may be flashed on the screen faster than the conscious mind can grasp it, but not too fast for the subconscious to form the perception "soft drink" and accordingly stimulate in the conscious the sensation of thirst. Its inventor believes that its principal function will be in "reminder advertising"—that is, in advertising products which the consumers already know. To those of us who already have had enough of commercials we can see, that is cold comfort.

Subliminal projection is only one of many questionable delights the commercial producers have in store for us. Indeed, there seems to be no relief in sight for the harried TV viewer. It is true that public outcry, in the form of letters or telephone calls, can aid in improving commercials. A cigarette manufacturer whose wares were advertised by a man who sounded as though he were calling hogs was induced, by mass protest, to quiet the announcer somewhat. A little old lady in New Jersey, indignant at an automobile commercial that seemed to her to be urging drivers to take unnecessary risks, caused a minor revolution in an agency simply by writing a letter objecting to it (the commercial was withdrawn from circulation for a time). Also, letters from consumers congratulating the sponsors on "good" commercials can give support to the salesmen who are trying to produce high-quality spots. Letters protesting commercials, says one agency man, ought to be written in conservative, logical phrases; they will get more attention than letters which begin, "Get that junk off the air!"

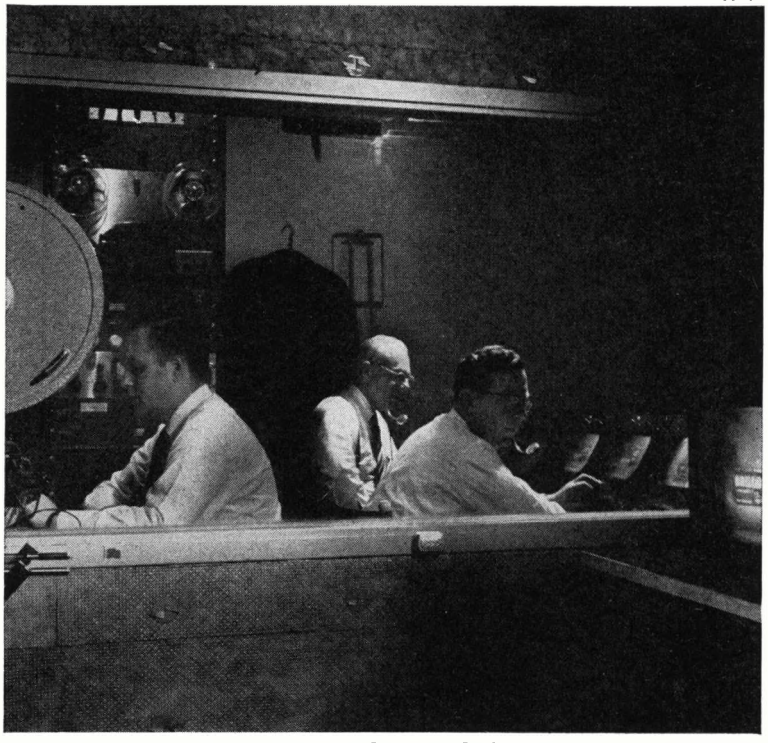
As Sheep Before the Shearer

Still, not many of us are going to take the time and trouble to write letters. Most of us are going to continue to sit there in front of the set, enduring the commercials so that we can get on to the entertainment. For us, only pay TV seems to be the answer; presumably, if we plunk down a quarter for what comes out of the set, we won't have to submit to attempts to sell us products we neither need nor want. But, on second thought, can we be sure of that? "We're not scared of pay TV," one agency man said to a reporter not long ago. "Why should we be? It'll only be a matter of time before it's accepting advertising, too." In other words, the day may come when we will actually pay to be sold. THE END

Joseph

AGENCY PERSONNEL CLUSTER about the set of TV commercial, closely supervising everything from music and lighting to camera work.

Joseph



IN A TV CONTROL ROOM, workers sit before monitors to preview a kinescope of a commercial that is scheduled to be shown nationally.

My Color Set and I

By Jon Whitcomb

In a nation where automobiles can be yellow, mauve, red, or ultramarine, where men have learned to accept orange slacks and cerulean sport shirts, where furriers supply sheared beaver coats in chartreuse and powder blue, and where ranch houses blossom out in white roofs, pink siding, and violet shutters, a TV image in monochrome gray is just old hat.

Until recently, when I acquired a color receiver, the only good look I had had at a color broadcast was during an evening a couple of years ago at the home of Robert Q. Lewis, the television star. The program was a live telecast of the comedy "Arsenic and Old Lace." The actors looked fairly lifelike, but it seemed to me that the prevailing hues in the lighting and sets were muted and unexciting. Color sets were first offered to the public in 1954 by RCA, with a price tag of around a thousand dollars. Because of the price, the limited hours of color broadcasting, and the complexity of the tuning apparatus, color made a rather limp debut.

When my receiver arrived in a sealed carton direct from the RCA factory, I wondered whether a corps of experts would arrive to install it. After all the scuttlebutt, I was afraid to touch it. Didn't color sets have to be set up by factory-trained geniuses?

Then one day I ran into the family doctor. "Got a new TV set," he said. "Color. It's astounding. We watch it all the time."

"But how do you keep the set going?" I wanted to know.

He stared at me. "Just turn it on," he said. "Nothing to it."

I thought of the big RCA box still sitting in my hallway. I got a couple of burly pals to help me uncrate the set, carry it into my studio and park it on a table. Feeling like a combination of Guglielmo Marconi and Lee De Forest, I plugged it in and turned it on. Channel 4 was broadcasting a variety show in color. The doctor was right. It worked. The picture was crystal-clear, the color was breath-taking, and my helpers—who hadn't really expected anything staggering—sat spellbound until the program was over.

Since that day, I have been comparing notes with color set owners of my acquaintance. Most of them have invested in the current RCA table model, a set which sells for $495. Color broadcasts, they all agree, are so fascinating that for the moment anything sent out in black and white holds little interest. Right now we tend to prefer drivel—if it's in color—to a Eugene O'Neill play in black and white. We call our friends and ask them over to watch Perry Como, "Your Hit Parade" or "Kraft Theatre," all of which are on view in color this season. None of us has required professional help to tune a color picture. On my 1958 set you can adjust a couple of knobs marked "Hue" and "Color" and forget them. Since 1954, broadcasting techniques have been vastly improved as far as the spectrum is concerned, and the operation of receivers has been simplified. Getting a color picture is now no more involved than tuning in to black and white, and the screen area is approximately the same as that of the average monochrome set—twenty-one inches.

Compatible Ulcers

If color TV sounds like duck soup as far as the home audience is concerned, quite the opposite situation exists at the broadcasting end. Color has multiplied the complexity of transmission to the ulcer level. Television in general is a young man's industry. Color TV, according to most executives connected with color shows, may kill off all but the heartiest of the young men. "I work a seven-day week," one of them told me. As color consultant for a TV network, he must be on hand for every show that goes out on the air in color. Until recently, he commuted weekly between New York and Hollywood. Now he shuttles between the five color studios this network maintains in New York and Brooklyn, and his trips to the Coast have been cut to one or two a month. "I live in Connecticut," he went on, "where my family is beginning to wonder what I look like. I never get any time at home. For the last three months of 1957, this network scheduled 250 hours of color, just short of three hours a day. It will keep going up, of course. Eventually, everything will be in color—at least, all the live shows."

The Picture Brightens

In a 1956 speech before the Association of National Advertisers Richard Pinkham, an NBC vice-president, told his audience that 150 million dollars would be spent by clients during 1957 on network color programs. By 1960, he predicted, the figure would rise to 600 million dollars. "This is the age of color," he said. "Everything, from cars to fountain pens, sheets to telephones, is tending toward color, because color sells." Desire for color sets, he added, seems to be centered in the younger age groups, which are responsible for a great deal of the country's buying. NBC's president, Robert Sarnoff, has committed his network to an average of more than two programs in color every day of the week, in addition to frequent bonuses of new color shows and spectaculars.

As of July first this year, there were 278 stations in the United States equipped to broadcast in color. Of these, 143 are NBC-TV affiliates. NBC calculates that its 143 stations serve areas containing almost forty million TV-equipped homes—about 96 per cent of the country's total. NBC's mobile color unit has broadcast World Series baseball games in color, and has transmitted several of the top college football games. Children have been watching "My Friend Flicka" in color this winter. When George Gobel and Eddie Fisher teamed up this fall, their shows, which alternate with one another, switched to color. There are always a couple of "housewives' specials" on view some time during the afternoon—a color variety show and a dramatic play. CBS shot the works in September with a ninety-minute color spectacle starring Rex Harrison and a hatful of other stars, just to show that NBC is not the only network that can appeal to the rods and cones of your retina. Color seems to be here to stay.

On a visit to the Ziegfeld Theatre,

which Billy Rose has leased to NBC for use as a color TV studio. I saw some of the impressive equipment that it takes to bring lipstick to life on your home screen. Here the control room is below the orchestra floor, with no direct view of the stage. Directors and technicians sit before monitors: color screens, black and white screens, and small, radarlike screens with dancing green filaments which register three sets of color waves for each camera. Settings of the camera lenses are also controlled from here. Backstage the old panel of light switches formerly considered adequate for stage shows is gathering cobwebs, while a new, incredibly complicated installation occupies a platform twenty-five feet above the stage. Seated in the middle of three sloping banks of switches, a magician in a sport shirt sits poking several thousand plastic buttons and levers. Nearby is a bank of controls with hundreds of fat electric cables plugged in apparently at random in a crisscross pattern. On this Buck Rogers plaything, a million watts of current can be juggled for any conceivable lighting effect. By punching his forest of keys, the operator can set his board for continuous light changes in any color, with dissolves, fade-ins, and special effects ready to work, synchronized in seconds with the show's script.

Test Pattern Named Marilyn

But not all the innovations brought in by color are mechanical. To help adjust the color cameras for accurate skin tones, NBC has under contract a young lady named Marilyn Toomey, an attractive Lorelei with brown hair and eyes and a flawless peaches-and-cream complexion. Before every NBC colorcast, Miss Toomey stands in front of the cameras before air time and is scrutinized for color fidelity. As goes Miss Toomey's skin, so goes NBC. "As a live dummy," she told me, "I'm forbidden to get a tan. They're not interested in my eyes or hair—just my skin. No, I'm not wearing make-up."

Marilyn was at the Ziegfeld for duties connected with the first color transmission of a quiz show, "Tic Tac Dough." A few nights later I saw her again at NBC's Brooklyn studios, located on the site of the old Warner Bros. Vitagraph movie lot, about an hour out of Manhattan by automobile. It was 8:30 P.M., and the dress rehearsal for "Your Hit Parade" was about to start. In the control room Marilyn's face appeared for several minutes on a dozen monitor screens. She smiled and joked with the cameramen. On the big stage dancers and singers in costume began the final run-through for a performance that would go on the air at 10:30 P.M. I picked out a spot in the lee of a large studio cop and got set to watch the first number, a song sung by Jill Corey in a Hawaiian setting. The cast of the skit included a leading man in Navy whites, a movie director, and a group of dancers in grass skirts. At the exact moment when the number ended, the color camera which had been shooting it backed up rapidly and chased my policeman and me right off the set; it was trailed by several stagehands who scooped up its train of cables with the dexterity of bridal attendants busy with a veil. The cop disappeared while I took refuge in a boudoir set-up. A stage-hand shooed me out of there, and after jumping over swarms of writhing cables and dodging through forests of shifting scenery, I finally retreated to the safety of the control room.

Color Is a Challenge

"Your Hit Parade" staging is so complicated and the transitions are made so fast that both actors and technicians were winded at the end of the rehearsal. Breathing hard, the cast shuffled toward the dressing rooms. There would be approximately an hour and a half to rest before the zero hour. I intercepted one of the dancers and asked him what he thought of color television. "If you're going to quote me," he said, "I think it's just great! Off the record, I may not live through it. It's so much more work."

The color consultant I had met previously suggested that I have a Martini with him at a nearby bar. Marilyn Toomey and I accompanied him to a tiny saloon on a street corner about a block away. "Don't quote me," he said, as we sat down. "I love color TV, even if it makes me a stranger at home. There're no old parties holding down jobs in color TV. They just can't stand the tension. Or the hours. That goes for directors, designers, technicians, and the electronics boys. The cameras are twice as big as the ones used in black and white shows, and they contain twice as many components. With their trains of cables, monitors, extra lenses and all that stuff, they cost sixty-five thousand dollars apiece. Color TV requires three to four times as much lighting equipment. Crews are bigger. Rehearsals take longer. In short, color is the most rewarding, exciting, intriguing, nerve-wracking and time-consuming challenge in show business."

Miss Toomey smiled sweetly. "Go right ahead and gripe," she said. "I don't care what anybody says. I like it." THE END

"I'M A LIVE DUMMY." says beautiful Marilyn Toomey, whose flawless skin tones are used to test cameras before all NBC color telecasts.

The Spectre of Pay TV

Just what will you pay for on TV? The World Series? "Egghead" entertainment? A this-year's movie? And will there really be no commercials? Here are the prospects

BY EUGENE D. FLEMING

Earlier this year, people in Minnesota were asked a question which all of us may soon be called upon to answer. In a state-wide poll, the *Minneapolis Tribune* posed this question: "Several companies want to start subscription television in the United States. They think many people would pay fifty cents or a dollar to see a new movie, a play, a big sports event, or some other attraction on their TV sets at home. Those who did not pay would not be able to see that particular event on their sets, but would be able to watch other TV programs without paying. Are you in favor of some sort of subscription TV system in the United States, or are you against it?"

Seventy-five per cent of the people of Minnesota, where eight out of ten households have television sets, were against it. But before *you* answer the question, let's take a closer look at what pay TV is and is not, hear what some other people think about it, and listen to what interested parties, pro and con, say it will mean for you.

The arguments for and against toll television boil down to these: Its opponents claim it will rob you of free television. Its proponents contend it is the only way you'll ever get the kind of first-rate programs you want.

The strongest opposition comes from the networks. The Columbia Broadcasting System states its position when it says: "Continuance of free television broadcasting as we know it today is incompatible with pay television. The pay television promoters' cash boxes would attract the top stars, the top programs, and the sports events now on free television." The success of pay television, says CBS, would inevitably force free television broadcasters to engage in pay television, "and this in turn would set off a chain reaction which ultimately would mean the end of . . . free television."

Those in favor of pay television argue that it would bring the viewing public better entertainment than it is getting now. It would "add a new dimension to American TV entertainment" by enabling your receiver to perform a double duty: continue to give you the programs now on sponsored TV, while also bringing you first-run movies, Broadway shows, grand opera, educational and cultural programs, fine drama—in short, programs either too costly or too limited in public appeal to attract sponsorship.

As you consider the many sides of this argument, you will need to keep certain facts in mind. Last year the average American family spent $28 on spectator fees. In a recent year, 75 per cent of the four billion dollars spent on new television receivers was spent by families with annual incomes of less than $5,000, and nearly all of these families bought their sets on time. The admission charge for a toll TV program would vary from 25 cents to $1.50 or more, depending on what the traffic would bear, the expected size of the audience, and the cost of production. Or, toll programs might be offered in a package, as they have been in one Southwestern city: thirteen first-run movies and seventeen re-runs for a monthly rate of $9.50.

Wanted: Your Money

While television has flourished under commercial sponsorship in this country, many informed critics think that its growth has gone as far as available advertising dollars can push it.

To push TV further, the promoters of the toll systems want to enlist the aid of your dollars. There's no coercion involved—each is merely selling a service. If you don't like what they have to offer, you go on watching free television.

The systems transmit their wares either over the airwaves, just as commercial television systems do today, or by wire (wire transmission has brought many championship prize fights to theatres). Some of the systems use a decoder gadget attached to your set. The decoder unscrambles the picture and sound, which are broadcast in jumbled, unintelligible form. Depending on the system, you may put the unscrambler to work by dropping the right amount of change into a coin box, or inserting an I.B.M. punch card with a printed electronic circuit on it, or setting five dials according to a decoding formula contained in a punchboard-type program card. Another system transmits a free unscrambled picture over the airwaves, but garbles the sound, which reaches you by wire. Still another proposes dual use of regular television channels: each channel would be used both for regular free programs and for subscription programs, which would be picked up over a telephone hook-up decoder. A sixth system simply wires your set and bills you monthly.

No one argues much about the relative merits of the various systems, all of which claim to be technically ready for operation. The dispute whirls around the principle of pay TV itself.

Much of the propaganda from both sides betrays a fervor usually associated only with religious or patriotic causes. Shout the zealous disciples of toll television: "Will TV continue to be the property of the frenzied marketeers and pitchmen playing on a captive audience, or will the viewing public—the American Family—be given the right to decide what entertainment will come into the American Home?" Cry the devoted apostles of the status quo: "Keep the airwaves free—don't change the American system of free broadcasting into a restricted system of paid narrowcasting."

Among this latter group are the theatre exhibitors, who are well aware that toll TV would bankrupt them, but good. Characterizing its promoters as "avaricious peddlers," an editorial in their trade journal, *Motion Picture Exhibitor*, states, "Everyone knows that toll TV, if permitted and if successful, could grab all theatre audiences and all theatre en-

tertainment and could make theatre business . . . as dead as the Dodo bird in just a few short weeks."

Movie producers, however, are, on the whole, in favor of pay TV, for at least two reasons. One, they don't own theatres any more since the government outlawed this practice; and two, they can count, especially money. Look at the facts. Film surveyors Sindlinger and Company gave a single film, "Giant," most of the credit for last winter's box office revival. "Giant" cost 5.4 million dollars to make and grossed seven million dollars in five months, a happy chain of events by today's standards. But if "Giant" had been shown on toll TV, and half the television sets in the nation had been tuned in at $1 a set, it could have grossed twenty million dollars in one night, a figure which warms the coldest of Hollywood hearts.

Worth Billions, All Tolled

Obviously the stakes are high, which explains the sound and fury. It has been estimated by one of the pay TV companies that the possible take from one year of nation-wide toll television could reach as high as five billion dollars. The total annual advertising revenue of free television is about a billion and a quarter dollars. And investment in theatres is some two and one-fifth billion dollars.

The promoters of pay TV are making attractive bids for their piece of this billion-dollar pie. Their biggest boast initially was that there would be no commercials on toll television, but there is now some doubt about where they stand. One toll operator has suggested that a box of soap flakes might contain a slug which could be used in the decoder to unscramble a toll attraction. This may or may not be more desirable than interruptions of the program for commercials. *The New York Times* television critic, Jack Gould, warns against optimism about noncommercial pay TV. "If several sponsors should step forward with a tempting kitty of $1,000,000, such as they spend on a single evening on TV today," he writes, "will the toll operator shyly turn his head in the other direction and exclaim, 'Why the very idea'? The broadcasters cordially invite the toll idealists to read up on the twentieth century."

Advertising men, who have remained, for the most part, surprisingly aloof from the whole debate, naturally favor commercials anywhere and everywhere. William B. Lewis, president of Kenyon and Eckhardt, Inc., thinks that combining commercials with pay TV is "logical and certainly worthy of study." He compares toll television with newspapers, which, he says, "would cost several dollars . . . without advertising support." Following the line of toll TV promoters, he adds that "sponsors may not be able to keep on carrying the full load, if the trend toward increased talent costs continues."

Actually, the presence or absence of commercials is a minor aspect of pay TV compared to other factors. Its proponents assert that since the success of pay-as-you-see TV will depend on its offering better programs than the public can get for free, the producers of sponsored shows will be forced to improve their fare. The public, they declare, will win coming and going. Because the toll systems can be profitable with audiences as small as fifty thousand (it takes about seven million viewers to satisfy the sponsor of a show costing $50,000), they can air programs like opera and ballet without losing money. And the benefits will be twofold. Besides enriching the nation culturally, the participating opera companies will enrich themselves financially through the "admissions" of thousands or even millions who will never get to an opera house.

This argument is applied, with variations, to all types of programs from sports to adult education courses. In baseball, part of the pay TV proceeds from major league games can be used to subsidize minor league clubs, which have been hit hard by free television. Similarly, a fair proportion of the gross from a big college football game can be parceled out to small colleges throughout the nation.

The legitimate stage also stands to profit from pay TV. Broadway hits like "South Pacific" and "My Fair Lady" would reach a larger paying audience in one night that in a run of several years in one theatre. Commenting on the "dismal" decline of the stage, Ralph Bellamy, president of Actors Equity Association, points out that "the number of theatres available for professional stage productions in New York City alone has been reduced by almost 50 per cent in the past twenty years; . . . home subscription TV could create millions of new theatres by bringing Broadway plays to . . . homes thousands of miles from Broadway."

The toll promoters also offer to provide "at least a partial solution to the

(continued)

I.N.P.

SUBSCRIPTION TV by Tele-Movie, at $9.50 a month, was grabbed up by Bartlesville, Oklahoma, viewers. Polls in other cities were against pay television. Unperturbed by the contradiction, Henry S. Griffing, top man at Tele-Movie, is eyeing thirty-five other towns for his toll system.

"Pay TV will devour free television"

—ROBERT W. SARNOFF
President of NBC

economic wall that now confronts most educational television plans and operations." The Federal Communications Commission has authorized 41 stations for educational television, but there were only 20 on the air in June of this year, most with limited schedules, because of the problem of finding means to pay their way. Dean C. C. Caveny of the University of Illinois, an authority on educational techniques, states that much of the work for a college degree can be done effectively by television. The sale of a few hours of educational courses a day by these stations could finance their operations, and permit hundreds of them to devote hours each day to the free transmission of public school courses and cultural attractions.

The problem of educational television is closely related to another subject dear to the hearts of tollsters. This is the necessity of finding enough room on the airwaves for an adequate national television service. Because of the shortage of channels, many important communities have only one or two TV outlets.

High Frequency Waste Bands

Everyone agrees that the only way to obtain additional room is to activate channels 14 through 83, the ultra-high-frequency bands. But because 14 through 83 can't be received on most existing sets, the UHF bands, except in a few areas, are wasted. This lack of an audience for UHF threatens to stunt not only pay TV's growth but the expansion of free TV as well.

Most sets receive only the very-high-frequency bands, 2 through 13, because for many years no other channels were authorized and because tuners that receive channels 14 through 83 involve extra manufacturing costs. There is, however, a bill now in Congress that would equalize the cost of VHF and UHF receivers by setting aside the 10 per cent federal excise tax on ultra-high-frequency receivers. Since the normal replacement of obsolete receivers is about 6,000,000 a year, UHF stations would be flourishing within five years.

This means a lot for toll TV. Its advocates maintain that without pay-as-you-see, UHF will never develop because advertising dollars can't support it. Arthur Levey, President of Skiatron Electronics, points out that less than a third of the 1,875 available TV stations are used today "because the advertising dollar cannot be stretched far enough." Figures on station profits seem to bear him out. Last year, 186 of the 442 TV stations reporting, including UHF stations, had operated at a loss during the previous 12 months. Considering only UHF stations on the air more than a year, 92, or nearly one third, lost money. Once there is an adequate number of channels there isn't much chance that toll TV will destroy viewers' freedom of choice in any community, tollsters assert.

Half Free, Half Fee

Furthermore, the toll-men say, pay-as-you-see TV is only asking for 15 per cent of the broadcasting time. This seemingly innocent contention sets up howls from the networks. It will be disastrous for free TV, says an American Broadcasting Company spokesman, because it will greatly aggravate the problem of network clearance of stations, already a headache. A certain number of stations must be promised to the advertiser so he can be sure his message reaches enough viewers to make his outlay worth while. With pay TV channels interfering, ABC explains dolefully, free TV will lose sponsorship. Without advertising, networks can't produce high caliber programs. Therefore, they declare, television can't survive half free and half or even partially fee.

The objections and claims run on and on. To the toll promoters' claim that they will present cultural shows, CBS President Frank Stanton counters: "This is a pipe dream. If, as the pay television people say, installing a minimum service in a major city will cost millions of dollars, installing it throughout the total area now served by television will cost billions. Naturally," he continues, "people who make such an investment will want to get it back by putting on the type of shows which will attract the largest audiences. If a million families were willing to pay $1 each to see a movie, and a hundred-thousand would pay $2 to see a ballet, there would be no ballet." The most eloquent voice in the debate is that of Maxwell Anderson, who declaims: "There are enormous forces of inertia holding us back from the free choice of programs. The large advertising companies, the networks themselves, the concerns that market nation-wide products, all have enormous investments . . . in the present regime." Anderson concludes dramatically: "We have sold our gigantic television birthright for a mess of pottage."

According to public opinion polls, however, it seems that a majority of people interviewed like the mess of pottage, or at least are unwilling to pay for anything better. One poll found the extent of opposition depended on the type of show and the price quoted. For instance, 7.7 per cent favored paying for a new film on television when no price was mentioned. But only 21.2 would pay a quarter and less than 14 per cent a dollar. A poll by Elmo Roper in Columbus, Ohio, discovered that even under the most favorable circumstances, 62 per cent of the people interviewed were against pay TV. When interviewees were told that pay TV might eventually do away with free programs, opposition rose to 87 per cent.

Sampled public opinion notwithstanding, the advent of pay TV movies in Bartlesville, Oklahoma, an oil town of thirty thousand near Tulsa, elicited this comment from a delighted housewife: "It's the greatest thing since the flip-top box. It's instant movies. You can hear every word because there isn't anyone chewing popcorn in front of you or rustling bags in back of you."

The tollvision getting its full-fledged tryout at Bartlesville is a wire system called Tele-Movie. Its operators, Video Independent Theatres, Inc., a 270-unit theatre chain, disclaim the name "pay TV," stating their system is no more than a new method of distributing movies. The test run offers subscribers thirteen new movies, such as "Pajama Game" and "Jeanne Eagels," and seventeen re-runs for a package rate of $9.50 a month. There is no installation charge, and viewers can cancel at any time.

The $300,000 Gamble

Video's president, Henry S. Griffing, says he will need about two thousand subscribers in order to break even on the $300,000 he spent setting up operations, and hopes to sign up four thousand. He figures it will take at least a year before the success or failure of the system can be determined. If successful, Video plans to go into thirty-five other towns.

To Griffing, the cable theatre is not so much a revolutionary idea as a simple matter of survival. Pointing out that theatre attendance this year was off 35 to 40 per cent during the peak summer months, he says: "We've gone into this thing not because we are exceedingly

bright but because we are exceedingly frightened."

The entertainment world, electronics manufacturers, TV networks, movie exhibitors, and rival pay TV promoters all have their eyes glued on Mr. Griffing's experiment in Bartlesville. It's very likely that Congress and the Federal Communications Commission are also looking toward the Southwest with particular interest, because one or both of them will ultimately decide the fate of pay TV.

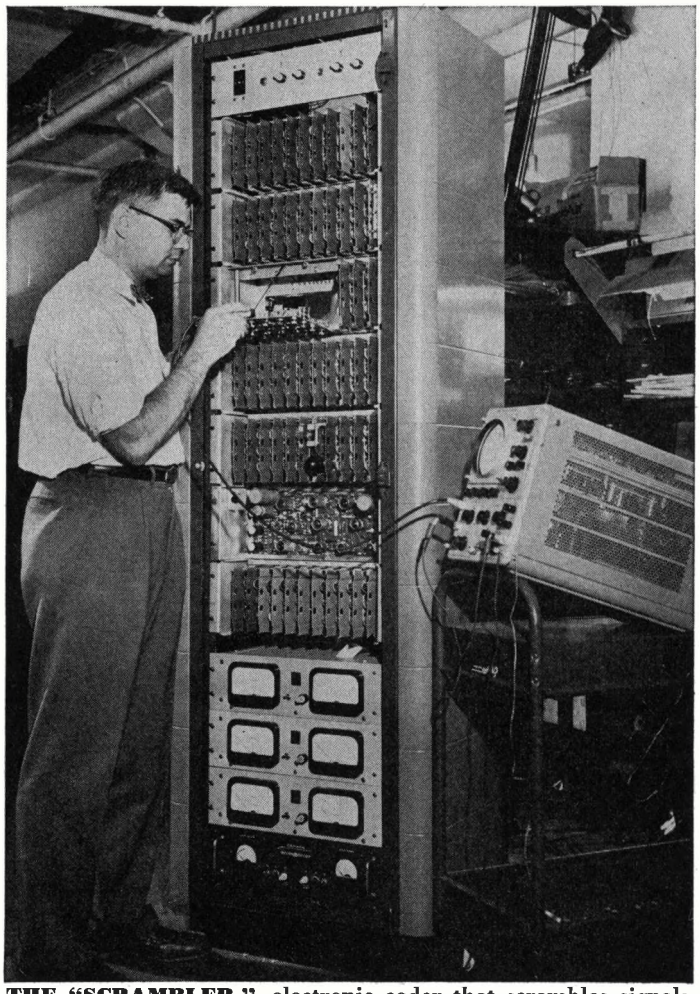
FCC Opens Pay TV Door

The FCC has recently taken the first step to get subscription TV off the ground for a test of its workability. On September 18, the FCC issued a statement that it was disposed to let pay TV have a public trial "on a limited basis for a period of three years." One month later, the commission announced it was ready to receive applications for pay TV experiments under strict rules it had set up. In its statement the FCC said it wanted "to afford a suitable opportunity for subscription television to demonstrate its capacity to render a useful service."

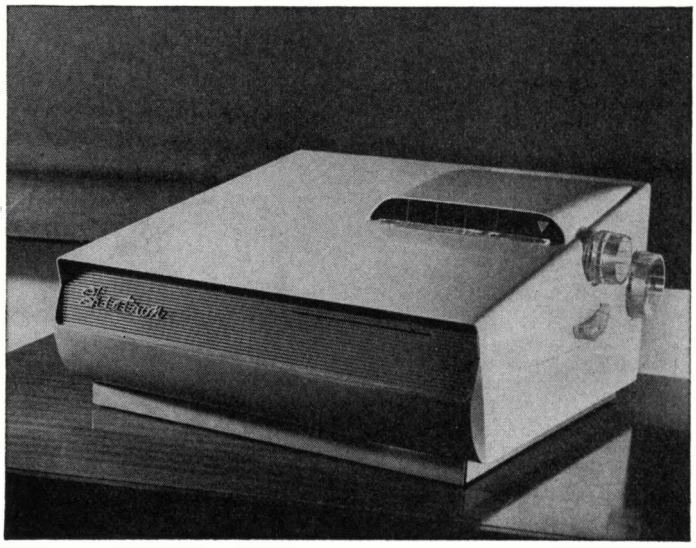
While the toll-men consider this action a step in the right direction, they also see one formidable stumbling block. By making it clear that no application would be acted on before March 1958, the FCC slipped around the legal question of whether it has the power to authorize toll trials, and paved the way for Congress' fire and brimstone entrance into the arena. Some five senators and twenty representatives are reportedly opposed to pay TV, and the few "Yea" 's have done little more than weakly suggest trials to decide the issue. Most vocal opponent is Democratic Representative Emanuel Celler of New York, chairman of the powerful House Judiciary Committee, who refers to toll TV as "gas meter television" which "no more guarantees good programing than does the present system." Then, no player of favorites, he describes the present system as "the rape of the airwaves." He has introduced a bill which would strip the FCC of all power to grant pay television licenses.

Regardless of the oratory and political foot-stomping that are sure to follow, the fact still remains that if and when airwave trials are authorized, the lengthy list of pros and cons will be judged by you—the buying public—whose willingness or unwillingness to pay for the product offered will cast the final vote.

But it won't be for a while yet. The best tip-off on the immediate future of toll TV comes from the attitude of security analysts who discuss it with a reserve that goes one step beyond caution. One of them sums it up this way: "The whole thing is too damned nebulous for me." THE END



THE "SCRAMBLER," electronic coder that scrambles signals, is assembled at the Skiatron laboratories. The decoder (below) unscrambles picture when subscriber inserts card and presses a button. Card also records programs viewed for billing purposes.



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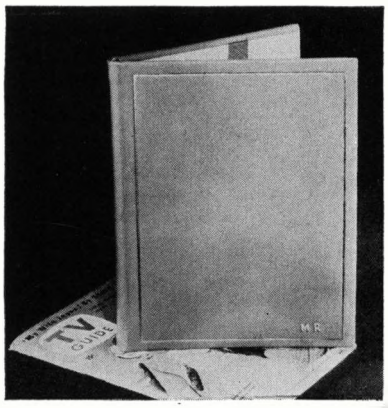

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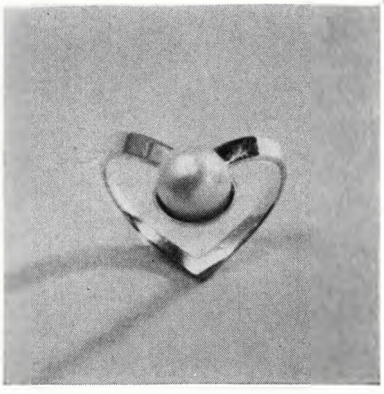
Pictured here are Carmencita and Jacinto from Spain, only two of the 80 "folk" dolls available from 22 different countries. Each is hand-crafted and authentically dressed in traditional costume. Mailed to you direct from their native lands! $5.50 for any two mailed from one country, duty free. Add $1.00 each for 2-week air delivery. Prized by children and adults alike. Order through World-Wide Dolls, Dept. CS, 228 Lexington Ave., New York, N.Y.



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Shopper

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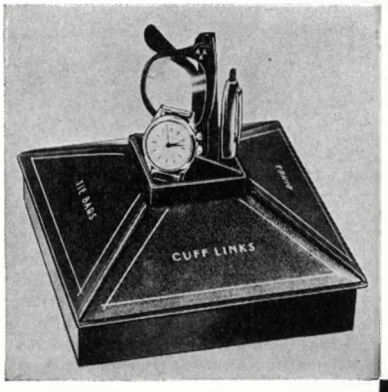

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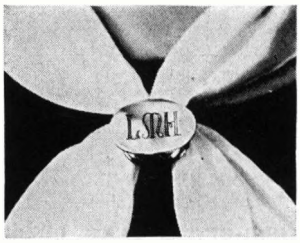

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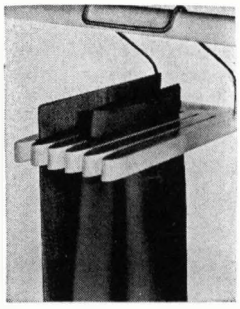

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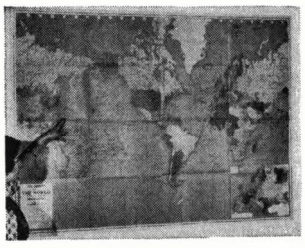

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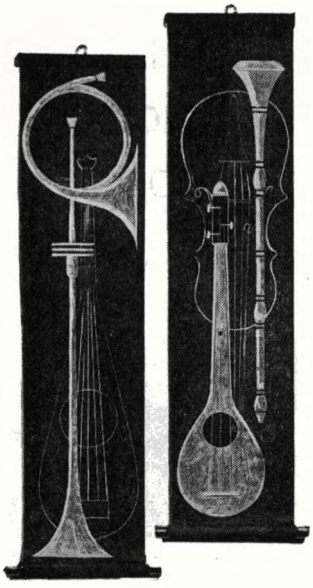

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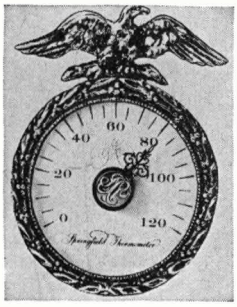

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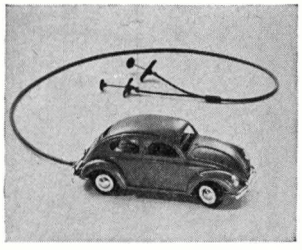

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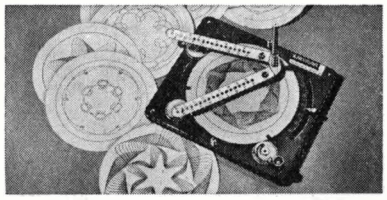

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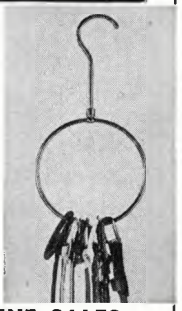

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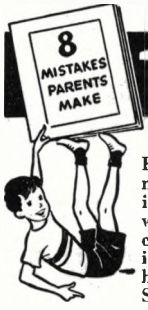

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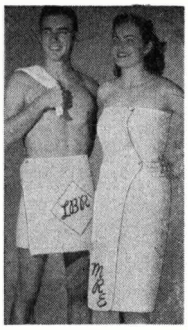

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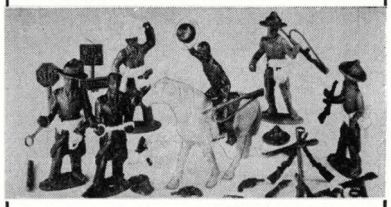

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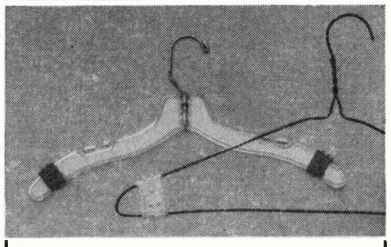

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The Cosmopolitan Shopper

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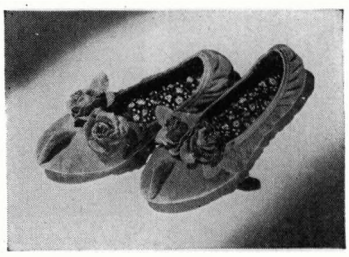

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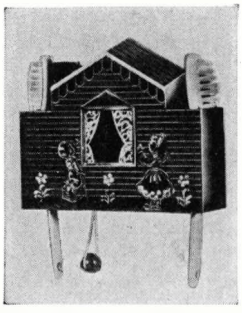

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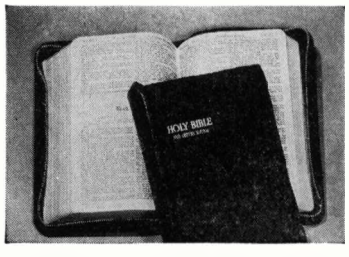

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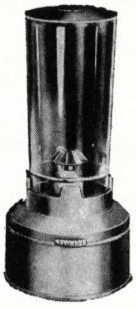

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Cosmopolitan's Special Fiction Section

A CHRISTMAS PRESENT I'LL NEVER FORGET

It was back in the jazz age...it was Christmas... I was a cub reporter and terribly in love

BY HARVEY TURNER ILLUSTRATED BY EDWIN GEORGI

I was hanging over the society desk exchanging a few quips with that new babe there—Gloria, her name is—and she was shuffling through some photographs of dolls for the Sunday edition. After a while she turned up a picture of a kid that struck me familiar. She was a dish—big eyes and a little turned-up nose (retroussé, they used to call it) and a wide, beautiful mouth.

"Who's that?" I said.

"Not for the likes of you, Turner," Gloria said, very fresh. "Not for a tired old news hawk!"

"She reminds me of somebody I used to know," I said. "What's her name?"

"That's Nora Scarlett," Gloria said, sighing. "The Number One Vassar Girl. Her folks are throwing her a Christmas ball at the St. Regis."

I picked up the photograph and looked at the girl's face; then I turned it over and looked at her name and it all came back to me—that Christmas nearly thirty years ago—the Christmas I'll never forget. I stood there, lost in a mist of memories.

"Spry as you are, you're too old for the stag line," Gloria said.

"What do you know about it?" I said. "You poor little underprivileged kid. What the hell do you know about anything?"

It was 1928. The razzle-dazzle decade was just rising to a crescendo. James J. Walker, the smiling Irishman, was Mayor of New York and was seen more often in the Central Park Casino than the City Hall. Come nightfall, Texas Guinan was giving her clarion call, "Hello, sucker!" in whichever of her joints hadn't just been padlocked, and Helen Morgan was sitting on the piano in the House of Morgan singing, "Can't help lovin' that man of mine." Everybody was still talking about *The President's Daughter*, by Nan Britton, and Babe Ruth's sixty homers, and Helen Hayes in "Coquette." Eddie Cantor was cutting his banjo eyes in "Making Whoopee," and Mickey Mouse had just been born. Prohibition was at its height, and there were 3,200 speakeasies in the city of New York. Dutch Schultz was building his mob, and Legs Diamond was building his reputation. Owney Madden was a name to conjure with and you began to hear about Luciano. The hierarchy of crime was more complex than the circles of diplomacy, and the gang wars loomed inescapably in the offing. In addition to the Big Seven, there were countless clusters of little mobsters, working their way up, and competition had already set in. Public enemies moved into columns of three figures and the alliance of the underworld with corrupt politics had begun to seep through to the private citizenry and disturb their sleep. Where would it all end?

I was four years out of the Medill School of Journalism, and I thought of myself as one of the principal characters in "The Front Page." I had just jockeyed my way to what seemed to me the pinnacle of life. I was Harvey Turner, police reporter on the *Daily American*, with the world's greatest beat. I was fresh as paint, dumb as an ox, and happy as a pig in clover. I knew Grover Whalen personally and had a few shares on margin. I had cards to nineteen speakeasies, including the Key and the Stork, and knew the password for several dozen more. Belle Livingstone had once called me "Harve." I lived in a furnished room in Greenwich Village, which I used mostly to change clothes, and I was in love with a girl named Lily Feeney.

The whole thing started one morning in May. It had rained in the night and when I came across Washington Square everything was all washed off and the light was sifting through the pale green leaves of the city trees. A kind of freshness arose from the granite paving stones of New York. I headed for Police Headquarters, and spring outside made a sharp contrast to the melancholy light on the gray walls of the cell block as I made my rounds, trying to dig something out of the guys who'd been pulled in during the small hours,

"Don't you toucha this girl!" the old man commanded. Big Tony's arm dropped and Margarita shrank back.

before they were shunted into the morning line-up.

It was an ordinary day and an ordinary haul—the usual derelicts, drunks, vagrants, thieves, and pimps. As I moseyed along, chirping to the fellows on the other side of the bars, hoping to pick up a lead of some kind, I heard a low whistle across the room.

I turned around, and this big fellow was leaning negligently against the wall of the narrow cell. He beckoned to me with his head.

"You a reporter?" he asked.

"Yeah," I said, trying to keep myself from striking a pose.

"What paper?"

"*American*. Why?"

"Things like that interest me," he said casually.

I looked him over. You might say he was spectacularly handsome. He was over six feet and I figured him to be Italian, though he certainly didn't look like the usual sawed-off mug that got in jail. He looked more like the discus thrower in that eighth-grade art and literature book. He had flashing brown eyes and flashing white teeth. His black hair was cropped close to his well-shaped skull, and he had one of those straight noses that make you think of Achilles. It turned out he derived from the Sicilian strain, which often is a throwback to the early Greek colonists of that island.

"Would you make a phone call for me?" he asked.

I brooded. I figured he was some kind of a mobster, but he was young, and so far the hazards of the trade hadn't resulted in cauliflower ears or knife scars. I decided he was a beginner and they had him on suspicion.

"Sure," I said, "if Captain Shaughnessy says it's okay."

He perked up. "Call Brodsky," he said. "Sam Brodsky. He's my mouthpiece. You know—Brodsky & Fallon. Just tell him the Big Fellow's in the can."

"Right-o," I said. (We'd learned that one from the Prince of Wales' visit.)

I started to move on.

"Wait a minute, pal," the Big Fellow said. "What's your name?"

I hesitated, but then I thought, so what? I said, "Turner. Harvey Turner."

"I never forget a favor," he said, and leaned back against the wall as if to indicate the interview was over.

I went outside and dropped a nickel in the slot. That's all it cost to dial in the good old days. I got Sam Brodsky on the wire and delivered the message. He was a fairly well-known lawyer in certain circles, but in what seemed like a matter of minutes he was all the way downtown to Police Headquarters with a writ in his hot hand.

When I cased the morning line-up, I looked for the Big Fellow, but he never appeared. Obviously Brodsky had been able to spring him immediately and save him the humiliation.

That afternoon, when I was sitting at my desk in the city room, pecking out my routine story, my phone rang.

I thought it might be Lily, so I grabbed it. "Turner," I said.

"This is Tony," the voice said.

"Who?"

"The Big Fellow," he said. "Remember this morning?"

"Oh, yeah," I said. "The Big Fellow."

"Right," he said. "I'm sending a guy over with an envelope for you."

"Thanks," I said, "but no dice."

"Come off it," he said. "I owe it to you."

"You don't owe me anything," I told him.

"High hat, eh? Nobody does Tony favors for nothing."

"It's against the rules," I said. "You want to get me fired?"

"You must need something," he said. "Name it."

"Call me up when you've got a good story," I answered. "That's the only kind of pay-off I ever want."

"Okay," he said. "You'll hear from me."

Something like gooseflesh ran down my spine. *Somebody walking over my grave*, I thought. If I'd known what his generosity was going to cost me, it might have seemed simpler to take the bribe.

That night I had a date with my girl. Lily was an Irish mick from San Juan Hill, that staid bit of old Ireland just north of Hell's Kitchen. She was as pretty as a picture, with a mop of fluffy, golden blonde curls and eyes like sapphires, and even in those pillow cases girls wore in 1928, she had a shape. Lily was dead-set on getting into show business. She had a light, sweet soprano voice and good legs and a taste for the footlights. She had done a chorus stint in "Manhattan Mary," and that's how I had met her, stage-door-Johnnying with the number-two man on the drama desk. It seemed unlikely that either of us would ever recover—Lily from the stint in the chorus, or I from Lily.

New York was full of girls with sweet voices and good legs in those days, and getting on the stage was no simpler than it is now, so between engagements, Lily prudently plied the trade of manicurist in the Hotel Astor Barber Shop, alleged to be frequented by the entrepreneurs of the theatrical business. She was an orphan and lived with the O'Sheas (Mary O'Shea was her dead mother's sister) and felt beholden to contribute to the family finances.

Lily was a good girl, as sweet as she was pretty, and, far from being a typical chorine, she wasn't even a flapper. It took her quite a while to bring herself to sit around in the better-class speakeasies with me, and she had no taste for the demon rum. She was shocked at the flaming youth with their stockings rolled and the paint on their Clara Bow faces, and in the middle of our splendid night life you could practically hear her telling her beads. That was what made everything that happened so startling. Lily was such a lady.

We had supper at Dinty Moore's—corned beef and cabbage. Lily had on a black sack and a coal scuttle on her head made of hatter's plush. She looked very delectable.

"How did it go?" I asked.

"Oh, I had a keen time today," Lily told me. "Guess who I manicured?"

"Al Smith," I guessed.

"Ziegfeld!" Lily said, her eyes shining.

"Did he offer you a contract?" I asked.

"No," said Lily, "but I gave him a real good manicure. Maybe he'll come back. What happened to you?"

I told her about Big Tony and the envelope and all.

Her face clouded up. "Oh, Harvey," she said. "People like that scare me."

"He was just a young guy," I said. "He couldn't be anything but a small-time mug."

"Don't get mixed up with gangsters," she said. "Anything can happen to you!"

"I'm a police reporter," I told her loftily. "It's my business."

About two weeks later I got an anonymous phone call.

"Harvey Turner?"

"That's me."

"Be at Butler's Warehouse in the Bronx around midnight if you want to see some action."

"What?" I said.

"Stay under cover," my caller instructed, and rang off.

"Hello, hello!" I shouted into the dead receiver.

I got there at eleven-thirty and stood in the shadows of the building across the street. At midnight a long black car eased up to the curb. Six men got out, overpowered the night watchman, and went in. It was a fairly typical heist. I ran to a police box on the corner to put in an alarm, but by the time the cops drove up, the hoods had made their getaway.

The story earned me my first by-line.

That summer launched my career. About every two weeks I got a mysterious phone call, and the *American* began to scoop the world on New York gangster

activities. The Police Department began to be very wroth over the fact that we got to the scene of the crime and made photographs before they could start the siren going. I got a permanent by-line, a raise, three bonuses, and was cited by the publisher. I also got a summons from the Police Commissioner, followed by the third degree from the District Attorney, and a long day's journey with the Grand Jury.

I told them all the truth. I told them I had made a phone call, okayed by Captain Shaughnessy, for a big fellow named Tony who had been sprung before line-up, and that I'd been getting phone calls ever since. What was I supposed to do, ignore them? I was a newspaper man!

"As a citizen you should turn such matters over to the police," the D.A. said.

"I'll be glad to," I said. "What's the ticket?"

They tapped my line, and when the next tip-off came, they beat me to the scene. They muffed it, but it ended the phone calls.

"Well, that's that," I said and went back to grubbing for news.

"I'm glad it happened," Lily stormed. "You keep on fooling around with dynamite and you'll wake up dead."

"I didn't know you cared," I said and reached for her hand.

Lily looked prim.

"Let's get married," I said.

"Not until you get over playing cops and robbers," Lily said.

"Okay, okay," I said. "It's all over. You can relax."

But it wasn't over.

During the Labor Day weekend, I got a call at my room. It was as hot as blazes and New York was deserted. Lily was doing a song-and-dance turn at an inn in the Catskills. I had to stay on the beat. It was Sunday afternoon and I was lonely and bored.

The phone rang and it was Big Tony. He had decided we ought to have dinner. My instinct was to say that I was leaving town for good, but there was something about one of Tony's invitations that didn't take "no" for an answer. I went, half expecting that I might be called upon to write an eye-witness account of a murder, but it turned out to be purely social. Tony told me the story of his life.

His father, an immigrant from the bare hills around Palermo, had been sweeping the streets of New York for nearly forty years. He had reared a large family of first-generation Americans in a crowded tenement on the Lower East Side on a White Wing's pay. He had never bothered to learn much English. All these things seemed to stick in Tony's craw—especially the fact that his old man was a street sweeper and glad of it. This seemed to derive from a sound snub from the first girl he had ever fallen in love with, Gertrude Schultz, a sexy blonde on the block who was having no truck with offspring of the Department of Sanitation.

Eventually I met Papa Scarlata. He was a sawed-off, wizened little guy, brown as a nut and bent over from pushing the broom. But there was something about him. He was a king in his own house—that crowded, confused old tenement—with a presence that was almost imperial. He didn't stand as high as Tony's shoulder blade and was a flyweight in comparison, but if Big Tony feared anybody, it was his old man. Little Tony seemed completely unaware of his eldest's line of business and his curious place in the world. Though his mother looked at Big Tony with melancholy eyes and his brother, Father Joe, and sisters gave him a wide berth, it was pretty clear that none of them would shoulder the responsibility of breaking the news to Papa.

Papa Scarlata was a good man—righteous, the way my old man, still farming in Missouri, was righteous. The Lord was on their side.

About the first of October I got home to my room late one night. Tony was sitting in my room with his feet on the desk reading *Smart Set*. I don't know how he got in.

"I thought I better wait in here," he said calmly, while I swallowed. "I need your help."

My knees turned to jelly, but I managed to control myself.

"What can I do for you?" I quavered.

"It's a long story," Tony said. "It's really about Papa."

"Shoot," I said.

"An old friend of Papa's has come here from Sicily," Tony said. "Enrico De Sica. Papa and Enrico played together as children. He finally got in under the quota and he wants to set up in business."

"What kind of business?"

"He's a singing teacher," Tony said.

"A singing teacher!" I parroted.

"I've got to rent a studio and a piano," Big Tony said. "He's got to have a place to do his yelling. Besides, he's got a seventeen-year-old daughter."

"That makes it more interesting," I said.

"You're not kidding," Big Tony answered and whistled. "She's quite a mouse!"

"Yeah," I said. "Jailbait!"

"Just what I don't need," Tony said, flashing his white teeth, "but she *is* a little beauty. How do you rent a studio?" He went on, plaintively, "I haven't had any experience with the legit. Besides, you know I can't show my face in this deal."

"You want me to front for you?"

"That's it, fellow."

That night I took the whole matter up with Lily.

"I've got a musician friend who has just come over from Italy who needs a studio and a piano," I told her. "What do I do now?"

Lily was excited to hear about a singing teacher. She was still buffing nails in the Astor Barber Shop, waiting for her big break.

"Carnegie Hall," Lily said.

We went straight to Fifty-seventh and Seventh Avenue, and Lily went over every studio for rent with a fine-tooth comb.

"They're pretty expensive," she said.

"Money's no object," I told her, but I didn't tell her who was picking up the tab. Lily didn't approve of Big Tony.

She settled on a four-room studio and apartment, and then we went out and bought a fine concert grand, sofa chairs, tables, lamps, pictures and an oriental rug—the works! It was the berries when Lily got through with it. We were just putting on the finishing touches when Big Tony dropped in to give it an inspection.

Lily was polishing the piano and when she saw him she did a double take. Her face went a little pale.

"Miss Feeney, this is Mr. Scarlata," I said. "Lily's been helping me with the decorations," I told Big Tony.

Lily threw me a strange look. "How do you do?" she gulped.

"That was nice of you, Miss Feeney," he said. "It looks fine."

"Why didn't you tell me it was for that—that gangster?" Lily demanded when we were out on the street and Tony had gone.

"It's for a friend of his father's," I said. "A famous musician from Sicily."

"I thought you'd given up that hood!" Lily cried. "Don't you know how dangerous they are?"

"Tony's all right," I said.

"You'll rue the day," she scolded.

How right she was.

Maestro Enrico De Sica and his daughter, Margarita, approved of the studio. It was beautiful, Enrico cried. It was just the way he had known everything in America would be—big, beautiful and cheap! Little did he know.

Margarita was beautiful, too. She was a lissome girl with great dark eyes and a cloud of brown hair—innocent as morning. When Big Tony brought them around, I could see his eyes going over her. She treated him with the veneration due an old uncle, but I thought, *He'll*

change all that! Something deep and moody stirred in his face. I don't think he'd thought of a girl since Gertrude Schultz, that sexy blonde who had scorned the White Wing's son. He'd been too busy getting rich so he could grind Gertrude under his heel to take on a moll, but now he began to have ideas.

"Too young, Tony," I said out of the corner of my mouth.

"Give her time," he said. "She'll grow up."

The De Sicas settled into Carnegie Hall, but then America let them down. Nobody came to take music lessons. Mr. De Sica worried and worried and began to lose weight. He and Maria traveled to the Lower East Side and took it up with Papa Scarlata. Papa Scarlata took it up with Big Tony. Big Tony took it up with me.

"Listen," Tony said, "I got to have some music students."

"I'll have to think about it," I told him.

"Don't you know anybody who wants to take lessons?" he demanded. "I'll pay them $25 an hour and free tuition!"

"I'll do what I can," I promised feebly and called Lily.

"Listen," I said, "don't you want to take singing lessons for a salary? It's the chance of a lifetime! You can give up manicuring."

"Do you think I'd take *his* money?" Lily inquired furiously.

"You could take the lessons," I said, "as a favor to me!"

Lily bridled. She wanted and needed singing lessons, but she wouldn't give in.

Tony called me the next morning. "I've got a great idea," he said. "I'm sending the boys to De Sica!"

"The boys?" I said.

"Yeah," he said. "Every hour on the hour. Pelligrini just got back! The next victim is Soap Flakes Durgan."

Thus began the strangest musical experience in the history of New York. One of the toughest mobs in the biggest rackets in the world clambered up the stairs to Papa De Sica, handed him a wad of cash, and endeavored to run scales.

"Soap Flakes" Durgan, a cadaverous creature who could look a shotgun in the muzzle without flinching but was terrified of germs, carried his throat atomizer with him and had to spray his larynx every few minutes. His voice was a high squeak, like a wounded peacock's, but Maestro De Sica never gave up. "Drape Belly" Pelligrini, who was so fat that the three-flight climb to the studio left him breathless for the first thirty minutes of every lesson, croaked out a bass like a cracked bell.

Pete Algoni, "The Shiv," a cold, professional killer whose knife had certainly split more than one throat, simply couldn't get on any key.

Maestro De Sica, at his wit's end, his ears offended by the horrible sounds that emanated from "The Shiv," finally hit him over the right knuckles with a ruler, the knuckles of a hand so delicate with the knife.

"Pay attench!" shouted De Sica. "Is like thees"—and he struck middle C.

"Yes, sir," said Pete meekly.

Frankie Cardoni fortified himself with spirits before his "lesson." As a result, he sang without De Sica's being able to stop him. "Moonlight Bay" was his favorite. He went on from there to the racier saloon songs he had picked up in a long and vulgar career. Margarita had to be banished from the accompanist's stool and sent into the bedroom to protect her virgin ears.

Johnny Scalise came under severe pressure. He was Tony's right-hand man—almost as good-looking, almost as ambitious, but lacking in courage. He made it up in wiliness. He finally got out of the routine by insinuating that Margarita had taken a fancy to him. Tony ruled him out of the music class. He had plans of his own in that department.

If the lessons were agony, Maestro De Sica at least attained economic security by leaps and bounds. He kept his money in his shoes and kept buying larger and larger shoes, until he was scarcely able to get around. Nobody could persuade him to part with it or trust it to a bank. Between the cramps in his feet from his bankroll and the injury to his nervous system from his pupils' sound effects, his health began to fail.

Big Tony was terrified.

He called me again. "Hey," he said, "I've got to rustle up one legitimate voice. I'm prepared to raise the ante to a hundred bucks an hour."

"Lily," I said that night, "if you love me you'll take music lessons from Mr. De Sica—just for a while!"

"You're just a plain, out-and-out fool," Lily told me. She wasn't one to mince words when she got her Irish up.

"You don't love me," I accused.

"All right," Lily said. "I'll take them, and the Devil take the hindmost."

"Don't you know anybody else who could take them? They're free!"

"Jimmy O'Shea," Lily said, naming her youngest cousin. "He sings in the choir at the Paulist Fathers' Church."

"That's great," I said, and I telephoned Big Tony the good news.

That solved the problem for the time being. Lily began to spend most of her non-working hours at Carnegie Hall. I could hardly get a date with her. When she wasn't taking a lesson she was practicing. Big Tony had got in the habit of dropping in on the studio regularly, to keep his gang in line, but Lily didn't mention him. She seemed to prefer to avoid the whole subject and pretend to herself he had nothing to do with it.

As I said before, Lily had a light, pleasant voice and a lot of grit and determination and some knowledge of music from the convent. Mr. De Sica was satisfied with her.

But he was wild about Jimmy O'Shea, who turned out to have one of the sweetest tenors in the business. Jimmy was a real musician with a solid background in liturgical music. He was a handsome lad in the bargain and full of pretty compliments to the daughter of the house. He gave her the eye immediately, and in less than a month they were holding hands and drinking sodas out of the same glass in Green's Drugstore across the street. Papa De Sica, who foresaw a brilliant career for this prodigy, approved. He even encouraged the young lovers.

Big Tony had bogged down in a big job and had to blow town until things cooled off, so none of this romantic byplay came to his attention. I went to pick up Lily at the studio one night and found Margarita and Jimmy kissing in the hall. It made me terribly nervous.

"See here," I said to Papa De Sica. "Do you know what's going on out there?"

Pelligrini was at the piano hoarsely rendering his personal version of "Asleep in the Deep."

"Is a fine boy, Jimmy," said Papa De Sica expansively. "Is going to make beautiful music. Mucha money!"

"But Margarita," I said, "she's just a kid!"

"It's better to marry young," Papa De Sica informed me, above the din of Pelligrini's vocal cords. "Stop! Stop!" he shouted to Pelligrini.

It wasn't up to me to say, "Big Tony has got plans." The De Sicas didn't know they were beholden to him.

"I'll tell The Shiv," Drape Belly said to me, phlegmatically.

"Not that!" I said. "Big Tony will have to handle this one himself!"

It seemed to me that the whole situation was building to a terrible blow-up.

I don't know how much Drape Belly let drop, but along about the first of December Big Tony was back at his old haunts and a few new ones.

"Guess who came in today to have his pinkies shined," Lily said to me one cold night, when we were having butter cakes at Child's Paramount.

"Rodgers and Hart," I hazarded.

"Big Tony," said Lily.

"Well," I said, surprised. "He hardly ever shows in the crowded marts of trade that way. It's not healthy."

"He wanted to talk to me about Jimmy," Lily told me importantly. "He thinks Jim's great and he's going to get him an audition at the Ringside Club."

Tony had inevitably gravitated to the night club racket. He owned the Ringside.

"Good old Tony," I said. I figured Tony planned to have Jimmy O'Shea graduate immediately from the De Sica musical academy, and this was his delicate way of arranging it.

"He has nice hands," Lily said, looking thoughtful.

The following Saturday night Jimmy made his debut during the supper show at the Ringside, and the people went wild. His sweet, true Irish tenor, devoid of mannerisms, in the simple old songs, brought tears to the guilty eyes of assembled aristocracy, drinking Scotch out of their teacups. He was a solid hit and was immediately signed to a contract at $500 per week. Big Tony was there to congratulate him.

"You ought to be giving singing lessons, not taking them," Tony said. "You can put all that behind you now."

"Mr. De Sica helped me a lot—" Jimmy began.

"But now you won't have time," Tony said firmly. "You have to have a new routine every week."

I guess I was the only soul in the world who knew that Jimmy would have got the contract even if he hadn't been able to carry a tune.

But he was great. He hit the papers like a ton of bricks, and in no time at all, he was a celebrity on a par with Rudy Vallee. Naturally the De Sicas were wild with excitement. The star pupil had made the grade, and everything was going to be smooth sailing. Lily was buoyed up and redoubled her own singing lessons. But I felt nervous. There was a chilly feeling hanging around in the back of my head.

A few days before Christmas, Maestro De Sica reached the bubbling-over point and decided they had to have a celebration. He peeled a few greenbacks off the wad in his left shoe and told Margarita to organize the feast. All the music students were bidden to the party. This meant the mob. The Maestro had been rehearsing them in Verdi's "Hymn" as a Christmas gesture. (All I can say is, if he could hear them, the composer must have whirled in his grave!) Of course, all the Scarlatas were to be there too—Little Tony, Mama Mia, Father Joseph, Peter and Louis and Rosa and Sophia and Gina and Big Tony, in person. There was also Jimmy O'Shea and Lily and—with Lily—me.

The party took place on December twenty-third. It was a regular Italian hoedown, seasoned with Irish. Everything was decorated with bright green wreaths and red paper roses, and the wine flowed freely. All the mugs arrived in their Sunday best, including a few lavender silk shirts, with their scarfaces shaved and their hair slicked down, like boys at a Sunday school picnic. They staggered through Verdi's "Hymn" and began to hit the wine bottles. Lily rendered up "Sleepy Time Gal" and "Breeze" in a manner which gave me stars in the eyes and ears. When Jimmy O'Shea's golden tenor soared through the room, it fairly jarred you. The looks that passed between him and Margarita were practically too beautiful to bear. Little Tony and Enrico wrapped their arms around each other and wept for joy, like in the old country, and everything was merry as a Christmas bell except for the Big Fellow.

Tony's face looked as if a tornado were brewing, and he had begun to drink—not wine, but the Canadian rye whiskey he had brought along. He sat silently in an armchair, hanging onto his glass and regarding the little world he had created: the studio, the new life for De Sica and his daughter, the promising career of Jimmy O'Shea, the *Daily American*'s No. 1 police reporter, the only gang in the history of the world who could sing Verdi's "Hymn," and his father's joy. None of it seemed to make him happy.

He refused to enter into any conversation, but sat there building up his rage at fate. He was rich, handsome, and powerful, but his life was still a void. These inferior creatures didn't even know they owed him everything. He shook his head like a tormented animal in the bull ring, and his left hand gripped the chair arm, fighting for control. His glance intercepted a look of mutual adoration between Margarita and James O'Shea and I could not take my eyes off Tony. His whole body was tensed as if ready to spring, and the artillery he wore strapped around his torso was outlined under his coat. For a moment the world seemed to hang in a void and my throat went dry as cotton.

"Let's all sing," Lily said and began to play the piano.

We all sang—the "Neapolitan Boat Song." I can't carry a tune and didn't know the words, but I sang too. It relieved the tension.

The mugs had stopped swigging the vino and had moved into a little phalanx behind the boss. Mama Scarlata was staring at Tony with a look of terror in her face. Anger and pain struggled in the countenance of Father Joseph. The other Scarlatas had scuttled into far corners of the room and only Little Tony, the De Sicas, and Jimmy seemed to be oblivious to the approaching holocaust.

"Whatsa matter, Tony?" Little Tony asked and then broke into a flood of Italian, in a tone of condemnation.

The sound of the mellifluous tongue

It was a love scene an outsider couldn't look at... so I shut my eyes.

and the sharp inflection seemed to come together in Big Tony's head like a shower of sparks. What kind of a boob was he? A king in his own world, a boss whose slightest word was law, and yet his old man, who had never bothered to learn English, could take him apart in front of company. This wasn't Sicily. This was the U.S.A. and he had it made. Everybody in the room owed him his future. He'd bought and paid for it with blood money.

Big Tony stood up and hurled his glass at the fireplace.

He walked over and stood in front of Margarita. "You will now dance with me," he announced.

Margarita instinctively shrank back toward the wall.

O'Shea was in there pitching instantly. "You've scared her," he said.

"Shut up, punk," Tony muttered, shoving him aside as if he were made of straw. "Come on, Margarita. Let's dance." The girl was more of a symbol of something he could possess than anything else. I don't think she was ever more than just an idea to him.

Father Joe moved in. "Sit down, Tony," he said, "if you've got a shred of decency left in your puny soul!"

Tony turned on Joe like a wildcat. "Don't give me any of your lip," he shouted. "Who do you think put you through the seminary?"

I will say for Jimmy O'Shea that he had the courage of a fool. "If you want a fight you'll get it, you big gorilla!" he shouted. "Come on outside, and stop scaring the ladies!"

Big Tony gathered himself to strike, but before he could get his arm up, his father was standing in front of him.

"I'm ashamed, Tony," he said. "I'm ashamed you my son. You got no place among decent people. You got no right to put your dirty hands on thisa young, sweet girl. Your hands, for all I know, they covered in blood!"

Tony looked at him as if he had hit him in the face. The gnarled little brown man achieved in that moment the height and breadth of all dignity.

"You lie. You steal. Maybe you kill," Little Tony continued. "You make terrible troubles for this great, beautiful country . . . All you do is tear down. You got no love in your heart for anything, Tony. You no son of mine!"

Tony's mouth went slack. His arms dropped to his sides.

"Don't you toucha this girl," Little Tony said. "I command you!"

Big Tony backed toward the door out of old habit. "Stay where you are, all of you," he said. His angry glance raked the mob. "That means you, too!" he sneered. "Go on with the party. Let your joy be unconfined."

Standing around in frozen attitudes, we heard his feet going down the stairs. Almost instantly they were followed by the clack of high heels. I stared wildly around. Lily Feeney was gone.

I ran to the door. "Lily!" I shouted. "What do you think you're doing?" But she had rounded the landing and was out of sight.

I plunged after her. When I got to the next landing I looked down. They were standing just inside the street door. The light from a dim yellow lantern hanging from the ceiling fell over Lily's face. It was suffused with compassion, yearning, tenderness, passion, the burning look of love that I had never been able to engender in it.

"I'm going with you," she said.

"I don't know where I'm going," Big Tony told her.

"I don't really care," Lily said.

"You heard him," Big Tony went on, his voice breaking. "You must be crazy."

"I love you," Lily said fiercely. "Can't you learn to separate the women from the girls?"

"Maybe you could give me a few lessons," he said.

"I can give you a lot of lessons," Lily said. "In a lot of things."

He bent down and kissed her then, and I saw her arms go around his neck and her hands clasp themselves behind his head in a tight grip that whitened her knuckles. I knew her world was well lost. It was the kind of thing you can't really afford to look at, so I shut my eyes. Suddenly I felt weak and sick and I thought I was going to faint.

When I managed to get my eyes open they were gone. I never saw either one of them again.

I crawled home to my furnished room and I didn't feel any better. All at once I had a passionate craving to see my old man in Missouri. Something about Little Tony lacing into that big hulk had reminded me of my old man, another American. I wanted to go home and get on the carpet and have somebody take me apart properly. I wanted to hear the bad news about me straight from the horse's mouth. I wanted to spend Christmas in Missouri. I called up the paper and asked for the holiday off. There was no problem. Due to my connections I was the white-haired boy.

When I got to La Grange, Mo., I had a raging fever. Although that was the Christmas I'll never forget, I don't remember much about it. First I had influenza and then I had pneumonia and then I told papa everything and then he gave me the works about bad company and lying down with dogs you get up with fleas, and several lectures on the duties and responsibilities of the private citizen and the beauty of law in letter and spirit, and the fallacy of lawlessness, with a few paragraphs on the importance of truth, which makes you free.

By the time I got back to New York, thoroughly chastened and still weak on my pins, in the middle of January, Big Tony had vanished without a trace. When I met The Shiv in the cell block one morning, he was mum on Big Tony. Johnny Scalise had taken over the mob. He was cutting a swath and riding hell-bent for trouble. They were all heading for trouble. The Valentine's Day Massacre in Chicago touched off a national fuse that had been smoldering for some time, and Mr. Seabury began to get in his licks. In October of 1929 we had that Black Friday. The gray clouds of the Great Depression began to roll in, and although Mayor James J. Walker continued to patronize the night spots in his mink-collared overcoat, there were long lines of men in ragged shoes in front of improvised soup kitchens, hungry for bread. The decline of the big money hit the mobs where they lived. They began to muscle into the labor rackets and to collect tribute for "protection" from starving little businessmen, and they began to kill each other off. Repeal set in, and relentlessly the investigations proceeded, and law and order raised their timid heads. The underworld began to retreat back under. Johnny Scalise was taken for a ride by a rival organization. They found him as full of holes as a sieve. The mob drifted and dispersed. Some went to jail. The Shiv is in for life.

I got promoted to the city desk, and when the New War broke out I was in the first wave of correspondents to London. I have been racketing around the world ever since. As a matter of fact, I just got in from a stint in Saigon. I've had a few citations. I wrote a book. But I never met another girl like Lily Feeney.

"You look as if you'd been far away and long ago." Gloria said to me.

"Getting old, I guess," I said.

"I wouldn't say that," Gloria smiled.

"What about this chick's father?" I asked, putting the picture back on the desk.

"Anthony Scarlett? Big iron-and-steel man from somewhere in the Middle West. Great philanthropist. Solid citizen. Devout church-goer. Rags-to-riches. He started life as a junk dealer."

"You're not kidding," I said.

She looked at me in surprise. "Do you know him?"

"Could be," I said and I moved off before I let myself start asking questions about his wife.

I didn't want to hear any more about what can happen as a result of the love of a good woman. THE END

DAY BEFORE THE WEDDING

Everything about this girl was wrong for her son. What was the secret of their sudden desire to get married?

BY MONA WILLIAMS

"I'm no good at waiting," the girl said, innocently. "For anything."

It was a year since the Weyburns had seen their son, Tom. They had gone to France for Professor Weyburn's sabbatical right after Tom's graduation from college the previous June, and the first thing that Mrs. Weyburn resented about the girl was that she was there to intrude on the family reunion.

But for the girl, Tom would have come to New York to meet their boat; instead he had asked them to make a side-trip to this dreary, small New Jersey city where Julie lived. Of course, Tom was here, too, the plant was here, and young engineers lived where their work took them. Still, it was no place for a reunion.

"He certainly should have managed a few minutes alone with us," the Professor said irritably. "He could have met us in the bar before she arrived, or come up to the room. This is positively uncivilized, dragging the poor girl in for our approval, without a decent question and answer period first. He must be well aware that we have a few questions."

"Perhaps he doesn't want any questions," Mrs. Weyburn said. "Perhaps he doesn't have the answers."

"There was something about that letter," the Professor said. "He was holding back something."

They had both felt it. Something was not quite right about this too-sudden romance. Tom had always been a deliberate, determined boy; it wasn't like him to do things impulsively.

The Weyburns had checked into the hotel at noon; at one o'clock they took the elevator to the lobby, and there were Tom and the girl, waiting.

How wonderful he looked—bigger than ever, and with that confident, decisive air he'd had about him since he was ten years old. To Tom's mother, the girl was

just a blur at first, something young and feminine, wide-eyed, craning her neck as though she'd never been out in public before.

Tom saw them. He strode over and kissed his mother, he and his father pawed manfully at each other's shoulders, and then Tom pushed the girl forward and said, "Well, here she is. Here's Julie. I would have written you both sooner, but this has all been pretty sudden. We both got knocked on the head."

"One picture is worth a thousand words," the Professor said, giving Julie the rich scrutiny that had charmed two generations of female students. Mrs. Weyburn saw that he didn't know whether he was expected to kiss the girl or not. He compromised by picking up her extended hand and brushing it lightly with his mustache.

"Oh, that's the way they do in France," the girl said, her voice brave and hoarse with the effort to meet them on their own ground. "I was so thrilled when Tom told me his parents lived in France. Real Parisians!"

A small radar signal prickled between the Weyburns. *Oh dear, this is what we we were afraid of, what we sensed from the letter.* The girl was all wrong, all wrong. The wrongness was there in the tone of her voice, in the way she dressed, in the possessive touch of her hand on Tom's arm. How could Tom fail to see it, too?

Mrs. Weyburn said dryly, "I'm afraid it takes more than a year to become a Parisian. Should we go in for lunch?"

"Let's be really Parisian," the Professor said, and Mrs. Weyburn could feel him overcompensating, because neither of them had kissed the girl Tom had written he was going to marry. "Let's order champagne. I don't suppose they have anything very special in a hotel like this, but we'll see what we can do."

It was all right; it carried them into the dining room. Or if it wasn't all right, neither Tom nor Julie seemed to know that it wasn't. Sitting at right angles, at two sides of the table, they leaned toward each other, magnetized, enclosed in an invisible, protective cocoon.

Knocked on the head, Tom had said. Mrs. Weyburn sighed; she supposed he must have been talking about love. Level-headed Tom—was it really possible? Of course, engagements didn't always turn into marriages; this new job of Tom's, for instance, would separate them for a while. She was comforting herself with this thought, when Tom said, clearing his throat importantly, "Say, do you two happen to be free at noontime tomorrow? Because if you are, I'm inviting you to a wedding. Julie's and mine."

When Mrs. Weyburn emerged from the anesthetic of shock, Tom was explaining things.

"You see, there's no time for anything. That's of the essence—time. It was only last week that the company came up with this plum. Los Angeles. They're crying for engineers—even wooing their wives. So, you see—" He picked up two stuffed olives, popped one in his mouth and put the other on the girl's plate. "—I had to get me a wife to share in the inducements."

The girl ate the olive and held out her hand for another. Mrs. Weyburn stifled her annoyance. She hated any display of intimacy. Couldn't the girl even feed herself? And she was so overflowing with hope, ardor and devotion! Brash with it. Preening herself a little. Surely she must be aware of how fortunate she was, a little clerk in Tom's office, probably went to work right out of high school. Still, for Tom's sake, she tried hard to make her voice pleasant and welcoming.

"So you're actually getting married tomorrow. But how fortunate for us! That we happened to be here—"

"Oh, it didn't just happen," Julie said eagerly. "We planned it. When Tom said you could be here only one day before you had to get home, I said—that will be the day! We have to have all four parents, I told him, or I won't feel married. And not just in City Hall, in a church. We've been so busy with the license and getting plane reservations and everything. Why, I haven't even bought my wedding dress yet. Imagine!"

"How long have you actually known each other?" the Professor asked.

"Oh. Well, quite a while. For six months, actually, ever since Tom came to work for the company." The girl's voice changed, became more guarded. "It's not our—our friendship that's so sudden. It's just the getting married."

"Gradually," Tom said lightly, "you'll get the whole story. When we feel we know you better."

Mrs. Weyburn forced herself to smile at them.

"Here comes the champagne," Tom announced. "Julie's never tasted champagne, and she's never flown in a plane, and she's never traveled fifty miles from the house where she was born. I'm introducing her to life."

Six months, Mrs. Weyburn thought. But he never wrote a word about her until that last letter just before we sailed. What had happened to change a six months' friendship so abruptly into love?

The Professor was looking at the label on the bottle. "So we are to meet our new in-laws tomorrow. Tom, you should have asked them to lunch. A church is no place to meet one's future relatives."

The girl's small hands folded tensely on the table-edge. "Not tomorrow—tonight. My parents would be very pleased if you would come to our house and have coffee tonight. We have an early dinner because of my younger brothers and sister, but they would be very pleased if you would drop in at eight o'clock and have coffee."

There was a small silence. "We should be pleased, too," the Professor said with a formal little bow.

Mrs. Weyburn looked at the girl's clasped hands. She resisted an odd, faint impulse to reach over and pat them. At least the poor child was sensitive enough to know that tonight wasn't going to be easy. She said, "Perhaps we should have waited and had the champagne tonight with your parents."

"Oh, no," Julie cried in a hoarse little voice. "Let's have it now. I'm no good at waiting for things—I never was."

There was no time to talk to Tom. Julie was going shopping after lunch to buy her wedding dress, and the Weyburns had thought he might come up to their room with them then. But no. He had his car and he wanted to drive Julie around on her errands. The older couple exchanged a look. It was obvious that Tom wanted to avoid questions.

Mrs. Weyburn had a minute alone with him at the elevator while the Professor bought a paper, and Julie waited over by the magazine stand. The mother put her hands on her son's shoulders and looked into his face.

"Are you happy? Really happy, Tom?"

"Well, sure! Bewitched, bothered and bewildered. Isn't that what a bridegroom ought to be?"

She searched his face. There was something she didn't understand in it, some new maturity. This was not the typical bridegroom, full of anticipation and misgiving. No, Tom knew what he was doing.

But she could not help persisting. "It just seems—you're rushing things so."

"Well, I've got to leave here Sunday, and I couldn't risk leaving her behind."

"Why not? She could follow in a month or so. It might be a good idea—a little separation—you could both see how you feel."

"We know how we feel. Look, this thing is set. You can't change it—nobody can change it. I'm getting married tomorrow."

"I don't want to change it if you're happy."

"I'm the happiest guy in the world."

The Professor came over then with his paper, they said goodbye, and got into the elevator. They preserved a decent silence until their own door was shut behind them.

"Well—what do you think?" Mrs. Weyburn sank into a chair.

The Professor rubbed his mustache. "She's an endearing little thing, you must admit that."

"Oh, yes, yes. Endearing. And, of course, scared to death of Tom's worldly, traveled parents. But not at all scared of Tom, perfectly serene and confident of Tom. You noticed that? Why?"

The Professor shrugged. "I'll tell you one thing. Tom's secretive. Proud and secretive. Remember the time he was on that fabulous quiz program for weeks, and we never knew about it? Not till he brought home the prize."

"Oh, I know," cried his mother, fanning herself with the newspaper. "Tom's brilliant—just remember his I.Q! And this commonplace little girl, endearing, yes, pretty, but that's not enough. What's her hold on Tom—what's her hold?"

"Ah, sweet mystery of love," the Professor said, loosening his tie. "It leaps all barriers, from brilliance to middle-class respectability." He opened his paper. "I'll read briefly for escape; then I'll take a nap to fortify myself."

But Mrs. Weyburn could not rest. The afternoon was warm; spring had turned into summer overnight. All their luggage, except for overnight cases, was checked at the New York airport where they would take a plane for home tomorrow evening. She would have nothing but her suit and a fresh blouse to wear to the ceremony. Impulsively, she decided that she, too, would go shopping. Perhaps if she could find a pretty, summery dress to wear to the wedding, she would feel more festive.

She left her husband half asleep behind his paper, and went out into the street. She asked a taxi driver to take her to the best department store in town.

Twenty minutes later she was looking over a rack of sheer silk and nylon prints, and selecting two or three to take with her into a fitting-room. The clerk indicated where she was to go, and Mrs. Weyburn walked soundlessly over the thick carpet toward the fitting-rooms.

Husbands and friends sat on benches outside these cubicles, waiting to pass judgment on dresses being tried on inside. The store bustled with customers. Suddenly, among all these meaningless people, Mrs. Weyburn saw her son.

He was standing with his back toward her, lounging like a husband in the half-open door of one of the fitting-rooms, his head and forward-thrust shoulders almost inside the room. Mrs. Weyburn, on her way to an unoccupied cubicle at the rear, would walk right past him. Her feet carried her forward, her mouth formed his name.

But before she could say anything, she was abreast of the little room. Her eyes, drawn to the open gap of door, caught the eyes of the girl in the long mirror, the startled eyes of Julie, as she undid the slide fastener on a demure dotted swiss, and let it fall from her bare shoulders to her waist.

Mrs. Weyburn did not speak. She hurried past the half-open door to the sanctuary of the room at the end, and closed herself in. There was a straight chair in front of the mirror and she dropped into it. Tom had not seen her, she knew that; was she sure about the girl? Yes, she decided miserably, she was sure. The widened eyes, the shock of recognition—almost, Mrs. Weyburn could imagine, the pallor and the guilt.

First she tried to reason. It was natural that a girl would want to choose a wedding dress with her fiancé's approval. This was an informal age—why shouldn't a couple shop together for a wedding dress as well as for electric appliances? Perhaps Julie had already tried on several for Tom to choose from, had come out and modeled them for him, as he sat waiting on one of those benches outside. Then he had thought of something he wanted to say; he had walked over to the door and she had opened it to hear; it could mean nothing, nothing at all. She might have spoken out and dissipated the whole distressing little episode. *Oh, how pretty!* she could have said. *Well, how nice to have a preview of the bride.*

But no, she could not have spoken. Because Mrs. Weyburn *knew*. The careless way Julie had let the dress drop from her shoulders, and Tom's eyes on that young and tender flesh—it had not been the first time, no. Why, they had as much as told her at lunch today if she'd had the wit to understand. "I'm introducing her to life," Tom had said. And what had the girl said, equally revealing? "I'm no good at waiting."

Mrs. Weyburn had her answer. This was why Tom was getting married to a girl he had not thought important enough to put into a letter until ten days ago. He had to marry her. "This thing is set," he had said; "nobody can change it."

Mrs. Weyburn fumbled in her bag for a cigarette. She addressed herself scornfully. Here she was, an enlightened woman, reacting to this situation with the stuffy conventionality of—well, middle-class respectability! It was incredible. But she wasn't being an enlightened woman now. She was being Tom's mother.

What would the Professor say to this little episode? She could see his rueful, disenchanted smile.

"The classic situation," he would say, "assuming your deduction to be correct, deserves the classic treatment. Sympathy, *la tendresse*, and a delicate financial adjustment. It's barbaric to allow a boy to marry out of chivalry."

But was it only chivalry that had put that new, sure look on Tom's face?

"Oh, there you are!" The clerk's voice chattered into the room. "Find anything you like?"

"I'll take this one," Mrs. Weyburn said, blindly picking out a violet-blue dress because Tom had sent her a bed-jacket in this color for her birthday.

She knew suddenly that she wasn't going to tell the Professor anything about this afternoon. Not yet, not until after tonight. She had to see the girl again first; that look they had exchanged in the mirror was unfinished business.

At dinner, in the hotel dining room, she listened to Tom and his father talk about the new job. She looked at her son thoughtfully, trying to see him with detachment unsoftened by love. He was unchanged since lunch; surely Julie had told him nothing. How quick and keen he was in explaining to his father how he meant to handle the new job, to fit it to his needs and talents and purposes! Was that wrong? Had he wronged the girl by fitting her to his needs and purposes, too? No—no. Helplessly, she allied herself with mothers of sons throughout the ages. The girl, she told herself, always called the tune. Failing to win Tom according to the rules, she had thrown them away for a desperate gamble. And she had won. Well. What could Mrs. Weyburn do but make the best of it, as Tom was doing? She saw now that nothing she or his father could say would change anything.

A little before eight, they went out and got into Tom's car, and he drove them to the little stucco house in a modest residential part of the city where Julie lived with her family. The porch light was on, and shone brightly on window-boxes of geraniums, as well as on a tricycle, a small red wagon, and one roller skate. Julie's family were waiting. They opened the door before Tom could knock. Father and mother greeted them while several assorted young faces peered down between the staircase railings on the second floor.

The Connellys were a good ten years younger than the Professor and his wife, and they seemed almost like children themselves, with no more complicated emotions than pleasure in the young people's happiness.

Mrs. Connelly, twenty pounds heavier than her daughter, but still pretty, looked eagerly from one of her guests to another. "No, he doesn't look like either one of you. He's got his dad's build—those

long legs—and maybe his mom's coloring, but, no, Tom's himself."

Half an hour later, sitting in the bright little living room, with its red plush sectional sofa and swivel TV chairs, they had covered a lot of ground. They had finished with coffee and cake, and the Weyburns' year in France, politics, anecdotes of Julie's childhood, the hilarious day that Tom had taken all the Connelly children to the beach, the family's high regard for him, the new car models, and the exciting life that Tom and Julie would have in California.

"I do hope," Mrs. Connelly said, looking fondly at the young couple, "that you don't start a family first off. At least not till you see if Tom likes the new job and you can settle down."

Mrs. Weyburn thought she saw a flicker of fear cross the girl's face. And the same odd impulse that had made her feel she wanted to pat those small, clenched hands at lunch, struggled upward through her loyal love for Tom, an alien thing, a thrust of tenderness for a child not her own. This time she did not deny it.

"Oh, I don't think that matters, being settled," she said. "Tom's father and I have wanted a grandchild for years. It can't be too soon to please us."

She knew the Professor was astonished. She had never expressed such a desire in her life. She could feel his amazed eyes on her, Tom's, too, but she wouldn't turn her head. Especially, she could not look at Julie. Now Julie would guess that she knew.

But Mrs. Connelly wasn't surprised. To Mrs. Connelly, it had seemed a perfectly natural thing to say. "I know how you feel. But, as I said at the civil ceremony last week—"

"The civil ceremony?"

Mrs. Connelly looked flustered. "Shouldn't I have said that? I know you wanted to hold off the church service till Tom's folks got here, and if only you'd got that cable before you ran off and got married last week—"

"They didn't run off," Mr. Connelly said staunchly. "We were all with 'em."

"Well, sure. But you know what I mean. Just up and doing it."

"I'm afraid," said the Professor, "there are a few gaps in our information. What's all this about a civil ceremony?"

Tom was smiling, but a little red-faced. "Well, I already had the license and it was burning a hole in my pocket. I hadn't got your cable and didn't know for sure whether you'd get here at all before we had to leave for the Coast. I knew Julie wanted a church wedding later, if we could work it in, so I said why not get married anyway, just to be on the safe side. So we did. We didn't mention it because, well, there didn't seem to be any point. We thought it might spoil tomorrow for you."

"Embarrassed he was such an impatient bridegroom," Mr. Connelly added, grinning broadly.

Mrs. Connelly was pink with excitement. "Well, tomorrow's the big day! We got the church and some food and flowers and relatives rounded up on short notice. And you should see the dress Julie bought this afternoon. Dotted swiss. So cute, like a little girl's dress."

A child's voice floated down from the hallway outside. "I want some water. There's no glass in the bathroom."

Julie got up and started for the kitchen, and Mrs. Weyburn stood up, too, and said in a dry, stricken voice, "I think I'd like a glass of water, too." She followed Julie into the kitchen.

Julie faced Mrs. Weyburn.

"You came out here purposely to talk to me, didn't you? About this afternoon."

"Well, I—I suppose I did. I wasn't sure you saw me. I'm awfully sorry, I certainly didn't mean to spy on you."

"You knew I saw you. But it wasn't till tonight that I knew what you were thinking. You thought I was going to have a baby, didn't you?"

"Was that so—unnatural? Seeing you and Tom together, as you were this afternoon—"

"There isn't any baby. Tom is marrying me because he wants to. No other reason. You may think he's too good for me, and maybe that's natural enough, but he doesn't think so."

Mrs. Weyburn moistened her lips. "My dear, this is so dreadful—your building up this feeling against me, when truly, truly . . . Why, I meant what I said in there tonight—I'd love a grandchild!" And now it seemed to her that this was true.

"Well, you'll have to wait for it. There's not going to be one now."

Unconsciously, they had moved away from the sink, with its noisy splash of water, toward the open door that led out onto the dark, lilac-smelling porch. Mrs. Weyburn felt her way back into words.

"It's true that this whole thing has been something of a shock. We thought we were close to Tom, and out of the blue—this letter, saying he's to be married. Well, to whom? A name we'd never heard of. It wasn't like Tom—an overnight infatuation—and yet, what else could it be? And then, when you said you'd known him for six months, we were more confused than ever. It seemed so strange he hadn't spoken of you. He wrote us once a week . . ."

They were both out on the porch now. The door swung open into the kitchen, and there was Tom. "Your father sent me out to get some beer—" He peered out at them. "What's this? What's this female conversation going on out here?"

"Tom," the girl said tensely, "tell your mother why you never mentioned me in your letters."

He turned off the sink faucet. In the sudden quiet, he came and stood in the doorway and looked out at them. "Okay," he said. He folded his arms, his head bent a little. "Because Julie wouldn't have me. When I first met her she was engaged to another guy. He was a good guy, and she was fond of him, and she thought that was enough. It took me nearly six months to convince her it wasn't—she had very rigid ideas about having given her word. I am not the kind of a blow-hard that writes letters about a girl that he's fighting for, but hasn't won yet. As soon as I got her, I wrote. Does that answer your question?"

"Yes," Mrs. Weyburn said. She thought—of course! That's the way he was about winning the prize on the quiz program. Not a word till he brought it home.

"There's another reason I didn't write. I knew how you and Dad felt about me, an only son; you built me up from the time I was born, into a kind of superboy. If I had written you the facts, I knew how you'd interpret them. The idea that some girl, any girl, wouldn't jump at the chance to marry me, could actually hesitate—well, I didn't want you feeling that way about Julie."

Mrs. Weyburn said, "I see. Parents, mothers, especially, can be quite fearsome creatures, can't they?"

"I'll be worse," Julie said. "If I ever have a son, I'm going to hate all his girls, from kindergarten on."

They were silent a moment. Mrs. Weyburn thought, surprised—that was really quite a remarkable thing for her to say! No woman of the world, with years of breeding and diplomacy behind her, could say anything more tactful and generous.

She put out her hand and touched the girl's arm. She said a little awkwardly, "I'm happy to know you, Julie."

A small, pajamaed figure stalked into the kitchen. "What happened to my glass of water?"

"Come out here, Gordie," Julie said, "and meet your new relative. She's a very nice lady." THE END

Julie stood brazenly, half-naked, before her son, and her surprised and guilty look told Mrs. Weyburn all she needed to know.

ILLUSTRATED BY ALEX ROSS

"The Harvard game was unfortunate," I conceded. Sandy snorted. She's lovely, but not cool.

BETWEEN THE HALVES

Princeton-Cornell is always a good football game, but girls you don't need, and blind dates, never

BY ARCHIE OLDHAM ILLUSTRATED BY MAC CONNER

"I wouldn't go to another football game with Frankie Cassela if a pack of wild buffalo dragged me!" Sandra cried, stamping her foot and knocking over the nail polish bottle she had been diddling with. This made her stamp her foot again, and Bertram, the parakeet, left her shoulder for the mirror over the living room mantel.

"A herd," I corrected. "The wolves would drag you in a pack, but the buffalo in a herd. Now here's one—guess what the otters would drag you in?"

"I don't care about the otters. I'm just not being dragged, period! Not with that lunatic Cassela. Do you understand, Allen?"

She was really fuming. Hated to be corrected on things like buffalo packs. Very sensitive about not having gone to college. Made fifty an hour modeling, yet very touchy on the education bit.

"So we've come to this," I said with a certain quiet dignity. "I'm not to see my friends when I wish."

"Good Lord, don't go back into your Dana Andrews routine again," she snapped. "You know I think Frankie's a lot of fun. But when he organizes a football weekend, he's a madman. I had to take sedatives for three days after that Harvard trip."

"The Harvard trip was unfortunate," I conceded. "Bill Ferguson was always a little quick to throw the first punch, and then the restaurant manager lost his head and called the police—"

"And the tickets. Don't forget the tickets."

"All right. Granted. There was a slight mix-up."

"Slight! The Mayberrys drove all the way up from Plainfield, New Jersey, to find their tickets had been left in a drugstore in Mount Vernon. Marge hasn't spoken to me since."

"Every cloud has a silver lining," I said.

"Frankie throws together the old college mob who have nothing left in common, gets the arrangements fantastically garbled, and then can't understand why everyone doesn't have a glorious time!"

"Speak for yourself," I said airily. "*I* have a glorious time."

"Oh, but of course *you* do," she retorted. "Your one big chance to meddle. You love playing the cool manipulator, completely superior to the emotional turmoil around you. Hah!"

"I think you could overcome that season in summer stock if you really bore down," I yawned. But underneath the hurt was deep, deep.

"Well, it so happens that I'm emotional—excitement and confusion make me nervous. I love football, but I can't take any more of these Chinese fire drills you get us involved in!"

She stood in the middle of the room in a cardigan and toreador pants, still holding her right hand out for the polish to dry and wondering how Bette Davis would play the scene. Her brown hair looked lovely in the light.

A very beautiful woman, if not a very even-tempered one.

Now she was almost over her mad-on, and if I played my cards right, I could probably wangle a few tears of apology. I swept the startled girl into my arms.

"Sand, honey, forgive me," I breathed in her ear. "How can I be so selfish? Striking out in my weakness, I forgot last night and our walk in the park when you quoted Amy Lowell so beautifully."

"I what?" Her mouth dropped open.

"Surely you know you quoted the Bay State laureate when you said, 'The white mares of the moon rush along the sky.'"

She looked perplexed. "I thought all I said was the clouds were moving fast."

"And that's just the beauty of you—don't change a hair. All you do is speak naturally and it comes out golden poetry. I love your mind."

She let out a little gasp and snuggled up for the winter. The toreador outfit made me sorry I had raised things to an intellectual level.

Finally, she said, "Allen?"

"Yes?"

"Let's go to the football game." A few tears dribbled down her cheek. "I'm sorry I got stubborn."

"No," I said, "I was being selfish. There's no reason why I have to rescue Frankie simply because he's a friend."

"I was the one who was being selfish," she purred. "I was trying to dominate you."

I paused for a three-count.

"Well, of course, it won't be a bad game," I admitted in spite of myself. "Princeton-Cornell at Palmer Stadium."

She put her chin on my shoulder pensively.

"Allen?"

"Uh-huh?"

"Who's Frankie inviting this time?"

"Oh, just a few people. The Reids and the Finsterwalds."

"The Reids and the Finsterwalds! Didn't Gus and Harry have a lawsuit a few years ago?"

"Yes, but it was settled out of court in a friendly fashion. Besides, Gus and Harry were on the debating team in college."

"It's too bad they didn't stick to debating in that night club—"

"Just a little friendly shirt-ripping. It was really the blonde in the chorus who started everything."

Sandra sat down on the sofa. Her face was set.

"Who else?" she asked.

"Oh, probably one other couple and ourselves."

"What other couple?"

"Oh, you know. Probably one of the old gang. The Kostigans, say."

The color left Sandra's face. There was an ugly silence.

"Now, Sand, I know what you're going to say. The Kostigans aren't the easiest people in the world to get along with."

"That's right. They're the rottenest—"

"Temper, temper," I chuckled nervously. "Remember, it's only going to be a football game and a small dinner party afterwards. And besides, there's method in Frankie's madness. He wants to bring the Reids and the Finsterwalds back together again. He figures with the Kostigans there it will—well, sort of unite them against, hah, a common enemy. Naturally, he says it all with tongue in cheek."

"I can imagine," Sandra replied coolly. "Who else?"

"No one . . ."

"There's always a fifth wheel somewhere. Who?"

I loosened my collar. "Mark Dawson, Frankie's cousin. He's just back from the Marines."

"And ready for action. I gather I'm supposed to dish up some sweet young prey for this speed merchant."

"He's not like that at all," I retorted with proper male indignation. "I met him once; he's very quiet and clean-cut."

"They're the worst kind," said Sandra, going to the phone stand. She flipped through her book of numbers. "How about that brunette on the cover of *Harper's Bazaar* last month?" she asked in a resigned tone. "Ginger McCrackle."

I squinched my face. "All right in the looks department. But the name. Sounds like a breakfast cereal."

It's easy to be casual about beautiful women when you're already engaged to one.

"Well," Sandra pondered, "how about the blonde I introduced you to—the one who did the mouthwash commercial?"

I thought about it. "She didn't talk very much."

Sandra snorted. "She's likely to do a little more on a date. She doesn't go around with gargle in her mouth all weekend, you know."

"All right," I agreed. "What's her name?"

"Mary Ellen."

"Mary Ellen what?"

"Mary Ellen nothing. That's her whole name."

"No wonder she gargles for a living," I said. "Anyway, it sounds like a simple, uncomplicated name that should be perfectly safe. Tell her to be in front of the Astor at eleven o'clock on Saturday."

The first, small storm clouds appeared on the horizon Friday morning. Frankie called with the news that his cousin, Mark, wasn't sure when he could pick up Mary Ellen. She should take a book with her and plan on some waiting.

I didn't like the sound of things. Sandra had returned my ring—well, thrown it at me—after the Mayberry mix-up on that Harvard trip. If we fumbled Mary Ellen, too, I could be in plenty of hot water. But I hated to hurt Frankie's feelings. He tried desperately every fall to revive the camaraderie of our undergraduate days. He was just another nice guy lost in the competitive rush of the business world; the difference was he had determined to do something about it—take everyone back to college with him.

"This isn't so good," I said finally. "I mean, this indefinite standing around in front of the Astor holding a book."

"Well, tell her to bring along one of those paperbacks, then," Frankie said and hung up.

I had Mary Ellen's number by that time, so I called and whispered the new instructions to her *sub rosa*. No need to get Sandra all stirred up, just when everything was going so swimmingly . . .

"It's starting out like all the other times," sweety puss wailed at me over cocktails. "I warned you!"

Somehow she had heard about the hassle over where to go after the game. Gus Reid and the Kostigans had already hung up on each other twice.

"A few small complications," I assured her, "but I'm at my unruffled best when obstacles arise and other people fly off the handle. A great trial lawyer is always detached." Actually, my entire life was being thrown away on the dull routine of corporation law; my uncanny mastery over people had gone unnoticed at the firm.

"You're going to be more detached than you think if this show doesn't come off tomorrow," Sandra warned. "Especially if anything happens to Mary."

"Mary? What could happen to Mary?" I laughed musically.

Game day. And the banners were flying. And a wind from out of the northwest was purging the hoarfrost from the tufted turf.

The doorbell rang. It was Frankie, entombed in a monstrous overcoat and a Cossack hat. He had a blanket over his arm, and there was a bulge under his coat that wasn't a shoulder holster.

"On my way to meet the Reids at the bridge, Allie, boy," he said. "Knew you wouldn't mind picking up your own tix, kid. Had to get your two from a different scalper, but they're only a few rows back from ours." He gave me the address.

"Holy smokes, this place is way over on the East Side," I said, looking at the card. "You know how clutched up Sandra gets when we're late. She's not speaking to me this morning anyway."

Frankie let out a roar of laughter. "Sandy is really a killer," he chortled. "Always ready to pull somebody's leg."

"Oh, she's full of pranks. The last time she got sore she wouldn't answer the phone for three months. Listen, are you sure this cousin of yours is dependable?"

"Hell, Mark's just out of the Marines. They always get their man." There was the sound of elevator doors opening down the hall and Frankie broke into a run.

"That's the Mounties, you idiot!" I shouted after him. "The Mounties always get their man!"

"Okay," he yelled back as he disappeared into the elevator. "Mark rides horseback, too!"

The order was for three tickets, the scalper claimed—take all or none. Leaving an arm and a leg behind, I returned to the car. We inched across town, managing to encounter the largest task force of garbage trucks ever assembled.

Then under the Hudson we hit a real tie-up, bumper to bumper.

"We could have spent the day in a parking lot running the motor," Sandra volunteered, breaking the Navaho Test of Silence.

"Just say the word if you want to go home," I replied. "All we'd have to do is back up two miles out of the Holland Tunnel."

I discovered the cause of our discord as we barreled south along the turnpike. Mary Ellen, the rotter, had buzzed Sandra the night before, spilling the beans about my call and the vague arrangements for her Astor meeting.

We arrived at the service area thirty-five minutes behind schedule. Frankie met me at the restaurant entrance. He looked pale.

"I have to talk to you right away," he said, grabbing me by the arm and leading me off to one side.

"What's up?" I asked, maintaining my usual imperturbable calm.

"It's Mark."

"Don't worry about him yet," I assured him. "He probably got caught in that same tie-up I hit in the tunnel. He'll be here soon."

"He's already here. We're just finishing lunch."

I felt the first slight wave of panic.

"He forgot to meet Mary?" I was trying to keep my mind clear for quick, affirmative action.

"He's got Mary inside all right," said

Frankie, "but he's got the wrong Mary."

"He's *what?*"

"He drove up in front of the Astor slowly and this gal who was obviously dressed for football came over to the car. 'Are you Mary?' he asked. 'That's right,' she said, 'is this the touchdown special?' He told her that was right and to hop in. So off they zoomed talking a blue streak and it wasn't until they were five miles from here that Mark found out her last name isn't Ellen, but Coperthwaite.

"She hasn't found out at all yet—wasn't told anything about her blind date except he would pick her up in front of the Astor at the time Mark came by. She keeps asking about some couple named George and Ethel, and how are we going to make the Penn-Dartmouth game in time for the kick-off." Frankie wet his lips. "Do you think we should tell Sandy?"

My fast mind was already racing like a thoroughbred.

"That's the last thing we're going to do," I said immediately. "Listen, how are Mark and this Mary Cooper—"

"Coperthwaite. Mary Coperthwaite."

"Okay. How are they getting along?"

"Fine. They're hitting it off swell."

"Then we're not going to say anything to anybody. Sandra doesn't know Mark. As long as she doesn't meet him, she won't be in on the mix-up. We'll sit at another table since you're about ready to shove off anyway. And by the time we get together after the game, everything will be straightened out."

"But how? The other Mary is still up the creek without a—"

"Wally Snider," I explained blandly. "Your goofy friend from Newark, who always wants to tag along. I even have an extra ticket for him that some unknown person ordered by mistake."

Frankie ignored this, furrowing his brow. "I suppose I could get him to come. A free ticket and all."

"There isn't much time left," I said, "so after you call Wally, call the Hotel Astor. Explain the situation and have them notify Mary to take the train over to Newark Station. Wally can pick her up there."

Frankie's face lit up. "Say, that's it." Then came a frown. "You think she'll mind going to Newark?"

I looked through the glass doors at the cold gusts of Arctic air knifing across a bleak New Jersey and thought of life on the steps of the Hotel Astor.

"I think she'll welcome the change," I replied.

Sandra was belligerent and suspicious throughout lunch. I tried to laugh away her childish fears.

"Mark and Mary Ellen have probably eaten and left long ago," I lied whitely. "Probably just getting to the stadium."

"Who's that couple sitting next to the Reids, then?" she asked.

"Oh, some old friends Frankie happened to meet out in the parking lot."

At that moment, Frankie emerged from the phone booth. He looked over and gave the thumbs-up sign. I had done it again.

By the time our checks came, Frankie, the Reids, Mark, and the wrong Mary were well on their way to Old Nassau.

So we had to race after them, which was good. When you've been rushing for two days, you don't want to change pace suddenly.

We parked and ran toward the stadium as frenzied shouts went up from the crowd inside. The first quarter was almost history.

Halfway up the long stairs to our portal, someone called from below. It was Mark, waving his arms violently.

"That's the fellow Frankie just *happened* to meet at the turnpike restaurant," Sandra accused. "Something's going on here, Allen—"

I shoved her ticket into her fist and raced back down the stairs.

"Frankie wants you," Mark panted. He had that haggard look we were all sporting. I ran after him under the stadium, halfway to the other side.

Frankie was in a phone booth, just hanging up the receiver.

"There's been a major snag," he said. "Wally isn't going to get Mary."

"But I thought everything was fixed," I protested.

"It was. I called the Astor and I called Wally's mother. She said she knew where she could reach him. Certain he would come and so on." Frankie mopped his forehead with a handkerchief. "I just called again to make sure. His mother was all in tears. She said when she phoned him and told him about the free ticket, he got so excited he hung up before she could explain about getting Mary. She figures he's already on his way here."

For a brief moment, the weight of continual misfortune clouded my lucid cogitation.

Then I was back on keel again, as clear as crystal.

"Let me in that phone booth," I said. "I have work to do."

"But what can be done now?" Frankie asked.

"We can call Newark Station and tell Mary to hop the train for New Brunswick," I answered, dialing the operator.

"Wait a minute." Mark broke in. "This Coperthwaite head and I are getting along real well. I don't like to stand anyone up, but this other gal is going to spoil everything."

"If you liked the wrong Mary, you'll love the right Mary," I replied. My jokes were getting as tired as I was.

"Why are you having her get off at New Brunswick?" Frankie asked. "Why not have her come to Princeton while she's at it?"

I smiled indulgently. "You've got to understand women. If she knew she had to come the whole way all by herself, she'd probably stalk home in a dither. But as long as she sees that a man will have to go a little out of his way to meet her, she'll fall for the bait, hook, line, and sinker."

The operator was just taking the call, when Harry Finsterwald strode up, angry.

"Sylvia and I have taken enough," he shot at Frankie. "Switch our seats away from the Kostigans, or we're going home."

"My favorite kidder, Harry," Frankie chirped with a hollow laugh. "I know old Harry isn't going to let a few little differences spoil a good football game and a swell party. We all realize the Kostigans aren't perfect—"

"Oh, they're perfect! Don't take that away from them. They could spoil the Army-Navy game for the whole corps of cadets."

"What's everyone up to down here?" Gus Reid challenged, inserting himself

into the happy circle around my booth. "You're not trying to saddle Alice and me with the Kostigans, are you, Harry?"

"Look, I don't care for myself, but Sylvia isn't going to take any more of this phony line about time hanging heavy after two months at Palm Beach last winter. And I don't blame her."

I finally had the station master at Newark, but I was having trouble getting across to him.

"I told you once," I said patiently, "her name is Mary Ellen."

"Sorry, but we have to have the whole name or no announcement."

"If Alice and I have to switch seats," Reid was shouting, "because Finsterwald can't get along with people—"

"Who can't get along with people?" Finsterwald roared.

"But that's it," I insisted, "the whole thing—*Mary Ellen*. I'm sorry I don't have her bust size for you."

"All right, what's her last name then?"

"Look, don't start something you can't finish, Harry."

"Who started anything? Who started anything? You tell *me!*"

"*Ellen*, E-L-L-E-N—get it? That's her surname."

"Mary Ellen Ellen?"

"I'm just thinking of Sylvia. You know how women are!"

"No, no! Just *one* Ellen. How do you fellows ever keep track of all those trains?"

"Well, it's a lot quieter up here in the railroad station, for one thing. Is this some sort of initiation gag?"

"Watch it, here comes the stadium police," Mark hissed.

By the time I had finished the battle of Newark Station, the vaudeville team of Reid and Finsterwald was engaged in a chin-to-chin argument with the stadium police.

My heart wasn't in it any longer, but I stepped in and broke it up anyway.

Up in the stadium at last, we found our seats occupied. Frankie tracked down the usher and after much showing of ticket stubs, I finally deposited myself in my rightful seat next to Sandra.

I watched someone's band march out on the field. They were playing songs from "The Student Prince" for no apparent reason and forming letters all over the field. Each time I was about to read what they had spelled out, some warlord in a fur hat blew a whistle, the formation was broken, and everyone around me applauded wildly.

The band's repertoire was completed and they signed off with "That Old Black Magic" and trotted off the field.

Then Mary Coperthwaite came over, introducing herself and Mark to Sandra, and my repertoire was completed, too.

"Oh, no, you couldn't listen to anyone!" Sandra ranted as I drove stonily away from Palmer Stadium. "The great impresario who could solve all problems, Mr. Anthony and Edward R. Murrow all rolled into one."

"I'd like to hear the game I paid to see today," I replied, tuning up the radio louder.

"Well, you've cost me my last friend," Sandra rolled on, increasing her own volume. "This is the end as far as I'm concerned!"

All the objectivity and self-control developed through a life dedicated to logic was suddenly swept away. You can take just so many trite clichés and then something snaps.

"Listen," I answered, "what's with you, anyway? I simply try to straighten things out for Frankie because I have a natural talent for handling people, so now all the blame falls on my shoulders. If you need a scapegoat, why not pick Frankie?"

"Because Frankie isn't my fiancé and isn't responsible for my well-being. Supposedly you are, but as soon as one of these weekends starts, you treat me and my friends like so much excess baggage. Herb Gilmore never treats Sis like this!"

"Hah. Herb Gilmore wears vests."

"He also makes Sis feel important, someone he likes to look after and care for wherever they go!" We had come to a stop light. Her voice was rising to the fishwife level; people in the other cars were staring at us. "Frankie never realizes what he's getting into," she continued, "but you, you should know better! You—*parvenu!*"

"You've been playing Scrabble again," I said dryly. "Are you sure you don't mean paranoid?" She was fumbling frantically with the handle of the car door, with her mind apparently on either escape or demolition. "If you'd only said paranoid," I continued, "it would have given me a chance to reply, 'It takes two, anyway—to make a pair annoyed, I mean.'"

That did it. Her object must have been escape, for she burst out of the car in a whirl of crinoline and a jangle of garish bracelets. The light turned green, but no one moved ahead. They weren't giving up front row seats for a Broadway performance that easily.

She stopped, center stage in Route 27, whirled so the flare of her skirt drew complete audience attention, and threw my ring at me for the second time. I should have given her a baseball.

"Take your cheap diamond and go!" she projected melodramatically. "I'm getting the train back to New York!"

"If you run into Mary Ellen on the way," I retorted, "have a good gargle in the club car for me!"

"What a whale of a ball game," the radio announcer was saying over the roar of the crowd. "I'll bet you wish you had come to Princeton today . . ."

We returned from Bermuda this fall in time for the Yale-Brown game. Sand and I went alone, still on the honeymoon and all that. It was a good game, but something was missing.

The next Saturday we tried Penn-Columbia, still the twosome bit. It fell so flat that my bride cried all the way home.

"The honeymoon's over," she sniffled. "Something must be wrong with us. We both love football, but there's no excitement."

The last one was a pro game with Herb Gilmore and Sis. Herb wore a tartan vest, and treated Sis like an incubator baby with the mumps. I fell asleep in the fourth quarter.

When we got home, my girl went straight to the phone. She called Frankie Cassela.

"Frankie, this is Sandy," said she. "How about getting the football crowd together next weekend for a real clambake? Sure, the old college gang. They were friends once, weren't they? If they don't get along any more, we'll force them back together again!"

We stayed up until midnight making phone calls to the most impossible people and garbling all the arrangements beautifully.

"Isn't it exciting, darling?" Sand mooned over our scrambled eggs before we turned in. "All hell will break loose next weekend—just like old times."

"I'll be able to cope with it, of course," I said serenely, the heady scent of combat in my nostrils once more. "But who can you dig up for Frankie's extra man?"

Sandy beamed. "All thought out. Mr. Smart. We have a new girl at the agency. The one in the chewing gum ad on the subway posters."

"They always have something in their mouth," I said. "What's her name?"

"Sally Jane."

"Sally Jane what?"

"Sally Jane nothing. That's her whole name."

I furrowed my brow in concentration.

"Well, it sounds like a simple, uncomplicated name that should be perfectly safe," I decided confidently. THE END

When she had audience attention, she delivered her big speech: "Take your cheap diamond and go!"


TRANSIT CORPORATION
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LANTIC
Connie

WILD OATS

He wanted his seventeen-year-old to be a man of the world—a son whose amorous exploits he could secretly admire. He got more to admire than he had bargained for

BY ANITA ROWE BLOCK ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE HUGHES

For more than sixty years people had been saying that Lake Belle was a misnomer. No more than a dozen blocks long, the small town fronted directly on the Atlantic Ocean and, except for the ocean view, it had little to offer in the way of natural beauty. Stark and bare, it had no flowers or green shrubbery, no gardens or velvety lawns; and yet the summer residents who comprised almost the total population were staunchly dedicated to its alleged charms. In some instances, this devotion had been handed down from one generation to the next, for it was not unusual to find that the owners of a bungalow on the beach were the grown children of parents who lived a few blocks inland, and it was rare indeed to come upon a new face in the closely knit groups that gathered around the pool or tennis courts at the Beach Club.

But, amazingly, there was a very definite lack of the kind of snobbery that one normally associates with such compact communities. In fact, the most outstanding characteristic of Lake Belle was its complete and utter simplicity. There were no grand mansions, no elaborate parties, none of the stereotyped social amenities that marked the other summer resorts along the Jersey shore, and an atmosphere of honest informality was the prevailing mood.

No matter how formal or awesome the prep schools or boarding schools the children attended in the winter, at Lake Belle they were free to wander in and out of the homes, park their bikes in any driveway, open bottles of pop on the porches and in living rooms. Entertaining was casual; cook-outs and barbecues that included entire families were the rule. For the three hot summer months, Lake Belle's inhabitants led wholesome, quiet, and unpretentious seashore lives.

The only marked social cleavage was a normal age differential, with the attractive youngish matrons and their slightly balding or graying husbands in the majority. In this group, Carol and Brad Clintham were the acknowledged leaders. Carol, slim, dark and intelligent, devoted her winters to charitable endeavors, hospital boards and homes for under-privileged children.

Brad's civic interests leaned toward the anti-bias and pro-tolerance organizations. He was tall, fair and heavy-set, a good doubles player in tennis, possessed of a winning smile and a ready wit. The Clinthams had three children, two girls and a boy, and they were volubly enthusiastic about the benefits the children derived from their Lake Belle summers. In fact, it was Carol and Brad who had been responsible for squashing in this community the popular habit of sending children to summer camps. They were devoted and understanding parents, who grasped with undisguised pleasure the opportunity of spending three months in close association with their children, a well-earned respite from their busy winter lives. They owned the corner bungalow on Lake Street, which faced directly on the beach, their small strip of parched lawn undivided from that of their neighbors, Tom and Sheila Abbott, by any hedge or fence.

This summer the proximity of the Clinthams was a godsend to Sheila Abbott, for less than a week after her daughter had been married, Sheila had given birth to a son, now three months old. It was common knowledge that the baby had been an "accident," and once the excitement and surprise of her middle-aged pregnancy was over, she was somewhat chagrined by the confining demands of an infant. Although she had engaged a young Irish girl (an acceptable solution under the circumstances) to help her, Sheila nevertheless found herself tied to the household and the baby. Kathleen was an uneducated, raw-boned farm girl, and Sheila had little faith in her ability or innate intelligence.

As she told Carol and Brad one night, "Frankly, I'm too old for this sort of thing. The closest I thought I would ever come to a baby was as a grandmother. I never expected to have to bother with formulas and b.m.'s again."

Carol eyed her with amusement. "That's what you get for being so irresistible to Tom."

"It's what I get for *trusting* him," she said acidly. "I'd have been safer having an affair with an eighteen-year-old boy."

Brad Clintham said, "Don't fool yourself. You'd never get an eighteen-year-old kid to roll in the hay with you—and I don't mean that the way it sounds. They're all virgins."

Carol raised her brows warningly toward their son's room and Brad lowered his voice. "It's true, so help me. Freddy's going to Dartmouth in September and there isn't a thing I have to tell him *not* to do." He turned to Tom Abbott. "Remember the summer before we left for college, when our fathers sat us down and gave us the standard lecture? Even if we didn't listen too carefully, at least we *understood* what they were talking about. Just try talking like that to the kids today. They're as shocked as if you'd just told them you'd beaten up your poor sick old grandmother."

Carol smiled faintly. "Brad is bruised and bleeding from his talks with Freddy

She wore a uniform and apron. "What do you want?" she asked stiffly.
"I don't think you understood what I meant," he said, smiling at her.

about sex. I honestly think his pride is hurt because his only son isn't a chip off the old block. When Brad was Freddy's age he was a regular Casanova with the chorus girls."

"You can laugh," Brad protested, "but it's not a joke. It's unhealthy for a big strapping kid to be so celibate. Frankly, until I talked to some of the fathers of the other boys in his class at prep school, I was worried to death that he would turn out to be a swish."

Sheila and Tom laughed at the foolishness of such an idea and Brad's obvious distress as he gave voice to it. Sheila asked curiously, "How did you ever bring it up to the other fathers? It must have been a difficult topic to broach."

Carol grinned. "Brad's very good at that sort of thing. Didn't he ever tell you about the first time he talked sex to Freddy? The poor child was all of thirteen, and an immature thirteen at that, and the only contact he'd had with girls was at Miss Kent's dancing class. So Brad sat Freddy down and his opening gambit to the child was, 'How are you and sex getting along?' "

Tom threw back his head and roared with delight. "What did the poor kid say?"

Carol's eyes were warm with maternal sympathy. "He said, 'What do you mean?' So Brad, undaunted, said, 'I mean, how are you and girls getting along?' " She smiled softly. "Freddy said, 'What do you mean?' To make a long, sad tale short, Brad never got to first base."

"And for your information," Brad grumbled, "that was five years ago and I'm still nowhere. The other fathers I talked to all admitted Freddy was no exception. Kids today are just different."

"What makes you so sure that's bad? Just because your generation was precocious doesn't mean it was right," Carol said seriously. "And besides, Brad, she continued hopefully, "you can't be absolutely sure he's a virgin."

"I'm sure," Brad said emphatically. "For one thing, if that kid were carrying on, it would have to be with one of the daughters of our friends, and I think that even Freddy is convinced that's taboo. And we've known every girl he dates since the day she was born."

"You know," Sheila said, "that's probably the crux of the whole thing. When you men were kids you knew two different and opposite types of girls. Freddy and his friends simply don't have the opportunity to meet the *other* kind. Where would they find them? They're away at prep school all winter, and summers they're down here."

"I never knew a boy—in any generation—who couldn't find that sort of thing if he was looking for it," Brad said. "The boys today just aren't looking for it. All they do is sit around and listen to classical music and talk philosophy."

Tom Abbott yawned expansively and stood up. "If I were you, I wouldn't lose any sleep over it. When he gets into the Army he'll turn out to be a regular jack rabbit."

Brad put his arm around Carol and they walked the Abbotts to the screen door. "And in the meantime, our son remains as pure as the driven snow."

They all laughed, and the Abbotts walked the few steps to their house. The Clinthams went to bed and in wordless agreement they did not discuss the subject further. But all the next week there was a tiny core of reservation to their individual happiness, their normal enjoyment of the sun and the sea and the children. And then suddenly, with no significant warning, everything changed.

It began the night of a sudden thunderstorm, when the Clinthams were playing bridge at Sheila and Tom Abbott's. The phone rang and Tom answered it, reporting the conversation to his wife. "It's Kathleen. She's at the movies in Asbury Park and she says the Lake Street buses aren't running. She'll have to take the Main Street route, but she's afraid to walk the four blocks to the house in the dark."

Sheila riffled the cards impatiently. "What are we supposed to do—get a private detective to escort her?"

Tom said into the phone, "I'll pick you up at the Lake Belle drugstore."

He hung up and Sheila complained, "The agency said she was a mother's helper. Hindrance would have been more like it. Now we'll have to stop our game."

"I don't have to leave for a while yet," Tom said, rearranging his hand.

The storm subsided as suddenly as it had begun, and they played earnestly to the accompaniment of the faint patter of raindrops that dripped from the roof ledge onto the porch. Freddy Clintham, looking almost cherubic in his yellow slicker and sou'wester, came in to announce that he had just returned from a friend's house, and they asked him to take the car and pick Kathleen up at the drugstore so that the bridge game could continue uninterrupted.

The bus was late, as usual, and Freddy perched on the fountain stool and ordered a black and white soda. It was almost a half-hour before Kathleen came into the drugstore, and he said impatiently, "Come on, I'll drive you home."

"Mr. Abbott's calling for me."

"They sent me instead," Freddy said, holding the door open for her.

But she hesitated. "Are you sure?"

"Of course I'm sure," he said carelessly. "He's playing bridge with my parents and they told me to pick you up."

Reluctantly she followed him to the car, her feet slushing in the puddles, and as he switched on the ignition she said, "He'd be awful mad if he came all the way down and I wasn't here."

"Oh, for crying out loud." Freddy exclaimed, "stop making a federal case out of it. What do you have to be picked up for anyway? It's stopped raining."

"I know. But it isn't safe for a girl to walk on the streets alone at night."

"What could happen to you?"

"Lots of things," she said ominously.

He shrugged. "You see too many movies. No one's ever been robbed in Lake Belle."

Her silence managed to convey her disbelief and he said, "Have it your own way. If you want to think there's an ax murderer on every corner—that's your business." He cut a corner sharply to avoid a large puddle and she gasped as she was thrown momentarily against him.

"Drive slow," she ordered nervously.

"I'm practically crawling now. You're afraid of everything, aren't you?"

"That's my own business." Her rough, red hands were clasped anxiously in her lap and she sat very straight, peering out of the windshield. She had a short upper lip that did not quite cover her big white teeth, and her hair was limp from the dampness of the air.

"I'll bet you're superstitious, too. Are you afraid of Friday the thirteenth?"

"Maybe. What if I am?"

"Nothing. Except that there's no scientific basis for superstitions. It's a sign of ignorance to believe in that stuff."

She turned furiously. "You think you're pretty smart, don't you? You and everyone in this stupid town. Mrs. Abbott's always treating me like I'm a moron or something—just because I never went to college and I don't read fancy books. Well, let me tell you something—I'm as smart as all of you—maybe even smarter." Small beads of moisture dotted her forehead and she hissed with anger. "The agency said I'd like working for Mrs. Abbott. They said I'd like spending the summer at the seashore. But I don't. If I didn't need the references I'd walk right out tomorrow."

Uncomfortably, he pulled the car into the driveway and cut the motor. "Look, all I tried to say was—"

"That I was ignorant," she interrupted, almost sobbing. "Well, at least I don't go around saying nasty things that hurt people." She pulled the car door open, jumped out, and ran to the Abbotts' kitchen door.

Freddy stared after her. "For crying out loud," he said softly, in the dark.

Prior to that evening, Freddy had never even noticed Kathleen, but the day after the thunderstorm he hung around the house waiting for her to appear. He was bothered by the fact that he had unnecessarily offended her; all night he had slept fitfully, the memory of how easily she could be hurt haunting him. He had been brought up to have a stern sense of responsibility toward the less fortunate, and this training, combined with his innate kindness, prompted him to compare Kathleen with the small corps of cleaning women who took care of the houses on the beach. These women were older, married, with families and friends to whom they returned each night, while Kathleen was very much isolated in the Abbott household. She was not much older than he, and when he thought of his own crowded, happy days of activity he could have kicked himself for having, even unwittingly, added to the frustration of her monotonous life. He had made one of those stupid mistakes. It had certainly not been deliberate, but still his conscience would trouble him until he could rectify it.

At noon, when Carol and Sheila went to the club for lunch and Kathleen wheeled the baby onto the front porch for his afternoon nap, Freddy came over to the Abbotts' balustrade and jerked his thumb at the infant. "Is he asleep?"

She glanced down at him coldly. "Almost."

"Then can you talk to me for a minute?" he asked, diffidently.

"What for?"

"I don't think you quite understood what I meant last night."

"Oh, I understood all right," she said.

"Okay—we won't argue about it. But will you at least let me talk to you?"

Slowly, she sat down on the top step. Her hair did not look so straggly today; it curled softly about her squarish face. "Well, I've got a lot of work to do. What do you want to say?"

When he had come over he had not been certain exactly what he intended to say to her, but now somehow, as he watched her in the clear sunshine with her rather large feet set primly side by side in front of him on the porch step, it was all very clear to him. He smiled at her quietly, the warm silence like a comforting blanket around them.

"What do you want to say?" she prompted.

"That I'd like to be friends with you," he said gently.

Her eyelids did not flicker as she stared at him solemnly. "Why?"

"Because I like you. I think we'd have fun together." At that moment he did not think of his offer as an apology, or a penance. He only knew that he wanted to do something to make her summer more pleasant.

"You and me?" she asked, surprised.

"Sure. How old are you?"

"Almost twenty," she said.

"And I'll be nineteen next month. That's certainly close enough. What about letting me see you some time?"

She pondered it. "I got lots of work. There's the baby—and the house."

"But you're free evenings, aren't you?"

She shook her head. "I stay home with the baby—except on Thursdays—my day off."

"That's a whole week off. Couldn't I come over after the baby's asleep?"

"I suppose so."

"Could I come tonight?"

"I guess so. They're going to your house for dinner—so I won't have the dishes to do."

He stood up, his smile flashing in the warm sunlight. "I'll come around eight. I can bring some records with me. Do you like music?"

"I don't think I ought to play their victrola," she demurred.

"That's all right," he said easily. "We'll keep it low."

That night he brought a Gershwin album, a thick dictionary and a simple new word game. At first she was loath to try the game, but when he handicapped himself by allowing her to use the dictionary, and after she had gotten the hang of the game, she did quite well, looking up the words with earnest concentration.

At ten o'clock, when he collected his records, she said, "I had a fine time."

"So did I," he said sincerely. "Next time I'll bring a piano concerto."

Surprisingly, it took three visits before the Abbotts found out, and when they did come upon him sitting at the kitchen table teaching her to play gin rummy, they were too amazed to draw an accurate conclusion. "Why, Freddy," Sheila Abbott said, "did you come over to borrow something?"

"Nope," he said easily. "Just visiting."

"Well, come into the living room."

"Thanks—but I was just leaving." He stood up, gathering the cards.

Tom finally got the pitch and took his wife's arm and led her out of the kitchen. "Don't let us hurry you," he called, pinching Sheila warningly and leading her into their bedroom. He sat down on the bed and rocked back and forth in soundless mirth.

Sheila closed the door and demanded, "And what, may I ask, is so funny?"

With an effort he quelled his mirth. "Brad and Carol can stop worrying now," he gasped in a stage whisper.

She eyed him suspiciously. "Tom, what was Freddy doing here?"

"What do you *think* he was doing? Learning the facts of life—as you so delicately put it the other night." He shook his head. "But what a way to break the ice—with Kathleen, of all people! She's got about as much sex appeal as—as—" he floundered, the simile eluding him. "Brad was right. The boys certainly are different today."

Silently she began to undress. It took some time for her to digest the events of the evening, but finally she said, horrified, "I can't have a girl like that taking care of my baby."

"Now, don't be so hasty," he said. "If you fire her, you know you'll never be able to get anyone else in the middle of the summer."

She weighed his logic. "Damn Freddy Clintham!" she said angrily. "I think Carol and Brad should be ashamed of themselves to let him get mixed up with someone like that."

"They obviously don't know about it."

"They will," she promised, "first thing tomorrow."

The meeting was carefully scheduled by the Abbotts for a time when Freddy would be at the Beach Club and Kathleen out wheeling the baby. Brad and Carol sat in the Abbotts' living room, noticeably shaken by the information.

"But she's so unattractive," Carol protested miserably. "To be absolutely honest, I never could understand how you engaged her in the first place."

"I hadn't exactly intended entering her in a beauty contest," Sheila said with some spirit. "And the last thing that concerned me was whether or not she would appeal to your son."

Carol smiled apologetically. "I don't mean—I'm just so disturbed—and confused by all this. Freddy has always been so sensitive. I can't believe he would be attracted by this kind of girl."

Brad wagged his head. "I've got to hand it to the kid, picking one so convenient that he can practically fall out of her bed into his own," he said, almost with admiration. "The ones I used to have invariably lived in some God-forsaken place, like Brooklyn or Queens."

"Well, it has to stop," Sheila said sharply. Somehow the meeting was not going at all the way she expected. No one had mentioned her own position in this matter. "I'm fond of Freddy, but I have no intention of running a house for him."

Carol was silent, refusing to accept the situation. It was one thing to discuss Freddy and sex generally—but quite another to be specific about him—and this girl.

Sheila said pointedly, "Have you thought of the other angle of this? Tonight is Kathleen's night out—and I'll

bet Freddy is taking her somewhere. They're bound to bump into people—if not this time, then certainly the next—and it should start some fine gossip."

Carol began to cry. "Sheila's right. It has to stop immediately. We can't let him take her out tonight—the whole town will know about it."

Brad patted her shoulder and promised, "I'll talk to him as soon as he comes home."

Relieved, Tom got up to mix drinks. "No more complaints. Brad." he said. "Now you can give Freddy that standard lecture you were talking about."

Brad laughed obligingly, but his heart was not in it. And once he was home, he paced the living room nervously, waiting for, and dreading, Freddy's return. Admittedly, it was normal for him to experience a certain amount of reluctance in discussing the matter with Freddy, but it should not be a shattering experience. He recalled that more than thirty years ago his own father had had to talk to him about seeing too much of a certain girl, but, he reasoned uncomfortably, he had never considered his father in the same light that Freddy looked upon him. *His* father had been of a different generation, remote, aloof, stern. With an eye on his watch he decided that at all costs he must make this a man-to-man discussion, keep it on a level of dignity in keeping with their relationship of mutual respect.

It was almost four when Freddy slammed into the house, his hair wet from a swim. Brad had planned to bring up the subject obliquely, and he was disconcerted to hear Freddy say at once, "I've got a date tonight. Can I use the car?"

"Where are you going?"

"Music Circus."

Brad's heart sank. The tent theatre was very popular, and it would be crowded with the Lake Belle youngsters. "Whom are you taking?"

"Kathleen. She's never been, so she'll get a big kick out of it," he said cheerfully, taking a handful of cherries from a bowl on the coffee table.

"Sit down, Freddy. I've been waiting for you to come home so I could talk to you about that." Covertly, he looked at his son for the tell-tale signs of self-consciousness or guilt, but as the boy threw himself into a chair his face was as deceptively innocent as a baby's.

Brad cleared his throat nervously. "The Abbotts are terribly upset about—about your seeing Kathleen. I just found out about it today and I must admit you've put us *all* in a very difficult position."

Freddy popped a cherry into his mouth and after he had put the pit in an ashtray he said, "What's all the fuss about? As far as I can see, the Abbotts have been pretty crummy to Kathleen, and as long as it's her day off what do they care who she goes out with? And why wouldn't they want her to go to the Music Circus, anyway?"

"For heaven's sake, stop putting on an act," Brad said, more sharply than he had intended. "I don't exactly live in a vacuum." He made an effort to soften his tone. "Now, I have no intention of prying or asking questions. You are certainly old enough to conduct your—personal life—as you see fit. But in this instance, I don't think you used your head. What in the world ever prompted you to promise to take her to a public place—where everyone could see you together?"

A dull flush mounted to Freddy's cheeks and his lids lowered, an old trick when he was angry. "What kind of a crack is that? Why shouldn't I want to take her out?"

"For so many reasons I can't even enumerate them all. But I'll begin by saying that you aren't exactly doing the girl a favor. Being seen with you would definitely brand her. And there are the Abbotts to be considered. After all, the girl does work for them and they can't relish having her gossiped about." He managed to smile wanly. "Certainly that makes sense, doesn't it?"

"No," Freddy said stubbornly. "It makes no sense at all. Why would she get talked about because I dated her—any more than any of the other girls I date?"

Quite obviously he was going to try to bluff it out, and Brad said, a trifle impatiently, "I started out by saying that I wouldn't go into the personal side of this, but you're forcing me to. Frankly, I don't give a damn about this girl's morals. She can line up a dozen men a night for all I care—but you can't be one of them." He wiped his face uncomfortably and burst out, "Good God, Freddy, couldn't you have parked on a deserted road somewhere—or a lonely strip of beach? Did you have to pick the home of our closest neighbor?"

Freddy said hoarsely, "You've got it all wrong. It wasn't anything like that."

Brad composed himself and said, "You've never underrated me before. I'm not a fool and you didn't invent sex. It began way back with Adam and Eve and anything you do now, I did years ago—in spades. It happens every day, and in some instances where the setup isn't exactly desirable, it has to stop. The time to stop it is when you take it out of context—like the Abbotts' house—or being seen at the Music Circus. If this girl wasn't employed by the Abbotts—if she worked in a different town, for people we didn't know . . . it might not be necessary to discuss it." He lit a cigarette and continued heavily. "But she doesn't. And you're putting her in a position where she may lose her job. Is that what you want?"

"You know it isn't!"

"Of course I do. I'm just trying to point out what will happen to her. Believe me, if she goes out with you tonight she'll have no secrets in this town."

"Then it's a stinking town," Freddy cried wildly. "A stupid, narrow, bigoted town—with no decency. And you're the same as everybody in it—because you believe what they believe." He pointed a shaking finger at his father. "Well, you're all wrong! All of you. There's nothing the matter with Kathleen's morals—or if there is, I don't know about it. It's disgusting that just because she *works* for someone you're ready to jump on her."

Brad sighed. "I'm just as anxious to protect her from censure as I am to protect you from gossip. But what she does with her life is her own concern—just as long as it doesn't involve you."

Freddy cracked his knuckles viciously. "I'm involved already. Kathleen's a friend of mine. I like her. Doesn't that involve me?" he asked angrily.

"Not publicly." The boy looked stricken and Brad said gently, "Believe me, it isn't as hard as it seems. There are other Kathleens—prettier ones." He smiled confidingly. "Just between you and me, I can't see that you'd be losing so much. Whatever—I mean, was there anything special that you saw in her?"

"Yes," Freddy burst out miserably. "I was sorry for her." And immediately he was ashamed of the confession.

Watching his son's confusion, Brad felt his heart swell alarmingly as though it would burst the boundaries of his chest. Of all the cockeyed, boyish, *young* reasons! "Then you won't want to hurt her—and the best way not to is to stop seeing her."

"And suppose I refuse?"

Brad got up and poured himself a straight drink. "I can't imagine that you would do that. Not because I question your independence, or your right to disagree with me in principle—but because it wouldn't be worth it, for you or for the girl." He looked at his son with genuine sympathy. He was rather proud of the way Freddy was protecting the girl, and he felt deeply for him in this moment of decision. "Look at it this way, Son, before you condemn me and everyone else. Here is a girl who is—" he shrugged self-consciously "—well—hardly beautiful. She is neither charming nor very intelligent. So what on earth can you have in common with her? Logically, there can be only one mutual meeting

ground, and I venture to say that if one of your friends was in your position you'd analyze it the same way. So you can't exactly blame people for thinking what they will inevitably think. And there will be no way of hiding the truth—once it's common knowledge that you are seeing her."

"But I tell you it *isn't* the truth," Freddy yelled.

For a moment he was afraid the boy would start to cry. He looked so forlorn and hopeless, so crushed in the face of his father's reasonable arguments. Finally, he stirred in his chair and his voice was small and faltering. "Couldn't I just take her out tonight? She—she's been looking forward to it."

Brad hesitated, tempted to consent. He had won the main point, and he did not want to be too adamant. But the Music Circus was the one place where they would be sure to be seen together.

He went over and touched the boy's shoulder consolingly. "I'm sorry, Son, but that's just not feasible. But I'd like to help in any way I can. Suppose I call her and say you've just come home and that you aren't feeling well—that you've got a virus. That will let you off the hook for tonight. Then tomorrow you can go over and stay at George's house for a few days. By next week the whole thing will have blown over and she will have forgotten all about you. How does that sound?"

Freddy was silent for a long while. "Okay—I guess," he said finally, almost inaudibly.

"Why don't you go upstairs and play some records?" Brad suggested, anxious to spare him the further shame of hearing the telephone conversation.

Freddy stood up, and although he was almost a head taller than his father, he appeared pathetically small—and woebegone.

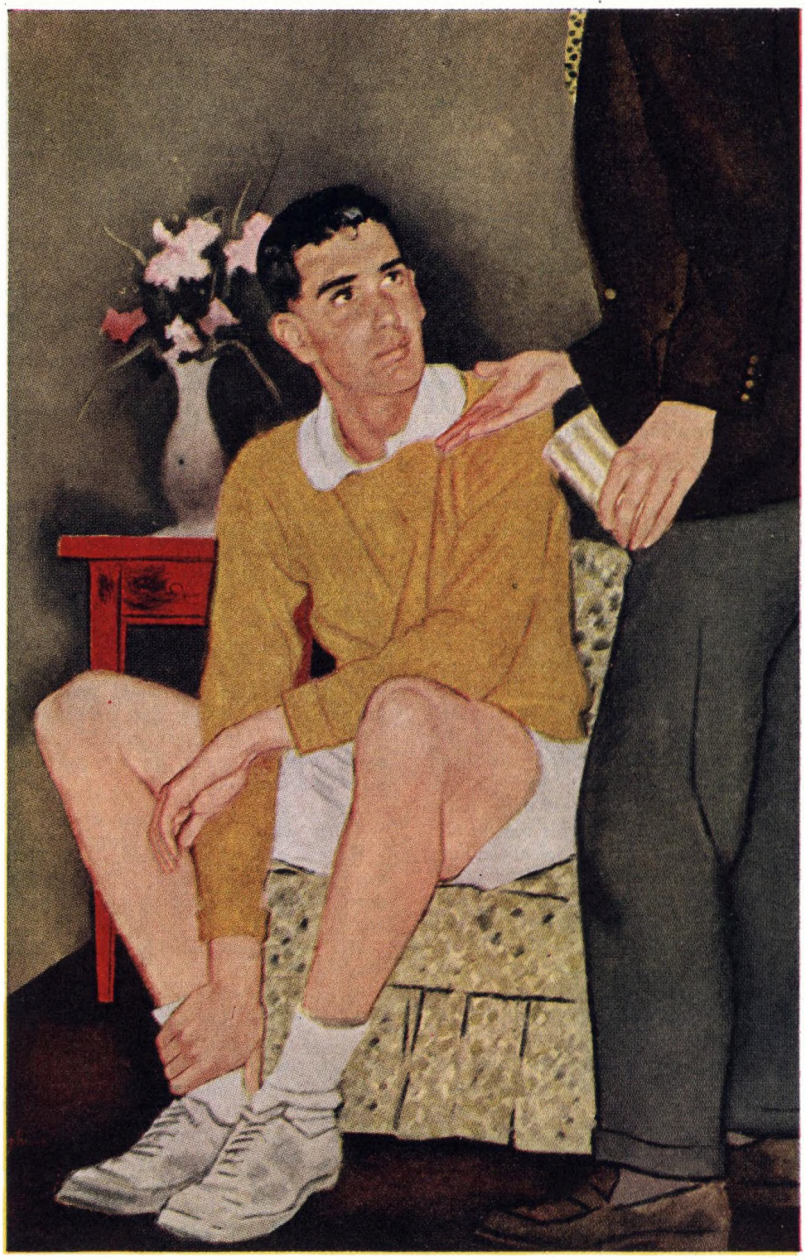
"If you'd only believe—" he pleaded.

But Brad clapped his shoulder consolingly. "Now—let's not start it all again. It's over and done. We're going to forget it ever happened."

His heart ached for the boy and as he watched him climb the stairs he thought, in astonishment, how very young and vulnerable he seemed. Even if the boys today weren't quite as different as he had thought, they were certainly not equipped to handle themselves in trying situations. Freddy appeared almost bereft, as if he were a small boy who had just lost his favorite woolly toy, as shocked as if he had gotten a bad mark in deportment when he thought his conduct had been exemplary.

The picture of his son, dejected, shoulders slumped, wearily climbing the stairs, pausing to stare down hollowly in a last effort at convincing his father, plagued him. Even after he heard Freddy's door close and then the familiar strains of his favorite record, Brad stood hesitantly in the living room. What was it about the boy's eyes that had bothered him so? A look of defeat? Of mistrust? Of disappointment? Nonsense! Freddy was simply chagrined—a perfectly normal result of the afternoon's conversation. His first attempt at adult deception had failed, his carefully guarded secret had been discovered—and far worse, he had to relinquish his new-found pleasure.

He took a final swallow of his drink, crossed the room to the telephone, and dialed the Abbotts' number. Waiting for an answer, he felt his lips curve suddenly in a broad smile. The sly devil, he thought proudly, picking himself a girl so convenient that he could practically fall out of her bed into his own. Even in my *palmiest* days, I never managed things that well. THE END



"I'm not a fool," his father said. "And you didn't invent sex. Why not admit what is perfectly plain?"

FIRST FIRE OF LOVE

He'd loved and lost her long ago. Finding her again suddenly, he knew at last why his marriage to someone else had never had a chance

BY ROBERT McLAUGHLIN ILLUSTRATED BY AUSTIN BRIGGS

One morning early in December, while Bradley Mason was having breakfast at his club in Chicago, he made up his mind to go home to New England for Christmas. It was probably the snow that did it, for, outside the tall windows, the first blizzard of the season was whistling in off the lake. It was unlike the steady, stately snowfall of Newburyport, Massachusetts, but it was enough to send a twinge of longing through him.

When he got to his LaSalle Street office, there was a letter from his sister Deborah in New York City. She was worried about their father. "Pa has been looking terrible lately—so tired and old, and he's drinking too much," she wrote. "I'm afraid he hasn't many years left. And, Brad, he feels awful that you haven't been to see him in so long. Be a darling and come East this Christmas." There was a postscript: "Guess who I ran into the other night—Fletcher Sargent! She's divorced again. I almost didn't recognize her, she looked so *dissipated.* But, then, she didn't recognize me either. She's just as snooty as ever."

He was surprised. What could Fletcher be doing in New York? The last he'd heard she was in California with her second—or was it her third?—husband.

Brad had a lunch date with his wife at the Pump Room. He was there at one o'clock but had finished his second Gibson before Adele arrived, twenty minutes late, looking blonde, remote, and beautiful as always. She drew admiring glances from the men and hostile glances from the women as she came to his table, but Brad watched her without any emotion at all. Eight years of marriage and six months of separation had armored him against her attractiveness.

"I hope I'm not terribly late," she said.

"No later than usual," he answered.

Brad told the waiter to bring her a Martini, and said, "I'm going home for Christmas."

"Home?" She looked at him questioningly. "Oh, you mean to Newburyport."

That had been tactless of him. Strictly speaking, the house in suburban Wilmette where they had lived for nearly eight years was home. But he never thought of it that way.

Brad went on, "I thought you might want to go away for Christmas, too."

Her gray eyes widened. "You mean come to Newburyport with you?"

Brad saw he had put his foot in it again. "Not exactly. I hear Reno is pleasant in the winter."

She made a mask of her face as if to hide the effects of a slap. "Oh," she said. "The divorce again."

"It was your idea originally," he answered, annoyed. One of the things he most disliked about Adele was her knack of putting him in the wrong.

Adele blinked a little. "You've never loved me, have you?"

This was old, familiar country and Brad repressed a sigh of exasperation. All of their quarrels ended on this single note, with Adele asking plaintively if he loved her, if he had ever loved her. Brad would patiently reply that he wouldn't have married her if he hadn't been in love and that the important thing, anyway, was whether he could make her happy. It was obvious that he couldn't.

"Is there any great rush?" Adele asked now. "I mean, do you want to marry someone else?"

"No . . ."

"Then what's the hurry?"

He was genuinely puzzled. "Just what are you after?" he asked. "You certainly don't want to try again to make a go of our marriage?"

Her eyes went quickly to his face. "Do you?"

"I can't see what good it would do."

Adele stared into her cocktail, which she hadn't yet touched. "I'm willing to try, but you aren't," she said.

Brad glanced impatiently at his watch.

"You won't even talk about it, will you?" she said, bitterly. "All right, I'll get the divorce this spring."

"In August you promised to get it this winter," he reminded her. "If you're not satisfied with the settlement—"

"It's not that. You're generous enough. It's just that you're incapable of love."

She had said this before and it stung him, for no man likes to believe that inside him there is nothing but emptiness. But he wouldn't argue; he was willing to be considered a warped personality if it would end the marriage.

They finished lunch, talking carefully and safely about his business, their friends, the day's news. When they were leaving, Adele spoke with a quick rush: "Let's not have any foolishness about Christmas. I mean, about presents. If you're going to send me one, let me know now so I can get one for you, too. Maybe we should just exchange cards. Or nothing."

She was flushed and breathless as she brought this out, and Brad felt a quick sympathy for her. This was the sort of trifling detail that worried her mind. Small courtesies were terribly important to her, and she had a long memory for anniversaries, birthdays and social occasions. Brad promised not to send her anything.

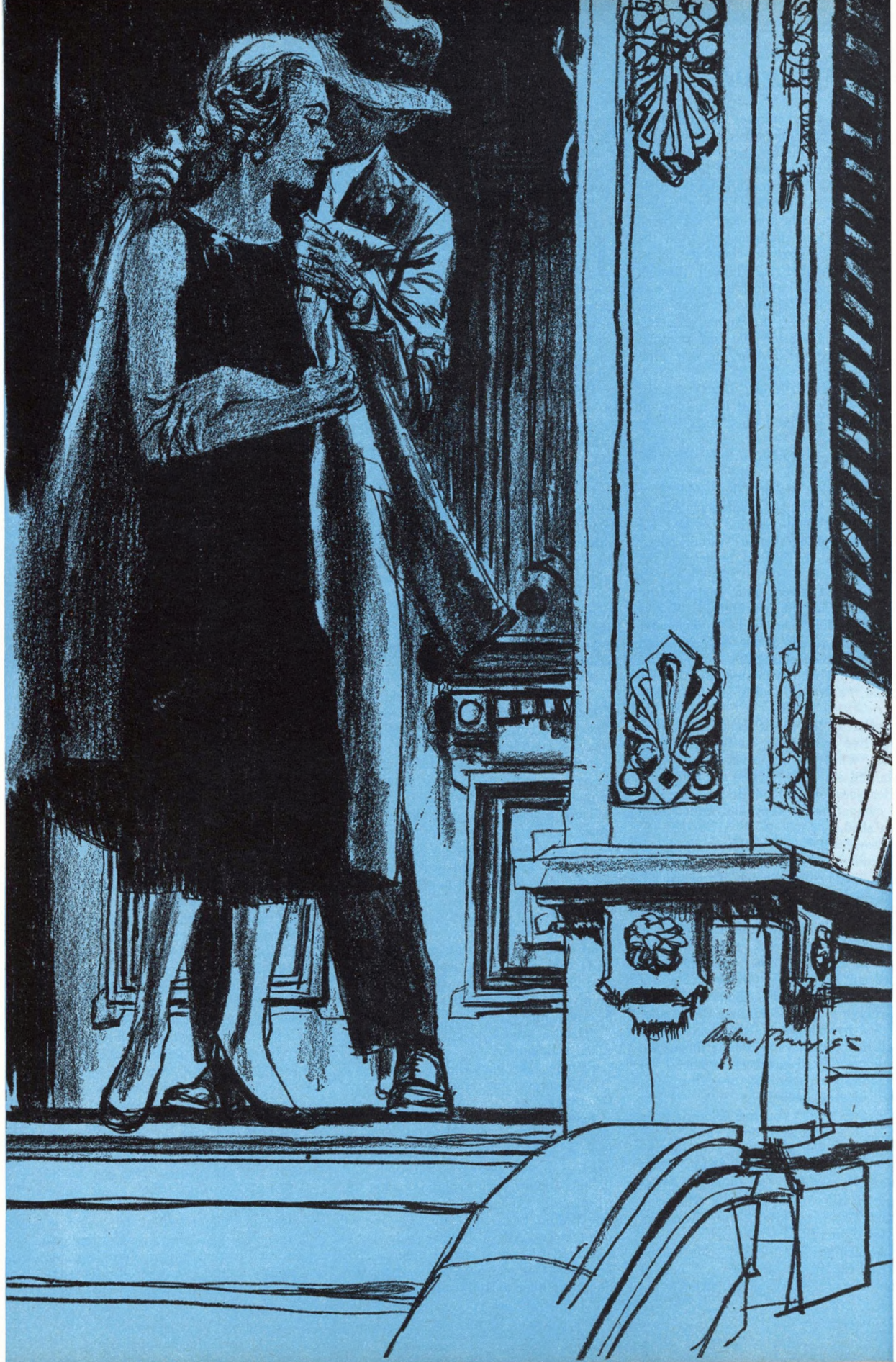
He handed her into a cab with a feeling of relief, as if he had come safely through an interview that might have been stormy. And yet Adele had great self-control and seldom gave way either to tears or temper. What had gone wrong with them? Why did he always feel so impatient with her, as if he wanted Adele somehow to be a totally different person from the one she was? He would probably never know where the fault lay.

He took a plane for Boston early in Christmas week but had to land in New York, because Boston was closed down by fog. Brad called his sister from LaGuardia Airport and tenaciously fought off her insistence that he come right up to her apartment. She and her husband and children were driving up to Newburyport in two days.

"But I can make the afternoon train to Boston," he told her, "and it will let me have a couple of days alone with Pa."

The Boston train was crowded, mostly

"I used to be in love with you," he told her. "Maybe I still am. I've got to find out." She lifted her face to his. "Why not kiss me," she said, "and see what happens."



with New England emigres who, like himself, were returning home in serious pilgrimage for the holidays. He left the parlor car at the first call for dinner. The train was shrieking through the early dark and, in the passage between trains, metal plates vibrated and the wind seeped cold and rain-smelling from the couplings. The next car contained drawing rooms, and Brad glanced through open doors as he made his swaying way along the corridor. In one, some men were playing cards; in another, an elderly lady in a Boston hat sat reading.

Through the next door, he saw Fletcher Sargent.

"Why, hello!" cried Brad, amazed both by her presence and by his instant recognition, for he hadn't seen her in fifteen years.

Her gray eyes turned to him with cool and distant regard.

"I'm Bradley Mason," he said.

Her face showed a momentary blankness. Then: "Oh, yes, of course. We went to school together in Newburyport."

Brad nodded. "Going home for the holidays?"

She smiled assent and continued to look at him measuringly. "You've changed a lot," she said. "I remember you as being sort of fat and shy—and didn't you wear glasses?"

"I had all of the adolescent ills," he replied, "and you had none of them."

"That's the nicest compliment I've had in a long while," she said. "What a pity it isn't true." The train had stopped. "Where are we?"

Her question enabled him to come into the compartment. They had halted in a train shed.

"Providence."

"Really? It's not New London?"

"It must be Providence. There isn't a train shed at New London."

She nodded, as if impressed by his logic. Then, losing interest in Providence, she sat with her hands turned palm upward in her lap. She was wearing a tweed suit and a pale tan sweater and a single strand of pearls. Her skin seemed scarcely less luminous than the pearls, and her dreaming eyes, straight nose and small, full mouth woke aching memories. At eighteen Brad had been hopelessly in love with her; yet this was the most they had ever spoken.

Fletcher said, "You live somewhere in the Middle West now, don't you?"

"Chicago. I'm in business there," he answered. In his mind he told her: "You don't have to come to Chicago. I can move to New York if that's what you want." Aloud, he said, "Won't you join me for dinner?"

"I'd like to, but I can't." She looked over to the next seat where a boy of four or five lay sleeping. "Alan's too much of a nuisance—he gets train sick. We'll eat here later."

"Well, sorry you can't join me," said Brad, getting up. "Maybe we can get together in Newburyport."

"Yes. Let's."

In the diner, he ordered, then sat watching the faint jiggling of the silver, the movement of water in the glass tumbler. Fletcher had changed remarkably little, he thought. Fifteen years, a child, and two or three husbands had not marred her smooth cheek or clear eye. What had Deborah meant, saying she looked dissipated?

But, as her image rose again in his mind, he was not so sure. Wasn't there a sadness about the mouth, an infinitesimal tiredness in the droop of an eyelid, a disenchantment with life in the total modeling of the face?

Fletcher represented one of Brad's unrealized ambitions. He had not had any more chance with her than had the other local young men, but had fallen in love with her anyway. His love had been noble, selfless, distant and—he had hoped—secret. But Deborah had guessed. And, perhaps, even Fletcher had known, for he had hung about her house whenever he could and followed her everywhere with his eyes.

As he toyed with his food, Brad felt excited, keyed to an intolerable pitch. Fletcher was divorced. He soon would be. They were both free. He was moderately wealthy, confident of his powers, and had lost the plump shyness of his youth. She seemed at loose ends. Why shouldn't it happen, if he wanted it to?

They reached Boston a little before nine, with just time enough to taxi over to North Station and catch the Newburyport local. Brad waited on the platform for Fletcher and her son, and suggested that they share a cab.

"I'm dreadfully sorry," said Fletcher with what seemed real regret, "but I think someone's meeting me."

At the gate, a big, smiling man hurried to greet Fletcher. He looked naggingly familiar, and Brad wondered if he knew him.

"Have a good trip, darling?" the man asked solicitously.

Fletcher shrugged faintly, then said, "Oh, George, this is Mr. Mason. Mr. Grantham."

George Grantham. Of course. Brad had seen him often on television. *George Grantham brings you the pulse of the news.* And then the earnest leonine face, the mellifluous voice explaining what was wrong with American foreign policy in the Middle East, the Far East, and all points west. All of Fletcher's husbands had had this same sort of nebulous importance. One had been a Broadway producer, another a Hollywood scriptwriter.

Grantham looked at Brad with the hostility of a jealous man.

"Well," said Brad, "if I'm going to catch the Newburyport train, I'd better get going."

"Yes, you'll have to hurry," said Grantham in obvious relief. "Sorry we can't give you a lift, but there just isn't room for more than two-and-a-half people in my Jaguar."

Fletcher gave Brad her hand and a warm smile. "See you soon."

Crossing to the exit, Brad looked back to see Grantham talking to Fletcher with a head-bent urgency, as though passionately pleading a suit. She was turned absently away, her beautiful face showing only a remote interest, one gloved hand holding the hand of her skinny, blond child.

It was close to eleven when Brad descended to the station platform in Newburyport and took a cab for High Street. As he went up the brick walk to the house, he felt all the excitement of the returning prodigal. He opened the door to the loud playing of a radio, then crossed the hall to the large living room.

Brad's father was sleeping heavily in a wing chair. A book had fallen from his hand to the floor; his chin was sunk on his chest. A convenient liquor tray explained his heavy sleep.

Brad snapped off the clamorous radio and, in the sudden quiet, a banjo clock ticked remorselessly. Probably his father preferred the loud racket of the radio to the steady, inexorable beat of the clock as it measured out his life.

Brad shook him gently. His father groaned and tried to pull away. Brad shook him again. "Pa!"

His father looked dazedly about him. "Wake up, Pa."

With an imperious yet helpless gesture, his father held out his hand. Brad helped him up. It was clear he intended to go upstairs while he was still not quite awake, in the hope that by getting instantly to bed he might escape the insomnia which always followed his evenings of liquor-induced sleep. Putting a heavy hand on Brad's shoulder, he walked in stiff-legged uncertainty to the stairs. Grasping the banister, he stared into his son's face. "Hello, Brad," he said suddenly, and his voice held humorous acknowledgement of the inadequacy of the greeting.

"Hello, Pa."

"So you finally got here." His father started up the stairs. "See you in the morning. We'll talk then."

"Good night, Pa."

Brad poured himself a drink and sat down before the dying fire. His thoughts went swiftly to Fletcher. Grantham was obviously a rival, but Brad took hope from the fact that Fletcher seemed rather

bored by the man. He stared into the embers, seeing Fletcher again as she bent down to fix a silken seam, thinking of the way her hair shone silver-gold at the temple, remembering her smile and glance and troubled frown as she tried to identify Providence.

All at once there was a tightening and a dryness in his throat. The more he considered Fletcher's image, the more he became uneasily aware that it was accompanied and overlaid by another, as naggingly persistent as a ghost on a TV screen.

He opened his wallet and took out the picture of Adele that he still carried. With stunned surprise he saw that—in coloring and thin elegance and posture—Adele and Fletcher were very much alike.

Brad winced at this awful discovery. Since he had been unable to win Fletcher fifteen years ago, he had sought her facsimile. He had chosen Adele, not from love, but because she had the appearance of another woman. And he had then rejected Adele, not through any fault of her own, but simply because she could not live up to his idealized memory of Fletcher.

He got up quickly and left the house, walking along High Street beneath the veiled moon. The trees moved softly above him, and the sadness of the dying season filled earth and sky. He had not consciously directed his steps but, nevertheless, he wasn't surprised when he found himself at the Sargent house.

Some lights were on downstairs, and they shone on the Jaguar parked beneath the tall Schwedler's maple where the driveway circled. Brad didn't pause, but went up to the door and rang the bell.

Fletcher opened the door. She had changed to a simple black dress with a touch of white at the collar.

"I've got to talk to you," said Brad.

"Now?" she asked. George Grantham came into the hall behind her. He was carrying a highball, and his leonine head was thrust forward in curiosity and suspicion. "What is it, darling?" he asked. Then, recognizing Brad, he said sourly, "Oh, you again."

"Excuse us a minute," said Brad; "we won't be long." He drew Fletcher out onto the porch and closed the door.

"I haven't a coat," she said in mild protest.

"Here, take mine." He slipped his topcoat over her shoulders. She smiled up at him and said, "Well, what is it?"

"I used to be in love with you," he told her. "Maybe I still am. I've got to find out."

"Really?" She looked at him, still smiling, but without coquettishness. She asked, "Why didn't you ever tell me?"

"You knew, didn't you?"

She frowned. "That was so long ago."

"Are you going to marry Grantham?"

She laughed a little. "I must congratulate you on a novel approach."

He grasped her shoulders. "I'm serious. Tell me."

Fletcher lifted her face and said, "Why don't you kiss me and see what happens?"

Brad hesitated, then put his mouth to hers. His arms tightened about her slim body. When he released her, she shrugged his coat back into place and moved off down the driveway. He walked beside her, biting his lip, waiting for an inner exaltation that didn't come.

"Well?" she asked. "No fireworks?"

"How do you know?"

"You can't go back to what you were," she answered. "No one can. God knows, I've tried often enough. I was trying just now. Wouldn't life be deliciously simple if a kiss could solve everything?"

He said, "I married a girl just because she looked like you."

"The poor thing," said Fletcher sadly.

Brad flushed. "You're wiser than I."

"If I am, I learned in a hard school." She touched his arm. "We never outgrow the hope of easy solutions to hard problems. But there are no easy solutions."

A step sounded on the gravel behind them. It was George Grantham. "I've brought you a coat," he said to Fletcher. He looked worriedly from her to Brad. "Is everything all right?"

"Yes," said Fletcher. "We've been burying the past." She held out her hand. "Goodbye, Brad."

It was the first time she had used his name. "Goodbye," he said.

When he got back to his father's house, he made himself a drink and stared unhappily at the cold ashes in the fireplace. Then he turned abruptly, went to the telephone in the hall, and asked for long distance. With a sense of taking an irrevocable step, he gave his number in Wilmette.

"Hello," said Adele's sleepy voice.

"Hello. This is Brad."

"Oh!" She came awake. "Is anything wrong?"

"No. I wanted to wish you a Merry Christmas. Are you in bed?"

"Yes."

"I'm sorry I woke you."

"It's all right. I wasn't really asleep."

She would be lying among the pillows of her bed. Her skin would be glistening with cream and her blonde hair feathering about her face. He remembered the blue veins on the inside of her wrist, the tiny pulse in her throat, how cold her feet got in winter.

"Are you wearing your woolen booties?" he asked.

"What?" Then she laughed. "Oh, yes. It's bitter cold here."

"We've been having rain but it's cleared up tonight."

They dangled helplessly at either end of the wire. She seemed mystified and uncertain what tone she should adopt.

"Are you feeling all right?" he asked.

"Oh, yes. Fine. And you?"

"I've been thinking about cutting my trip short, coming home—I mean, to Chicago—before New Year's."

"Oh," said Adele. Uncertainly, she added, "Remember me to your father."

"I will. I'm sorry I woke you."

"It's all right," she assured him again. Then, urgently: "Now, remember—you promised not to get me a present."

"Well—"

"It would be awful if you did, and I didn't. I don't think we should because . . . well, because of everything."

"I haven't yet, but—"

"Now, don't. It wouldn't be fair. All right, if you're going to, I will, too." And, as if frightened by that declaration, she said, "Merry Christmas, Brad. It was good to hear your voice."

"I wish I were with you," he said.

Adele was silent for a moment. Then she asked hesitantly, "What happened? Hasn't something happened?"

Well, here it was. Could he answer? "I can't tell you," Brad said. "Not now. Maybe never. Or maybe just when we're real old parties sitting by the fire."

She was silent a long moment. Carefully, she said, "All right. Please call me the instant you get back. So I'll know you're safe."

"I will. Good night, Adele."

Again a fractional pause, and then she took the plunge: "Good night, darling."

He hung up the phone, feeling as if something inside him that had long been frozen had suddenly thawed. Before, their marriage had had no chance at all. Now, it had—at least—a chance. He could look at Adele as a distinct person with individual human qualities, not as the waxen image of another woman.

He went up the stairs two at a time and down the long, narrow hall to his old room. He thought of Fletcher Sargent and wished her well, and for the first time he thought of her in adult terms and not as a romantic adolescent. He hoped she would be happy with George Grantham or whomever she chose for her third—or was it her fourth?—husband. As for himself, Brad felt younger and, at the same time, more grown-up than he had in years. He opened the bedroom window, heard a diesel engine send its deep horn-note down the Merrimac Valley. It had none of the haunting sadness of the old locomotive whistles. All the same, Brad wished he were on the train, going home at last, home to Adele. THE END

Cosmopolitan's Complete Mystery Novel

The House on the Beach

Her child's mind could hardly cope with the horror of her mother's death, but now the signs were clear—Paul and Aunt Millicent were trying to kill her, too

BY E. L. WITHERS ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN McCLELLAND

Katherine came awake suddenly in the black room. The insides of her eyelids felt as if someone had flashed a bright light on her for an instant and then quickly put it out.

She was nervous, even though it had been almost a week since her mother's funeral. She had done without a father for a long time now, but when she thought about her mother all the anxiety rushed back. It made her nervous when Aunt Millicent tried to make her eat her meals, and when old Amy came into her room in the evening to get her undressed. All that nervousness sprang up like a wall around her when she came abruptly awake in the dark.

She listened intently. Thirty feet away, behind the sliding wall of glass panels, she could hear the waves rushing on the beach. Someone was in the room with her; she knew it as surely as if she had seen that person. She tried to listen hard, to hear some breathing besides her own, but she was too frightened to concentrate. There were no sounds out of the ordinary.

Lying very still, not moving a muscle, she rolled her eyes to the left until she saw the great vague blur of the glass wall looking out over the beach. She saw poorly without her glasses. They were on the table next to her watch, but she did not dare to reach out her hand and pick them up. She knew it would make a noise.

Her breath was coming faster, and she could feel her heart bumping frantically against the cage of her ribs. She knew, even before she rolled her eyes back, that the only thing she would be able to see in the room was the faint gray rectangle of the glass wall. The blackness was unbroken. She wanted to get her glasses and run away without turning on the light. But if she ran out the door she would have to go through that darkness to get there. That would be the worst of all, feeling her way along, thinking at every second that she might bump into whoever was there.

But she could not run toward the beach either. She would be silhouetted against the gray glass wall; she would have to press the button and wait while the mechanism caught and the panels slid back on top of one another. By that time they would have caught up with her, and grabbed her, and . . .

She wanted to be brave, but she didn't know how; nobody expected you to be brave when you were only twelve years old. She rolled her eyes back across the room to the windows in an agony of terror. There was someone in the room, standing very close to her, waiting for her to move, watching her, moving slowly closer and closer.

She had to get out of the room. She had to get out into the hall somehow. She began to move very slowly. She pulled one hand from under the sheet and stretched it toward the table; she did not dare to go without her glasses. Her fingers touched the edge of the table and crawled slowly across the top. Her wrist brushed against the edge of her watch, and then she found the glasses. They were lying upside down with the lenses against the table top. She slid them toward her until she could hold them firmly; then she opened the stems one at a time and put the glasses on.

The darkness suddenly became clearer. The lines of the windows stood out plainly across the room, and although the darkness was as complete as ever, she felt reassured; if there was anything to see, she could see it.

She began to sit up. She raised her head out of the pillow slowly and began inching her way across the bed under the sheet. She dropped her feet over the edge until her toes felt the carpet under them, and then she sat up straight. She knew the springs would squeak when she stood up. She nerved herself for it, and the instant she heard that sound everything else was suddenly gone from her mind. The bravery she was trying to show evaporated in a tide of panic. She was aware that she was running across the room toward the door, frenzied as a trapped mouse.

The hall was lighter than the bedroom

"You're a rich little girl now," the lawyer said. She sensed them watching her.

had been, and she glanced around it. She could run to Aunt Millicent's room, but it was the length of the house away. She would be caught before she got that far. There was a window at the end of the hall, and in the dim glow she saw a big, modern chair standing against the wall. She ran around it, ducked, and sat down on the floor against the wall.

Bending forward, she could see between the legs of the chair, down the hall past her doorway. The person would have to come out eventually. After a minute a sound came from the doorway, and she bent double with fright as she listened. The door was being pulled the rest of the way open, and she heard the footsteps feeling their way cautiously out into the hall.

All she could see of the figure was its legs. She knew those legs. They were muscular and had black hair on them. They were Paul's legs.

They stopped in the hall. She could tell from the way he stood that he was trying to find where she was. She did not know why she was so frightened of him, but it suddenly came into her mind that he was going to kill her.

He took another step forward and then abruptly he turned and started down the hall in the opposite direction, toward his own room—her mother's room. She could no longer see him, but she heard him in the distance quietly opening his door, and then closing it again.

She stood up and went around the chair and back into her own room. She closed the door and turned on the light. She looked at the door knob: there was no lock. She dragged a chair across the room and pushed it tightly against the door. No one could get in now, without waking her.

She was shaking with fright. She caught sight of herself in the mirror—the pigtails, the Lucite-rimmed glasses, and, under them, the round child's face, pale and squeezed with terror. She made herself go across the room and lie down on the bed. She would not turn out the light.

She did not think that she could ever go to sleep again, but her eyes were closed almost as soon as she put her head on the pillow.

It was Wednesday night now—no, Thursday morning. Last Friday had been the day of the funeral, the day her mother was buried. It had begun as such a happy week. They had had a picnic on Monday—she and her mother and Paul. But Tuesday! She had been playing in the house. Paul had gone off in the car. Her mother had gone swimming . . . and they had found her lying on her side on the beach, with sand in her hair. Drowned.

Aunt Millicent—her father's sister—had come from New York to be with them and help them. Dr. Treslove, their minister, English, jowly, and pontifical, had come to comfort them. Amy had cried again, and he had patted her on the shoulder and reminded her that she must be brave.

Katherine might have slept till noon, but Rex woke her up at eight-thirty. He began whining and scratching with his paws on the bathroom door. He always slept in the bathroom.

Katherine sat up and looked around the room. The light was still on, and the chair was still in place against the door. What had Paul wanted? She got out of bed and went across in her bare feet to open the bathroom door. Rex jumped out at her, whining with pleasure, danced around her, and nuzzled her legs.

"You want out?"

He barked again, and she went over to the glass panels. She pushed the button. The distant whirring began, the panels slid back, and Rex dashed out across the lawn.

Katherine dressed herself and went along the hall toward the living room. Everything in the house was white or light colored; the walls were white, the floors were pale, the whole house was very modern. It had been the scandal of the beach when her mother had built it.

Katherine went into the living room. From the dining room beyond she could hear Paul's and Aunt Millicent's voices as they sat down at the breakfast table and Amy came in from the kitchen to serve them. The living room was enormous, with the same glass wall looking down on the beach, and a huge fireplace with a metal screen that slid down out of the wall, like the blade of a guillotine, to shut off the fire when you pressed a button.

Katherine went into the dining room, slid into her seat at the table, and unfolded her napkin.

Aunt Millicent said, "We're just talking about what we'll have for dinner. Is there anything you'd particularly like, darling?"

"No."

"No? Nothing at all? But surely there's something. Bunks and Piggy just simply love creamed chipped beef." Aunt Millicent had two little girls of her own. "I make it for them every Sunday night."

Out of the corner of her eye, Katherine peeped at Paul. He had nodded to her as she came in, and given her his friendliest smile.

He said, "Let me see your shopping list, Millicent."

She slid it down the length of the table toward him, and he picked it up with his long, narrow, hairy hand.

Aunt Millicent smiled at him and said, "I remember you've always been one of those people that just simply can't get enough of lists, Paul. Marian always said that she'd lose her head if you didn't put it down on a list for her."

Paul didn't laugh. He said, "We need aspirin, too," and slid the list down the table.

The kitchen door swung open, and Amy came in. When she saw Katherine she said, "I didn't know you'd come in, love. You feel like eating some breakfast?"

Katherine said, "I'm kind of hungry," and Amy went out to the kitchen. After a moment she came in again and set a plate down in front of Katherine. She looked around the room and went back out again.

Aunt Millicent was pushing her chair back and folding her napkin. She said, "Well, I'm off to do the shopping. What are you two going to do with yourselves this morning?"

Paul said, "Go swimming."

Aunt Millicent got up, and then said to Katherine, "You should go swimming, too. Why don't you, darling?"

"I might."

"Well, I really must fly. Have a good time."

Katherine and Paul were left alone together. She did not look up, trying to act as if there were nothing wrong. For several minutes neither of them spoke. Then Paul said, "Why don't you want to go swimming this morning?" His voice was normal, casual, friendly—just as it always was when he was in a good mood—and when she glanced at him he was smiling at her in his friendly way, too.

She said, "I don't know. I just don't feel like it." It was in the water that her mother had died. She thought, There must be some explanation for last night. Maybe I ought to ask him. But she didn't ask.

He had finished his breakfast. He tossed his napkin on the table, and stood up and wandered around the table. "I'll see you at lunch . . ." and he smiled again at her and was gone.

She felt as if a weight had been lifted from her. Everything was all right. She finished her breakfast and went into the living room.

She was almost surprised at herself, at how easy it had been to get over the events which had terrified her last night. In the dark it had all seemed so strange, so frightening. But now in the bright morning there was nothing to it.

But when Amy came into the living room with her vacuum cleaner and began running it under the furniture, Katherine couldn't keep from screaming at her, "Amy, you read mystery stories, don't you?"

"I used to read the ones your mother had around the house, love."

Katherine said, "I wanted to ask you a question about those mysteries. You see, I just wondered . . . what you'd do if somebody was . . . trying to kill you."

"Well, I'd call the police, baby. But nobody'd want to kill me."

"Yes, but what would you do if you woke up in the night and somebody was in your room trying to kill you? I don't mean that he *really* killed you. He just tried to."

"Well, I don't know exactly. In the mysteries they . . . they *search!*"

Katherine thought: It wouldn't do me any good. I don't have anything to look for. And anyway, I was wrong about the whole thing. Paul wasn't going to hurt me.

This new cheerful outlook was strengthened by the day's events, and that night she slept well. The next morning—Friday—no ripple disturbed the serenity; there was nothing she could find wrong in any of it; but when she got out of bed on Saturday morning she felt something in the air—a change of atmosphere, a difference from the two days just past. She didn't like it.

She dressed and went in to breakfast, on her guard, and as she came to the door of the dining room her feeling was intensified: Aunt Millicent's chair was empty; she had already eaten and gone; and Paul sat alone at the table, bent blackly over his breakfast. And she knew from the look on his face that his good mood of the past two days was gone.

He said gruffly, "Why don't you come in swimming this morning? Don't you like to swim any more?"

She had an odd, unsafe feeling. She said, "Oh, yes, I still like to swim . . ." She was strangely afraid of him. She said, to change the subject, "Where's Aunt Millicent?"

"She's gone to town. Why?"

"Oh, no reason. I just wondered . . ."

He said again, "You ought to come swimming. Maybe we can have a race or something."

"What for?" Her suspicions rose.

He said, "I don't know. I just thought it would give us something to do. Or we can swim out to White Island."

"I can't swim that far."

"How do you know? You've never tried."

She said obstinately, "Mother told me not to."

Paul said, "It wouldn't be dangerous if we swam together. If you got tired I could help you."

But she shook her head, and he must have seen that he was getting nowhere. He wadded his napkin, tossed it down, and left the table.

Her mind reverted persistently to those mysteries. The situation was too much like them. For the last two days she had thought she might be imagining something; but here, in the bright dining room, she was absolutely certain that Paul wanted to kill her.

But why? There must be some reason. And immediately she knew what the reason was, and her heart bobbed up into her throat.

After the funeral, they had all come home together. Mr. Wetherby had come, too—her mother's lawyer, their friend and neighbor, white-haired, apple-cheeked, kindly, gentle—and he had called them together in the living room and said that he wanted to read the will.

That was it: the will was the reason Paul was going to kill her. She could remember perfectly the expression on his dark, lean face as he listened to Mr. Wetherby reading on and on. And when the reading was over she had asked Mr. Wetherby what it meant.

"Well, it means that your mother has left the bulk of her fortune to you. You're a wealthy little girl, but you can't get at it right now. It's in a trust fund."

She had said, "Oh," trying to think about it and absorb it. And then, seeing Paul standing by himself, the black frown on his forehead, she had said to Mr. Wetherby, "But what about Paul?"

"Paul and I are to be trustees of the estate till you're old enough to handle it yourself. He'll be paid a certain amount from the income of the estate."

"But didn't Mother leave him anything?"

"She left him the minimum required by law; but your share is a great deal larger."

She had gone on talking to Mr. Wetherby while she watched Paul, standing alone, frowning. After a little while Aunt Millicent had gone over to speak to him, and they had stood there together, talking in low voices. There had been something intimate about their postures as they stood there, close together, the sort of intimacy which married people show, or people who have known one another all their lives.

Katherine remembered that Paul and Aunt Millicent *had* known one another for a long time. They had been friends before her mother met Paul. In fact, Aunt Millicent had introduced them. She remembered, once, years ago, before her mother and Paul were married, hearing her mother say to a friend, ". . . Millicent's been a widow for a long time now. I wonder why she and Paul don't get married."

The friend had answered, "Well, neither of them has any money . . ."

It flashed through her mind now that Aunt Millicent, too, might be intent upon some evil. But Aunt Millicent had always been kind to her. No, only Paul was involved in this.

But he could not have known that all this was going to happen just as it had. Or could he? Could he have known that her mother would swim out and drown? But how? And the money . . . would it all go to Paul now if she died? Aunt Millicent was her father's sister, not her mother's; she had nothing to gain. Yes, of course. If she died, Paul would be rich. That was why he was trying to kill her.

She could tell Amy, but would that do any good? Would Amy believe her? And even if she did, was there anything she could do about it? But what about Aunt Millicent? Under all her foolishness she had a deep streak of coarse, crude common sense. There was something selfish about her, and she was lazy. She wouldn't want to believe what she heard. No, she could get no help from Aunt Millicent, either. She would have to help herself.

Paul's bedroom door opened, and he came along the hall toward the living room. He had not undressed—there were dressing rooms down on the beach—but he had a towel over his arm. She thought he stared at her searchingly. Finally he said, "When are you coming to swim?"

"In a little while."

"Well, I'll be waiting for you."

When he had gone, she went on standing there, looking around her, fishing frantically in her mind for something to do. She thought: Amy said that in mysteries they always search. Is that what I ought to be doing? But where? The door to Paul's room was open. He must have left it open when he came out. Maybe this was the right place to search.

She stepped inside hurriedly and closed the door after her. She went over to the glass wall of the bedroom and looked out. Below and down a little on the beach were the two dressing rooms with their louvered walls and cupola roofs, gleaming with white paint.

In a moment Paul came out of one of the bathhouses in a bathing suit. He was trying to light a cigarette. He flicked his lighter half a dozen times, but it would not work. He laid it down on the bathhouse step, walked across the beach to the water without looking back, and began swimming.

Katherine went over to the bed and looked at it. She picked the pillows up and shook them. Nothing. She examined the sheets and the mattress and the springs. There was nothing.

She started on the bedside tables. Each of them had one drawer; the one toward the windows had been her mother's, and inside it were only personal things of hers, and an extra pair of Katherine's

glasses that her mother had kept for her in case she needed them. She went around the bed to Paul's side. In his drawer there was nothing of interest.

She closed the drawer, stood up, and went over to the closet. She started on a sport coat hanging in front of her. She found a dirty handkerchief and a package of matches. Half a package of cigarettes was in his bathrobe. She got down on the floor and searched among his shoes, but there was nothing there.

Near the bed was a big dresser. It was the last place she could think of to search. She went to it and started looking through the drawers. She looked at Paul's clothes. There was nothing. In the top drawer were socks and jewelry. She was about to give up when she noticed the red leather book at the front of the drawer. It said in gold letters ENGAGEMENTS. She took it out and sat down to look at it.

There was one page devoted to each day of the year, with blue lines running across to write on, and the hours of the day. Today was August 16. She flipped through to August. The sixteenth was still blank.

She turned back and looked at his record of last week. The events he had chronicled for the eighth were very simple:

10:30—Dr. Treslove.
12:30—Lunch with Dr. Treslove.
2:00—Funeral.
5:00—Will.
Talk with Millicent after dinner.

That was all. She turned back to the beginning of the week: Monday, August 4:

10:00—Swimming.
12:30—Picnic on beach for Katherine. More swimming.
5:00—Morrisons here for cocktails.
8:30—In town to movie.

Katherine remembered the day, the last full day with her mother. Her gaze strayed on to the next page, and she wondered at the back of her mind how Paul would record the events of the day his wife had been drowned. It took her a moment to absorb what she saw:

10:00—Meet Millicent's train.
12:30—Dr. Treslove to lunch.
3:00—Appointment to discuss funeral.
7:00—Dinner with Millicent and Katherine here.

She looked at the heading of the page: Thursday, August 7. The book was spread out open in her lap, Monday on one side, Thursday on the other. But how could that be? The headings were printed in the book. She turned back and read the headings: Friday, Saturday, Sunday, Monday, Thursday!

She held the book up closer to her eyes. There was a little roughness there between the pages. The sheet had been torn out; the record of the day her mother died had been removed from the book. She peered down more intently at the page for Monday. Something was blotted across it—the writing that had been on the missing page—but she could make nothing of it. If she were to find the missing page, that blotting would be a way of identifying it. She bent the spine of the book backward and tore out the page for Monday, folded it up, and cupped it in the palm of her hand.

She jumped up quickly, went over to the door and opened it. Rex was sitting just outside, his tongue hanging out, waiting for her. He followed her as she went down the hall to her own room and closed the door. She thought: What shall I do now? What could he have written on that page that would make him tear it out? And what did he do with it once he'd torn it out?

She looked down at the beach, and at Paul swimming. She thought: He didn't undress up here at the house. He went down to the little bathhouse to undress so he could keep an eye on his clothes while he was swimming. He *does* have it. It's in his pocket. That's why he wants to keep his clothes in sight. And I have to get it. If I don't get it now, I may never have another chance.

But he would see her getting it. He would know what she was doing, and try to stop her. She tingled to think what would happen if he did see her there, if he found her going through his clothes.

She thought: If I go down in my clothes and undress there, I might be able to sneak over into his dressing room without being seen. It was the only plan which suggested itself to her. She went into her bathroom and got her bathing suit, took a towel off the rack, and started out, with Rex following her.

Paul was a little way out from shore, floating and diving. When she came to the bathhouses, she saw that they were farther apart than she had pictured them; but his door wouldn't be locked, and she could watch until he was not looking her way.

She went into the empty one and undressed; when she had gotten into her bathing suit, she cupped the blotted page for Monday in her hand again, went over to the door, opened it, and peered out. It was better than she had hoped. Paul had gone much farther out, and was still swimming away from her.

She darted outside and raced across the sand to the other bathhouse, and pulled at the doorknob. The door came open immediately, and she ducked inside without looking back and pulled the door shut. There was a simple bolt lock, and she quickly pushed it into its socket.

The dressing room was a square white box; the door was on the front facing the water, and the walls were louvered all around to let the air blow through. The louvers slanted down from the inside, so that she could see three or four feet of the sand around the building.

Paul's cigarettes were lying on the seat of the chair. She picked up one of his shoes, shook it, and ran her hand down inside it. She felt a few grains of sand, but nothing else. She tried the other one, and found it just as empty. She examined the cigarette package; it yielded no concealed paper.

She straightened up and went over toward the clothes hanging on the door. Something outside the louvers caught her eye, and she stopped and looked out. Rex was standing just outside, watching the building, waiting for her to come out.

She looked at Paul's underwear. Nothing. She took down the shirt. Nothing. In the trousers were only the things she had expected to find—keys, change, a billfold with credit cards, money, and a photograph of her mother. She put the billfold back into the pocket, and hung the trousers up again on their hook.

She turned around, making sure that she had searched every spot, and saw her own woebegone face in the mirror that hung on the rear wall; and at that second she thought incoherently: The mirror . . . the blot . . .

Of course she hadn't been able to read it! It was backward. She fumbled at the damp square of paper, and got it opened. The main blot was no more legible than it had ever been.

But she held it up to the mirror. It was on the line for two o'clock.

That was about the time when her mother had gone swimming. She couldn't make out the letters. It looked like a capital *S*. Then a *w*? Then a smudge; then another *w*? Or was it *m*? And then a long smudge, and at the end it looked like *ng*.

What could that spell? 2:00—*Sw-m-ng . . . Swimming.* Paul had gone swimming at two o'clock on the afternoon her mother was drowned!

But he'd been out in the car most of the afternoon. He'd said so to everyone. Had he been there when her mother was drowning? But if he had . . . if he had . . . then . . .

Her hand was shaking. She laid the paper on the seat of the chair beside the package of cigarettes.

She had known that he was trying to kill her; but this meant that he had . . . Her eyes drifted down to the louvers. Just outside, not six inches away on the other side, stood two long, muscular

brown legs, the toes dug into the sand.

She thought: The louvers slant down. He can't see me in here, but he knows I'm here anyway. That's why he's standing there waiting now. But when I go out . . . It's only a few feet to the water . . . Amy's working in the kitchen on the other side of the house . . . no one would hear me if I screamed . . .

Nothing broke the silence. It pressed in on her like a solid weight. There was no way out. She was almost ready to give up, to unlock the door and let Paul in, to get it all over with . . .

And then very distantly in the back of her ears she heard something. It was a very faint hum in the distance. Someone had pushed a button in the house and the long glass panels were sliding open.

And then she heard Amy's voice, unexpectedly loud in the silence, calling: "Katherine . . . *Katherine* . . ."

It took her a moment to react, to realize that she had been saved. Then she jerked back the bolt, threw the door open, and ran out jaggedly onto the beach, the sun blinding her for a moment, shouting as she ran, "Amy! Amy! Here I am! I'm coming." She ran along the beach, up the lawn, onto the terrace, and almost fell into Amy's arms.

Amy said, "Why, what's the matter, love?"

"Nothing. Nothing." She tried to get her breath back, clutching at her chest in an agony of relief.

"You shouldn't run so hard like that. I just called you because it's almost time to have lunch."

They walked across the terrace toward the open windows, and in through them. Amy started toward the kitchen, and Katherine went through the archway into the living room. Aunt Millicent was sitting in one of the chairs, reading a magazine. She glanced up and said to Katherine, "Did you have a nice swim, darling?"

"I didn't swim. I just played around."

She went on down the hall to her bedroom and got herself dressed. Only then did she realize that she had left the blotted paper behind her.

She looked out the window; Paul was just starting up toward the house. She remembered that his lighter hadn't worked; he must have the paper with him, then: he had no way of getting rid of it.

She went out into the hall, and along it to the living room. Paul had gone through just ahead of her, and from the dining room she heard his voice and Aunt Millicent's. Sidling around the table toward her chair, she threw him one quick glance; it was enough to tell her that no display of innocence on her part would be enough to deceive him.

Aunt Millicent said, "Darling, you're looking just the least little bit peaked today."

"I feel fine."

Aunt Millicent said, "Just before lunch I was reading the most horrifying article in that magazine—all about adult diseases when they attack children. I'd never thought about it before. Well, of course my mind went right away to Bunks. Her stomach's very sensitive. We've had her to the doctor over and over again."

There was an instant's pause as she spooned up her soup, sucked it into her mouth daintily, and swallowed it.

"Well, the first thing that popped into my mind was that maybe Bunks had stomach cancer. I'd never in the world think of checking on a thing like that. Would you?"

"Maybe she's allergic," said Katherine.

"Well," said Aunt Millicent slowly, "she might have an allergy. I hadn't thought of that. It might not be a cancer after all."

From the narrow white line between his lips, Paul said, "It's probably food poisoning."

Katherine's voice, hollow and dead, echoed, "Food poisoning . . ." Paul was looking at her. She glanced hurriedly at her plate in confusion. She said faintly, "Do you mean that somebody might be poisoning her food?"

"Certainly not," said Aunt Millicent. "Why in the world would anybody want to poison a little girl?"

"Somebody might," said Katherine.

Aunt Millicent laughed loudly. She said to Paul, "Children are all alike. It's those comic books they read, of course. That's what gives them these ideas about murder and killing people. Poisoning . . ."

Katherine said slowly, feeling that she was now taking her life in her hands, "There are other ways to kill people."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that if you're going to murder somebody . . . there are easier ways to do it than poisoning them. If you run over them with a car it might look like an accident. Or if they fall off a high place nobody could tell if they've been pushed." She stopped, and then said in one gasp of breath, getting it over with as quickly as she could, "Or like drowning."

Aunt Millicent said, "Katherine! You don't know what you're saying! Why, your poor mother . . ."

"But how do you know that Mother just happened to drown? She was a good swimmer. She didn't ever do anything dangerous. She wasn't careless."

Aunt Millicent said, "Now Katherine! I don't want to hear any more of this kind of thing. You're just upset."

"I'm not! I'm not upset! She didn't just drown by accident. She was killed on purpose."

"Oh, *honestly*, darling!"

"But it's true. I know it's true."

"All right, then. Who do you think killed her?"

Katherine hesitated a second, and then without looking around she said in a choked voice, "Paul."

"But that's perfectly ridiculous. Darling, listen to me. Paul loved your mother. She loved him. He was the last person on earth to want to hurt her." The two of them locked gazes. "He wasn't even at home the afternoon your mother was drowned."

"But he *was* at home!"

"We all know that he went out in the car—he was gone for hours—he drove clear up the coast."

"But he didn't! He was at home. He was swimming when mother was drowned, and he doesn't want anybody to know."

Aunt Millicent straightened herself up and said, "Paul, is this true?"

"Certainly not." He spoke indifferently, drawing his gaze back from the distance. Katherine glanced around at him quickly. His expression was almost bored—almost, but not quite—it was trying to seem bored, but it was not quite succeeding.

Aunt Millicent said to Katherine, "Did you see him?"

"No—but he wrote it down in his engagement book. It says two o'clock—swimming. But that page is torn out. He tore it out so no one could read it. He was afraid for anyone to see it. But it blotted on the page next to it. And that's the one he has now. I know he has it. There hasn't been time for him to get rid of it. I only found it this morning."

"Where did you find it?"

"In his engagement book."

Aunt Millicent smiled a hard, superior, adult smile down the table at Paul. She said to Katherine, her voice evener than it had been, "Did you tear this page out of Paul's book?"

"Yes, but—"

"Then where is it?"

"Paul has it. I left it down in the bathhouse this morning, and he got it then."

Aunt Millicent said, "All right. That's perfectly easy to check, I should think. Paul, do you mind if Katherine and I see what you have in your pockets so we can get this straightened out once and for all?"

"No. I don't mind." His voice was still almost bored, and he lifted one side of his mouth, showing an edge of those white, canine teeth.

He put his hand in his pocket and began unloading the contents onto the table. He brought out the ring of keys,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the cigarette lighter, the loose change. Then he brought out his billfold, and Katherine said, "Look inside that." He slid it carelessly down the length of the table toward them. Aunt Millicent picked it up, opened it, and started going through it. Katherine could see at a glance that the paper was not in it.

She said, "Maybe it's in one of his other pockets."

Aunt Millicent smiled again, and Paul shrugged and began emptying the pocket in his shirt. There was nothing in it but the package of cigarettes. Aunt Millicent slid the billfold back down the table to him. She said, "Well, darling?"

Katherine said desperately, "Maybe it's been in one of his pockets all this time anyway, and he just hasn't taken it out."

Paul scooted his chair back from the table and stood up. He began to pull his pockets inside out. All their contents still lay on the table. There was nothing in the pockets except grains of tobacco and lint.

Aunt Millicent was saying, "Now! You were definitely wrong, and I think we've heard enough about this."

Katherine stared at her plate silently. Paul was putting his effects back into the various pockets. He sat down, pulled his chair up to the table, and began eating again imperturbably.

Aunt Millicent was saying, "Now darling, you do understand how ridiculous this is, don't you?" It was her reasonable, tolerant voice. "I think you'd better apologize to Paul."

"I apologize." She mumbled it without looking up.

Paul gave his short, sharp laugh. "You're forgiven."

Aunt Millicent laughed, too, not quite so mirthlessly, and said, "Eat your sandwich, darling. I never let my girls leave food on their plates, whatever else may be happening."

The only noises in the room were the sounds they made as they chewed, the crunching of lettuce and toast, the intermittent rustle of napkins, the clatter of a knife against a plate. The scene was deceptively peaceful, like a glassy sea before a storm. Katherine held her sandwich, bit it, chewed, swallowed, bit again, munching purposefully until it was finished, saying nothing.

Amy came in from the kitchen. She said, "Everybody finished?"

"Just about," said Aunt Millicent.

"Well, I've got some peach ice cream and cake if anybody wants dessert."

Katherine said, "I'll have some ice cream and a small piece of cake."

Amy began gathering up the dishes. Aunt Millicent said, "Well, there's no sign of the rain you keep predicting, Paul. I guess I'll go down for a swim." She stood up. "I just wish that Bunks and Piggy were here for you to play with. They'd be so good for you." And then to Paul, "Are you coming down?"

"After a while."

Paul got up. Amy said to him, "Do you want to come out in the kitchen for a minute? I'll give Katherine her dessert—there, love. Now I'll show you that bush that needs to be cut back. It's by the door."

Katherine, alone in the dining room, thought: I know what Paul's going to do now, before he goes swimming again. He won't take any chances. He'll get rid of that paper just like he did the other one, the one he really wrote on; and I've got to stop him. What would I do if I wanted to get rid of it? I'd burn it. Where could you burn something? Outdoors? Somebody might see you.

She began gulping down her cake and ice cream; when she finished she slipped back her chair quietly and crept across to the edge of the living room arch. She could hear him talking to Amy in the kitchen.

The best place to burn something would be in the fireplace, she thought. And this one here in the living room is the only one in the house. The best place I could hide and watch is in the living room itself.

There was a tall wing chair standing on the opposite side of the fireplace with its back to the dining room, and she ran quickly around behind it and got down on her knees there, out of sight. She knew that she was not really hidden, that she could easily be seen from out on the terrace through the windows on each side of the fireplace. But he would have to come from the kitchen.

She was far from comfortable, crouching on her hands and knees. The rough cords of the carpet cut into her skin, and her glasses had a tendency to slide down her nose so that she had to grab them to keep them from falling off; but she was afraid to sit down on the floor. It might all happen too quickly for her. She wanted to be able to spring up and run around to the fireplace the moment he pulled the paper out. One second more or less might make all the difference to her.

She didn't dare peep around the edge of the chair. It seemed to her that the waiting was interminable. She heard her watch ticking on her wrist, and she thought: Maybe he can hear it, too! But with the chair between us such a faint sound probably wouldn't carry that far.

And at that very instant, as her thoughts wandered briefly, she heard what she had been waiting for—the striking of a match by the fireplace. It took her completely by surprise. She had no idea that he could have gotten there yet: he must have moved quickly. He must have believed himself quite safe.

She jumped up, landing on her feet, and ran around the chair. Paul held a lighted match in one hand; in the other was the paper, unfolded, waiting to be touched to the flame.

He looked around as he heard her, holding the burning match steadily so that it would not go out. She made a quick lunge for the paper, but he gave his short laugh and held it up over his head, out of her reach. She jumped and caught his arm, trying to drag it down, but it was still too high. She was panting angrily, dragging his arm down with her full weight. The match went out. His arm was starting to give, to come down an inch or two; and then, just as she thought she had it within her reach, he kicked her hard across the shins.

Screaming, she let go of him. The paper went back up into the air as she bent to nurse the broken flesh. Almost without thinking she leaned over against his leg, pressing her face into the cloth of his trousers, and bit him just above the knee; and in the same second he lifted his free hand and struck her so hard that she was knocked away from him, back against the chair, and slumped down onto the carpet.

Through a haze she saw his hand go to his knee and come away bloody, and for a second she thought he was going to hit her again. He took the book of matches down from the mantel where he had laid it and struck a new one. He held it to a corner of the paper, and in a second the flame took hold.

He was not looking at her; he was concentrating on the little triangular flame at the corner of the paper. She forced herself to move, pulling herself forward on her hands across the rug toward him. She could think of only one thing—to make him drop the paper.

She crept toward him until she could reach her face out against his leg; and then she aimed, and this time sank her teeth into his calf. She let go immediately, and as he whirled around toward her he let go of the burning paper. But he had sailed it into the depths of the fireplace, and it was still burning faintly along one side.

The flames had only caught the corner and one edge; the heading, the date, the

In the mirror she made out the words "swimming... 2:00"— the hour her mother had died.

blot were all still plainly visible. She had not lost it yet. She began scrambling over the carpet toward the fireplace, waiting for a blow to fall. But the blow didn't come. She reached the fireplace and stuck her head and shoulders inside. The paper was at the very back. She crawled in farther to pick up the paper, and burned her fingers. She thought: I don't care if I get burned, and turned her hand palm downward and pressed it on the paper. A sickening pain shot up her arm, but the fire had gone out. She had saved the paper.

She held it in her scorched hand, and glanced around over her shoulder through the arch of the fireplace. She couldn't see Paul for a moment, and then she realized what he was doing. She heard that distant hum. He had pushed the button and the iron sheet of the fire-screen was sliding down out of the mantelpiece on top of her.

There wasn't even a second in which she could think. She couldn't scramble backward out of the fireplace in time; the screen pressing down would crush her under it. She drew her feet in beneath her, pulling her whole body toward the rear wall of the fireplace, and had barely a moment in which to see the narrow line of light at the bottom of the screen black out altogether. She was sealed up inside the fireplace.

As the complete blackness pressed in and down on her she wondered desperately what Paul intended to do with her now. This would surely require a readjustment of his own plans, too. He couldn't have intended that she should be walled up inside the fireplace. Was he standing in the living room—just a few inches away behind the sheet of metal—listening to hear if she made an outcry, considering what he would do next?

She tried to consider what *she* could do. She could go on sitting there—for hours? all day?—until someone came to let her out. But would anyone come in and open the screen without some reason?

The darkness and the confined space frightened her. It was lucky for her that the fireplace was such a big one. It had been one of the features which had attracted such attention and given rise to so much comment when the house was being built.

She felt along the floor but there was nothing but a little dust and some old ashes. It was empty except for herself, the andirons, and a few cigarette butts. And then her fingers touched the piece of paper. She had forgotten about it for a moment, but now she picked it up, feeling it gingerly in the darkness. The flame had gone out altogether when she pressed her hand down on it. She felt around the edges; it had not been too badly burned; it was still almost whole. She had no pockets, no place to put it. She thought for a moment, and then pushed it up inside the band of her short puffed sleeve.

Letting her legs stretch out a few inches, she reached up with her arms to explore her prison.

She thought: I'm taller than the fireplace, but I wonder if I could stand up if I put my head up in the chimney. She raised herself and got a hard, sharp crack on the head. She thought for an instant that her skull had been split open and her brains were spilling out around her. She sank back weakly onto the hearth, wanting to cry, but working desperately not to let herself.

Perhaps she was going to die here in the fireplace. Perhaps she would be here long enough to die of starvation. But before that she would have smothered to death.

But of course the air wouldn't run out! There was the chimney above her; air would come down the chimney. She lifted her face and looked up, unable to see anything in the blackness. What was it that she'd hit her head on? Where *was* the chimney?

She stretched out her hand, and almost at once it touched something in the air. She gasped and jerked back her hand. It had been something cold, something inert, something which swung loosely away from her in the air. She had touched the end of the chain hanging down from the damper. It was the damper that she had hit her head against.

She remembered now that there were two chains with wrought-iron letters hanging at the ends—*O* on one for *open*, *S* on the other for *shut*. She reached out her hand again; and this time, when she felt the metal, she closed her fingers around it to find out, by feeling the letter, which chain she had hold of. It was an *O*. She gripped it tightly and tugged on it.

A shower of dust and dirt and bird-droppings and particles of mortar pitched down on her head and shoulders as the damper swung open. She lifted her face again, and now there was a stream of bluish light drifting down the chimney toward her.

Was there any way she could get out through the chimney? She scrutinized the open damper. The space which it left was a long, narrow one. If she could only get through the damper, the rest of the chimney should be simple enough to manage—it went straight up, and there were no further obstacles in it.

It did not occur to her to stop and ask herself just how she was going to climb up the inside of a perfectly straight chimney, or to wonder what she was going to do when she got to the top.

She wiggled around until her head was directly under the damper. Then, pushing herself up an inch at a time, she raised herself until her head was just below the opening.

When she felt the iron touching her hair, she twisted herself carefully into position and pushed herself up again, inserting her head into the opening. It was no good. Her head was too big. It would not go through.

She let herself down, twisted around sideways in the fireplace, boosted herself, and tried again. This time her head got much farther into the opening; it did not get really tight until she had gotten in as far as her temples. She pushed, and got in another inch.

Finally, holding both her ears flat against her head, she gave a last heavy push. Her head went through. One side of her face was badly scratched by a piece of rough metal. She twisted her body around the right way, and then her shoulders came through the opening very easily. She was standing almost straight up on the floor of the fireplace by now. She was going to be able to get out after all.

She was so excited by this near realization of her hopes that she craned her neck, looking around to see what her next move should be; her glasses, perched daintily halfway down her nose, slid off altogether and landed on the top of the damper with a little clink. She bent her head down as far as she could to squint at them in the half-light. They were still whole.

But she could not pick them up; she couldn't get her arms through the damper without bringing the rest of her body with them. She pressed herself as far over in the opening as she could and, by ducking her shoulder and performing a sort of contortion, she brought her hand and arm up into sight, pressed against her shoulder and down the side of her body; then she again went through her contortion, and brought the other arm up into the chimney.

Her stomach was tight coming through. She did not think she could support herself like this for very much longer, and she gave an eager kick with her feet, trying to get them through the opening of their own volition.

They did get through, but she lost her balance. Her feet slipped on the metal, they kicked the damper, and it fell closed beneath her with a crash. Her glasses had still been lying on it when it fell.

She bent down, despair closing in around her, and lifted the damper an

inch or two. The black pit of the fireplace yawned beneath her. Was there even one chance in a thousand that the glasses had survived that fall? She knew there wasn't.

More than ever now she wanted to cry. With her glasses gone, she was almost helpless. Looking up the chimney, with that bright blue square at the far end, she could only make out an indistinct patch of light, as though the inside of the chimney were stuffed from top to bottom with tissue paper.

It was evident that there was one way to get up the chimney: by bracing her back against one wall, her feet against the opposite wall, and slowly pushing herself up, an inch at a time.

She got herself into position; she raised one foot and pressed it hard against the opposite wall; it showed no tendency to slip over the rough bricks. Very carefully she raised the other foot, placed it a little higher up on the wall, and hung there like a bridge.

She moved one foot up higher on the wall, braced her weight through her arms on the side walls, and scooted her back up four or five inches. As she glanced up, the top of the chimney seemed to her to be as distant as the moon. She brought her arms up to the height of her new position, one by one, shifting her weight, scraping them raw on the jagged walls. Then she moved her feet up, and began the whole maneuver again.

She kept on pushing herself up, telling herself that it was really no strain at all, trying not to think that if, for even a second, she gave out, she would go hurtling to the bottom between those brick walls.

The bricks and mortar had scraped the skin off her forearms; they were raw and unbelievably sensitive, so that every time she moved them up she winced with the pain. She felt that she had been in that chimney for weeks—years—forever.

She felt her grip beginning to loosen. It would all be over in less than a second. And just then, she felt the sun shining hot and dry on her face. One more push and she would be at the top. She gave that push, dragged herself up onto the edge, crawled painfully over the wide brick rim, dropped down the back of the chimney, and collapsed like a rag doll, in the angle where the chimney met the low pitch of the roof.

It was the sun which first began to revive her. The bulk of the chimney rising four or five feet in front of her shut off any breeze which might be blowing from over the water. She sat up, and the perspiration began slowly to come out all over her body, and then to trickle down her back and beneath her arms.

She held her watch up close to her eyes and looked at it. It was still ticking. It said a quarter to three.

The loss of her glasses was the most serious damage she had suffered. Even the bricks a foot in front of her face were a little blurred; the clean, clear quality of the lines was lost. And leaning sideways a few inches, peering down toward the beach, she could see almost nothing—a fog of colors with the blue sky wavering into the gray water, the yellow sand, the green grass.

She ducked out of sight behind the chimney as the notion struck her that perhaps she was even now being watched by someone she couldn't see—she wouldn't be able to tell a human figure from a piece of garden furniture or a bush.

At the base of the chimney, and stretching some distance on either side of it, lay the flagstone terrace opening off the living room. She leaned around the chimney again and peered down. She could make out the general shape, outlined by the lawn. There was no furniture below her. It was scattered about the outer edge of the terrace; directly below her was nothing but the flat, implacable pavement. She drew back. She was afraid to jump.

She thought: Aunt Millicent's the only person who can help me. I'll just have to wait until she comes out on the terrace and call to her.

She tried to make herself more comfortable on the roof, the heat of that glaring sunshine pounding mercilessly down on her aching head and the raw flesh of her arms. She was just thinking about the heat when she heard voices: they seemed to be coming from the living room, and then they became louder as they floated up from the terrace just below her.

One of the voices was Paul's; one was Aunt Millicent's; and the other two belonged to Martha and Ed Ransome. The Ransomes lived in the next house down the beach. Katherine liked them.

"There's nothing like fresh country eggs." It was Martha Ransome's high-pitched, nasal voice.

Aunt Millicent said, "It's so sweet of you to think of us. I've been buying eggs at the store in the village."

"Well, you see if you don't like these better. . . . How's Katherine? Not too upset about her mother? Well, I suppose she's still too young to understand it very well."

"As a matter of fact, she does seem upset. She's such a high-strung child. But I do think she's getting over it all right. And of course she *adores* Paul. And he's so wonderful with her. It's been awful for him, too."

"Oh, you know it has!" said Martha.

Paul came across to where the women were standing. He said, "Can't I get you a drink, Martha?"

"It's sweet of you, but we really can't stop."

They began drifting back into the living room again. Katherine could no longer hear what they said. She thought: Why didn't I think of the Ransomes before? I can go over to their house. They might let me stay all night with them. As soon as I can get Aunt Millicent to help me down from here I'll go, and I can show them the paper.

From the living room beneath her the voices had ceased to drift up. Aunt Millicent had said she was going swimming; she must not have gone yet.

Katherine leaned forward, bracing herself to catch her aunt's attention when she stepped out onto the terrace. Finally she heard the faraway voices in the living room again. She had leaned out a few inches over the edge of the roof when she realized that the other part of the conversation was being carried on by Paul.

Aunt Millicent was saying, "You haven't seen Katherine, have you?"

From inside the living room Paul said, "No, I haven't seen her."

"Well, maybe she's in her room. Did she say she was going swimming?"

"I don't remember. Probably."

"Well, I guess I'll go on down. Are you coming later?"

"No, I don't think so."

Aunt Millicent went across the terrace and down the lawn. Katherine thought, Paul must be sitting right by the windows. He thinks I'm still in the fireplace. But as long as he goes on sitting by the windows I can't get down from here.

She leaned back to wait. It occurred to her that she hadn't gotten too much sleep the night before, and that perhaps

she could put this present period to work for her if she could catch up on her sleep. But when she settled down with her eyes closed she found that sleeping was impossible.

At twenty minutes after four Aunt Millicent came up to the house again. Katherine heard her coming, and she was just nerving herself up to call to her when she heard her aunt's voice, raised a little, saying, "I think you were right about the weather."

And then Paul's voice from the window, saying, "It's starting to look like it, isn't it?"

Katherine jerked back and pressed herself against the chimney. And at just that moment the sun went behind a cloud. The sky was no longer a solid, blazing blue; heavy ominous clouds were rolling in from over the water.

She thought, I've got to get down now. I'll just have to jump. I can't stay here in a storm. But when she leaned out again and looked down at the stones of the terrace her old fright flooded back over her. She knew she'd never be able to jump. And at that instant a heavy drop of rain fell on her arm. A second later another hit her forehead. The raindrops began falling faster and closer together. The wind had died down and the rain fell almost straight. After the first minutes her clothes were wet through. She laid her head on her arms.

She squeezed down as far against the chimney as she could, and closed her eyes and thought about being a ball. A furry ball. But she wasn't furry. She was all skin and bones. And the skin and bones hurt. She was an aching ball.

Ball sounded like Paul. Paul was dry now. Paul was warm, sitting inside, reading, waiting . . .

She didn't realize that she was falling asleep. She had been unable to sleep under the sunshine, but the rain acted as a lullaby, tapping monotonously, bathing, numbing.

She came awake suddenly. It was much darker than it had been before. She looked at her watch. It said ten minutes till seven. She held it to her ear; it was still ticking. She straightened out and sat up on the roof, bracing her heels against the chimney, and looked around at the rain. It had slackened since she went to sleep, and now it was coming down in a slow, steady drizzle.

She looked down at the terrace. It was running wet, and looked shiny where the warm, golden light from the living room flooded out through the long windows. She thought: There's no one in the living room now. They're in the dining room having dinner.

Hunger, now that she was awake, was added to her other discomforts. She tried to keep her mind away from the subject of food, but it dragged itself back there in spite of anything she could do. She tried to concentrate on her watch, holding it close in front of her eyes, trying to catch the slightest sign of the movement of the minute hand. After a long time she leaned forward, and squinted down at the terrace. In the golden reflection she could see the shadow of someone moving about in the living room. They must be through with dinner, then.

She leaned back in the rain again to wait for something to happen.

The next time she looked down at the terrace, the shadows were gone from the reflection. Her watch said eight o'clock. Surely when eight-thirty came they'd begin to get worried about her. They'd call the neighbors. Maybe they'd even call the police.

She thought: No, the police wouldn't do me much good, even if they did get me down from here. There's still the whole night ahead of me. I'll have to make plans. Would the Ransomes help me? They might at least let me stay overnight in their cottage.

It was just at this moment that she heard a sound from the room below her, the sound of someone's shoe stepping onto the metal threshold of the long windows. Someone was standing there looking out into the rain.

She leaned forward and peered at the reflection.

She could not make it out clearly; it might have been Aunt Millicent; it might have been Paul.

And then the shadow moved. The person in the doorway was lighting a cigarette. Katherine knew that it was Aunt Millicent. She had not said anything at all since she'd been standing there, so she must be alone in the living room.

Katherine leaned out as far as she could beyond the edge of the roof, and said softly, "Aunt Millicent."

The shadow moved again. It was looking around; and then Aunt Millicent's voice drifted up: "Katherine? Where are you, darling? I can't see you."

"Shhh!"

"But why don't you come inside? Where are you? What are you doing?"

Katherine said, "Shhh," again, and then, "I can't get down. I'm on the roof. Come and help me."

The shadow moved forward over the window sill, and then was standing on the terrace, looking up, saying, "Darling! Look at you! What on earth have you been doing? Where have you been?"

Katherine said again, "I can't get down."

"Can you jump? I'll catch you. It isn't more than twelve or thirteen feet." She moved over toward the base of the chimney, out of the reflection.

Katherine hissed at her, "Where's Paul?"

"Oh, he's in the house somewhere. I don't know. He must be in his room. Oh! Of course! I'll go and call him."

"No, no! Listen, Aunt Millicent—can you pull that table over here, under me? You could stand up on that and help me."

She watched while Aunt Millicent went across the terrace toward the big iron table at the far side. She took hold of one corner of the table and began to drag it with her. The metal feet grated on the flagstones.

The table was almost against the wall. There was a sound of the last moment of struggle, and then a thin clank as it touched the edge of the chimney. Aunt Millicent said, "You mean that you want me to get up on the table to help you?"

"Yes."

"Oh, honestly!"

She went back across the terrace toward a chair, and began pulling it over beside the table. When she had it in position she climbed awkwardly up onto the seat, and from there to the top of the table. She said, "Well, I'm ready now."

She stretched her arms up against the face of the wall; and Katherine, gingerly dangling her legs out in space, clutching the chimney while she looked down, could just feel her aunt's fingertips touching her shoes.

Everything happened too rapidly all at once. She felt the edge of the roof slip farther back beneath her legs; then her whole body was suspended. The roof flew away behind her.

Aunt Millicent's pale, blurred face came a little more into focus; and Katherine thought: Where are her arms? She was reaching up a minute ago, but now she hasn't touched me.

She was not falling toward Aunt Millicent, but past her. And yet how could she? Aunt Millicent was definitely beside her now; their faces were on a line with each other.

And then she struck the table top. She landed on her feet. Her legs gave and she fell forward. The terrace rushed up to meet her and crashed sickeningly against her and her body flattened out on it.

Her mind did not stop working for an instant. But through her pain she thought: What's Aunt Millicent doing? Why doesn't she help me? Why didn't she catch me? And after a few seconds she heard a sound—Aunt Millicent climbing down onto the chair, and then on down to the terrace. But the foot-

steps went around her; they did not stop; Aunt Millicent was dragging the chair back across the terrace.

There was a pause, and then the footsteps came back toward her, and this time she heard the heavier grind of the table being pulled back across to its usual place. Then finally, after all that time, she heard Aunt Millicent's voice close to her ear saying, "Katherine! Katherine! Darling, are you all right? Are you hurt?"

She made a great effort and managed to lift her head. The pain shot through her as she moved.

"Here. Let me help you up. I don't know how you jumped that way. You must have pushed yourself completely out over me. You were already past before I could catch you."

Katherine said, "I didn't push." It hurt to speak. Aunt Millicent had rolled her onto her back, and pulled her up now into a sitting position. She began hauling her up farther, and Katherine allowed herself to be hauled. She was thinking: I *didn't* push myself. I just let go and slid off the roof. She didn't even try to catch me as I fell.

She was on her feet now. Aunt Millicent was talking loudly, ruthlessly, as she led her toward the windows. "Just look at you! What on earth have you been doing with yourself? We were worried to death about you. Why didn't you come to dinner, darling?"

They had reached the windows, and Aunt Millicent's attention was distracted. She said, "Oh! That white rug! Here, we'll have to do something with you before you go inside. Can you take off your shoes? And take off your dress, too. It'll drip all over everything."

She pulled the dress off over Katherine's head and wadded it up. Katherine sat down on the cold step and began untying her shoelaces.

Aunt Millicent said, "Come on."

She led the way across the living room toward the hall. Katherine, trailing painfully behind her, squinted around the room: all the lights were on; the cushion in the chair by the window was flattened, but Paul was not there. The room was empty. The fire screen was still firmly lowered against the hearth. Perhaps he hadn't even looked for her.

Aunt Millicent said over her shoulder, "Come on. You're dripping on the rug." She started down the hall.

"Where are we going?"

"To my room so I can get you cleaned up a little bit."

Aunt Millicent had gone on into her bedroom, and Katherine followed her and stood just inside the doorway watching. Aunt Millicent tossed the wet dress onto the floor of her closet, and then went over to the bed and began pulling the spread down to the foot.

She said, "Now come over here and lie down."

Katherine went over and sat on the edge of the bed.

"Here. I'll give you this jacket. Put it under your head so you don't get the pillow too wet. I'm going to get a towel and start drying you off. Just go ahead and close your eyes. Go to sleep if you want to."

Katherine lay down on her back and felt her head sink gently, softly, into the pillow. Her muscles were totally limp. She did not think she could move if she had to. She would not have the strength even to lift her hand. Everything was so peaceful . . . so lovely . . . so safe . . . so dry . . . And then, after a moment, she heard Aunt Millicent's voice quite close to her ear, saying softly, "Are you asleep, darling?"

"No." She thought to herself: It's taken her a long time to get a towel. She opened her eyes and looked around her. Aunt Millicent was standing at one side of the bed, Paul at the other.

Her heart gave a lurch as she propped herself on her elbows; she looked away from him quickly, all the old fright welling up inside her for a moment; but as suddenly as it had come, it left her. Nothing could happen as long as she wasn't alone with him.

She glanced once more, hurriedly, at his tall, dark figure, silent and immobile at the bedside, and then she felt Aunt Millicent's hand on her shoulder, pressing her back onto the pillow, and heard her say soothingly, "Lie back down, darling. Close your eyes."

Aunt Millicent had the towel in her other hand. Katherine thought: It looks funny. It's wet. But why should she get a wet towel to dry me off with?

Now they were leaning over her. Aunt Millicent handed the towel to Paul, and he wadded it and brought it toward Katherine's face. Aunt Millicent had one hand on each of her shoulders now, pressing her back against the pillow, and with a quick swoop Paul pushed the towel down onto her face and held it there, shutting out light, air, all the safety on which she had counted.

She felt that her body had twitched and begun to struggle, even though her mind had not told it to. But the towel was clamped immovably onto her face, and Aunt Millicent's hands pressed heavily, like a dead force on her shoulders, bearing her down and down and down.

She could hear them breathing as they bent over her.

Her only links with the world were the breathing around her and the taste of the wet towel in her mouth . . .

There was no sense of time — only

"How about something like this? Attached to the television camera is some sort of electronic device that generates a nasty shock. All right, mister wise guy is seated before his set fiddling with his remote control gadget and shutting off our commercial when *z-z-zing*. . . ."

peace and happiness. She was startled when it was interrupted. The towel was lifted off her face. It annoyed her. Why did they have to bother her now?

The room was quiet around her. When someone spoke it made her very indignant. The voice said, "Well, I thought I heard her come in." It took her a moment to realize that it was Amy's voice.

Aunt Millicent said, "Shh . . . she's gone to sleep."

Amy said, "Gone to sleep in her stockings? She must be worn out."

Paul said abruptly, "You can go on to bed now, Amy. We can take care of her."

"Oh, no. I'll do it. She'll feel better when she gets her pajamas on and gets in her own bed."

Katherine felt a jolting of the bed. Someone had sat down beside her. Then she felt Amy's long dry hand taking hold of her own, and heard her say, "Wake up, love. You've got to get up. I'll take you to your room. Come on, now."

Aunt Millicent said uncertainly, "She's so tired, it seems a shame . . ."

"I don't know," said Amy. "She looks to me like she's sick."

Amy slipped her arm under the thin bare shoulders and began to prop her up. She swung the inert legs around until they dangled over the edge of the bed and Katherine opened her eyes and looked around the room. And at the sight of those two destroying faces watching her, her fright came back. She put her arm around Amy and leaned against her.

"It's all right, baby. Everything's all right. Old Amy'll take care of you. We'll put you to bed and get you nice and warm. Come on, honey; let's go to your room. I've got a nice peanut-butter and jelly sandwich ready for you if you're hungry. And a glass of milk. How does that sound?"

Amy put her arms around her and lifted her off the bed, and they stood for a moment swaying side by side on the carpet. They got as far as the doorway in silence; then Aunt Millicent, suddenly blossoming with a burst of energy, said, "Well, there must be something I can do. Maybe I should call the doctor. No, no—of course I'm sure she doesn't need a doctor. I just meant . . . just give her an aspirin, Amy. That'll relax her."

"Yes, ma'am."

They went on through the door and made their way up the pale hall, Katherine leaning helplessly against Amy's shoulder, until they were in the bedroom and the door was closed behind them. Amy said, "Love, just look at you! I've never seen anything like it in my life! Why, you're scratched and bruised and cut up all over. What in the world could ever have happened to you?"

"I . . . well . . . I . . ."

She was on the point of pouring it all out, the entire horrible story. She wanted desperately to tell it, to let somebody else take over the responsibility. But something inexplicably stopped her lips and kept her silent. She trusted Amy, of course. That wasn't it. It was something else. It was just unthinkable that she should take the offensive. Lightning didn't strike cabbages. She would be a cabbage. She would do nothing, say nothing, think nothing, feel nothing, be nothing. She would roll herself up compactly into a ball. She would become non-existent.

She poked in the closet, putting away a shoe that Rex had dragged out, hoping Amy's questions would come to an end; and after a moment Amy went into the bathroom and came back with a dry towel on her arm. She said, "We're going to dry your hair, and then while I get your sandwich you can put on your pajamas and get into bed. How's that?"

"All right."

They sat down side by side on the bed, and Amy began to dry the damp, straggling hair. "And after you're in bed I'll stay here and read to you till you go to sleep."

When Amy had finished drying her hair, she said, "Now you just get yourself into your pajamas, love, and I'll go and get your sandwich and your glass of milk for you, and be right back."

Katherine said woodenly, "All right."

Her pajamas were hanging on a hook on the inside of the bathroom door. It was after she was inside the bathroom that she remembered that on this door, at least, there was a lock. She closed the door and bolted it. She took off the few clothes left on her, dried her feet, put on her pajamas, and sat down on the side of the bathtub to wait. It was only a second before she heard Amy's voice calling to her from the bedroom, "Are you in there? I've got your sandwich for you."

She unlocked the door and went out. Amy had turned down the bed covers and drawn up a chair. She said, "You just get in bed now . . . come on . . . and then you can eat in your lap like this."

While she ate Amy got out a book and began to read; and when she had taken the tray, she said, "Now you lie down and close your eyes, and I'll stay here with you till you go to sleep."

Katherine arranged herself on her back, and lay very still with her eyes closed. The rain pattered against the windows. But she was dry now, dry and warm . . .

When Amy saw that she was really asleep she laid the book down on the floor, turned off the lights, and left as quietly as she could.

Pretending to sleep had been too much for Katherine. She was sunk far enough into it so that she did not hear when Amy stopped reading, nor when she got up and turned off the lights. But the soft click of the latch as Amy closed the door behind her snagged, caught, and pulled her awake once more.

She hunched herself up against the head of the bed. Her eyes, held painfully open for a moment in the dark, began to close again. Her eyelids were so heavy, gritty on the undersides, and her eyes hurt—her head hurt—she hurt all over . . . she was so sleepy . . .

And then suddenly she was in the grip of panic. She sat up and swung her feet over the side of the bed and stood up hurriedly. She blundered across the room, bumped into the dresser, and began pulling out the drawers. She got out pants, socks, a skirt, a blouse. The shoes and the raincoat were in the closet. She made a quick dive into it, groped for the shoes she wanted, got the raincoat, carried them out, and set them on top of the dresser with the rest of her clothes.

She did not know quite what to do with herself now. She stared about in the dark. The rain was very soft now, the gentlest drizzle against the wide expanse of the windows; and the windows themselves showed up as a slightly paler black square.

She thought: That's it. I'll dress in front of the windows. If they come in while I'm dressing I'll hear them, and I can push the button and get outside before they can catch me.

She carried the pile of clothes over and laid it quietly down on the corner of the carpet. She took off the shirt of her pajamas, and then the trousers; she put on her pants. She had gotten her blouse on and was buttoning it when she suddenly heard a sound. It came from outside the window.

She stopped and picked up her skirt and began to put it on, silently, keeping out of sight at the edge of the window, holding her breath to hear the sound when it came again. And after a moment she heard it—right by the glass. She looked out. There was no one there. She put on her socks, and then her shoes and her raincoat. She was ready to go. She held her breath and pushed the button. The distant whirring began, then the closer sounds, and the window slid back away from the wall.

The curtains billowed in at her, with the misting rain behind them. Something else—something wet and shaggy and smelly—dashed in, bounded against her, pawed her legs. Rex.

She reached down and felt his coat while he sniffed at her, and then led the way into the bathroom, and he followed her. She smoothed out his rug and saw that there was water in his bowl.

When she got out in the bedroom again the window had closed itself automatically. She pushed the button: it whirred, and opened, and she stepped out cautiously over the sill onto the grass. Behind her the window softly closed itself. She went on farther down the lawn. She would have to go around the house, and she wanted to be far enough from it so that no one inside who might glance out a window could see her in the darkness.

The lawn ran smooth for a hundred feet beyond the far end of the house, and then the woods began. They grew all the way down to the beach between the houses. Each of the houses had its own driveway leading out to the road; but connecting the houses a footpath went through the woods.

The path led out of the clearing beyond Katherine's house toward the Ransomes' cottage, and at the other side of their clearing it continued beyond through more woods to Mr. Wetherby's.

Katherine came to the edge of the woods and walked along, sheltered under the overhanging trees, feeling now and again a heavier raindrop fall onto her head through the soft drizzle. When she came to the entrance of the path she looked back. The lighted house floated in the distance, half screened by the rain, the white windows shining on the wet grass. She turned away from the lights to the path once more.

She took one step forward, then another, holding her hands before her face. A branch snagged at her sleeve; another scratched the back of her hand; a third one, creeping past her guard, slapped her jaggedly across the forehead. She went on, feeling her way. She thought: I must be almost there by now.

As she walked, the sound of the waves became louder, and little flickers of lightning appeared on the horizon. She noticed for the first time that the Ransomes' house was dark.

She went across the damp clearing toward the house, looking cautiously about her. When she came to the porch she hesitated for an instant, then went up the steps and across to the front door. She raised her hand and knocked on the flimsy door. She knocked again, longer and harder. If they were asleep, that should wake them up. But why would they be asleep on Saturday evening? It wasn't late yet, she knew.

Still no one answered her knock, no light showed inside. She went back off the porch and started around the side of the house, feeling her way along the wall.

The cottage was flimsily built. The windows were badly fitted. There were three windows in the Ransomes' bedroom, two on one side, one on the other; they were small casements set high up from the floor for privacy, with four panes in each casement. When she came to the first one she raised her fist and knocked. There was no answer.

She knew the house was empty. She thought: I wonder if I could get inside. The Ransomes wouldn't mind. I wouldn't bother anything. I wouldn't hurt anything. It would give me someplace to sleep, at least.

She reached up and pushed on the window in front of her. The clasp was loose, and it rattled under her touch. She banged on it with her fists, and heard the clasp grating and scraping. She pounded harder, and then suddenly the window sagged open before her.

She gripped the sill, pulled herself up, and dropped feet first inside. She fell onto something soft: the bed was under the window. She could not see it, but she scrambled across it, put her feet down, and stood up on the floor.

It was totally black; only the outline of the window was visible behind her. She remembered where the bedroom door was, and she groped forward until she came to the wall, and then felt along it to the jamb. She wanted to turn on the light; but she thought: No, they might have followed me. The light would give me away.

The two bedrooms and the bath opened onto a little hall off the living room. She thought: I'd better wash my hands before I do anything else, or everything I touch will be dirty.

She felt her way into the bathroom, turned on a thin stream of water, and held her hands under it, rubbing them together without soap. She didn't know exactly what to do with herself. She wasn't comfortable like this, breaking into someone else's house, but what she wanted most of all was to go to bed. She needed a hiding place. Where, in the whole cottage, was there a hiding place for her?

The bathroom. Yes, of course. All bathroom doors had locks. She felt along the edge of this one; yes, the lock was there. She closed the door and tried it. It worked.

She took off her raincoat; it was not too wet; she folded it up inside out. Then she got down on the floor and put the raincoat under her head for a pillow.

She had only a momentary impression of relaxing, of the rain tapping softly on the roof above her, of the bright colors in her empty mind fading and going farther away, of the darkness and the silence and the safety; and then she was asleep.

The morning sun shining through the windows onto her eyes woke her up. She looked at her watch: it was ten minutes after nine. She scrambled to her feet, wincing at the aches in her body. Then she unlocked the door and went out into the little hall. She knew instantly that the house was still empty.

She went to the kitchen and looked in the refrigerator. There were half a loaf of bread, cheese, mayonnaise, mustard, bacon. She ate a piece of bread and butter ravenously, remembering, as if it were a scene infinitely far away and inaccessible, the ease and comfort of her customary breakfast, served hot and delicious by Amy.

She wanted that sort of breakfast now; but she thought: I can't go home. What am I going to do? There's not much point in my staying here. But she was unable to make up her mind.

She had wandered back to the living room. She put her hand on the knob of the front door, and turned it. The door opened. It had been unlocked all night. She could simply have walked in, instead of climbing through the window. She was not surprised. Everyone on the beach was careless about locking up the cottages. Why, they said that Mr. Wetherby had once gone off and left his unlocked all winter . . .

Mr. Wetherby.

She wondered instantly why she hadn't thought of him before. He was the ideal solution to all her problems. She would go to see him. He would give her breakfast. Maybe he'd even let her stay with him for a while.

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She went out onto the porch and down the steps to the grass. Ahead of her the woods rose up again, and another gap between the trees led into the continuation of the path. This was the right direction; there was nothing dangerous this way—Mr. Wetherby—breakfast—someone she liked, who liked her.

The woods were distinctly friendly now, and the path this time seemed unbelievably short. Mr. Wetherby's clearing was situated in much the same way as the Ransomes'; but there the similarity stopped. Mr. Wetherby's grass was green, thick, and well tended. The house was immaculately tidy; the walls were white, the shutters were green, the roof was red, and the doors were brown. It seemed to Katherine, as she came toward it out of the woods, to be a perfect oasis of comfort.

The front steps were brick, clean, well scrubbed; she went up them and rang the bell, and after a moment the door was opened. She said, "Hello, Jill."

"Hello, Katherine." Jill was Mr. Wetherby's maid—young, pretty, cheerful, a good cook. "Do you want to see Mr. Wetherby? He's having breakfast right now."

Katherine had already discovered this for herself: the aroma of bacon made her nose prickle wistfully. She went past Jill into the hall. The dining room opened beyond it; the smell of bacon grew stronger with every step.

Jill said, "Go on in," and went back toward the kitchen.

Katherine marched ahead through the archway and into the sunny dining room, with its wide windows, its table spread with silver and dishes, and Mr. Wetherby bent forward in concentration.

This gentleman had the reputation of being everybody's friend; he looked, and was, genial, mild, benign, and courteous. In addition to having been Katherine's mother's lawyer, he had been, as well, her grandmother's. He was an institution.

He was, just now, so deeply engrossed in a piece of driftwood beside his plate that Katherine reached the side of the table before he noticed her; then he lifted his head, smiled, looked at her from under his white eyebrows, said, "Ah," and returned to the driftwood.

"Good morning," said Katherine.

"Do sit down. What do you think of my treasure? I found it myself. I'm really quite pleased with it. Have you eaten? Or will you join me?"

"I haven't eaten."

"What sort of wood do you think it could be? It's the first piece I've ever found, you know."

Katherine shook her head, looking at the bacon out of the corner of her eye.

Mr. Wetherby, suddenly attentive, said, "And how are you this morning, my dear? A lovely day, is it not?"

"Yes."

His politeness did not lessen, but his thoughts swung back to his latest interest. "All driftwood has a peculiar similarity. Have you noticed that?" He raised his head and looked at her again. "Bacon? Eggs? Toast? Hot cakes? Waffles?"

"Bacon and eggs, please."

"Just ring the bell for Jill, won't you?"

Katherine rang the bell, and the kitchen door swung open.

"Ah," he said. "Katherine hasn't had any breakfast. Can we feed her? We have bacon? Eggs? And toast? Now the matter of identifying the wood isn't really so very important. Oh, Jill. Yes. Pickled peaches. A pickled peach, too. Now one of the evergreens seems a likely choice, don't you agree? Pine? Cedar? Of course in a way you could almost consider driftwood a species of its own."

Jill took herself off to the kitchen again. A new bacon smell, quite separate from the old one, came wafting in.

Mr. Wetherby looked up from under his benevolent eyebrows. "Ah! You must forgive me, my dear. I've been boring you. But you do like my driftwood, don't you?"

"Oh, yes."

He looked at her a little more sharply, and then said, "You're not wearing your glasses this morning."

"No."

"Have you lost them?"

"I broke them."

"Have you an extra pair?"

"They're at home."

"Ah. Yes." He went back to the driftwood again, and suddenly the protection had vanished from around Katherine. The sunshine was gone. She thought: the page from Paul's diary! Where is it? How could I have forgotten it? All last night . . . all this morning . . . it might be anywhere. They may have it.

Mr. Wetherby was not looking at her; all his attention was divided between the piece of driftwood and his breakfast; but he said, "What happened to your hands?"

"I fell down."

"Is that how you broke your glasses, too?"

"I . . . yes."

"I see." He still did not look at her. He put a piece of bacon in his mouth and fingered the driftwood. He looked very kindly, very vague. She still felt, just as she had felt with Amy last night, that she did not want to involve anyone else, that involvement would complicate her plight. She was not going to tell him anything, but she wanted in some way to make him her ally.

She was still considering in silence how this might best be done when Jill brought in her breakfast and put it down in front of her.

Mr. Wetherby said, "Now. This'll make you feel better."

"I feel fine."

He nodded his head, looking at the driftwood.

"The fact of the matter," she said, "is that I spent the night out last night. I stayed with the Ransomes."

"But the Ransomes weren't at home last night. I met them out on the road yesterday afternoon just as they were leaving. They pulled up and talked to me for a moment. I like them, don't you? They were going up to town for the weekend. They planned to be back Tuesday. They'd brought you some fresh country eggs they'd gotten because they wouldn't be able to use them all."

"Well, I sort of camped in their house."

"Ah."

"The front door was unlocked."

He looked away from her again; he had withdrawn his attention. She thought: I'll have to find some way to get Mr. Wetherby on my side. He's mad at me now. And anyway, he and Paul are friends, just like he and Mother used to be. He probably wouldn't take my side against Paul. He wouldn't believe me if I told him the truth. He likes Paul.

He said, "I see that Jill forgot your pickled peach. Just ring the bell again, will you? Oh. Jill. Yes. You hadn't forgotten it after all, had you? Splendid. Now, my dear. What else would you like?"

"Could I have more toast, please?"

"Of course." His eyes returned to the driftwood. There was one bite of egg and one piece of bacon left on his plate. He ate them both, and pushed back his chair. It was a movement that alarmed Katherine; with a quick spurt of panic she thought: What's the matter? What's he doing now?

But he said, "Will you excuse me for a moment, my dear? I have to get dressed to go to church."

"You're going to church right now?"

"In a few minutes. Why?"

"But when will you be back?" She was being deserted again.

"I'll be back around noon, I expect. Why? Do you want to go with me?"

"No. Oh, no. I . . . you see, I thought I'd come over and spend the whole day with you."

"That's very nice of you, but you see—"

"I could stay with Jill while you're gone, couldn't I? She wouldn't mind."

"But Dr. Treslove's coming back after church to have lunch with me. So Jill will be working in the kitchen all morning, I expect."

"I see." Everything was sinking around her.

He had gotten up and was standing beside her chair now, towering benignly over her, resting his wrinkled, capable hand on the back of her chair. She crouched over her plate, looking straight down, picking out the yellow stringy lines where the eggs had cooled and hardened. She didn't hear him move, but she knew he'd gone around the chair and out through the archway into the hall. She munched up the last of her bacon, and Jill came in with the plate of fresh toast and set it down on the table.

She began to eat the warm toast, getting butter on her fingers, and then licking them; she went on sitting there alone, staring at the wall, after Jill had gone back to the kitchen.

She thought: I couldn't have stayed here anyway. I must find out about that paper. I must go home and look for it. She had a sense of urgency, of the hours pressing at her back. What if this very minute was the one that decided her fate?

She got up from the table and wandered out into the hall, impelled by the sense of urgency.

Mr. Wetherby was just coming out of his bedroom. He said, "What are you going to do now?"

"I don't know. I guess I'd better go home."

"I'm almost ready to leave, myself. Can I take you home in the car?"

"No—no thank you. I'll just cut across through the woods."

"Of course. Whatever you like."

"Thank you for the breakfast."

"You're entirely welcome, my dear. Come often—whenever you like." He picked up his hat, opened the front door, and they went out and down the brick steps together. Katherine said again, "Well . . . thank you . . ."

"Not at all. You must come back soon. And perhaps I'll see you later on in the day. Dr. Treslove said something about wanting to drop by your house this afternoon."

"Will you come with him?"

"I'll have to see whether he wants me to or not."

He smiled at her, and suddenly she felt a desperate need to tell him everything. If she didn't do it now, there would be no other chance. He was about to leave. She forced herself to say quickly, "Mr. Wetherby . . ."

"Yes, my dear?"

Katherine opened her mouth without anticipating what was going to come out. "Paul and Aunt Millicent are trying to kill me."

"Oh, my dear!" His voice was full of sympathy; his kindly eyes seemed to look deep down inside her. But she knew that he didn't believe her. He thought it was her childish imagination.

Katherine said, "It's true. That's why I want you to come over." But it was no good. She was scarcely even disappointed; she had known that he wouldn't believe her. It didn't make any difference.

He gave her his vague, unconcentrated smile, and said, "Well, we'll see. Goodbye for a little while, anyway."

"Goodbye."

She stood and watched while he went down the gravelled driveway to the garage. The car spluttered as he started the motor; he backed it out, swung it around, waved to her, and drove away.

She started slowly across the grass toward the trees. She went a little faster through the first arm of the woods, feeling the sudden lack of sunlight on her head chill her, and then she came out into the Ransomes' clearing. She hurried across the uneven grass of the clearing, circling far out around the house, until she got to the woods on the other side, and went on down the path. She passed the low-hanging branch that had struck her last night, held it out of the way, and heard it swish behind her.

And at that moment she came out of the woods onto the wide stretch of lawn. The house, long and white and handsome, lay before her, its windows gleaming ominously in the sunlight.

She was facing the end that included the dining room and the kitchen. Probably no one had seen her. There would be no one looking out the windows on this side except Amy, and at this hour of the morning Amy should be busy in the bedrooms.

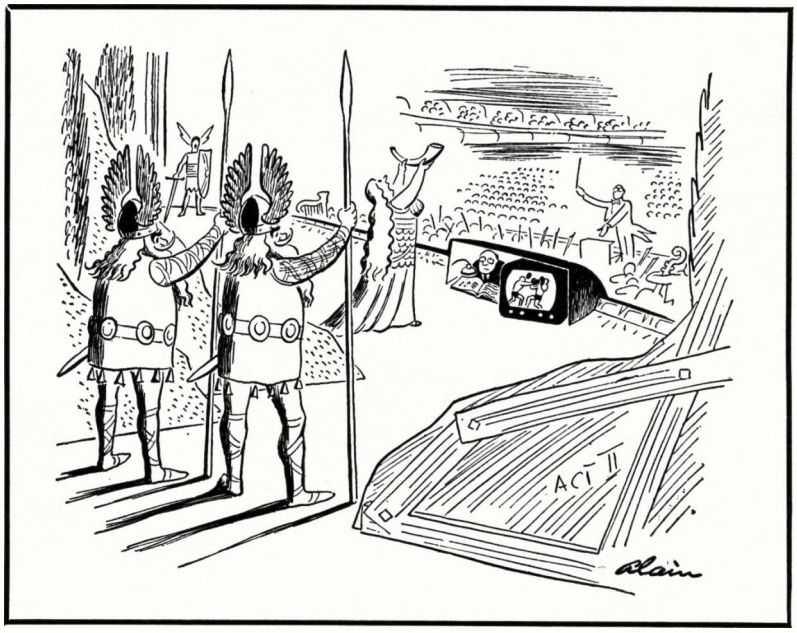
She thought, I'll have to get into the house without anybody knowing it. That way I can find out what's going on. This wasn't the first time she'd sneaked into the house. She'd played at it often. There were trees scattered over the lawn, and occasional clumps of planting. She could dodge from one to another of them, making her way toward the house.

She held her breath for an instant, and then dashed to the first tree. Nothing broke the silence. She looked around toward her next goal, a clump of bushes beside the driveway. She sprinted to them, ducked out of sight, and flopped down onto her knees in the grass. She had covered more than half the distance.

There was one more lap—to the wall of the house. A bed of shrubbery clustered around the back door; she could dive into it, hide there, listen for sounds in the kitchen.

She ran out from behind her bushes; and then, almost before she had started, it seemed, she felt soft branches nuzzling around her and her knees pressing the earth again.

She turned her back on the kitchen door and looked to the other side. There was a basement under the whole house, and here there was a little brick-lined hole in the ground that one of the windows opened into, and an iron grill across the top. The grill was loose. She



tilted it back and leaned it against the wall, twisted herself around until her feet stuck out in front of her, and lowered herself until she was crouched just in front of the window.

She pushed it open. Below it was the washing machine. She put her feet through the opening and let herself down until she felt the solid enamel under her. She twisted on through until she was all the way in.

Then she looked around the basement. It was a vast, bleak concrete cavern, as large as the whole house above. To her left the stairs led up into the kitchen. Along the wall there was a sunken pit four feet deep with an iron railing around it and steps leading down into it. Set in it was the enormous mass of machinery that worked the gadgets with which the house was filled: the sliding windows, the firescreen, the disappearing ovens in the kitchen, the beds that elevated themselves to be made, the bar that swung out of the living room wall. Red lights glowed softly on two or three of the metal humps, winking like eyes in the half-light.

She looked up the stair-well. The door at the top into the kitchen was closed; no sounds came through it. She put her hands on the banisters and started up. A sound came out of the grayness behind her: the pile of machinery began to hum with a metallic whine, one of the iron arms lifted and fell, one of the giant wheels started to revolve.

She hurried up the stairs while the noise lasted. She supposed that someone had opened a window. Or perhaps Amy was making the beds.

The door at the head of the stairs did not open directly into the kitchen; it opened into a sort of alcove, a narrow passage between the kitchen and the living room. She pushed the door open wider, went up the last step, and looked out. No one was there. She crept across to the dining room door and laid her ear against it. Ordinarily it would be too late for anyone to be having breakfast—her watch said five minutes after eleven—but she had to be careful. Again there was only silence.

She inched the door open and peered through. The double doors into the living room stood open ahead of her. She stole across toward them, keeping out of sight, and looked through the crack by the hinges: the living room, too, was empty.

There had been, after all, no point in her caution. She ventured out from behind her door and on into the living room, still walking on tiptoe, stopping every few seconds to listen. She went over to the windows and squinted out against the light. She was starting to move back away from the windows when she thought about the table on the terrace. Aunt Millicent had gotten her to jump off the roof, and had then deliberately stood back so that she would fall the farthest possible distance. She'd been trying to kill her, and she'd thought she was dead. She had been in a hurry to move the table away from the chimney so that it would look as if Katherine had fallen off the roof by herself. She could have said it was an accident.

She backed away from the windows, looking over her shoulder. She started toward the hall and the bedrooms. She heard a sound for the first time, a sound of life, of activity, of someone moving. Paul's door was open. Amy was making his bed.

Katherine ran silently down the hall to her own room. It was just as she had left it last night; from behind the bathroom door came a scratching, a whining, and then a short bark. Rex was still shut up where she had put him.

When she opened the door he flew out in a torrent of dancing and barking, and raced to the window. She followed him over and pushed the button, and he dashed out across the grass. She began pulling off her clothes; she went into the bathroom and turned on the cold water, and at that moment it occurred to her for the first time why the house was so empty. Paul and Aunt Millicent had gone to church, too. And it was only a quarter after eleven now. That gave her an hour, at least, in which to search for the missing paper.

She was plunging her face into the cold water when she thought: There's another pair of glasses that belongs to me. They're in Mother's bedside table. I saw them yesterday. I'll be able to see again.

When she had gotten herself fully dressed again, she went back out into the hall, carefully watching and listening. For a moment she heard nothing, and then as she went slowly past the bedrooms she heard voices. She stopped dead. Then she realized what it was. Amy had gone back to the kitchen, and she was playing the radio while she worked.

The door of Paul's bedroom still stood open, and she crept over to it and peered in. She started into the room, went on across the carpet, and around the corner of the bed to the table. She bent over it and pulled open the drawer. Her glasses lay at the front. She picked them up and put them on.

Her fear returned afresh. The nearsighted blurs she had been seeing since yesterday afternoon had offered their own comfort. But now everything was horribly clear again.

She went down the hall and across the living room, opened the kitchen door, and went inside. Amy was patting out the dough for biscuits. She looked around, smiled wanly, and said, "Well, love, did you have a good rest this morning?"

"Yes."

"I just thought you needed your sleep—you looked something terrible last night, poor little thing!—so I didn't disturb you."

"Where are Paul and Aunt Millicent?"

"Oh, they've gone to church. They left a long time ago. They asked me at breakfast if I'd seen you, but I told them you were still asleep, which was what you needed more than anything else, heaven knows. Well, I'll just go down to your room now, and then we'll have lunch as soon as they get back from church . . ."

And still talking, she went off into the other part of the house with her cleaning tools. Katherine followed her back across the living room, and into the hall. The logical place to begin the search for the paper was with the dress itself; and the dress had been thrown down carelessly last night on the floor of Aunt Millicent's closet. If no one had thought to look at it, the paper might still be in the sleeve.

She went to Aunt Millicent's room, and across to the closet. The crumpled dress was not there. She closed the door of the closet and looked around the room. She didn't think the paper would be there, but she had to go on searching anyway. She began methodically to turn out the drawers and go through the clothes. And just as she had expected, the paper was not there.

She trailed drearily back out into the hall, wondering what she should do next; and she was still standing there when Amy came out, heading back toward the kitchen. She said, "Why, what's the matter, love?"

"You know that dress I had on yesterday? It was all wet and mussed up. Do you know where it is?"

"It's in your room, love. In your closet. I hung it up for you. I saw it in Miss Millicent's closet when I was cleaning up in her room."

Katherine ran past her down the hall and dashed through the door into her room. She thought: Then Amy found the dress just where Aunt Millicent threw it down last night. Maybe they didn't think of looking at it. Maybe the paper's still stuck up inside the sleeve.

She dragged open the closet door, jerked the dress down off its hanger, and started examining it. She slid her hand up inside the sleeve, turned it in-

side out, and, when she saw that the paper wasn't there, hurled it angrily onto the floor.

She went back down the hall to the living room and began to search there—opening more drawers, looking behind drapes and under cushions; and when that, too, proved fruitless, she searched the dining room. The paper might have been dropped somehow under one of the chairs. But it wasn't there.

She sat down on the living room couch, despairing. Her time was running out. There was nothing she could do. Just then she heard the sounds of a car pulling up the driveway; footsteps came up the walk.

She ran to her bedroom. If they wanted her, they could come after her. She stood tense, wary, waiting for them for five minutes, then ten; but no one came to get her. Her watch said twelve-thirty when Amy walked in on her unannounced, without knocking. She said, "I thought you were in the living room. I called to you and you didn't answer. You come on and have some lunch, baby."

Amy took her hand, and pulled her gently across the room, down the hall, and into the living room.

And then, through the archway at the end of the long room, she saw them sitting, one at each end of the dining table, upright, commanding, motionless. Amy left her and she dragged herself toward them, step by step, down the long silent approach.

She went to her place at the side of the table, pulled out her chair and sat down, her head drooping. She unfolded her napkin, and said, "Did you go to church?"

Paul said, "Yes," his deep voice sounding like a bell in the silent room, and Katherine looked up for the first time.

Aunt Millicent was saying, "Darling, you really ought to have come with us, you know. I mean, after all, it's very important to go to church. I always take Bunks and Piggy with me. And. of course, they simply love it. And when we get home we all sit down and discuss the sermon."

Paul said, in what sounded almost like his friendliest voice, "I don't think she'll be hurt by missing church just this once."

Their false friendliness was insidious. She could almost feel it creeping along inside her, under her skin.

She had not realized how much she hated the struggling. She wanted so urgently to be able to believe what she heard that she was almost ready to take Paul's and Aunt Millicent's friendliness at its face value.

She ate her food, thinking sadly: What does it matter, anyway? Why not let them go ahead and do what they want to, and get it over with?

Aunt Millicent said, "We mustn't miss the philharmonic broadcast this afternoon."

"No," said Katherine.

"I always listen at home. Don't you, darling? No? I'm surprised at you. I should have thought you'd enjoy it." The sensation of sinking into this friendliness was almost like going to sleep. She could be a cabbage at last. She needn't lift one finger, or think one thought. She was utterly absolved of all responsibility. They all understood one another perfectly. They would do what needed to be done, and then it would all be finished.

Aunt Millicent rang the little silver bell beside her plate, and Amy came in and began to clear the table. They went on sitting there in the drowsy silence, watching the plates disappear one by one, listening to the clinking and rattling and brushing. It was Sunday. Sunday was a quiet day, a restful day. Everything was all right. There was nothing to worry about.

Amy brought in the dessert. Then suddenly Aunt Millicent was saying, "Oh, just look at the time! But my watch is fast, isn't it? We haven't missed the beginning of the broadcast after all. Come on, now; you want to hear it, don't you?"

Katherine followed her out through the archway to the living room. Aunt Millicent twiddled the knobs of the radio impatiently, and then the announcer's voice sprang out among them.

Aunt Millicent said, "Now sit down, both of you, and listen to it. Katherine, why don't you come over here and sit by me on the couch?"

Katherine trailed across the room, and sat down in the middle of the couch beside that great, black, friendly, terrible figure. The music flowed out, pouring forth a new theme, building to a climax; Aunt Millicent, her head cocked artistically to one side, was gazing into space in self-conscious rapture.

Then the kitchen door opened, and Amy came out. She had on her blue hat with the roses around it. She said, "Well, I guess I'm ready to go now. The things for supper are all in the icebox."

"Have a nice time," said Paul.

Katherine had altogether forgotten that Sunday was Amy's afternoon off, and she was gone before there was time to catch a breath or call to her. The frustration of it almost blinded her for a moment. If she had said even one word, Amy wouldn't have gone. But they'd outsmarted her. It was too late.

Somehow—sometime—Paul had sat down on the couch, too; it must have been just as Amy left; and now she was hemmed in by them, one on each side of her. She let her eyelids droop, thinking: They have all the rest of the day. It's safer for them to wait a little longer, and be sure that Amy doesn't come back for some reason and catch them . . .

Something interrupted the faraway course of her thoughts: the light, padding sound of Rex, shuffling across the carpet. She opened her eyes. He was standing in the archway of the hall. In his mouth he was tenderly holding one of her tennis shoes.

Aunt Millicent said, "Katherine, darling, just look at that dog. He's going to ruin your nice tennis shoe."

Katherine said drearily, "Drop it, Rex."

He executed a quick step, tossed his head, and then suddenly let go of the shoe. It sailed through the air for two or three feet, plopped on the carpet, rolled over, and lay still. Something had fallen out of the shoe and lay beside it on the carpet: a little, rumpled piece of paper, burned along one edge, with blue lines across it. Rex studied it, sniffed at it, and picked it up in his

mouth. Katherine felt the sudden stiffening in the figures on either side of her.

She thought: The paper must have fallen out of the dress while Amy was hanging it up. And it landed in the shoe.

Aunt Millicent said, "Stand up." Her voice was low and hard. "Don't do anything to frighten him or he'll run away."

The two of them stood up, pulling Katherine with them. Paul took a step forward, while Rex watched him with interest, the piece of paper still hanging in his mouth. He thought it was a game. He backed up a step and stood still.

Aunt Millicent began to pull Katherine across the room, irresistibly, still clamping her arm. Katherine allowed herself to be dragged. She had only one thought in her mind. Then she was down on her hands and knees on the carpet. She lunged at Rex suddenly, shouting with all her might. "Run away!"

She flailed her arms at him, screaming, until she felt a grip on her collar, felt herself collapsing, and she sprawled back on the rug on her face, gasping, her breath knocked out by the jolt. She pushed herself up on her elbows just in time to see that Rex had dashed past her and run on into the kitchen, where she could hear him scrambling wildly on the linoleum floor.

"Shut him in there," yelled Paul.

Aunt Millicent ran toward the kitchen door; Katherine stood up; and suddenly Paul had caught hold of her hair and was pulling it sharply. "Now! Come on!" He dragged her toward the kitchen, through the door, and slammed it behind them.

Rex had hidden himself under the kitchen table as well as he could. The piece of paper still hung from his mouth, and Aunt Millicent, holding a broom, was jabbing at him with the handle.

Paul said, "Here. I'll get him."

He let go of Katherine's hair and started toward the table. The moment she was free she whirled toward the door. Her hands were on the knob when the handle of the broom hit her shoulder with a sickening crash; she staggered, and the door wavered in front of her. Aunt Millicent leaped at her, fastening those iron fingers in her hair, and pulled with all her strength.

Katherine screamed, sagged, reached out for support, and felt a different knob under her hand this time. It was the door leading to the basement. It swung open, and the gray stairs yawned below her.

At that moment Rex dashed out from under the table and before anyone could move he was through the open doorway, thumping down the basement stairs, the paper still clamped in his jaws.

Paul was on his feet again, but it was too late. He started down the stairs while Rex retreated slowly. Aunt Millicent did not even glance at Katherine; she started down the stairs, dragging her along.

The murky basement came more into perspective with every step. Paul had gotten to the bottom. He paused for an instant, and then dashed at the dog. Rex had been facing him, backing slowly away; but now he turned and ran until he came to the opening for the steps leading down into the pit, ducked under the guard chain, and flipped down the steps and out of sight.

Paul made a sound of triumph, half yelling, half laughter.

He rushed to the railing and looked over, with Aunt Millicent just behind him, and Katherine trailing painfully. There was a narrow space all around the machinery, wide enough for a man to walk sideways in. Rex had followed this path around to the back wall, and crawled under the supports of the machinery itself, and there he lay.

They stood watching him for a moment. Then Paul moved away down the railing toward the guard chain and the steps. He unfastened the guard chain and started down the steps. He was on the floor of the pit now. He turned sideways and began inching his way around the vast bulk of machinery.

He got to the back of the passage and squeezed against the wall; and then he stretched out his long arm and touched a switch; there was a click, the dim red light glowed suddenly brighter, and the machine began to grind. The metal arms and wheels moved round and round.

Rex whined, and began crawling on toward the next section of the machine where nothing moved, while Paul shouted at him, and the machine from which Rex had so barely escaped thumped heavily up and down.

The master switch for the machines was on the back wall of the pit, almost out of reach. Paul's glare lighted on it, and he began squeezing his body back into the deepest corner, craning toward it. He reached it, and they could hear his fingernails grating on the steel plate.

There was a click of the switch, a rush of light into those red eyes. Then, simultaneously, all the machines began to move, expanding, humming; the giant wheels began to turn; the arms lifted and fell. The house above them vibrated as all the windows flew open and shut, the beds went up and down in their sockets, the firescreen crashed over onto the hearth.

"His only interest, so far as I've ever been able to determine, is six-to-one Martinis."

Rex scuttled out to safety on the far side of the pit.

Paul had jumped back, throwing himself frantically away from the moving wheels and arms, but his pocket was caught on the cogs of one of the wheels. He jerked at it in a frenzy. The cloth began to rip—one inch, then two inches—but he could not get it free.

The whole sight faded before Katherine's eyes; everything became gray and blurred and shapeless; she heard him screaming, and then the screaming stopped abruptly. She waited, feeling sick, and finally—expecting at every moment to hear the roar of triumph which would tell her that he had fought free—the scene came back into focus again. Her eyes jerked closed in horror at what she saw.

And suddenly the grip on her hair tightened; Aunt Millicent was staggering uncertainly back toward the stairs, dragging her along; she kept her eyes closed and stumbled on up blindly. But she opened her eyes to the pandemonium at the top. The kitchen flexed its muscles and rearranged itself in front of her. Her shoulder grazed the jamb of the door into the living room as she was dragged mercilessly on. She felt the deep carpet flying under her feet, and she stumbled on, thinking: I ought to do something. But what?

Now they were almost across the living room, Aunt Millicent forging ahead, knees bent, as if she were walking through water. They were heading toward the windows that sliced back and forth in their frames. Katherine's eyes embraced the whole violent, earthquake scene, and then they were out through the windows, tripping on the sills. Katherine thought: She's taking me to the beach. She's going to drown me.

She did not know what she was doing; she lunged sideways and caught hold of one leg of the big iron table. The table moved an inch or two under her weight. Aunt Millicent flung herself around; she yanked savagely at her hair, but Katherine held on. She kicked her as hard as she could. She began kicking at her hands, over and over, but she did not let go. And then the blows stopped. The horrible pulling on the hair began again. She could not resist it. It dragged her slowly across the terrace, and the table came with her, grating heavily as it moved.

She felt a sort of ponderous momentum being built up while the table scraped and thudded behind her. She felt the edge of the terrace under her feet, and then she was sliding more easily down the slippery grass. The noises of the house grew a little softer. She could hear the waves on the beach. And then she jolted and slid over an unexpected dip, and felt sand welling in around the tops of her shoes.

Aunt Millicent was bending over her. She was untying the soft sash at her waist. She shook it out to its full length, and then began, slowly and methodically to wind it round and round Katherine's wrists, tying her to the leg of the iron table.

A stream of meaningless sounds poured out of Aunt Millicent's mouth. She stood for a moment with her hands on her hips staring down at the twisted figure garlanded around the table leg. And Katherine caught a rush of words: " . . . drown her with her clothes on . . . get her undressed . . . "

She thought wildly: If she has to get me undressed, it'll take a little while. What can I do? Maybe Mr. Wetherby and Dr. Treslove will come. They promised they would. Is it time for them yet? Mr. Wetherby said they'd come after lunch. But lunchtime was a long time ago . . . If I'd only put on something else this morning when I changed my clothes . . . But she had put on the first comfortable thing she saw in her closet—the cotton sunsuit with straps over the shoulders that unbuttoned. That wouldn't offer any trouble.

And then the black figure was bending over her, fumbling with the buttons. She could feel the fingers gouging and jabbing away against her skin, and then those big hands grabbed her ankles, lifting them, jerking the skirt down over her legs. Her dress was off. The fingers were pulling off her shoes, and then her stockings, flying up to jerk at her underwear. And then she was pulled upright and the underwear was rolled down off her, and she fell back naked on the sand.

She hardly knew she was doing it. Her mouth had opened by itself, and the screams began of their own accord. She went on screaming as loudly as she could. Maybe Mr. Wetherby and Dr. Treslove were coming through the woods right now; maybe they'd hear her and hurry. Maybe they'd be in time to save her. It was her only hope.

But even that was not a real hope. She knew the sound of her screams would not carry far. They would be drowned out by the noises of the waves behind her, and the roar of the house.

And then she felt Aunt Millicent's fingers again. She felt the knot being dragged away behind her; the belt fell loose, and she was jerked up to her feet. She was being dragged forward now by the hair. The black figure stalked in front of her, on across the beach toward the water. She felt the sand growing damper under her feet, and then the first shallow blade of water as she stepped on it.

The black figure didn't stop; and Katherine felt the water up to her ankles, then to her knees, then almost to her hips. And still the black figure stalked on. A wave lapped softly up over her shoulders. And then they were no longer walking.

She gasped when the drag on her hair was suddenly released. One hand was clamped down on each shoulder. She could not hold herself up under that pressure. The water was up to her chin. up to her mouth. She gasped one last time, deeply; and then her whole head was under the water.

Her eyes were open, and she could see greenness all around her. It was all over. Aunt Millicent had won at the end. She only wanted to go to sleep now, to rest, to take a breath of that greenness . . .

But at that instant she felt something against her leg. She looked down into the depths. There were the billowing legs of two pairs of trousers, and two pairs of shoes beside the ones that had been there before. She raised her head slowly, and realized that she was coming up through the water, out into the air. Someone was supporting her, holding her up, leading her back toward the beach with an arm around her sagging shoulders.

And then she was on the dry sand again. Aunt Millicent was there, too, with Dr. Treslove gripping her arm. She didn't think she could stand up by herself, but Mr. Wetherby was holding her. He led her across the sand and up the grass. His arm around her felt warm, dry, comforting.

Once inside the house they were drenched in the noise of the whirring machines.

She was grateful that Mr. Wetherby led her straight to the couch, and helped her to sit down. She smiled up at him as he stood looking at her thoughtfully. Finally he said, "Are you all right?"

She said, "Yes, I'm fine," and then more timidly. "I was so frightened . . . "

"I know you were. But it's all right now."

He turned away from the couch and started toward the telephone on the other side of the room. She watched him go. while the house roared around them, and the waves beyond the windows rolled at the foot of the iron table.

He had gotten over to the telephone. He picked up the receiver, and she heard him say, "Operator, get me the police."

She leaned her wet head back on the couch and closed her eyes. THE END

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—R. A. MORGEN, RESEARCH DIRECTOR
PURDUE RESEARCH FOUNDATION

ARRESTING ARGUMENT

South Pasadena, California: Author T. F. James in "The Law and You" (October 1957) does little to support American law enforcement with his ill-considered comments such as "Do not answer questions," etc. I'm for helping these men who devote their lives to keeping me and my family safe.

—THOS. JACKSON WALKER

Author James, too, is in favor of helping the police. But he feels "help" does not necessarily mean an arrested person should give information that, unknown to him, may be incriminating.
—The Editors

MOM HATER

Morrisville, North Carolina: Re your article, "Why Children Kill," by Gerald Walker (October 1957): In spite of judges and psychiatrists, I point my finger at "Mom." R. G. WOLD

ART IN FLUX

Both Alex Ross and COSMOPOLITAN are to be complimented on the illustration for the story, "The Frame," in the September issue. Mr. Ross, in departing from the ordinary kind of illustration, has produced a picture interesting in line, composition, and design. Since all art, fine or commercial, is either illustrative or decorative by nature, I see no reason

why magazine art need stagnate while fine art, like Heraclitus' river, remains in flux. Mr. Ross, with his fine sense of balance between fine and commercial art, has proven that magazine art need not stagnate. —GEORGE ADAMS

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