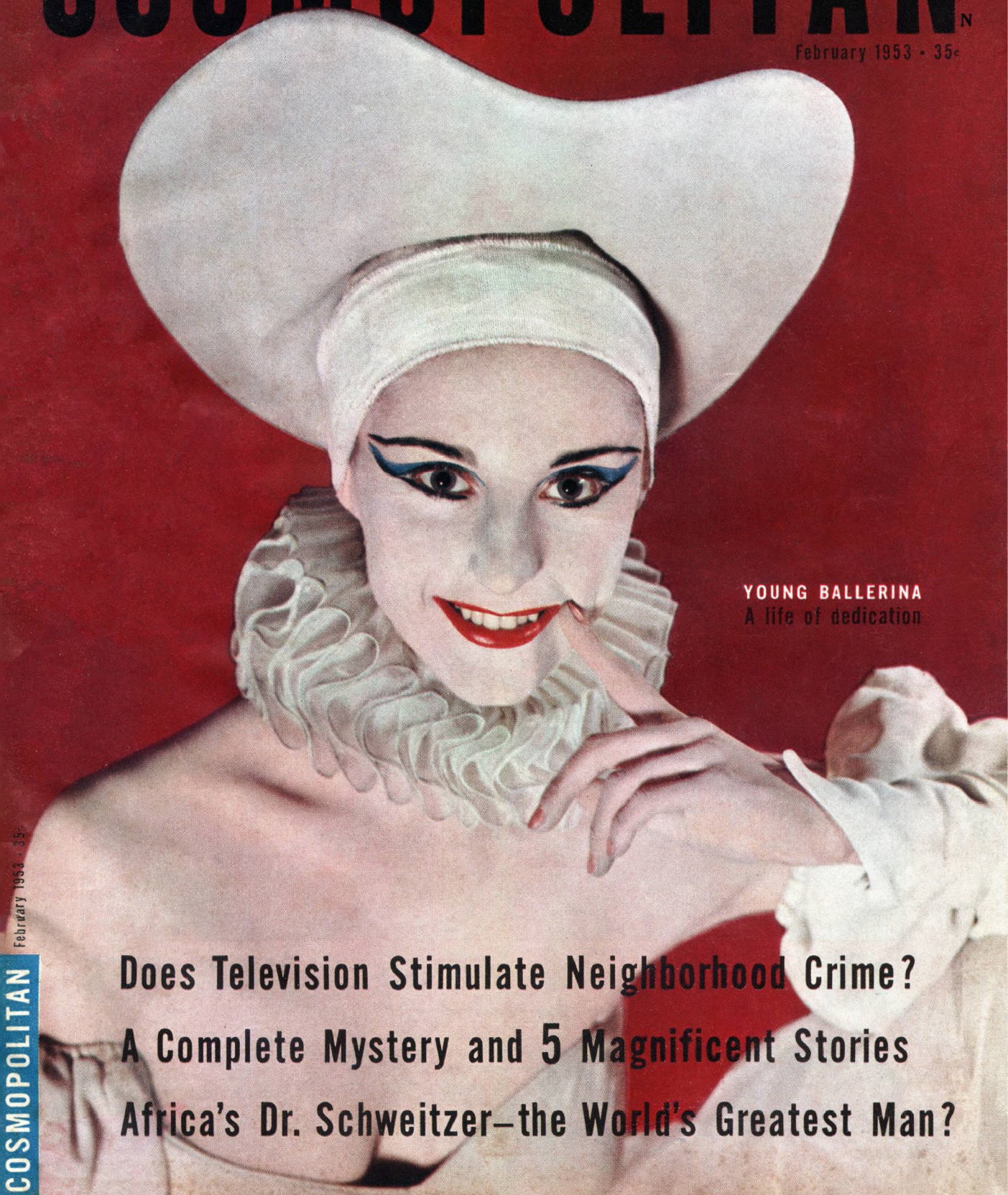
COSMOPOLITAN

February 1953 • 35¢



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Looked at Your Medicine Chest Lately?

BY HYMAN GOLDBERG

RECENTLY I STUMBLED ACROSS an etiquette expert's warning to "resist that impulse" to peer into medicine cabinets when visiting in friends' homes. The suggestion was irresistible, and in the next few weeks I peered into medicine chests everywhere I went. Most of them reacted like Fibber McGee's hall closet when I opened the door, and gushed forth a cascade of useless little bottles.

I had this on my mind the next time I stopped at the neighborhood drugstore. I bought a large economy-size jar of shaving cream, and told the manager he could clean up by offering a large economy-size medicine chest to go with it. He shook his head. "People think the medicine cabinet is a miniature attic, but it isn't. It should be a small-scale family drugstore—stocked with things you use every day—and a first-aid station for emergencies."

I GAVE THIS SOME THOUGHT and then consulted the Red Cross. They pointed out that first-aid supplies should be kept on separate shelves. They listed these as the basic emergency items you need: petroleum jelly, adhesive tape, absorbent cotton, finger dressings, sterile gauze squares and bandages, scissors, tweezers, a medicine glass, and a medicine dropper. Add to this whatever your doctor suggests in the way of medications—an antiseptic, a headache remedy, a laxative, a lotion for treating poison ivy and insect bites.

A hot-water bag, ice bag, enema bag, and small rubber ear-syringe also belong in your family's basic first-aid inventory—though not in the bathroom medicine cabinet.

The American Medical Association headquarters had some other

(continued)

advice. They pointed out the danger in keeping drugs that have outlived their usefulness and then taking them indiscriminately.

ANTIBIOTICS, in particular, are magic while they're curing you but dangerous afterward. Dr. Walter C. Alvarez, noted internist, tells of a woman whose doctor prescribed antibiotic tablets for her sore throat. She was cured by next morning, but there were lots of pills left, so she went right on taking them—and wound up with a fever and severe itching that kept her out of work six weeks.

It's even more dangerous to hoard old medicine containers with labels that are unreadable or simply not there. Not long ago a mother rummaged through her medicine cabinet for milk-of-magnesia tablets for her young daughter. She found an unlabeled box and gave her daughter three pills from it. The little girl died soon afterward. The unlabeled box had contained bichloride of mercury.

AT THIS POINT I went back to my neighborhood druggist and button-holed him again. I told him what I had found out about what to keep in the medicine cabinet, and I wanted to know how you could have all that and large economy-size packages, too.

"Well," he explained patiently, "some economy packages are especially designed to fit in today's medicine cabinets. But you don't have to put everything there. When you buy cigarettes by the carton, you don't put the whole carton in your pocket, do you? Now, take this special sale on mouthwash. That's a pretty big bottle. But you can pour some of it into a smaller bottle, label it carefully, and keep it in the bathroom cabinet. Then keep the bigger bottle in, say, the linen closet until the little bottle needs refilling.

"And when that big bottle of mouthwash is empty," he said, waving his arm at the shelves of drug supplies behind him, "you'll find more of it right here whenever you need it." THE END

Look Out...  for Colds and Sore Throat!

GARGLE Listerine Antiseptic as soon as you can. Prompt germ-killing action can often head off trouble or lessen its severity.

When you're overheated and go out into the cold night air, you may be letting yourself in for a troublesome cold, a nasty sore throat due to a cold... or worse.

Germs Invade Tissue

You see, fatigue and sudden changes of temperature may often lower body resistance. Then potentially troublesome germs called the "secondary invaders" can stage a mass invasion of the tissue. They can set up an infection, or aggravate one that is already started.

Then, if ever, Nature can use a helping hand to go after such threatening germs . . . to help guard against such a mass invasion . . . to help head off a cold before it gets entrenched. That is why, when you get home, it is wise to gargle with full-strength Listerine repeatedly.

Attacks "Secondary Invaders"

Listerine Antiseptic reaches way back on throat surfaces to kill millions of germs, including the "secondary invaders" that many doctors hold responsible for so much of a cold's misery.

Actual tests have shown that the Listerine Antiseptic gargle reduced germs on mouth and throat surfaces as much as 96.7% fifteen minutes after gargling, and up to 80% one hour after.

Always at the First Sniffle

Whenever you have sniffles, your throat is raw because of an oncoming cold, or you feel chilly or under par, start the Listerine Antiseptic gargle. You may thus spare yourself a nasty siege of trouble. Lambert Pharmacal Company Division of The Lambert Company, *St. Louis, Mo.*

GARGLE
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QUICK!
to kill germs like these

And to be *Extra Careful* about Halitosis (bad breath)

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Do you know *why* Listerine Antiseptic is better? Because the most common cause of Halitosis is germs . . . that's right, germs start the fermentation of proteins always present in your mouth.

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So, if you want really effective protection against Halitosis . . . no matter what else you may use . . . use an antiseptic . . . Listerine Antiseptic, the most widely used antiseptic in the world.

Every week on Radio and Television Enjoy—**"THE ADVENTURES OF OZZIE & HARRIET"** See your paper for time and station

Picture of the Month

The story of "Jeopardy" is one of suspense. And as it comes to its climax, a scream will tremble on your lips. For it could happen to any of us, to people like you and me. It is a drama that flicks the emotions we all feel... love, fear, hate... and the will to live.

Here is a woman in jeopardy... Barbara Stanwyck in the excitingly emotional role of Helen. Her story begins simply. She and her family drive their car toward a deserted beach where they have planned a wonderful holiday.

SHE DID IT... because her fear was greater than her shame

Suddenly, the dreamed-of pleasures become a nightmare. Her husband, Doug, is pinned beneath the treacherous timbers of a rotting jetty. The tide is rising. Helen is confronted with a battle against time. A few hours mean life or death to her man. In desperation, she leaves her young son to comfort Doug while she speeds the car back over the road in her frantic search for help.

But fate has not finished with its malicious whims. The man Helen finds has no interest in her plight. He is concerned only with fleeing the police. Tortured by the vision of her husband's peril, Helen begs the criminal to help her, promises that she will aid his escape if he will come back with her and save her husband. It is his life against her husband's. And every minute brings Doug closer to death.

Finally, she thrusts all scruples aside. She offers him everything... tells him she will go with him... protect him with her husband's identity. She will give herself in payment for her husband's life. This is the climax... and there's a scream on your lips. What happens? You've got to see... "Jeopardy"!

★ ★ ★

M-G-M presents Barbara Stanwyck as Helen, Barry Sullivan as the husband, Ralph Meeker as the criminal in "Jeopardy". Screen play by Mel Dinelli, based on a story by Maurice Zimm, directed by John Sturges and produced by Sol Baer Fielding.

COSMOPOLITAN

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FEBRUARY, 1953

COMPLETE MYSTERY NOVEL

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FEATURES

Vol. 134, No. 2

COVER *Bradley Smith's striking photograph of ballerina Tanaquil LeClercq shows her in the role of "Sacred Love" in the ballet "Illuminations." The picture story, pages 46 to 53, was taken by Genevieve Naylor. Since Miss LeClercq was too busy for formal posing, Miss Naylor followed her about, taking pictures of whatever she happened to be doing, including a visit to costumer Karinska's workroom (left).*

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What Goes on at Cosmopolitan

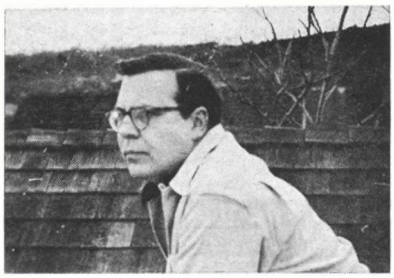
A MERMAID, MYSTERIES, A NEARSIGHTED AUTHOR

Next to oranges and entrancing females, Florida's biggest drawing card is a razzle-dazzle character named "Doc" Webb. Fascinated by rumors of his crazy selling methods—Webb will sell you a dollar bill for 89 cents—we sent writer Hyman Goldberg down to St. Petersburg to case Doc's million-dollar drugstore (see page 104).

Goldberg returned a week later, spent and shaken. "It was like sending a baby into a lion's den," he reproached us. It seems he got the full Webb treatment. Escorted to the store's third floor, Goldberg was told to look through a porthole in the wall. He looked. He saw a scantily clad mermaid who promptly addressed him by name, sighed over "the last time we were together— Remember?" and yearned for him in loud and endearing terms that convulsed nearby shoppers. When our boy finally got a grip on himself, he realized the mermaid was mere wax and that her voice came from a public-address system.

The Real Mrs. Garrity

When French novelist Gustave Flaubert was besieged by journalists wanting to know the identity of his scandalous heroine Madame Bovary, Flaubert replied, "Madame Bovary, *c'est moi.*" We



Bill Iversen

suspect this comment inspired Bill Iversen when we asked him the identity of the delightful, nearsighted Mrs. Garrity (see page 54).

"Mrs. Garrity, *c'est* practically *moi*," he told us. "I've been a myope since I was ten."

We mentioned to Bill that we had recently run into an old school friend of his, who told us that during a college production of "Hamlet," Bill, while playing Polonius, nearsightedly walked up the king's robe during the grand exit of the Danish court and rode offstage on it.

"Slanderous!" Bill told us. "It was the *queen's* robe."

The Far-Flung Mr. Kobler

Last week our far-flung correspondent John Kobler turned up fresh as new corn after flying back from Europe on one of

The Koblers

the new tourist-rate flights. Kobler tells us the low-cost fare saved him a nice bundle of money. The picture shows why!

First of the Kobler European articles is on the French Riviera's Eden Roc (see page 16), stamping grounds of the glamour set, favorite swimming hole of Rita Hayworth, the Duke and Duchess of Windsor, or any local Frenchman with $1.50.

Cosmo—A Three-Time Winner!

If you're a little lightheaded, happen to have the month free, and aren't thrown by high figures, you may be just the one to track down the number of mystery novels published last year. There were literally thousands, and from them the New York *Times* picked the fifteen best mysteries of 1952. Three of them appeared first in COSMOPOLITAN—"Catch a Tiger," by Owen Cameron; "The Neighbor," by Stanley Ellin (now a book, *The Key to Nicholas Street*); and "Black Widow," by Patrick Quentin.

This warming statistic set our tongue wagging proudly in the presence of a horse-playing columnist. He listened, did some rapid figuring on his cuff, and looked at us with burgeoning respect. "Just think," he sighed. "If COSMOPOLITAN were only a horse!" **H. La B.**

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2 The Case of The MOTH-EATEN MINK

Mason rushes over to a hotel and finds the beautiful girl the police have been looking for. "There's a man in room 851," she sobs. "Wants to KILL me!" Just then the police burst into the room. "Don't move!" they order. "A man has been killed in room 851—*you're both wanted for MURDER!*"

3 The Case of The ONE-EYED WITNESS

Mason picked up the phone. A voice said: "See Carlin tonight. Tell him to get another partner. *Matter of life and death!*" But Carlin had never HAD a partner! Yet he's found *dead!*

4 The Case of The ANGRY MOURNER

Belle Adrian, Mason's client, is pale as a ghost. A witness SWEARS he saw Belle at the scene of the murder. Exhibit "A" is Belle's compact with the missing mirror—AND the shattered mirror fragments near the corpse. And Exhibit "B"—the murder weapon—is Belle's OWN GUN!

5 The Case of The NEGLIGENT NYMPH

Mason sees a girl swimming away from George Alder's estate. He hauls her into his boat. She hands him a letter. "Alder will do ANYTHING to get this letter!" she says. "You *must* stop him!" But someone else beats Mason to it—*by killing Alder!*

6 The Case of The FIERY FINGERS

Perry's client is on trial for murder. The D. A. flings a package in front of the accused woman. She collapses. The jury is ready to send her to the chair—but Perry comes up with a surprise package of his own!

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In the true tradition of the Navy, these sailors make the most of a good thing at "Tutie" Sommese's Bar and Grill, where saws and axes come with the drinks.

Mayhem Hangout

The Kollmars discuss "Howdy Doody," slip-covered books, Tutie's Bar and Grill, and Edna St. Vincent Millay

For people whose suppressed desires take a wacky turn, heaven is Tutie's Bar and Grill, just forty-five minutes from Broadway, in Ozone Park, Long Island. It's not big, but it is different.

Yearn to wreck a bar? The management will supply you with a saw and lead you to the half of the mahogany given over to pure destruction. Want to play the piano? There it is; you don't have to know music. Martinis make you feel like singing? The microphone is yours, pal.

Salvator "Tutie" Sommese, the owner, adds to the atmosphere by hanging from the ceiling such unlikely items as underwear, kitchen utensils, ladies' stockings, plumbing gadgets, and even wooden legs. And a sound system relays powder-room conversation for the benefit of those customers not too busy breaking up the joint to listen.

In Edna St. Vincent Millay's House

If ghosts of departed geniuses really do haunt the rooms where once they lived, the late Edna St. Vincent Millay and a friend of ours are due to establish an interesting relationship.

Our friend, a crew-coifed young New Yorker named Robert Cone, has rented the narrow Greenwich Village house in which the poet composed "The Ballad of the Harp-Weaver" and "The King's

Henchman." Bobby is an author, too, but of a somewhat different style, and if the delicate shade of Miss Millay glides into his study some evening and bends over his typewriter, she will return to the Beyond a most bewildered ghost.

For Bobby is a radio writer. His current assignment: "Howdy Doody."

Books for the Boudoir

Helen Menken, the titian-haired actress who made her most indelible impression on theatregoers in the role of Queen Elizabeth, is a voracious reader and an intensely feminine creature. So it was a terrible moment when she looked around her newly redecorated bedroom and discovered that the books in her oyster-white breakfront cabinet clashed miserably with the all-pink-and-white décor.

But feminine ingenuity triumphed over the desire to just sit down and cry. Helen slip-covered 150 books in pale pink to match the bedspread.

Dorothy

Beautiful Actress Without a Date

Times have changed drastically since Diamond Jim Brady was taking actresses to Delmonico's for a bite of lobster after the show. For the Stage Door Johnny who used to turn up in white tie, tails, and top hat, with a bouquet of roses in one hand and a Cartier box in the other, has been replaced by the teen-aged autograph hunter in bluejeans.

This was dramatically brought to the

Rosemary Harris still had no dates two weeks after her opening night.

attention of Rosemary Harris, an English actress, who came over here recently to appear in a Moss Hart play. She was acclaimed as a beauty in the classic tradition and an actress of force and charm.

But no limousine parked outside the stage door while she took off her make-up. No enterprising bachelor sent flowers.

I.N.P.

Dorothy Kilgallen and husband Dick relax from being "most famous couple."

No feverish gallant bribed the doorman to reveal her home address.

Two weeks after her opening night Rosemary admitted she hadn't had a single request for a date since she landed in the United States. Three or four men did telephone her, but they were all agents or Hollywood talent scouts with nothing on their minds but clauses, options, and percentages.

Florenz Ziegfeld would have wept. And Don Juan, too.

The Milkman Composeth

What used to be known in the movies as the "Lubitsch touch" isn't hard to find in real life if your eyes and ears are attuned to the little offbeat noises of the city.

Any film director would go for Tutti Camarata's milkman.

This dawn bottle-rattler calls at the Camarata kitchen door when the household is sleeping, just like any other milkman, but he doesn't just collect the notes in the bottles—he leaves some of his own. He discovered that Mr. Camarata is a musical director of Decca Records, and what he leaves in the empties are samples of songs—words and music by Mr. Milkman.

Dick

Roderick Horne

Recent advances in the use of drugs and other therapy offer hope of cure or improvement to thousands of our mental-illness patients.

New Treatments for Mental Patients

BY LAWRENCE GALTON

Nearly half of all hospital beds today are occupied by people with mental disorders. In addition, 25 to 50 per cent of patients not classified as mental cases have illnesses complicated by problems of the mind. One of every 12 children born this year will, at some point, suffer a severe mental illness. Brightening the picture, however, are these recent advances:

• A man-made steroid hormone, desoxycorticosterone acetate, helped 17 of 21 patients, seventeen to sixty years of age, suffering from such disorders as schizophrenia, manic-depressive psychosis, involutional psychosis, and psychosis associated with mental deficiency. They showed sustained improvement after six to eight weeks of daily injections. Of 26 similar patients who were not given the drug, only 7 improved.

• When mental disease is linked with organic brain damage, as it often is, another new treatment program is of value. Twenty-three of 24 patients improved after they received intravenous injections of histamine and nicotinic acid in addition to individual and group psychotherapy and other usual measures. The injections, especially of nicotinic acid, a vitamin, are believed to improve the functioning of diseased brain cells. Twenty-one of the 23 improved patients have returned home. Ten months after treatment, 8 were working part time and 5 full time. Three others continued to improve after treatment stopped.

• Elderly people with some kinds of mental illness can safely be given beneficial electroshock treatments despite age and even heart or blood-vessel diseases. Of 104 patients, sixty to eighty-two years old, two-thirds had serious heart and blood-vessel disorders along with their mental symptoms of depression, anxiety, tension, delusions, hallucinations. They received an average of 7.1 shocks after careful medical study. Eighty-seven per cent benefited, and 85 per cent of them are now at home.

• In psychoneurotic illness, particularly chronic anxiety states, acute anxiety after injury, and neurodermatitis (a skin condition due to nervous disorder), injections of Methedrine have sped treatment. The drug helps the patient to talk freely of emotional problems that otherwise remain locked up. When tested on 140 patients of both sexes who had been ill for from six months to six years, it provided permanent relief from their nervous disorders in many cases.

Kidney and bladder infections that stubbornly resist antibiotics may be helped by Furadantin. Twenty-two patients with acute or chronic cystitis (inflammation of the bladder) and pyelonephritis (a kidney inflammation), who had been treated with antibiotics without success, received the new drug by mouth four times daily for an average period of seven days. There were cures in 14 cases and relief of all symptoms in the other 8.

Dangerous blood clots in veins, and possibly also in arteries, can be dissolved by trypsin. Injections of the powerful digestive enzyme, obtained from animal glands, were given to 24 patients with acute thrombophlebitis, an inflammation of the leg caused by a clot in the vein. Twenty were freed of all symptoms and signs of clots. A twenty-one-year-old housewife, bedridden by thrombophlebitis which developed after childbirth, became free of symptoms on the fourth day of treatment and is now doing her own housework. Trypsin has also been tried on 6 patients with coronary thrombosis, in which a blood clot blocks one of the major arteries of the heart. None of them has had a subsequent attack, and their electrocardiograms returned to normal. However, there is not any conclusive evidence that trypsin was responsible or that it can dissolve clots that block arteries.

Cracked skin at the corners of the mouth can come from allergy to the material of which dentures are made. One doctor has recently reported two cases in which the cracks cleared promptly after new dentures of different materials were used.

Chest pain can sometimes be a form of migraine rather than heart trouble. In a large group of migraine patients studied, 83 had palpitations, 17 had racing pulses, 92 had nondescript chest pains, and 37 had a rather definite type of anginal pain—all produced by migraine. While chest symptoms may occur along with an attack of typical migraine headache, they may also occur without headache. In the latter case, to avoid a mistaken diagnosis of heart disease, the patient's history should be investigated for previous attacks of chest symptoms occurring along with headache.

New noses, chins, foreheads, or other parts can be made out of damaged human features with cartilage taken from young cattle and specially treated for the purpose. The new material, which is carved to fit in place, has been used successfully in 144 operations over a period of four years by a British plastic surgeon and in scores of tests by American surgeons.

In low-back injuries, a new pelvic traction belt has produced a high rate of improvement or cure. The device, designed by a Buffalo, New York, physician, has been used in the last year on 400 patients with such injuries as ruptured or "slipped" intervertebral discs, sprains of the soft tissues and joints, and fractures of the pelvis. It decreases or removes pressure on nerve tissue, relaxes muscle spasm, and prevents such complications as swollen ankles and knees and thrombophlebitis, or formation of blood clots in the veins of the legs. Ninety per cent of the 400 patients have been improved or cured.

Eighty anemic children have been completely and rapidly cured by 1 to 6 intravenous injections of saccharated iron oxide. Even after the very first injection, the children began to eat, pallor disappeared, and vigor and sense of well-being returned. The injections are especially recommended when iron taken by mouth is not effective.

When complete paralysis of the lower portions of the body and of both legs occurs after spinal-cord injuries, an intensive new type of nerve and muscle re-education program may restore partial use of muscles. Three patients, aged thirty-five, thirty-six, and twenty-two, who had remained completely paralyzed for up to eight years after spinal injuries, are now able to move muscles in their legs and lower portion of their bodies. Apparently, despite severe injury to the spinal cord, a usable nerve connection sometimes remains—although in a dormant state. This connection has been observed recently in spine fractures caused by mine accidents, automobile accidents, bullet wounds, and hemorrhage. The intensive new treatment may help many of these patients to regain some use of muscles.

Premature infants with the eye disease retrolental fibroplasia, which causes partial or total blindness, may be helped by ACTH. When given early in the course of the disease, the hormone checked it in 3 out of 4 babies. It proved of no value in infants treated after the disease had become well established.

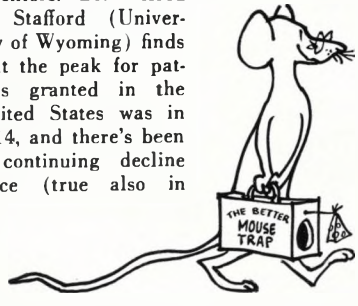
Mumps in men may produce inflammation of the sex glands (orchitis). Small doses of diethylstilbestrol, a synthetic estrogen, helped 6 young men with this complication. Symptoms disappeared within twenty-four to forty-eight hours, and all had completely recovered within eight to ten days. When the hormone was given daily to 7 other men who had acute mumps, sex-gland inflammation did not occur, whereas it developed in other young men with mumps who had not received diethylstilbestrol. THE END

Taxi Dancers, Hot-rod Kids, and the Hazards of Second Marriages

BY AMRAM SCHEINFELD

Second marriages shakier. If you've been divorced, the chance of your making a go of a second marriage is considerably less than for a person marrying for the first time. Iowa and Missouri records, Dr. Thomas P. Monahan reports, show the break-up rate is at least 50 per cent higher for the remarried divorced person. Further, with each successive divorce, the risk of a break-up in the next marriage increases. Widowed persons who remarry also are more divorce-prone than first-married persons, but not nearly so much so as those previously divorced.

Is inventiveness declining? Yes—in terms of numbers of inventions and inventors. Dr. Alfred B. Stafford (University of Wyoming) finds that the peak for patents granted in the United States was in 1914, and there's been a continuing decline since (true also in other countries). The reason is that it's getting ever harder for individuals to work out, patent, produce, and market inventions as this work becomes concentrated among technical specialists and large corporation teams. However, Dr. Stafford believes we're heading for more inventiveness in medicine and social sciences.



Hot-rod kids. If your teen-age son has enough normal opportunities to prove himself a he-man he'll be much less likely to become an auto maniac and get into serious accidents. Dr. A. N. Cousins (Western Reserve University) has found the chief reason adolescent boys soup up and cut down cars, drive them recklessly, and play the perilous "chicken" game (in which two drivers speed straight toward each other to see who'll be the first to swerve away) is to prove their masculinity. This behavior may also be a revolt against domination or a sex substitute.

What makes prize fighters? Why did the Irish lead among fight champs early in the century—the Jews in the twenties—the Italians in the thirties—and then fighters from these groups drop off as Negroes began their present ring reign? Only because of changes in social pressures and values within these groups, report Dr. S. Kirson Weinberg and boxing expert Henry Arond. The biggest proportion of pro fighters come from the underprivileged, crowded, big-city groups in which boys get early training in street fights, and in which the best fighter is the most respected and therefore has the most incentive to become a professional. (Middle-class American groups produce few fighters, and upper-class groups none, although their youths are bigger, stronger, and more athletic than the poorer lads.) Each of the poorer groups produced the most fight champs when it was the most underprivileged, and as it advanced socially and economically its fighters disappeared. At the moment, the lower position of Negroes still spurs their production of top fighters, but a change is taking place. Hero-worship among Negro boys is shifting to the baseball stars of their race, and with opportunities opening up we'll see more of them in the big leagues and fewer in the ring.

Prejudice. Is the anti-Negro prejudice of white children lessened by putting them in closer contact with Negro children? Not necessarily. Dr. Paul H. Mussen studied the situation in a New York State interracial camp where equal numbers of white and Negro boys lived, ate, and played together. The white boys who had felt hostility toward their parents, dissatisfaction with their own lives, and aggression toward others before they came to the camp turned this into increased prejudice against the Negro boys. Those who'd been fairly well adjusted to their parents and environments came away with decreased prejudice. The findings, in line with those from many other studies, were that the degree of prejudice shown by a person against any group is generally an expression of his own feelings of maladjustment, hostility, insecurity, and inadequacy.

Dime-a-dance girls. These onetime much publicized sirens are fast waltzing into oblivion, says sociologist Clyde B. Vedder (University of Florida). Female companionship is now so easy to get that few men see any sense in going to taxi-dance halls and paying $6 an hour or more for it. In a nation-wide survey, often working as a dance-hall pianist, Dr. Vedder found that dime-a-dance places have dwindled from over 2,000 in 1931 to a few dozen today in New York, Newark, Los Angeles, Oakland, Miami. Further, they've been so cleaned up they're almost the last places to look for sex. "The dance girls are mercenary and predatory, but aren't prostitutes," says Dr. Vedder. Maximum earnings, up to $200 a week, go to those with pleasing personalities who are good listeners (because the men—mostly old codgers—want to talk more than dance), and who aren't above chiseling by overcharging through various tricks. A high proportion of the dance gals are veterans, some even in their fifties.

Deluded happy spouses. Confirming the "love is blind" theory, four Philadelphia marriage experts have found that happily married couples see each other much less clearly—overrating each other's virtues and underrating each other's

faults—than do the unhappily married. Moreover, squabbling spouses are sharply aware of their trait differences, whereas doting spouses see themselves as very similar in thinking, disposition, sense of humor, when, actually, they are often more unlike in personality than many clashing couples.

Religious observance. Women among Catholics are far more devout than men, a study in Southern parishes by the Reverend Joseph H. Fichter (Loyola University, New Orleans) reveals. Twice as many women go to confession and Sunday Mass, and three times as many attend Lenten services. In both sexes the peak of religious observance is between the ages of ten and nineteen; least devout are those between thirty and thirty-nine, but observance increases steadily thereafter. Also, Father Fichter reports, single persons tend to be more devout than married ones, perhaps in part because of the latter's preoccupation with children.

Born homosexuals? The theory that homosexuality isn't all psychologically conditioned but, at least in some persons, may be an inborn tendency appears strengthened by Dr. Franz J. Kallmann's studies among male twins. He reports that with identical twins—having the same hereditary factors—if one was homosexual so was the other, in almost every case (of forty pairs); whereas among fraternal twins—having different hereditary factors—it was the big exception for both members to be homosexual.

Smartest professionals. Getting into medical schools may be toughest, but it's not medicine that has the brightest men. Ratings reported by Dr. Dael Wolfle and Dr. Toby Oxtoby for the U.S. Commission on Human Resources show that physicists and other natural scientists are smartest of all. Psychologists and philosophers also top medics in academic ability. Engineers, lawyers, dentists, and educators follow behind, and lowest are home-economics and physical-education graduates. Unfortunately, the investigators found, an unduly large proportion of the poorest quality of graduate students go into general education—a result of the low salaries and low prestige accorded teachers.

Words to the wise. Layette dealers: The number of new babies born this year is due to slump in April and May but will reach the year's peak in August and September, if averages for the past decade hold good. . . . Smokers: If you give up smoking you're likely to have not only an increased appetite but increased sexual potency. . . . Dog lovers: You can count on your pets being with you much longer because modern drugs and better dog care have greatly increased canine life spans, from an average of seven or eight years a decade ago to eleven or twelve years today. . . . Cannibals: Men are juicier than women, because muscular male flesh is considerably higher in water content than the fattier female flesh. . . . Impersonators: Women who disguise themselves as men and men who disguise themselves as women can fool members of the opposite sex much more easily than their own sex. THE END

BEST PICTURE—Walt Disney's masterpiece, "Peter Pan," according to Miss Parsons, is even greater than "Snow White."

A New Delight from Disney

COSMOPOLITAN MOVIE CITATIONS BY LOUELLA O. PARSONS

Back in the thirties, Walt Disney proved a revolutionary idea. He showed—for the first time in the history of the graphic arts—that an animated cartoon could arouse much more than laughter, that it could project drama, romance, fantasy, and even tragedy. He called this compilation of magic "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs," and in the first year after its release it made nearly ten million dollars, at that time an unheard-of sum for most films, especially one without real people.

After "Snow White," Disney repeatedly tried to duplicate this triumph. In many ways his unique genius advanced. He combined living actors with drawn ones. He delved more deeply into music, notably in "Fantasia." His experiments were all interesting and usually entertaining, but not until this month has he created a distillation of imagination, beauty, and otherworldliness to equal—even exceed—"Snow White."

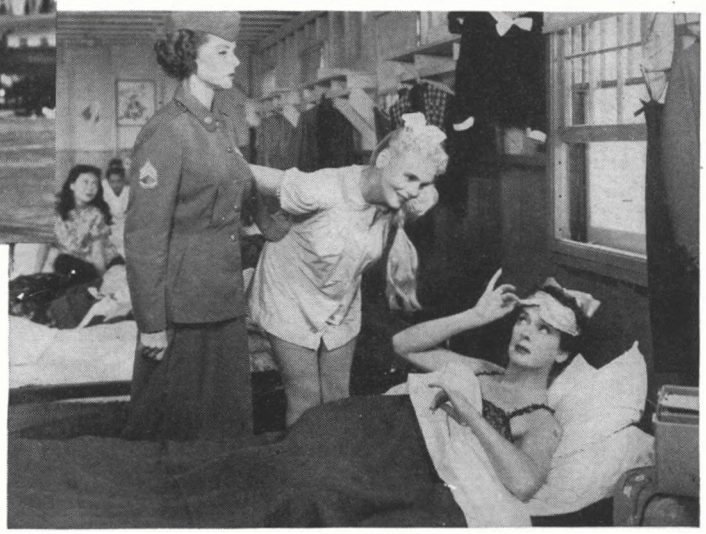
This is "Peter Pan," to which I am awarding the COSMOPOLITAN Citation for the best picture of the month. This is no thin, sentimental fairy tale. It's lusty, thrill-packed. Barrie's sentimentality, circa 1904, has been replaced by the pixie spirit of Disney's saucy sexpot, Tinker Bell. In Barrie's imagination, she was a mere flirtatious light, but Disney makes her a rival for Marilyn Monroe to reckon with.

This film shows the complete triumph of film animation over awkward stage devices. Tinker Bell, for instance, is a tiny human figure the size of Peter Pan's thumb, instead of the beam of light she is on the stage. And when the Darling children—Wendy, John, and Michael—fly out from their London home to Never Land, even the most earthbound spectator will fly along in imagination, for the creaky wires of the stage are gone. They always made me nervous for fear that Maude Adams or Eva Le Gallienne might pitch into my lap. The mermaids are pure enchantment in Disney's concoction, but on the stage they were so unalluring that Barrie twice took them out.

Peter Pan is finally enacted by a boy, and Bobby Driscoll's just-beginning-to-

BEST PERFORMANCE—Danny Thomas in "The Jazz Singer," the story made famous by Al Jolson in the first talkie. Peggy Lee is the girl who inspires Danny to success.

BEST DRAMA—"Above and Beyond," in which Robert Taylor is the officer charged with dropping the first atom bomb. Eleanor Parker is his wife in a moving performance.



BEST COMEDY—"Never Wave at a Wac," which teams Rosalind Russell, Paul Douglas, and Marie Wilson in a hilarious story of arms and the girl in today's WAC.

rasp voice on the sound track plus the rough, boyish gestures on the screen give a fresh vitality to the role. Disney, always aware that laughter is a precious ingredient in entertainment, really goes to town with the popeyed, clock-ticking crocodile who is in ravenous pursuit of the villainous Hook. And Hook's gymnastics in eluding the eager crocodile will win even Burt Lancaster's admiration.

The beauty of background that illuminated "Snow White" is present, even heightened, in "Peter Pan." There are throwaway scenes, like the brief glimpse of "Skull Rock," that are magnificently drawn, with a maturity new to Disney. The cooing birds and singing flowers are gone, and I, for one, approve this departure. They served their purpose—and now Disney has gone on to more solid but no less beguiling images. "Peter Pan" is a hilarious, heroic, villainous, delightful film, silvered with imagination.

The best performance of the month is Danny Thomas's warm, humorous, often touching portrayal of "The Jazz Singer." As you may recall from the early Jolson days, this is a song-saga of the conflict between a father who wants his boy to be a cantor and the son who wants to be an entertainer. Good tunes, fresh dances, and Peggy Lee are here, too, in a luscious Warner Bros. package.

The best comedy of the month is "Never Wave at a Wac," a wild and frequently witty story of life in the feminine army. Rosalind Russell is hilarious as a Washington hostess who dons a uniform the better to pursue her uniformed lover. Paul Douglas gives a rousing performance as the husband who achieves a slapstick revenge, and Marie Wilson helps propel the continuous laughs in this Independent Artists film.

The best drama is M-G-M's powerful "Above and Beyond." Robert Taylor gives a restrained, taut portrayal of what must have been the soul-racking emotions of the first officer committed to dropping the atom bomb. Eleanor Parker gives a convincing performance as the service wife who misunderstands all the top secrecy. Serious, all this, but tense and commendable. THE END

The capitol at Baton Rouge, Louisiana, is a high point of February's budget trip.

The Right Way to Pack

BY EDWARD R. DOOLING

Never, but never, do I go on a trip but that my carefully tailored and laundered skirts, dresses, and blouses come out of the suitcase looking as though I had slept in them. What's your solution?

—MISS C. M., LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

A—Anything jammed into a suitcase with a crease or wrinkle is going to come out with the wrinkle emphasized, unless it is one of those magic fabrics that resist everything.

The luggage makers have invented countless gimmicks, but the clothes still wrinkle if they're packed wrong. The old-fashioned packing system is still best:

1. Pack in layers, heavy items first.
2. Separate clothing layers with tissue paper, and smooth clothes as much as possible when you pack them.
3. Shove stockings into pockets or into gloves to prevent runs.
4. Put your nightwear robe, and slippers in last, because you'll need them first when you open the bag.

One well-worn trick is to hang wrinkled dresses in the bathroom and let the hot water run so that steam will take out the wrinkles, but hotel managers, oddly, take a dim view of this practice.

I have been hearing about the Natchez Pilgrimage for years. What and when is it?

—MRS. J. S., CLEVELAND, OHIO

A—Once a year (this year from February 28 through March 29) the historic old homes of Natchez, with all their crystal, gold leaf, and Italian marble, are opened to visitors, and the admission charges go to keep these costly mansions in repair.

Visitors can take escorted tours to more than thirty of the homes, where the hostesses dress in costumes of the pre-Civil War period. There is evening entertainment consisting of the Confederate Pageant and the "Highway to Heaven," a recital of Negro spirituals, all leading up to the grand finale, the Confederate Tableaux.

Send requests for travel information to EDWARD R. DOOLING, 57th Street at 8th Avenue, New York 19, N. Y. We will be glad to send you a copy of this month's budget trip or trips to Mexico, New England, Florida, Europe, California and the Southwest, Canada, or the Skyline Drive. Please print your name and address.

For two years I have had unbelievably wet, cold, and miserable vacations. Is there any place on earth where I can be guaranteed warmth and sunshine?

—MISS S. T., NEW YORK, NEW YORK

A—There are many places in the world where you can be virtually certain of a rain-free vacation. The Virgin Isle Hotel, on St. Thomas, V.I., carries an insurance policy against cold weather. Lloyd's of London refunds the cost of a room on any day when the U.S. Department of Commerce Weather Bureau Station on St. Thomas reports the daily temperature at less than 70 degrees.

THIS MONTH'S BUDGET TRIP

We are interested in a budget trip by rail or bus visiting New Orleans and the Mississippi Gulf Coast and seeing as many points of interest as possible along the way. The time limit is one to two weeks.

—R. S., CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

A—A number of excellent all-inclusive tours are operated out of Chicago to New Orleans and the Gulf Coast. I have selected a typical eight-day tour to serve as an illustration:

You travel to Jackson, capital of Mississippi, on a modern air-conditioned de luxe coach streamliner and go on to Vicksburg by motor coach for a tour of the historic National Military Park.

The motor-coach tour follows the Ole Man River Trail, paralleling the course of the Mississippi southward to Natchez and one of the finest collections of pre-Civil War homes in America. You go on through the "Feliciana Country," the "happy land" of the Spaniards, to Baton Rouge, where Huey Long's thirty-three-story, $5,000,000 state capitol is a landmark visible for miles.

There are three nights in New Orleans and conducted sightseeing tours of the storied French Quarter, a thirty-mile cruise on the Mississippi River, and dinner at Antoine's, best known of the Crescent City's famed eating places.

The trip along the Gulf Coast to Biloxi is made by streamlined train, and you have a full afternoon and a morning for sightseeing in this Mississippi resort city and a swim in the Gulf of Mexico if you wish.

Then it is homeward bound via a streamlined coach train, going through Mobile, Montgomery, Birmingham, and Nashville.

The estimated complete cost, including meals not provided in the regular tour, tips, and taxes, comes to $182 for the coach-train tour from Chicago, $224 if you travel by Pullman and use a lower berth, $230 by coach train for a person traveling from New York.

The complete, detailed budget together with day-by-day itinerary and descriptive folders is being mailed to you.

THE END

Eden Roc

The swankiest beach club on the Riviera boasts more noted names, notable bank rolls, and noticeable nudity than any spot on earth

BY JOHN KOBLER

Of Europe's fleshpots, few are fleshier than the tip of Cap d'Antibes on the French Riviera. For here stand the Hôtel du Cap d'Antibes and its famed seashore clubhouse, Eden Roc, which for generations has attracted some of the fattest wallets and the trimmest women in international society. From July to September, the high season at Eden Roc, it is scarcely possible to dive into the pool without splashing an American millionaire or a Far Eastern princeling, a Hollywood star or a professional Roman Beauty.

The parking lot frequently quarters a green Buick marked with silver letters an inch and a half high—THE DUKE OF WINDSOR. From a group of *cabañas*, screened by shrubbery from the vulgar gaze, may drift the fruity voice of Orson Welles raised in petulant argument with Noel Coward or Elsa Maxwell. Offshore, energetic souls like Aly Khan and Errol Flynn scud hither and yon on surfboards, in motorboats and yachts. For yachtsmen and seaplane pilots there is commodious anchorage. Until his recent death, Alberto Dodero, an Argentine shipping magnate, would arrive around the first of August with two yachts, two planes, and five cars.

Although the cape is primarily a haunt of the wealthy, there are some pleasures that are quite inexpensive. The humblest, and to many the most rewarding, costs nothing. Anybody may sit on the wall overlooking the swimming pool and view the neo-Grecian spectacle below, once dubbed "the Naked Pit." Strewn about the limestone rockscape, on well-stuffed sun pads, are coveys of curvilinear females, clad in mere hints of bathing suits. They toil not, neither do they swim. They are present to be seen and admired.

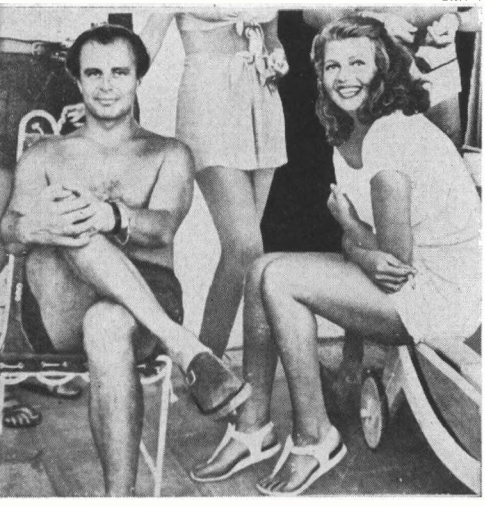
Here the Bikini attains its boldest and most fashionable expression. "Quite natural," says André Sella, the maitre d'hôtel, "because the best bodies come to us." A man with a nice sense of the fitness of things, he will no more tolerate fully dressed males around the pool than

(continued)

European

WITH DIRECTION FROM THE DUCHESS, the Duke of Windsor photographs a group of their guests at Eden Roc. The Windsors' patronage, beginning with their honeymoon, helped put the club on society's map.

I.N.P.

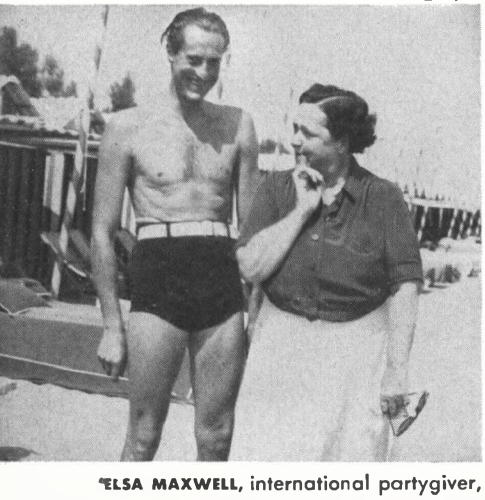


ALY KHAN AND RITA HAYWORTH courted at Eden Roc, and Rita often returns there.

I.N.P.

EX-KING FAROUK OF EGYPT and his bride, Narriman, were patrons in happier days.

European



ELSA MAXWELL, international partygiver, strolls with Conte Andres di Robilants.

Eden Roc (continued)

bathing-suited ones in the hotel dining room. "What could be uglier," he says, "than dressed men among naked women?"

For the moderate sum of 500 francs (about $1.50), a visitor may descend into the Naked Pit itself and laze away the whole day. Food and drink are nearby. A luncheon menu priced at 1,500 francs ($4.50) offers as a starter a choice of some fifty hors d'oeuvres. After that most people are content to doze in the sun. Those desiring a total tan have recourse to one of two solaria known as "Adam's" and "Eve's."

For celebrities who crave a kind of privacy in public there are the *cabañas*, just sixteen of them. They rent at 30.000 francs ($90) a month and are in demand among the Hollywood contingent. In recent seasons *Cabaña* 501 has been graced by Rita Hayworth, 513 by Darryl Zanuck, 512 by André Kostelanetz and his wife, Lily Pons.

Finally, there is the hotel. The rate for a double room runs around $30 a day. No two rooms are furnished alike. Many contain rare antiques. To honeymooners who occupy one of them, Sella issues a numbered card admitting them to Eden Roc gratis for life. The No. 1 card is held by the Duke and Duchess of Windsor, in whose honor Sella instituted the custom.

It's a Promising Hunting Ground

Appearances should deceive no one into assuming that all the charming creatures frequenting Eden Roc are necessarily idle. The place is a promising hunting ground for the unwed and the unkept, and many such busily hunt day and night. "Nice boy, that American you're going around with," one Eden Rockette was overheard recently to say to another in the ladies' dressing room. "Is it true he wants to marry you?" The answer was enlightening. "It was true, but he's all yours, if you want him. I just got a line on his bank account."

The St. Peter of this terrestrial paradise is a subtle man of Italian antecedents, André Sella, who understands the idiosyncrasies of the rich and famous. Bald, olive-skinned, hawk-nosed, and suave as velvet, Sella has been variously compared to a Renaissance doge, a Middle European foreign minister, and Erich von Stroheim. A widower, he has four grown and comely daughters, whom he tries to discourage from mingling with the guests. He is a passionate Napoleonic scholar who collects relics of the emperor's life in exile (Napoleon landed at nearby Juan-les-Pins, after he escaped from Elba, his first island-prison). He has a private museum on the grounds full of them, a building that stands in sharp contrast to the nonscholarly goings on in this fabulous Mediterranean resort.

The idea of creating a playground at Cap d'Antibes was originally conceived on a modest scale and in a spirit of altruism. Some ninety years ago, Auguste de Villemessant, editor of the Paris newspaper *Le Figaro*, saw in the sun-drenched headland an ideal retreat for needy artists and writers. But he could not raise the sum required for such a philanthropy. But a group of Russian aristocrats to whom he had described the spot decided to exploit it. At a cost of almost six and a half million francs, then equivalent to $1.300.000, they built the Villa Soleil, later renamed the Hôtel du Cap d'Antibes. The Franco-Prussian War of 1870 bankrupted them.

Its First Six Owners Went Broke

The pleasure dome passed rapidly through various hands, ruining each investor in turn. In 1888 Antoine Sella, father of the present proprietor and in his native Italy a hotelkeeper of note, approached the new and seventh owners with an offer to manage it on a ten-per-cent-commission basis. They eagerly accepted.

"Poor devil!" muttered the coachman who met Sella at the station when he arrived to take over. The staff numbered twenty-five untrained local servitors and a one-eyed, retired English doctor who functioned as a greeter. None of them had been paid in weeks.

There were no guests at all that year. Then came two English spinsters. They took a room together at 22 francs ($4.20) a day, meals included. They drank no wine. Sella's income during the week of their stay was 154 francs, or $29.40.

He was ready to go back to Italy, when a famous American infused life into the dying enterprise. He was James Gordon Bennett, publisher of the New York *Herald*. Bennett happened to be visiting a minor German princeling who occupied a house near the hotel. Casting about for larger premises in which to give a banquet, the German settled on Villa Soleil. As the banquet got under way, Bennett received a cablegram from his sister, a millionairess, asking him to find rooms on the Riviera for her. Sella showed him his three plushiest suites. Bennett engaged them all, paying $2,000 in advance.

The Bennetts liked the place fine, and other rich Americans began patronizing it on their recommendation. As yet there was no electricity, no central heating, and no elevator. Nor was there a bathtub.

Although the hotel was losing money at the turn of the century, Sella felt sufficiently confident of its future to want to buy it. The owners were only too happy to sell it for some 80,000 francs

($16,000)—less than what an American tycoon might now spend there in a week or so. A satisfied guest, Lord Onslow, Governor General of New Zealand, lent the money to Sella, and he made the purchase.

Eden Roc was begun in 1911. Guile inspired its name. Nearby was a magnificent public flower garden called Eilen Roc, to which sightseers flocked from all over Europe. For his rival attraction, Sella chose the like-sounding name of Eden Roc, then let it be known among local coachmen that should they confuse the two and bring their fares to him, he would not be displeased. Eilen no longer exists.

Until World War I, when the hotel was requisitioned by the U.S. Army as a rest camp for Red Cross personnel, Eden Roc was primarily a winter resort. But one summer, after bevies of young American nurses and their admirers had frolicked on Eden Roc, Sella resolved to keep open most of the year. Now summer is the big season.

Sella had struck it rich. Salaries were paid regularly, though the employer determined the size of them by a somewhat whimsical system. The son, who was broken into the hotel business during his early teens, recalls: "On payday Father would order the staff to line up in the kitchen. He would then go up to the first with a huge bag of franc pieces and begin counting them out into the employee's hand, looking him straight in the face all the while. He would continue until he detected an expression of satisfaction. Then he would proceed to the next employee."

Among the celebrities who gave Eden Roc its distinctive flavor was the brilliant, lady-killing French novelist, Anatole France. During his declining years he liked to sit on a marble rock near the pool and contemplate the ladies in their Annette Kellermanns.

Belgium's King Albert was so fond of the place that he decorated Sella with the Cross of the Order of Leopold II.

Fabulous Guests, Fabulous Parties

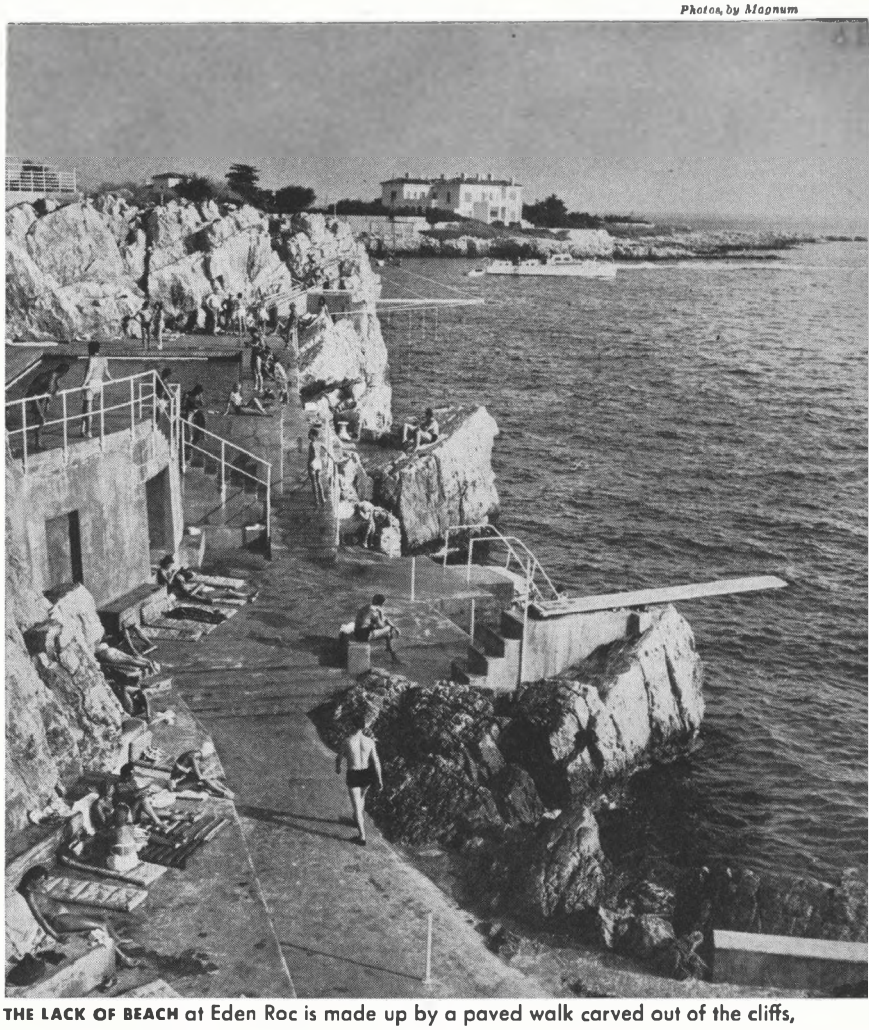
Marlene Dietrich made one of her first public appearances in trousers at Eden Roc. She was accompanied by another actress, who was trousered and tattooed to boot.

Zelda and F. Scott Fitzgerald tossed a party in the hotel in honor of Alexander Woollcott, Grace Moore, and Miss Moore's fiancé of the moment, a Latin named Elizaga, which no one who attended is ever likely to forget. At the height of the festivities, Zelda kicked off her lace panties and flung them at Elizaga. This moved him to leap into the sea. Not to be outdone, Woollcott stripped to the buff, donned a straw hat, lit a cigarette, asked for his keys at the desk, and, ignoring the gasps around him, marched grandly off to his room.

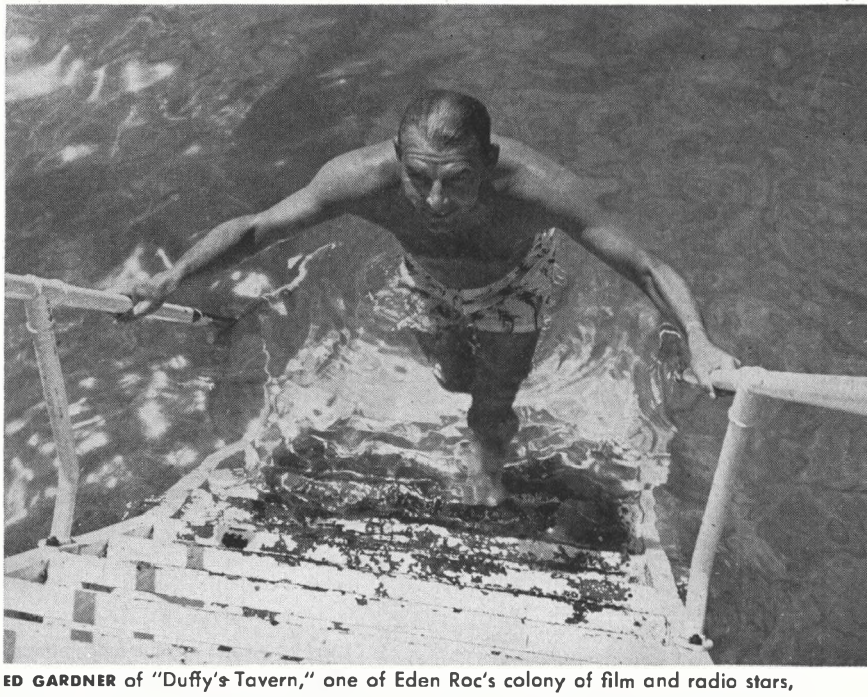
"Our guests do not behave quite so

(continued)

Photos by Magnum



THE LACK OF BEACH at Eden Roc is made up by a paved walk carved out of the cliffs, where sun bathers can lie on comfortable canvas mats supplied by the management.



ED GARDNER of "Duffy's Tavern," one of Eden Roc's colony of film and radio stars, climbs a ladder set in the cliff. The less energetic swimmers stick to the pool.

I.N.P.

Eden Roc (continued)

colorfully nowadays," says André Sella, who inherited the resort on his father's death in 1931.

But Eden Roc still abounds in characters whose behavior cannot be considered drab. There is Mrs. Norman K. Winston, for example, nee Rosita Halspenny, of Oklahoma. She has, by virtue of two prosperous marriages, had access to a couple of impressive American fortunes. Thus equipped, Rosita made her first big splash on the cape in 1947 when she rented the sumptuous Château de l'Horizon.

Rosita entertains highborn but impoverished Rivierians on a scale to which they have not been accustomed for many years. Thirty at dinner is routine in her lavish household. Rosita claims to be a Cherokee Indian, and to prove it she frequently emits some rather startling war whoops.

"Canine Situation Embarrassing"

To accommodate dog-loving guests, the senior Sella established a dog cemetery behind the hotel. One diamond-encrusted English dowager visits it every summer to place flowers on the grave of a poodle she lost two decades ago.

Entombed dogs are the only kind that André Sella will have around. He once cabled a Texas oilman who wanted to book a suite for his family and a dachshund: CANINE SITUATION MOST EMBARRASSING TO ME. INFINITELY REGRET BUT CANNOT MAKE AN EXCEPTION EVEN FOR YOUR LITTLE FELLOW WHO UNQUESTIONABLY MUST BE A REAL LITTLE GENTLEMAN.

Hygiene, not snobbishness, dictates this antidog policy. "The pine trees are full of ticks," Sella explains. "The ticks get on the dogs, and the dogs might contaminate the guests."

Sella's solicitousness for the welfare of his guests borders on the paternal. Before her marriage to Aly Khan, Rita Hayworth once had a luncheon date at Eden Roc with the Shah of Persia. She never showed up. She lunched instead in her future husband's villa. As the minutes crept by and the shah sat at his table in conspicuous solitude, his brow black with fury, Sella quietly maneuvered. The result of it was the sudden appearance before the shah of a resplendent young blonde, a beauty contestant who had just carried off the title of "Miss Riviera." The shah's gloom instantly changed to joy.

At the peak of the season Sella employs 160 servants, or 1.6 for every hotel guest. People who simply visit Eden Roc for the day—there are usually about 300—have to pig it along with only .5 servants each.

Lest sportive guests should bruise their expensively nourished bodies, Sella has the rocks of Eden Roc trimmed to bluntness. From time to time they are also scrubbed with brushes dipped in ammonia. Every morning the sun pads are similarly sterilized.

In the heady atmosphere of Eden Roc, men tend to be particularly appreciative of women, a fact not overlooked by Sella when he allowed Van Cleef and Arpels, the international jewelers, to open a branch there. Between the bar and the pool, where Bikinied Venuses and their cavaliers continually pass to and fro, they display a king's ransom in gems. Exactly how many dollars' worth they sell a year is their and Sella's secret, but the figure very probably runs into seven digits.

The Hôtel du Cap has room for no more than a hundred guests, a minute fraction of the seasonal applicants. Sella can therefore afford the luxury of picking and choosing. In doing so, his paramount consideration is diversity. "Uniformity," he says, "is a terrible thing." Thus, should he find himself with a plethora of big business men on hand, he will give priority to, say, an actor or a novelist.

In a lifetime of catering to rich people, Sella has acquired a lighthearted view of capital. "It doesn't disappear," he maintains. "It just changes hands." The hotel register reflects some of the changes. The names of Russian grand dukes dominate its early pages, diminishing rapidly after the Red Revolution. Next come Spanish grandees and British peers, the first to vanish almost altogether during the Spanish Civil War, the second to thin to a trickle during England's era of austerity. A constant factor, however, has been the American millionaire. Without him, Sella is frank to admit, he could not operate today. It is appropriate that the most popular drink in the Eden Roc bar is called an *Americano*—vermouth, bitters, a twist of lemon rind, and cracked ice.

Back to the Russians?

In depressed moods, Sella sometimes wonders whether the property will not wind up as it started—in the hands of Russian aristocrats, but a new breed from Soviet Russia. After all, he reasons, the mayor of Antibes, like those of Juan-les-Pins and Nice, is a Socialist. The municipal councils of all three are Communist-controlled.

"I should not be in the least surprised," Sella told a visitor recently, "to find Stalin someday taking swimming lessons in the Eden Roc pool."

EDEN ROCKETTES are the most thoroughly tanned in the world, for here the Bikini bathing suit reaches its finest flower.

Color Photos by Trans World Airlines

EDEN ROC'S HANDSOME CLUBHOUSE overlooks the swimming pool, so guests can enjoy a view of assorted millionaires, celebrities, and bathing beauties as they dine. Admission to the pool costs only $1.50 and a sumptuous lunch, $4.50. The view is free.

THE END

ILLUSTRATED BY Coby Whitmore

At the sight of the young girl's gaily dotted veil, Mrs. Loomis remembered the fearsome prophecy of the Arab fortuneteller.

The warning was, of course, mere superstition,

but it was dreadful and explicit

The Death Wish

BY ELISABETH SANXAY HOLDING

Mister Murchison, purser on the M.S. *Badger*, was a man well equipped for his position. It would be, he thought, impossible for him to be taken aback by any demand that any passenger could make. When Mrs. Loomis sent a note asking for an interview, he went to see her promptly and with no misgiving.

She was a passenger of some importance, going to visit an ill sister in Trinidad. She had been allotted the best suite on the ship, with her companion, and they had all their meals there. Murchison had not yet seen Mrs. Loomis in the three days since they had sailed from New York.

She received him with queenly calm and thanked him for coming.

"I'm worried about my companion," she said.

Murchison had seen this companion on sailing day, a smiling, pretty, dark-eyed girl in a saucy little hat.

"I hope there's nothing wrong with her," he said.

"I'm afraid she may kill me," said Mrs. Loomis.

She sat in a wicker chair, large and majestic in a purple-and-white flowered dress, her gray hair pinned up in a careless knot. She made the statement in a matter-of-fact tone.

What the devil are you talking about? thought Murchison, annoyed.

"Have you any particular reason for thinking so, Mrs. Loomis?" he asked.

"Naturally," she said. "I got my first warning in the sand."

"The sand?" he said.

"Yes," said Mrs. Loomis. "I had heard from friends about this Arab in New York who does some remarkable things in sand divining, so a few days before we sailed I went to consult him. He read in the sand that death would approach me with a spotted face."

You're an idiot! thought Murchison. But his lean, wooden face showed no sign of the indignation he felt.

"At the time," she went on, "I thought it meant I was going to catch some sort of tropical fever on this trip, and I asked him to tell me frankly if I was going to die. He consulted the sand again, and he said—these are his exact words: 'Death will flee if confronted boldly.'"

"Quite," said Murchison. He was not going to ask her any question or encourage her in any way.

"Miss Hoffner was waiting in another room," said Mrs. Loomis. "She didn't hear what the Arab said, and I didn't tell her about it. She's an Austrian, you know, and very excitable."

"Quite," said Murchison again.

"I sent Miss Hoffner down to the ship ahead of me," Mrs. Loomis continued, "to look after the baggage. When I came up the gangway, she was waiting for me on deck. She was wearing a spotted veil."

He recalled that veil now. He had thought it rather attractive on the bright-eyed, smiling girl.

"I was startled," said Mrs. Loomis. "She hadn't been wearing it when she left the hotel, and I asked her where it came from. She said she'd stopped in a little specialty shop to buy stockings, and she'd seen this veil and *she couldn't resist it.*"

I never, he thought, in all my years at sea, heard such a disgusting farrago of nonsense.

"Naturally, I began to realize then," said Mrs. Loomis, "but I thought it over carefully before I spoke to Gretel. I told her she undoubtedly had a death wish toward me in her subconscious mind. I explained that very likely her conscious mind was not at all aware of it, but that, nevertheless, there it was."

"I'll put her in another cabin."

"That would be a great mistake," said Mrs. Loomis. "The diviner said that death would flee if confronted boldly. As long as I don't allow any fear to enter my heart, I shall be safe. But Miss Hoffner is not cooperating."

"What do you expect me to do, Mrs. Loomis?"

"It's entirely a matter of psychology," said Mrs. Loomis. "Once she admits she has this death wish in her subconscious, we can set to work to uproot it. But she won't admit it. She's being very stubborn. I'd like you to talk to her about it."

Murchison was outraged.

"I'm sorry," he said, "but that's out of the question."

"Then I suppose I'll have to see the captain," said Mrs. Loomis. "But I thought it was more in your province."

"I'll be glad to help you in any way possible," he said. "I'll put Miss Hoffner in another cabin, and you won't need to see her at all. Later on—"

"Mr. Murchison," she said, "I consider that my life is in danger. And it's your duty to protect me."

"If Miss Hoffner is put into another cabin I think you'll be reasonably safe."

"Well, I don't agree with you," said Mrs. Loomis. "As long as Gretel has this death wish, this subconscious desire to kill me, I shall be in danger. Mind you, Mr. Murchison, I'm not suggesting for a minute that she'd do it deliberately. She might think she tripped, for instance, and pushed me down a flight of stairs. Or she might give me poison instead of medicine. And of course she'd profit by my death."

"How's that, Mrs. Loomis?"

"I'm leaving her twenty-five hundred

The Death Wish (continued)

Nothing could shake the ridiculous conviction that the veil was an omen of death

dollars in my will, and the same to each of her two sisters."

"You should change your will, Mrs. Loomis—"

"No," she said. "It's an obligation to my late husband. Fifteen years ago we went to Vienna to consult Dr. Hoffner, and he operated on my husband quite successfully. Before he died last year, my husband asked me to promise to look after those girls. I got them all into America. I found nice positions for the other two, and I'm taking Gretel on this trip. I'm not going to cut her out of my will. I want to cure her. If she'll acknowledge this death wish and bring it out into the open, it can quite easily be uprooted. I've talked and talked to her, without the least success. She's extremely stubborn. But I think she might listen to an outside person, especially a staid, middle-aged man like you."

At thirty-six Murchison did not relish this description of himself.

"Very well," he said after a moment. "I'll talk to Miss Hoffner, if you like."

"Thank you," said Mrs. Loomis. "What time shall I send her to your office?"

"I'll send a boy for her at five."

For he preferred to see Miss Hoffner in his cabin, and he would serve cocktails. He was not going to treat this as a business matter. He was going to give her advice, sound, energetic, practical advice that would put an end to this disgusting nonsense. She had seemed to be a cheerful, lively girl. He hoped she would laugh at the whole thing.

That hope perished as she entered his cabin. She was a very pretty girl, olive-skinned, dark braids wound around her neat little head. But she was pale now, and her eyes were heavy. "Do sit down, Miss Hoffner," he said genially. "You'll have a cocktail?"

"Thank you," she said, unsmiling.

"I'm glad of a chance to talk this thing over with you," he began.

"It's terrible," she said.

"No," he said. "It's preposterous."

"Mr. Murchison, truly it is terrible," she said. "When Mrs. Loomis and her husband have done so many kind things, that she can say I wish to kill her. . . ."

"It's preposterous," Murchison repeated. "You shouldn't take it seriously."

"She says it is all psychological. All! She says now that while I waited in another room I really heard, without knowing it, what the Arab said, and that is why I felt forced to buy the spotted veil. If I thought that were true, I would jump into the sea this minute."

"This can't go on," said Murchison. "I'm going to move you into another cabin, on another deck."

"Oh no! Then she would be sure I didn't trust myself. I've got to make her believe that I have no death wish."

She was crying now, a little. Her dark lashes were wet.

You're afraid, Murchison thought, and the idea angered him. That damned woman's working on the girl, he thought. She's a high-strung girl, and it's—well, it's got to be stopped.

"This is what I propose," he said. "I'll move you into another cabin—"

"No!"

"Wait! In three days we'll reach St.

Helen's. You'll go ashore there, get a room in a hotel, and stop there until the next northbound ship comes along. You can go to your new cabin when you leave here, and you can eat your dinner in the dining saloon. There's no reason why you and Mrs. Loomis should meet again."

"But that would be running away!"

"Why not? It's only common sense for you two to separate."

"But then she'd always believe I really have that death wish!"

"Let her. It won't matter if you don't see each other anymore."

"But I can't! Not when I am in her will. Only think how I should feel, no matter how far away I was, if I learned that she had died and left me that money while she still believed this dreadful thing about me! I begged her to cross me out. But she would *not*."

"Yes. That's very unpleasant," said Murchison. As a matter of fact, he thought, it's a form of torture. To accuse the girl of wanting to kill her and still insist on the legacy.

"Look here!" he said. "If I can persuade her to cut you out of her will, will you follow my advice?"

She thought this over. Then she raised her eyes.

"Yes!" she said with resolution.

He left Gretel Hoffner in his cabin and hastened to the suite on A deck.

Mrs. Loomis was waiting for him with a brighter interest on her queenly face.

"Did Gretel acknowledge the wish?" she asked.

"No," said Murchison. "I'm sure Miss Hoffner has no death wish. I've come to propose an arrangement that will make things much better for both of you."

Mrs. Loomis refused to cut Gretel out of her will. "No matter what happens," she said. "What's more Mr. Murchison, I should think you could see for yourself that her asking me to do so is *proof* that she feels guilty, subconsciously."

He could do nothing with Mrs. Loomis, and nothing with the girl, either.

"I can't just walk away and leave her, while she's thinking that," said Gretel, and she went back to the suite.

All right, then, go! thought Murchison. He did not want to hear any more about this preposterous affair.

When he was in his berth that night, in the dark, he became certain that he had not done the right thing. He thought of the two women shut up in the A-deck suite. I should have insisted upon their separating, he thought. I should have gone to the Old Man with a full report. If anything goes wrong, it'll be my responsibility. I'll take definite measures tomorrow, if it's not too late.

He waked early, as was his custom. It was a sunny morning with light airs, sweetly fresh. And when he thought of going to the captain with this tale of a spotted face, a death wish, an Arab, his spirit revolted. Why, the whole thing's a ridiculous joke! he cried to himself.

He did not see Mrs. Loomis or Miss Hoffner that day. They had their meals in the suite, and if they sat out on the little private veranda, he did not happen to see them, though he tried. Of course, if anything goes wrong, he told himself, the steward or the stewardess will let me know fast enough. But, just the same, he was uncomfortable. If I don't see one or the other of them tomorrow, I'll send a note, invite them to cocktails.

But it was he who got a note, early the next afternoon, from Mrs. Loomis:

> I should very much appreciate it if you would come to my cabin at your *earliest* convenience.

He went immediately, and Mrs. Loomis opened the door when he knocked. Gretel was sitting in a chair, and he was shocked to see her so pale and tearstained.

"If you'll close the door, please?" said Mrs. Loomis. "I'd like you to witness a little ceremony."

"I know I threw it away," Gretel said. "I threw it away into the washbasket, that very moment, that day we sailed. I *know* it!"

"The subconscious can play strange tricks on us!" said Mrs. Loomis.

"I threw it away," Gretel said.

Murchison observed that she had a damp handkerchief crushed in one hand; she was tense, almost desperate.

"Nevertheless," said Mrs. Loomis, "there it was when you opened your drawer this morning."

"What's this a question of?" Murchison asked.

"The dotted veil," Mrs. Loomis answered. "Gretel *thinks* she threw it away, but there it was."

"The stewardess took it out of the basket," said Murchison.

"It doesn't really matter," said Mrs. Loomis, "except as a symbol. And it's as a symbol that I'm going to burn the thing, in your presence, Mr. Murchison. Then I think Gretel will acknowledge that, buried deep in her subconscious—"

It seemed to Murchison that a curious change had come over her. Her gray eyes were pale and luminous. Stout and gray-haired, she looked like a giant cat, sure and triumphant. He followed her into the bedroom where she opened the top drawer of a dressing table and brought out that damned veil. Pitiably frivolous, it looked, as she held it up.

"Now!" she said. "I'll put it in the washbasin and set fire to it."

"No!" said Murchison, involuntarily.

"Oh, let her, let her!" cried Gretel.

Mrs. Loomis bent over the basin and struck a match. She drew back as a flame leaped up, and a revolting stench. Gretel leaned against the doorway, as if she had no strength left.

"There!" said Mrs. Loomis. "It's all burned away to nothing." She turned on the tap. "You've seen the end of it, Mr. Murchison. Now, if Gretel will admit—"

"Never!" said Gretel.

"You two ladies must separate at once!" said Murchison. "This is—" He sought for a word. "This is very unwholesome."

"Thank you, but no," said Mrs. Loomis.

"Miss Hoffner?"

"No," she said with a sob.

He had no authority to force them to separate, but so intolerable did he find the situation that he went to the captain and told him the tale.

"I believe it's a situation that might lead to trouble," said Murchison. "Serious trouble."

"Come, come, Mr. Murchison! Maybe they'll pull each other's hair one of these days, something like that. But if your Mrs. Loomis really believed in this rigmarole, she'd send the girl packing."

Murchison was not convinced by this, and not reassured. While he ate his dinner, he thought of those two shut up in the suite, doing, saying, thinking God knew what, and he was absent-minded with his table.

He went to his office after dinner, which he seldom did. It was hot as an oven there in spite of the big fan. The passengers who came to the window were, he thought, unusually irritating. When will we get into St. Helen's? Can I buy rum there? Is there any malaria there?

He was startled to see Gretel standing outside the wicket.

"Mrs. Loomis sent me to ask . . ." she began.

"Wait," said Murchison. "We'll step out on deck."

He left his assistant in charge and hurried Gretel out on C deck. The girl looked wan and spent.

"Mrs. Loomis invites you to lunch with us tomorrow on the island," she said.

"Oh, yes? Thanks. Now, about your stopping off there?"

"No," she said. "I can't."

"You're not allowing yourself to worry about all that nonsense!" he demanded. "About that damned veil?"

She did not answer for a moment.

"Why did I buy that veil?" she asked.

"Because you took a fancy to it."

"I never wore a veil before. Only when I saw it, I felt I *must* get it."

"Nothing of the sort," said Murchison, and took her arm as if he were going to shake her. "You've got to get hold of yourself!"

"But, suppose—?"

"Suppose nothing," he said, very nearly shouting. "Look here! We're going to the smoke room to have a drink. I'm going to introduce you to some of the other passengers and you're going to talk and amuse yourself in a—a normal way."

She went with him, and he brought a lady journalist and a major to their table. Gretel was very polite, but after half an hour she rose and said good night.

"What a charming girl," the major

said. "Where's she been hiding herself?"

"She's rather like a sleepwalker," said the lady journalist.

That expression stayed by Murchison. He had vague memories of sleepwalkers, in plays and books, women in white robes, wringing their hands, moving in a nightmare, alone. It's the most unwholesome situation I ever came across, he cried to himself. Things can't go on this way. Something's bound to happen.

He found Gretel on deck the next morning, standing by the rail, and he sighed with relief to see her face, alight, young, happy.

"How beautiful!" she said. "The little island— I have never seen the tropics before. Look at the water, Mr. Murchison! In one place it's jade, in another it's sapphire."

"Very pretty," he said benevolently.

She was wearing a white dress with a green belt, green sandals, a wide green hat; her little air of sauciness had come back to her, and she talked to the other passengers with animation.

"Have you got over all that nonsense?" Murchison asked her when they were alone for a moment.

"Yes!" she said with energy. "Only, do you know, Mr. Murchison, I was almost at the breaking point. I was almost ready to believe that I did have in my heart—"

"Much better not to talk about it," he said. "Put it out of your head."

"I will," she said. "Now it seems only like a bad dream."

Only it was a dream that could, and would, come back once she and Mrs. Loomis were again shut up together.

Mrs. Loomis appeared now with a cylindrical black tin box hung over her shoulder.

"I'm quite a botanist," she told Murchison. "When I traveled with my husband, I always collected some typical plant wherever we went, to dry and press."

She, too, was much improved this morning. Was it possible, thought Murchison, that he had taken the affair too seriously?

"We might take a drive first," she went on. "And then you must be my guest at lunch, Mr. Murchison."

There were no taxis that went beyond the town limits. He picked out an old surrey with a horse that looked reasonably healthy, and they got into it, Murchison beside the girl. They drove through the little town and into the hills, which were still green after the rains. There were no trees, only bush and rank grass; no houses; the road was thick with dust.

"But there's a good view from the top," Murchison explained.

"What's that yellow flower, Mr. Murchison?" asked Mrs. Loomis.

"It's a weed," he answered.

"I'd like to look at it," said Mrs. Loomis. "Driver, stop a moment, please."

They had nearly reached the summit, anyhow, and it would do the horse no harm to rest a little. They all got out, and Mrs. Loomis went to the edge of the cliff where the yellow flower grew.

"Better not go so near the edge," said Murchison. There was a sheer drop to a rocky beach far below.

"I'll be careful," she said. "Why, I don't believe I know this flower. Driver, do you know its name?"

"Call he yellerwing, mistress," said the driver.

"This is very interesting," said Mrs. Loomis. "I want to get a really good specimen. Mr. Murchison. Do you know, I have an edelweiss in my collection, given me by a friend of my husband's?"

"Very nice," said Murchison.

Gretel had gone on up the hill, light-footed and eager. He would have liked to watch her when she got her first glimpse of the view, but professional etiquette required him to remain with the older and more important passenger.

"They're growing all along here," she remarked, slowly mounting the hill. "Now, *this* seems a good specimen."

She got out a little trowel and, kneeling down, began to dig. The sun beat down upon the unprotected nape of her neck. Her face was darkly flushed.

"I'd advise you to get out of the sun, Mrs. Loomis," he said. "It's—"

"It doesn't bother me in the least," she said, digging energetically.

It bothers me, thought Murchison, for in spite of his felt hat, which shaded his face and neck, the sun came down like fiery rain. Pigheaded, provoking woman.

He got out a cigarette and struck a match—and dropped them both at the sound of her cry. She had gone over the edge of the cliff, but she was grasping a sturdy bush. He ran to her and took her wrists and tried to pull her up.

"I've got a good foothold here," she said. "There's a ledge."

She was remarkably composed about her predicament. There she stood, on a narrow shelf of rock, only her flushed face showing over the top of the cliff.

"I was quite dizzy for a moment," she said. "I lost my balance but that's passed now."

She was heavy, and the ledge slanted inward. Murchison could not pull her up.

"Driver!" he called.

There was no answer. Turning his head, he saw the driver a little way down the hill, asleep, his helmet over his face.

"Can you hold on a minute, while I wake the fool?" he asked.

"Certainly," said Mrs. Loomis. "I could hold on almost indefinitely."

He was extremely reluctant to leave her, though.

"Driver!" he shouted again, and saw the man stir. "Here! Come here—and hurry!"

The driver pushed back his helmet and sat up straight.

"Hurry up!" called Murchison.

From the far side of the hill appeared a little dog, dragging a rope. The rope might help, Murchison thought, and he whistled to the dog. But it ran away from him, to the edge of the cliff, up to Mrs. Loomis. Murchison went after it, and he saw Mrs. Loomis looking into the animal's face, with her jaw dropped, her eyes wide and blank.

"Hold on!" he cried, reaching for her hands.

But she simply let go. She disappeared without a sound.

The dog gave a yelp, looking up at Murchison, a starveling little mongrel with a black-and-white spotted face.

"Oh, ma dear Lawd!" cried the driver beside him.

Gretel was coming back over the top of the hill, walking quickly, her dark eyes anxious.

"Did I hear you call?" she asked.

He went to meet her.

"Miss Hoffner," he said. "There's been an accident."

"But what . . . ?"

"Get into the carriage," he said. "The driver will take you back to the ship."

"No!" she said. "No! Tell me! I must know!"

Murchison braced himself.

"Mrs. Loomis has fallen over the cliff," he said.

"You mean she's hurt?"

"I'm sorry," he said, "but there's no hope."

He took her arm to steady her.

"Go back to the ship," he said.

"No," she said. "I won't leave Mrs. Loomis."

It took a long time for the ambulance to fetch Mrs. Loomis, and after that there were the police and the doctor.

"Sunstroke," Murchison said. "I warned her about it, but she would go on digging. Then she keeled over."

He did not mention the dog to anyone, but he intended to tell Gretel about it, later on. That's what killed Mrs. Loomis, he would tell her. Sheer superstition. When she saw that spotted face, she lost her nerve completely, simply let go. He thought it would be a good thing for the girl to know what senseless, primitive superstition could do.

But not yet. The poor girl was having a bad time of it, and enduring it with courage and dignity. A cable was sent to the sister in Trinidad, and the answer was that Mrs. Loomis should continue her journey, in the charge of her companion. The captain had to come ashore, the sailing was held up. Mrs. Loomis became even more important than before

At last Murchison was able to get into a taxi with Gretel, to return to the ship. She looked exhausted, and he himself felt none too bright.

"It's so dreadful," she said. "So hard to realize. Only, Mr. Murchison, I am so *thankful* the Arab was wrong."

"Naturally," he said, resenting the mention of the damned Arab. "I hope you'll be more sensible now."

"I think that maybe she knows now," Gretel said unsteadily.

"Oh yes, yes," said Murchison quickly.

They drove through the little town, too quiet in the afternoon sun. Many of the shops were closed and shuttered; too many of the natives were ragged and barefoot.

"Oh, the little dog!" Gretel said.

"What d'you mean?" he asked.

"I forgot him! When I was going up the hill I saw two little boys with a dog. They were hitting him; they were cruel to him; they said they were going to drown him. I bought him for two shillings. I thought there would surely be an animal shelter on the island."

"Oh, yes," Murchison said.

"But when I heard you call, I was startled and dropped the rope and he ran away."

"He'll be all right," said Murchison.

In the sweltering heat, it was as if a cold breath blew on the back of his neck. It was as if the blood of his ancient Scots forebears stirred like ice in his veins. So she had sent the dog!

They had reached the pier now. He paid the driver and helped the girl out.

"You've had no lunch," he said. "We'll go to the smoke room and have a sandwich and a drink."

And you'll never know, he thought.

THE END

She clung precariously above a sheer and terrible drop.

Photos by Genevieve Naylor

The News in Shoes

New, bare, banded sandal *of patent leather on vinylite with T-strap and heel of patent leather. By Julianelli. Black, navy, bronze, gun-metal. About $25. Lord & Taylor, New York. Gotham Gold Stripe "66" beauty.*

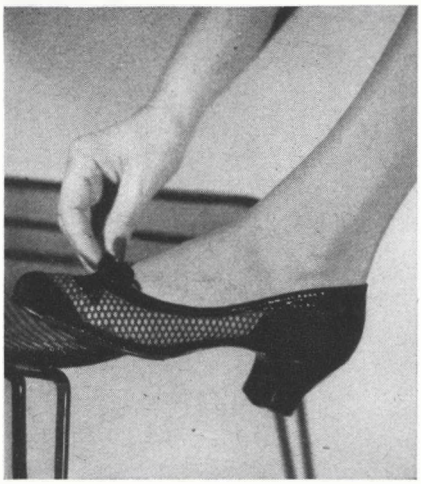
Wisp of a pump *in featherweight mesh has a wafer heel of leather. By Sandler. Black only. About $7. I. Miller, New York.*

Soft-toe pump *of ribbed mesh sparked up with patent-leather trim and heel. Enna Jettick. About $11. Hudson's, Detroit.*

THE COSMOPOLITAN LOOK

BY VIRGINIA C. WILLIAMS

FASHION EDITOR



Airy mesh pump *for the young and fair, with patent-leather trim. Paradise Kittens. About $13. At Goldsmith's, Memphis.*

Pump of distinction, *mesh trimmed with patent leather. Vitality Shoes. About $13. At Bullock's Downtown, Los Angeles.*

Mesh daytime shoe *with patent-leather mudguard and heel. By Velvet Step. About $9. At all Saks Shoe Stores, Houston.*

Barefoot sandal *of narrow strips of patent leather has white underlay. By Life Stride. Black patent; red, green, or navy calf; black or navy suede. About $9. At Famous-Barr, St. Louis. Bur-Mil's Cameo sandal stocking.*

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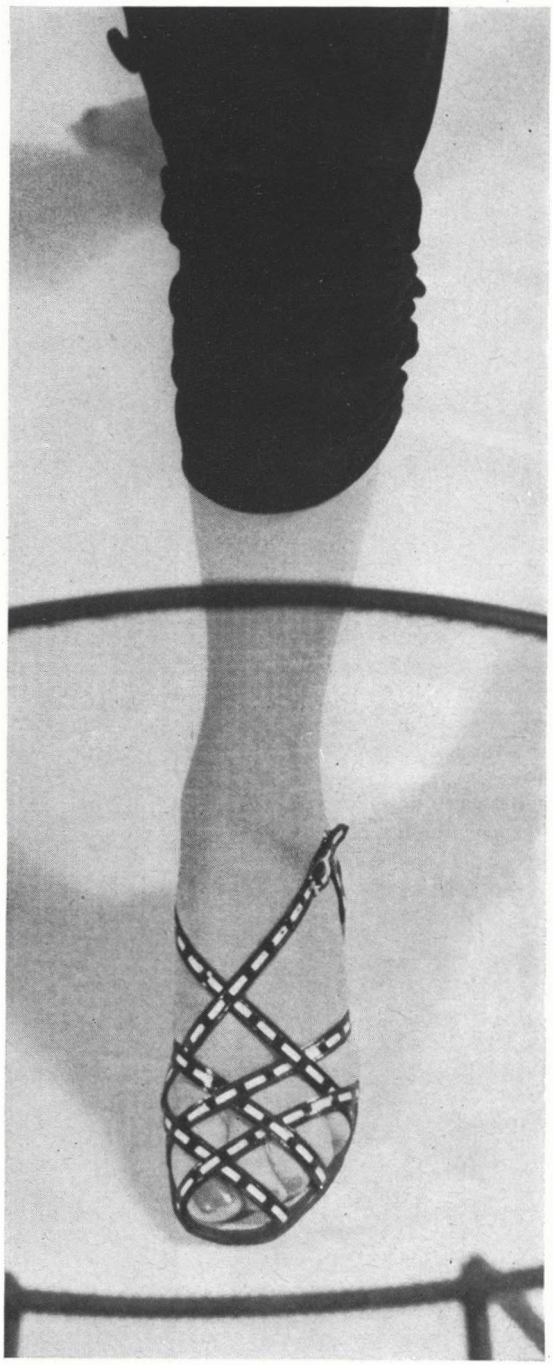
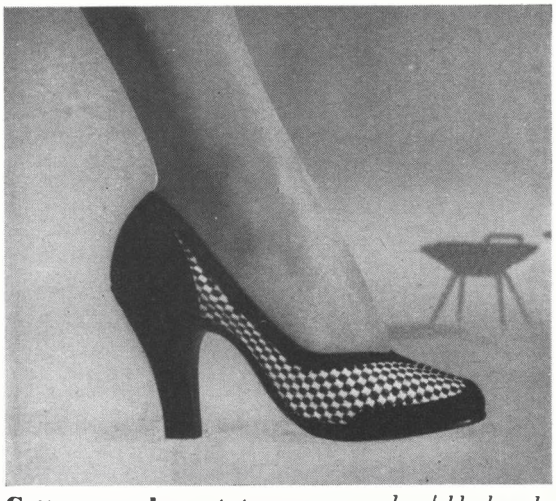
Obviously designed for fun, this season's shoes are as airy as a fresh spring breeze

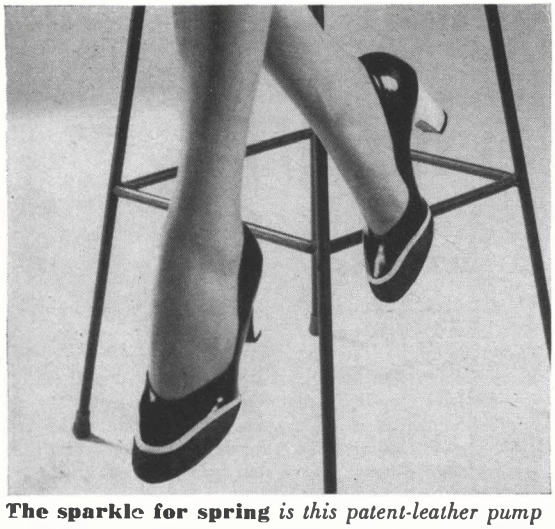


Elegant low-heeled sandal *of black patent leather has white underlay sparkling through its elongated slots. By Prima. About $8. At Famous-Barr, St. Louis.*

Banded beauty *of finest mesh is trimmed with black suede to make one of the prettiest shoes of the year. By Delmanette. About $15. Kays-Newport, Providence.*



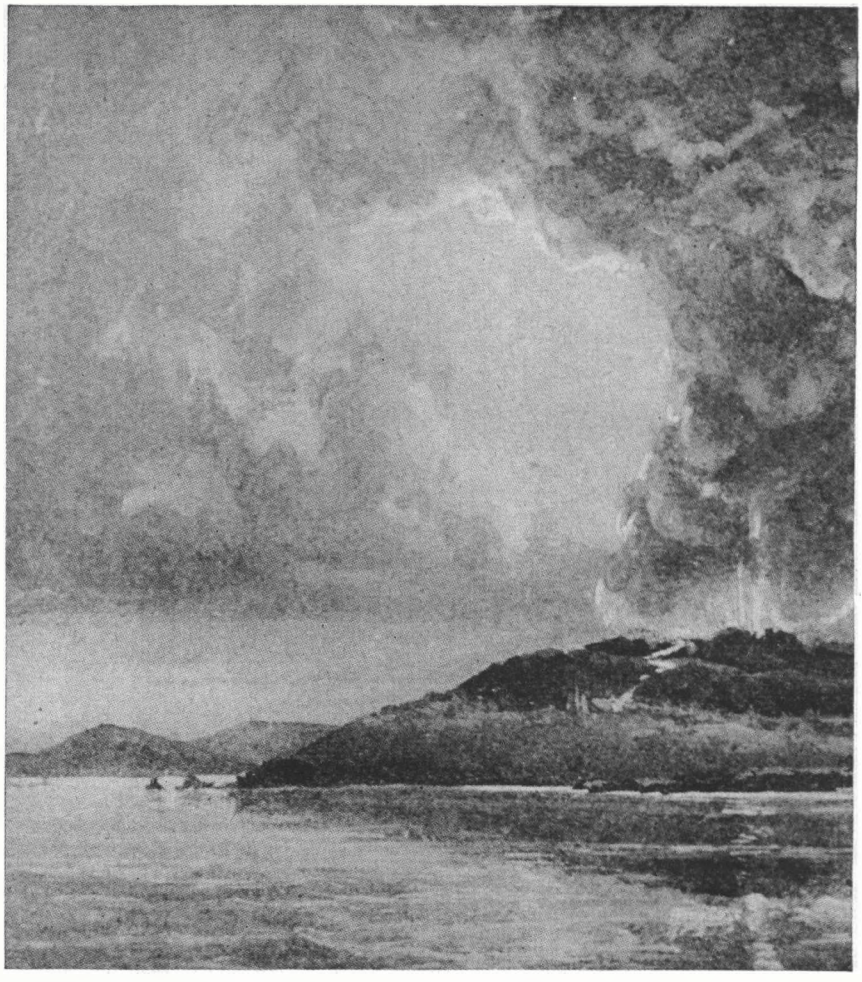
Gay, unusual spectator pump *made of black-and-white checkerboard mesh combined with black suede on wing tip, back, and heel. About $16. Tweedie Footwear.*



The sparkle for spring *is this patent-leather pump with mesh mudguard and white calf heels and trim. By Rhythm Step. About $15. Stern Brothers, New York.*

Furniture by Robert Barber, Inc., and Klaus Grabe, Inc.

THE END



A volcanic island near Java blew up with a roar heard 3,000 miles away, killing

THE CHAMP

The Greatest Explosion in History

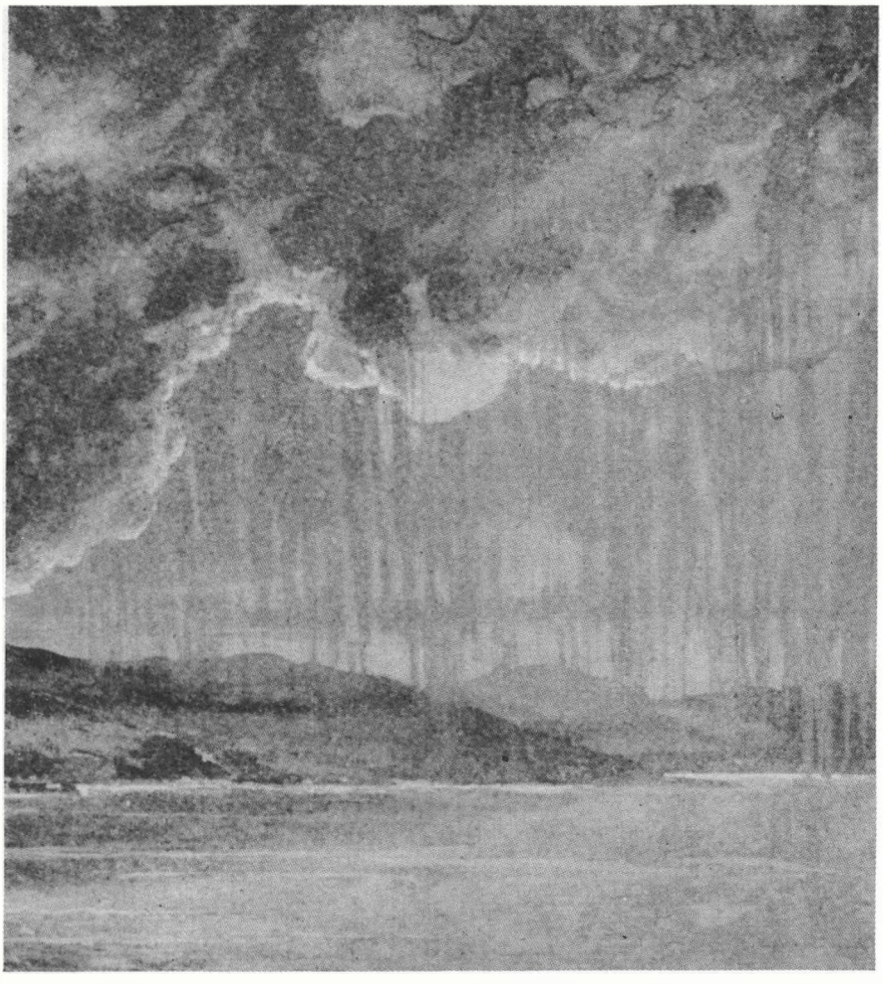
BY ROBERT L. SCHWARTZ

Compared to history's greatest explosion, the atom bomb's blast is a mere pop. For though the atom bomb can level a city, the tremendous explosion at Krakatao some seventy years ago had an impact on people throughout the world.

With the loudest roar in the knowledge of mankind, Krakatao blew up violently on Monday morning, August 27, 1883. It shot one cubic mile of earth and rocks—equal to four times all the buildings on Manhattan Island—twenty miles into the sky.

No one who saw the explosion lived to tell about it, and people hundreds of miles away were killed, most of them by a gigantic tidal wave that followed the blast. Towering 115 feet in the air, this wave raced outward at 100 miles an hour, wiping out hundreds of seacoast villages and killing 36,000 people. It even reached instruments on Cape Horn and the English Channel.

Culver Service



36,000 people. Its blast was incalculably bigger than that of any atom bomb.

The sound wave caused by the blast was heard clearly 3,000 miles away. It traveled around the world not once but *seven* times, and was recorded each time in London and Berlin.

The explosion sent up dust that lingered in the earth's atmosphere for over two years. The dust cut down by 16 per cent the heat of the sun, so that the next two summers and winters were abnormally cold. During these two years, the dust visibly filtered the evening sun, creating radiant red-and-gold sunsets throughout the world.

Caught in stratospheric currents, the pumice and ashes darkened Java for four days, then passed around the world, depositing ashes in South America and Europe.

Though there are no eyewitness reports of the explosion, an elderly Dutch sea captain saw the tidal wave while walking on a Javanese beach twenty-five miles away. "Looking out to sea," he recorded, "I noticed a dark, black object traveling toward the shore. At first sight it seemed like a low range of hills, but I knew there were none in Sunda Strait. A second glance convinced me that it was a lofty ridge of water, and worse still, that it would soon break on the town. There was no time to give warning, so I turned and ran for my life.

"I heard the water roar onto the shore behind me. A quick glance showed houses being swept away and trees thrown down. I knew that I was racing for my life. Breathless and exhausted, I had just reached rising ground when the torrent of water overtook me. I saw with dismay how high the wave still was. I was taken off my feet and borne inland. I remember nothing until a violent blow aroused me, and I found myself clinging to one of the few remaining palm trees.

"The huge wave rolled inland as far as the mountain slopes at the back of Anjer. Then, its fury spent, it gradually receded. The sight of those receding waters haunts me still. As I clung to the palm tree, wet and exhausted, there floated past me the dead bodies of many a friend and neighbor. Only a handful of the population escaped." THE END

Photos by Jacques Lowe

Your family can be exposed to as many as 852 major crimes a week in the violence-saturated dramas popular on television,

Violence on TV—Entertainment

Worried by a 19-per-cent rise in child crime, officials point

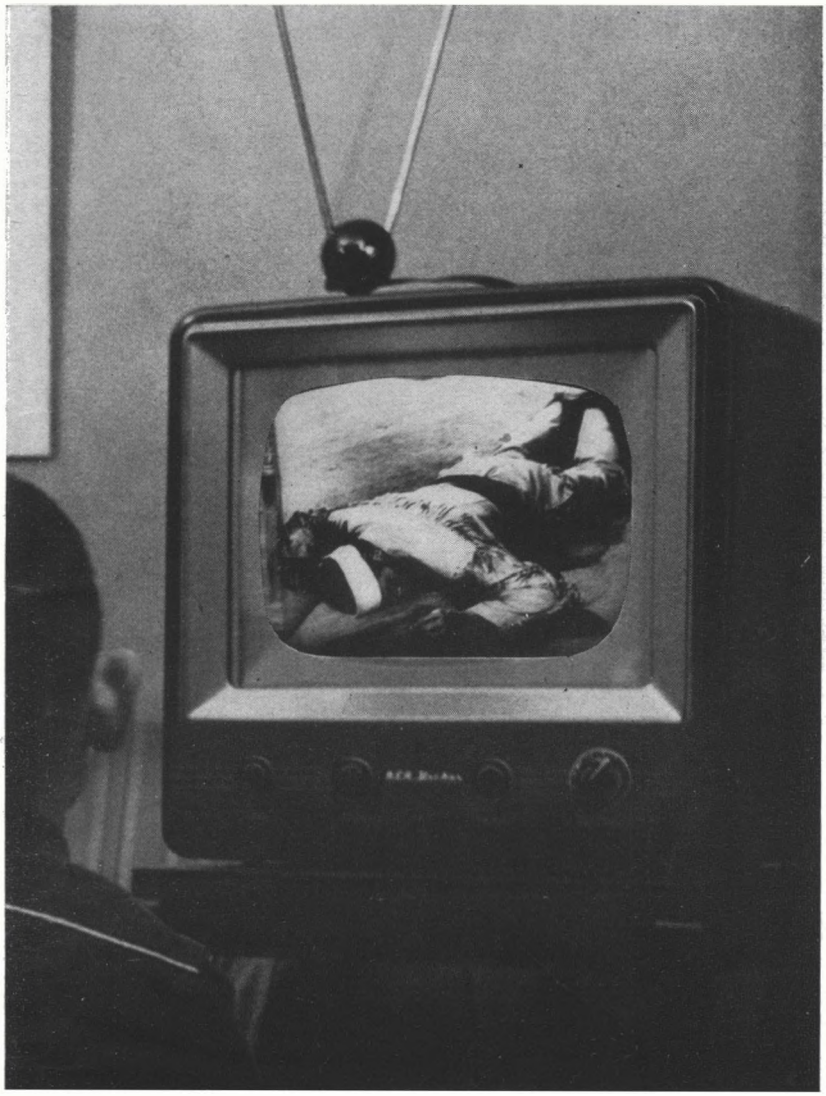
Would you like to live in a place where in one week your family would be exposed to 852 major crimes, including 167 murders, assorted robberies, jail breaks, lynchings, dynamitings, saloon brawls, and sluggings?

These crimes were beamed into Los Angeles homes during one week of 1952 via television programs. Spokesmen for the big television networks feel that such programs for the most part constitute constructive entertainment. But many parents, educators, and doctors regard the appalling crime wave regularly beamed at 70 million American viewers as anything but entertaining.

Alarmed parent and teacher groups see the effects of the programs in the home and the classroom.

Church organizations across the nation are launching surveys to learn the viewing habits of children and to get parental reactions to the TV programs presented during children's hours.

Prominent doctors and psychiatrists see in the overemphasis on crime dramas on television a growing and dangerously



but the industry's officials maintain that they constitute "constructive entertainment"

or Menace? BY EVAN M. WYLIE

to TV shows heavily laden with violence

underestimated menace to child health.

Police departments of major U.S. cities reported recently to COSMOPOLITAN the arrests of both adult and youthful offenders who admitted they picked up their inspiration and criminal techniques from crime programs and crime stories. Police officials contended that the programs are undermining respect for the law and might therefore be contributing to the recent increase in juvenile delinquency.

Almost the only group that seems completely undisturbed about the TV criminals-at-large is the television industry itself. Spokesmen for the big networks insist that public concern over TV crime and violence is exaggerated and unwarranted. "In our opinion," said Mrs. Geraldine Zorbaugh, secretary and acting general attorney for the American Broadcasting Company, "the so-called crime shows broadcast over our facilities do not improperly emphasize crime and violence . . . [they] are a part of a larger category of 'escapist' literature which many people find relaxes nervous tension."

Charles R. Denny, NBC vice-president, goes even further. "Programs of this type," he said recently, "can be used to impress upon millions of Americans that law-breaking is a sordid business in which the criminal cannot win. . . . When properly presented . . . [they] . . . educate against crime and delinquency."

But the results of scientific surveys made during representative weeks in 1951 and 1952 reveal a host of shocking facts about TV's obsession with crime. One such survey, a study of a week of New York's TV programs by the National Association of Educational Broadcasters was directed by Professor Dallas W. Smythe of the University of Illinois. Professor Smythe's group made the following discoveries:

In 1952 crime dramas occupied 15 per cent of the total television time, an increase of almost 50 per cent since 1951.

TV drama, as a whole, was saturated with violence. More than one out of every two minutes of its time was given over to violence. Nine times out of ten the acts of violence were committed by man, making him appear as his own worst enemy.

Of all children's programs, 30 per cent were taken up with crime and Westerns.

Children's programs had the most violence. Only one-fourth of them were presented in a humorous context.

Nearly 25 per cent of all TV programs were based in one way or another on the theme of lawlessness.

In 85 per cent of the time, the agent of violence was not acting in the enforcement of law and order. In the crime programs, this was true 9 out of every 10 times.

Professor Smythe prefaced his study with the comment that it measured only the quantity and not the effects of the programs on the audience.

Commenting recently on the high incidence of bloodletting on television, the *Journal of the American Medical Association* reminded its physician readers of a previous study of the reactions of children aged six to sixteen to movie and radio crimes. It showed that the effects of habitual exposure ranged from increased nervousness and sleeping disturbances to troublesome dreams and a callousness toward those in distress.

The *Journal* asserted, "The cumulative effect of television crime-and-horror programs on the health of American children

(continued)

I.N.P.

Sobbing bitterly after killing his younger brother, this fifteen-year-old boy admitted to police that he fired the fatal shots after watching a Western movie on television.

Young criminals admit TV inspires their acts, yet new techniques of violence are ready to flash into homes at a flick of a knob

has become a source of mounting concern to parents, teachers, and the medical profession. . . . The over-all impression gained by the monitors from the majority of television programs for children was that life is cheap; death, suffering, and brutality are subjects of callous indifference; and that judges, lawyers, and law officers are dishonest, incompetent, and stupid. . . . The manner in which crime in these mediums is brought before the eyes and ears of American children indicates a complete disregard for mental, physical, and social consequences.

"For its own self interest, the television industry would do well to acknowledge the adverse medical and psychological implications found in many crime-and-horror programs . . . and . . . make a sustained effort to avoid programing shows potentially dangerous to the health of the nation's children."

To get the latest thinking on this subject, COSMOPOLITAN recently queried a great many medical and educational authorities. Most agreed that a moderate amount of exposure to Westerns and mysteries would do the normal child no harm. But they saw especially harmful effects in their impact on special types of children and the younger age groups.

All felt that TV crime stories are potentially much more injurious than movies, radio, or comic books. Attending a movie requires money and the physical effort of leaving the home, so an average child's exposure to films tends to be limited to a few hours a week. Comic books demand strong imaginary projection. Also, they must be sought out and purchased. But television, available at a flick of a knob and combining visual and audile aspects into a "live" story, has a greater impact on its child audience.

TV Is More Likely to Arouse Fear

Said one psychiatrist, "Television is much more likely to evoke reactions of fright and anxiety in children. It's obvious. The child identifies realistically with the characters who go through terrifying actions right before his own eyes.

"Children who are *unduly* frightened by a story are probably reacting to latent

anxieties planted in them by a previous experience in their own intimate family environment. But TV doesn't help calm such a child. Quite the opposite. There are some children that for unknown reasons, can stand very little excitement. For them, any TV program should be carefully selected. *And for all children, exposure to the more violent programs should be strictly limited.*"

A Child's Reaction Varies

Simon H. Tulchin, consultant psychologist in New York, says, "The vulnerability of all of us to such material varies from day to day. The same program might be harmless for a child one evening and disturb him deeply the next. When, because of a day's events, an adult feels depressed or upset, he may purposely try to avoid certain kinds of entertainment. The child, even if he were selective or willing to allow his parents to choose his program, faces an extremely limited choice. He is thus subject to all sorts of melodramatic material, no matter what his condition. He then suffers the consequences in restlessness, sleeplessness, and bad dreams, to say the least."

One child psychiatrist was especially concerned about the impact of TV programs on preschool children. "The danger in a nonselective medium like television," she commented, "is that the same program indiscriminately strikes children of different age groups. A story that merely entertains and thrills the older children may seriously frighten the younger members of the audience. The preschool child is particularly vulnerable and needs the most guidance and reassurance in his entertainment. He looks at the world around him with tremendous interest and imagination. What he sees, even if it's on a television screen, is for him 'reality.'"

As a country, America has a crime rate higher than that of any country in Europe and ten times higher than the crime rate of Scandinavia. Every sort of crime is on the increase. National juvenile-court records for the years 1948–1951 show an increase of 19 per cent in child delinquency.

What effect do TV killings, robberies, and criminal violence have on viewers? Do they help create more criminals and juvenile delinquents?

Yes, emphatically answer a prominent psychiatrist, police officers, and educators across the nation. Dr. Frederic Wertham, director of the La Fargue Clinic and long an outspoken foe of the crime comic books, deplores the fact that by its heavy dependence on crime stories "such a marvelous medium as television is keeping such low company.

"There is no doubt," he declared, "that crimes of violence among young people are increasing. Crime stories on radio and in the comics and now on television are adding fuel to the fire.

"In all cases of juvenile delinquency there are immediate causes and remote causes. But we have no right to neglect either.

"It is difficult to explain the extraordinary complacency of adults to entertainment that day after day specializes in exposing children to crime and violence and sadistic acts. The judge who excoriates a young boy or a girl for committing what he terms a horrible crime is naïve if he is not aware that the youngsters see the same sort of thing over and over again on TV and movie screens and in comic books.

"Take the case of the boy of sixteen who shot another lad with a rifle. For two or three hours a day, it had been drilled into his mind on TV screens and in comic books that shooting is a common way to settle arguments. The same thing applies to the girl who strangled the infant left in her care because its crying interfered with her watching a TV program. She had been taught that violence is the simplest solution to any vexing problem.

"Two boys steal a car and hold up a gas station, fatally stabbing the attendant. Is that so astonishing when on TV and movie screens and in the comics they have seen this crime dozens of times to the accompaniment of screeching tires and volleys of gunshot? The boys are in jail. Their families are in despair. The victim is dead. And the purveyors of such entertainment grow richer."

To sample the opinions of a group even closer to the impact of crime dramas, COSMOPOLITAN questioned the heads of the police departments of America's major television cities. A few thought that crime stories had little effect on their crime rates. The majority felt that the dramas made children more tolerant of criminals, less respectful of police.

The police chiefs of Boston, New Haven, and other cities reported the arrests of both adults and children who claimed they picked up their ideas and techniques from watching crime shows and reading crime stories.

Parents Are at Fault, Too

"It is my opinion," declared J. Joseph Foley, Commissioner of Police, Schenectady, New York, "that the many recent TV crime programs available at hours when children are listening, the great influx of crime comic books, and the ever-present crime movies are all contributing to a very serious degree to the recent increase in juvenile crimes.

"We have had several recent cases where youngsters between the ages of

(continued)

Entertainment or Menace? (continued)

Police and psychiatrists warn that TV may stimulate criminal acts. But networks claim home environment is the key factor

Stories of violence containing scenes like these are

seven and fifteen have committed burglaries directly following their attendance at crime movies. Proper home supervision by parents of these TV programs, movies, and reading material could do a lot toward reducing the harmful effect of these media on the lives of our children."

Schoolteachers probably are the most vehement in denouncing TV's obsession with crime and violence. Cried one, "It's all very well for the television people to proclaim blandly that these programs provide a healthy outlet for children's aggressive impulses and frustrations, but a classroom isn't supposed to be a clinic, and we teachers are at our wits' end trying to counteract the overstimulation and twisted ideas the children get from television. We take more guns away from the boys every day, but the stores keep selling more and more of them because TV crime and Western stories make them so popular. When we talk about a ranch out West, we have to explain to the children over and over again that many people live and work peacefully on ranches and do not shoot one another all the time."

Said another, "The children we now are teaching have been reared in a background of violence. Their grandfathers fought in World War I and their fathers in World War II. Now many of their older brothers are fighting and dying in Korea. Does television have to give the children more and more violence in a steady diet of guns, killings, prison breaks, hand-to-hand fights, car smash-ups, and explosions?

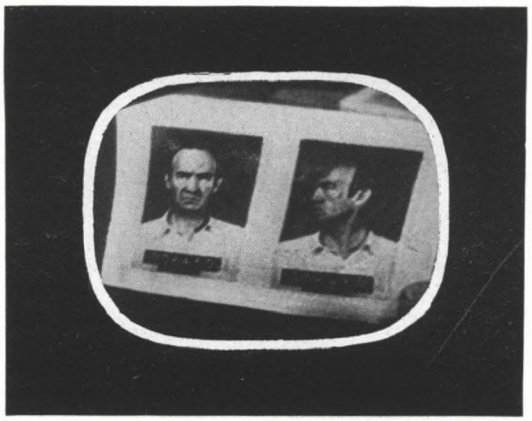
"To present life in such terms is to cause confusion and conflict in the mind of the young child groping toward reality. Surely, with a little imagination and ingenuity, the TV programs could be entertaining and less destructive at the same time."

Says Alice Keith, chairman of the National Academy of Broadcasting Foundation Board, an outspoken proponent of more TV educational programs: "I could get a crowd by murdering someone on Madison Avenue if my only aim was to get a crowd. However, . . . I could think of more desirable ways of securing an audience." She declares that "there is a real rebellion going on against the wrong use of the air waves."

A Rebellion Against TV Crime?

Is Miss Keith's prediction of a real rebellion against the TV crime wave accurate?

So far there is no sign that the networks think so. They continue to deny that such a serious situation exists. None has ever shown any interest in the Smythe report, although its findings were generally known throughout the industry months before its formal publication. No network representative has ever questioned Professor Smythe or the National Association of Educational Broadcasters about the study or requested a copy.



constantly available for young TV fans. Network officials insist the public demands such stories to "relax tension."

A congressional inquiry, begun at the request of Representative E. C. Gathings of Arkansas, who expressed alarm over the amount of crime fare being served up on the television screen in his home, quickly got itself bogged down in a discussion of low necklines and the length of beer commercials. But in their final report they stated, "The fact that radio and television crime programs attempt to show in their conclusions that crime does not pay, and that the criminal is always brought to justice, does not in the least affect the subcommittee's feelings that crime shows are not suitable subjects for children's programs or for programs that are so timed that they are likely to be watched with some degree of regularity by children."

During these same hearings a TV man testified that even the networks were surprised at how few letters of criticism they got about their programs. "If people knew how much of a stir a letter creates," he said, "they would probably write in more often."

It is just possible that station managers will find their mail increasing. More surveys and research projects are being conducted by trade magazines and listener groups. Various parent and educational groups are moving to bring their feelings to the attention of the broadcasters. Apparently more people feel, as does Professor Smythe, that "the generally violent mood in which our society dwells must be counteracted with a more positive, relaxed environment for the child to grow in. Of course the ultimate responsibility for such an atmosphere rests with the parents. But another place to break the vicious cycle of constant stimuli of violence is in the communication media. During the years that the child looks at television he forms the whole set of firmly held convictions about the world with which he will meet adulthood. The people who are instrumental in helping him form these opinions—whether they be parents or TV programmers—have a great opportunity and an awesome responsibility."

Parents Must Be on Guard

A defender of the network position, psychiatrist Dr. David Abrahamsen, feels that the emphasis should be on the home: "Delinquency comes about through the interplay of various emotional factors, of which the emotional climate of the home is the most important one. . . . I have never seen a boy or a girl who has committed a crime . . . simply because he read comic books or watched television shows."

But until the day of better-balanced TV programs arrives, parents who permit their children to pick their own shows and sit for hours before a TV set are guilty of extreme neglect.

As one psychologist put it, "After all, if you have children in the house you don't leave a bottle of poison on the shelf without taking precautions." THE END

Without Shame

Through every memory of their love, there wandered a lovely ghost. Did Serena haunt him, too? Why had he never spoken her name?

BY NAOMI JOHN WHITE

I saw Serena Wayne today for the first time in five years. And I had the weak, breathless feeling that a thief must get when he realizes that the police have caught up with him.

Although I hadn't seen Serena in five years, I have thought of her often, which may seem odd, for actually I never knew her very well. The reason I have thought of Serena so often is that she used to be engaged to my husband, Jerry.

This, in itself, is not particularly important—but my husband had never once mentioned Serena Wayne to me. Not in the whole five years we have been married. And it was this fact that made me so uneasy. For I knew something Jerry didn't know. I knew that I had broken up their engagement.

Five years ago Serena and I were twenty, and Jerry was twenty-six. I was the visiting summer girl. It was the first time I had ever been in Bellevue, and certainly the first time I had ever found myself the most popular girl in a community. I, whose steady beau back in my home town in Illinois was Horace Dillsworth, a buck-toothed, owl-eyed young man who figured his interest in girls as carefully as he figured his interest in his father's bank.

I was visiting my cousin Caroline. As a child I hadn't liked Caroline, but at twenty she had turned out to be a fair, red-haired girl with sleepy blue eyes and a lazy, inviting smile. I think she was as surprised as I at my sudden blossoming.

After that first party Cousin Caroline gave, I remember that she came across the little hall to my room. We sat and talked.

"I do declare, Mary Anne," Caroline said—she had an accent as thick and sweet as honey—"I do declare but you sure made a hit with the boys tonight."

Her voice held real respect, and I remember how excited I felt, sitting there and thinking how it had been at the party, all those boys smiling at me. Only one other girl had been as popular.

"Who's the blonde with all the hair?" I asked. "The one with the chignon?"

"Oh, Serena Wayne," Caroline said. "I reckon you put her nose out of joint, sugar. She's had the whole crowd of boys fetching for her for ages and ages."

"She's sort of pretty," I said casually, but I felt excitement stirring within me just knowing that I could rival a beauty like Serena Wayne.

"Well, anyway," said Caroline softly, "she won't cause you any trouble. She's engaged to Jerry Vanderpool."

"Which one was he?" I asked idly.

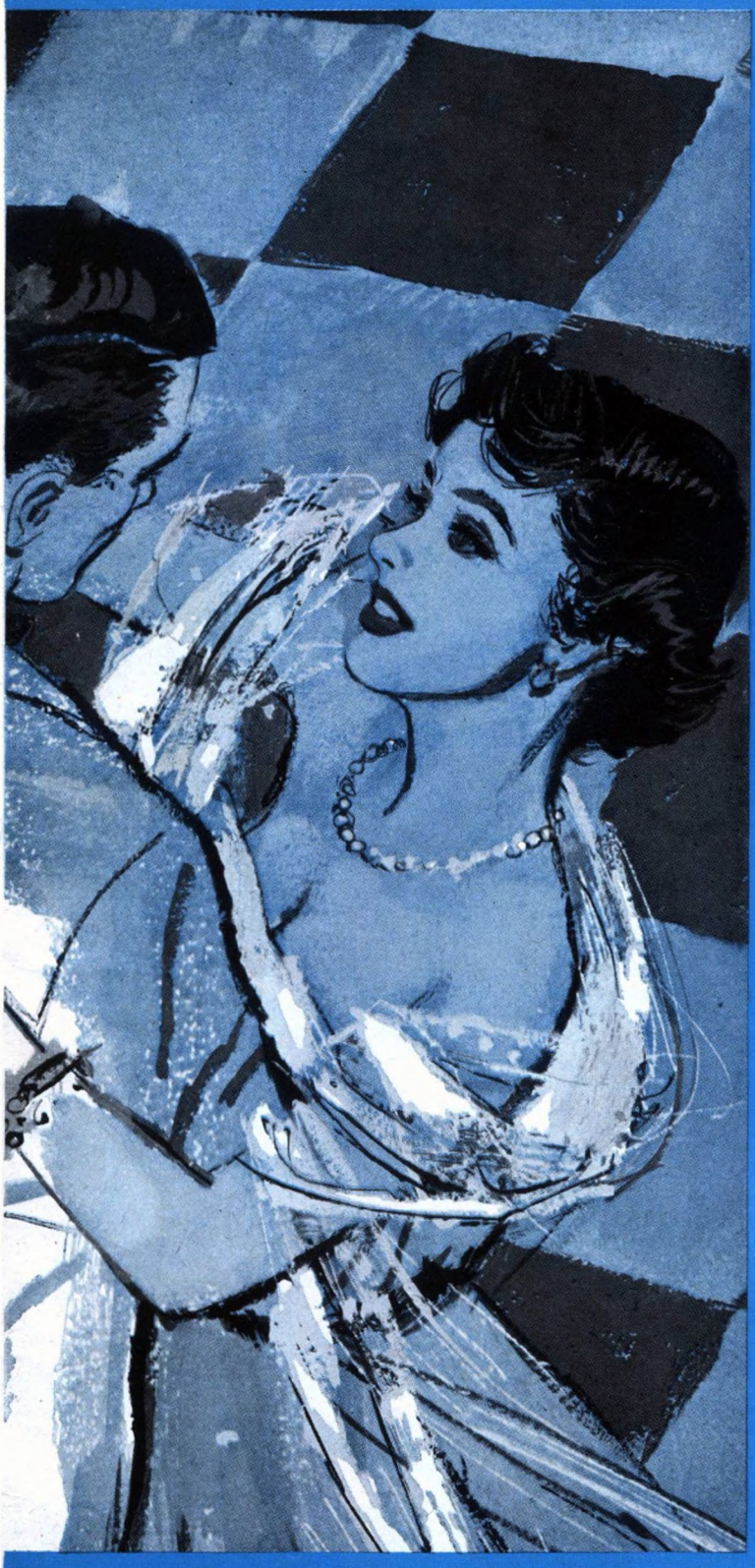
"Oh, Jerry wasn't here tonight. Jerry's an intern at the hospital, and he can't come to all the parties regular. But Serena says there's no use of her just sitting around counting her own pulse when he can't come, so she comes anyway, and Jerry says it's all right."

Jerry Vanderpool. The name stayed with me, and when I met him two days later at a swimming party, I was immediately interested. He turned out to be a dark, serious-looking boy.

Serena Wayne was there, too, in a pink bathing suit that fitted her as the petals

Each time she him. Love, she

ILLUSTRATED BY ALEX ROSS



danced with him, she almost told him how she loved discovered, is not proud but shamelessly weak.

fit the rose. She swam very little, and spent most of her time sitting at the edge of the pool, her blonde hair spilling over her shoulders like sunshine. I noticed that whenever she spoke, the boys bent close to hear her.

My hair was just hair, and my bathing suit plain blue, and there were freckles on my nose. And I swam. I swam circles around the girls, and I raced with all the boys, and I dived off the highest dive. And if anybody couldn't hear what I said, it was because he was deaf in both ears.

After a while, I noticed that whenever I swung up out of the pool, Jerry Vanderpool was usually beside me. I smiled at him, and he smiled back.

"And whose girl are you?" he said.

"I won't tell you," I said, but I was lost right there. In that instant I knew. I was in love with Jerry Vanderpool.

After that, the whole month I stayed with Cousin Caroline, I always had my eye out for Jerry Vanderpool. Sometimes he came to the parties, and sometimes he didn't. But Serena Wayne was always there. And always surrounded by a group of boys who leaned close to catch the husky sweetness of her low-pitched voice. We avoided each other carefully.

"This Serena Wayne–Jerry Vanderpool thing," I said to Cousin Caroline one hot morning as we sat in the garden doing our nails. I forced myself to be casual. "There doesn't seem to be much of the *grande passion* about it."

"No," said Caroline, flinging back her red hair, "there isn't. Jerry's the most eligible boy in town, and Serena is a real managing girl. She loves all the parties in Bellevue so much, I always figured that if Jerry ever wanted to leave, she'd manage some way to keep him here." She turned and looked at me with narrowed eyes. "You got yourself a steady beau up in Illinois, haven't you, Mary Anne?"

I thought of Horace Dillsworth and his buckteeth and his casual assumption that I would always be waiting for him. "Well, there is a boy named Horace," I said cautiously. But I felt myself tingling at the notion that perhaps the engagement had been "managed" on Serena's part. I couldn't be too upset at Cousin Caroline's gossiping for thinking, *even though they are engaged, it might not last!*

Caroline gave a party one rainy evening when Serena didn't show up, but Jerry did. He came late, and from the minute he came, my every thought was on him. After every dance with every boy, I knew exactly where Jerry was and with whom. And when we were finally dancing together, I could have fainted with his nearness. Many times I had dreamed of falling in love, but mostly my dreams had been about how beautiful I was going to look, and how urgently some rich and handsome young man would pursue me. And now here I was dancing with a dark, serious-eyed boy who probably didn't have five

Without Shame (continued)

hundred dollars in the bank. and I was willing to follow him right off to any old shack in any old country. And I didn't even know his right name.

"Gerald?" I asked.

He looked down at me and smiled that sudden, bright smile, and I thought: *It doesn't have to be a shack. A tent will do.*

"Jeremiah," he said.

That was all we said during the dance, but as far as I was concerned words were for old folks who had no feet to set dancing, no pulse to set throbbing. I wished we could ignore all formalities, like getting acquainted and becoming engaged, and go right then and there and get married.

"Is this your home town, Jerry?" I asked when we were dancing again.

"I was born right here in Bellevue," he said now, looking down at me. "After my parents died, I went North to medical school. Came back here for my internship."

It wouldn't even have to be a tent. Just under a tree. I could cook on an open fire, wash our clothes in the creek.

It was late and Cousin Caroline was stopping the music. and I knew that the party was over. and I clung to Jerry a little tighter. "I hear you're engaged," I said. I had meant it to be a light comment, but it sounded accusing.

He smiled a little—Jerry didn't believe in words—and I stumbled a little.

He held me a moment, steadying me, and we stood looking at each other.

"I'm sorry," I said.

"Why?" he said gently.

I whispered softly, "I won't tell."

And then Cousin Caroline was putting her hand on Jerry's arm and saying, "The last dance is for your hostess," and I was dancing with a tall, blue-eyed boy whose words I never heard.

There were two more weeks of my visit, and I felt as if I were in a dream, being edged toward an abyss, resisting helplessly, knowing that nothing could prevent my falling. Every time I saw Jerry I was more hopelessly in love with him. What I had always imagined to be a wonderful, exhilarating feeling had turned out to be a gnawing, hateful thing that left me weak and shaken.

Because Bellevue was a small town, I saw all the young people frequently, and wherever I went, there was Serena Wayne with her pale-gold hair, and her pale-gold skin, and her voice so low you had to bend close to hear. And sometimes Jerry was with her, and sometimes not.

I got so that I would watch them furtively, telling myself that he didn't really love her. He couldn't—just look how quickly he turned from her when somebody spoke to him.

And then one hot Sunday afternoon, I saw Jerry alone for the first time.

My aunt and uncle and Caroline had gone upstairs for a nap, but I was too restless for sleep, and tiptoed downstairs to the side porch, screened with honeysuckle vines, their fragrance heavy on the afternoon air.

I sat quietly in the porch swing, my head resting against the chain, my eyes closed, trying to ease the pain that was in my heart, trying not to think of Jerry Vanderpool.

There was a faint rustling near me, and I opened my eyes and sat there hardly believing what I saw. For Jerry Vanderpool was standing on the steps leading up to the porch, long fingers of sunlight stroking his dark hair, his lean tanned cheeks. I remained motionless, staring at him, and he smiled.

What I did next was as brazen as any hussy. For I stood up and went straight to him. And going to him, it was as natural as breathing to lift my arms to him, my lips.

And standing there, he on the porch steps, I on the porch, we kissed, and when I drew back, our eyes were on a level, and I knew that whatever I had felt for him before, it was now a hundredfold.

Then there was the sound of light footsteps around the corner of the house, and there came Serena Wayne.

"Oh, hello, there, Mary Anne," she said, coming up on the steps and slipping her hand through Jerry's arm. "We were hoping you and Caroline would be home." I found myself leaning toward her a little, listening for the low-voiced words. "Jerry wants to celebrate."

Celebrate! My mind whirled. *They're going to be married now. Maybe they're already married!*

"I had a letter from Dr. Theodore West in Chicago," he said, his blue eyes looking at me expressionlessly. "He says he'll be coming through Bellevue this next week on his way from a lecture engagement, and he'll stop off and talk with me about a partnership. He's in a field I like—working with crippled children."

"How wonderful," I breathed, and the pulses in my temples began to throb. "I'll tell Caroline." But as I turned, there was Caroline behind me, her blue eyes looking at Jerry sleepily.

"I heard," she said. "And it's wonderful for you, Jerry. But what about Serena?" She went over and slipped her hand through Serena's arm. "You're not going to take away our most popular girl now, are you? Why, Serena's bound to be chosen Festival Princess next month." She smiled at Serena, and Serena pursed her pretty pink lips and looked at Jerry wistfully.

I knew that Cousin Caroline was being malicious. but I found myself suddenly shivering. shaking with cold on that hot summer porch.

The celebration for Jerry included a dozen couples, and we went to Greenland, which is the only place around Bellevue where you can dance of evenings. Three times I danced with Jerry Vanderpool, and three times I almost told him that I loved him, for I had discovered that love is not a proud and haughty thing but a shameless weakling.

But each time there was a group about us as we finished our dance, and finally when we did sit down at one of the tables for a drink, Caroline and a blond boy named Harold Land were with us.

Harold was a large, friendly boy who spoke in large, general terms. "What do you want to go way up North for?" he asked Jerry. "All that hustle and bustle

would sure drive me crazy. Why don't you just get yourself a practice down here and bury your mistakes right here in our Bellevue cemetery?" He laughed loudly.

"Oh, I think I like hustle and bustle," Jerry said, smiling at us.

"Well, not for me," Harold said. "I'm going to find me some pretty little ole girl and settle down right here in Bellevue!" He smiled at Cousin Caroline and reached out and squeezed her hand.

But Cousin Caroline withdrew her hand and looked at him lazily. "Not me, sweet," she said. "I like ambitious men!"

And then Serena was standing by the table smiling at us. The boys stood up quickly and made a place for her.

"And you, Serena," Harold said now. "How do you feel about going to Chicago?"

"Oh," said Serena, and we all leaned a little toward her, "I reckon I'll like it if they have parties like this." She smiled about at us. "Maybe Jerry and I can come back often to see all of you."

Jerry turned to look at her quickly, and I thought, *She doesn't really love him! If she did, she would be crazy about Chicago! She would be crazy about any place Jerry was going!*

The next few days were long ones, and I moved restlessly about the house, agonizingly aware that I would soon be gone and in a short time Jerry and Serena would probably be married.

When Caroline came back that next to the last morning of my visit from her daily dress-fitting appointment, she looked disturbed. "It's the heat," she said. "Let's have us a glass of lemonade."

"You know what," she said, when we had settled ourselves on the side porch with our drinks. "I saw something real peculiar this morning."

I was paying little attention, sipping the lemonade, thinking maybe I could leave right away. I couldn't bear to see Jerry many more times. And then suddenly I became very much aware of Caroline's words.

"It was Serena Wayne," she said. "I just happened to be passing the railroad

Serena was there in a pink bathing suit that fitted her as the petals fit the rose. All the boys hung around her. She smiled at all of them, especially at Jerry.

station when the train came in, and there she was, standing and talking to an old gentleman." She looked at me steadily over her glass. "And it was Dr. Theodore West—I know it was. He looked just the way Jerry said he did, real distinguished with a white mustache and a cane."

"Oh?" I frowned, seeing nothing especially peculiar about the situation. Serena was Jerry's fiancée, and it didn't seem strange to me that she should be meeting Dr. West at the train.

"But—" Caroline put her glass down on the small table and looked at me expectantly. "He didn't even see Jerry! After he talked with Serena, he got back on the train! If it weren't that I'm an old friend of Serena's, I'd tell Jerry that Dr. West was here in town—and left without seeing him! Somebody ought to tell him!"

The whole thing was definitely none of my business, but it stayed in my mind.

That evening a group of us had a picnic in the town park, and after we had eaten, we sat on the grass, waiting for the town band to tune up their instruments and begin the regular weekly concert. Neither Serena nor Jerry was there, and I had been sitting there trying not to think of him. And then just at dusk Jerry came across the grass, looking unhappy.

"You look tired," Caroline said. "Have a long day?" She handed him a glass of iced tea.

"I am tired," he said. "And upset. I just got a wire from Dr. Theodore West saying that he had decided on another young doctor for his partner. He must have gone right on through town without stopping."

"Oh?" My hand trembled as I picked a blade of grass. I felt that everything was clear now. Jerry's going into practice with Dr. West would mean that he would live in Chicago. But Serena wanted to stay in Bellevue—that was one of the first things that Cousin Caroline had told me about Serena. What better way to keep Jerry in Bellevue than to tell Dr. West something that would cause him to withdraw his offer?

"Did he give a reason?" Cousin Caroline asked, and she squeezed my hand.

"No." Jerry frowned. "He just regretted. Well"—he smiled at us ruefully—"I'll try to be a good small-town doctor. Anybody seen Serena?" He stood up, and as we shook our heads, he turned away. I stood up then, feeling myself trembling as I started after him. "Wait, Jerry," I called.

He turned and looked at me, smiling. "Well," he said, "and whose girl are you, did you say?"

I shook my head, but I couldn't smile. "Look, Jerry," I said. "I want you to promise me something, will you?" And as he stood there, smiling down at me, I felt my whole body grow weak. "Will you call Dr. West, Jerry? Call him in Chicago and insist on knowing why he withdrew his offer? I mean—" I faltered as he turned his head a little and looked at me searchingly. "It doesn't seem logical that he would change his mind without some definite reason. Will you call him, Jerry? Promise?"

He smiled at me. "Why, yes," he said. "I'll promise, Mary Anne."

And then I turned and ran back across the grass, and I felt that I was running away from Jerry forever and would never see him again.

But I was wrong. I saw him the next afternoon, my last afternoon in Bellevue. Cousin Caroline had asked some of the girls over for a farewell tea in the garden. Serena was there, sweet and fresh in a soft-blue dress.

Near the end of the party, when the girls were all gathering up their wide-brimmed hats and their gay summer purses, Jerry came through the garden gate. He looked tense, but he spoke politely, smiled courteously. And then he drew Serena with him into the summer house at the far side of the garden. No sound of their voices came through the thick mesh of honeysuckle vines, but my whole heart lay there behind the green leaves.

And then finally they came out, and Jerry went away through the gate and down the road, leaving a white-faced Serena. Cousin Caroline linked her arm with Serena's and kept her with her as the other girls said their good-bys and drifted out of the garden, until finally there were but the three of us.

"You look upset, honey," Cousin Caroline said. "Why not stay a while longer and rest?"

"I'm not tired!" Serena said, and she looked at Caroline, her eyes wide. "But I think I am angry!" She moistened her lips. "I quarreled with Jerry and gave his ring back."

"Why, sugar!" Caroline put her arm about Serena. "What in the world happened?"

Serena looked at Caroline and then at me. "He says that I lied about him! That I told Dr. West that we were both very happy over his offer of a partnership because it would mean Jerry could make a lot of money! That he could benefit by Dr. West's reputation and get a lot of rich patients!" She took a deep breath. "Why, I don't know Dr. West, and, anyway, I wouldn't be that rude!"

I turned away then and left them, for I felt I could not bear to look at Serena. I felt like a criminal.

The next morning I took the train back to Illinois, and as I watched the faces of my friends fade into the distance, I thought that it would be a long time before anybody from Bellevue ever crossed my life again.

But I was mistaken. Four months later in Moreland, Illinois, Jerry Vanderpool stood on my doorstep.

"And whose girl are you?" he said. And once again I went to him, my lips raised.

Two months later we were married and were living in a small apartment in Chicago, where Jerry was one of the doctors in a children's clinic. One year later we added the twins to our life, and never, in all my dreams, could I have imagined a life more wonderful than what I share with Jerry Vanderpool.

But always, as I have said, there has been this thought of Serena Wayne, and the knowledge that not once in all these years has Jerry mentioned her.

I had always wondered about Serena, however, and several times in my letters to Cousin Caroline I asked about her. Oddly enough Caroline didn't marry any of the numerous beaux who came around, but got herself a job at the town library. She wrote that Serena went to New York the winter after my visit in Bellevue and married there. "An older man, I think," she wrote, "and rich."

And then this afternoon I saw Serena, and I had that breathless feeling of guilt.

I was downtown looking for a wedding gift in one of those exclusive little shops that brighten up the hotels, when I caught a glimpse of a woman in a mirror.

She was a beautiful woman with pale-gold hair done in a chignon, and her voice was low and husky and the clerk was bending toward her to hear.

At that moment she looked up, and our glances caught and held in the mirror.

I turned, feeling my heart stop.

"Why, Mary Anne," she said, and she came toward me gracefully. "How wonderful to see you. I heard that you and Jerry were in Chicago."

"Yes," I said. I moistened my lips.

She smiled at me. "I'm sorry I'm leaving in a few hours. Do give Jerry my love, won't you?"

I nodded.

A tall, distinguished-looking man came toward us smiling, and she turned, putting out her hand. "My husband, Jim Allison. This is Mary Anne Vanderpool, dear," she said to him, and I felt relief that there was genuine love in her look at him, in her voice. "Mary Anne and I knew each other one summer back in Bellevue."

We chatted a few minutes, and then she was gone. But I could not put her out of my mind. She was happy; that was obvious. But was Jerry truly happy with me? If he had never quarreled with this beautiful girl, if he had never known of her talk with Dr. West, would he have settled down in Bellevue and been happier with her than with me in Chicago?

After the twins were in bed, I went to Jerry. I had to know. He put aside his paper, and I sat beside him.

"I saw Serena Wayne today," I said.

"Yes?" he said, and then was silent.

I forced myself to look at him. "Jerry," I said, "do you remember that I insisted that you call Dr. West that summer in Bellevue? That I even made you promise me that you would call him?"

"Yes," said Jerry. He has never been a man of words.

"Well," I went on, "I have always felt bad about it. I don't think she did right, Jerry, but I don't think I did, either. I had no business interfering in your affairs. It should have been your own business, yours and hers."

"Perhaps so," said Jerry. "Only you're wrong about one thing. Serena didn't see Dr. West. She has never to this day, as far as I know, seen or talked with Dr. West."

I stared at him. "But you talked with Dr. West that very night over the telephone! You came the next day and told Serena that you had talked with him, and that he had seen her at the station and she had told him that you were glad of his offer because it would mean you could get a lot of rich patients."

"He told me that a girl talked with him," he said. "A girl who said that she was my fiancée and that her name was Serena Wayne. But it wasn't Serena."

I looked at him, not comprehending.

"I went to Chicago the next week and talked with Dr. West," he said, "and I discovered the truth. I made my peace with Serena long ago, for while we were not really suited, I didn't want there to be anger between us. But I never told you because it involved your family."

"Family?" I asked.

He nodded and smiled. "Yes. Dr. West said he regretted to learn that I felt the way I did, but when my fiancée had told him my—and her—attitude, he thought it best to choose someone else. And then he mentioned that he could understand my attraction for my fiancée—such a pretty girl, with beautiful red hair!"

"Oh!" I looked at him. Cousin Caroline! And I remembered the day, and her daily appointments with the dressmaker, always at train time. And I remembered that she had many beaux, but no boy she wanted to marry.

"Caroline wanted to break up your engagement with Serena," I said slowly. "She thought that if she did so you might turn to her."

"I was never attracted to Caroline," Jerry said.

Later, another idea occurred to me. "But, Jerry," I said. "Why is it that in all these years you have never mentioned Serena Wayne?"

"Well, Caroline told me one time that you had a boyfriend in love with you. And you've never mentioned Horace."

"But, heavens!" I said. "I was never really in love with Horace!"

"Well?" he said, and we smiled at each other, for as I have said before, Jerry is a man of few words. THE END

It was brazen as could be, and yet that kiss was as natural, as inevitable, as breathing.

Ballerina

Nineteen years of constant practice have brought Tanaquil LeClercq to the brink of fame with America's top-ranking ballet company

BY FAITH McNULTY

PHOTOGRAPHS BY GENEVIEVE NAYLOR

Twenty years ago there was practically no ballet in America and no sign that it could ever become popular. It was considered much to arty for American taste, a dish for highbrows and long-hairs only. And poison at the box office.

But, in one of the strangest cultural upsets of the age, ballet, the ugly duckling of the entertainment world, has become a swan. Americans have not only discovered it, but fallen in love with it. The movies, television, and the stage are giving it a terrific rush. In the big cities ballet is a sellout, and on tour the potential box office is estimated at five million dollars.

Almost as astonishing is the fact that meanwhile America has produced a crop of home-grown dancers who rank with the best of any country. Of the forty-seven performers in the New York City Ballet, the finest of America's four major companies, forty are Americans, the products of such unlikely places as Kansas and Texas.

These dancers are men and women who somehow fell in love with one of the most grueling and exacting of the arts and from childhood on have dedicated virtually their entire lives to it. As a career, ballet is so demanding that there is room for nothing else. Dancers live in a world that is still as exotic, as remote from ordinary life, as it was when ballet was perfected at the court of the Russian czars.

Perhaps the best way to understand this strange world is to take a close look at one ballet dancer.

* * *

Tanaquil LeClercq is a twenty-three-year-old New York girl who dances leading roles with the New York City Ballet company. Her dancing has an artistry and a technical excellence that may make her one of the "greats" of the ballet stage. George Balanchine, artistic director of the company, who is considered by many the greatest living choreographer, has paid her the tribute of creating ballets especially for her.

Tanaquil (this is her real name, but she is usually called "Tanny") is tall and very slender. Onstage her long body can be softly lyric or sharply angular. She has fine-drawn features that can appear quite plain or flash a startling beauty. Her legs—thirty-three and a half inches from heel to hip—may be the longest on the ballet stage. Her arms are long, too, but unlike her legs,

(continued)

Tanaquil displays her perfect technique in a pose with Nicholas Magallanes.

Ballerina (continued)

It is an exotic world of contrasts—first lonely heartbreak, and then dazzling acclaim

which are tapered columns of muscle, her arms are like wands, frail and unmuscled. She stands five feet six and a half inches in ballet slippers and weighs one hundred and eight pounds.

The first requisite for any ballet career is a ballet-struck mother. Tanaquil's mother had yearned to dance when she was a girl, but in the fashionable circles of St. Louis it just wasn't done. She married Jacques LeClercq, now a college professor, and determined that their only child should have the chance she'd missed.

Tanny had the other requisites, too: a fine musical sense, long flexible tendons, and a tremendous will to work. Given these, any child aged eight to fourteen can become a proficient dancer after six years of study, but, as one of Tanny's teachers recently remarked, "Training makes dancers, but not artists. Tanny is an artist."

Mrs. LeClercq started Tanny with several lessons a week when she was four. At seven, she showed such promise that she was enrolled with Mordkin, then the most distinguished teacher in America, and on afternoons when other children were out playing in the park, Tanny was practicing at the bar. Already she had begun to feel she was different from other children. At her regular school she was shy and lonely, but in the great, bare practice room of the ballet school she was at home.

At ten, Tanaquil won a scholarship to the School of American Ballet, and dancing took up three or four hours a day seven days a week. She rapidly became their foremost pupil. When she was twelve she could no longer keep up regular studies. She dropped out of school and was tutored. All through her teens her life consisted of nothing but dancing. She remembers occasionally feeling a little sorry for herself because she had no beaux, no parties, and no teen-age fun. But it never seriously occurred to her to stop dancing.

The transition from student to professional came

After tiring hours of practice, Tanny must transform herself into the bewitching beauty, "Sacred Love"

1 *Her long hair must be tightly pinned.*

2 *Dark pencil outlines her eyes.*

about quite simply. In 1946 Balanchine and Lincoln Kirstein, founders of the American School, formed a group called Ballet Society. Tanny, then seventeen, was chosen for the group, which later became the New York City Ballet.

Today Tanaquil's life is entirely filled with dancing. She has no time and no energy for anything else. Unlike any other artist, who can lay aside his instrument and relax, a dancer is artist and instrument at the same time. Tanny, who is not at all arty about her art, puts it another way: "It's like training a race horse and *being* the race horse at the same time."

She dances every day of her life, including Sundays. (The longest vacation of her life was a month last summer; getting back in shape was so painful she vowed never to lay off that long again.) She dances in two or three ballets six nights a week, besides rehearsals almost every day. And like all dancers, no matter how accomplished, she still takes classes in every spare moment.

On most mornings, when she awakes in her tiny apartment, a walk-up in the East Sixties, an aching muscle, a twinge here and there, remind her she has danced the night before. She slips into high heels (they relax her muscles) and makes breakfast, the only meal she can cook.

By eleven o'clock she is at the school, located in an ancient building on Madison Avenue. In the waiting room are wide wooden benches where girls and young men in practice clothes lounge between classes in the weirdly graceful postures dancers find comfortable. There may be a girl lying on her back with upraised legs resting against the wall, or a boy sitting like a Buddha while he reads the morning paper. From the practice rooms come the music of a piano, the soft thudding of dancing feet, and a teacher's voice in patient exhortation, "Once again, darlings! Once again!"

Tanny changes into practice clothes—black jersey tights and top, long stockings, ballet slippers—and, in one of the dusty, barnlike practice rooms, starts the day's work with a half hour of stretching and bending at the bar. After solo practice she may have a lesson or she may rehearse. In either case the work goes on until three o'clock, sometimes later. There is no time to go out for lunch. The neighborhood drugstore sends up coffee and sandwiches. Tanny works at the same step—perhaps a leap, a pirouette, an arabesque—over and over, while sweat trickles down her face and strands of hair escape the rubber band fastening her hair. Her nose shines, and freckles stand out on her pale skin. She looks little like the bewitching beauty the customers will see that night.

After rehearsal she is free until the evening performance. Usually she goes home to take a bath and rest until around five, when she eats a light supper.

At seven-thirty she walks in the City Center's stage entrance on West Fifty-sixth street. Here there is none of the drabness of the dance studio. The atmosphere is pure theatre, compounded of tension, quiet excitement, and apparent chaos. Dancers whirl and leap in the wings, oblivious of stagehands carrying unrelated pieces of scenery. Spotlights go on and off; fiddles whine and scrape as the orchestra tunes up. Wardrobe assistants scurry by with armloads of costumes. The scene is like a broken picture puzzle, a confusion of scattered bits that miraculously will come together at the right moment.

Tanny climbs steep iron stairs to her dressing room. (The *corps de ballet* girls share a common dressing room. Its door bears a penciled sign: NO MOTHERS ALLOWED.) Tanny dresses in a small, bare room furnished only with a long make-up counter and mirror and two straight chairs.

Getting ready may take Tanny an hour. She covers

(continued)

3 *She's amused at her clown-white face.*

4 *A glittering coronet is the final touch.*

In white tutu ***and bare feet,*** *Tanaquil tries on costumes made by Karinska.*

"There is little time or energy left for romance"

Her slippers last but a week.

any part of her body that will show with grease paint, painstakingly does her hair, and then makes up her face, beading her eyelashes till they look like black fringe. A dresser helps her into her costume. Then it is time to go down the stairs and wait for her cue.

This is, no matter how often Tanaquil experiences it, a moment that tightens every nerve. Once onstage she ceases to think. She dances with a furious concentration that obliterates everything else. The music swells and beats on her ears, and her body moves in obedience to it. She is unaware of exertion. In a few minutes—perhaps five, perhaps fifteen—it is all over. She runs into the wings, up the stairs, and back to her dressing room. She is panting, her heart knocking against her ribs and sweat drenching her costume, her eyes red-veined.

She dances in two or three ballets each night, using the intervals between to change costume, redo her make-up, tidy up her dressing room, wash her tights, smoke a cigarette. If there is time to spare she may knit—she is working on a pair of tights—or cross-stitch the toes of her ballet slippers to make them less slippery.

When the program ends, at eleven, Tanny and a few other dancers usually go to a neighborhood restaurant for supper. Most dancers have enormous appetites, but Tanny finds eating a problem. "Before I dance," she says, "I'm too tense to swallow, and afterward I'm too tired to chew." So she orders soup or a salad.

Sometimes—because, after all, she is only twenty-three and wants to have fun—she will break training and go to a party after the show. But, even then, more than one drink is taboo. More often her day ends with a taxi ride home through empty streets, then a hot bath and a crossword puzzle while she tries to unwind.

Despite a lifetime of dancing, Tanaquil has never conquered stage fright. "It doesn't get better," she says. "As you dance roles with more responsibility, the feeling gets worse." But Tanny has passed probably her worst ordeal. That was last season when she replaced Maria

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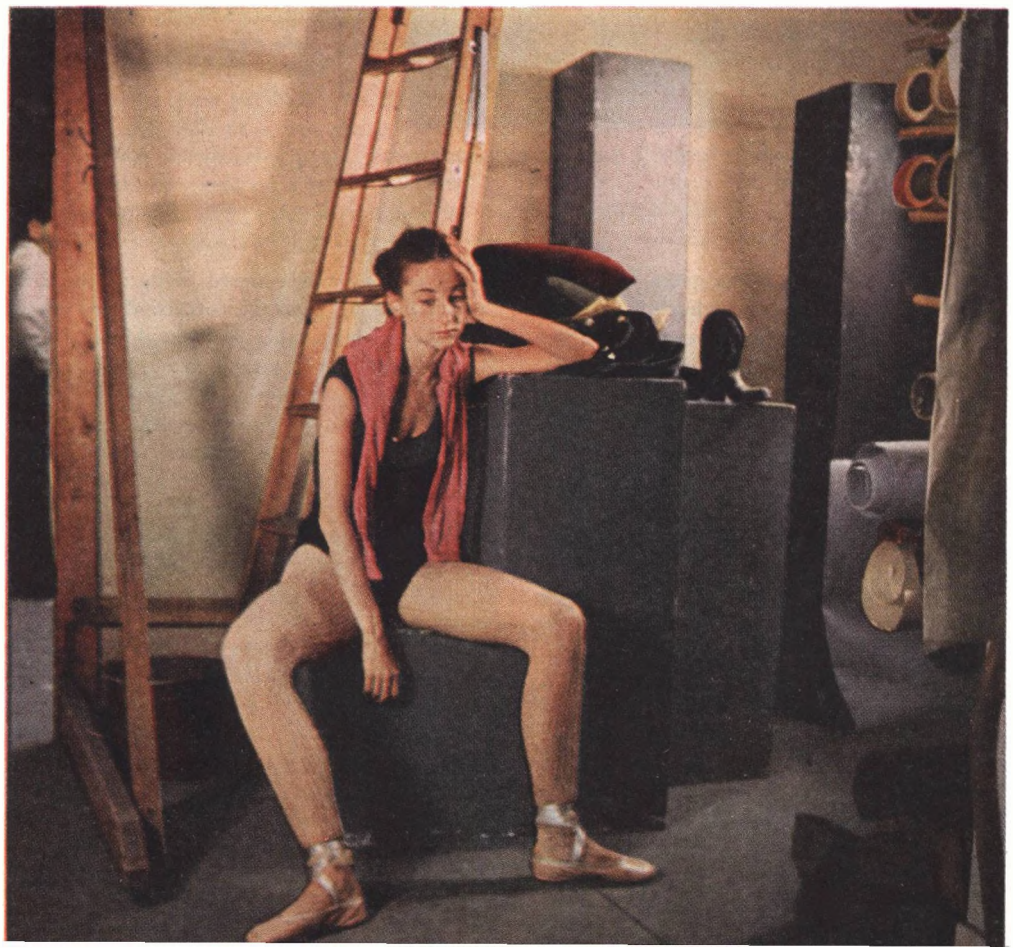
After hours of intensive rehearsing, Tanaquil collapses, tired and dejected.



Ballerina (continued)

After touring, months passed before she got time to unpack.

A ballerina is born and not made, as any ballet-struck mother can attest

Tallchief, the prima ballerina, as the queen in "Swan Lake." She didn't realize she was frightened until she began to dress. Then, suddenly, fear overtook her. She wept so hysterically that the curtain was held half an hour. At last, still sobbing and trembling, she reached the wings and was pushed onstage. As she danced, she rained tears on her partner, André Eglevsky.

She went to bed that night heartbroken at her failure. The next morning she hardly dared look at the newspapers. When, finally, she opened them, she found one review was headed, DANCER YESTERDAY, BALLERINA TODAY. The critic had written: "Last night Tanaquil LeClercq danced her first 'Swan Lake.' It is small wonder she was frightened. but she can breathe freely, for this morning she is definitely a ballerina. This is a very young Swan Queen, but no less royal because she is timid and fearful."

Recently an acquaintance of Tanaquil's visited her dressing room before a performance. Wearing a blue flannel bathrobe, Tanny sat at her cluttered dressing table putting the finishing touches on her make-up. Her long, nervous hands moved deftly as she drew black pencil lines up from the corners of her eyes, painted her mouth, pinned her straight, shining hair so tight that no amount of whirling could shake it loose. Opening strains of music penetrated from the stage below, and from the corridors came the sounds of hurrying and excitement, quick whispers, and running feet.

Tanaquil's dresser came in with a costume, long, filmy white tulle. Tanaquil rose. She seemed casual and composed, but her hands shook a little. "Every once in a while," she said, "you ask yourself is it worth it?—going through all this, the work, the practice, having no other life but this." She gestured to the small, harshly lit room. "And, of course, the answer is no. Then, one night you give a nice performance; you come close to what you want to be"—she slipped into the costume—"and you feel so wonderful." She glanced at herself in the mirror and suddenly flashed a brilliantly happy smile. "And you know then that of course it *is* worth it."

Someone outside called her name. She waved and went out the door. It was time for her to dance.

This is how she rests her feet when she can finally relax. Few could do it so gracefully.

THE END


70
T C E
21.34
50
X C V F
15.24
40
Z A O T H
12.19
30
F T E V L C
9.14
20
C L V F O T Z E
6.10

Mrs. Garrity's Second Sight

There were those who rued the day she began to see straight—for some very odd things came into focus

BY WILLIAM IVERSEN

Hugh Garrity stooped over in front of the set, fiddling with the knobs. "Does it look any clearer now?" he asked.

His wife, Ida, leaned forward to squint, and her stomach rolled on her lap. For she was a big woman, Ida was, such as the ads would call a stylish stout when she got laced up in her good foundation and fixed herself to go out—which was seldom, except to go to the stores. And that was the reason Hugh had felt justified in spending so much for a set. Ida had to have some diversion, he declared, when the large-screen mahogany console was installed in the parlor. And from then on it was baseball and boxing and wrestling every night of the week.

"That's fine now, Pop; just leave it alone," Nealie Garrity said. And he plopped the hassock down on the floor within easy reach of his mother's purse, which lay on the little oval coffee table.

"I still see them fuzzy lines," said Ida.

"That's the seat of Pop's pants you're looking at," Nealie informed her.

"So it is," she decided after a bit, when the pin stripes came into focus. "Step out of the way, Hugh, if you please."

And Hugh did.

"Now it looks," Ida said, "—it looks to me as though the lot of them are skating around on their hands and knees."

"Skating!" Nealie snorted. "It's the polo game we're looking at tonight, Mom. Those are the horses you see." And he jumped up to point them out, being a helpful lad in many respects.

"Keep your mucky fingers off of that tube!" Hugh instructed, and when the veins stood out in his neck that way, you could rest assured he meant it.

"Ah, horses," Ida murmured. "What'll they think of next?"

"Why don't you get yourself some glasses?" her husband growled.

"I will, I will, one of these days," Ida promised. But no one paid the slightest heed, for she had been promising to have her eyes looked after ever since she was carrying Kitty, and Kitty was grown and married now. Though Ida could hardly be blamed for holding off until after the baby, for didn't her own dear mother warn her that if she pinched her nose with glasses the child would surely be born with a deep pink dent in the bridge of his? Besides, the lenses sapped the strength and made the pupils tiny as birdseed.

And then, the first thing she knew, she was carrying Nealie. And then the Depression came along, and there wasn't a penny left over to buy a stick of gum. And when things started looking up

ILLUSTRATED BY VARADY

Ida squinted through the strange contraption, and she couldn't believe her eyes.

It hadn't occurred to her loving family that glasses might sharpen more than her vision

again. Hugh was rushed off one December night with acute appendicitis. No sooner was the doctor paid than Nealie had to have a bicycle, and the very first week he fell off and broke his leg, and Hugh was away for days at a time celebrating Repeal. And so it went until the war, and then she'd heard that what with the shortages, the rims they were charging good money for were as flimsy as those the dime store sold.

"I'll go first thing tomorrow," she added, for Nealie and Hugh were both working now. And she had money enough to buy six pairs if she liked. Though even while she was thinking this, her fortune went down a dollar, for it was a bill of that denomination that Nealie had just selected from the fat wad in her bag. The clasp went shut with a little click that sounded faintly familiar.

"What's that you're doing, fidgeting there?" she turned in annoyance to ask.

"Nothing, Mom, just cracking my knuckles." Nealie replied. And he slid the old purse back on the table right in front of her wide blue eyes. Not that he'd ever been known to steal, especially from his mother. No, he told himself, he was merely collecting the refund due from the ten dollars board he paid, since he never had time to eat any breakfast. Besides, the gang was due at Rooney's place in another hour, and the bill would help defray expenses.

"Hit him!" Hugh mumbled fervently, his eyes bulging out at the tube. "Give him a smack on the head with your hammer."

"They're not allowed to hit each other," Nealie explained. "And that's not a hammer, Pop; it's a mallet."

"Shut your face," his father said, still intent on the play. "Ah, the devil! Saved by the bell. End of round two."

"Chukker." Nealie put in.

"Chuck who?" Hugh asked in surprise, with a quick glance at his wife.

"I said it's the end of the chukker. They don't call them rounds in polo."

"Oh, they don't, don't they? And who asked you?"

"Nobody did; I was just saying."

"Well, keep your opinions to yourself. I was playing the game before you were born."

"Polo?" Nealie made bold to inquire.

"Polo, my foot! It's only hockey on horseback. They do it to give the unemployed jockeys work. We used to play it every Sunday before the bakery converted to trucks. About twenty of us would go down to the stables and take the horses out to the lots. Them was games, let me tell you."

"Maybe they was games," Nealie muttered, "but I'm willing to bet none of them was polo."

"Are you calling your father a liar?" Hugh shouted, starting out of his chair.

"If the shoe fits, you're welcome to wear it!" sassed Nealie.

"We'll see if it fits!" Hugh promised en route, but his foot swung wide of its mark. "Come back here, you shifty little sneak!"

But Nealie was already out the door and halfway down the stairs.

Ida was so immersed in her thoughts she'd scarcely noticed these household sounds. She was wondering what kind to get, whether gold rims or silver or tortoise-shell, pince-nez or pixie or plain.

Next morning the problem was no nearer being solved for having been slept on overnight. So instead of going straight to see about glasses when she went to the stores in the morning, she thought she'd do a bit of shopping to give herself more time, and the first place she hit was the butchershop.

"Good morning, Mrs. Garrity!" Whitey, the owner, sang out from the rear, where he was grinding up scraps of chuck to fill an order for chopped sirloin steak. "I'll be with you in a minute."

But a minute was hardly time enough to get the matter settled. So when Whitey came up, wiping his hands, to ask what she would like, she vaguely replied that plain gold might be best.

Whitey gave her a long, deep look. "Gold?" he asked softly.

"Yes, gold," Mrs. Garrity confirmed. "But I can't make up my mind whether I'd rather have something to pinch my nose or the kind with the little thin arms to hug me tight behind the ears."

"Ah, yes," Whitey mumbled in sympathy, thinking the old girl had cracked at last, and no wonder, with her family.

"I don't want anything people will stare at, like pixies, you understand."

"Oh, no, of course not," Whitey agreed. "Steer clear of them."

"In fact, I don't see as many pixies as I used to. A few years ago the streets were full of them."

"You don't mean to tell me," Whitey said in surprise, thinking perhaps her hat had been loose for a much longer time than he'd ever suspected.

"I think they're on their way out."

"I'm glad to hear it, Mrs. G. I think you've probably got them licked."

"Well, they're cute enough if you're young and giddy, for they come in all colors, you know—pink and blue and red and green. I've seen all types in the window down here."

"I'll bet you have," Whitey murmured, never doubting her word.

"But you want something more dignified when you start getting on in years, don't you think?"

"Indeed I do," Whitey said quickly, wondering if she'd switched to banshees. And when she leaned toward him over the counter and squinted right in his eyes, his hand went out in search of the cleaver, just in case she should start acting up.

"Now, I like the kind that you've got," she said, "except that I don't need bifocal lenses, being just nearsighted as I am."

Whitey's pale cheeks took on a blush, like two white blotters soaking red ink. "It's glasses you're referring to!" he said with great relief. "Don't tell me, Mrs. Garrity, you're going to get cheaters at last?"

"This morning," Ida assured him.

"Well, many happy returns of the day! And where did you say you was going to get them?"

"I didn't say, but I thought I might as well patronize Sullivan. I've been looking in at his clock for so long, I feel that's the least I can do in return."

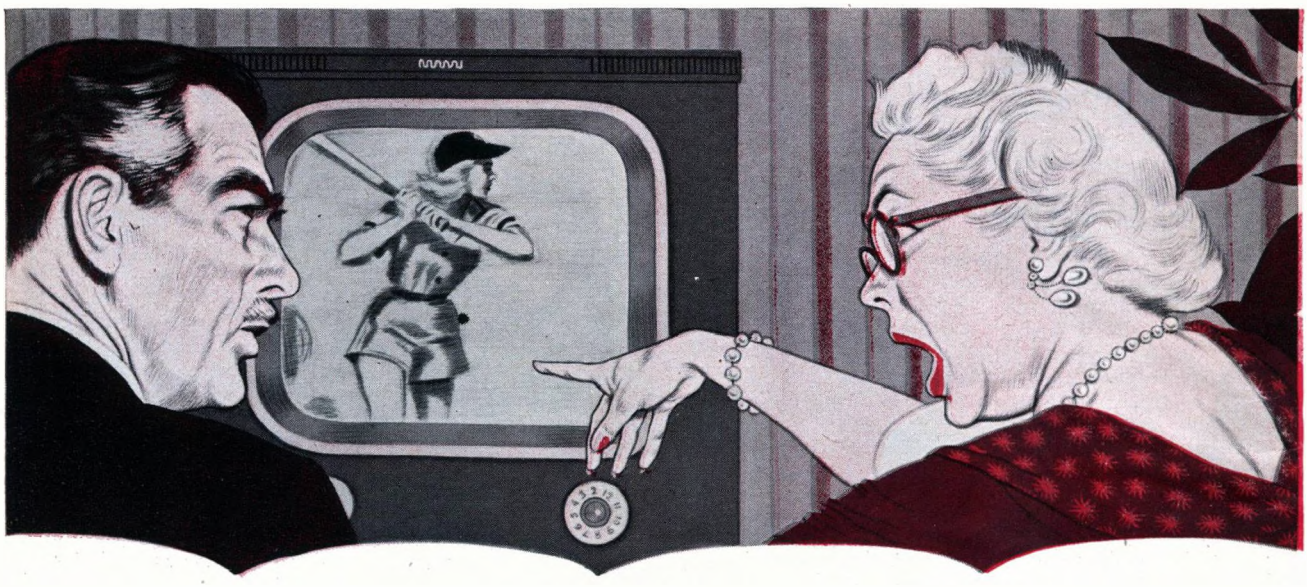
"Of course, if you feel indebted," said Whitey. "But if I were you, I wouldn't let my gratitude ruin my chance for a proper fit."

"Do you mean to say he ain't any good?" Ida asked in surprise.

"Well, I wouldn't want to make any statements that might act in restraint of his trade, but he fitted me out with a pair of real beauties. I looked like I was wearing headlights such as you'd only find on a bus, and the lenses were just old milk-bottle glass."

"Is that a fact? And him a registered

Visions of spectacles danced in her head—from gold to pixie to plain.



Suddenly the wavy lines vanished, and there in plain sight was an all-girl baseball team

optimist with a diploma and all!" Ida said.

"You want to go to a regular doctor who specializes in just the eyes. It might cost a few dollars more, but at least you'll be able to count your own fingers without having to feel around."

Ida sighed. "Ah, yes, but who will I go to? I don't know any specialists except Dr. Hogan, and he won't look at nothing but feet."

"You can go to the man who fixed me up—McNamara's his name."

"McNamara?" Ida repeated. "Well, I must admit he sounds very good. I'll go over and see him right away, but since I'm here you can let me have a pound of bacon to take the curse off the liver you sent."

"Bacon it is," Whitey echoed, slicing away at a slab of salt pork. And with the help of his thumb on the scale, it came to something just over the weight.

Ida reached in her purse and pulled out a five, and he promptly counted out change from a one. After all, his time was worth something, to say nothing of all the friendly advice.

"It's three blocks down and one block up, the big gray house on the corner," he told her. "And if you toddle right over there, he may be able to squeeze you in."

And toddle she did, the whole sad way, for she had to pass by Sullivan's store, and all along the avenue she could feel the huge pair of eyes on his sign staring at her ungrateful back.

She pressed the doctor's bell, and a buzzer buzzed. In she walked, and there was a nurse at the desk, smiling a regular hospital smile, like when they tell you that this won't hurt.

"Good morning," she said. "May I help you?"

Ida would have been happy just to be shown the way out the door, for the place had a quiet medical air that made you think twice before clearing your throat.

"I wanted to see Dr. McNamara," she said, all in a hush. "But since he probably isn't in, I'll make an appointment for sometime next week."

"Oh, but Doctor is here," the nurse said brightly. "And you just happened in at the right time, because Mrs. Brophy called up and canceled, so you can take her place at ten o'clock."

"I see," said Ida weakly, and she thought how sly Mrs. Brophy was. "What time is it now, Nurse?"

"Three minutes to ten."

"Well, I don't think I'd better wait," Ida said, shifting the package of bacon.

"But you only have a couple of minutes," said the nurse, picking up her pen. "And we can use the time very nicely, filling out your record. Sit down, please, and what's your name?"

"Mrs. Ida Garrity, and I think I'd rather stand."

"Just as you like. And your address?"

Realizing that once they knew where she lived they could track her down if she changed her mind, Ida made one up in a hurry.

"And what's your age?"

"I was just twenty-one in my stocking feet on the thirty-first of November."

The nurse smiled like her girdle was pinching. "Oh, come now," she said, "you can do better than that."

"Not when you're pushing fifty-four."

"Very well, and is your husband living?"

"Not to hear him tell it, he ain't, but seeing he came out to breakfast this morning, I guess it's safe to put yes."

"And is he employed?"

Ida glared at the sound of the question. "Indeed he is. And since I fully intend to pay cash, I don't see why you waste time filling out a credit card."

"Oh, this isn't for credit," the nurse said, all flustered. "It's just for our files."

A little red light on the desk interrupted, like Ida had hit the jackpot. Now that she was wise to their game of charging what the traffic would bear, she twisted her diamond ring around so only the gold band showed.

"Doctor will see you now, Mrs. Garrity," the nurse said, leading the way. And when the door opened into the office, she handed the doctor the card.

"This is Mrs. Garrity, Doctor. She's taking Mrs. Brophy's place."

"Come right in, Mrs. Brophy," said the doctor, pushing the door shut behind her. "Just make yourself comfortable in this chair."

Ida perched herself on the edge, clutching the bacon in her lap, and the doctor sat on the stool beside her.

"Now, what's the trouble, Mrs. Brophy," he asked in a quiet voice.

"It's my eyes," she said, coming right to the point.

"Ah ha," said he, as though he'd thought so all along. "And what are the symptoms you've noticed?"

"Well, it's just that I don't seem to see so good if something is more than a few feet away."

"And do your eyes itch?" he then inquired, like he'd be happy to scratch if they did.

"Sometimes, but not right now."

"I see, and do they ever water?"

"Once in a while, when I'm using ammonia, they seem to run pretty bad."

Then the doctor reached up to a little switch and suddenly turned off the lights.

"Oh, dear!" Ida exclaimed, thinking she had mistaken his nature.

"Now, just relax, Mrs. Brophy," he said, leaning his face close to hers. And he held a little flashlight between his staring eye and her own, moving it around in a circle and peering into the depths of her head.

"Oh, no!" she gasped, and she clamped her eyes shut. For she wasn't going to be hypnotized and carried off to a life of sin. But when she opened one eye a crack, she could see that the lights were on and the doctor was making notes on the card—probably to remind himself, "This is a woman of virtuous character, so next time don't try anything funny." Only no doubt he was scribbling it in Latin, to make it look like he gave her some pills.

"That didn't hurt you, now did it?" he asked, with an innocent, boyish smile. And she had to admit that it hadn't, though she wouldn't have minded a little pain if only the door was left standing open in case he had more tricks up his sleeve.

"My, but ain't it stuffy?" she said, as he put down his pen. "Would you be so kind as to open the door and let a little fresh air blow in?"

"Why, of course, if you like," he said, opening it, and he gave her a peculiar look. Then he came back and frowned at the card. "I thought you said your name was Brophy."

"Oh, no, my name is Garrity. You see, Mrs. Brophy couldn't come, so I'm here in her place."

"I see. Are you a friend of hers?"

"Heavens, no. I never met her. But I'm a very good customer of Whitey the butcher," she said, offering the package of bacon by way of a personal reference.

"Are you, indeed? Well, isn't that nice," he said. He seemed more than ever anxious to please and not to get her upset.

"Now, I'll have to turn out the lights again," he explained in a kindly voice. "But you mustn't be alarmed when I do, because I only want to see if you can read the letters printed up on the screen."

And there she was back in the dark.

"Just go ahead whenever you're ready," the doctor instructed.

Ida squinted for all she was worth, but couldn't make out a thing—though there did seem to be something glowing on the other side of the room.

"If there's something there you want me to read, I'll have to move up closer to see."

"That won't be necessary, Mrs. Garrity. Let's just try these on instead." And he clamped such a heavy pair of glasses on her, it was all she could do to hold up her head.

"Now, can you read the top line?" he asked.

"I can see a big 'A' now, pretty clear—but, Doctor, I don't like these rims. Haven't you got something smaller and lighter?"

"Oh, these aren't for you to wear," he assured her. "This is a special set of frames we use just to see what lenses you need." And he stuck two more pieces of glass in the peepholes.

"Now you can read the second line, can't you?"

"Indeed I can, but it don't make much sense. *Cdbfsluzkx*."

"Just read one letter at a time, Mrs. Garrity," the doctor said with a heavy sigh, and Ida thought what a pity it was that the poor man didn't enjoy his work more.

But enjoy it or not, he knew his business, and had her reading the fine print in no time. And then he made out a little prescription, and gave her the name of a place to go where she could have the glasses made up.

"What was it again you said I had?" she asked.

"Myopia," the doctor repeated, and he wrote it out on a slip of paper for her to take along.

That night at dinner she had it with her, lying next to her plate.

"You know all these years how I've been thinking that I was only nearsighted?" she remarked.

"Urm," her husband grunted, tooling away at his liver and bacon.

"Well, the doctor found out that I really got"—she picked up the paper and squinted a bit—"myopia!"

Hugh slowly put down his knife and fork, and rested his head in his hand. "Oh, Lord, what next?" he muttered sadly.

"I hope it ain't catching, is it, Mom?" Nealie quickly asked. "I just used your towel to dry my face."

"He didn't say one way or the other. But the glasses I'm getting will keep it in check."

"What kind did you get?" Nealie inquired.

"You'll see in good time," Ida said with a smile. "They'll be ready at the end of the week."

And ready they were, that Friday morning, which happened to be a murky day. But the glasses made everything so sharp and bright that Ida had to look overhead to see if the sun wasn't shining. She simply couldn't believe her eyes when she first walked out on the street and got a good look at what women were wearing, to say nothing of the junk in the windows the stores were asking big prices for.

What with taking in all the sights and getting used to the pull of the lenses, her head was starting to spin on her shoulders by the time she got back to the old neighborhood and stopped in to let Whitey see how she looked.

"How do I look?" Ida asked proudly. She was very surprised to see how Whitey had aged overnight.

"You look just grand," Whitey declared.

"Well, I just dropped in to thank you for setting me straight on going to see the doctor. But since I'm here, you might cut me a nice slice of steak."

"Steak it is," Whitey echoed, swinging a huge piece of gristle and bone up on the chopping block.

"What's that you're giving me?" Ida asked, frowning.

"Why, porterhouse, like you always get," Whitey replied.

"A dog wouldn't risk his teeth on that

stuff. Give me a slice of this one," Ida said, pointing it out in the case.

"Ah, sure, if you like it all lean and tender," Whitey mumbled.

Whitey threw the steak on the scale, resting the heel of his hand beside it as he leaned forward to read the weight.

"If you'd put both your feet on along with your hand you might get a little card telling your fortune," Ida commented.

"Oops!" said Whitey, backing away. "I didn't realize what I was doing."

And when she reached in her bag and pulled out a ten, he counted out the change to the penny, cursing the better side of his nature that had saved her from falling into Sullivan's hands.

Later that day, when Hugh came home, Ida met him at the top of the stairs.

"Look," Ida said. "I've got my new glasses."

He took off his coat and gave her a glance. "So you have," he muttered.

"Well, ain't they nice? They're the finest gold frames the man had to sell."

"Gold?" Hugh said, with a little grunt that seemed to inquire why tin wouldn't do. And then he went to the kitchen closet, as was his habit every night.

"I feel like a glass of prune juice," he said, uncorking the rye.

"Well, you've got the wrong bottle," she pointed out. "The prune juice is on the shelf up above."

"What's that you say?" he asked in surprise, and then he remembered that she could see. "Well, so it is; now fancy that," he said, tapping the cork back in. "In that case maybe I'll just wash my hands, for I haven't the thirst to reach way up there."

"You're splashing all over my nice clean floor," she said, as he rinsed the soap off his hands, and when he turned around to dry them, she started at him again.

"Don't you dare wipe your hands on my curtains!" she shouted.

And he wondered how long a person could linger with whatever disease it was she had. For if this was the way life was going to be, he'd sooner be left with his memories.

When Nealie came in, and they sat down to dinner, it was "Hugh, sit up straight" and "Nealie, don't gulp" and "Please take your elbows down off the table" until father and son were soon drawn together in mutual misery, as they never had been by love and affection. While the dishes were being done, they sat in the parlor discussing their fate like two doomed men.

"It's bad," said Hugh.

"It is," said Nealie.

"It ain't fair to have our happy home turned into a hornets' nest, with her picking and nagging at every turn and always drilling you through with her eyes. I tell you, I'd rather she'd run off with a man, for I'd know how to deal with that situation."

Hugh clenched and unclenched his capable hands, while Nealie thoughtfully rubbed his slim fingers.

"If only she'd take them off for a second," he mused, with a glance at Hugh.

Hugh paused in the midst of lighting his pipe, and the flame burned down the match. "Do you think you could?"

"Just leave it to me."

"Good boy," said Hugh, patting Nealie's shoulder. "But, shush now. Here she comes."

"You're dropping ashes on the rug," Ida observed, as she pulled up her chair.

"Sorry, Mom," Nealie said earnestly, wiping them out with his foot.

Hugh nodded and winked and turned on the set, as contented as he could be, for not only had he faith in Nealie's light touch, but tonight was the all-girl baseball game, and he had a crush on the little blonde who pitched for the favorite team.

"Just look at the curves she's throwing!" he chortled in delight.

And how could you miss them, Ida wondered, with the brazen thing wearing just skimpy short pants and two skeins of wool stretched into a sweater?

"Why don't you switch to another station?" she suggested. "I think there's a quiz show on."

"Switch stations?" Hugh asked indignantly. "This is the only fun I get."

"Then why don't you buy a set of your own? After all, you got this one for me—or so I was led to understand every time the payments came due."

And so they argued back and forth until the end of the second inning, when Hugh finally had to switch to the quiz. Ida sat listening to the questions contentedly, when all of a sudden the telephone rang.

"It's Kitty calling to talk to you, Mom," Nealie glumly announced, for he'd hoped it might be one of the boys trying to round up a game of poker.

"Hello, Kitty, dear," Ida said, taking the receiver. "What do you think? I've got my new glasses."

"That's wonderful, Mom," Kitty replied in a very excited voice. "John and me just came from the doctor's."

"Did you, now? What's the matter?"

"Mom, I'm going to be a mother!"

"A mother!" Ida gasped in delight. Not knowing whether to laugh or cry, she started doing both at once, until Nealie had to lead her away.

"You're going to be a grandfather!" she kept repeating to Hugh.

"All right, don't rub it in," he said, feeling it didn't do to dwell on the topic or he might wake up with no teeth and a cane.

"Oh, what joy and happiness!" Ida wailed. She nearly collapsed in a fit of sobs.

"Run get the whisky quick!" Hugh ordered, for that was the only first aid he believed in, having seen men with broken bones get up and walk home after just such treatment.

"Get two more glasses and a bit of ice," he said, when Nealie came back with the bottle, and he poured a stiff hooker of stimulant and applied it to his wife's lips. And when she began to come around, he filled her glass again, pouring one for himself and Nealie, just to combat any ill effects the excitement might have had on their nerves.

"How do you feel, Mom?" Nealie inquired.

Ida blinked up through her tear-streaked lenses and watched Nealie's face float around the room. "Very well, thank you, Nealie, my love. But my glasses are starting to draw at my eyes, and the frames feel a little heavy and tight."

"Then just let me put them aside for a while, and give your peepers a rest," Nealie said, lifting them right off her nose.

"That's the ticket," Hugh said with a grin, pointing to the open window.

Ida patted a heavy yawn and raised herself to her feet. "And now, if you'll excuse me," she murmured, "I think I'm ready for bed. I've got a big day tomorrow again, for I have to go down to the eyeglass place and get the rest of my order."

The words reached out and snagged Nealie's arm, right in the midst of his throw. "You got more coming?" he croaked.

"Ah, yes, I couldn't make up my mind which style I liked best, so I ordered a pair of each."

When she had gone to her room and shut the door, Nealie set her glasses aside on the table, knowing that all the joys of his youth were being set aside, too. For with sixteen eyes around, ready to jump on his every move, he could kiss good-by to the easy life and his whole economic system.

Hugh scowled into his empty glass and shook his head with a heartfelt sigh. Then he got up and poured another. For he thought he might as well make the most of having the bottle out of the cupboard, as such a chance wouldn't come again until the next time she caught a chill, or maybe when the grandchild was born.

"You're going to be an uncle," he said, as though by appointing Nealie he could hasten the day of the blessed event.

Nealie nodded and thought for a minute, slowly counting on the tips of his fingers. "—April." THE END

DON'T WORRY ABOUT

Your Heart

It's virtually impossible to strain it, and when damaged it repairs itself. Its toughness and adaptability amaze even heart specialists

BY DR. H. M. MARVIN AND DAVID LOTH

If you're like most people, you probably think of your heart as a delicate organ easily strained by overactivity. But actually, a healthy heart is the toughest, strongest muscle in the body. It is more efficient than any man-made machine and it is virtually impossible to strain. It produces so much energy that if a lifetime's effort could be applied all at once, it would lift the mammoth battleship *Missouri* fourteen feet out of water.

The heart is composed almost entirely of muscle laced by a dense network of blood vessels that supply its nourishment and energy. It works about a third of each second, contracting sharply to pump blood through the body. It does this so efficiently that every drop travels from heart to body tissues and back again about once every minute. In the two-thirds of a second between beats it relaxes, while its chambers refill with blood.

Shaped something like a big ripe fig, the heart is from about four inches across in small women to six inches in big men and weighs from a little over half a pound to three-fourths of a pound.

When an increase in blood flow is needed, the heart responds smoothly and tirelessly. First, the heartbeat speeds up, sometimes to twice the usual rate. Second, the muscle contracts more completely, pumping out more blood with each beat. In moderate exercise, the heart may pump five times as much blood a minute; in strenuous effort, eight or ten times as much.

The heart does a remarkable maintenance job during the split-second between beats, when the cells of the heart take their oxygen and other nutrients from the blood.

Its Repair System Is Amazing

The heart's repair system is quite remarkable, too. There are two main kinds of repairs: those required by damage to the valves and those called for by the blocking or narrowing of arteries that feed the heart.

The valves direct the flow of blood into the proper channels and prevent it from flowing back into the chamber it has just left. They are like delicate little doors, and they open and close partly in response to the pressure of the blood stream and partly by muscular contraction.

An injury may contract the valve opening to a fraction of its previous size, or the valve leaflets themselves may shrink as the injury heals so that they cannot completely close off the opening. In the first case, the normal quantity of blood will not flow through the opening in a given time. In the second, each beat may pump some blood back into the chamber it has just left.

This means the heart has to work harder to maintain the usual flow of blood. The surprising thing is not that the heart gradually enlarges and becomes stronger to meet this strain, but that in many cases it does not begin to enlarge for many years.

The heart is even more effective in repairing damage caused by closing or gradual narrowing of an artery. If a clot (thrombus) forms inside the vessel, it usually blocks the channel completely, causing what is known as a "heart attack." The medical term is coronary thrombosis. ("Coronary" refers to arteries supplying the heart muscle; "thrombosis" means clotting.)

If the part of the heart muscle previously fed by the blocked artery is not supplied with blood in a short time, it is likely to die and be replaced by scar tissue.

But if the closing of the artery is gradual, with the clot forming slowly—and this is quite common—the functioning of the heart may not be affected at all. For as the artery's channel becomes smaller, nearby blood vessels begin to expand and send branches into the muscle fibers that have been supplied exclusively by the closing artery. And by the time the artery is completely blocked,

(continued)

the new branches have taken over. This may be carried out so efficiently that the owner never is aware of it.

Not long ago an elderly gentleman died in his sleep. In all his seventy-five years he never had suffered a major ailment. Examination showed that his heart, which in life had given him no trouble, had half the larger arteries completely closed by clots, many obviously formed years before his death. Neighboring vessels had grown into a substitute network capable of handling the whole load.

It is not unusual for one, two, or even all three of the major coronary arteries to be closed by clots and their work taken over by other vessels that originally were much smaller but grew in response to the need.

Heart Needs a Month for Repairs

It usually takes a month for the heart to form a collateral circulation sufficient to repair the injury resulting from a "heart attack." That is why doctors usually prescribe complete rest for a few weeks. Of course, the heart cannot rest completely. It must go on pumping blood. But with the body at rest, the heart rate and blood pressure are at a minimum and the heart is resting for a longer time each minute.

When the body is at rest, the heart works at only about a tenth of its capacity. So it is only when disease causes the heart to lose nine-tenths of its capacity that one need fear "heart failure." This phrase is often taken to mean a fatal illness, but doctors use it to mean only that the heart is failing to perform its full function. Many people live with heart failure for years, and live fairly active lives, too.

It is a common—but false—idea that strenuous exercise damages the heart, by enlarging it, straining it, making it more susceptible to disease, or causing heart murmurs. This is untrue. Enlargement comes only from a continuous added burden over long periods of time—far longer than any exercise can be kept up. Murmurs during and after exercise are a normal accompaniment of the heart's increased rate; permanent ones are not caused by exercise.

Exercise that the individual is used to and that is reasonable at his age never harms a healthy heart. Only after the heart has been damaged need the question of cutting down on usual activities be considered. Of course, a man whose chief exercise has been walking from his desk to his car should not suddenly take up weight-lifting.

"That's all very well," says the doubting patient, "but what about the people who die suddenly of heart attacks while playing tennis, running for a bus, or shoveling snow?"

These are only a small percentage of the total number of attacks, but they are the dramatic ones that hit the newspapers. For every one of them there are a dozen other people who have heart attacks, most of them not fatal, while sleeping or sitting at a desk or strolling quietly along the street. Most doctors today believe that such attacks have no relationship to the victim's physical activities during the preceding few hours, except possibly for unusually strenuous exercise.

Exercise does not give the heart its most severe test. Every woman who bears a child puts her heart through a more strenuous workout than any athlete. Pregnancy, especially in the last few months, puts a continuous increased load on the heart. Yet childbirth is accomplished successfully every year by thousands of women with damaged hearts.

Heart disease does impose some restrictions. Take the case of one physician. (So many doctors have heart attacks that they are considered an occupational hazard.) Dr. Bradford, an unusually busy general practitioner, had seen many cases. When he was fifty-two years old, he himself had an attack. Six weeks in the hospital followed by a month's vacation produced an excellent recovery, and he went back to work, driving himself as hard as ever. Three years later another large coronary artery was closed suddenly by a blood clot. This time the collateral circulation did not develop so well as before, and the heart was moderately but permanently weakened. But Dr. Bradford refused to take the advice he often gave to his patients.

"My father and grandfather lived to be eighty-five," he said, "and I will, too."

It soon became apparent that his chances of doing so were very slight indeed at the pace he was keeping. Reluctantly, he consented to give up the night calls and obstetrical cases that had so often interrupted his rest. Now, eight years later, he is still in active practice, because he lives within the limits imposed by his heart.

Most Heart Attacks Are Nonfatal

Some heart attacks are fatal. About 15 out of 100 people who suffer heart attacks die within a few weeks. But only a small minority of the 85 survivors are disabled. The great majority recover and can carry on normal business and social activities.

But then why do about five out of ten Americans die of some heart or circulatory disease? A big reason is that medical progress has largely conquered the killers of earlier years, like tuberculosis, pneumonia, diphtheria, typhoid, and smallpox. Millions who once would have died young now live to middle and old age, the time of life when heart disease is more likely to develop. Also, a great many deaths from heart disease occur after the normal span of life; they are a sort of gentle slipping away from life. In 1948, 60 per cent of the people who died from cardiovascular diseases were 75 years old or more.

The growing public awareness of heart disease has made people frightened by a slow or fast heartbeat, an irregular beat, palpitations, murmurs, or pain in the chest. Some of these may be symptoms of heart disease; usually they are harmless or an indication of something else. (Four out of five people who rush to the doctor with "pain over the heart" suffer from a digestive disturbance.)

A Slow Heartbeat Is Often Normal

Many perfectly healthy hearts beat as slowly as 40 or as fast as 100 times a minute, instead of the normal 70 or 80. What matters is the normal rate for a particular heart. Glenn Cunningham, the fastest mile-runner of his day, has a heart that beat 40 times a minute.

Even a slow rate caused by a permanent change in the heart is not necessarily a cause for alarm. For example, Mrs. White, an extremely busy, energetic woman, had an uncommon condition known as complete heart block. In this condition, the electrical impulse that sets off each beat of the heart is blocked in its passage from the upper to the lower chambers. For more than thirty years this slowed Mrs. White's heart down to 30 or 33 beats a minute. But she reared a family, made a name for herself in her profession, and flung herself into a great number of strenuous campaigns for worthy causes. She seemed to be affected by her condition only when she had a fever and her heart speeded up to about 40. Then she would comment, "It's pounding like a trip hammer!"

More anxiety is caused by very rapid heartbeats, since they are more easily felt. Sometimes this is normal for the individual; sometimes it is only temporary. In one fairly common condition, a heart of average rate suddenly speeds up to as much as 200 or 250 beats a minute. This may continue for minutes, hours, or, rarely, for several days; then it abruptly subsides. The chief harm lies in the fear such an attack usually generates before the person learns it is uncomfortable but not serious.

If the attack lasts for some time, mild exhaustion may result. This is because at such a high rate the heart is not pumping efficiently, and the body's tissues are being deprived of oxygen. Yet there are cases on record of patients with this condition whose hearts beat at 160 to 180 a minute for months yet suffered no ill effects.

An irregular heartbeat is sometimes more disturbing than an unusual rate, because it raises the fear that the heart will fail. The most common irregularity

is known to patients as "skipped beats" and to doctors as "premature beats." In this condition some beats occur sooner than expected. Usually the fundamental regularity of the heart is not disturbed. If beat No. 6 is moved forward so that it falls closely after No. 5, beat No. 7 still occurs exactly when it is due.

These premature beats almost never indicate heart disease and do not lead to heart disease no matter how frequently they occur, even if there are several a minute.

This or any other break in the regular rhythm may lead to an awareness of the heart commonly called "palpitation." Sometimes the heart feels as if it had given a flop or turned a somersault. Sometimes there is consciousness not of the beat, but of the long pause after it. This is no cause for alarm. Virtually all normal, healthy persons notice a rapid or forcible or irregular beating of the heart at some time.

Murmurs must be diagnosed by a physician. Sometimes a murmur indicates an injury to the heart; other times it has little or no importance. Fear of murmurs may be entirely unjustified, as was well illustrated by a study of 303 men rejected by the Army early in World War II because of heart murmurs and then called up in 1943 when manpower shortages began to be felt. Four years later, after they had averaged two and a half years of strenuous military service, four were disabled—an average for their age and length of service—and seven others had developed a psychological disorder of the nervous system and circulation. The rest were perfectly healthy.

Symptoms of Heart Trouble

There are, of course, symptoms that warn of heart disease:

1. *Abnormal shortness of breath.* Uncomfortable breathlessness after a common task that formerly had no such effect is often the first indication that the heart has become less efficient. However, it may be due not to the heart but to anemia, muscular flabbiness from lack of exercise, or, frequently, obesity.

2. *Pain in the center of the chest.* Pain in the left side of the chest is seldom caused by the heart. A pain that arises in the heart is usually felt in the center of the chest, usually as a feeling of tightness or pressure during physical effort or emotional stress. The discomfort arises when some part of the heart muscle does not get enough blood to do the increased work.

Self-diagnosis of heart pain can be extremely dangerous. There are many other conditions that can cause almost identical sensations. Some are of little importance and yield readily to medical treatment. While a pain over the heart seldom is caused by the heart, it is always important enough to be reported to a physician.

3. *Undue fatigue.* When a day of work or play that formerly caused no fatigue now brings on weariness, it may be because the heart is less competent. However, this symptom is more often associated with high blood pressure.

The presence of symptoms of actual heart disease is still serious, but less so than it was a few years ago. Most patients can learn to live with their ailment, whether it results from coronary thrombosis, high blood pressure, or rheumatic fever—the three conditions that cause about 90 per cent of heart disease in this country. The warning signals, especially shortness of breath and pain in the center of the chest, will serve as guides to their limitations.

Heart-disease patients often ask if they must give up alcohol and tobacco. Sometimes they think that smoking or drinking may have caused the disease, but actually the two have different effects on the heart.

Alcohol acts upon the heart chiefly by dilating the small blood vessels and thus providing the heart muscle with more nourishment and oxygen. For this reason it is recommended in moderate amounts in relieving certain kinds of heart disease.

The evidence about tobacco is not so clear. Smoking constricts the small blood vessels in the skin, causes a moderate rise in the blood pressure, and slightly increases the heart's rate. It has not been proved that smoking constricts the small vessels in the heart, but there is strong indirect evidence that it does, at least in some people. If it were proved that the small branches of the coronary arteries reacted in the same way as the vessels in the skin, the case against the use of tobacco by patients with heart disease would be very strong.

However, some people get so much satisfaction from smoking and suffer so intensely when forced to stop that most doctors are reluctant to issue stern orders against tobacco unless circumstances clearly warrant it.

Overeating Affects Heart Disease

A far greater enemy of every heart-disease patient is overeating. For every one whose ailment is complicated by overindulgence in alcohol or tobacco, ten suffer from overweight. Every pound of fat puts a continuous added load upon the heart. To a heart weakened by disease, even a few pounds—each of which needs literally miles of added blood vessels—may make the difference between disability and reasonable activity.

There is also danger in some of the faddist diets that promise rapid weight losses through meals extremely low in calories. It seems wiser and safer, especially for those with heart disease, to lose gradually without sacrificing strength.

THE END

Do You Know That Your Heart . . .

- . . . is the toughest, strongest muscle in your entire body?
- . . . is more efficient than any man-made machine?
- . . . has its own complete maintenance and repair system?
- . . . produces enough energy in its lifetime to lift the battleship *Missouri* 14 feet out of water?
- . . . has a reservoir of power specifically intended for strenuous exertion?
- . . . is as strong as an automobile engine that could run constantly for 70 years without overhauling?
- . . . pumps every drop of your blood to body tissues and back once every minute?

Man of Our Century

The most remarkable man of the age, Albert Schweitzer, gives his great genius to helping the most humble

BY ANTHONY LEWIS

In the suffocating jungle heat of French Equatorial Africa, a white man bends over a young native woman. Her arm is hideously swollen, and she glances fearfully at the man's face. He examines the arm swiftly, and then, despite his age, and he is very old, he lifts her carefully onto a stretcher.

The woman is one of many thousands of African natives who would have died if the man had not been there. He is Dr. Albert Schweitzer, great lover of God and man, who for forty years has been engaged in as challenging a mission as the world has known.

This is the story of an uncommonly gifted man. In a world where an ordinary man must push to the limit of his capacities to achieve success in one career, Schweitzer has won success in six—deepening in humility as he gained in mastery.

As an organist, he held Europe spellbound. Successively he became a great authority on organ construction, the greatest living authority on Bach's organ works, and, after writing Bach's biography, the authoritative living Bach scholar.

As a minister of the gospel, he served his small Alsatian congregation with dignity and distinction. He studied the great religious writings, then started to write himself and became a giant among theologians.

But meanwhile an inexorable sense of personal destiny was pushing Albert Schweitzer toward a larger challenge—the dedication of his life to those in greatest need. To prepare, he entered medical school at thirty, finished, took graduate work in tropical medicine, then embarked for French Equatorial Africa.

Even on that day long ago Albert Schweitzer could have borne the title today commonly attached to him, "the great man of his generation." But it remained for misery-laden Africa to bring to fruition the greatest collection of talents possessed by any one man of this time.

Today, few of Schweitzer's 700 patients (400 are lepers) in his hospital at Lambaréné, on the Ogowe River, Gabon, are aware of their doctor's remarkable history.

But there are still some who can remember what Lambaréné was like when he first paddled up the Ogowe in 1913. Without medical help, the natives suffered horribly from elephantiasis, tropical ulcers, malaria, leprosy, heart disease, sleeping sickness, and hernia. The lucky ones died quickly. Schweitzer describes a typical case of death from strangulated hernia:

"In Africa," he writes, "this terrible death is quite common. There are few Negroes who have not as boys seen some man rolling in the sand of his hut and howling with agony till death came to release him. How can I describe my feelings when a poor fellow is brought me in this condition? I am the only person within hundreds of miles who can help him. . . . This does not mean merely that I can save his life. We must all die. But that I can save him from days of torture. that is what I feel as my great and ever new privilege."

Schweitzer at seventy-eight is astoundingly vigorous and youthful. His brown eyes shine and his bushy white mustache bristles as, in his clear, strong voice, he outlines to his three doctors and six nurses his plans for the next twenty years. The only concession he makes

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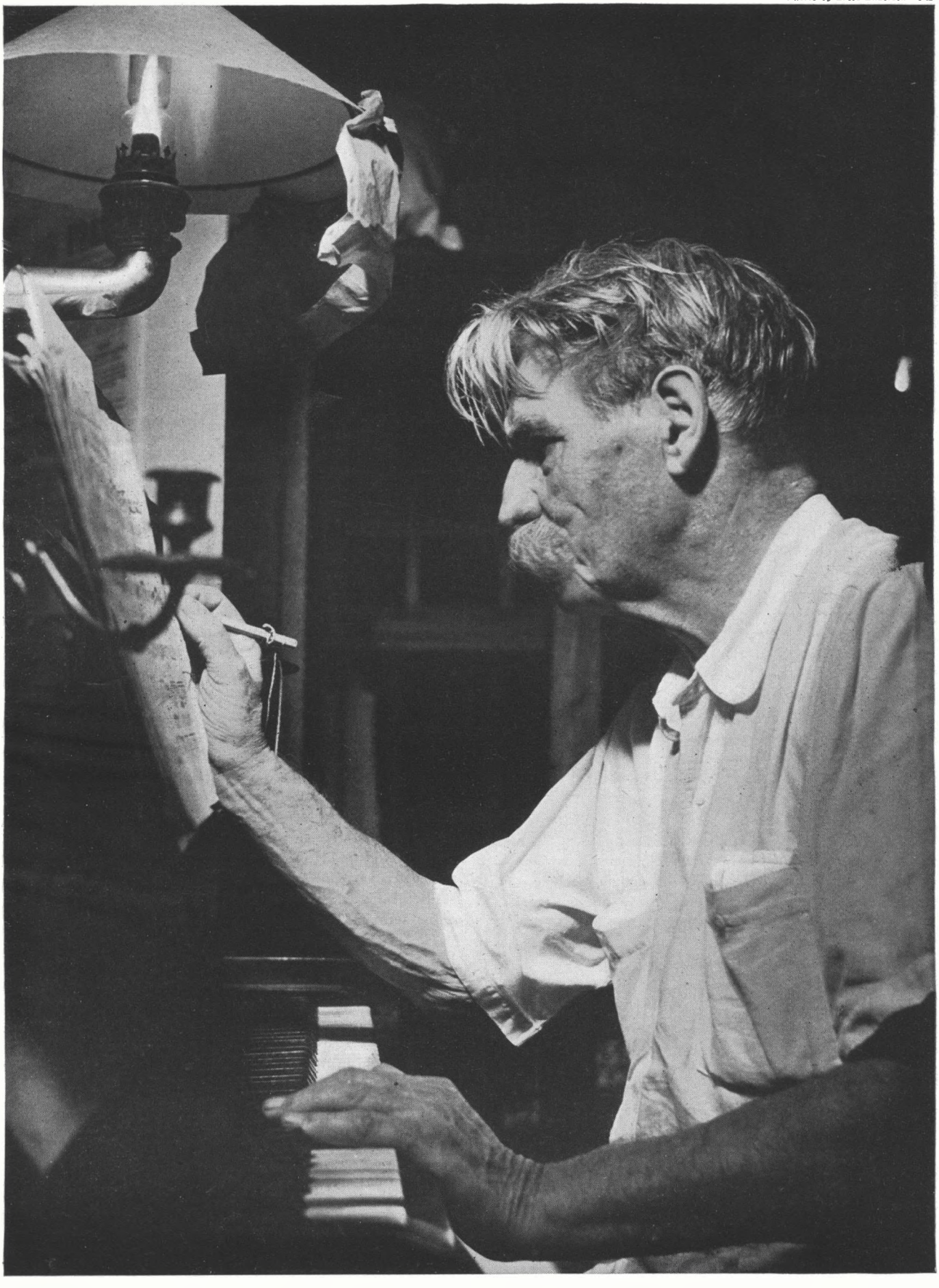
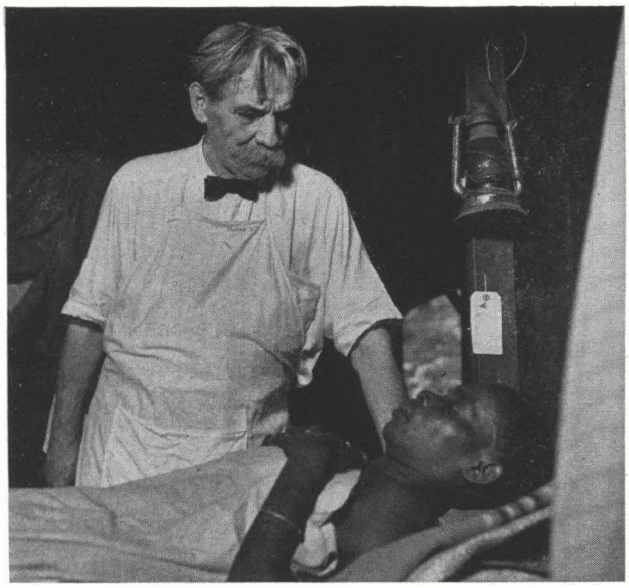
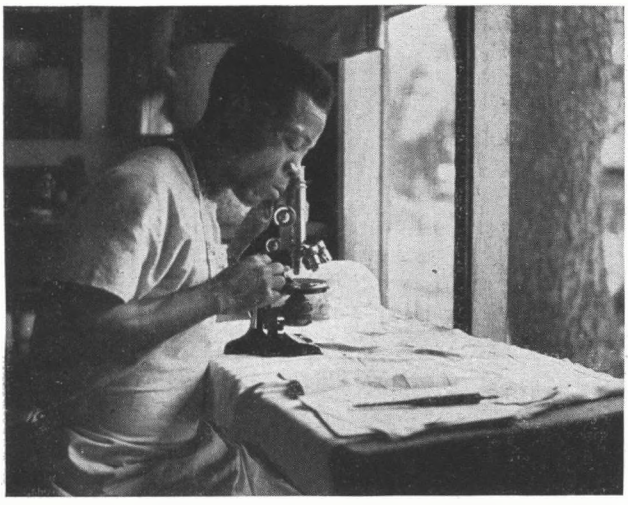
AFTER A DAY'S WORK at his jungle hospital in Africa, Schweitzer often plays and composes music at night. The greatest living authority on Bach, he uses his genius to raise money for medical work.

Photos by Erica Anderson—Pix





SCHWEITZER EXAMINES a woman patient in the primitive but practical hospital-quarters he built himself. At seventy-eight he still works tirelessly, is an authority on tropical disease.



IN HOSPITAL'S SIMPLE LABORATORY, Joseph, one of Schweitzer's native assistants, examines a slide. With patient teaching, the doctor has made able helpers of once totally ignorant natives.

His jungle hospital is his great lifework

to age is that he no longer puts up hospital buildings singlehanded.

Schweitzer recalls with humorous exasperation the early months during which he pitted his philosopher's mind and musician's fingers against the iron-hard wood of the jungle. The natives were content with their dilapidated huts, and they gave only token aid when Schweitzer began to build a crude, tin-roofed hospital. There was the day he turned to a lounging native who had been to a mission school and asked him to lend a hand with some logs. "I'm an intellectual and don't drag wood about," the native replied haughtily. "You're lucky," said Schweitzer. "I, too, wanted to become an intellectual, but I didn't succeed."

There is underlying truth in Schweitzer's jocular remark. For Schweitzer would have been only an intellectual, though a very great one, had he not at twenty-one taken for his own a few deeply moving words by Jesus: "Whosoever will save his life shall lose it, and whosoever shall lose his life for My sake and the Gospels shall save it."

Young Schweitzer had long been ready to listen to such words and to understand them. His father and grandfather were ministers, gentle, devoted men.

The boy was a musical prodigy. He studied the piano at five and the organ at eight. When he was nine he played the organ at church services in his little town of Gunsbach, in Alsace. At seventeen he was the favorite pupil of the great French organist Charles Widor. A year later he entered the University of Strasbourg to study theology and philosophy. His thinking was undergoing ferment.

"It became steadily clearer to me," he says, "that I had not the inward right to take as a matter of course my happy youth, my good health, and my power of work. Out of the depths of my happiness there grew up gradually within me an understanding . . . that . . . whosoever is spared personal pain must feel himself called to help in diminishing the pain of others."

Then came the great decision: "I would consider myself justified in living until I was thirty for science and art, in order to devote myself from that time forward to the direct service of humanity."

SCHWEITZER WATCHES from the bank of the Ogowe River as a river freighter makes for shore with a load of lumber for new buildings. All supplies arrive by this slow delivery.

A few years later Schweitzer published a book, *The Religious Philosophy of Immanuel Kant.* He preached in the Church of St. Nicholas in Strasbourg and became principal of the Theological Seminary. Then in his great work of theological criticism, *The Quest of the Historical Jesus*, he sounded a deep if unorthodox note of understanding of the relationship between the Christian and Jesus:

"He comes to us as One unknown, without a name, as of old, by the lake-side, He came to those who knew Him not. He speaks to us the same word: 'Follow thou Me!' And sets us to the tasks which he has to fulfill for our time. He commands. And to those who obey Him, whether they be wise or simple, He will reveal Himself in the toils, the conflicts, the sufferings which they shall pass through in His fellowship, and, as an ineffable mystery, they shall learn in their own experience Who He is."

He wrote other books. Degrees were bestowed on him, honors showered. But Schweitzer did not forget his decision. On his thirtieth birthday he began the study of medicine so that he could bring help where help was most needed—to the forgotten natives of Africa. His relatives and friends protested that he was committing an act of suicidal folly, that all he would accomplish in Africa was the burial of his great talents. But Schweitzer was faithful to his great Friend. Through superhuman exertions he took his medical courses while continuing to preach, write, and give organ recitals. His overwhelming program had one consuming reason—he needed the money with which to buy supplies for his contemplated hospital.

In 1912, Schweitzer married Hélène Bresslau, daughter of a Strasbourg historian. A dedicated woman, she studied nursing to help him. She spent long years with him in Africa until failing health forced her to go back to Europe. The Schweitzers have one child, Rhena, who lives with her husband and four children in Switzerland.

In Africa, Schweitzer's fundamental philosophy of life crystallized. He was sitting in his boat as it worked upstream toward Lambaréné when, in his words, "there flashed upon my mind, unforeseen and unsought, the phrase 'Reverence for Life.' The iron door had yielded: the path in the thicket had become visible." From that moment, Schweitzer's life has been the expression of that idea.

But Schweitzer's self-dedication is not weighted with solemnity. Instead, it is tinged with gentle humor. In Africa he has needed all the humor he could summon. In the beginning he had to be respectful of his patients' superstitions. More than once he found it good medicine to pretend to snatch an "evil spirit" from an incision. The natives had decided that the hypodermic needle was a good thing—the puncture let out imprisoned devils. As for anaesthetics: "He kills people, cuts them open and then brings them back to life."

Despite the backwardness of the natives when he

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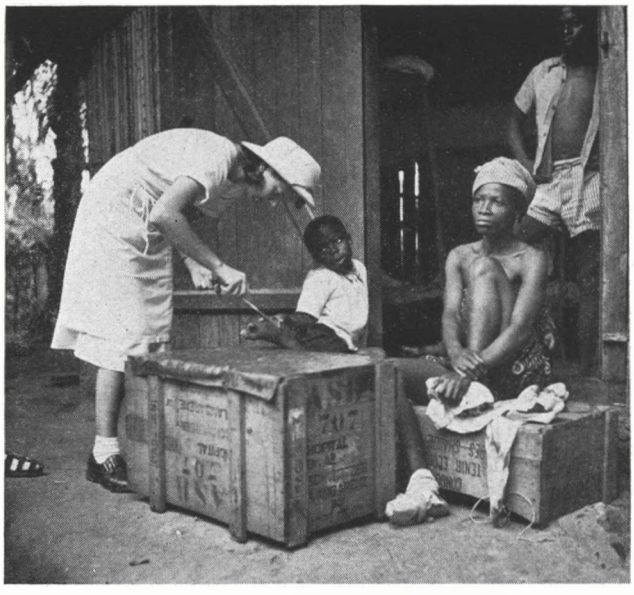
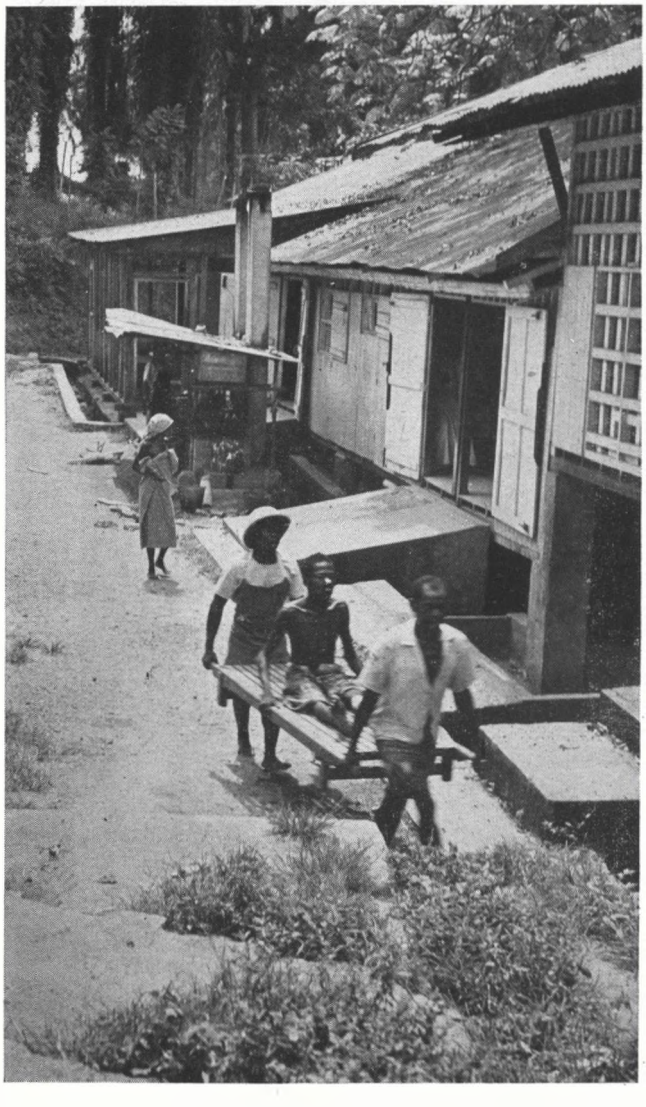
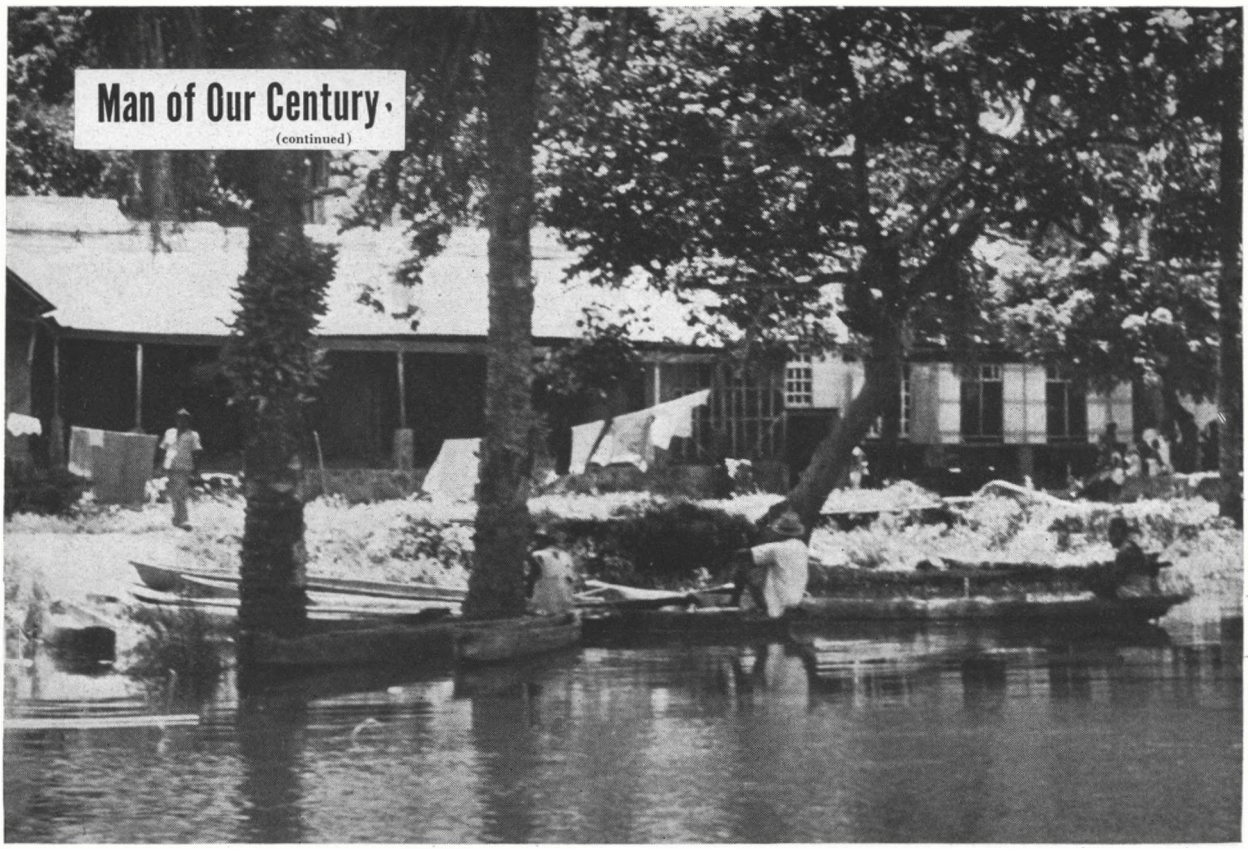


THE MOST PATHETIC PATIENTS are the children with leprosy, and there are very many in the jungle. Here a boy holds up his foot for treatment by one of Schweitzer's European assistants.

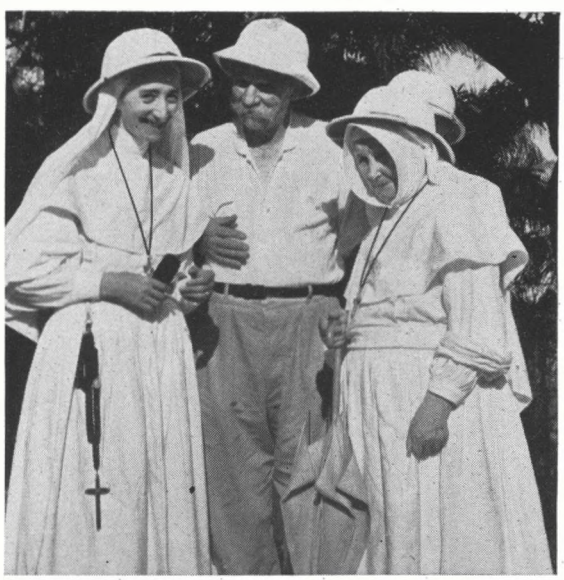


SITTING BOLT UPRIGHT with pain and fright, an emergency patient is brought in on a stretcher. In the background are the tin-roofed shacks that make up the hospital.



SCHWEITZER'S HOSPITAL STANDS on the banks of the muddy Ogowe River, with dense jungle pressing in relentlessly on the

"Whosoever is spared personal pain must



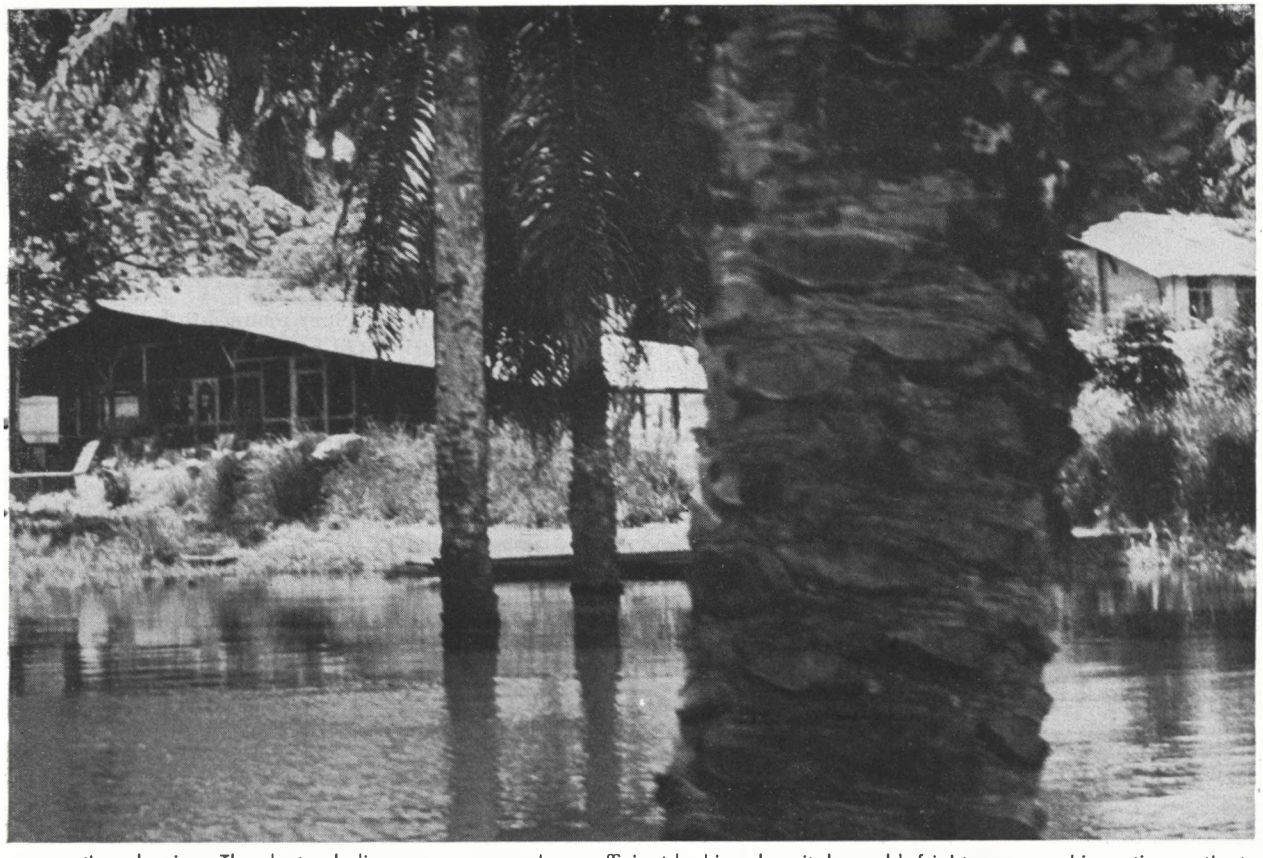
VISITORS FROM ALL OVER THE WORLD come to Lambaréné. Here the doctor chats with missionaries studying his methods.

first came to Africa, he did get some cooperation. His medical assistant was a native ex-cook who reported to him that "This man's right leg of mutton (*gigot*) hurts him," or "this woman has a pain in her upper left cutlet."

Sometimes Schweitzer's patience wore thin. When natives gulped down full bottles of medicine they were supposed to take a teaspoon at a time, he winced. Their practice of drowning insane tribesmen in the river caused him untold anguish. "What a blockhead I was to come out here to doctor savages like these," he groaned to a native helper one day.

"Yes, Doctor, here on earth you are a great blockhead," the helper replied, "but not in Heaven."

Schweitzer ended the drownings by opening a psychiatric ward in the hospital, but he still runs into freakish situations. There was the young girl who had to have an eye removed because of an infection. Schweitzer got her a fine glass eye, and both she and her parents were delighted. As they were leaving, the mother turned to the doctor. "But now tell me one thing more," she said. "When will she be able to see with the new eye?"



tiny clearing. The doctor believes a more modern, efficient-looking hospital would frighten away his native patients.

. . . *help in diminishing the pain of others*"

Despite such incidents, Schweitzer cannot understand people who look down on the natives. Invariably he tells them about the cannibal he treated years back. The African had heard about the white man's wars and was sincerely shocked. "We kill people for food," he said, "but Europeans kill them merely out of cruelty."

Schweitzer has faith in the fundamental morality of the natives. The Christianity that Schweitzer teaches has its effect. No longer does a native, when asked to help with a stretcher, reply, "No. The man is of the Bakele tribe; I am a Bapunu."

Now members of many tribes mingle in the Lambaréné wards. In canoes and on foot they travel hundreds of miles to the hospital. Some come with their families, who set up camp on the hospital grounds, surrounded by their chickens and dogs. Smoke from their fires drifts into the wards. This disturbs Schweitzer's young antiseptic doctors but not the old man. He believes that the familiarity of the smell benefits the patients.

Schweitzer makes sure that his patients profit by medical advances. He returns to Europe from time to time to get acquainted with the latest in medical research.

Occasionally, he takes a jibe at certain European medical customs. "With the medicine men, my native colleagues," he says, "it never happens a patient dies. They reject hopeless cases at once, acting in this respect, like many doctors in European hospitals who do not want to have their statistics spoilt."

But medicine men have given Schweitzer some bad moments. One small native girl, brought up on witch-doctor lore, rushed to her family with this story: "I saw them . . . take the man in the hospital in the evening, and he was alive. Then came the doctor and was alone with him the whole night. In the morning they brought him out dead. Evidently the doctor killed him. He is a white human leopard."

Some of the natives, however, are extremely realistic. He recalls one old woman who was being prepared for an operation. In time-honored medical fashion, one of Schweitzer's assistants was attempting to cheer her up with friendly conversation. The woman was not amused. "This is no time for gossip," she declared curtly. "You should cut."

On his professional trips to Europe, Schweitzer also

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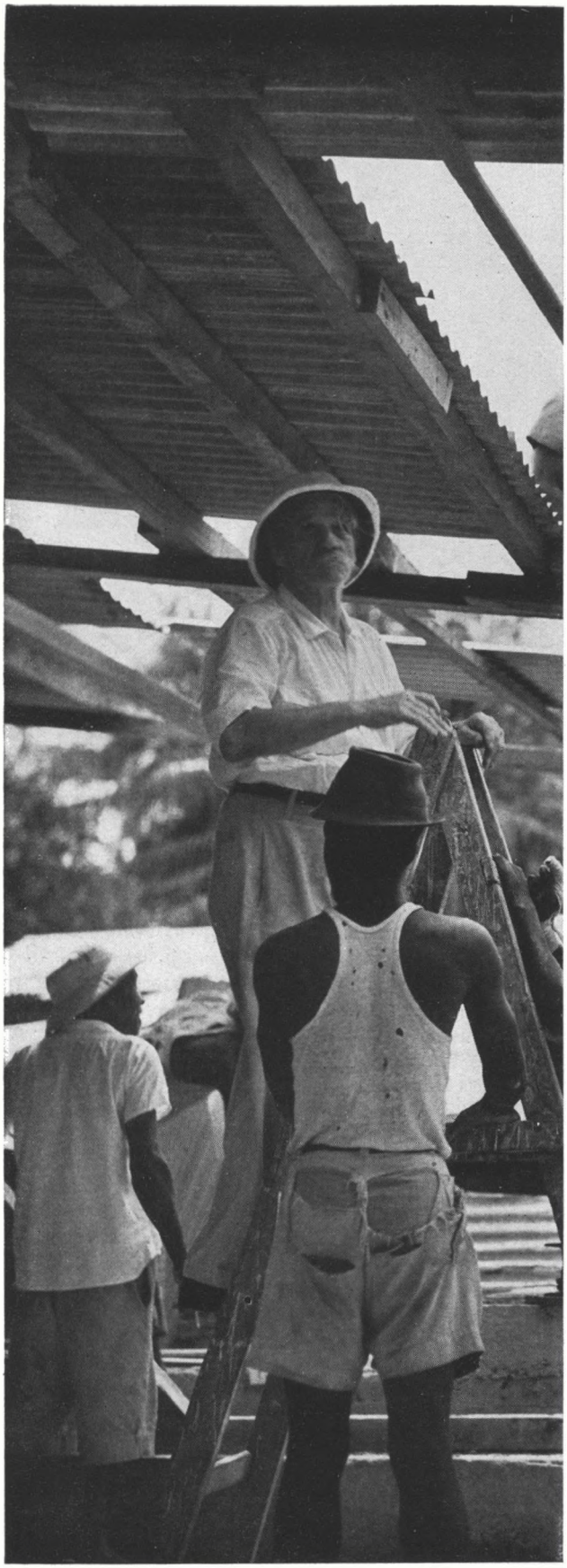


Man of Our Century (continued)

raises money for the hospital by lectures and organ recitals. His Bach recordings are eagerly sought, and the proceeds, together with royalties from his books, all go to Lambaréné. His nondenominational mission is the only one in modern history to be supported entirely by individual donations. In New York the Schweitzer Fellowship Fund, 156 Fifth Avenue, forwards voluntary contributions.

Just a few weeks ago Schweitzer returned to Lambaréné from one of his trips, and was greeted by his patients as a father coming home after long absence. When he returns to Gunsbach, the village becomes inundated with the humble and the great of Europe. For them, a visit to Schweitzer is a pilgrimage.

Schweitzer made his only trip to the United States in 1949 to deliver the Goethe Bicentennial address at Aspen, Colorado. In unfamiliar surroundings, he retained his quiet humor and serenity. On the train several fellow passengers mistook him for Albert Einstein because of his shock of gray hair, and requested his autograph. Schweitzer explained he wasn't Einstein, but that he knew him well. Then he inscribed this autograph: "Albert Einstein, by way of his friend Albert Schweitzer."

At Aspen a persistent newspaper reporter returned to Schweitzer time after time, asking how his "Reverence for Life" could be put into practice. On one such call he kept Schweitzer from his dinner for more than an hour. Finally, after giving several explanations, none of which the reporter found satisfactory, Schweitzer put it this way: "Well, 'Reverence for Life' means all life; I am a life; so perhaps you can put it into practice now."

The reporter got the idea, but Schweitzer's manner had been so fatherly and friendly that he was not hurt.

Schweitzer has never been a voluble man. He recalls that when he was a curate, his parishioners reported to his superiors in the church that his sermons were too short. "They objected to my stopping when I had nothing more to say," Schweitzer explains.

Today he has a way of summing up his ideas briefly: "The only way out of today's misery," he says, "is for people to become worthy of each other's trust."

But when deeply moved Schweitzer can be eloquent beyond most men. Let him continue the story of the native with a strangulated hernia:

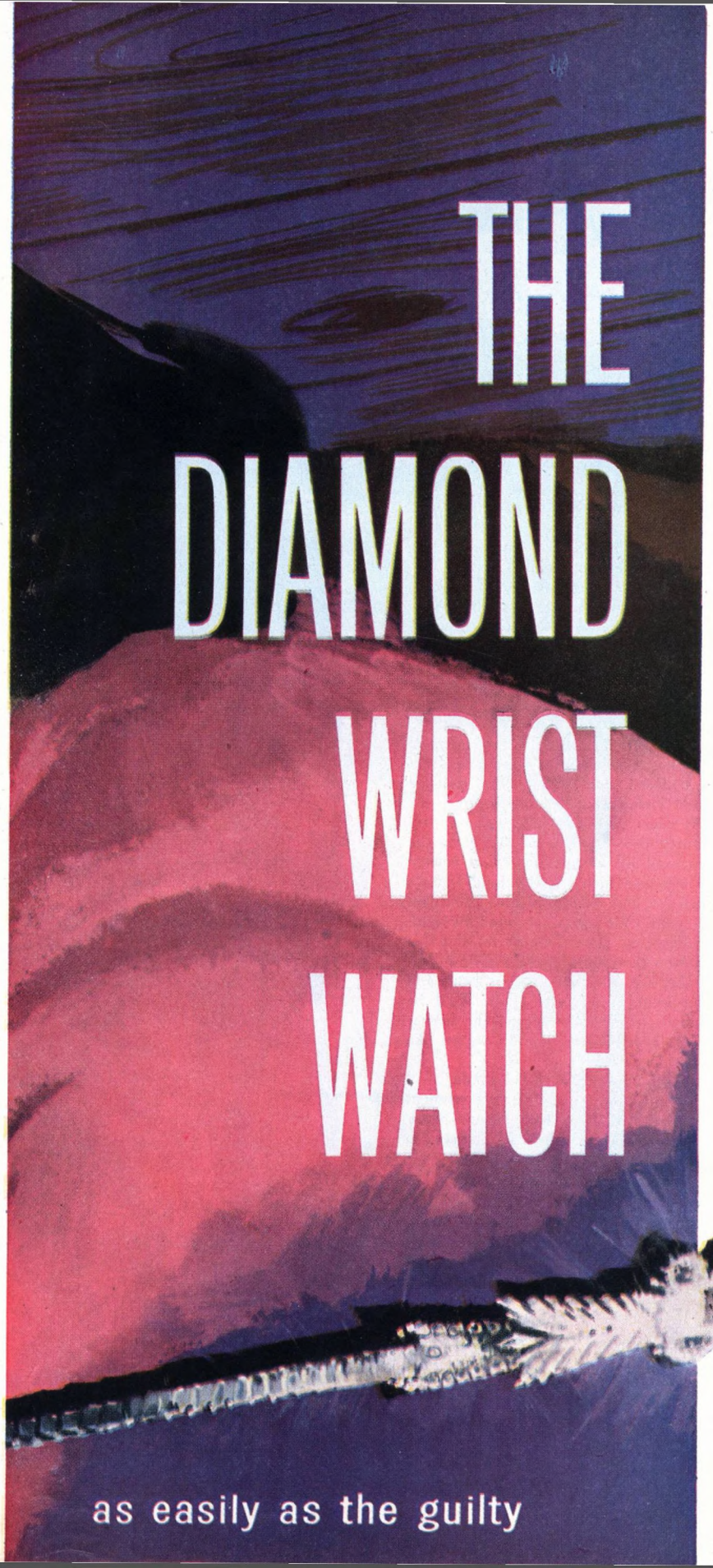
"The operation is finished, and in the hardly lighted dormitory I watch for the sick man's awaking. Scarcely has he recovered consciousness when he stares about him and ejaculates again and again: 'I've no more pain! I've no more pain! . . . His hand feels for mine and will not let it go. Then I begin to tell him and the others who are in the room that it is the Lord Jesus who has told the doctor and his wife to come to Ogowe. . . . The African sun is shining through the coffee bushes into the dark shed, but we, black and white, sit side by side and feel that we know by experience the meaning of the words: 'And all ye are brethren.' " THE END

STANDING ON A LADDER, Schweitzer helps native workers put up a new tin roof on one of the hospital buildings.

CANOE TRIPS ON THE OGOWE show him an area healthier and happier than the disease-ridden jungle he found forty years ago.

"The only way out of today's misery is for people to be worthy of each other's trust"


Scandal, ruthless and blind, traps the innocent



BY MARY HASTINGS BRADLEY

The telephone woke her, sent her running downstairs. A call at this hour, her mother away, might mean an accident. She said, "Hello?" quickly.

"Nancy? Don't say my name. Are you alone?"

Linda. Linda Wolcott speaking in that queer, taut voice. Nancy was so astonished that her yes was breathless.

"Listen. Speak French." In Hillsboro the Central might listen to late calls. Linda spaced the French words. "Come to me. I need you—great need. The little house on the river, the Notarri house. No one must know. Come quickly. If you love me."

If you love me. Her love for Linda surged through her, warm and outgiving. Linda, her dearest friend. She said instantly, "I come."

Her mind raced as she dressed. The Notarri cabin—what was Linda doing there at this hour? One o'clock in the morning. Linda, the conventional. It was fantastic. Something was terribly wrong.

She left a note, "Back for breakfast—Nancy," for her father, then got out the car quietly. She felt excited and adventurous driving out the lonely River Road. The cabin was one rented to fishermen and tourists; she had stayed there with her father and knew the way. The house was dark, but the door was ajar, with Linda waiting to draw her in. Swiftly Linda bolted it and turned on a light. She would never have believed Linda could look like this, her lovely face drawn and bleak.

"I've been a fool." Stiffly Linda flung the words at her. "You've got to help me. Tod Donovan—"

She saw then the coat on the couch, the polo coat that usually swung from Tod Donovan's shoulders. He was the young actor directing the summer theatre, gay, good-looking, right out of Broadway. The night Linda met him at the club they had danced continuously, but nothing had come of it—no more dancing, no dates. They had been casual, almost indifferent,

It was easy to understand Linda's terror in realizing suddenly that she was alone with death.

Together they spun a story with only one flaw

when they occasionally met in the crowd.

"Strictly a glamour boy," Linda had said lightly to Nancy. "Nels says he's a bit of a lush."

Nels was Linda's brother, a senior at Yale.

Staring at the coat, Nancy said, "Tod Donovan?"

"He's dead."

She could not take it in.

"He's dead." Linda repeated in that same flat voice. "His heart. All at once. . . And I couldn't get away. My car wouldn't start." She sounded as if she could not believe the trivial accident that had imprisoned her. "I couldn't walk—too far. And I couldn't take his car and leave mine. You've got to help me."

"But how?"

"You must say we were here together. Spending the night. Just for fun. Then Tod dropped in, late like this. He'd guessed we were here. He wouldn't go—he'd been drinking and got excited and his heart went bad. He rushed in there and died."

Nancy's eyes followed Linda's to the closed door. The bedroom of the cabin. "He's—in there?"

Linda said stonily, "I got his clothes on."

Now she knew it all, Nancy thought. She could not look at Linda. She could never have believed . . . She wrenched her imagination back from the dreadful picture.

Linda was saying, "I was a fool. I hadn't meant— But I couldn't see him anywhere else. Mother was furious about us that night. Out of Broadway was out of the woodwork to her. So he rented this. But this is the first time—"

"Oh, Linda!"

"Don't get emotional. We haven't time," said Linda, in that dry, frantic voice. "We've got to plan."

They sat down beside the polo coat. Linda said, "I told Mother I'd stay late at the Shumacher party. I went to it, then slipped away. We can say I phoned you to see why you weren't at the party."

"Movies with Dad," Nancy murmured.

"Anyway, I called, and we got the idea of coming here. We'll say Tod had told the crowd to use it any time. He leaves the key outside because Notarri comes to clean. We knew he wouldn't be here because he had a rehearsal. He did say that, so as not to go to the Shumachers'."

"But how did he know we were here? If we didn't plan it till you phoned."

"That's right. We'll say he didn't know. He came because he felt sick and wanted a quiet place to sleep."

Nancy tried to think it through, tried not to think what was behind that closed door. "But why did we come? That's what looks so phony."

"It doesn't look phony. It was an adventure. You'd said it was lovely on the river, and I'd always wanted to come."

There was such fright behind Linda's insistence that Nancy said, as stoutly as she could, "We'll make it sound all right. We'll say we always meant to, and this seemed a good time."

"That's it. Your mother was away, and mine wouldn't be sitting up. We'd be home early. There's nothing the matter with that story. Everyone knows we like to do things together."

"I'd do anything for you, Linda."

"I would for you." After a moment Linda said in a low voice, "You'd better look in that room. They might ask you about it."

Nancy made herself open the door. The light from behind her showed the dark shape slumped on the bed. It did not seem believable that it was Tod Donovan.

Linda was by the telephone. "I'd better call Dr. Chadwick. I'll ask him to call Father and have him come."

"He'd better call my father, too. He'll have to bring him—I've got the car."

Linda stared at the telephone a long moment before she picked it up, but her voice was quiet and controlled. She hung up quickly. Now there was nothing to do

ILLUSTRATED BY JON WHITCOMB

Gripping the cards, Linda said, "Say we were playing when he came."

THE DIAMOND WRIST WATCH *(continued)*

but wait. Restively Linda moved about. She laid out canasta cards. "We were playing when he came. He came late. We don't have to be exact. It's not as if we'd been seen together."

"Where *did* you meet him, Linda? I mean, to plan—"

"St. Mary's. Where the millworkers go."

It was pitiful. Linda must have been insane about him. But why hadn't she fought to see him? No, her mother might have taken her away.

Finally they heard the cars. The three men came in. The girls sat side by side while Linda told the story. It was worse than Nancy had imagined—the distress in her father's face, the shocked anger on Mr. Wolcott's. Dr. Chadwick went into the bedroom, and after he came out the men stood talking in low tones. Nancy caught "publicity" and "police."

Her thoughts had not run ahead to the police, but now Dr. Chadwick was telephoning and Mr. Wolcott saying. "Get Beasler himself. Tell him I'd appreciate keeping this quiet till he's seen us."

He strode over to the girls. "Why didn't you clear out the moment he came?"

"We didn't know what to do," Linda murmured.

"You must have been crazy to come here! Do you realize what people may say? That he was meeting you?"

"They can't say that." Linda's voice was clear now, and very innocent. "*Two* girls don't make a date with *one* man."

Nancy spoke up defensively. "We didn't think it was wrong, Mr. Wolcott. Just camping out."

He looked at her witheringly. Then he turned to her father. "Wouldn't it look better, Carr, if we said there was parental consent? That you knew—"

"I'd rather stick to the facts," said her father. "As Nancy says, there's nothing wrong about their coming. Just Girl Scout stuff."

"Linda was never a Girl Scout."

Dr. Chadwick said mildly, "At eighteen one doesn't stop to think."

The police came. Lieutenant Beasler, a coroner named Tumack, and a young officer, Mulvaney. Mr. Wolcott's anger seemed to vanish; he was the quiet, assured Mr. Wolcott who owned the mills and a good share of other things, including the Hillsboro *News*. He was grave and concerned but not at all upset. He told the story and stood by while the lieutenant questioned the girls.

There were few questions. Beasler did say, "This Donovan, was he a particular friend, you might say, of either of you?" and Nancy had trouble keeping her anxious eyes from Linda's face. But Linda

They danced on and on—her face frozen in a mask of animation. She couldn't believe what was happening.

answered evenly, "Oh, no. We only saw him a few times in the crowd."

"Then how come you used his place?"

"He'd told all of us we could. You see, he'd been entertained at the club, all the company had, and I expect he wanted to do something. We knew he'd be at a rehearsal tonight."

Nancy was conscious of Mulvaney's sharp look. Mr. Wolcott and the lieutenant talked a few moments at one side; then Mr. Wolcott said briskly, "Now I'd like to get these girls home."

The ordeal was over. In passionate relief, Nancy found herself walking out of the cabin, away from that closed door into the gray half-light of early morning.

The yard seemed full of cars. Linda murmured, "Mine's in the garage." She had one more scene to play, Nancy knew —surprise that the car wouldn't start. Linda could do it.

All the way home her father kept flinging out troubled questions and comments. Nancy hated to lie to him, but she had to lie for Linda. He said worriedly he'd better phone her mother in case the local radio said something. He added, "It's lucky Wolcott can make the *News* soft-pedal it."

But not even Mr. Wolcott could have soft-pedaled the sensation if Linda had been found there alone.

Nancy woke to sunshine. A phone was ringing, and at the sound, memory rushed into her. She started for the phone, but Stella was answering, "No, she's asleep."

She hurried downstairs. Stella looked at her curiously. "Your dad said not to wake you. My, that was terrible last night. It's on the front page."

Nancy caught up the *News*. The account was brief and unsensational, noting with sympathy the death of the young actor and the shock of two girls camping in the cabin when he rushed in, obviously ill. They had summoned medical aid, but the doctor had not arrived in time. The doctor was named but not the girls.

Then how had Stella known? —The grapevine, of course.

The phone rang again. "Been going all morning," Stella sounded exhilarated. It was Irene Gridley, and she sounded exhilarated, too. "What happened? Linda's still asleep, and I can't wait to hear! What on earth were you doing in that cabin?"

"Playing Girl Scouts."

"But how weird! I can't imagine Linda —but what *happened*?"

Better tell all and let her circulate it, Nancy thought. Then Jean Greer called. Jean had a sweet-sounding voice, and her questions had none of Irene's bounce, but they were more searching. "When did you plan it? Did he give you the key?"

When Nancy called Linda, Carl, the houseman, said she was not up. Carl sounded repressed. Then Bill Morrison rang.

"My, my, what goes on!" Bill sounded more jovial than usual. "Who was the other man?"

"The other—"

"Don't tell me it wasn't a foursome."

Anger set up a quick drumming in her. She shut it out of her voice. "You dope! It was a twosome. Me and Linda."

"You two girls sneaked off by yourselves to play canasta?"

"To camp out. We always wanted to."

"Just the healthy, outdoor type!"

"That's us."

"That's me, too. And I've got a good heart. You can always count on old Bill Morrison not to pass out on you."

She pretended to laugh, but her heart was pounding. She told Stella, "I won't answer unless it's the Wolcotts."

Linda phoned, and Nancy hurried over. The Wolcott house was on the Hill. The Hill crowd was *the* crowd, and Nancy had always been part of it, going to the Academy instead of high school, though her parents, an old Hillsboro family, were not socialites at all. Her father used the country club for golf.

Linda was in her room, and she was so lovely in her apricot robe, she looked so safe and luxurious, that it was hard to recreate the taut, terrified Linda of the night before. In conspiratorial whispers, the girls exchanged reports.

She stiffened at Bill Morrison's jokes. "Mother answers the phone," she said. "She's furious, but you'd never know it to hear her."

"My mother comes back tomorrow."

Linda said abruptly, "They're having a service tomorrow. The theatre crowd."

"Oh, Linda! Do you want to go? I'll go with you."

Linda's blue eyes flew open. "I couldn't think of anything stupider!"

Then, more gently, "—I mean for us to call attention. Mother says we must be careful. Not to go about together for a few days. Reminding people, you know." She looked anxiously at Nancy. "We have to give them time to forget."

"I see what you mean." Nancy wasn't sure what she felt, but it was nothing pleasant. "I just thought you might want to go."

"I never want to think of him again!" said Linda in vibrant passion. "I want it something that never happened!"

After a moment Nancy stood up. "I have to go."

She had a queer feeling, walking down the familiar stairs, through the quiet house. Linda had seemed different. At the door she met Nels Wolcott coming in. He did not look like Linda; he was big and muscular with sandy hair and eyes a deep sea-blue. Usually they were merry eyes with a quick smile for Nancy—indeed this summer he had begun to look at her with something in that smile that set her daydreaming—but now he gave her a cool scrutiny.

"Hello," she said a little shyly.

"You and Linda planning any more excursions like last night's adventure?"

If this was banter, there was hostility in it. Then the anger came into the open. "I thought you girls had grown up! How did you get Linda to go out there?"

"I didn't—" She bit that back. She said carefully, "We'd talked about it before, and it seemed a good time."

"You'd no business there while he had the place."

"We didn't know he'd come."

He looked at her, and something in the youngness of her, something in the eyes lifted to his, made his face soften, though it was still puzzled and resentful. "Crazy!" he muttered.

All the way home she worried about the Wolcotts, about Nels in particular. She was being blamed for the camping out. That was only natural—she'd been there with her father. But Linda ought to be loyal enough to say that she herself had suggested it, or at least that it was fifty-fifty. But Linda could never bear to be blamed. And she had so much to hide.

But what did it matter who had suggested it? There was nothing wrong in the idea. But to have Mrs. Wolcott say they shouldn't be together for a few days! She tried to think it was mere social good sense, but it gave her a dreadful feeling.

Her mother hurried home, full of anxious questions. "Nancy, was it *you* who suggested—"

"No," Nancy said. "It was fifty-fifty."

"But Mrs. Wesley"—Mrs. Wesley, secretary of the Woman's Club, was Mrs. Carr's link with the grapevine on the Hill —"says that Mrs. Wolcott says she's sure Linda only went to please you. It's so unlike Linda to camp out."

"Does *Linda* say that?"

"Oh, no. Linda says she wanted to try it. But her mother says that's out of loyalty to you. It *is* more like you, Nancy."

"What difference does it make who suggested what?" said Nancy. "We both went. And camping out isn't so terrible."

"That's what I told Mrs. Wesley. It was just rash and thoughtless. You had no idea that he— Nancy, you haven't been seeing anything of him, have you?"

"You know I haven't."

Was that what they were saying? That he followed *her*? They couldn't really think that. She had joked with him in the crowd, but that was all. They couldn't make anything out of his coming there Not with *two* girls.

Uneasiness stirred in her.

Mrs. Greer leaned across the card table. "It makes me think of those two girls. Playing canasta in that cabin. *If* they—" she waited, gathering attention. She murmured, "You know, I heard such a strange thing. My Alma's brother was one of the police, and he told Alma there wasn't any score card. The canasta was a setup, he said."

Three pairs of eyes stared questioningly. Mrs. Gridley said, "I don't see—"

"Oh, my dear!" Mrs. Greer laughed

softly. "Do you really believe Linda Wolcott went to that cabin to camp out? It's so unlike Linda. Only something *extraordinary* could have got her there."

"Extraordinary?"

"Of course I don't *know*," said Mrs. Greer in her sweet, considering voice. "But we all know that Linda was devoted to Nancy Carr. So devoted that I'm afraid she'd let herself be *used*."

The soft, significantly stressed word seemed to take on color in the silence, like a slow-burning fuse. The women sat as if watching it, fascinated.

Abruptly, Mrs. Vorse twisted to look toward Helen Wolcott, then, reassured as to distance, she demanded, "Does Helen Wolcott think—?"

"Helen is very careful what she says. She told me, coming down, that Linda is too upset to talk about it. I did ask, straight out, why they went in two cars—that's so *strange*—and Helen hadn't any answer."

She hesitated. She murmured, "It could be that Linda knew something—that she was worried when neither Nancy nor Donovan came to the Shumachers'. So she slipped away and telephoned. And then went out there."

After a long moment Mrs. Gridley said bluntly, but in a hushed voice, "Do you mean that Nancy and Donovan were having an *affair*?"

The word seemed to vibrate about them. Alert eyes waited on Mrs. Greer.

"We don't *know*, do we?" She hesitated. "We can only put two and two together. I don't pretend to know what Helen Wolcott knows. But isn't it significant that Linda isn't seeing Nancy?"

Mrs. Parker said excitedly, "You mean—did Helen—?"

"She said she hadn't seen Nancy. And you know Nancy was *always* there. She's only been there once, the day after."

Mrs. Vorse said uncertainly, "I've always liked Nancy."

"We all have. And I don't think we should judge until we *know*. I've told Jean to be pleasant when they meet, but not to get involved. We don't want it said that our daughters are in sympathy—"

"Heavens, no!" said Ella Parker hastily. Her young Ella was already too untrammeled to suit her.

"Or our sons?" Mrs. Greer smiled significantly at Mrs. Vorse.

"I'll speak to Dick," said Mrs. Vorse.

Mrs. Wolcott hurried to the library where Linda was stretched beside a record player, book in hand. "Turn that off," said Mrs. Wolcott. "Linda, you've got to be frank. I brought Louise Greer home, and she told me—it seems it's all over town—"

Linda's eyes fixed on her mother warily.

"It's got around that Nancy was there with that Donovan. That you went to help her out. Is that true?"

It was a moment before Linda spoke. "Why no, Mother." Then, her eyes more intent than ever, "Why do people say that?"

"Why? For a dozen reasons. It's so strange, your going at all. And in two cars. And Nancy and Donovan weren't at the Shumachers'. And there wasn't any rehearsal—Jean asked some of the company. I'd no idea what they were saying. Betty Vorse has forbidden Dick to see Nancy, and Ella Parker told her daughter just to be pleasant when they met on the street—no more—and Grace Gridley has told Irene. Louise said she would have to speak to Jean. They are all so shocked."

Naïvely she had tied the noose of gossip about her own neck

Linda said faintly, "It isn't true—you mustn't think—"

"I don't know what to think. I've always liked Nancy. I couldn't have believed it. I was angry at her because she got you to go there. Oh, I know she did! But that would have blown over. But if she got you there to help her out of a scrape!"

"Please don't think that of Nancy."

"I don't know what to think," her mother repeated. "Linda, tell me the truth. Had she been seeing that man?"

Linda moistened her lips. "I never saw them together except in the crowd."

"That's not a straight answer." Mrs. Wolcott stared searchingly at her. Then, as if she could not help it, "You hadn't, had you? After you promised?"

Linda gave her mother a clear look. "No, Mother."

"I didn't think you had. I knew you hadn't. You see how right I was about him. I don't see how Nancy—"

"Please don't blame Nancy."

Mrs. Wolcott looked at her in a worried, baffled way, then went out.

"Couldn't you make your denials more convincing?"

Linda spun about. Nels had materialized and was eyeing her sardonically. He mocked, "'Please don't think that of Nancy.' I never heard anything so limp!"

Linda's eyes blazed. "So you were listening!"

"Just the last. But I got the gist. Mother thinks you're covering up for Nancy. *Were* you?"

She asked quickly, "Have you heard any talk, Nels?"

"Nothing like that. Only what a crazy stunt it was. It takes the women to dish up the dirt. Just how true is it?"

"Of course it isn't true."

"That's what I mean. You're not convincing." He looked at her oddly. "I can't see Nancy dating that fellow—or you running to the rescue. That isn't like you, my sweet. To stick your neck out."

"What do you know what I'd do?" she flung back.

After a moment, "Maybe you would, at that. You girls are so close. Maybe she did have a date with him. Or maybe you wanted to see him and got her to go with you. You—"

"Nels! I'm not crazy enough for *that*!"

"No, I don't think you are. And I hate to think that Nancy . . ." He was silent, his face somber. Then he put on the irony again. "If you *are* covering up, make a better job of it. Your words are all right, but you sound as if you don't want to be believed. As if you want to be known for the good girl you are to do it. Make your denials snappier."

"Right," she said stiffly.

They looked at each other. Her eyes held their blankness, but when he turned away there was pure terror in them.

It was two days later that Nancy met Linda in St. Mary's Church. She wondered how Linda could bear to see the place again, but perhaps she knew nothing safer. She came, feeling very queer to be meeting Linda surreptitiously but urged by the fear that Linda had some terrible news to impart. What Linda had to tell her was not what she feared.

Mrs. Wolcott was giving a cocktail party for a guest, and was asking some of Linda's friends. That meant music and dancing, Nancy knew. And she knew, from Linda's nervous manner, from her hesitancy, that she was not included.

"I can't help it, Nancy," Linda murmured. "She's still angry because she thinks you got me to go there. I've told her and told her, but I can't make her believe me. She'll get over it."

"If you can't, you can't." Nancy's voice sounded strained, but pride kept it steady. She felt as if she had been struck by lightning, and her one clear thought was to get away without showing what she felt. She made her lips give Linda a stiffly reassuring smile. Somehow she got away and back to her car.

She couldn't bear this, she thought frantically. Linda was betraying her—

letting all Hillsboro know that the Wolcotts were angry at her. Everything had been queer these last days. The telephone had almost ceased to ring for her. Not a boy had tried to date her—except Bill Morrison, and she had brushed him off.

Among the girls, Linda had been her intimate. Without Linda she felt lost. She would not telephone any of the others, not after the way Irene and Jean had acted in the drugstore. They had said hello and smiled when she came in, but something in their manner had made her pretend to be absorbed in her errand.

She knew Jean Greer had always been jealous of her friendship with Linda, and she remembered that Irene had wanted to be Rosalind in the Academy play and she had got the part. and she felt they were glad she was being blamed for that dreadful camping out. Perhaps they were even saying, as her mother had hinted, that Donovan had followed *her*. But they knew better. She'd never dated him. No, they couldn't be sure—*She* hadn't known about Linda. But there couldn't be any scandal about it, not when she and Linda were together. She felt bewildered.

But now, to have the Wolcotts casting her out! She couldn't bear it, she thought again in anguish.

The telegram saved her. An uncle and aunt in Boston were motoring west and wanted her to join them, to help with the driving. Eagerly she accepted.

"They've sent the Carr girl off." Mrs. Greer phoned Mrs. Gridley. "For six weeks or so, her mother told Sue Wesley. Motoring, she *says*. I suppose Dr. Chadwick gave them some address."

"Goodness! You don't believe—?" After a moment Mrs. Gridley, a sort of relief in her voice, said, "Well, at least we *know*."

No inkling reached the Carrs. Mrs. Carr told everyone what a good time Nancy was having; everyone listened politely. She wrote Nancy that she had seen Irene or Jean on the street and they asked after her, and Linda was almost engaged to a man with a fine firm in New York, and Nels and Jean Greer were going about together.

Well, Nels had been only a dream. Nancy told herself. That camping out had made him think of her as a silly Girl Scout. But—Jean! The news about Linda was better. With Linda safe and happy again, everything would be all right. She began to persuade herself that she had exaggerated the slights. She sent cards to the girls with a gay sentence or two. She made herself send one to Linda. She wrote "As ever" on it.

Linda was reading it when Nels walked in her door. She was in her slip. dressing to go out, and she said sharply, "Didn't Mother bring you up to knock?"

What was in his face made her suddenly alert. He said, "Don't you want to wear this?" and held out something that

THE DIAMOND WRIST WATCH (continued)

glittered. A lovely diamond wrist watch.

Her eyes flew to it. "Where did you get that?"

"Don't you know where you left it?"

"No. I knew it was lost, of course." Her voice had recovered its coolness. She turned and picked up a brush. "Nancy said she'd lost it."

"Nancy?"

"I lent it to her. She asked for it."

"Why did she do that?"

"I don't know. Maybe she'd lost hers; maybe she wanted to doll up. Then she said she'd lost it."

"And you never tried to find it? To recover? It's insured."

"I didn't know whether insurance applied when I hadn't lost it." said Linda very reasonably. "And I didn't want any more—uproar." She began to brush her hair. Without turning she asked, "How did you get it?"

He said grimly, "Notarri's wife found it in the cabin."

"I was afraid she'd left it there."

"Do you know where it was?" He was watching her face in the glass. "Hanging from a bedspring, at one side of the bed. Taken off in bed. The police missed it because it was hidden by the sideboard. It was only when the mattress was turned—"

He couldn't tell a thing from her face. What did he want to find? He had her word, hadn't he? He needn't go on feeling as he had when Notarri slid that watch across his desk.

She said, "Notarri brought it to you?"

"Your initials were on it. He thought he had a gold mine. I gave him fifty dollars. It's a good thing Dad's away."

"Yes," said Linda tautly. Their eyes met in the glass. She said slowly, "I'd hate to have him know—about Nancy."

He had to believe her, he told himself. Otherwise, what did that make her? His sister. Well, even his sister might have been crazy enough to fall for Donovan. But she wouldn't pin it on a friend who had helped her out.

Of course he believed her. Why did he have to keep remembering how she had danced with Donovan that night? That there had been something wrong with *her* car in the cabin garage?

He threw the watch on the table. "Take the damned thing." He'd forget about it, he told himself. He'd get Jean and go dancing. Jean was a sweet kid.

There was a dinner dance at the country club the night Nancy came back with her aunt and uncle. Her parents had taken a table, asking the Ambergs next door and their son just back from Germany. "He's interested in the Oller girl, so you can join your own crowd later," her mother told her, all excitement. "Aren't you going to telephone them?"

"No. I'd rather just burst in on them!"

"They must know you're coming. I've been telling people. It's a real celebration for us."

"It's wonderful." She told herself it really was wonderful, to go to the club like this, back to the familiar surroundings. Everything would be all right. She had a new dress, a rich red taffeta, not too bright but glowing. She eyed herself in passionate appraisal. She looked too flushed, too bright-eyed—no, she was all right. Everything would be all right.

The Carrs were early in the cocktail lounge. Everyone bowed and smiled, and if there was some head-turning that was only natural—she'd been away so long. Dr. Chadwick stopped and talked a few minutes. Some of her parents' friends came up. Then she saw the young Hill crowd coming in across the room. Linda's dark head bent toward Dick Vorse—her New York man must be away. Nels was with Jean.

Linda saw her and smiled—Nancy raised a hand in greeting. Everything was all right, she insisted passionately.

But she knew better. During dinner she danced with Ralph Amberg, then with her uncle. She told herself the boys always danced with the girls at their own table during dinner, so you couldn't expect anything now. Once the real dance began—

She went out on the floor with Ralph Amberg. She saw Jean Greer in misty white, head tilted against Nels's cheek. Jean's eyes seemed closed. Now the cutting-in was beginning. Couples changed partners, stags darted out from the side. She'd always had a rush. Now eyes avoided her. Dick Vorse passed with an embarrassed grin.

It was unbelievable. Her heart was opening and shutting as if agonized for air. Her face was frozen into a mask of animation. They danced on and on. When steps came to a sliding stop near them, Ralph stopped with revealing quickness. But it was Bill Morrison, cutting in on another couple.

"There they go!" said Jean gaily. She and Nels had paused at the punch table.

"Who?" said Nels absently.

"The scarlet woman." Jean gestured toward the dancers. "Nancy Carr. You'd think she'd know better than to wear that color."

Nels looked out, then back to Jean. "What do you mean?"

"She's stuck!" Jean laughed. "Isn't it wonderful? Hadn't you seen she was stuck?"

"No— What was that crack about the color she was wearing?"

"Don't pretend you don't know! I haven't said anything because she was Linda's friend. But I never thought she'd

have the nerve to come back like this. Maybe she thinks we don't know why she went away after the night in the cabin."

"What's that?"

"I'll get you a book on the bees and the birds. I suppose she thought she could get away with it. But Mother—well, she worked on the mothers, to make a stand, you know, and we all said we wouldn't dance with a boy who danced with her."

"So that's why she's stuck," said Nels.

"I thought Linda had told you. But then, *you'd* hardly dance with her. After the way she got Linda to cover up. I don't blame Linda," Jean said quickly. "But she was too big-hearted. I knew she was on edge about something, that night at the Shumachers'. She kept looking at her watch—"

"Her watch? Her diamond watch?" Nels's voice was very quiet.

"Of course. I remember how it glittered by the barbecue. She kept looking at it. And then she sort of disappeared. Shall we dance, Nels?" Jean slid a bare arm through his.

Nels stood motionless, staring out. Then, abruptly, he put down his glass with a movement that disengaged his arm. "Good-by, Jean," he said. He walked out on the floor.

Nancy had not seen him coming. Her look was of pure astonishment, then of a relief so poignant that it pierced him. They danced in silence. Then he said, "That's a pretty dress, Nancy. I like that color on you."

"Do you?" Her voice was strained.

He said abruptly, "The Wolcotts have been stinkers. Let's leave it at that. Let's rub it all out."

It wasn't often, he thought, you could overtake a wrong. But he'd undo this one. He'd talk to his mother and father if he had to. But Linda wouldn't let it come to that.

"Linda's going to be married," he said. "Announced next week. Married around Thanksgiving. She'll ask you to be bridesmaid—no, maid of honor. And you're going to accept!"

"No!"

"You've got to. You're right to want to kick us in the teeth, but that won't do the trick. So you say yes. Linda will ask you tomorrow. And don't think I can't make her!"

His voice was thick with shame for his sister, harsh with judgment. Then he spoke gently again. "There's been a—misunderstanding. The Greers were ganging up." He hoped she would never know what the Greers had been saying. "Now, when that intermission comes, we're going over and I'll tell the crowd it was a mistake, that you aren't engaged to that guy you were with, that you'll play with us."

"I can't do it," she said in a small, choked voice.

"Do it for me," he begged. Unconsciously his arm tightened about her. "I'll be with you all the way." THE END

I Wish I'd Said That!

A game to increase and improve your vocabulary

BY LINCOLN HODGES

Here's an exercise in the art of conversation. First comes a statement made *to* you, then three replies *you* might make, only one of which proves you get the drift. If you pick 11 or 12 right you're superb; 9 or 10, just wonderful; 8, average-plus. Answers are on next page.

1 He *spawned* that monstrous plot.
(A) *He originated it?* (B) *He feared it?* (C) *He refused to participate?*

2 She hates *vermilion.*
(A) *Then she shouldn't eat it.* (B) *Then she shouldn't drink it.* (C) *Then she shouldn't wear it.*

3 It's a *transitory* problem.
(A) *Hire a car.* (B) *Build a road.* (C) *Be patient.*

4 That sounds like sheer *altruism.*
(A) *I'm hard-boiled.* (B) *I'm charitable.* (C) *I'm practical.*

5 Did you notice his *corrugated* brow?
(A) *Getting bald?* (B) *Getting brown?* (C) *Getting wrinkled?*

6 She's naturally *demure.*
(A) *So prim!* (B) *So young!* (C) *So contrary!*

7 He made a *plaintive* reply.
(A) *So clear!* (B) *So sad!* (C) *So angry!*

8 He's just a *gamin.*
(A) *Loves to tease.* (B) *Just won't work.* (C) *A ragged child.*

9 He's such a *sanctimonious* fellow.
(A) *So friendly!* (B) *So pious!* (C) *Such a hypocrite!*

10 He offered a *diffident* opinion.
(A) *Objectionable, isn't he?* (B) *Impartial, isn't he?* (C) *Timid, isn't he?*

11 That horse has never worn a *bridle.*
(A) *No collar around his neck?* (B) *No strap around his waist?* (C) *No harness on his head?*

12 The possum is an *arboreal* animal.
(A) *Lives in trees?* (B) *Has a pouch?* (C) *Pretends to be dead?*

ANSWERS TO
"I WISH I'D SAID THAT!"

1 **A** To spawn something is to give birth to it, produce or originate it. The word is often used contemptuously.

2 **C** Vermilion (ver-MILL-yun) is a bright red, though originally it is from the Latin *vermis*, worm.

3 **C** Transitory (TRAN-sih-tore-e) means quickly passing; temporary.

4 **B** Altruism (AL-troo-ism) means doing good for others; benevolence. It comes from an Italian word, *altrui*, for others.

5 **C** Corrugated (COR-oo-gate-id) means wrinkled; the Latin *rugare* means to wrinkle.

6 **A** Demure (dih-MYOOR) means modest-acting; we use it often to imply that a person is only pretending to be very sedate.

7 **B** Plaintive (PLAIN-tiv) is related to complaint; it means expressing sadness.

8 **C** A gamin (GAM-in) is an uncared-for street child; it is a French word.

9 **C** Sanctimonious (SANK-tih-MO-ne-us) comes from the same source as sanctify, but means hypocritically pious—putting on a show of goodness.

10 **C** Diffident (DIF-ih-dent) means timid. Its Latin roots are *dif-* (not) and *fides* (faith)—not having faith in oneself.

11 **C** A horse's bridle (BRY-d'l) is the harness around his head, which holds the bit and is connected with the reins.

12 **A** Arboreal (ar-BOAR-e-al) comes from the Latin *arbor*, tree, and means pertaining to or living in trees. THE END

WATCHING BARGES ALONG THE RHINE on one of their exploratory trips near Frankfort, the Logans rest beside the sleek Mercedes-Benz provided by Welby's company. Gasoline costs less than fifteen cents a gallon at Army service stations.

The Welby Logans of Germany

CALIFORNIA'S EMIGRANTS TO FRANKFORT ENJOY LIFE IN A GERMAN VILLA AND FEEL "THEY NEVER HAD IT SO GOOD"

BY ERNEST LEISER

PHOTOS BY GERHARD F. BAATZ

Remind the Welby E. Logans, recently of South Pasadena, California, and now of Frankfort on the Main, Germany, that they live just eight minutes' flying time behind the front lines of a cold war, and they respond with a smile.

"Well," says big, soft-spoken Welby Logan, an insurance man and thus an expert at calculating a risk, "some of our friends back home fret a lot for us. But I can't say *we* worry much."

This attitude by no means stems from ignorance. They know the border of Russia's East Germany is a short seventy miles away. They know Frankfort is planted in the middle of a geographic bowling alley down which Soviet armor would be certain to roll for a strike at the strategic Rhine River.

The Logans have another reminder—a secret Army evacuation order, tersely telling them what to do if the siren sounds a Soviet attack.

But the Logans have other worries. Like whether fifteen-year-old Tom, oldest of the three boys, will make the basketball team at the American high school in Frankfort. Like the dinner party they're planning for Welby's boss.

The Logans are very satisfied to be in Germany. A great many of the 25,000 American families in Germany have no choice: They are the dependents of the 350,000 U.S. servicemen and diplomatic officials who are there on orders. But

the Logans live in Germany because they want to.

German living has its disadvantages. Mary Agnes Logan, a diminutive, dark-eyed woman who looks more like the boys' older sister than their mother, can't simply walk to the corner supermarket to do her marketing—there isn't any. She must visit at least four stores.

German Clothes Are Frumpy

There are complications in getting clothes. Mary Agnes is deft with a needle for herself, but the rest of the family clothing is ordered by mail from the States. The Germans have never been noted for chic, and Mary Agnes observes ruefully, "I'm not particularly anxious to look like a lumpy *Hausfrau*." Welby has felt the same way ever since the time he arrived in New York wearing a German-made suit tailored out of fine Italian wool, only to have the men in his office jeer. "Look at the refugee!"

Mary Agnes says German beauty parlors are no better. But Welby and the boys relish the cheap price—about thirty to fifty cents—of a haircut, although little Andy occasionally emerges looking like a pint-sized Prussian general.

Welby Logan first came to Germany as manager of a U.S. insurance firm in 1946. Mrs. Logan and the boys—Tom, who is fifteen; Pat, twelve; and Andy, nine—arrived shortly thereafter. They stayed until 1950, when Welby decided to return home.

Last year Welby received a job offer he felt he could not turn down—as insurance manager for the Army's mammoth Post Exchange system in Europe. And so the Logans put their South Pasadena house up for sale, stored their furniture, and crated their other worldly goods for shipment. They settled down in Frankfort again early this summer and—the Fates and the Russians willing—expect to stay at least another two years. For Welby has since accepted an even better job—as European manager for the United Services Automobile Association, a firm that sells insurance to U.S. military officers.

They Live Well on $13,000 a Year

In Germany they live comfortably—far more so than they could in the United States—on Welby's $13,000 income. Welby Logan admits quite candidly that his family never had it so good.

Back in South Pasadena, Mary Agnes did all the work in the family's ten-room house. In Frankfort, she has a full-time maid, a part-time cleaning woman, and a combination janitor-handy man who, in a pinch, can also serve as butler. Some American women in Germany say they would gladly trade having cheap servants (Gertie, the Logans' sleep-in maid, gets paid $35 a month) for America's fancy household gadgets. But Mary Agnes has both servants and gadgets—she prudently

(continued)

AT HISTORIC CAT CASTLE near St. Goarshausen with her husband and three sons, Andy, Pat, and Tom, Mrs. Logan trains binoculars on another landmark.

TOURING THE THOUSAND-YEAR-OLD Castle of St. Marcus, they watch spellbound while a guard explains a medieval suit of knight's armor. Andy holds the sword.

THEY REFUSE TO WORRY ABOUT NEARBY RUSSIAN GUNS. INSTEAD THEY RELAX, BY TOURING EUROPE'S PICTURESQUE CITIES

brought with her electric mixers, a vacuum cleaner, pressure cooker, and, best of all, a modern washing machine and a dryer.

One of the gadgets the Logans brought over was a television set—certainly the first American TV receiver in Frankfort, if not in all Western Germany. The big console makes an impressive addition to the living-room furniture—and that's all. German TV is still in a primitive stage.

Americans Are Wary of Germans

Like other Americans, the Logans feel apart from the Germans in a spiritual as well as a physical sense. The biggest reason for this, Welby believes, is the subconscious wariness most Americans in Germany feel toward a people who, after all, were their bitter enemies seven years ago.

Tom, Pat, and Andy, sociable and outgoing boys, aren't really friendly with any young Germans. The boys willingly concede that a good measure of the blame for this falls on their own compatriots. "American kids are inclined to be—I guess you'd call it arrogant," Pat says. "The German kids seem to resent us."

Comic books are a brighter subject. "First thing the German kids ask to see when they do come around," Pat notes, "is our comic books. They love 'em."

The Logans occupy their comfortable house, a big square villa on Annastrasse, under "nominal requisition." This means that the house is requisitioned from its German owner by the Army, which rents it to the Logans on the grounds that they, like most other business families, are in Germany in the interests of the U.S. Unlike Army families, they pay for their rent and utilities. The rent is paid to the Army, instead of direct to the German owner, and the owner cannot evict them. The Army furnishes the house completely and maintains the premises. The house is in Frankfort's best residential section and sits smack in the center of the American colony.

MEDIEVAL AND MODERN architecture rub shoulders in Frankfort. The Logans enjoy exploring the city and make a real effort to learn about Germany.

The Logans pay only about $100 a month for rent and utilities. A comparable house in South Pasadena—but unfurnished—would rent for at least $150.

But there are disadvantages to this setup. When a water pipe needs repair, for instance, the Logans must unravel the Army's carefully wound red tape to get it fixed.

When their house was decorated, Army headquarters in Heidelberg had issued an order that all rooms had to be in cream color. The Logans offered to have it painted at their own expense in different colors. The answer was a military no.

"We aren't ever allowed to forget that we live in an Army 'billet'!" Welby says, a bit ruefully. "And we're never sure that we won't be moved out, if some general decides he likes our house."

The Logans have found that German food costs between fifteen and twenty per cent less than in the stores back home. Recently Mary Agnes brought eight prime fillet steaks home from the *Metzgerei* for Welby to grill. They cost $5.50. "At home, we just couldn't afford fillet," she says. But, she adds, "German meat, which is not aged, is often not so tasty as in the States."

Welby drives a company car, a sleek new German Mercedes-Benz sedan. Gasoline costs him less than fifteen cents a gallon at the Army service stations. Cigarettes at the PX cost ten cents a pack, and the PX's offer rare bargains in cameras, perfumes, French laces, Irish linens, Persian rugs, Bavarian china, and the like.

The Logans do run into some major expenses. Unwilling to expose their boys to the hard discipline of German pedagogy, they send them to the American schools run by the Army. These schools are free to Army personnel, but businessmen like Welby pay more than $30 a month tuition for each child.

The Army has done its level best to recreate the atmosphere of home in its schools. All the accouterments of smallfry and teen-age America—the bluejeans, the jukeboxes in the snack bars, the proms, the jive talk, the football and basketball rivalries, and even the hot rods—are to be found there.

The Logans make a real effort to know

Germany and the Germans. Welby and Mary Agnes both take German lessons. When they go out they often sample the *Gemütlichkeit* of a German restaurant. They go to many concerts and opera performances that Frankfort affords.

Like many Americans who have lived in Germany during its transition from abject defeat to spectacular new strength, the Logans have frequent misgivings about the way the Germans will behave in a Western alliance.

Welby thinks that the present conservative coalition-government of 77-year-old Konrad Adenauer is genuinely democratic. "Adenauer is by all odds the most moderate of the German politicians," Welby says.

Welby is seriously concerned about who will succeed Adenauer. "I think the next chancellor is very likely to be more extremist," he says. But Welby sees no other choice than to seek Western Germany as an ally. "They are simply too vital a force *not* to ally ourselves with."

The Logans are deeply impressed by Teutonic vitality and industriousness and by the fabulous way the Germans have rebuilt their country.

"You know," he said, "my insurance firm put up the first neon sign in Frankfort after the war. Herr Puschel did the job. He wasn't interested in the money. He wanted part of his pay in food and cigarettes. Well, we got the sign up—down in the Bahnhofsplatz, the big square across from the main railroad station, and it looked fine. But it stood out like a sore thumb among all those broken buildings and in all that darkness and poverty.

"But you go down to the Bahnhofsplatz today," Welby continued, "and there are darn near as many neon signs there as you'll see in Times Square. Almost all the ruins are gone—new buildings everywhere you turn. And if anyone offered to pay off Puschel in food now he'd laugh them out of his office. He lives better than I do."

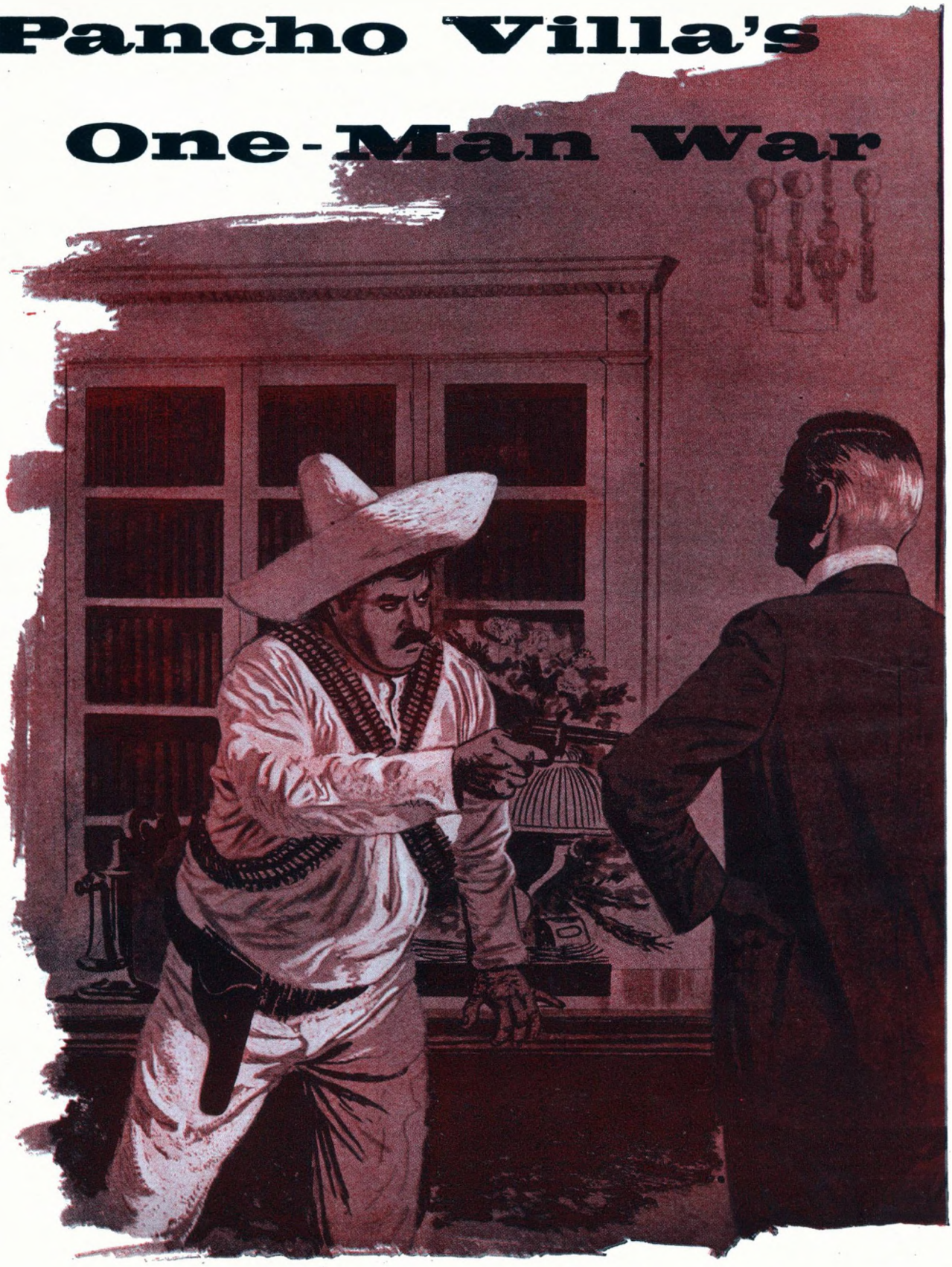
The Logans Tour Much of Europe

Their journeys across Europe—to the valley of the Rhine, Strasbourg, Paris, Luxemburg, Bavaria, and Venice—have meant a world of fascinating experience to the Logan family. Even a short drive is rewarding, for Frankfort is ringed by picturesque medieval German villages.

So it's no wonder that the adventuresome Logans like being in Germany. And it's perfectly understandable, once you get to know this calm and warm-hearted family, why they refuse to fret about living cheek-by-jowl with the advance legions of the Kremlin. Let someone else do the worrying; the Logans have far too much else on their minds. THE END

ON A FAMILY SIGHTSEEING TRIP the Logans climb narrow, winding streets leading from the Rhine River's edge past an ancient village church and gabled houses.

Pancho Villa's One-Man War



His gun pointed right at the President's heart. No man had ever said no to him and lived.

This was history's most fantastic meeting — the strangest mission ever undertaken by a newspaperman. The secret never leaked out — for just one reason

BY GLENDON SWARTHOUT

I was born in Dedham, Massachusetts, in 1923. The same year, near Hidalgo Parral, in Mexico, they waited for Pancho Villa and they finally got him. Though dead the same year I was born, lying there all sun and blood with the wind of Chihuahua blowing dust through his mustache, he still did a lot for me.

The first movie I really remember was "Viva Villa," with Wallace Beery as Pancho. There probably wasn't much of the real Villa in it, but it had me on my feet all the way and my throat dry. I can still see him leading his men hell-for-leather and shooting and taking towns, the bandoleers of ammunition criss-crossed over their shoulders.

Then in high school I found a book about my man in the local library. It was written by a retired cavalry colonel. I read right through suppertime, for now I was getting fact that my imagination could build on. I'd never known he crossed the border in 1916 and raided the town of Columbus, New Mexico. I'd never known he had the whole United States so heated up about it that President Wilson sent General John J. "Blackjack" Pershing with four regiments of cavalry, a couple of infantry, some artillery, and one of the first air squadrons down into Mexico to bring him back dead or alive. But they never caught Villa. Later it was learned that he lay wounded in a cave in the mountains near Guerrero and watched a column of troopers ride past hunting him. I could picture him grinning and the big mustache spreading as he watched them ride by. That was the only book I ever stole from a library. I told the librarian I'd lost it and paid the dollar seventy-five out of my lawn-mowing money.

The next spring after graduation I enlisted and went off to have myself some war. I had some. But that was a very big war, and Sicily and Anzio and Remagen didn't satisfy, somehow. You couldn't see them whole, the way Pancho did.

When it was over I came back to go to college on the Government. After summer school in 1948 a friend of mine, Chap Smith, and I wanted to take off for somewhere different. We were restless. We had six weeks and around two hundred dollars apiece and Chap had an old car. I finally got the idea of driving down to Texas, starting way down at the tip, at Brownsville, and making all the Mexican border towns all the way across Texas and New Mexico and Arizona to Tijuana, in Lower California. Chap went for it; we packed that night. While I was throwing clothes into a suitcase, for some reason I threw in the cavalry colonel's book.

We took a week reaching Brownsville, for it was very hot, and we had *mucho* higher education to sweat out of our systems. But we did Matamoros up right, then Reynosa, Nuevo Laredo, and Piedras Negras before cutting north and west to El Paso and Juárez. The next stop was supposed to be Nogales, in Arizona, but we stayed a night in a motel outside El Paso to recover from Juárez. While Chap was asleep I found something in the cavalry colonel's book I had forgotten. In February of 1916, a month before the raid on Columbus, there was trouble all along the border. Gangs of Mexican outlaws were slipping across at night, looting and burning and killing. Our cavalry was stretched thin. A Mr. Charles H. Broadbent, an Associated Press man, was sent to Columbus to cover the situation. He spoke Spanish, and while there became well-known and trusted both by Mexicans and Americans. One night emissaries direct from Villa reached him with one of the damndest, most fantastic propositions ever made any newspaperman. "El León del Norte" wanted Broadbent to conduct him secretly to Washington and to arrange a conference with President Wilson, acting as the bandit's interpreter and consultant.

That started me thinking about Columbus and searching for it on the map. The next day I got Chap to cut south once we were in New Mexico so I could have a look at the place where the craftiest, guttiest guerrilla fighter in or out of books had attacked the United States.

It was just a sun-baked little town out in the middle of nowhere, with a few whitewashed stores and gas stations and dwarf palms and a lot of desert. There was no sign of Pancho now—no burning buildings, no people yelling, no lead singing. That had been 1916 and the middle of the night. This was the middle of the

ILLUSTRATED BY HERBERT SASLOW

afternoon thirty-two years later, and about 120 degrees in the shade. But I went on working a hunch. We walked down the main street and I stopped to ask an old character sitting on a bench if a man named Charles Broadbent happened to live there. He spat and said Charley was probably down at Candelario's down thataway. I said thanks and started walking fast. History was down thataway.

Candelario's was dark and small and very Mexican, more a *cantina* than a bar. I couldn't even wait to order, but asked the barkeep, who nodded toward a man sitting at a corner table. I took a dozen steps, hesitated, and introduced myself and Chap to Charles H. Broadbent.

History let me down. A spindly, long-faced, elderly gentleman past seventy, wearing a faded denim shirt and a ten-gallon with a hole pinched through the crown, Mr. Broadbent had beer eyes and a beer nose and an empty glass in front of him. He looked as though he'd never raise the price of another beer.

I sort of swallowed out the question, sure I had the right town but the wrong man. Was he the Charles Broadbent, the AP man who had been contacted by Villa in 1916?

He said he was, although he had not been, might he add, a "working member of the press" for many years.

And then, with a stateliness that surprised me, he invited us to sit down. We did. Thank heavens I had the presence of mind to ask him to have a beer with us.

Because after he had inquired as to my knowledge of him and my interest in the affair, and after I'd ordered another one for him, he told us the whole story. It was something. I give the gist of it, as much in his own words as I can recall.

"It was a very ticklish thing, son, with a lot of telegraphing back and forth between here and Washington. All arrangements had to be made through the Secretary of State, Mr. Lansing, and the Secretary of War, Mr. Newton D. Baker. Villa wouldn't set foot across the border until they swore him safe-conduct, and the Secretary of State wouldn't let him unless it was all kept secret. He had to protect the President. Villa was thought of in this country as no better than a bandit—all the papers said he was—and it wouldn't do for word to get out that the President was parleying with a bandit in the White House. It was an election year, you remember. And remember, Villa was gambling, too, as much as the President. We could have stood him up against a wall anywhere, and no one would have been the wiser. Oh, it was a dangerous business all round. But finally everything was settled. A private car was hooked onto a train at El Paso on a Monday night. I was in the car. At midnight a man mentioned in the telegrams only as 'Lion' was escorted aboard by four Army officers, who then left. The car doors were sealed from the outside, the window shades nailed down, and I was alone with 'Lion' for nearly three days."

Pancho led his men hell-for-leather, shooting, burning

This was the Charles Broadbent, all right, come to life out of a book. He might be down and out now at seventy, thirty-two years later, but he still had some of the grandeur that rubs off from the great. His mustache was as thick as Pancho's must have been, even if it was white.

I ordered him another beer and asked him what "El León del Norte" looked like in person.

"Why, he was a big man, with powerful shoulders and hands. He had penetrating eyes, and the whites were very white. His hair was thick and unruly, what you could see of it, for he never took off his sombrero except to sleep. He wore a khaki shirt and trousers and a cartridge belt around his belly. But the thing that first struck me was his pistol. I don't know what caliber it was, son, but that was the biggest pistol I ever saw. It grew on his hip. He never took that off, either, having been hunted so long. After a while I got the notion Villa and the pistol were the same, and that when he fired it, the bullet came out of him, not out of the barrel."

By now Chap had forgotten he was in a *cantina* called Candelario's down in Columbus, New Mexico, listening to an old gentleman spin a yarn when we were a hundred miles out of our way and overdue in Nogales. So had I.

Mr. Broadbent said the railroad car was well stocked with food and liquor, and they made out very comfortably except that Villa was uneasy about the sealed doors. Once, when he wanted to see out, he took a big knife from a sheath under his shirt and simply slashed one of the window shades to ribbons. He wasn't the kind of man to be trapped. They ate and drank and slept and talked. Villa asked him all about the President so that he'd know what manner of man he'd be up against and how to handle him.

"We reached Washington Thursday in the afternoon and stood on a siding until after dark. The door was unsealed, and some Secret Service men came aboard. When they saw Villa's pistol they said he had to leave it in the car. Visitors to the White House weren't allowed to wear guns. Villa refused. He said he had never taken off his gun for any man, and he wouldn't now. If he was trusting the President this far, the President would have to trust him. So they left. I expect they called the White House and the President himself said it was all right. If Villa wasn't afraid, he wasn't. So they came back, and we were put into a big limousine with the shades drawn. We reached the west entrance, the side entrance, of the White House around eleven o'clock. It was pitch-dark, and a fog had rolled up from the Potomac.

"We were taken right to the President's study. The Secret Service men left and closed the door behind them. Now try to get the picture, son: There were just four of us in the room—the President standing behind his desk; the Secretary of State, Mr. Lansing, beside him; and the two of us opposite. Villa was very natural. He didn't even take off his sombrero

towns—and not even the U.S. Cavalry could catch him.

when I made the introductions. I said, 'Mr. President, this is General Francisco Villa.' They shook hands. I introduced Mr. Lansing, and they shook hands. Then things were awkward for a minute. Villa was easy, but I wasn't. I was just a newspaperman mixed up in the middle of the biggest story of his life. There was only one light on in the study, a little lamp with a green glass shade on the desk. I can see it yet. It made Villa's pistol gleam, and the bullets around his middle, and the lenses of the President's glasses. Mr. Wilson looked very tired. There was a war on in Europe, you know, and he was having trouble keeping us out of it. But he stood there as easy as Villa, and they sort of measured each other."

I didn't turn my head to buy him another beer, but just signaled with my hand.

"Finally the President wanted to know what the trouble was along the border, and what could be done about it. I translated, and Villa started telling him. You see, son, the revolution they'd begun six years before by getting rid of Diaz had gone sour. Their man Madero was shot by Huerta, and Huerta was very bad. Then Carranza took over, thanks to Zapata and Villa, and they had high hopes of him, but he turned out worse. This had gone on for six years now, and all these men had used Villa for a gun, which he was, and one after the other they'd turned him against his own country as soon as they had power. Now the Carranzistas had made an outlaw of him, and we'd recognized their government. Villa wanted us to withdraw recognition. That would finish Carranza. Villa said it would be the finest thing we could do for Mexico. I translated as much of this as I could, for Villa was talking fast now, and loud.

"But the President didn't savvy. He didn't care much for revolutions. To him they were bloody things, better to read about than to touch. He'd been a college president, you know, and it's a long way from Princeton, New Jersey, to the Sierra Madre. So he told Villa he wouldn't withdraw recognition of Carranza. It was time the revolution was over and the people of Mexico had a stable government and peace to raise their crops. And it was also time the border quieted down.

"Villa said it did his people no good to raise crops if the government took most of them.

"The President said it did them no good if their fields were stripped over and over by armed bands.

"Villa shouted the border would never be quiet while the people of Mexico were still trying to make their revolution come out right.

"The President said it was his duty to protect the lives and property and sovereignty of the United States, which he would do no matter what.

"You'd never guess what happened next."

"What?" blurted Chap.

Mr. Broadbent sat as straight in his chair as a young man, straighter than we.

"Villa took two steps to the desk and pulled his gun and held it not two inches from the President's chest."

The barkeep brought his beer.

"Villa wasn't roaring now, but still, with kill written all over him. His whole instinct told him to use his gun when he was crossed, even if it was against the whole United States, because as I said, that's what his time had made of him, a gun. No man had ever said no to his face and lived. I thought sure I'd see the President killed then and there and all hell and war with Mexico break out before my eyes. I couldn't move. Neither could the Secretary of State, Mr. Lansing.

"But after his first surprise that any hombre in the world would dare to draw on him, and one twitch of his hands, Mr. Wilson didn't budge. He wasn't going to say yes to the Kaiser or Clemenceau or Senator Lodge in a few years, or to Pancho Villa now. He was the studying kind and he was where he belonged, in his study, and he matched Villa look for look, as though he was a college boy got too big for his britches.

"Oh, they were both fighters, I tell you. Neither one knew what fear was. I was proud of the pair of them."

He was looking far away, right through Chap and me. He was still seeing Pancho and the Professor across from each other, a big pistol between them, neither one afraid of anybody or anything. All of a sudden I realized he had two heroes, not one.

"What happened?" I got out.

"Well, I'll tell you. Villa knew he'd met a man equal to him. So did the President. I reckon they got to respect each other right then, each for what the other was. Finally, after about an hour, or so it seemed, Villa holstered the gun and said, '*Vamanos, amigo*,' and we went out —back to the train and back to El Paso. A month later he did take on the whole U.S.A. He shot up this town one night, and the President sent General Pershing after him. Never could catch him, though."

We sat there. After a few minutes I remembered myself enough to light a cigarette.

"Some story," Chap said at last. And then, "Why didn't you use it, sir? In the newspaper business it would have made

you, for life. And no mistake about it."

Charles H. Broadbent took off his ten-gallon and laid it on the table with a gesture that was almost knightly. It was probably the way Don Quixote used to take off his helmet when he swore one of his solemn oaths.

"I'll tell you why, son. Because both the President and Villa asked me as a favor to them to keep it out of the papers. And I have."

We nodded gravely. Thirty-two years is a long time to keep your word, especially in a world full of Sancho Panzas.

Well, we thanked him and said good-by and went out of Candelario's. I looked back once, and with the story retold, relived, now ended, the man at the table had become once more an old gent intent on an empty glass. It seemed strange to come out of a foggy night in 1916, out of the White House, into the blinding afternoon and main street of Columbus, New Mexico, into the year of 1948. We started down the street, then I stopped, went back, called the barkeep outside, gave him some money, and told him what to do with it.

We kept our thoughts to ourselves for about twenty miles north out of Columbus. Then Chap spoke.

"How much did you give him?"

"Twenty-five bucks. Or as I told the barkeep, enough for 250 beers."

Chap was silent another five miles. I knew what was rubbing him. We were already low on funds; with twenty-five gone we might make Nogales, but not Tijuana. Finally he said:

"Well, I guess it was worth it."

I was glad he'd come to that. Now I could tell him, and he might understand. But as I was searching for an approach, he wanted to know why Broadbent or any man who'd been in the big time even for one night in his life would let himself go to pot in a zero-minus-zero town like Columbus for the next thirty-two years.

That gave me the approach. I'd been thinking about it. "El León del Norte" had already given me a lot since I was a kid, and now he was making a low-pressure philosopher out of me.

"Maybe he's been waiting for Pancho," I threw out tentatively. "Everybody waits," I said. "Usually the big thing never happens. But if part of the time you can believe it has, you're lucky. And the rest of the time, while you're still waiting, isn't wasted. In fact, everybody has to have a Pancho."

It wasn't working. Chap was a mech engineer and not much for the abstract.

"All right," he said. "What's the twist?"

I took a long breath. "Just that most of the story wasn't true."

He pulled off the road and stopped.

"It just didn't happen, that's all," I went on. "I was telling you this morning about the cavalry colonel's book. That's where I got his name and the hunch to go to Columbus. He was contacted by Villa, yes, and made all the arrangements with Washington. It must have been the biggest thing of his life, being a newspaperman, or just being human. But Villa never showed."

Chap was doing a slow burn. "The old skinflint. I'd like to go back and—"

"No," I said. "You said yourself the story was worth it. And he's told it so often he probably half believes it himself. The rest of the time he waits. I told you, everybody waits."

Chap headed north again. He'd taken it well. After a while he lit up and settled back and let the car drive itself.

"Twenty-five bucks," he said philosophically.

"I earned that *dinero* a long time ago," I said. "I'll never miss it."

"How come?"

"That was the last of my lawn-mowing money."

I knew he wouldn't get that. But he had the rest, which was all that mattered.

THE END

From a cave, the wounded "Lion" watched them ride by.

I.N.P.

Looking for a musical beer stein, a shimmying lampshade, or a practical item like a ham? Try a post office auction.

Post Office Bargains

BY STACY V. JONES

You may be able to pick up a bargain now and then at auctions held by the dead-parcel-post branch for your district. In a recent year the Post Office Department rounded up 850,000 unclaimed parcels and loose articles, succeeded in delivering 130,000 of them, and sold the rest for $288,000.

The variety matches the volume. When employees of the Washington post office plugged in a lamp to test it, the shade, which was in the form of a woman's dress, executed a shimmy. At a recent auction there were musical beer steins, air guns, electric razors, fishing poles, encyclopedias, 2,300 tubes of tooth paste, seven Range Rider jackets, and an item described as "1 Coat Man's Military Ceremonial (With Plumes)." Mops and mop handles always show up at the auctions, and some articles that probably never were mailed but got mixed in shipment, such as automobile tail pipes.

Parcel-post officials can always count on men's and women's clothing, towels and sheets, radios, record players, musical instruments, fishing tackle, cameras, silverware, automobile parts, hardware, cosmetics, rakes and hoes, carving knives, books, watches, rings, and pins, plus the hard-to-classify such as an occasional pair of metalized baby shoes. Perishables are usually given to charitable agencies.

The fifteen dead-parcel-post branches hold auctions at intervals, depending on the volume of goods and the pressure to get them out of the way. The procedure is not uniform throughout the country, but if you ask him, the postmaster concerned will probably send you a notice of the next auction and let you inspect the goods before sale. At Washington the postmaster keeps a mailing list and distributes copies of a catalogue when bargain hunters and dealers come to view the goods.

The biggest dead-parcel-post offices are in New York and Chicago. The others are in Atlanta, Boston, Cincinnati, Fort Worth, New Orleans, Omaha, St. Louis, St. Paul, San Francisco, Seattle, Washington, D.C.; San Juan, Puerto Rico; and Honolulu.

This points up a lesson for you: Be sure to wrap your packages securely and place inside each of them a card or slip with your name and address and that of the addressee. If your parcel isn't received, report this fact to your local postmaster.

Contrary to popular belief, there is no single dead-letter office, but many (323 at present). People are surprisingly careless with cash. The Government benefits by nearly $100,000 a year found in dead letters and not returnable, and by more than $50,000 found loose in the mails. Here again, if a letter goes astray, don't write to Washington but report it locally.

LOSING INTEREST?

The next time you visit your safe-deposit box or pull up that board in the attic, look among your United States Savings Bonds for any of Series A, B, C, or D. All the bonds in those series have matured, and you're losing interest if you still hold them. They constitute more than a third of the Government's matured debt, totaling nearly $300,000,000, on which interest has ceased.

But keep your Series E bonds. They continue to earn interest for ten years after the stated maturity date.

Veterans of World War II still hold $66,000,000 in Armed Forces leave bonds, issued in lieu of unused leave. These have stopped drawing interest and ought to be turned in. The last matured October 1, 1951.

The Treasury knows that a good many bonds never will be presented for redemption, as they have been destroyed, accidentally or otherwise. Some were burned intentionally in patriotic wartime bonfires.

CREDIT UNIONS

Any neighborhood, church, fraternal, or industrial group of 100 or more can organize a federal credit union. These federal corporations, of which there are now 6,000, accept savings in amounts as small as 25 cents each payday and make small loans to members for installment buying and other personal purposes. Write the supervising agency, the Bureau of Federal Credit Unions, for a copy of the leaflet "Security Through Federal Credit Unions."

LIKE HOT CAKES

The book that tops the Government's best-seller list just now is *Your Federal Income Tax*, twenty-five cents from the Superintendent of Documents.

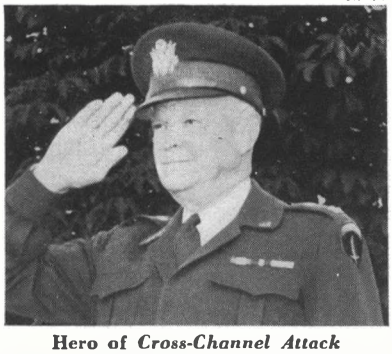
FROM IKE TO WAC

The new President's war record, as the Army set it down, is appearing in the monumental historical series *The United States Army in World War II*, which will run to more than eighty volumes. You may see at the nearest federal depository library any of the fourteen units so far published. Nearing the printing stage is "The Women's Army Corps," by former Lieutenant Colonel Mattie Treadwell.

Ike has the leading role in *Cross-Channel Attack*, already published, and in "The Supreme Command," yet to come. But no general gets a personal build-up in the series, which is an effort at objective history for the soldier and the armchair strategist. Indeed, you won't find a general's photograph anywhere in the three pictorial volumes already out. These run to more than 400 pages apiece.

More than a score of young historians—most of whom participated in the actions they describe and most of whom are now on leave from college faculty jobs—are at work on the series in an old building near Washington's Union Station. At one time, fifty were so engaged.

I.N.P.



Hero of *Cross-Channel Attack*

The Government Printing Office sells volumes in the series at an average of five dollars each. Write the Chief of Military History, Department of the Army, for a copy of the folder "History of the United States Army in the World Wars," which lists the books so far published and their prices. THE END

Marie Wilson

Arleen Whelan

Rosalind Russell

Hot Time in Virginia

While you split your sides laughing at a dark-eyed dynamo named Rosalind Russell in "Never Wave at a Wac," it might not occur to you that this film got cooked up under harrowing circumstances. Camp Lee, Virginia, has reliable cinema sunshine in midsummer. When I arrived by plane to watch the shooting, the sunshine was completely out of hand. Several days of temperatures over 100° had the cast well barbecued. Principals from Hollywood and WAC extras from local barracks were perspiring through parade-ground scenes. Between takes, Miss Russell stripped off her woolen tunic and sat in the shade in a skivvy shirt, studying her lines. Redheaded Arleen Whelan repaired her make-up in the shade of a tree, and Marie Wilson delivered a monologue to a cluster of grinning WACS. The stars were crowned with ice bags. The male leads, unemployed at the moment, sat on the sidelines watching the technical crew of around fifty people swarming over equipment for lights, camera, and sound. William Ching and Liet Erickson drank lemonade, and Paul Douglas got fanned by Jan Sterling (present not as an actress, but as Mrs. Douglas. Very devoted couple—they go on each other's location trips).

I sat down and admired, among other things, Miss Whelan's stamina. "We're hardened to it now," she said, adjusting her ice bag. "We start this routine at four-thirty A.M. and work right through dinnertime. I never expect to be cool again." Her undershirt was soaked. "Keeps my jacket dry," she went on. "Nonregulation, but these are winter uniforms. Marie doesn't believe in T-shirts. Has to keep her jacket on. Watch her now. She's baked to a frazzle and still clowning." Roars of laughter came from Miss Wilson's direction. Her audience seemed to be in stitches. By straining my ears I could just hear disconnected snatches of Marie's material. She was explaining the manual of arms, My-Friend-Irma style. She caught my eye and thumbed her nose.

CONFIDENTIAL CORNER

Columbia, South Carolina. Please tell me how to pursue the man of my choice. I've followed the rules and even added a few of my own, but it doesn't come out the way I anticipate it. I am pretty, intelligent, introverted. MISS B.S.

Those new rules must be lulus.

Kansas City, Missouri. We are two airline hostesses, and contrary to public opinion, opportunities to meet eligible men are scarce. True, there's glamour in traveling, and true we meet a lot of men, but we don't consider married ones eligible. It's a problem. MISSES J.I. AND S.L.M.

Have you tried getting transferred to the Korea run?

Camp Polk, Louisiana. Seldom do I read your page. In these seldom moments I've never read anything pleasant of females, dogs or women. MISS A.K.

I'm crazy about all three, but not in that order.

New York, New York. We are nurses taking a postgraduate course in Operating Room. Most of the doctors are married. How do four girls who weren't considered bad-looking at home go about meeting eligible men? We aren't too pleased with what we've met at local dances—mostly wolves. Lonesomely, MISSES M.J.S., F.T., A.F.

And you'll never get to first base with the patients until they come out of the ether. Suggest taking up new roles as angels of the pulse and morning temperature.

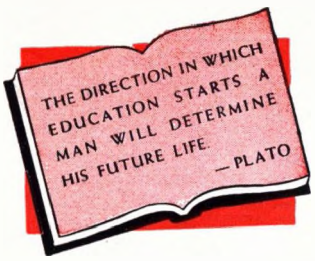
Denton, Texas. There are all kinds of "girl calendars"—all for men. We ask you one sensible question: Why not a man's calendar for women? We, the girls of Texas State College for Women, implore you to draw us a calendar of men (dressed). Sincerely, J.B., J.H., M.L.L., A.S., B.J.R., F.P., M.S., A.C., B.L., E.K., C.B., A.K., J.A., J.R., M.B.P.

***Esquire*, ya listenin'?**

Richmond, Virginia. Enclosed is a picture of my son at six weeks. I feel he is good magazine material. He's now three months old. Can you tell me who might be interested? MRS. J. DE A.

Yes, all other mothers and lots of advertising agencies. But any parent who rushes a child under twenty-one into a modeling career should be roasted over a slow fire. It's a rare matron who can gaze dispassionately at her adorable offspring and calmly say, "He's cute as a bug in a rug, and let's skip the publicity."

THE END



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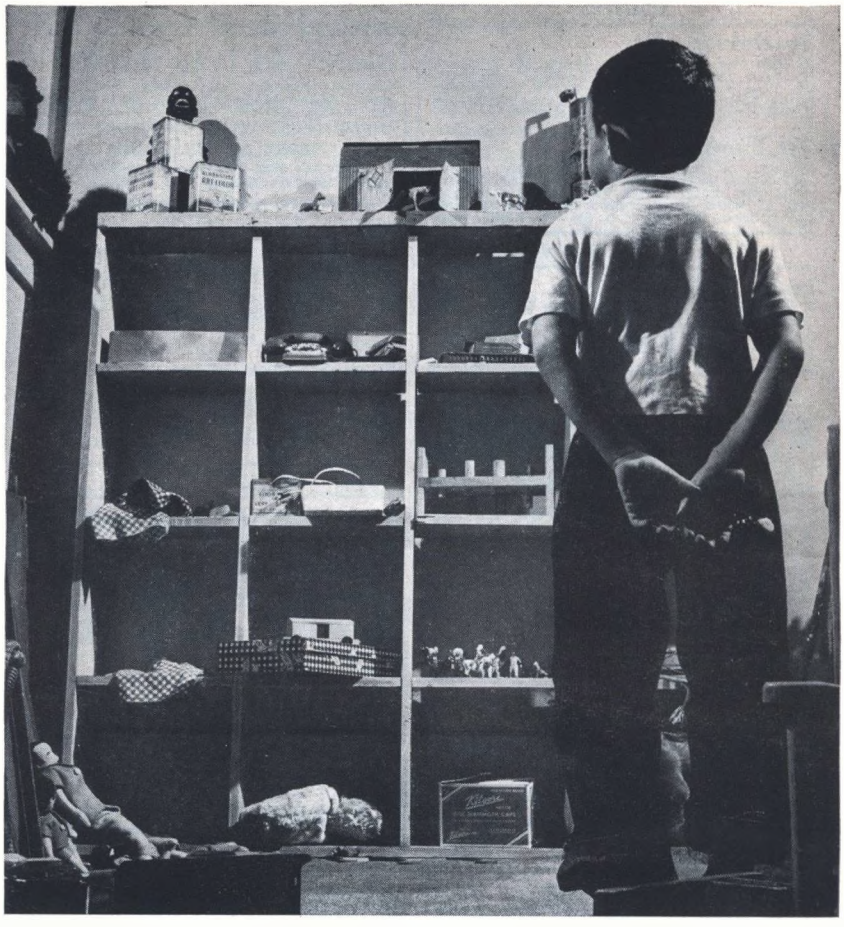
The House on Chestnut Street



THE FIRST LOOK of "doctor's office" is a young patient gets a room full of toys. Play reactions give case workers insight into the child.

For thirty-three years, Louisville's Child Guidance Clinic has been proving that the best way to treat disturbed children is to treat their parents, too

BY MILTON LEHMAN

Behind a wrought-iron gate at 206 East Chestnut Street in Louisville, Kentucky, stands a three-story house that was once a fashionable Victorian mansion. Inside, in a quiet, dimly lit waiting room, a father sits on an overstuffed sofa beside his son, whose head is cocked shyly to one side. Nearby is a young girl surprisingly dressed for a child of six. Her hair is curled with great care, her fingernails polished. She wears a spangled dress and suede pumps, a pearl necklace, earrings, and a ring on each hand. Beside her, her mother looks a bit drab. Across the room sits a thin little boy wistfully studying a picture book, while his mother looks on sternly.

These visitors to the house on Chestnut Street are seeking solutions to their problems at Louisville's famous Child Guidance Clinic. One of the best of the country's thousand mental clinics, it was established thirty-three years ago and has since treated 11,000 patients.

The clinic is devoted to treating the disturbed child, but since a youngster's problems almost always stem from a home situation, at least one parent must come for treatment with the child.

Parents are referred to the house on Chestnut Street by all sorts of people familiar with the clinic's good work—private physicians, schoolteachers, ministers, welfare agencies, and the courts.

Play Reveals a Child's Feelings

The patient's first contact is with Ruth Mellor, the merry-eyed, gray-haired chief psychiatric social worker. She interviews the parent and child, and then sets up their schedule of appointments. Usually they are given an hour-long appointment once a week with a psychiatrist and a psychiatric social worker, who operate as a team. While the child spends his hour with one of the team members, in a playroom (play therapy is the best method for uncovering the true feeling of a child), the parent is in an office talking with the other team member.

There is no average length of treatment. Some cases go on for a year or more; others are cleared up in a shorter time. Usually the clinic has about fifty parent-child cases in its active files.

No parents are treated unless they want to be. The clinic fee for the family hour is based on what the patient can afford, and ranges from 25 cents to $15 an hour.

Most of the clinic's cases begin with a simple behavior complaint. Why does my four-year-old still suck her thumb? Why does my daughter burst into tears whenever I say a cross word? Why does my twelve-year-old steal?

When Mr. Stanhope came to the clinic last year (this name, like those of the rest of the patients described in this article. is fictitious), he complained about the behavior of his eleven-year-old son, Stewart. He told Miss Mellor that the

boy had been causing trouble at school, that he was about to flunk out.

"I don't get this," he said angrily. "I give my children all the best things. Every night I make them sit still in the living room while I read them the Bible. I don't allow their attention to wander. I know what's best for them."

On the day of their first appointment, the father and son arrived to find Dr. Carlo DeAntonio, a psychiatrist, waiting to talk with Mr. Stanhope, and Monroe Levin, a psychologist waiting for Stewart. The therapists noted that both father and son bit their nails. The boy was chewing his as they went upstairs. The doctor led Mr. Stanhope into his office while the youngster followed Mr. Levin into a playroom.

When the door was closed, Stewart looked tentatively around the brightly colored playroom at the toys and games scattered about. He was extremely hesitant and seemed to ignore the genial Mr. Levin. He picked up a toy boat beside a basin of water, but put it down quickly. He discovered a cash register, examined the play money, and then put it aside. He put on boxing gloves, then took them off. By the end of the first hour, he'd said very little, and on leaving the playroom to meet his father, he buttoned his jacket and pulled up his collar like a turtle retreating into its shell.

In the psychiatrist's office, Mr. Stanhope had been talking slowly, peering about the room and avoiding the doctor's eyes. He skipped over many subjects. He declared he had heart trouble. He said his wife made him furious. He offered the doctor a stick of chewing gum. He looked at the doctor hard and said, "You're so calm and placid. I bet you get upset about things, too." Just before leaving he added, "Secretly, I nurse a lot of feelings in my heart."

Mr. Stanhope and Stewart continued to come to the house on Chestnut Street for six months. Slowly Stewart discovered that Mr. Levin was a friend and enjoyed playing games. And then it occurred to him that other adults could be friendly, too. One day Stewart picked up a popgun and aimed it directly at Mr. Levin. "I guess sometimes you'd like to hurt me," Mr. Levin said quietly. Stewart backed off and had nothing to say for the rest of the hour. At their next meeting Stewart said that sometimes adults weren't friendly. A few moments later Stewart turned to a family of dolls, each of which was held together by small fasteners, and picked up the father doll. He knocked off its head. Then he lined up the whole family of dolls and knocked them all apart.

He Learned to Like His Father

At his next meeting Stewart was much less fearful. He played Chinese checkers with Mr. Levin, and they broke even. "I guess we're both getting pretty good," the boy observed. It was the first time he had said "we." Mr. Levin noticed that the youngster's fingernails were growing, that he no longer huddled into his jacket when the hour was over, seemed almost glad to meet his father. Meanwhile Dr. DeAntonio had been helping Mr. Stanhope to work through his feelings of hostility toward his wife and his frightened determination to keep his children at arm's length.

Gradually Mr. Stanhope began to see the size and shape of his sickness. At home he no longer commanded Stewart and the other children, and he began to receive the first signs of affection from the boy. "You know," he finally said to the psychiatrist, "I never thought I could really enjoy the children. But actually, kids can be fun."

Most cases are successfully treated at the clinic, though there is seldom any final proof of a cure. In some difficult cases the clinic staff may schedule two or three interviews a week for a time. Under such a program the youngster may

(continued)

Photos by Tommy Wadelton

A SOCIAL WORKER watches intently while her patient gives play to his aggressive impulses by violently attacking the clinic's punching bag.

The House on Chestnut Street (continued)

THE WAITING ROOM of the clinic, which looks like a cozy living room in a home, gives both child and adult patients a feeling of warm friendship and confidence.

respond and grow, but often the parent, with older, deeper-rooted problems, will need extensive therapy for a year or more. In such cases the clinic refers the parent to a private psychiatrist or to an adult psychiatric clinic.

There are about twenty-five full-time people on the clinic's staff, including five psychiatrists, four psychiatric social workers, and three psychologists.

At the weekly staff conferences, the younger therapists present their difficult cases. Dr. Spafford Ackerly, medical director of the clinic, and Dr. Lotte Bernstein, the clinical director, preside at these sessions.

This Girl Needed to Get Dirty

One Friday morning the case of Mrs. Flanders and her daughter, Estelle (she was the little girl in the waiting room with the spangled dress, fancy jewelry, and polished fingernails), drew the concentrated attention of the clinic's staff. Estelle never got dirty; she was tense and rigid, always trying to please. Her poorly groomed mother was even more tense, and deeply troubled the social worker who was seeing her.

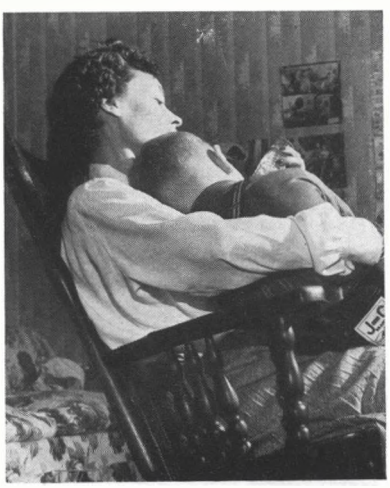
"I'm afraid I'll lose her," the social worker said. "I think she'll start breaking appointments and finally not come at all. When I try to reach her, I look in her eyes and see so much crying. Tell me, am I doing the right thing?"

One psychiatrist gave his opinion: "This woman dresses her daughter as she'd like to be dressed herself. But she doesn't feel close to her daughter."

A psychologist said, "This little girl doesn't relate to the world around her. According to our tests, she's living in make-believe."

A social worker said, "Estelle comes to us dressed for a party. I never saw a girl who needs so much to get dirty."

Dr. Bernstein turned to the social worker handling the case. "I'm astonished by your feeling of discouragement," she said. "You have already seen more in this woman, I think, than anyone she has ever known. It will be a long process —the hate and despair must come out slowly so it doesn't overwhelm her. But I don't think she will leave you."



STARVED FOR LOVE at home, a regressed five-year-old gets help and affection.

Dr. Ackerly began talking slowly. "I feel we must get into this shadowiness. This little girl lives in a world of make-believe. We must find out how she spends an evening, what happens on a weekend at home, what her father's role is. And how is our therapist making out with Estelle in the playroom? Is he showing her it's all right to get messed up and dirty? We've got to get it over to Estelle that she can behave like a little girl instead of a nice clotheshorse. As for Mrs. Flanders, I think she's plain starved for affection. We've got to give out a lot before she'll give anything back."

After that Mrs. Flanders and her daughter gradually defrosted under the clinic's warmth. After her most recent hour at the clinic, Estelle came out of the playroom in rumpled overalls, gooey clay smudged on her hands and face. And Mrs. Flanders was digging deep into the fears that had plagued her for years.

One of the most amazing cases the clinic has ever had was that of a tragic little illegitimate child, a foundling, who had baffled doctors at the Louisville Children's Free Hospital. Fifteen months old, she weighed just fifteen pounds, and she was literally starving herself to death.

When Lucile arrived at the Child Guidance Clinic, she was rejecting the world with all the force she possessed. She took her bottle poorly, refused all solid food, and didn't sleep well.

Dr. Ackerly turned to Ruth Scott, a kindly psychiatric social worker who is devoted to children.

"Forget about solid foods and give her all the bottles she wants—and all the love she can take," Dr. Ackerly said.

Miss Scott found Lucile extremely nervous and almost rigidly tense. "She has a pinched, masklike little old face," she reported after her first look at Lucile. "She won't smile. She's pitifully thin. When you go near, she blows air through her lips, trying to keep you away."

Lucile never sucked her fingers or put anything in her mouth. She was even fearful of touching a soft woolly lamb. When Miss Scott tried to give her a little baby food, she refused it.

Miss Scott's weekly "interviews" with Lucile consisted of an hour's loving, playing, and sleeping. During the first few weeks, a bond grew between Lucile and Miss Scott. "I held the baby and rocked her," she reported. "Whenever she got away from close contact with me, she strained to come back."

After that Miss Scott saw Lucile an hour every day, and the baby responded to the warm attention.

"She nestled back and just wanted to be held close," Miss Scott reported. "If I put her on the floor or got too far away from her, she became angry and expressed real feeling by crying."

Later: "Today she slept through most of our interview."

A week after this last entry Miss Scott lost Lucile to foster parents, who had been approved by the clinic after careful and lengthy instructions. Later the foster mother called Dr. Ackerly and said, "Doctor, Lucile is doing just fine. This morning she began nibbling toast and bacon at the breakfast table."

Taking the Wraps Off Psychiatry

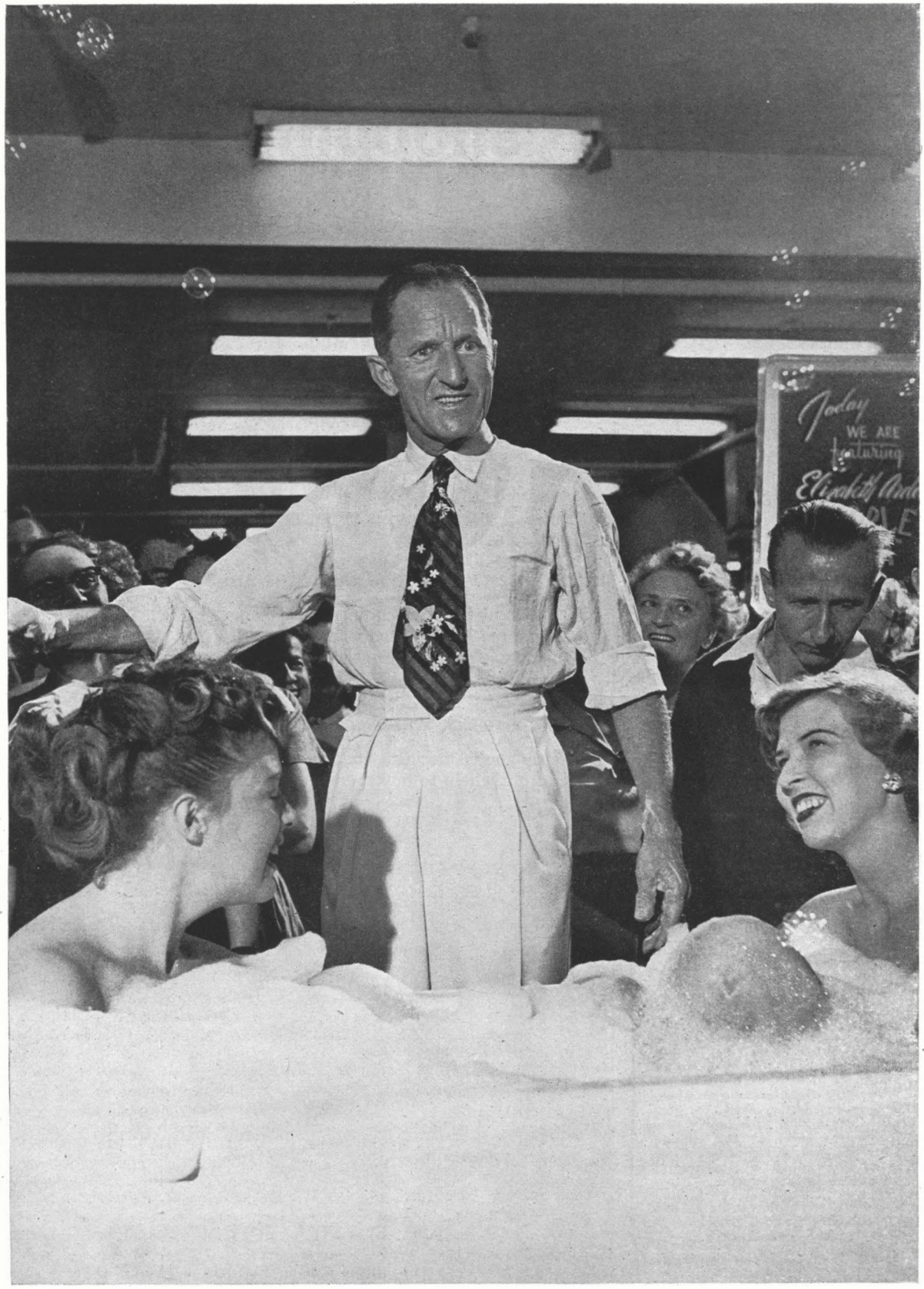
Despite the good work of the clinic Dr. Ackerly is still not satisfied. He feels that too little has been done to explain psychiatry to the public. With this in mind he has opened the clinic to teachers, lawyers, and doctors. He conducts a seminar for each group, to help them understand the people they work with.

When he came to the clinic twenty years ago from the Yale Institute of Human Relations, Dr. Ackerly found the clinic a budding but little-known enterprise. The adults and children treated there were merely part of the research conducted by the clinic, which was (and still is) connected with the University of Louisville.

Dr. Ackerly's desire to reach out to the community with the Child Guidance Clinic is reflected in the progress that the clinic has made in his twenty years there. Psychiatry is better understood in Louisville than in most American cities, and the city's government wholeheartedly backs the clinic. The Juvenile Court, which shares its problems with the clinic, recently announced that there are no organized juvenile gangs in Louisville, no cases of juvenile narcotics addiction, and no major juvenile crimes of violence.

Dr. Ackerly and his colleagues would be the last to claim credit for Louisville's record. Mental therapists, they say, are not miracle men.

But there is a miracle in process at the house on Chestnut Street. It is the miracle of a team of selfless men and women dedicated to helping others find happiness. THE END



"DOC" JAMES EARL WEBB, ex-patent-medicine huckster, goes into his old act to move his soap inventory. He rolls up his shirt sleeves and demonstrates a bubble-bath preparation for delighted customers by lathering a couple of local beauties.

Photos by Carroll Seghers II—Black Star

ONCE A TWENTY-FOOT-SQUARE STORE, Webb's City now sprawls brilliantly across four blocks of St. Petersburg, Florida. Half the population often jams its fifty-seven departments.

Million-Dollar Medicine Man

With peep shows and crazy bargains Doc Webb built a small drugstore into a 21-million-dollar business

BY HYMAN GOLDBERG

The two things "Doc" James Earl Webb likes best in the world are the laughter of happy people and the ring of a busy cash register. Doc, a peculiar blend of merchant prince and leprechaun, has industriously promoted both these sounds for over a quarter of a century in the resort city of St. Petersburg, Florida, where he operates a retail store, the like of which can be found nowhere else in the world.

Called "Webb's City," the store sprawls over four city blocks, and nobody—not even Doc Webb himself—ever knows just what shenanigans he may run into in any of its fifty-seven departments. At various times his enthusiastic customers have found a cooch show in the large basement cafeteria, an elaborate three-ring circus on the parking lot (with Doc Webb himself as one of the principal clowns), and a man milking a rattlesnake in the main window of the store.

The eager response of his patrons to his frenzied hurly-burly simply delights this impresario. A short, slight fifty-five-year-old with a 21-million-dollar business, he has never let his success inhibit his enthusiasm for a newer and wackier pitch.

But Doc Webb's vaudeville veneer barely hides the hard core of an astute businessman. He exploits merchandising methods that have been called everything from "unorthodox" to "dirty tricks." He sells butter for 19 cents a pound when it sells everywhere else for 79 cents; automobile tires for $9.95 when they sell everywhere else for $17. These remarkable sales are usually met by loud cries of distress and rage from his competitors.

Doc is accustomed to these outbursts. Every once in a while he plasters his store windows with a competitor's advertisement announcing a sale at prices the advertiser fondly believes are attractively slashed. But Doc stabs him to the heart by placing over the ad the simple, stark statement: "This merchandise is now on sale here for ten-per-cent less." Sometimes Doc advertises a sale without even mentioning the name of his store. This, he believes, is a subtle way of informing the world that only Webb can sell merchandise at such ridiculously low prices.

Doc gets his greatest delight out of offering bargains when he can slash the

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WEBB DASHES TO THE TOBACCO DEPARTMENT where he raucously hawks his own brand of cigars, smoking six at once without gagging to prove their beneficent mildness. Occasionally Webb finishes his act by flinging handfuls of cigars to the crowd.

prices—and the throats—of his competitors at the same time. Not long ago, one rash individual in St. Petersburg cut the price of cigarettes by a few pennies. Doc countered by cutting *his* price. When the competitor undercut him, Doc lost patience. He gave each customer who wanted one a *free* pack of cigarettes. When the competitor did the same, Doc gave each customer *two* free packs of cigarettes. The cigarette war lasted two days—and the competitor gave up.

Then a nearby dry-cleaning establishment cut its prices. Cleaning and pressing a pair of pants was cut from 35 to 30 cents, and cleaning and pressing a suit dropped from 75 to 70 cents. Doc cut his price for pants first to 29 cents and then to 21 cents, and his price for a suit to 65, 50, and, finally, 44 cents. "If it's war he wants," Doc said grimly, "I'll give it to him."

Dirty Clothes and "Dirty Tricks"

People from miles around hastened to take advantage of this titanic struggle. "I never in all my days," said Doc, happily surveying his dry-cleaning department, "saw so many dirty old clothes." The dry-cleaning war ended as do all price wars in his area. Doc was the victor.

Doc is used to hearing his business practices denounced as "dirty tricks." This has led him to adopt the phrase himself. "My latest dirty trick," he said delightedly several weeks ago, "is to fix a couple of fellows who started to keep their stores open from five to nine P.M. on Fridays. They advertise specials for those hours. So I get hold of those same specials and sell them 'way under their prices. Here's one of my ads for five to nine this coming Friday: a $1 bottle of shampoo for 39 cents; a 25-cent chocolate bar for 15 cents, or two for 29 cents; a 59-cent dental-plate brush (this is a big item in St. Pete) for 19 cents, and a $1 set of cologne and dusting powder for 57 cents.

Doc laughed happily and fiendishly. "Nobody," he said, "could stay in business long with prices like those."

Every once in a while, when the doldrums, or what pass for doldrums with James Earl Webb, set in, he creates his own excitement. On one such occasion he sold 2,000 one-dollar bills for 95 cents

apiece and filled the store with happy customers who then spent the money they had bought. The next day he sold an additional 2,500 one-dollar bills, this time at a *real* bargain price of 89 cents. This is not a new merchandising stunt, but Doc Webb improved on it. A few days later he bought back all the dollar bills he had sold, giving $1.35 for each one.

The office that Doc and his general manager, James Horace Willis, share on the tiny mezzanine measures 8 by 12 feet. It overlooks the huge main-floor drug-and-drug-products department and the 100-foot soda fountain and luncheon area. Three or four times a day, Doc will look out onto the floor and decide that things seem pretty dull in one section or another. He will call the department manager and find out what products are in good supply. Then he will pick up the microphone connected with the public-address system that runs throughout the store.

"Hurry, Hurry, HURRY!"

"Hear this, hear this," he will chant. "For the next thirty minutes we will sell at the appliance department $25 toasters for $13.95 apiece. Hurry, hurry, HURRY!" The reaction is immediate. People pour into the appliance department from all corners of the store, tumbling off the escalators and swarming out of elevators and thronging in from the street. Webb's City was established on the principle that excited crowds of people mean money in the till, and the people of St. Petersburg have proved to Doc's satisfaction that it is right.

Doc came to St. Petersburg in 1925 from Nashville, Tennessee, where he had worked in a drugstore after he quit school in the seventh grade. He had with him when he arrived in St. Pete what he describes as "a small fortune." Doc had earned the money and his abbreviated medical title by bottling a mixture that he called "Webb's 608."

Doc bought a partnership in the small drugstore where his cigar-and-magazine department now is (the original store was removed intact recently to another floor). In the first year the business grossed $38,000, but Webb's partner was unhappy. "He was conservative," says Doc, "and I wasn't. So I bought him out. He opened another business, but we were in competition so he went busted."

Year by year, Doc expanded until he bought up and occupied the entire building where he had first started, then the whole block, and finally four square blocks. "Ever since I started, twenty-seven years ago," he says, "the carpenters haven't stopped hammering, day or night!" Right now, Doc is working on plans to build a country club, complete with swimming pool, for customers and employees.

He is pleased to call his establishment "Webb's City, the World's Largest and Most Unusual Drugstore." He could,

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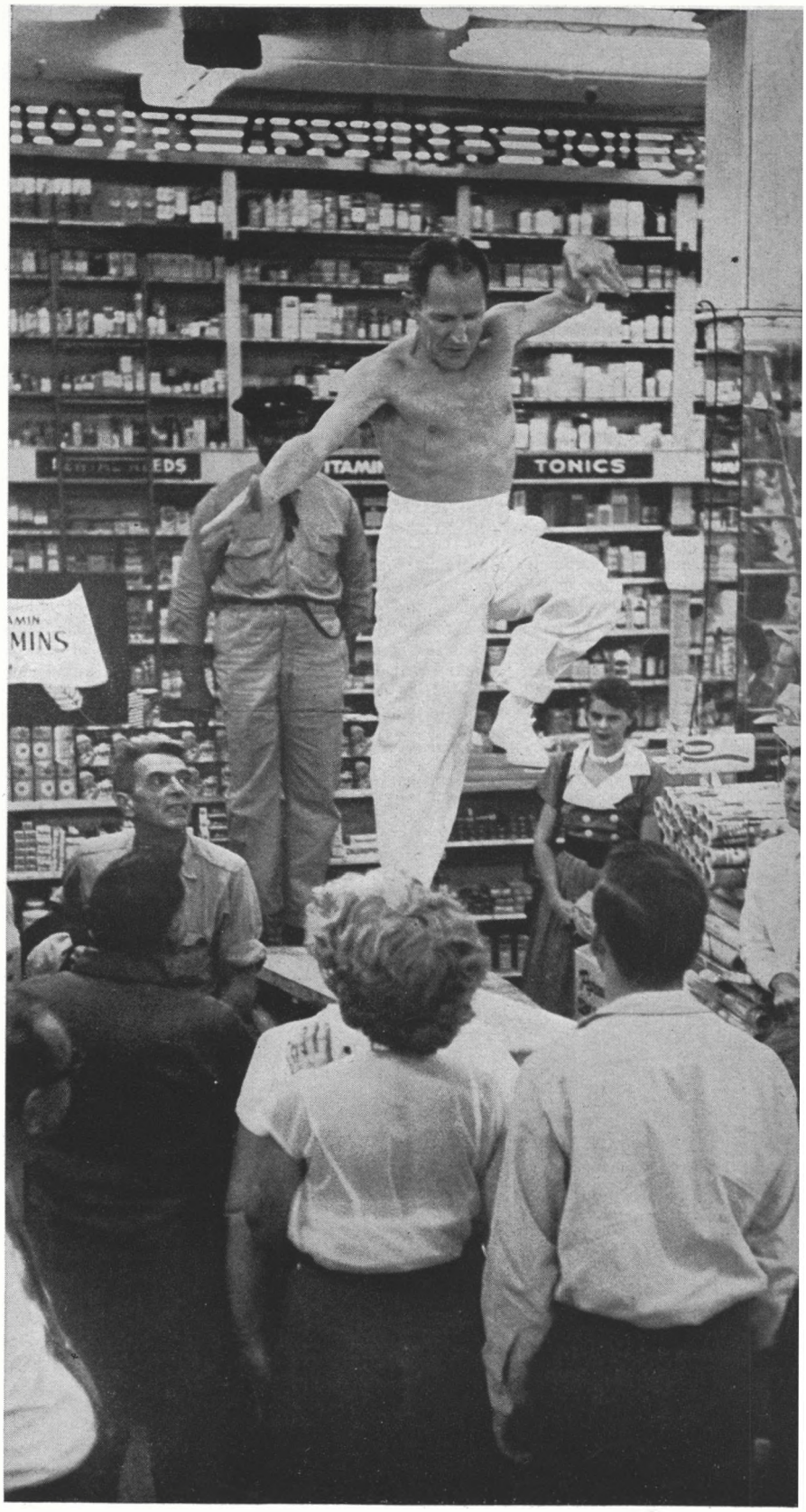

HE STRIPS DOWN, leaps on a counter, and does a jig to show what vitamins can do. Such stunts make Webb's one of America's biggest dispensers of vitamin pills.

Million-Dollar Medicine Man (continued)

Doc sold dollar bills for 89 cents, bought them back for $1.35

with as much justification, call his place "The World's Largest and Most Unusual Delicatessen," or "The World's Largest and Most Unusual Feed and Fertilizer Store," or "The World's Largest and Most Unusual Barbershop."

Doc Webb finds the grueling life he leads—he habitually puts in a sixteen-hour day—vastly entertaining and health-giving. Last year he and his partner won the doubles championship of the Florida Tennis Association for players forty-five years or older, and he was the seventh-ranking player in that class in the South. Each year, to prove to his delighted customers that he has lost none of his vaunted vigor, he takes part in trapeze stunts with the girl aerialists who are part of the circus troupe he brings annually to his Webb's City parking lot.

"My heart and my blood pressure," he boasts, "are getting younger and younger. I proved it last year when the New York Life Insurance Company wrote a $500,000 policy on my life that the store bought for me."

Right now a lot of Doc's time and energies are being expended on a new home he is having built. "The old one," he says, "is too small to take care of all my clothes, so I'm having a house built with a special clothes room for my wardrobe." Doc has 150 suits, all of which fit him snugly in the late Jimmy Walker manner, and as many pairs of shoes, all handmade. When he took an inventory of his wardrobe recently he was astonished to find it represented an investment of $38,000. The new home, adjacent to the old one, will be equipped with telephone outlets in every possible part of the house, including the bathrooms, so he can plug in to any one or all of three direct wires to the store and two outside lines, even while he shaves or showers.

Doc Webb likes to describe himself as "a feller who never cared to pile up a lot of money." (He pays himself a salary of $30,000 a year, gets another $28.000 in dividends on Webb's City stock he holds, and several years ago realized $200,000 by selling some stock holdings.) He and his pretty wife, Aretta, also a Tennessean, live simply and even Spartanly for their stratospheric income. Mrs. Webb is assisted in the care of their four-bedroom, four-bathroom home by a staff of one maid.

He's Not the Country-Club Type

Their social life consists of having a few close friends in for dinner, talk, and some gin rummy, or visiting the homes of these same friends. "We're not the country-club type," says Doc with a grimace. "Most times I stay up until two, three, in the morning, reading. I'm a space nut. I read everything about space I can find, and I've been reading that stuff and all kinds of science fiction for better than thirty years."

Though she and Doc are grandparents, Mrs. Webb's years of marriage to Doc

WHEN MATTRESS SALES DROPPED, Webb placed a pretty girl on a Webb mattress. He punches, jabs, even jumps on the mattresses to prove their durability. Webb says a bargain is not enough—people respond more quickly to side-show selling.

IN HIS FREE BABY-SITTING DEPARTMENT, Webb tosses a future patron, a customer's baby. He has discovered that his free services really pay off. Last year his check-cashing service cashed thirty million dollars' worth of checks. Few of them bounced.

rest lightly on her because, as she says, she has always regarded her husband, his overpowering vitality and manifold activities, with a fondly tolerant viewpoint. "But every once in a while," she said recently, "I have to tell him to go away and be by himself, because when he gets interested in some project, he gets excited about it. And when he gets excited, he starts hollering and jumping around, and it wears me out. Most people can't stand being with him for very long, because nobody else has all his vitality."

Doc Webb's private wars against price-fixing laws and fair-trade practices are now in a state of truce. During one hectic period he had under retainer six separate law firms to combat seven injunctions that manufacturers and trade associations had obtained against him from the courts. The truce leaves him more time for his pet promotions and spectacular advertising and merchandising stunts.

Latest of these stunts is a vaudeville troupe that calls itself "Webb's City All-American Shindig." The Shindig troupe plays in theatres, tent shows, and other public gathering places throughout the South, and is booked by a regular theatrical agency. Doc Webb subsidizes the troupe, which has the format of a small musical revue, and it travels in a bus plastered with large signs reading, "Webb's City, The World's Most Unusual Drugstore." The songs and stories used by the actors depend heavily upon references to Doc Webb's drugstore. But the troupe collects money wherever it plays, and Doc gets a return on his money. "Last year," he says happily, "we broke even as far as money goes, and they advertised the store all over the South."

Within a radius of 750 miles of the store there are approximately 500 roadside signs advertising Webb's City. A few months ago Doc completed, at a cost of $75,000, "The Webb's City Outpost," an imposing edifice situated on Gandy Boulevard, the main artery leading into St. Petersburg. It is equipped with a five-story electric-and-neon sign, a restaurant, soda fountain, drugstore, souvenir counter, and a booth to dispense information about St. Petersburg's hotel and motel industry. It is all dedicated to the greater glory of Doc Webb, his store, and his town. This, like the service that last year cashed $30,000,000 worth of checks for St. Petersburgians and tourists, with no charge at all to them, at a cost of approximately $20,000 to Webb's City, is marked off as part of the $600,000 advertising budget.

He's Zany, But a Shrewd Operator

Webb's showmanship often obscures the fact that the noisy, booming enterprise he has built up is based on the soundest of business practices. After Doc gets the crowds into his store it isn't difficult for him to get their money because the bargains are plain before their eyes. He can offer more and better bargains than most of his competitors by keeping costs low through purchasing in carload lots from wholesalers and, when he can, from manufacturers. This method bypasses profits taken by jobbers and other middlemen with whom other merchants who haven't got his cash resources and quick turnover are forced to deal.

All wholesalers and manufacturers offer a discount for cash payment, deducting two per cent from bills if payment is made within ten days of delivery. "In all the years I've been in business," says Doc proudly, "I've never lost that two-per-cent discount."

In departments such as the meat market, where the inventory of stock is sold out almost completely every day, the business is run on the suppliers' money, for the stock is sold out before Webb's City has to pay its bills. Most retail stores think they are doing well if their inventory is turned over, or sold out, five or six times a year. At Webb's City, the turnover is ten times a year or better. Because of his large purchases from manufacturers and wholesalers, which make them largely dependent upon him, Doc Webb can insist on getting first refusal on anything they have to offer.

That's why riot squads have had to be called out to control the crowds that ravened at his doors when he offered

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Webb is also a trapeze artist, tennis champion, grandfather, and dandy

such bargains as $2 shirts for 68 cents; spray guns that sold everywhere else for $2.95, but which he obtained for less than a dime apiece and sold for 69 cents; a carload of cantaloupes for 2 cents apiece; U.S. Army surplus galvanized-iron oilcans that sold for $2.50 apiece and that he bought for 60 cents apiece and sold for 98 cents; and a breakfast consisting of one egg, three slices of bacon, three slices of toast, and hominy grits with ham gravy, all for 3 cents. (The cafeteria, in the basement, lost $20,000 in its first year, but has returned a profit since then, having become one of the most popular eating places in town.)

About 40 per cent of St. Petersburg's population is made up of elderly men and women living on pensions and retirement funds, who have come to the city to spend their declining years in the sun. They find Webb's City a pleasant place to browse and look for bargains and wait for spot sales when shuffleboard and checkers and gossip and canasta pall.

"Sometimes," Doc says, "it takes me an hour to go from my car in the parking lot to my office because these people insist on stopping me to tell me how they couldn't live on their small incomes if it wasn't for my store and the low prices I give them. And they tell me that if it wasn't for my store, they never would have come to St. Pete."

He Sold His Stock Like "608"

Doc Webb's belief in his customers' dependence and faith in him is more than somewhat bolstered by the experience he had more than a decade ago when he needed a large sum of capital in a hurry in order to expand. When he found he couldn't raise the money at local banks, and the credit offered him by the U.S. Reconstruction Finance Corporation was insufficient, he decided to issue stock in Webb's City.

He squealed like a stuck pig when brokerage houses informed him that it would cost him 10 to 15 per cent if they handled the sale of his stock to the public. He took steps of his own. He got a license as a stockbroker, filed the required prospectus with the Securities and Exchange Commission, then established his own stock-market department in the store.

Not far from where he sold tooth paste, patent medicines, and cigarettes and candy, Doc Webb sold his customers $100 shares in his business after taking newspaper advertisements telling them that they could "Earn 7% with SAFETY!" By the time the SEC howled that securities couldn't be sold as if they were "Doc Webb's 608," the entire issue was sold out.

Another story Doc tells to illustrate the esteem and devotion of his grateful customers has to do with one of his favorite promotion stunts. This is a "Fightin' and Feudin' Sale" put on when business gets slack in the summertime. It always begins with General Manager James Horace Willis's vacation.

Doc takes huge newspaper ads to say that while Willis is away, he is going to take over the store and run it without interference. He says he likes to give things away for nothing — or almost nothing—and that all year his generous impulses toward the good people of St. Petersburg are restrained by his parsimonious general manager. His advertisements say that his Tennessee kinsfolk are on their way to help him keep General Manager Willis out of the store by force of arms, if necessary.

But then, when Willis eventually returns and Doc goes on vacation, another sale takes place, with actors representing Willis's relatives from South Carolina. Through these stunts, Doc Webb brings into his amazing store anywhere from 30.000 to 45,000 people a day. This is almost half the total population of St. Petersburg.

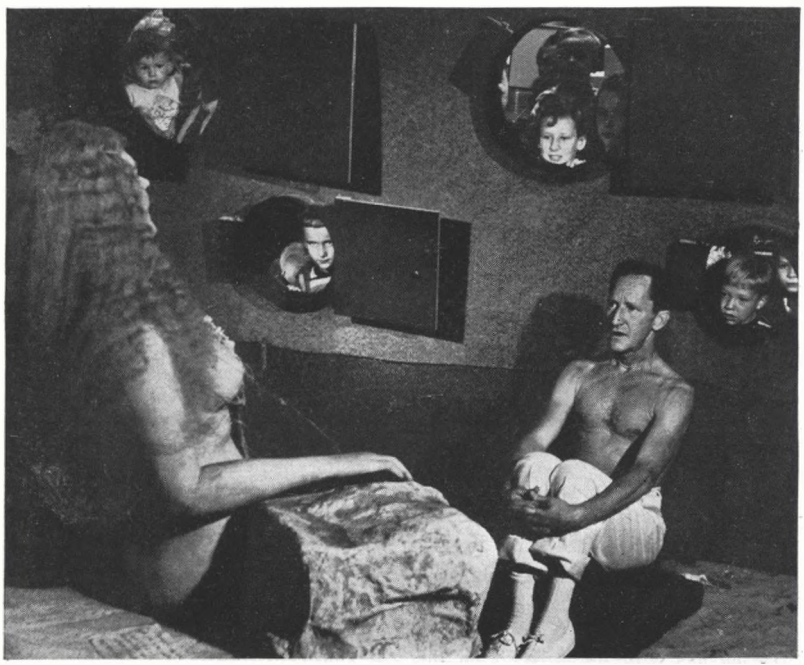
His "Feuding Kin" Delight Patrons

Most St. Petersburgians—with the possible exception of merchants in competitive fields—are amused and delighted by these high jinks, which include hillbilly bands, and singers and actors who pose as uncouth, feuding relatives of Doc Webb and J. H. Willis. But every year a certain number of literal-minded folk take the tall tales about the feud seriously.

Last summer, the clerks and customers of Webb's City, who should have been inured by a long history of peculiar happenings to anything at all that takes place within its confines, were startled by the sight of two gentlemen who walked through the aisles of the store. The gentlemen were aged but spry, and they had shotguns on their shoulders.

The two armed gaffers walked purposefully up the stairs to the executive offices on the mezzanine floor and asked for Doc Webb.

"We've come to fight on your side," they told him sturdily, "whenever you give the word that you want to start the feud goin'."



AT THE FREE PEEP SHOW, he sometimes gets into the act by sitting motionless with a wax mermaid. When spotted, he flashes a big grin, bows deeply, and departs.

DOC WEBB (IN TURBAN) IS THE MAJOR ATTRACTION when his own vaudeville troupe, "Webb's City All-American Shindig," hits the road. The show tours the South, entertaining thousands with acts dramatizing the goings-on in fabulous Webb's City.

DOC WEBB IS PROUD of both his hand-picked poster girls and the bus he designed especially for them. Every year he accompanies them on a fashion-promotion tour that inevitably boosts sales in Webb's ready-to-wear department.

THE END

KILL AND RUN

BY FRANK WARD

Martinez came out of the chief's office and walked down the hall to the bench where I was waiting. There was a fine paste of sweat on his young face. He sat down and lighted a cigarette with hands that shook.

I looked at him and at the closed door to the chief's office. "Does he want me in there?" Martinez nodded miserably, and I went quietly along the corridor and rapped on the door and stepped inside.

He was like a rock that has somehow shriveled. He sat hulked down behind his desk, an old suit coat over an unbuttoned shirt and the sleep shocked out of him. His eyes were blank holes in his face.

"Detective Wright, Chief. You wanted me?"

He lifted his big head and peered at me, as if he had forgotten the names and faces of the people who worked for him, as if the thing that had happened to him that night had blinded him to everything but grief and sorrow and hate.

"Detective Wright?" he said hoarsely. "Oh, yes." He wiped at the sweat on his face with the sleeve of his coat. "Sit down, Johnny."

I sat down.

He went on numbly, "There's something I want you to do for me, John. I want you to find me the driver of a certain car. I don't know what make; I don't know the serial number. All I know is that the driver of that car killed my little girl tonight, and I want you to find him."

I said nothing.

"My daughter, my little girl. Eleven years old. Can you hear me, Johnny? She was eleven years old just last month."

He shivered in the damp heat of the place and closed his eyes. Then he lifted his gaze to mine, and I had the strange feeling that I was listening to a man who wasn't really in the same room with me. "Do you know what I'm talking about, Wright?"

I nodded. I realized that he hadn't seen me nod, and said, "I know."

"If it takes you ten years," he began, hanging onto his control—and then the voice cracked, and he whispered, "Get out of here, Johnny, and leave me alone, will you?" I turned and walked out of his office and down the hall again, past Martinez and out into the dark street.

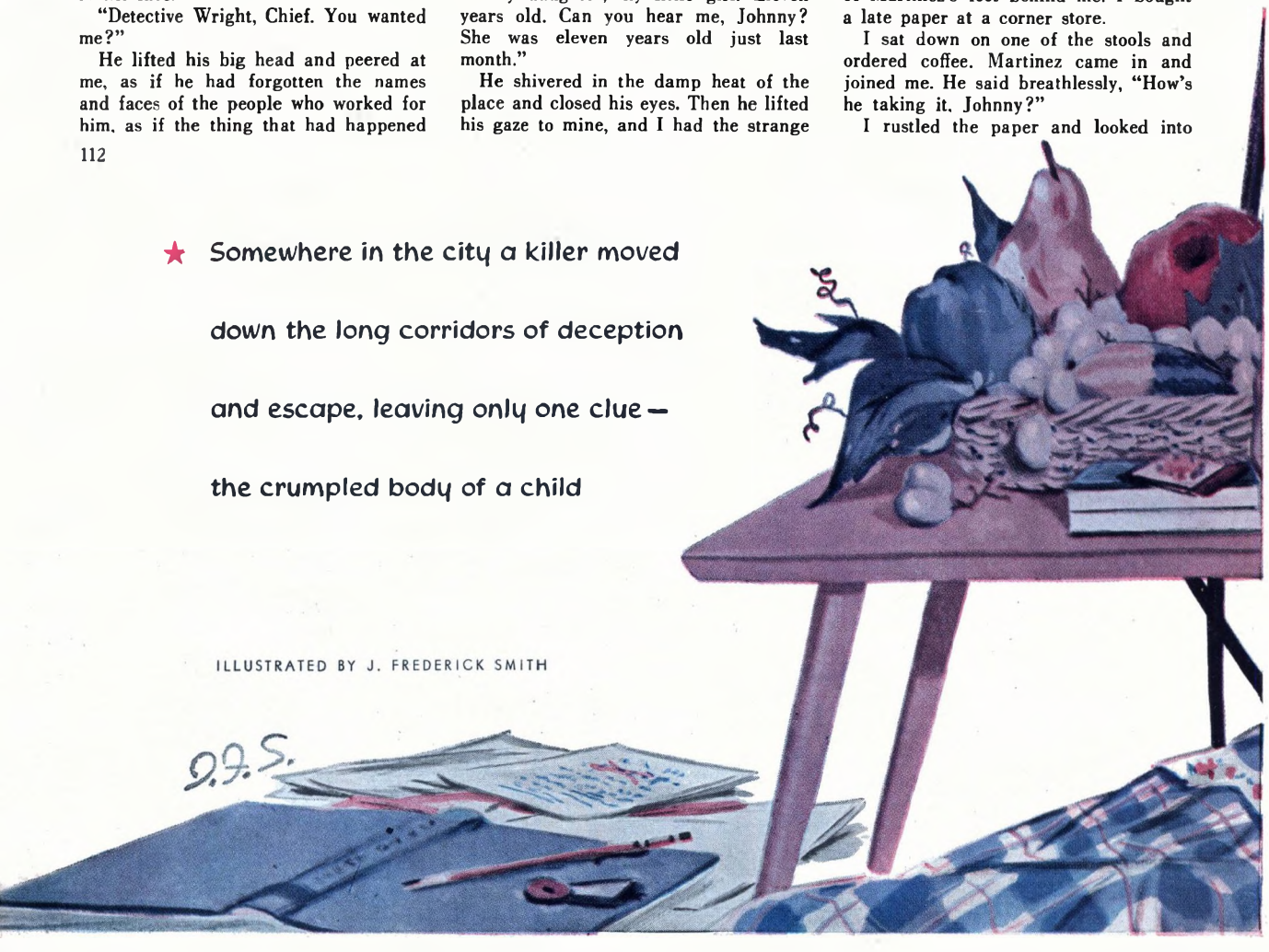
I went across the square in front of the Hall of Justice, walking slowly, not looking back. I heard the patter of Martinez's feet behind me. I bought a late paper at a corner store.

I sat down on one of the stools and ordered coffee. Martinez came in and joined me. He said breathlessly, "How's he taking it, Johnny?"

I rustled the paper and looked into

★ Somewhere in the city a killer moved down the long corridors of deception and escape, leaving only one clue—the crumpled body of a child

ILLUSTRATED BY J. FREDERICK SMITH



A black sedan roars down a dim-lit street—an impact, a scream, a burst of frantic speed—Where would this killer run to? Where would he hide?

his hurt young eyes. I said, "Go get yourself a wife and have a kid and you'll know how he takes it. You'll lie awake with all the rest of us, wondering when it's going to happen to you. If it isn't a car and your kid in front of it and your kid bleeding in the streets, it's a rusty nail and infection and the hospital. Always something. Go out and do some living, Pete, and you won't have to ask me questions like that." I put the paper down on the counter. "You know why he's still in that office? He's afraid to go home and look at his wife." I took a sip of the lukewarm coffee and pointed a finger at him.

"From now on you'll be sleeping on your feet. Go back and get a cruiser and pick me up here."

I watched him go and turned back to the paper, but all they had was a black box on page one, in a lower corner, the black type just a blotch among all the other tragedies. It didn't tell me anything I didn't already know.

A black car. A black, late-model car, and the city full of them. The wrong way down a one-way street, going too fast, and the city full of drivers going too fast in the summer dusk. And a dead child in a gutter. The time, between eight-forty and eight-fifty; the place, a short, narrow street in the upper residential district called Avon Road.

I closed my eyes and saw the street, with its border of trees screening the light from the widely spaced lamps, and the black, late-model car. I tried to feel as the driver had felt when that white, eleven-year-old face jumped suddenly in front of him. I tried to think what I would do in a case like that, hearing the scream, feeling the impact that jolted me against the wheel, rocking in my seat as the wheels passed over her. Jamming down the gas pedal, running away. I opened my eyes and met the gaze of the counterman, who was staring at me strangely.

He nodded toward the paper. "They don't give you much to laugh at these days, eh? All you get is murder and sudden death and people fighting wars and nobody knowing why. What the hell is the point of it all?"

"I didn't say anything about it," I said. "But let me ask you a question: If you knocked down a kid in your car, what would you do next?"

He cocked his head, looking down his rough cheeks at me and then at the paper. "You mean that?" He pointed to the black, boxed type. He shook his head. "I don't know. I don't know what I'd do. I guess I'd stop. I guess I wouldn't run away. When they catch you on that rap, it hurts."

"That's the only reason you'd stop? Because they might get you?"

He shrugged. "How the hell do I know? I don't own no car. You got a better reason, Mac?"

I sighed and paid him off. I went outside to where Martinez was waiting in the patrol car and told him to drive over to Avon, where it had all begun. He cruised slowly down the street, swinging the spot. When we came to a pile of dried mud and dried dark spots on the macadam, I touched his shoulder, and he stopped the car with a jolt.

The mud was there, you understand, because an eleven-year-old girl is enough impact to shake it loose. It lay scattered around, where the gawkers had shoveled it with their feet, and there were parallel skid marks on the pavement where the driver of the car had tried to stop. I gave him that much. At least he had tried.

I trailed my hand through the dirt, scattering it some more. Just dirt. The technical men would tell you where it had come from, what type of soil it was. I didn't think it mattered that much. I walked back to the skid marks and paced them out. The car had been doing about fifty, if the skid marks could be taken as evidence. If the tires were in perfect shape and the driver wide-awake and the brakes fully tuned. A lot of ifs. I added ten miles an hour more. It all came out the same: too fast. I went back to the squad car and leaned my elbow on the window ledge.

Martinez said eagerly, "You get anything out of it, Johnny?"

I started to laugh and gave it up as a bad job. "Sure. A handful of mud and a skid mark, and I know all the answers." I skirted the car and got in beside him. I said, "You're a cop, Pete. You've been with us for six months. What do you do when you hit a kid and run away?"

He put a cigarette in his mouth and touched it with a match, blowing smoke, staring at the dark, dried blood on the road, pooled in the headlights. He didn't answer for a moment.

"Well," he said finally, "I guess it would scare me half to death. I guess it would take me a mile anyway to get straightened out, to get cooled off. At least that much."

I patted him on the shoulder. "You're a good kid, Pete," I said affectionately. "So let's drive a mile."

We drove the mile in silence, the tires whimpering on the quiet road, past the lanes of shiny vehicles parked along the curbs. It was two-thirty in the morning, and there was a smell in the air that might mean rain. When the speedometer had clocked a mile, Pete pulled in, and we sat there, listening to the idle of the engine.

"Shut it off," I said softly. "I want to think a little."

He twisted the key, and the engine died.

"Where are we?"

Martinez twisted in his seat. "Avon lets out on Montmorency. We're on Montmorency West now." His voice sounded very loud in the stillness. "I walked this pavement for three months, when I first got on the force. I know it pretty well. All big houses, plenty of money. No stores, no garages, nothing. Just people with money."

I took out my pipe and held it. "So," I said. "You've gone your mile, and you're all cooled off now, and you're trying hard to think. You're trying like you've never tried before, because you've just killed a little girl and you

She had one of those haunting faces, fine bones and smooth young skin,

dark eyes as innocent as her view of life could ever let them be

don't want to get caught for it. What do you do now?"

He looked at me out of the corner of his eye, and his face darkened.

"All right," he said. "It wasn't a very good guess. But you asked me."

"I'm still asking. What now?"

His fingers found a smoke in his shirt pocket, and for a moment he sat looking at it morosely. "I guess I shouldn't smoke on duty," he said miserably. "I—"

"For heaven's sake!" I yelled at him. "Smoke the lousy thing. But think!" I paused and wet my lips. "Let's start over again. You've gone your mile. You're here, on Montmorency West, not a soul in sight. No one to see the dented fender and the blood on the car. You killed the girl at about twenty to nine. It's now pretty near nine o'clock. Not dark yet, but getting there. What do you do now?"

He threw the cigarette out the open window and said in a low voice, "I don't know."

I rubbed the back of my neck. "That's an honest one, anyway. Neither do I know. We're not dealing with some punk whose reactions have been fixed ever since he was old enough to climb out of a gutter. This is an amateur. This one wouldn't know where to go for a fast

fender job and some new paint and nothing said about it. He wouldn't know anything about that sort of deal." I put the pipe away.

I said, "Take me home, Pete. We'll start over in the morning."

For a long time I sat up, building a little steeple of crushed butts in the ashtray on the bedroom table, listening to the steady, even breathing of my wife, looking out into the night, seeing nothing. The rain was holding off, leashed back in the hills behind the city. Finally I got up and blundered across the room and out into the hall, heading for the kitchen.

On the way I stopped outside a certain door and looked into a certain room. There was the sound of breathing in that room, too. Young, even breathing, unworried, unafraid. I went over to the bed, walking in my sock feet, and stood looking down at the young face there. Eight years of living, and still alive. I touched his forehead, where a lick of dark hair lay, and felt him move in his sleep and murmur something. I couldn't catch what it was, but it probably wouldn't matter. Standing there, I thought about Chief of Police Neil Lanham, and about his wife, and what it would be like in the Lanham house that night.

Then I went out, closing the door gently behind me, and padded down to the kitchen and went to sleep with my head on my arms on the kitchen table.

Somewhere in the city a killer moved in a bed, and somewhere in the city a pair of eyes stared straight up at a ceiling and a mind began the long walk through the corridors of deception and escape. Panic in a room, panic and fear and the dread of discovery. The body moved, the legs stiff and aching, the feet cold, all the muscles corded, and the new day began, and the mind screamed soundlessly.

The early-morning sun came in at the window and hit me in the face with a warm fist. I awoke and crouched there without moving, opening my ears to the late-summer sounds, listening for the sounds of my own house, of my own wife. I awoke with the taste of blood in my mouth and the taste of old cigarettes, and I raised my head to stare blearily at the clock over the cold stove. Six forty-five of a Thursday morning.

I got up from the table and limped over to the stove and moved the kettle over the burner. I climbed the stairs to the second floor, mumbling to myself, and looked in at the bedroom. A face looked back at me, unseeing, the eyes gently shut, the dark hair over the eyes, the bedclothes pulled snugly up over the ears. A woman's face. A face I had known a long time. I got a fresh shirt from the bureau drawer without awakening her, and scribbled a note. Downstairs again, I shaved over the kitchen sink with a blade that had been too dull yesterday.

At seven, brakes squealed in front of the house. I twisted my lips wryly and thought, "Well, I told him seven, and he's right on the dot." A good kid. Maybe even a good cop.

I went out and got into the car.

"Well," Martinez said sleepily, "it's another day. How about some coffee before we start? And speaking of that, where do we start?"

"Let's take them one at a time," I said. "We'll take the coffee first."

We took the coffee, dawdling over it, and on his second cigarette Martinez said thoughtfully, "There wasn't much sleep in my place last night. But I did some thinking, and it comes out we got to nail this bird today, or he's had too much time for us. Time to ditch the car, time to get it repaired."

"He won't be getting it fixed. Not in any repair shop in this town. We've had them all covered since nine-thirty last night. The first fender or grille job they get, the first suspect we get. And he can't abandon it if it's his car, and I think it's his car. Or borrowed, and that boils down to the same thing."

"Or hers," Martinez said.

"What?"

"Or hers," he repeated. "After all, what makes it a man? Why not a woman? Only three people caught a glimpse of the car, and not one of them could swear it was a man driving."

I closed my mouth and rapped my knuckles against my lips. "It's a thought. We'll add it to all the other thoughts."

And there were plenty of other thoughts. At nine that morning the three who had seen the car on Avon Road at about a quarter to nine the night before were sitting in my waiting room. Three of them. The first was an elderly man who had been out walking his wife's dog, a man of poise who was ill at ease now with the smell of disinfectant in his nostrils, a gray-haired man with eyes like faded blue blotting paper peering through thick lenses.

"Officer," he said, in a voice that lurked near the roof of his mouth. "I could swear it was a Ford. A Ford coupé, black, with no lights."

"Do you own a Ford?" I asked.

"No," he said. "I drive a Buick. But I know a Ford when I see one."

"Have you ever seen one of the new Willys Aero cars?"

He opened his mouth and closed it. "Well, yes, I suppose I have."

"The street was fairly dark. The sun had gone down. Could you positively tell the difference between two similar makes after only a casual glance? Could you swear it was a Ford?"

"Well," he said, and I smiled at him and made a note on a desk pad that meant even less than his testimony. Martinez, standing by the window, moved his broad shoulders and blew breath into the outer air.

"Could you swear it was black," I asked gently, "and not bottle green or dark blue? Was it driven by a man or a woman?"

"I didn't see the driver," the elderly man said stiffly. He gathered his hat and walking stick from the carpet beside his chair and stood up.

I said, "Thank you very much for your help," and watched him stride out, and for the first time the feeling of helplessness began to move its fingers in my mind.

The next one was a girl. Not too young, with a mouth that was set tight against her teeth, a skin on the turn from disappointed youth to hopeless middle age. But the eyes were sharp and prying, and she had the chin of the professional snooper. Her name was Agnes Connolly, she worked in a bookshop, and she lived with her parents. She had been walking along Avon because

Her eyes were like doors opening on nowhere—

her hands moved futilely, closing on nothing

she liked the houses. She had been on her way home.

"You saw the little girl hit?"

She shuddered delicately but with a certain enjoyment. "I did not," she said shrilly. "But I heard her cry out. I was perhaps a hundred yards down the road, you know. So, of course, I didn't see the accident happen."

I pushed a pencil with a forefinger. "But you did hear it? What did you hear?"

"Well," she said, pursing her mouth. Her eyes had turned inward. "First there was the sound of the car. Then a screech of brakes. Then I heard—well, a cry of sorts, you know, more of fright than of pain."

I lifted the pencil off the blotter and balanced it on my palm, waiting.

Miss Agnes Connolly licked her thin lips. "It was terrible," she said with a little rush of breath. "I turned then, of course. The car was going very fast, coming right toward me, and for a moment I thought it was out of control."

"You say the car was coming right toward you," I said. "Then you had a good chance to see the driver. Was it a man or a woman?"

Again the pink tongue flicked out to test a lip, and disappeared. A slow flush crawled up her neck. "Well," she said doubtfully, "it was rather hard to tell. Of course, I wasn't looking at the car. My attention was caught by the little girl. Such a pretty little thing. The impact had thrown her into the gutter." Miss Connolly bowed her head for a moment, but her eyes were quick and gleaming.

"So you didn't actually see the driver of the car." I made another note on the pad. "Did you go back to help the girl?"

The head came up, aggressively now. "Of course," she snapped. "Do you think I'm one of those people who run away from accidents and let the poor victims suffer, Lieutenant?"

"No, I don't think that. I'm sure you went right back to help the child. Was she still alive?"

"It was horrible," moaned Miss Connolly. A blue handkerchief appeared in her hand and drifted toward her face to catch any idle tears. "Just as I got to her, the poor thing breathed her last."

"Did you examine her in any way?"

Her shudder was not feigned now. She merely shook her head.

"Did she say anything before she died?"

"She cried . . . for her mother."

I nodded to Martinez and took the weeping Miss Connolly by the arm and helped her through the door. I had a dull ache in my head that was part frustration and part disgust for the world and all the people in it, myself included. I said to Martinez, "Give me time for a drag and then call in the next," and lit a cigarette and went over to the window.

Through the early-morning haze the river wound slate gray toward the sea, lapping at the waterfront slums and doing nothing at all to make them any cleaner. Somewhere out there, I thought, somewhere in the city.

I threw the butt as hard as I could toward the ribbon of water and walked back to my desk.

The last of the trio was a boy, his pink scalp showing through the crew-cut bristle of hair, the hair blond and patchy, giving him a diseased look, as if he had the mange. His lower lip was tucked firmly between his teeth, and he was having trouble with his hands.

I gave him a cigarette and waited until he had used four matches to light it.

"Your name is Burt Lowndes," I said, glancing down at the desk pad. "You were walking along Avon Road last night, about eight-forty, on your way to the nearest trolley-car stop, five blocks away. What'd you see on Avon at eight-forty last night, Burt?"

"I didn't see nothing happen," he said quickly. He looked toward the window and twitched his shoulders at the presence of Martinez, lounging near the

door. "I was too far along. All I saw was this car coming like hell, right through a stop sign. I guess I wouldn't have noticed anything about it, but he was going the wrong way."

"Whoa," I said. "You mean the driver was a man?"

Lowndes stuttered and wiped his mouth with the palm of his hand. "Did I say that?" he asked. "I didn't mean I saw the driver. I guess I just took it for granted it was a man."

"What color was the car?"

"Black, I think."

"You aren't sure?"

"I didn't get too good a look. It could have been dark blue."

"What make?"

"I don't know nothing about cars," he said. "It wasn't a big one, though. And the lights weren't on. Not even the parking ones."

"What were you doing on Avon, Burt? It isn't your kind of district."

"I was just passing through," he flared. "You can't pin nothing else on me. I got a right to walk the streets, eh? Like anyone else?"

"Sure," I said. "You've got the right. You can go now."

And that was all.

Until ten-twenty it was all. And then the phone on the desk buzzed softly.

I picked it up.

A voice said brassily in my ear, "Hey, Johnny. Got something for you. The boys picked it up early this morning. A black Ford Tudor coach, 1952, one fender dented in, some scraps of gingham caught in the grille."

I broke the pencil between my fingers. "Where?"

"On Montmorency West. Keys still in the ignition. Only about half a gallon of gas in the tank."

Tightly I said, "Have you checked the registration yet?"

The other voice burred over. "We've checked. And, Johnny? Hang onto your scalp."

"Who?"

"I'll read it to you. Mrs. Celia Lanham, 1425 Randolph. Occupation: housewife."

I slammed the phone back on its hook. On Randolph Street the noonday sun shone more gently, its rays filtered through the overhanging branches, and waves of gentle summer silence washed over the neat hedges and up the well-manicured lawns.

I stood on the front porch at 1425 Randolph, facing a polished oak door with strap-iron hinges, my bare head brushing the coach lamp above the number plate, my nostrils twitching at the smell of good food being well cooked in twenty kitchens along the block.

It was noon, a summer noon, but no kids desecrated the silence with their hungry voices. I reached out and touched the buzzer again and flipped my summer straw against my leg. I waited some more, and in time the door opened perhaps an inch and a soft brown eye regarded me sadly. The eye looked as if it had recently been crying.

I said, "Lieutenant Wright, from the police. Mrs. Lanham is expecting me."

A voice, also sad and lately weeping, said, "A moment, please," and the door closed again. I traced the join in the oak planks with my finger and wished for a cigarette. The door opened again.

This time I went in, into a cool, dark stillness that seemed somehow inhuman, into a house where all the living was being done by adults and the children, if any, were seldom heard. If there had been any children to hear. But little Frances Lanham had been an only daughter, the key to a father's heart, the only soft spot Chief Lanham had ever had.

The maid with the soft, crying brown eyes whispered, "If you'll wait in the living room," and disappeared into the back of the house. I sat on the edge of a chair, surrounded by the silence, intimidated by it, watching the dust motes dance in a crack of sunlight that had somehow fought its way past the drawn blinds.

She came in quietly, with her head up. A poised head, the graying hair groomed impeccably. A good-looking woman still, if you ignored the fixed horror in her green eyes. A woman fighting the years every day of the week, but losing out around the middle. A plump short woman with hands that fussed, forever moving to her hair, to her cheeks, to her lips, always going somewhere and coming back with nothing. She paused a few feet inside the door and then, with deliberation, turned and closed it behind her. Then she came across the room toward me.

I stood up.

"You're Johnny Wright, aren't you?" she asked. Her lips smiled at me, but the eyes had all the futility of two doors opening on dead-end alleys. "My husband, the chief, has spoken of you. Please sit down."

I sat down.

"When you phoned a little while ago," she went on, her voice measuring the words, "I was, I'm afraid, short with you. It was because . . ." Her voice trailed off.

"I know," I said. I felt as if I had been caught by my mother with my hand in a dead man's pocket. I said, "I'm sorry to intrude upon you now, but we want the driver of that car. And the car was yours. I thought you might be able to tell me something."

"Tell you something? What can I tell you about it? I was home when it happened. I was . . ." Her full lower lip trembled.

I winced and plowed on. "I've seen the car, and I'm quite certain about it, Mrs. Lanham. There isn't any doubt. Do you remember where you parked your car last night?"

"Parked it?" Her mind came back into the room on leaden feet, stumbling into the present. "Why, in front of the house, I suppose. I always leave it there. I have trouble with the driveway. Yes, that's where I left it."

"Did you leave the keys in the ignition?"

Silence. She shaded her eyes with her hand. "I may have. I don't really remember."

"What time was that?"

"Seven, I think. Or perhaps seven-thirty. I had been downtown shopping. There was a sale on at one of the big department stores. Why do you ask me all these questions?"

"Because the car must have been stolen from in front of this house between the time you parked it and the time of the hit-and-run. It's more than a mile from here to Avon Road, and at

I yelled, "Hold it! Don't shoot him!"

but his gun went off. The boy cried out and slumped on the wet street

least two to Montmorency, where the car was found this morning."

"Stolen?" Her head came up at that, the eyes green and steady on my face, the horror diluted now but still lurking.

I lifted one shoulder. "They're going over the car for prints, but if it was picked up by a professional he either used gloves or was careful of what he touched and wiped it clean."

"You mean," she said slowly, "that someone stole my car and used it to . . ."

She began to laugh, very softly. I could hear the ticking of the clock on the mantel above the moaning of her voice. She put her hands over her face and rocked back and forth on the edge of the chesterfield. In time, the whimpering died, and for a moment I had a strange feeling that she was peering at me through her fingers. Then the hands dropped.

I shivered, for no reason at all.

"Does my husband know?"

"No. I didn't want to bother him with it now. I want to give it to him all in one package. No loose ends." I looked down at my shoes. "We're rather fond of him, Mrs. Lanham. And we know how he felt about his little girl."

"Do you?"

I blinked. "I beg your pardon?"

Her teeth gleamed in a grimace that had its birth in agony. "I said, do you really know how he felt? Do you really have any conception of the passion he felt for my little girl, Mr. Wright?" She shuddered until her whole body shook and forced her eyes shut, bearing down as if in pain, until all the years had warped their ugly lines on her face. "Nothing," she moaned, "nothing else meant anything to him. Not for eleven years. She was everything he had always wanted. She was the most I could ever give him."

Her voice ground off on a high note of despair.

A minute passed. The clock on the mantel rocked a little from the beat of its mechanical heart, measuring out the time.

"Give me a cigarette."

I gave her one, gladly, and coughed on the bitter smoke from my own.

"I'm sorry," she said simply. "I don't often do that. Fashionable women aren't supposed to, I'm told." She looked down at the smoldering white cylinder between her fingers. "I've always been very fashionable, Mr. Wright. All the best parties. All the best clothes. I have lived for that, in my time." Ash fell on the broadloom rug unnoticed.

Her head came up, the eyes open now and alert.

"Now I'm not too certain what I have to live for, Mr. Wright. It all comes down to that. I don't really know."

I shifted uneasily. What do you say to a woman like that? How do you tell her you don't know? This wasn't my beat. I wasn't any philosopher with a gun under my arm and the law in my shield case.

She stood up abruptly and came over. For a brief moment she laid a hand on my shoulder.

"Don't look so perplexed, Lieutenant. It isn't your problem." She walked around me and went to a cabinet in a far corner of the room. "Will you have a drink? I need one very badly."

I shook my head, watching her. She had her drink, putting it down her throat quickly, shuddering as they always do, rattling the glass against the bottle. The bottle went quickly back into the cabinet, the glass to its rack.

"Now," she said, more steadily, the color moving up her neck, the life jolted back into her, "what are you going to do?"

I blew my breath out gratefully. "It's all pretty much routine. We've been working on the angle that the driver of the car was also the owner. Finding the car abandoned changes all that. The most likely supposition is this: Someone was walking past your house last night and found the car out front with the keys in it. A simple matter of neglect. But the kind of neglect that these boys live on. This man simply got in and drove away.

"Chances of detection in a case like that are almost nil. If they're a big outfit with equipment they drive the car to a garage, strip off the old plates, slap on a quick paint job, maybe change the motor serial number. If they're working on their own, they take the car to some shed, strip out all the equipment, tires, radios, tools, and so forth, clean out the trunk, and beat it."

I frowned at my fingernails. "This one didn't get that far."

She took a long breath. "Then I'm to blame."

I looked up, startled. "What's that?"

She regarded me evenly. "You don't have to be nice about it. If I hadn't been so careless—if I'd taken the keys out of the car when I left it—if, if, if—"

"There are a lot of ifs in the world, Mrs. Lanham. You can't keep track of them all."

I got to my feet awkwardly and picked up my hat. "You mustn't blame yourself for the oversight. It happens all the time." I glanced at the ticking little clock on the mantel, glad for the sight of its friendly face. I said lamely, "You've been very patient, Mrs. Lanham. Ordinarily we wouldn't disturb you, but it was very important to lose no time. Now we know what to look for."

"Yes," she said. Her voice was flat and dead. "Now you know what to look for. And when you catch him?"

"It won't help any, but we'll try to pay back a little."

Her mouth quirked, and the lips began to tremble.

I said, "Thanks again," and not knowing what else to say, I went out of the room and down the hall toward the door. From somewhere I thought I could hear a woman crying, the sobs soft and regular, like waves on a lonely beach.

I closed the door softly behind me and leaned my back against it. The sweat had my shirt plastered, cold and limp, against my back, and the sun hurt my eyes.

I walked down the path, clapping my hat on my head and running my tongue around a dry mouth. I climbed into the car beside Martinez.

"Out of here," I ordered him harshly. "Out and away, but fast."

He nodded and swung the car around in a U-turn and drifted down the block.

"And now?"

"I was offered a drink in there. I didn't have the sense to take it. Now I want one. And bad."

His glance was quick and understanding. "Sure," he said. "They all take it rough. I guess I know what you mean."

Rain was falling on the city, and somewhere in the maze of rutted alleys and drenched houses and silent streets, a killer was grimly celebrating his first anniversary.

One whole swing of the clock, and no hand on his shoulder, no voice in his ear. One whole day, and no headlines in the papers. Nothing for him to look at but the strained white oval of his own reflection in a misty pane of glass; nothing for him to hear but the monotonous, maddening drip of the rain sluicing down his window.

Nothing for any of us. One whole day.

Martinez drew a last lungful of smoke and flicked his cigarette far out through the police-garage doors and watched it bounce and skip and die in the rain. He turned and came back to where the fingerprint expert and I were slowly covering Celia Lanham's black Ford.

The fingerprint man shook his head and straightened his back with a groan. "Clean. Ten whole hours on this thing, and it's clean. A few of Mrs. Lanham's prints, a couple of the chief's, and one unclassified set we've no record on. You're looking for a man with gloves on his hands, Wright."

I ground my teeth. "We'll go over it again. This guy isn't a pro. If he were, this car would be at the bottom of the river by now. He wouldn't take the chance that he might leave something we could trace to him. And if he isn't a pro he wouldn't be wearing gloves on an August night. The clean steering wheel means he did wipe that much. So no gloves. He's got to make mistakes, like the rest of us. There has to be a weak link."

"In your head, maybe?" the fingerprint man said sourly. "We've done everything but take the seats out and pull up the floor. We've powdered the whole car from stem to stern. What are you staring at?"

I was staring at him. I opened my mouth and shut it again without saying a word. Then I started to grin. Then I started to laugh. "A genius!" I whispered. "You're a genius, Coppleman. The seat! Of course, he'd have to move the seat!"

The fingerprint man laughed shortly and turned his eyes to Martinez.

"Take your friend out of here and buy him some coffee, will you? Strong and black. Before he—"

"Shut up," Martinez growled softly. He stared down at me. "How come, Johnny? How come the seat?"

I ran around to the driver's side and yanked open the door and ran my hand under the seat, scooping out match folders and an empty cigarette pack and a crumpled white sheet of vellum paper. A handful of nothing. I unfolded the paper with hands that shook, scanned it. A scrawled invitation to a cocktail party at the Ritz. Five o'clock of a Wednesday afternoon. The date, yesterday's. "Dear Celia . . ." I shoved the sheet into my pocket, cursing, and scrounged some more. Then my hand hit metal.

I recoiled, yanking my hand back as if I had burned it.

"Why the seat, Petie boy? Because it's the only thing he might forget. Because Celia Lanham is only about five feet two, and no normal man could drive this car with the seat that far forward without developing a case of the bends. Not even for two blocks. Don't you see? He had to move the seat back!"

"My Lord," the fingerprint man said reverently. "We forgot to print the adjustment lever."

We had forgotten all about that, all right. And we weren't the only ones.

The woman moved restlessly on the bed, her eyes yellow-white behind the partially closed lids. The man sat hunched over in a chair by the open window, breathing unevenly. Glare from a neon liquor sign across the street stained his high cheekbones a dull red.

I rubbed a shoulder blade up and down the door frame, watching the man. In the reflected light his skin gleamed wetly. Tough, brown skin, mahogany from the sun. A strong man's face, the features blunt and roughly shaped; limp black hair, graying at the temples, curling and smelling of olive oil. The temples veined and corded. The mouth sullen in a silent curse.

The woman moaned and rolled, with her face to the wall. Under the dirty sheet her body was lumpy and misshapen. When she moved the bed creaked. No one said anything.

I had been waiting for three hours now,

KILL AND RUN (continued)

He stood there, still holding the gun, and gave a little whimper. He was a young cop, and he'd never shot a man before

a long time. Long enough for the smell of the sweat and the cheap wine and the unwashed clothes to have taken on a familiar air. Long enough to wonder if Tony Rosetti, who liked to steal cars, was ever coming home. Long enough to wonder why he would bother, to a home like this.

I shifted again and breathed hard through my nose and took a limp pack of cigarettes from my pocket. The old man in the window stirred at the sound of the rustling paper; he looked at me, his eyeballs glistening. I put a smoke in my mouth and threw him the pack, and for a little while longer we smoked in silence.

"He don't come home tonight," Tony Rosetti's father said finally, his voice croaking. "My son, he don't come home." He dragged a little life from the cigarette, sitting hunched forward with the butt cupped in his palm, letting the smoke slide sweetly down his nostrils and fan over his face. I said nothing.

In a little while he cleared his throat and reluctantly threw the butt out the window. I wondered idly if it would hit Martinez, huddled in his doorway out of the rain, and decided that Martinez wouldn't care much if it did.

"What do they do to my boy?" the old man asked.

"Do you care very much?"

The old man snorted and cast his evil glance at the woman on the bed.

"No good," he growled, low in his throat. "Ever since he so high, no good. All the time wild. All the time fight." He dragged a demijohn of the red dago wine out from under the chair and tilted it to his mouth. I watched him drink, not trying to stop him. There was no law about that. What did I care if he got drunk?

"No good," again, this time the voice more surly, this time the wine doing his talking for him. "I beat hell out of him. I do it for his own good, and now a cop comes to my home and says my kid kill a little girl." He put the demijohn down with exaggerated care. He looked at the woman on the bed. "You hear that, Mama? A little girl, jus' so high. Your son kill her. Your no-good son."

"Shut up, will you?" I said wearily.

He slung his body around then, his eyes glowing. "So I shut up, eh? Well, cop, I tell you a thing. When he come, if he come, I help you take him. First you give him to me and I show him who's boss here, and then you take him away. You keep him, you hear? Good riddance to the rubbish, I say. You hear that, Mama?"

If she heard, she said nothing, but the body under the sheet moved, the head went further down into the soiled pillow, and a little more hope died and began to rot before the last flicker of it was out.

I curled my mouth around the stiffness of my teeth. Tony Rosetti, age seventeen, height five feet eight, hair black, no identifying scars, weight one hundred and forty pounds. Previous arrests, four. Charges, auto theft, loitering, petty larceny, auto theft again. Convictions, one count of auto theft. Sentence served, six months in county jail. Past, empty. Present, unknown. Future . . .

I moved on stiff legs and walked slowly over to the window and glanced down, down a dark and dreary stretch of narrow street that ended in a haze of river mist and two-o'clock rain. Only the neon sign over the liquor store. Old Rosetti mumbled in his chair and shifted his bulk, and his stench came up to me in a wave that pushed my throat tight against my collar.

And then.

And then a boy whistling, a boy moving from the curtain of rain. The whistle high, shrill, and cocky, but behind the cockiness lay a thin veneer of fear that echoed in the higher quavering notes. It was not a tune I had heard before. It came bravely down the street ahead of him, pushing back the shadows, and I could see, by straining my eyes against the night, the sheen of the rain on his dark hair and the hands-in-pockets swagger of his strut. He was barely half a block away and coming on fast.

I grabbed the old man roughly by the shoulder and snarled into his ear, "Is this your son?" and he gurgled in his stupor and rolled his head. His mouth fell open. He snored. I cursed and shook him again, and was conscious of a movement on the bed, a weary shifting of limbs, and turned to see the old woman sitting up looking at me.

She came listlessly across the room, the sheet held tightly around her shapelessness, as if to defend it, and for one foolish moment I thought of another room in another place. A room on Randolph Street, with the noon sun prying slyly at the drawn blinds, and the dust motes dancing a little jig in the air, and another mother coming toward me.

"Yes," she breathed. "That is our son."

And her voice rose in a strident wail that sent the old man scrambling from his chair, and in the warning cry, before I could get a hand over her mouth, were all the terrible years of her life.

In the street, the whistle jarred off on a high note, as if cut by a knife. I spun about, shoving the mother to one side, and ran out of the room and down the rickety stairs, my hand scorching on the banister rail. I made the outside door in two jumps, kicked it open, hit the street, skidded on wet pavement.

"Martinez!" I yelled. "Don't shoot!" But he was there ahead of me. His gun cried out in the wet night. The boy, halfway to safety across the street, spun about. His hand came up. Nickel flashed in it, and Martinez, nearly to the curb in pursuit, went to one knee behind a lamp standard, his service revolver poised.

Out in the street, the boy paused, shuddering. The gun in his hand fell to his side, slipped to the street. He opened his mouth, his teeth white and set in the off-and-on light from the liquor sign almost directly over his head. Then he sat down. His mouth was still open.

There was a silence in the street, broken only by the harshness of Martinez's breathing, a scant ten feet away, broken only by the little whimper in Martinez's throat. He had never shot a man before.

I walked past him without saying a word and stepped over the running gutter and out into the roadway. Somewhere a window went up with a rattle of loose sash weights. Somewhere in the street a frowzy head would be jutting through sleazy curtains, knuckles grinding sleep from gawking eyes. I walked toward the boy, and as I walked he gasped and tried to reach the pistol he had dropped. I stepped up to him and kicked the gun into the opposite gutter. I stood looking down at him.

He stared back, his face blank and pale with the shock of the gunshot wound, not feeling anything, not seeing anything. From doorways now the heads were slyly peering; there was a scurrying of feet and a whispering of voices and a growling in many throats. I got down on one knee. I said to him gently, "You shouldn't have run away, kid."

He gritted his teeth and closed his eyes, and one hand went slowly down his leg and stopped, just above the knee, and the hand grew slowly red.

Martinez came up, still holding his gun as if it had been thrust into his hand by a murderer.

"He shouldn't have pulled a gun on me, Johnny," he whispered. "He shouldn't have done that, Johnny. I didn't want to shoot him."

I got up off the wet street. There were faces in the darkness now, faces and moving shapes, wrapped in old slickers, bundled in old coats. People coming from everywhere, drawn by a trouble that belonged to someone else, diverted for an hour by the tragedy they would not have to face and the problem they wouldn't have to solve.

To Martinez I said, "Before you break down in front of all these nice homey types and bawl your eyes out, you'd better go get the car. And you aren't such a bad shot after all, kid. You didn't even break his leg."

He gaped at me, his eyes round and shocked.

"Put away your gun, Pete, and get that car. You want the poor kid to bleed to death?"

I came out of Chief Lanham's office next morning at nine-thirty, wiping my hands on a handkerchief, steeped in praise and gratitude, a civil servant with a job well done.

I went into the squad room to type out my report.

I was all alone in there, all alone with the rows of schoolboy-sized desks, scarred and fringed with burns where cigarettes had died forgotten deaths, all alone with the big blackboard, graded off into scales at each end so you could look at a certain prisoner, framed by the spotlights, and know he was a certain height.

I sat staring at the blackboard and the stage in front of it, empty now of the sordid actors who shuffled there to speak their pieces before we shoveled them back into their little cells, who stood with their arms folded and the hate like a wave from their audience, reaching out for them, eyeing them, waiting for the voice in the back row to cry, "That's the man, officer, that's the one!"

When I was done, I wandered out into the square in front of the Hall, squinting in the watery sun, a detective with a whole day to himself. By 1972, I thought, we'll have Tony Rosetti back with us, if the chief lives up to his threat, and he'll live up to it. Nothing matters to him now but this: that a boy named Tony Rosetti will die a death of hours and minutes and seconds until all this hating is paid for, until all the emptiness in Chief Lanham's life is filled up. Filled up with what? I thought of his wife and of what she had said about Frances Lanham.

So it would be twenty years. Twenty years for you, my boy, and I'm sorry it can't be more. Twenty years older and twenty years wiser, knowing enough to make him a problem worth shooting at. Not like last night. Not like a scared kid in the rain.

I walked as far as the entrance to the parking lot and paused to light a cigarette.

I'll do something for the Rosettis, I thought. Maybe I'll send them a little something, just to show them I was only doing a job. Nothing personal in it, you understand. Here's a basket of fruit, Mrs. Rosetti, and we're sorry it happened to be your kid who got it. We hope you don't think too badly of us. Fantasy. Sheer fantasy. I got into my car, determined to go home and take my wife out for the afternoon. I drove, instead, to Mercy Hospital.

The cop on the door of Tony Rosetti's room smiled with thick lips, hoping I wouldn't notice the racing tipsheet that showed one pink edge from his shirt pocket.

"You're visiting a tough one, Lieutenant," he said knowingly. "The Chief was in earlier, and he couldn't get so much as a peep out of the kid."

I grunted and went in, closing the door behind me.

I walked over to the edge of the bed. I dropped a fresh pack of smokes on the small white metal table, added a book of matches.

I said, "Hello, kid."

He had one of those hospital faces. White and uncertain and a little afraid of what was going to happen next and not too certain about what had happened. His right leg was stiff and motionless under the sheets, bulky in its splints. I had been wrong about Martinez. He had broken the kid's leg.

He opened dark brown eyes and looked

"I know the truth," the priest said, "but I can prove nothing." And his eyes reflected a terrible sadness

up at me, and the boyishness died out of his face.

"Cop," he said hoarsely. His breath smelled of ether.

"Cop," I said. I sat down on the chair. "Do you know what happens to you next?"

Only his eyes moved, brown pools growing darker.

"Next," I continued monotonously, "we take you out of here, when you can walk, and we put you back in a cell. Just like the first time it happened to you, and for the same reason. Car theft. But this one's got a kicker attached. A little girl was killed, and that's a manslaughter rap."

I picked up the cigarette package and balanced it on the palm of my hand. Carefully I tore off the little red ribbon and peeled the cellophane away from the pack. I sat looking at the blue revenue seal as if I had never seen one before. In a little while I would split the seal and draw out a cigarette, and if I was in a particularly good mood that morning, as policemen's moods go, I might even give him a smoke. If I felt that way about it. I wrinkled my mouth and threw the pack on his chest. I was sick of the act. It didn't seem necessary.

"Look, I didn't come up here to give you a bad time, Tony. My part of it's all over with. But you're going to have a tough time of it. The girl you killed in that car happened to be a policeman's daughter."

His hand on the cigarette pack froze, then tightened. He squeezed his eyes shut and flung them open and tried to sit up in bed.

"No! I keep telling you guys. I didn't kill no one." His voice crawled back on its haunches. His mouth fell into a sneer, but the eyes were framed in terror. "I get it. I'm the nearest one, so you pin it on me."

I shook my head and took the cigarettes away from him. I lit one experimentally. It tasted just as all the others did, flat and stale.

"You made one mistake. You're too tall to drive a car that belongs to a short woman, Tony. And you left a print on the seat adjuster. So it's all over but the paying for it." I blew smoke over his bed. "You're a good-looking boy, Tony. You've got nice eyes, when you aren't trying to act like Al Capone. You've got nice teeth." I got off the chair and stood beside the bed, not paying him any attention. I talked to the screen in the corner. "All you do is sign a confession. Get it over with now."

From the corner of my eye I could see the silent scream that boiled up in his throat. But he caught it in his teeth before it found room to move around in. The sweat was standing out on his face now, cold and finely beaded. The fear of what was to come, the knowledge that nothing could be done to stop it.

"I didn't kill anyone."

He tried to roll over in the bed, but the leg held him anchored. His mouth was wide open. "I just went for a little spin. I saw the heap there with the keys in it, and I went for a little ride. Just Happy and me." The mouth slowly closed, the eyes swallowed the disbelief on my face. The eyes closed for a moment.

I tapped cigarette ash into my palm, feeling it hot against the skin.

In time he said, more calmly, "Okay, so you don't go for that. And you've got me cold on the car. I didn't do it any harm. I didn't put a scratch on it, did I? I didn't steal anything from it, did I?"

I watched the gray ash crawling down the white tube.

He licked his lips. "Look, I never hurt anyone in that car."

"Change the needle, Tony. We've danced that one before, and you keep

walking on my toes. Where'd you find the car?"

"Like I told the other cop, on Montmorency West. That's where I got it. It was just sitting there, with the keys in the ignition. So I didn't have any dough to take my girl out, so I went for a little ride in the car."

I sucked my lower lip.

He lay back on the pillow and turned his eyes toward the ceiling.

"Montmorency," he whispered, and turned his face away and dug himself down into the pillow. I sighed and took my morning look at the city. When I turned back, his shoulders had stopped shaking.

"Why lie about it, kid? Why tell me Montmorency? What's it get you? We know you found the car on Randolph. Two miles away from Montmorency. We know you hit a girl in that car. And ran away. And ditched the car."

No answer.

"Look, I've been to your home. I've seen your folks. Maybe I can understand a little bit how it is with you. Maybe I even lived there myself once. But I don't live there now. Maybe I could give you a talk on rising above environment. But I haven't got the time, and I don't care that much. You're a punk crook because it's the easiest way to get what you want, and now you're paying off. That's the one thing you punks never get through your heads. You always pay."

I rested one hand on his shoulder. "You still say Montmorency, kid?" I gave the shoulder a gentle shake. The tousled head jerked once.

I sighed again. "All right, Tony. So you say Montmorency. If you change your mind, tell the cop outside the door to send for Wright, Johnny Wright."

I stopped in the hall to speak to the cop.

"If the kid wants me, have one of the nurses get in touch with Headquarters. As fast as you can. He might change his mind."

The cop grinned a big, raw grin. "Not that baby, Lieutenant. Like I said, not that type. I've seen a lot of 'em. They think they're tough. They think they're big men. Sometimes they clam up just to be smart about it: sometimes they won't talk just so they don't get a pal or some dame in dutch. Take my word for it, he won't be calling."

And he didn't.

Outside, it was raining on a bleak October day. The weeks had dragged by, and there had been no call. The court was half-empty, with only a few loungers idling on the benches, out of the cold. The judge, high up on his sacred perch, regarded Tony Rosetti as he would regard foreign matter in his soup, and glanced down at the sheet on his desk. He cleared his throat.

In the front row, his thick hands clenched, sat Chief Neil Lanham. Alone. From my seat at the back of the court I could see the corded swelling of his neck. He strained forward, his eyes never flickering from the boy who stood in the dock, facing the man who was about to whittle away his life.

The judge cleared his throat again and frowned. He pronounced the sentence in a bored voice, took off his spectacles, and peered at them.

Twenty years, he had said.

He replaced the spectacles on his nose and leaned forward.

"Is there anything you wish to say to this court?"

To say? What do you say to a man who has spent all your time for you?

The boy said nothing. His face was very white. He looked about the courtroom, twisting his neck slowly, taking in the old stained-mahogany benches, and the reporters' table, and the solitary figure in the front row. His gaze lingered there. For a brief moment the man and the boy looked at each other.

Lanham reached forward and grasped the separating railing with both heavy hands, and I could hear the railing creak and give under the tremendous pressure of his hatred. He was doing all he could to get back, and you couldn't blame him for that. He was getting his pound of flesh, and you couldn't blame him for that, either. But I was suddenly a little sick of watching him wolf it down.

I got up and left the court.

Outside it was raining on a bleak October day.

It was raining, too, that night, when I parked my car in front of St. Anthony's, a block or two from where Tony Rosetti had lived.

For a time I sat in the car outside the rectory door, looking glumly at the dashboard. I didn't know why I was there. But there was something wrong in my world, and the wrongness had something to do with me.

Finally I left the car and sloshed up the cracked cement walk to the front stoop and rang the bell. The rain whispered and gurgled down the great gray hulk of the church next door, drowning out the sound of the bell pealing inside the house.

The door opened on a small, chubby woman whose gray hair had come unknotted at the back and hung untidily around her neck. She smiled and looked at me with quiet gray eyes, her glance noting the cut of my coat and the knot in my tie; she could tell I didn't belong there.

"Yes?"

The eyes went past me to the car at the curb, and instinctively her hand moved up to tuck away the unruly strands of hair.

"I'd like to have a word with the parish priest."

"Father Malo?"

"If he's the parish priest, yes."

"Won't you step in?"

I stepped into warmth and the smell of cabbage cooked that night and the smell of poverty that had been cooking for years. She showed me to a shabby waiting room, and there I waited, my hat dripping water on the scuffed rug. Shortly a stocky man, whose eyes held the same quiet humor as those of the woman who had opened the door, came into the room and stood looking at me.

I got to my feet.

I said, "I'm Johnny Wright, Father. From the police."

And knew by the subtle darkening of his eyes that he could see more problems shaping up, more trouble in the wind.

He said nothing, merely smiled. His left hand rubbed a jowl that would always need shaving, no matter how closely he lathered and scraped. It was a face that had always gone ahead of

Unhappily I put my arms around her and held her while she cried.

I knew that now she would tell me the whole truth

him into trouble, the jaw out, and the trouble had left its marks. And the conquering of the trouble had left other marks, less definable. He let the hand drop to his side.

"Then we'd better go into my study," he said pleasantly, the voice mellowed by hard usage but not at all disturbed. "I've no doubt you could put up with some coffee and a bit of warm fire. It's a miserable night."

We went into his study. I dropped into a leather chair beside the fire and balanced my hat on my knee. He closed the door and put his back against it.

"Now," he said firmly, "let's have it."

I grinned at him without wanting to. "It's nothing like that, Father. None of your little devils has been ringing fire alarms or looting fruit stands."

The eyes, steady on my face, never moved. But his shoulders came down, and he left his post by the door. "Personal, then?"

"In a way. Personal, about me, and about a boy named Tony Rosetti. He lived in this district a little while ago. He's now starting a twenty-year term in the state pen."

He walked over to his desk, found a black pipe, and played with it, not giving me much of his attention. "Of course. I remember your name now. You were the arresting officer, weren't you?"

"Yes."

"And now you aren't certain that you were right. Is that it?"

"I was never certain."

"Then why did you arrest him?"

I slapped one hand on my knee.

"A little girl was killed," I began, evading his question and his eyes. "Someone had killed her by running her down in a car. Tony Rosetti stole that car. His

fingerprints were on it. He neither admitted nor denied anything." I paused. Then I said, "Well, that's not completely true. He did say that he hadn't hurt anyone. But apart from that and an admission that he had gone for a joy ride in that car, we could get nothing out of him. Not one damn thing." I looked at him then and added, "Delete the damn if you like, Father. But the rest stands."

His shoulders moved again, and he blew pipe smoke into the fireplace.

"And what do you expect me to do about it, Johnny Wright?"

"Tell me where to find a girl named Happy."

"Ah," he said. He stood very still in front of the fire, his cassock wrinkled and a bit frayed around the cuffs, the head with its mane of blue-black hair heavy and uncompromising.

Then, "Why?"

"I went to see Tony in the hospital after he was shot trying to run away. He hadn't quite got back to normal—he was still a bit hazy after the ether—and he dropped that name. That name and the fact he had been driving around in Mrs. Lanham's Ford that night. It's a name that's been lurking around in the back of my mind for more than a month now. I thought it was time to do something about it."

"Time indeed," he said without censure or any emotion I could see. "Pardon me a moment."

He left the room and came back in about five minutes with two granite mugs of coffee, kicking the door shut behind him with one foot.

"Now," he said soberly, sitting down across from me, "let's have it out. I've been in this parish for more than fifteen years. I know it very well. I know the people in it as intimately as they know themselves, and I know, as you do if you are courageous enough to admit it, that they are not wicked or essentially criminal. You may call them weak, and I'll not argue with you, for they are weak. They have nothing to fight back at life with but the cunning and guile they find in their gutters, so they lie and they steal and they do small, petty evils. I often think they do them just to break the dreadful monotony of their lives.

"I'm not going to give you a sermon on modern justice or its relation to criminal environment because I'm not too sure that sermons are of much use to people who are hungry or destitute or shivering for a warm coat. I'll go further. I am not even surprised when they steal to feed their mouths or clothe their bodies, although of course I cannot condone it.

"But I think I know the truth when it is spoken to me—and too seldom it is—and I've talked with the Rosettis and I've had a chat with this girl Happy." His lips quirked. "A strange name for a child who has had so little happiness. Rosetti's mother, naturally, believes her son to be innocent, because she cannot believe him guilty. That is why she warned him to run away from you. The father neither believes nor cares."

"And you?"

He put his mug down on the hearthstone and sat slapping the hot bowl of his pipe against one palm. His eyes were darkly brooding.

"I know that this child, Happy, as Tony called her, was out with him that night." He raised his gaze to mine and held it there. "I leave it to your common sense to determine whether a boy as yet unformed in real criminal hardness could talk love and marriage with one girl after just having killed another."

I clicked my teeth.

"Then you don't believe him guilty?"

He smiled, sadly and intimately, with the weight of all the terrible knowledge in the world, and shook his head.

"I know very well that he is innocent."

"Then you know who—?"

"Don't misunderstand me. I know it—I cannot prove it. No one has come to me in the confessional with this crime, and even had they, I could not tell you the name. But you have asked a question, and you have had your answer. Do you still wish to speak to the girl?"

I nodded.

He handed me a slip of paper with her name and address on it, and saw me to the door. There he placed his hand on my arm.

"I seldom flatter people, because it gives them a godlike feeling they ill merit. But I like you, and I like what you are trying to do. It will bring you much grief, I believe. Come back if you need anything I can give you."

The door closed. I stood on the stoop, holding my hat in one hand and the address slip in the other. I put my hat on my head and the paper in my pocket. I went down the walk and climbed wearily back into my car.

And so it began again, in the rain, and I was on my way around the circle again. Somewhere in the wet and dreary circle of the city the killer still moved, shielded now by the shadow of a high stone wall and a score of armed guards who would see to it that Tony Rosetti, in his cell, bore the full burden of a crime I was beginning to believe he hadn't committed at all.

Somewhere, laughing now, gay now, free from the knock on the door or the heavy footstep in the hall. But where? Where?

I examined the slip of paper. Mary Senecal, and an address a few blocks away. A step up from the Rosettis, but still not high enough to see over the curb, even if you've got a long neck. A girl who had gone driving with Tony Rosetti the night young Frances Lanham had died; a girl who went driving in a stolen car.

I dug into my second pack of cigarettes and drove over to the address on the paper and walked up two flights of iron-railed stairs to a flat on the second floor.

I knocked on the door.

Somewhere along the block an old phonograph scratched and wheezed at a jazz tune that had twitched many a toe twenty years before. Now it sounded weary and disgusted and worn out, as if it were playing just for spite, just to show how far back you can drift in all that time. I pursed my lips and whistled a bar or two experimentally. The door opened.

"Mary Senecal?"

She had one of those dark, haunting faces, fine-drawn, the cheekbones arched high under the smooth young skin, the eyes large and as innocent as the neighborhood would ever let them be. In another part of town she would have been scanning *Harper's Bazaar* and planning her coming-out dress; in this part of town she was just a con's girl with the

Reluctantly I understood: There were two victims; the child whose life was taken and the boy who was paying for it

majesty of the law blocking out her view of the dismal night sky.

"Police." I said, trying to make the word a gentle one. I saw her flinch and added quickly, "Father Malo gave me your address. It isn't anything that can hurt you."

Her body relaxed.

"Oh," she said. She cast a quick glance over her shoulder, her hair dark and worn long over her shoulders. "Is it about Tony?"

The intuition of the young, I thought wryly. The all-seeing eye of the lover.

"Maybe you'd rather talk about it somewhere else?"

She nodded at once. "I'll get a coat."

"I'll wait for you in the car downstairs."

She paused then, her mouth tightening warily. "Let me see your badge."

I took it out and showed it to her. When she had gone, I went slowly down the stairs and got in behind the wheel of the car. The rain drummed tinnily on the metal roof.

In perhaps five minutes she was in beside me, a worn, khaki-colored coat over her house dress, a kerchief around her head.

"Anywhere you want to go? A drink, perhaps?"

"You don't have to bribe me," she said quietly. "I thought you wanted to talk." Then she added irrelevantly, "Why did you have to shoot him? Did you have to hurt him?"

I let smoke drift down my nostrils. "That's over with, Miss Senecal. If it makes you feel any better, the man who shot him was young and new and scared. He was scared maybe Tony would shoot him. They both had guns."

She was silent at that, thinking.

I turned toward her.

"Listen to me. On a Wednesday night nearly six weeks ago Tony Rosetti picked you up in a car. A black Ford coach. New."

"Yes. He did."

"How did he behave?"

She swung her head sharply. "What are you getting at, Detective? You've sent him away, haven't you? You've found him guilty. What are you trying to do, add another ten years to his sentence? Aren't you satisfied yet?"

"No. I'm not satisfied. And neither is Father Malo. Does that answer the question?"

She flushed.

"Then what do you mean, how did he behave?"

"Was he nervous? Excited? Did he act queerly?"

She thought for a moment. I liked that. I liked her having to think back to it.

She said. "He seemed excited, but I thought it was because he was lucky enough to borrow a car for the evening."

"Is that what he told you, that he borrowed the car?"

Her hesitation was brief. "Yes. He said he had a friend who was a salesman. He'd done him a favor or two, he said."

"What time did he pick you up?"

Again the bowed head, the mind casting itself back into a past that had given her only grief. "I don't remember now. I'm not sure."

I rolled down the window and threw the butt into the street.

"It was an August night, remember? A Wednesday in August. You came home from work—"

"No. We didn't have to work Wednesday afternoons in July and August. None of the big stores do here. But I remember now. It was still light when he called for me. I remember because we had been driving around a little while and then he had trouble finding the thing that turns on the lights."

"Had he been drinking?"

She smiled then, a wistful smile, and shook her head. "It was a funny thing. He said one in the family was enough. He said he had little enough to go on without giving me that trouble, too." She closed her eyes tight. "That was the night he asked me to marry him," she said in a small, hurt voice. "He was going to get an honest job, and we were going to be married."

Married? I almost laughed in her face. Married? On what? With what to have and to hold? With what in the future but drudgery? Then, staring at my reflection in the windshield, I recalled Father Malo. I licked at the taste in my mouth. It wasn't anything you could laugh about.

"Why are you asking me all these questions?"

I came out of my daze and grunted. "I must be getting old or soft in the head, kid. I don't think he did it."

For a little while she said nothing. And then she put her head down on my shoulder and started to cry, her chin and nose hard against my neck, the wetness warm against my skin. I sat there while she cried, growling to myself, and finally put an arm around her. I thought, what a hell of a fine way to spend a rainy night. And married. And with a wife and an eight-year-old son sitting at home waiting for me. What a fine detective you turned out to be, Wright, I said bitterly. You never could leave well enough alone.

"All right," I growled, after she had used up half my trench coat for blotting paper. "Snap out of it, will you? Snap out of it and tell me one thing. Where did Tony pick up the car? That's vital. Where did he say he was going to leave it after he dropped you off here?"

There was a long, static silence. She snuffled. She said, "I'm ashamed. You're trying to help me, and I lied to you. I lied because I thought you were going to hurt him some more."

I caught her by the arm. "What lie?" I snarled. "Good Lord, haven't I got enough trouble without you telling me lies? What lie did you tell me?"

"About the friend. He didn't have any friend with a car. He just took it. And I watched him do it. I was with him, and I didn't care. He said no one would know. Don't you see what it's like to live around here? I couldn't bring him home, and I couldn't go to his place. He didn't have any money to take me anywhere where we could be alone for a while."

I grabbed her by the shoulders and shook her until her teeth rattled.

"Will you tell me where he got that damned car?" I shouted. I shook her some more. "Where did he pick it up? What street?"

"On Montmorency!" she half screamed. "On Montmorency!" And she thrust open the door and rushed out into the rain and up the stairs.

For a while I sat there, listening to her heels clattering on the steps and to the despairing slam of the door and to the quiet, broken only by the rasp of the phonograph needle on worn wax.

"On Montmorency," I said to the windshield. "And she saw him take the car, and she isn't lying to me now. Oh, Lord," I said to the windshield.

For I knew now what had happened that night.

I started the car and drove blindly home through the rain.

It was just after dawn on a Thursday in October, and in another place perhaps a hundred miles away, the day was starting for a boy named Tony Rosetti. One more day to mark off on the calendar. One day off the thousands to come, and every day with its twenty-four hours.

A watery sun took the cold gray world in its arms, pushing it into a new day. The fiftieth day now, and the city was like some huge arena obscured in early-morning mist. And in that arena, two people moved, one furtively, gathering every scrap of cover, making every effort to conceal; and in that arena, another moved, not boldly now, not certainly now, but with reluctance.

And the reluctance was mine, because I was afraid of what I was going to find.

My wife came into the kitchen on the fiftieth day, yawning hugely, as wives do when the need for coyness is long past. She sat down at the kitchen table opposite me.

"Johnny," she murmured sleepily, "why don't you get a job where we can all live as if we actually belonged?"

"Sure," I growled. "A ribbon clerk. I'd make a fine ribbon clerk. I'm certainly no hell as a detective."

She smiled a drowsy, early-morning smile and laid a gentle finger on the back of my hand. "You're the bestest, the biggest, and the most perfect detective in the world. We both know it. And you make four hundred a month. Much better than a ribbon clerk. But you do keep such filthy hours. If I for one moment thought there was another woman . . ."

I finished the first cup of coffee, which is always the best, and automatically felt for the knot of my tie.

"But you don't think," I said. "If you had the power to think you'd have married that other guy. You know, the one you were always talking about, the one with the money and the convertible Buick I used to put parking tickets on."

"Johnny," she said soberly. "Stop it. What's worrying you?"

"Me?" I said, raising an eyebrow. "Me? Worried? The great Lieutenant Wright?" I shoved my chair back and got to my feet.

"I don't know," I admitted. "I don't honestly know. I got in at one o'clock this morning and I got to bed at four, and all that time I haven't known. Something someone said. Something someone did. But even if I don't know, I'm moving in on it, and what I'm moving toward is so damn monstrous that I don't want this day to happen to me. Or to happen to us." I wandered around the kitchen and came back to the table. "I'm trying to duck out," I said. "And I can't. I don't know how."

"You haven't had much practice at it. Why start now?"

I touched a match to the first cigarette of the day and laid it in a tray, where we could both share it, as was the Wright custom, and looked at her fondly.

A lock of her dark hair fell over her forehead. She raised neither her hand to touch it nor her eyes to touch mine.

"If I knew what to do, I'd do it. Look, Marcy, look at this: Today I'm going to see a man. I'm going to ask him to think back fifty whole days and nights to a Wednesday evening in August. A day that probably doesn't mean a thing to him; a time that will have no significance for him at all. So he probably won't recall what happened that night. He won't have any conscious knowledge of it." I laid my hands palm down on the table and studied the dark hair that curled over the knuckles. "If that happens," I said, "I'm a free man. I can stop all this. I can go to bed nights as if I belonged there and not on the streets. If that happens all we have is secure."

"And if it doesn't?"

I shrugged. "Security's only a word, anyway. It exists in bank accounts and big houses set back behind high walls. You can build a wall with money, Marcy, and it's the only wall most people can't climb over to get at you. You can call that cynical. I call it realistic. I'm not mad about it. But I know it's so."

"And if this man doesn't remember, you'll have more money? Is that it?"

"No," I said slowly. "But I'll have the chance to go on making it. You see, if he remembers, we'll be moving, kitten. We'll be starting somewhere else. I won't be able to stay here. Do you know what I'm talking about?"

"No. Do you?"

I had my share of the cigarette and handed it back to her.

"Yeah, I know. And I've got another question."

Her smile became tender and almost maternal. She stretched luxuriously. "See?" she said. "It didn't cost me a cent to stretch like that. And it feels so good. What question, Johnny?"

"This one: What is more important? Twenty years out of a boy's life, or the existence of what security we have? Tell me that one, Marcy, because I don't know anymore. Before I married you and we had little Mike, it was a simple answer. I could play the long shots, and if they didn't come in I paid off with a shrug and that was just luck. But you can't live on luck. You can't eat it. You can't pay a mortgage with honor. If I call this shot wrong, you'll have a husband out of work. In this town and in maybe a lot of other towns, because the word always spreads." I drew on the last of the cigarette until the coal singed my fingers.

Her finger moved slowly, carefully, through some scattered grains of sugar, forming an aimless pattern. She lifted her eyes and smiled with them, but her face was grave.

"You don't only have to live with me. Johnny. You have to live with Johnny, too. All the time."

I sighed. Without looking at her, I strapped on my shoulder rig, so familiar now that all my shirts bore its impression, and slid the service revolver into its clip.

"Will you need the gun?"

I shook my head wordlessly. I wouldn't need a gun. All the damage I was going to do would be done with my mouth, with my eyes, with a pointed finger, and it would be the destruction of a world. If a certain man remembered.

Outside, the sun had begun to falter. The sky was a contrasting perplexity in grays, and the bitter edge of the wind's tongue harangued the trees along the block. A nice block, a good

I thought of the dark-haired girl who this night would be lying awake and alone, silently praying for the strength she needed

block to live in. Neat. Clean. Safe. A place to come home to, a place out of the wind.

I laughed soundlessly. "Four more payments and the car is ours," I said. "Five more years and we can call this place our own."

Her voice behind my back was velvet rubbed against silk. "I'll worry about the house and the car. You worry about coming home. And, Johnny?"

I paused at the door.

"Phone me when you find out, will you?"

I came back and bent over the table, and for a time only our heads moved, together, the lips lightly touching, then fiercely, then long and hard.

"I'll call you," I said. "After I see my man."

He was a big man. He wore a long dark-blue coat that might have been stolen from a visiting czar, and the red expanse of his lean nosy face disappeared into a great furry cap that made him look like a walking drumstick. He was pacing briskly up and down his own special section of pavement, slapping his gloved hands together, eyeing the world without favor.

When I pulled the car in to the curb and cut the engine he paused in his stride, frowning judicially, and sauntered over.

"Sorry, brother," he said without sorrow, "but you can't park it here." He aimed a gloved finger at an orange-and-black sign. "Just like it says there. I can't stop you, but if a cop comes along, I couldn't stop him, either. Why make it hard on yourself?"

My hand under his nose opened, and the blue-and-gold enamel shield picked up dull light and magnified it.

Disappointment flooded him. His red face grew redder, his long nose twitched.

"That makes it different," he admitted.

"It always does."

"Is it something special, or is it something I wouldn't know about?"

"That would depend on how special you mean. I'm after a doorman. You're a doorman. Maybe you're a very special doorman. How long have you been on this job?"

He threw his head back and snorted. "Fifteen long years, brother. Up and down the pavement, summer and winter, spring and fall. A long time."

"And a mind to go with it?"

He frowned.

"Say that again?"

"I want you to remember something. something that might have happened a month and a half ago. Fifty days, to be exact. On a Wednesday in August."

"That's a time back, brother. But try me."

I tried him. I gave him the date, and the approximate time, and the approximate happening, and watched his face with despairing eyes, and saw his memory fall into place, thought by thought, like the tumblers on a lock, until the door stood ready for opening.

He stood very still, looking over the roof of the car toward a tobacconist's shop across the street, where a cop on a big black horse was making marks in a

black book with a short yellow pencil. For a long time he stood thus, his mind flexing. And then he smiled, and the world slowed down.

"Sure," he said. "Sure, I remember. If I hadn't seen that cop over there, I might have forgotten all about it. But it happened, all right, and I remember it. I was just about due for relief. That's how I remember the time."

"And the time was?"

"Couldn't have been after eight-fifteen, because that's when I clear out. So it was before that, but not by much."

"Would you remember the face if you saw it again?"

"I'd remember the face."

"You may have to," I told him unhappily, and drove away without giving him time to think of an answer.

I drove aimlessly, not thinking where I was going but moving as part of the pattern. This, you see, was the routine. This was the threading of the little needles, the joining of the tiny seams, the pattern weaving its own stitch, the pattern growing more clear in my mind, the design growing more dark. It was started, and I could only stop it by closing my eyes; and I would have to open them sometime, to scan my countenance in a mirror, to see my reflection in a glass, and the pattern would be always there, waiting for me. I could never outrun it. There wasn't any point in trying.

The street in front of St. Anthony's was cluttered now with cars, the new shiny ones interspersed with the old jalopies, the new, shiny people walking past them, going to and fro, for this was the edge of the business district, the less desirable edge. Not far away an engine shunted moodily on a track, muttering evilly to itself, clanking in every ancient joint.

It was schooltime, but kids darted in between the cars, ragged kids with high, keening voices that shrilled out in the morning air. I found a place to park. Shivering in the wind, I walked up the cracked path again to the front stoop of the rectory and hesitated with my finger poised over the bell.

Why here? I asked. Why come here? He can't change the truth for you. He can't tell you what to do that you don't already know you have to do. He won't be able to move the world around to suit you, or the people in it. But I rang, anyway.

He opened the door himself, and for a time we stood looking at each other, as strangers would. In the day, his blue-black shadow was even more pronounced. The face stood out white and strong against the black of his cassock; the eyes quietly moving in his face, the face still and at rest, but with an alertness, with an insight.

And his mouth smiled, and the smile played wonders with the set loneliness of his face.

"I thought you'd be back when you found your answer. It isn't the one you wanted, either, I'd say. Come on in."

"No," I said dismally. "Not inside. Out here will do. You're a busy man, and I'm not too idle myself, Father."

He cocked a quizzical eyebrow.

I looked him in the eye. "What will you do for Tony Rosetti if I get him out?"

The smile deepened. "I will do for him what he will do for himself," he said softly.

"That's a riddle," I said shortly. "And I'm all run out of patience. Give me something concrete. Do I get him out so he can come back to the streets and start all over again? Do I have to go through my life waiting for the Tony Rosettis to pull a gun on me some dark night? Does he come out so he can slide all the way down the long chute again?"

He thought. The thinking took a bite out of the morning. Three blocks away, the shunting locomotive gave a mechanical sigh, an asthmatic moan, and bellowed steam.

I put my voice into the middle of his thinking.

"Remember this, Father. He has a previous record. When we caught him he had a gun. If the patrolman with me hadn't shot him down, he would have used that gun, and nothing on God's green earth would be any good to him now. Does he come back to buy another gun? Does he come back to steal another car? Those charges still stand, and I'm not certain there's anything he can do but serve out time on them. But I'll try for him. We've given him trouble. We've given him all the time in the world and nothing to put into it. Perhaps that pays. I don't know."

"You forget the girl," he said in his deep musical voice. "If love can change the course of hate, there's hope for him. She's a good girl, Johnny Wright. If he loves her enough he will change himself. He will have to, because she will never be able to change him. It has to come from inside him."

"Well," I growled, "maybe she can drag it out. Frankly, I wouldn't want to try, but that's none of my business. All I want is your assurance that one of my patrolmen, maybe a kid like Martinez, doesn't go making any dead bodies because of this."

"Very well," he said. "I'll talk to the girl. It's the only help he'll have, apart from yours. Perhaps it will be enough for him."

"And I have to be satisfied with that?"

"You're very certain of yourself, aren't you, Johnny?"

"You said last night it would bring me grief. You weren't wrong. I'm certain of myself. I'm too certain."

"Is there anything else you want to tell me?"

I nudged my hat to the back of my head and looked out over the smoky area of crumbling brick slum.

"I know the man who owns these places," I said roughly. "I know how much he gets out of it. He gets a lot, Father. For every nook and cranny, for every bedbug and rat, for every cockroach on a filthy kitchen wall, he gets paid. He has security; he has a big home on a hill, a long way from here, a long way from the smell."

He said nothing, merely looking, merely smiling, but the smile was not a gay one, and there was a darkness behind his eyes.

"No," I said finally. "There's nothing else I want to tell you. There wouldn't be much point in it, I guess. The time's getting on."

I turned away, but at the edge of the stoop I faced him again.

"You said security," he murmured, not looking directly at me. "There is no security here, Johnny. Nothing to hold to but the goodness in your own mind. I

Once you start to run away you can never turn back. You just keep running, despairingly, until you're caught

don't have to tell you that. You know it. And you aren't afraid to face it."

"Oh, yes," I said, going down the stairs. "Oh, yes, I am. I'm scared stiff to face it. I just haven't got any choice."

When I drove away he was still standing there, one hand locked on the doorframe, the other rubbing his blue-black jowl.

I made a phone call from a public booth, and talked to a man who ran the personnel division of a big downtown store.

When I had the information I had known I was going to get, I asked him, "Do you have a girl named Mary Senecal working there?"

He told me to wait a minute while he looked. It took him five. But he did have a girl named Mary Senecal working there.

"Do you want me to get her for you?" he asked.

"No," I said. "No, but thanks anyway."

"Not at all," he said primly. "Glad to have been of service."

We hung up together, and I leaned on the glass door, my eyes fixed on the black mouthpiece of the phone, until a fat lady carrying an umbrella rapped sharply on the glass door and twisted her mouth at me. An angry mouth.

I left the booth.

I stood in the street, being pushed by people, being thrust here and there, not feeling, not caring.

This was the beginning of the end.

On Randolph Street the lights shone with the soft sweetness that only money can buy, mellowed in good living, casting discreet shadows on lawns that faded down the hedged walks to the road itself.

I sat in the squad car before 1425 Randolph Street with Martinez silent beside me and my supper warm but uneasy behind my belt. A chill wind blew through the open window of the car; a hushed, discreet voice was whispering the litany of the night, the roll call of crime and passion over the speaker of the two-way radio. Martinez leaned forward and shut it off with an irritated snap of his wrist.

"Wait here."

I left the car and went up the flagged walk toward the polished oak door with its strap-iron hinges and its glowing coach lamp. Behind half-drawn curtains I could see motion in the living room. A lamp shone benevolently on a glass in a woman's hand. The glass moved, swirling smoky amber fluid.

I rang the bell, stamping one foot to get the pins and needles out of it, and in time the door opened and the same soft, frightened eye regarded me through the crack, and in time I was again standing in the Lanham living room, at the end of a long, hard day.

"Well, hello," Celia Lanham said distractedly, her hand moving toward her hair and to the throat of the soft-gray dress she was wearing. "I didn't expect company tonight." She put her glass down. "I thought you were Neil," and at his name her face lost its emptiness and took on a warm, intimate glow. "Did I tell you that Neil and I are going away for a little while?" Now a flush, the color warm and glowing, too. "It seems the best thing, you see. We both want to forget."

"I can't blame you for that, Mrs. Lanham. I hope I didn't startle you, coming in like this. It's a bad habit I've developed lately. Startling people, I mean. Sometimes I even startle myself. I must be mixing in the wrong society."

"Then sit down and try some of the right society."

"I'm afraid I can't stay very long. The chief isn't in?"

"No. But he will be. Why don't you wait?" She moved toward the corner. "Will Scotch do?"

Scotch would do. I sank down on a divan facing her, the glass warm and smooth in my hand, and saluted her with it. We both had a long pull.

She said impulsively, "I'm glad you came, actually. I'm so excited about our trip. It's been so long since he's thought of anything like this."

I smiled. It was a cold, lonely little smile, but it was all I had for her. I wasn't even certain I could spare that.

"I know," I said evenly. "There are times when fathers can forget they're husbands as well. I suppose that could make a lot of difference to a woman who is starved for love, for attention. I suppose it could explain a lot of things."

I nibbled at my Scotch.

"Believe me, Mrs. Lanham," I went on soberly, "I know what you've been through. Most of us would have folded like an old hinge, and we wouldn't ever have been the same again. You know, Mrs. Lanham, I've spent a lot of spare time on this case; it had sort of a personal interest for me because I'm a father myself and these things are very near to us. I mean, hit-and-run drivers. They kill so much more than the victims they hit with their big shiny cars."

I put my glass down on a coaster. The room had a warm, lived-in smell, a different smell now from the last time I had been here. Something added.

"You know," I continued, "I've often wondered what it would be like to run down a child. I've often wondered what it would be like to know that you've run away, that you can't go back, that you can never go back once the first day is done with. Then it's too late. And it's so easy to run away. It's the first primitive instinct.

"Perhaps I've got a funny mind, but there are nights when I just sit up wondering how it would feel, and wondering what I'd do if the occasion ever arose."

I put out a hand for my glass. I lifted it and set it down again.

"Tell me, Mrs. Lanham," I said harshly, "how does it feel?"

Her glass made a small, embarrassed explosion, breaking on the table.

I raised my gaze to hers. Her eyes were very wide but no longer green, no longer the eyes of a woman who has rediscovered love, and no longer smiling. A blackness had crept into them, as if ink had been spilled; the blackness spread, black on white, the white chalky, the face stiff. She put one hand up to her mouth. It wasn't a very young hand or a very steady hand, and the expensive rings on her fingers seemed cheap and tawdry. She bit one knuckle hard, not saying anything, not breathing, just peering at me from those two blank windows in her face.

"I know," I said.

I got up wearily and tramped over to the window and planted myself there, staring out at the raw night.

"I know," I said again to the windowpane. "And you know, Mrs. Lanham. Do you want to know how I know?"

Behind my back she made a small mewling sound in her throat. Like a kitten being stepped on. Like a heart being broken on a rock.

"Do you know what day this is?" I asked.

The mewling sound faltered and died.

"It's just seven weeks from the Thursday on which you told me, in this room, that you had parked your car in front of this house at seven in the evening. You had just come from shopping at a big downtown department store. A sale, you said, and I swallowed that. I sat here on the edge of your personal hell, crying for you inside, wanting to help you, knowing what you were going through. But not knowing it all. Not knowing half of it. I gulped your story down piecemeal, the car outside with the keys conveniently in the ignition, the thief who just luckily happened by and drove away with it. The thief who killed your little girl, Mrs. Lanham. The little girl who had taken your place in this house, the little girl who was loved and adored while you sat by, hunting for some crumbs of affection and getting none."

I propped my stiff lips apart with a cigarette.

"In this city, and in a good many others, there are no sales on a Wednesday afternoon in August because all the big stores are closed down on Wednesday afternoons during July and August, Mrs. Lanham. I know, because a girl who thought she was going to marry the boy I sent to prison for your crime told me so. She should know. She works in one."

The cigarette grew soggy and crumbled.

"Me," I said. "Me, Johnny Wright. A sucker. Never thinking a mother could do a thing like that and keep silent about it afterward."

I moved closer to her. She flung her hands up in front of her face, clenching them there, shutting out the sight of me.

"I went downtown today, Mrs. Lanham. On your husband's time, when I should have been out catching crooks. I checked on the stores, Mrs. Lanham, and I checked on something else."

I dropped a crumpled sheet of paper in her lap.

"Look at this, mother. An invitation to a cocktail party at the Ritz. Well, I checked on that one, too. That and heaven knows how many others. They know you well down there, Mrs. Lanham. For years now, the man told me. One long round of fun and laughter, mother, and only the maid to look after your kid and only your husband to wonder where you were and only your husband to hush it up if you got in trouble. You aren't an alcoholic, Mrs. Lanham. I could find something to forgive about that because it's a disease. But this? This I can't take."

Her hands moved, dropping from her face, dragging her arms after them, until the fingers had clutched at the soiled and ragged vellum paper.

"Just an invitation, Mrs. Lanham. To be crumpled up and dropped on the floor of your car, where I found it. For smart matrons who are too busy wagging their mouths to look after their homes. From five until—from five until when, Mrs. Lanham? I talked to a man about that, the same man who remembered you so well. He's a very good man, Mrs. Lanham. He's been in the business for fifteen years. And part of his business is remembering faces. He would have forgotten that particular night, perhaps, after all this time, but you were unlucky. You parked your car illegally in front of the hotel, and he remembers that because the cop on the traffic detail was going to ticket you for it until he saw your registration on the steering post. And all this happened, he told me, a little after eight on a Wednesday evening in August. You came out and got in that car just before he went on relief, Mrs. Lanham. Do you know what time that was?"

She moaned. She looked at me then, but she was already dead. There wasn't anything I could do to her that hadn't already been done in the fifty days that had gone by. There wasn't anything anyone could do to her now. She was out of reach.

I moved stiffly around her and sat down again and peered stupidly at my hands. They were wet and hot.

"He went on relief at eight-fifteen, about twenty minutes before you drove your car, with just a little too much liquor aboard, with just a little too much weight on the gas pedal, down Avon Road.

"You think this is fun for me?" I asked her bitterly. "You think I like this? Your own daughter, your own little girl, and you with one drink too many, and going too fast, and letting a slum kid take your rap for you. No wonder you had hysterics when I called to tell you your car had been stolen, because up to that time you were already in jail, you were already damned. But I gave you an out. A kid stole your car to take his girl for a ride, and we nailed him for it. We might even have killed him for it. Fate laughing, Mrs. Lanham." I started to laugh, too.

"Look at me," Mrs. Lanham moaned then. "Look at me now. I've paid my price."

"I'm sick of looking at you," I said. "I'm sick of the sight of everything around you."

She buried her face in both hands, muffling her voice. "I didn't know it was Cissy. I didn't know. . . ."

Outside in the street, a car's tires whined noisily. Gravel crunched, and for a moment headlights sprayed harsh white glare into the room, chasing shadows up the far wall. Brakes squealed. An engine died.

I stood up, for the last time in that room.

"That boy isn't going to stay in prison for you, Mrs. Lanham. You're going to get him out. You're going to tell your husband now, before I do."

Silence in the room.

A car door slammed.

"No," she said. It was a calm voice, an unhurried voice, a voice that brought my nerves to the edge of the long jump. She pulled her head up, shaking it, prodding at the flesh of her cheeks with splayed fingers. She whispered. "Listen! Do you hear those footsteps? Do you hear that man walking? Do you know where his feet are taking him?"

I let my tongue rest on my lower lip, motionless.

Her eyes were wide.

"Here," she said. "Here into this room, into my arms. To me. Not to anyone else."

Her eyes glistened.

"For eleven years I haven't existed. I haven't lived. I have opened my door to a man who hasn't even known I live in the same house with him. Do you think that man was my husband? Nothing existed for him but Cissy."

The eyes looked through me. The face was dead and hopeless, the mouth lax, but the eyes were living as they had never lived before.

"It took this to bring him back to me. Oh, I was going to tell him about what I

had done. I was going to let him do whatever he wanted with me. Because I didn't care. But that night, the night it happened, he came home to me and came into my arms and cried like a baby. And he was my man again. I've had nothing, been nothing, lived nothing. One party. Another party. Anything to be moving, to be acting as if I lived. And dead all the time. Can you understand that? Listen. His hand is on the key to this house."

At the front door a key grated, searching absently for the lock.

I let my hands fall to my sides. I looked at her, feeling the walls of my stomach crumbling.

"How little you know," I said. "How little you know how to live."

"I'm living now."

"You're dying now. For twenty years you'll die, each night waiting for the word that will kill anything he's ever felt for you, each day waiting for some gesture, some sign that he knows."

"You'll never tell him. You won't dare. I'll have him finish you forever. And he'll do it, because he loves me now. And you have to live, too."

"Not like this, I don't. Not like you, on somebody else's time."

I turned my back on her and walked toward the door. I paused there, one hand flat against the jamb, straining.

In the hall we heard a man's voice.

"Do you hear him?" she whispered. "He's asking for me. He wants me. He's found me at last. I'll never let him go."

"How can you?" I said to the door. "How can you release what you don't have? He doesn't love you, Mrs. Lanham. He loves what he thinks you are."

"No!"

"Then ask him, if you dare, and see."

I opened the door.

And faced Chief Neil Lanham, the rock who had melted, the family man come home. There was a package under his arm, gaily wrapped, and a humanity in his face I'd never seen before.

His laugh boomed out. "A rendezvous, by heavens. And with my best detective, at that!" His hand fell heavily on my shoulder. "I wondered what Martinez was doing out there in the squad car. Glad to see you, Johnny. Has Celia told you you're staying to dinner?"

I shook my head numbly.

"Well, you are, boy. The maid's not in, but my Celia can whip up something that will make your mouth water." He chuckled. "You know, Johnny, I'm a damn fool and I don't mind admitting it. I never fully appreciated my wife until—well, until there were only the two of us. I guess I forgot that a father is still a husband." He smiled that new, gentle smile and slid his arm around her waist. "I couldn't do without her now. I've learned a lot these last couple of months. Don't let it happen to you, Johnny. You can miss so much."

"I know," I said. "I know how much you can miss." I closed my eyes to cut off the expression on Celia Lanham's face.

Gently she pushed him away from her. For a moment she closed her eyes, shutting out the world, and her body shivered. I knew the end had come.

"Neil," she said unsteadily.

"What's wrong?"

He swung his great gray head, his sharp eyes piercing. His mouth jerked.

"Neil," she said.

"Something's wrong here," he growled. "And it doesn't sound too friendly to me. If you've said anything, Johnny—if you've done anything to worry my wife— Has this got something to do with you?"

"Something to do with me. Something to do with all of us. I think Mrs. Lanham wants to tell you about it."

"Yes," she said. "Yes. I'll tell you."

I swallowed the taste of blood. I stepped into the hall. Then I paused. I said, "What you're going to hear, Lanham—well, I don't want anything more to do with it. You said to take until retirement if I had to. You said never to stop until I got what you sent me out to get. Well, I've done that. And all my time has run out." I fingered the smooth leather I had taken from my pocket, the leather with its core of blue and gold enamel.

"I'll be outside," I said. "If you want this, come and get it from me."

I walked deliberately down to the car and leaned in the window.

I pushed a dollar bill toward Martinez.

"Go home, kid. Take a cab."

"What for?"

"Go home before I pull my rank."

He opened the door and stepped out.

"What goes on, Johnny? I don't get this at all."

"Nobody asked you to get it."

His face darkened. "So okay. So get sore about it."

"I'm not sore," I said gently.

He looked into my face. "Where you going, Johnny? Or don't I get to know that, either?"

"I don't know," I said. "Yet. But I will. Run along, kid."

I got into the car and locked both hands over the steering wheel, listening to the rustle of Martinez's rubber-soled shoes going down the block.

I waited, thinking about my home and the warmth in it that was mine, and about Tony Rosetti, who would be getting another chance to keep or throw away, and about the girl who would this night be lying on her bed, gnawing with strong young teeth on her pillow and silently screaming for the strength to wait, and knowing that the waiting would not be too long.

I waited there an hour, and two, and one by one the lights on the block began to die, as the hope was beginning to die in me.

And then there was a sound.

The sound of an opening door.

I turned my head slowly.

I looked toward the oblong of light.

I saw two people, one hand locked in another, one shoulder touching another, two faces close together.

Then he came down the walk toward me, his shoulders squared, his head up, the sound of his feet loud and decisive on the flags.

"Go home, Johnny," he whispered. "Go home to your wife."

I started the engine of the squad car and let it idle.

"And Johnny," he said. "Keep the badge, will you?"

I nodded without speaking, without knowing what to say, and let out the clutch. The car moved quietly down the street. For me the waiting was all over.

For him it had just begun. THE END

Photos by Jacques Lowe

SHE BENDS OVER A WASHING MACHINE oftener than any other woman in America, yet has never in her life used one.

AMERICA'S TOP SALESWOMEN: NO. 2

Betty Furness

At thirty-three, an actress discovered a new career as a TV saleslady. Now one of its top hucksters, she stands to earn over $75,000 this year

BY ALBERT MOREHEAD

Betty Furness got to be a television star because she typified an advertising man's idealized version of the American housewife: beauty, but not the suggestive kind; clothes, attractive but not extreme; speech, matter-of-fact; hair, plain brown; age, middle thirties. The kind every housewife can look at and exclaim, "Why, that's just the way I look—or could, if I tried."

All of which is a great tribute to Betty's acting ability, because the Betty Furness you see on your television screen is a myth.

The real Betty is a blue-eyed blonde who darkens her hair to a commonplace brown. She has a figure, and was voted TV's best-dressed woman for 1952. She is frequently seen in the gayest night spots and at Broadway openings. She is a product of New York's Park Avenue and the most expensive private schools. She has never learned to cook. She'll earn over $75,000 this year for her TV appearances. There's a typical American housewife for you!

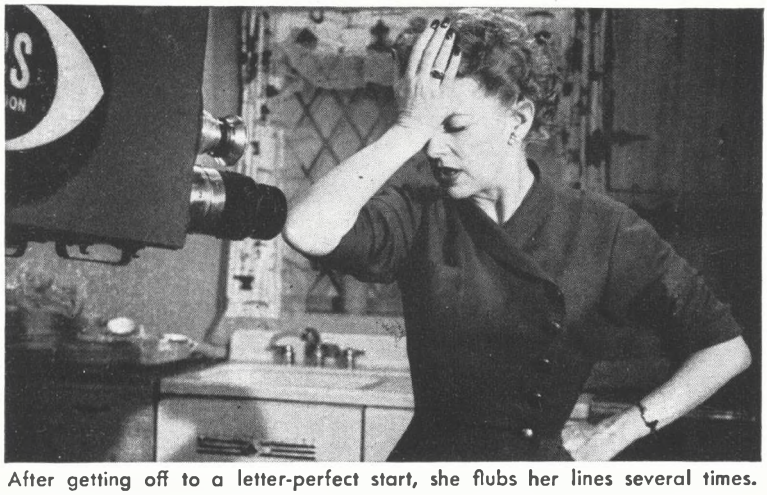
The Betty Furness you know wasn't born till 1949, when the other Betty was already thirty-three years old. TV was an infant then, and CBS had just launched

(continued)

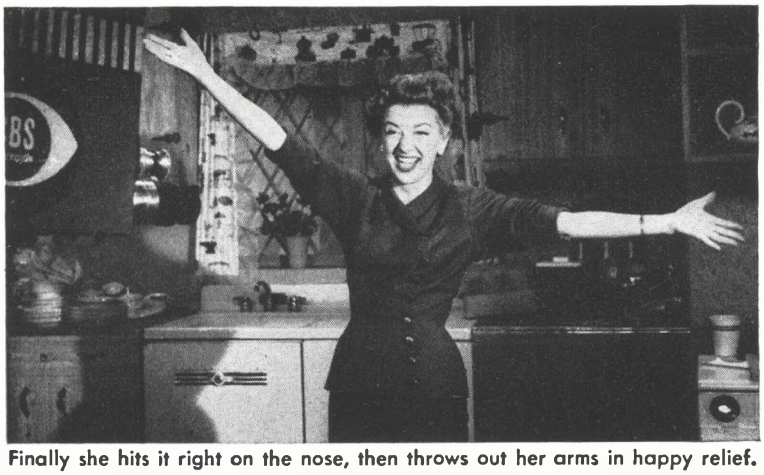
Betty Furness (continued)

Ex-model and product of Park Avenue and private schools, Betty was snapped up by television because she looks "natural" in a kitchen or laundry

Rehearsing a new commercial, Betty concentrates heavily under the camera.



After getting off to a letter-perfect start, she flubs her lines several times.



Finally she hits it right on the nose, then throws out her arms in happy relief.

the first of the successful dramatic shows, "Studio One," and a big advertising agency had bought it for their client Westinghouse.

They auditioned thirty actresses to do the commercials for the show. All were turned down. Then Betty Furness, rehearsing for a small part in a "Studio One" play, thought she'd like to try, so they tested her—and cried Eureka! She was the only actress they'd found who looked natural opening a refrigerator door and bending over a washing machine.

The unvarnished truth is, of course, that Betty had never operated a washing machine (maybe that's why she could look so happy about it) and had seldom even opened a refrigerator door.

She Inherited Her Sales Ability

Betty may have inherited her knack of salesmanship. Her father, George Furness, was an official of the Union Carbide and Carbon Corporation, and he was one of the first men to have faith in radio as an advertising medium. Back when radio was in its infancy, he appeared on the "Eveready Hour," selling Union Carbide's "Eveready" products.

If this background had anything to do with Betty Furness's career, she isn't conscious of it. She was just a normally stage-struck teen-ager. But she did have striking beauty, and it got her a few jobs modeling for John Robert Powers. Shortly after she first appeared in photographs, she was offered a screen test by RKO. Three weeks later she was on her way to Hollywood.

You can see that nothing in Betty's background, so far, was designed to make her very domestic. A Hollywood starlet does little more than wash out a pair of stockings. When Betty married, at the age of twenty-one, her husband was orchestra leader Johnny Green (now musical director of M-G-M), and their combined earnings were big enough to relieve Betty of laundry duties.

Yet Betty does have one domestic trait. You will notice it on her own CBS television show, on Friday mornings: Her hands are always busy. Usually she knits —sweaters and socks, booties for friends' babies, and, twice, complete dresses for herself. The other actresses in Hollywood first thought it quaint when she took out her knitting at every pause in the action, but eventually they came to accept it as part of her personality.

Betty's career, up to her big success as a refrigerator and washing-machine saleswoman, was one of those in-between things, though well paid. She made forty-eight pictures, but if they were big pictures she had small parts and if she had big parts they were B pictures.

Betty became a big star retroactively. She is the only actress whose publicity has been designed to make her a star of the past, not of the future.

This was a matter of simple economy.

Television advertisers were paying two fees—one to a model to demonstrate the product, and another to a famous actress to endorse it. But Betty is introduced with, "Now listen to what Betty Furness, the famous screen star, has to say about . . ."

It took quite a while for Betty and Westinghouse both to realize that they had become inextricably tied to each other. This till-death-us-do-part relationship isn't a matter of contract. Betty has always been free to take other jobs, do other commercials, endorse other products. But would her public stand for it? When Betty had her own show ready, Westinghouse didn't take any chances. They grabbed it.

Betty's following, which comprises twelve million women and an uncounted number of their husbands, aren't inclined to give her too much leeway. Soon after poodle haircuts became popular, Betty tried one. She was besieged with letters. The very next show she appeared with her hair magically grown out again (via a hastily constructed wig that cost Westinghouse $350).

Her private life is of equal concern to the public. When a gossip columnist said she had been out with Billy Rose (she hadn't) another stream of anguished letters arrived: "But, *Betty*, don't you know what kind of man he is?"

The Betty-behind-the-scenes is too strong a character to change her habits much, except on the surface. Before the cameras she plays the assigned part; at all other times she plays herself. She is much like Lucille Ball, in temperament and general conformation. She is a natural comedienne. In rehearsal she kids around about the prepared script (everything she says, which sounds so natural and unrehearsed, is carefully written in advance), and flubs her lines with carefree abandon. But when the show is on she's letter-perfect.

Long since divorced, Betty lives with her thirteen-year-old daughter Barbara Green in a very modest apartment on New York's East Side. Sundays and Thursdays she always stays home; they are days before shows, and besides, she likes to spend them with Babs. Other times she is available, and much in demand. Her television personality makes her seem more matronly and older than she is (one lady columnist, when told Betty's age, said, "Now you're insulting my intelligence!" and flounced out of the room). Offscreen, Betty looks considerably younger than she is. Her weight stays at 110, and her face and figure are youthful.

BETTY READS PLAY MANUSCRIPTS for her daughter, Barbara, thirteen, who wants to be an actress. She allows nothing to interrupt the days she devotes to Babs.

Betty wouldn't mind remarrying, but she thinks the prospects are slight. "Most men of the proper age and income are already married," she explains. But there is no dearth of escorts.

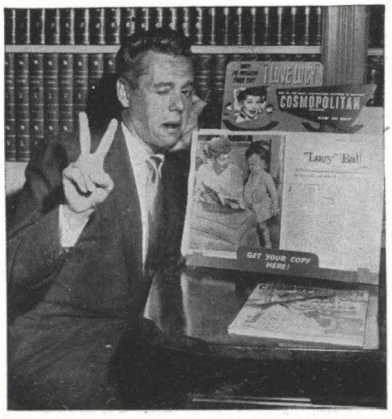
On TV 160 Times in Two Weeks

An actress at heart, Betty glories in her success. In the period of her greatest triumph, during the 1952 political conventions, Betty was on the air 160 times in two weeks. She couldn't even get back to her hotel to sleep, and she confesses that she enjoyed every minute of it. "I griped once or twice," she says, "but I only did it because I thought it was expected of me." The conventions, of course, did a lot for her career. One cartoon showed a small boy before a television set, asking his father, "Who's ahead now, Pop—Ike, Taft, or Betty Furness?"

When people come up to her on the street and say, "Aren't you Betty Furness?" she likes it, and if they add, "We're just crazy about you on television," she positively loves it. Last year she bought a pair of gloves at Saks Fifth Avenue, and when she turned from the counter there was a thick circle of admirers around her. She had to sign her name twenty-seven times to get through. "What do you know about that?" she says in honest wonderment. "That never happened when I was in pictures."

THE END

The Last Word



Desi Arnaz Applauds Our Story

Desi Loves Cosmo

Lucy and I want to thank you for your January cover story.

As Lucy is always telling me—and I'm telling her, too—"Honey, don't ever forget this. A lot of credit for the success of our show on television goes to *all* those people who work with us—Jess Oppenheimer, Madelyn Pugh, Bob Carroll, Papa Freund, and all the others, and to Philip Morris, too, because they pick up the tab!"

Your writer, Albert Morehead, must have been working awfully hard before he sat down to his typewriter to do his nice story though. Because—just for the record—I think he got some information from us that was misunderstood.

On the cover you said 20,000,000 fans watch Lucille Ball. I hope you will be as happy as we when we found out it was *40,000,000* (and rising) by the time your good magazine came out!

I am flattered that you call me producer of "I Love Lucy." Actually, I am executive producer. Jess Oppenheimer is producer and also head writer, which means that he does most of the work.

Aside from some commercials Desilu Productions makes just one other television show, "Our Miss Brooks."

I think it is better to say that the title of our show was the result of some good joint thinking of a lot of people.

I love Lucy. I also love COSMOPOLITAN.

—DESI ARNAZ

Wasted Manpower

Austin, Texas: I want to express my deep appreciation for your article in the December issue of COSMOPOLITAN ["Do Our Armed Forces Waste Manpower?"]. You certainly did an excellent job of focusing national attention on one of the major problems that face America.

—LYNDON B. JOHNSON
United States Senate
Committee on Armed Services

New Brunswick, New Jersey: You may be interested to know that your article is now before the members of the Manpower Commission.

—ROBERT W. JOHNSON
Brigadier General (Ret.) AUS

Fiction Fans

Bronx, New York: We just want to be the first of the tall gals and guys to tell you how much we enjoyed reading "The Tallest Girl at the Latin Quarter" [November]. Hope we shall be seeing more of Miss Outlaw's stories (possibly about tall folks) in COSMOPOLITAN. In fact, the "Strato" who became so interested he forgot to return my copy is on my black list until he does return it. I can't live without it. May I also tell you how much we like the new, time-saving format? —MARY JANE HESS
Vice-President
New York Stratoliner Club
for TALL people

Tallest girl wins new admirers

Fanwood, New Jersey: A thousand kisses and a lifetime supply of Adler Elevators to you for your story. I've been waiting twenty years for a saga about one of us queen-size gals (I'm five feet eleven in my stocking feet). The author surely has our psychological reactions down pat. But why didn't the girl marry the tall guy? It's a bit disappointing to realize she settled on someone shorter than herself. We amazons pray we'll never have to resort to that. —A SUBSCRIBER

Flushing, New York: "Lover for the Marquise" by Daphne du Maurier [November] is the finest short story I have ever read. I still can't get the ending out of my mind. Thank you, too, for making me enjoy your magazine more than ever with your new format.

—MRS. HARRY W. BURNS

Brand-New Movie Talent

Los Angeles, California: I must thank you for the picture story on our family in your December issue ["Family of Movie Stars"]. After those pictures were taken I had an eight-pound three-ounce baby girl named Lauren. To our great amusement the baby has already had two offers of movie work, which we have turned down. —MRS. ELEANOR PERREAU

A new star for the Perreaus?

More Godfrey Fans

Piedmont, California: Recently at Sun Valley I spent some time, with hundreds of others, leering at Arthur Godfrey while he was on vacation and being photographed for your cover story ["Godfrey's Golden Touch," December]. It certainly was quite apparent that being a celebrity is a dubious blessing sometimes, but he seemed as good-natured as he always is. —HELEN DODGE

Atlanta, Georgia: At last Arthur Godfrey—and enough pictures and story to get something from! I buy anything on Godfrey, and feel your story is one of the best. Nothing is ever done at our house on Monday or Wednesday nights. Thanks for the fine article.

—MRS. NEILL LAUBSCHY

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Spearhead Attack

on Mexico's wily webfoot

1 **"You leave civilization** behind when you stalk waterfowl with the Tarascan Indians of Lake Patzcuaro. And hunting ducks with primitive bamboo spears can be a wild-goose chase," writes an American friend of Canadian Club. "Our closest approach to a flock was 60 feet. At that range it's easy to miss.

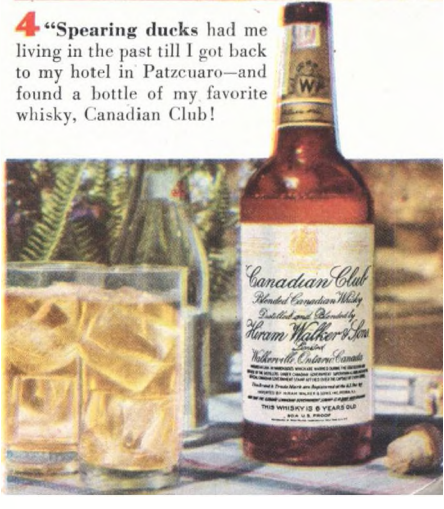
2 **"A bird's a dead duck** if caught by the sharp barbed points of the Tarascans' trident-headed spears. But my guide warned me I'd need more skill than a javelin thrower if I hoped to connect.

3 **"I finally scored** when my spear grazed an airborne duck and dropped him, stunned, into the water. He came to . . . and dived under. When he surfaced I was there with another spear. With that plump pintail in the bag, I decided to quit while I was still ahead.

4 **"Spearing ducks** had me living in the past till I got back to my hotel in Patzcuaro—and found a bottle of my favorite whisky, Canadian Club!

5 **"Lake Patzcuaro's ducks** migrate almost 5,000 miles a year. I travel even farther, and Canadian Club is the top-flight whisky everywhere."

Why this worldwide popularity? Canadian Club is *light* as scotch, *rich* as rye, *satisfying* as bourbon. Yet it has a distinctive flavor that is all its own. You can stay with Canadian Club all evening long . . . in cocktails before dinner, tall ones after. There is *one* and *only one* Canadian Club, and *no other* whisky tastes quite like it in all the world.



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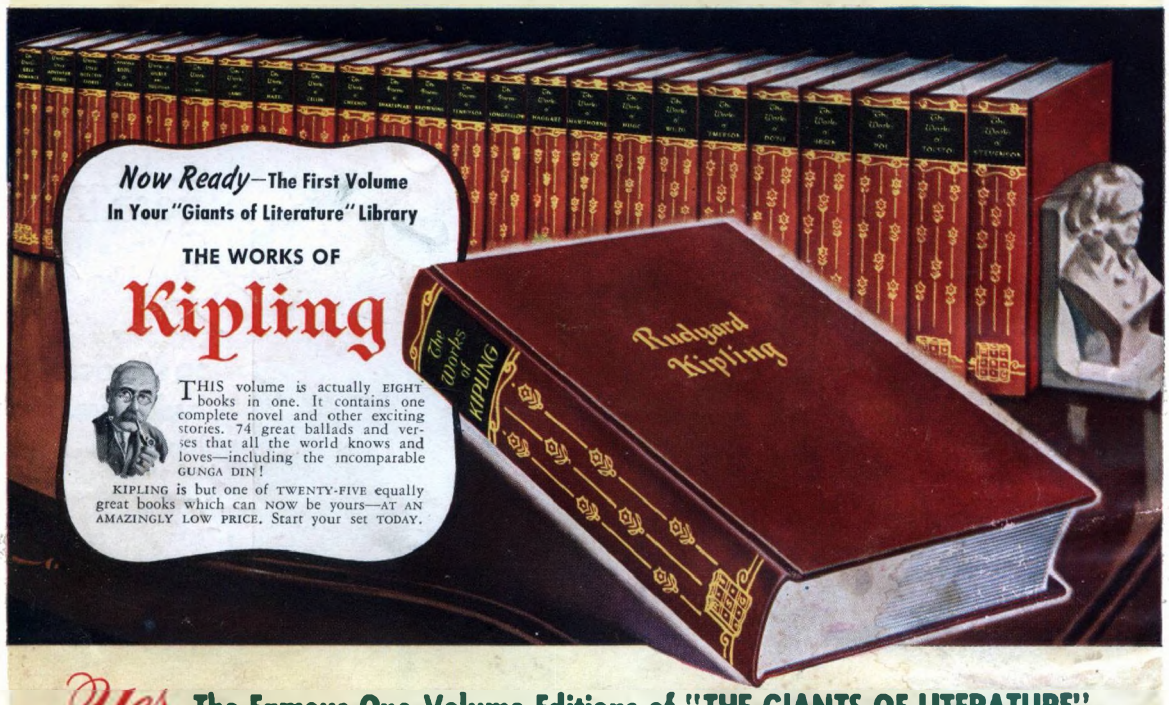

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