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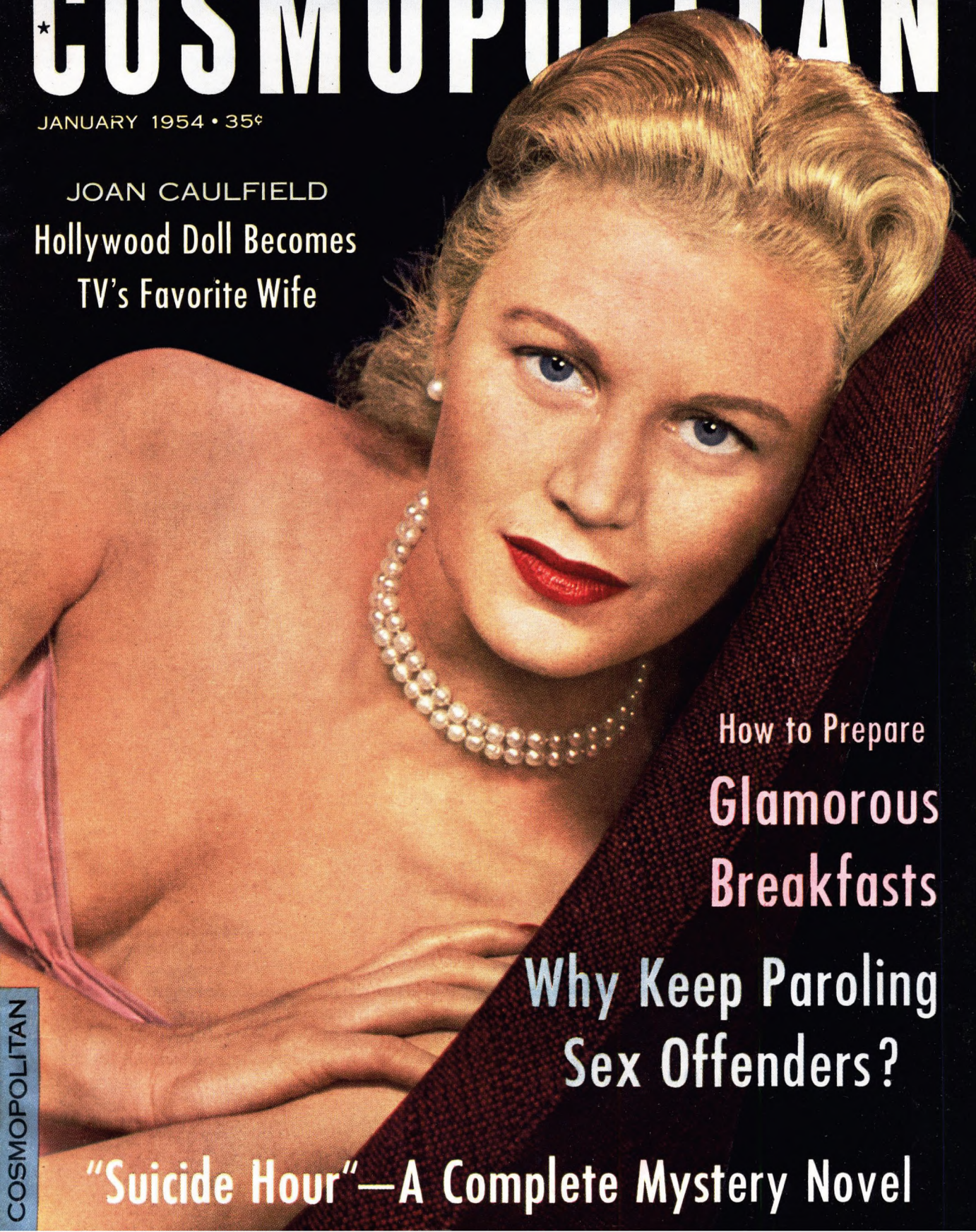

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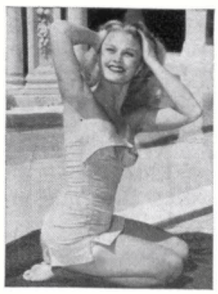

COVER *Jazz-addict daughter of an ex-stockbroker from New Jersey, Joan Caulfield puts the bloom on TV's "My Favorite Husband" and keeps the laughter level rising like the Mississippi in springtime. Joan plays the part of Liz with a dash that disproves the rumor that no girl with a face and figure this luscious can act.* *(See page 26.)* *Cover photo by Philippe Halsman.*

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What Goes on at Cosmopolitan

MISTAKEN IDENTITY, BREAKFASTING, UNSEEN LOVERS

Summering in Vermont and wintering in Key West is the hard lot of writer Colin Jameson. At least *he* thinks it's rough. "When you live in two resort areas," he explains, "sooner or later everybody you ever knew pops in and wants you to act like a vacationer. Fun? Sure. But when do you work?"

This year, Jameson and his wife had

Colin G. Jameson

decided it would be more productive to winter in Vermont, but when COSMOPOLITAN bought his "Selma's Stranger," an unusual love story with a Vermont-village background, Jameson hastily revised his plans.

"When you publish that story," he wrote us, "everyone in this village will try to identify himself. Since the characters are fictional, this will be impossible. But to escape this touchy debate, we're taking off for Key West. Next time we want to winter up here, we'll plan ahead. How, for instance, would COSMOPOLITAN like a West Coast story?" If it's anywhere near as good as the Jameson story beginning on page 58, we'd like it fine!

What So Proudly We Serve

Fellow we know, Jack Sterling by name, leads a typically soft modern-day life—he rises at four A.M. and at five-thirty starts pouring out energy over his WCBS radio show. By lunchtime, he has also emceed a radio panel program, "Make Up Your Mind." Saturdays he grabs a train for Philadelphia, where he ringmasters television's "The Big Top."

Sterling insists the only thing that keeps him upright is the hearty breakfast his wife, Barbara, dishes up every morning. An amateur chef himself, Sterling thinks Harry Botsford's brief for bigger and better breakfasts (page 76) should be read aloud to all women. But he also thinks men are partly to blame for the fact they have to chew the edge of the tablecloth for sustenance.

"They kill the goose," he told us sagely, "wolfing down what they *do* get and never making breakfast interesting." Sterling's contribution to morning interest is a chafing dish. "Adds glamour," he says. "And if there's one pinch of it around, women try to live up to it."

How to Take a Good Picture

Philippe Halsman, who photographed Joan Caulfield for our cover, has snapped more famous folk than you could fit into Chicago's Soldier Field. His techniques are sure-fire. Take Marilyn Monroe, for instance. Halsman posed her, told her: "Imagine you're being kissed by an invisible, wonderful lover," then snapped the picture. Stampede.

"The average man or woman takes a terrible picture," Halsman told us. "Most people just don't know how to pose."

"Well, how *do* you pose?" we asked.

"You should learn which side of your face is more attractive—that's the one you want photographed," Halsman explained. "Re-part your hair on that side.

"Try to imagine you're looking at

Photographer Halsman and family

someone you're especially fond of. [An invisible, wonderful lover?]

"If you have a retroussé nose, look down. If your nose turns down, look up.

"And last, put yourself in a good mood—it will subtract ten years from your age."

We're in a good mood. Anybody with a camera? **H. La B.**

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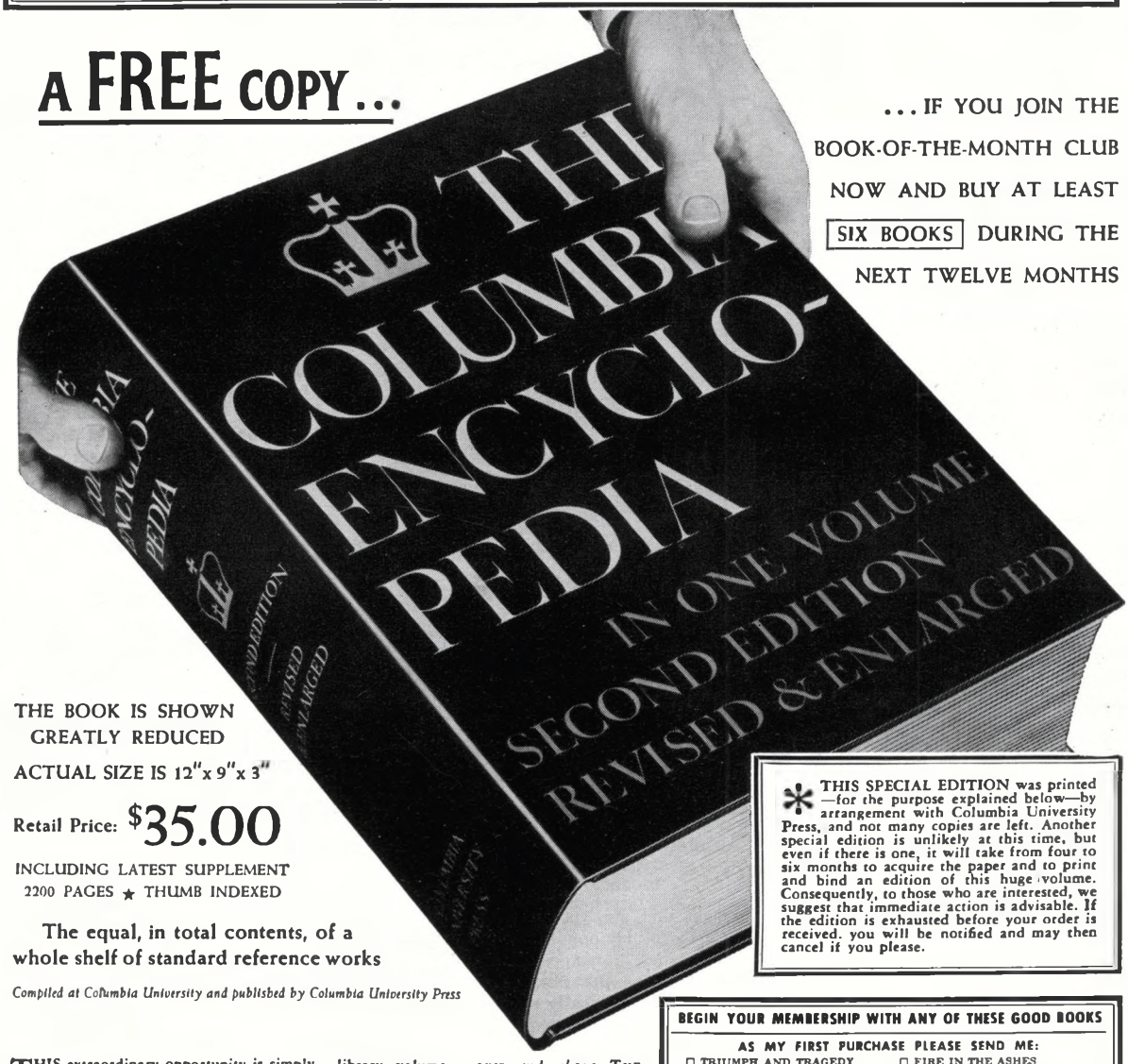

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"A $3,000,000 corporation with freckles," Doris elects happy films.

It's A Great Day

BY LOUELLA O. PARSONS

Seeing the ebullient Doris Day give her finest performance yet in "Calamity Jane," her finest musical, my memory did a playback. I suddenly recalled the time, just after the end of the war, when the quite unknown Doris Day was booked into New York's Little Club. On the night she opened, it began to snow heavily. The chic audience applauded her showmanship when she opened with "Let It Snow, Let it Snow," and thought the tears streaming down her face were the last word in acting.

Well, they were right in applauding her sense of showmanship. Doris has it—and to such an amazing degree that today she's referred to as "the three-million-dollar corporation with freckles." But her tears that evening in 1945 were real. She had taken the engagement at the Little Club to get eating money for herself and her son by her first marriage. But as she had left California for the engagement, her second husband had told her not to come back. He was no longer in love with her.

It was only a week after this engagement that she got an offer from Mike Curtiz to play opposite Jack Carson in a film called "Romance on the High Seas." Carson was the star, of course. Doris walked apathetically through a test.

You know what happened, of course. Overnight she was a star. And today, not six years later, she is still a star and shows no signs of doing anything except getting steadily better. "Calamity Jane," which is most certainly not only the best movie this month but one of the best musicals I've ever seen, gives her the greatest acting scope she's ever had.

It Scores in Every Category

As a matter of fact, "Calamity Jane" is terrific in all departments—story, setting, acting, singing, and dancing. It's as Western as sagebrush, as fresh as a Wyoming May morning. Doris has excellent support in it. Howard Keel is very masculine and amusing as Bill Hickok, and when he and Doris warble "Black Hills of Dakota" together, it's great listening.

Doris herself sings all the time, from jump tunes like "The Deadwood Stage" to a comedy duet with Allyn McLorie called "A Woman's Touch." She ends torching a ballad, "Secret Love," as only she can. She dances, too, and clowns wildly as tough little "Calamity," a girl who doesn't even know she's hiding her charm behind dusty buckskins. It may not be serious drama, but it's certainly box-office.

With Doris, it always has been. The only picture of hers that didn't make the top grade was one in which she essayed serious drama and didn't sing a note. But Doris insists the reason it flopped is because it wasn't about a family of happy people. She is hipped on this subject of families. Her own favorite of her films is "I'll See You in My Dreams," because it was built around a happy and lasting family situation.

She came from a broken home. It was politely broken. Her mother lived with her for many years, and she corresponded regularly with her father. He remained in Cincinnati, where she was born Doris Kappelhoff twenty-nine years ago.

Her father was a serious musician, but it was her mother who had theatrical ambitions for her. Doris started out to be a dancer, then an automobile accident crippled her for so many months it was doubted that she would ever walk again.

She eventually surmounted that, however, and landed a job on a local radio station, singing for experience and no salary. Then she went on the road with a band, for the major sum of $25 weekly. She married, too, a trombone player named Al Jorden. That lasted a year. At eighteen, she was back home, broke, divorced, and with her little son to support.

She surmounted that, also. Personally, I shall always believe that her great love was for George Weidler, her second husband. Yet she rose over the separation from him. Once she said to me, "I've always known that I was strong." She is. Her simplicity is genuine, coming from spiritual strength. An ardent Christian Scientist, she neither smokes nor drinks.

She is now married to her agent, a handsome, intelligent man named Marty Melcher. Between them, they make a fortune, but they live very quietly, going to Boy Scout rallies with Doris' son, Terry, rather than the smart parties, doing their own gardening instead of driving powerful cars, going to bed at nine and getting up at dawn.

She lives in the belief that happiness has to be made—and can be made—by the individual. In her sunny exuberance, she seems to be a living proof of it. This in turn makes her feel responsible for making what she calls "happy pictures about happy people."

"Calamity Jane" is all of this and more, a bouncy, beautiful, gay musical, pretty as Doris herself, and with as much warmth and charm.

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Louella Parsons picks Ladd in England, Lancaster in Fiji, Stevens in Colorado, and Doris Day cracking the bullwhip

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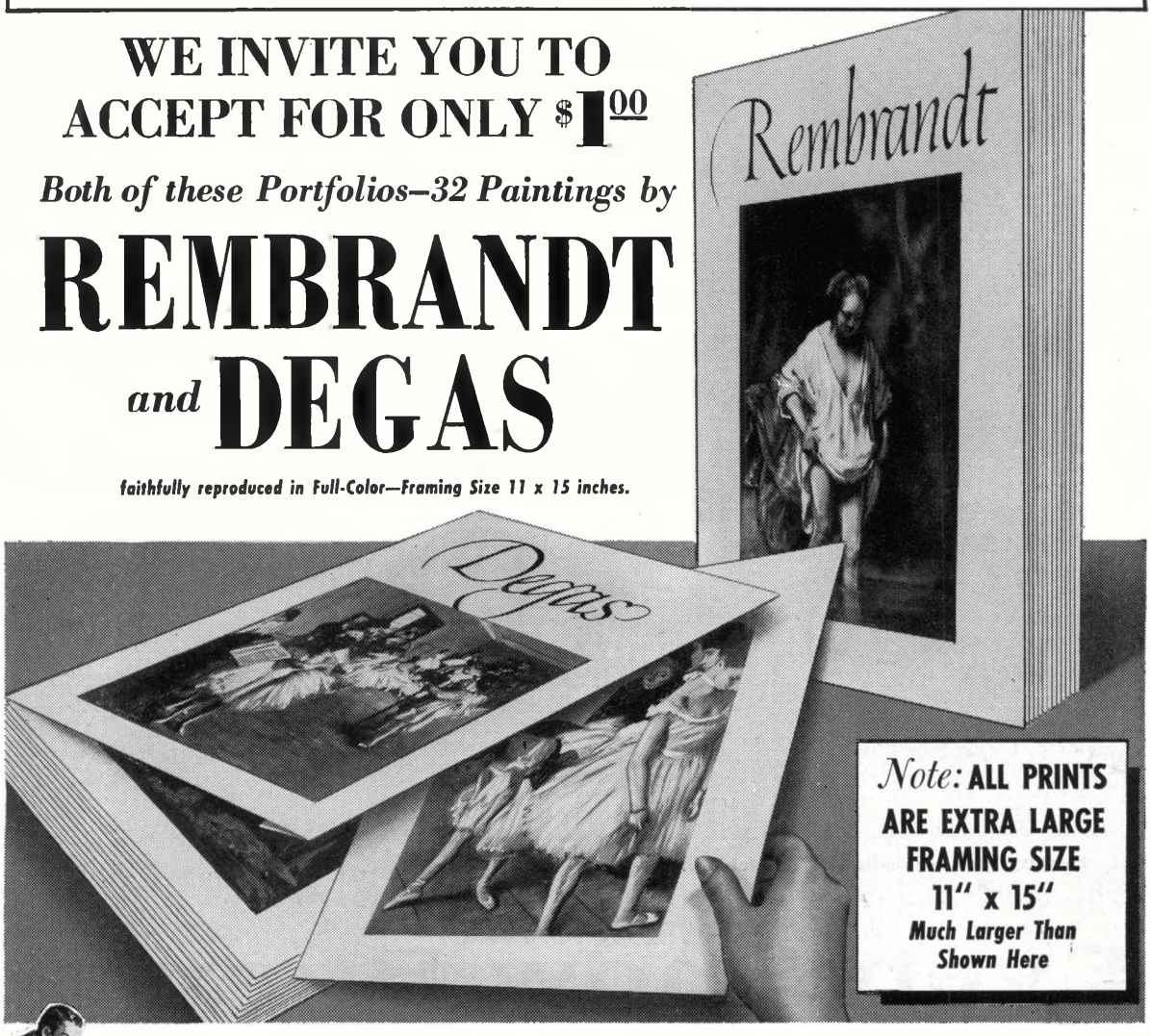

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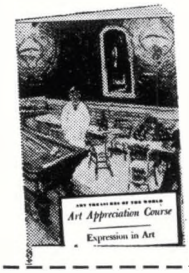

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I.N.P.

Sleigh rides and sillabub attract a new kind of winter sportster, push skiers out in the cold.

Even Snow Bunnies Can Have Fun

PRACTICAL TRAVEL GUIDE BY EDWARD R. DOOLING

Snow bunnies are people who enjoy winter sports but don't ski. For years now, snow bunnies have been at the mercy of skiers, who have delighted in befuddling them with incomprehensible talk about geländesprungs, Telemarks, Christies, herringbones, and *Vorlage*.

Now the long-suffering snow bunnies have finally come into their own. Today *anyone* can have fun on a snow holiday. The winter vacationist who doesn't trust his life and limb to a pair of slippery slats no longer has to brood about being left out of snow-resort doings, for a big array of activities is now open to him.

If you go for the simple sports, you can try bob-fishing through the ice, tobogganing, sleigh riding, dog-sled riding, coasting, snowshoeing, and going on snow picnics (also called winter "cookouts"). If you're the vigorous type, you can go ice skating, iceboating, skate sailing, bobsledding, and skijoring.

Winter Art Is Fun, Too

Or maybe you like to dabble in winter art. A long-time favorite with amateurs wielding either brush or camera, winter art is reasserting itself in the snow belts of America. Painters and shutterbugs are rising happily to the challenge of lights and shadows on newly fallen snow; of jumping, leaping, zooming skiers in flight; of ice-jeweled forests in morning light; of the innumerable opportunities to capture their own Currier and Ives.

Then there is snow and ice sculpture. Snow, like sand, is a natural art element for the amateur. Given enough of it, you can create your own version of Madame Tussaud's waxworks. And at the end of the day you'll be covered with enough

(continued)

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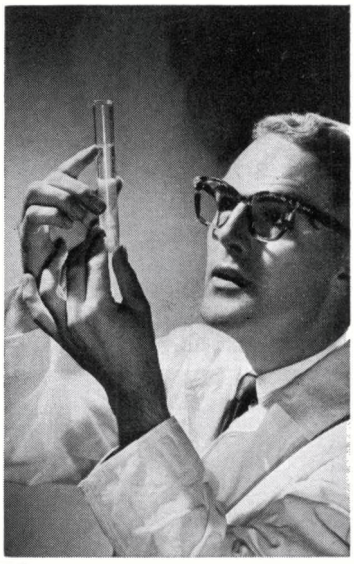

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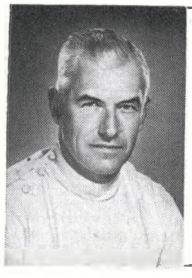

A JURY OF DISTINGUISHED DENTISTS HAS EXAMINED THE EVIDENCE! Documented facts, recently published in an authoritative dental journal, have convinced these dentists that Colgate Dental Cream with Gardol is far more effective against decay-causing enzymes than any other toothpaste. And because Gardol is the *only* long-lasting anti-enzyme ingredient with clinical proof, these dental authorities agree that New Colgate's with Gardol gives the surest protection against tooth decay ever offered by any toothpaste.

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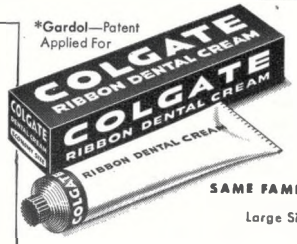

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L.N.P.

Crowds of snow bunnies are reviewing bobsled thrills. This giant holds dozens on its Bridgetown, Maine, mile run.

L.N.P.

Utah's Alta, like ski lodges coast to coast, sells sun tans and variety at bargain rates.

The rediscovered old sport of curling demands a mighty arm, yields appetites for bear ragouts and venison pies.

Snow Bunnies

(continued)

of the feathery white stuff to stamp you as a real snow bunny.

Night life in the snow belt is a cheerful prospect, now that the snow bunnies have taken over. In the days of the dedicated skier, austerity was the word at winter resorts. The *slalom* artist had to hit the sack promptly at eight o'clock so he could be in poised readiness on top of some mountain at the first gray tinge of a sub-zero dawn.

Night Frolic for Snow Bunnies

All that has changed. Now gaiety is the keynote for winterland evenings, and you're likely to find yourself swept up in an uninhibited square dance or swing session, a "skitillion" (an informal dance in sport—or ski—clothes), fireplace sing, amateur theatrical undertaking, marshmallow roast, bowling party, moonlight sleigh ride, or sugaring-off party.

Next day you're sure to approach the dining room with a whopping appetite geared to north-country cuisine. This is no sissy stuff. Hot cakes, sausages, and maple sirup are typical breakfast fare.

An old *voyageur* custom in Quebec calls for a liquid appetizer known as caribou, compounded of whisky blanc (white lightnin'), port wine, and maple sirup, which is guaranteed to render you amenable to a morning repast of French pancakes (similar to crêpe suzettes) and maple sirup, moose pie, bear ragout, and giant flagons of scorching black coffee.

A fun-packed program for snow bunnies has been mapped out by a lady bearing the fine old New England name of Mrs. Diggory Venn. Her idea is a series of winter weekends at old Sturbridge Village, Massachusetts, reproduction of an early New England town. They begin in January and run through spring—and without a *slalom* or a schuss.

Guests arrive on Friday evenings to join in a sillabub party, which is not quite so lace-panty as it sounds. Sillabub is properly a combination of wine or cider with cream, whipped to a frothy consistency. Our Yankee forebears added some touches of their own, which the Sturbridge Villagers retain to this day.

Mrs. Venn's little parties smack of old New England. The sillabub party and an old Yankee dinner take place before the roaring open fireplaces of the Publick House, the 1771 coaching tavern at the head of Sturbridge Common. Those who have the will to stir then join in square dancing or in folk singing.

Breakfasts are made of such stuff as griddlecakes, apple pie (a New England *must*), popovers, corn-meal mush, and eggs. Then, for those who want it, there is an art lesson in Carl Pickhardt's Winter Landscape School, a showing of the motion picture "The Devil and Daniel

(continued)

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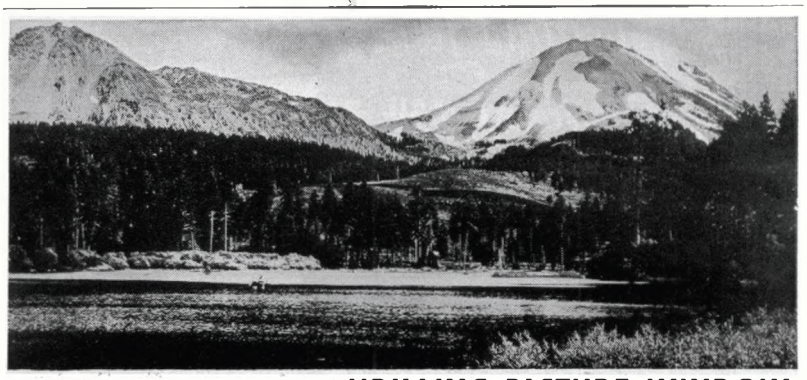

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Snow Bunnies (continued)

Webster," or a chance to discover how many thumbs you have by trying your hand in the village craft shops.

Horse-drawn sleighs convey the weekenders to the Village Tavern, where draughts of mulled cider give a Colonial touch to luncheon in the Great Room, followed by the sugaring-off party. This isn't strictly on the level until March, the actual sugaring time, but the effect is the same. Big pans of packed snow are brought in, and the guests dip ladles of hot maple syrup onto this frosty base. The sirup congeals before it cools and is quickly scooped up and eaten.

On Saturday night, any tourist who can still look a calorie in the face may dig into venison pie or pheasant or bear stew, and wash it down with flagons of California Burgundy. And, if wine seems strange for a Colonial party, remember that no self-respecting Yankee skipper would use anything but the products of France's vineyards for ballast on a trans-Atlantic voyage.

This capsule outline of this weekend sans skiing illustrates the sports that are waiting for the snow bunny at the country's many winter playgrounds.

America's Winter Playgrounds

New Hampshire, in particular, welcomes the snow bunny. There are harness-horse racing on ice at Lake Opeechee, Laconia, and Beaver Lake, Derry; bob-house fishing through the ice on the big lakes—Winnipesaukee, Winnisquam, Squam, and Newfound; and dog-sled rides and races at many of the big winter resorts during their annual carnivals. The Chinook Kennels at Wonalancet are open to visitors and the New England Sled Dog Club, at East Jaffrey, New Hampshire, holds races throughout the winter.

Many of the big snow centers stage winter carnivals, among them Lake Placid, New York; Franconia, New Hampshire; Sun Valley, Idaho; the Laurentian Mountains of Quebec; Mount Hood, Oregon; and Mount Mansfield, Vermont.

Some, like Aspen, Colorado, and Sun Valley, even have heated outdoor swimming pools protected by glass shields, where bathers may paddle about happily in the midst of a snow-clad countryside or acquire a sun tan far from a palm tree.

In the east, winter-sports territory extends from the northwestern corner of New Jersey and the adjacent Pocono Mountains of Pennsylvania through New York, all of New England, and over most of Quebec and parts of Ontario.

Michigan, Wisconsin, and Minnesota are good winter-sports states, and there are some attractive developments across the border in Ontario. Colorado, the most winter-conscious of the Mountain States, has a tremendous development at colorful Aspen and scores of sports centers in the Denver Mountain Parks area.

Montana and Wyoming have some winter-sport centers, and Idaho boasts the fabulous Sun Valley resort. Utah has a big center around Salt Lake City, and to the north, Banff, in the Canadian Rockies has bloomed as a winter-play spot.

Washington and Oregon have some of the most accessible snow centers in the country. Many are just an easy bus ride from the big cities. The most famous, of course, is Mount Hood, near Portland.

The High Sierras in California offer numerous winter resorts. The best known are in the Lake Tahoe area on the California-Nevada border, the Donner Pass area, and Yosemite National Park. Good skiing and other winter sports are only a couple of hours from Los Angeles, and the high mountain ranges of Arizona and New Mexico are now being developed.

Transportation to snow centers is, in general, less expensive than transportation to sun centers. The difference, of course, is distance. A weekend usually gives you plenty of time to enjoy a snow-sport holiday.

Every state or province with winter sports facilities will send free information on the location of centers and resorts. The best way to find out about non-skiing activities is to write directly to resorts.

As far as costs are concerned, snow-bunny amusements belong in the bargain department. Where a skier has to invest some $100 to $150 for basic equipment, the snow bunny is ready for winter fun with a lightweight water-repellent snow suit, costing anywhere from $25 to $50, and a pair of waterproof hiking boots.

Inns of the North Country usually strive for informality and as a result are less costly. For example, accommodations in the vicinity of the Whiteface Mountain Ski Center, in New York's Adirondacks, range from about $2.50 to $4 a day for a room without meals, and about $6 to $9 with meals. One of Lake Placid's largest hotels quotes $12 a day for room and meals; New Hampshire reports daily rates, with meals, of $5 to $10 a person; Sun Valley offers "Learn to Ski" Weeks at $92 a person, a package including everything; Lake Tahoe offers double bedrooms at $10 to $15 a day for two, and a two-person rate of $15 to $18 a day including breakfast and dinner; the Sturbridge weekends described above have a package cost of $25 or $30 a person, depending upon the accommodations.

Nowadays it's fun to be a snow bunny. It doesn't take a lot of money and athletic skill—it just takes a yen for some winter fun and a spare weekend. THE END

Why Keep Paroling Sex Offenders?

Our criminal laws don't fit these compulsives. A new type of sentence may help them—and us

BY LOUIS ROBERTS

During the time it takes you to read through this article, a sex crime will be committed someplace in the United States. It may flare up in the most unexpected way, as when a quiet self-effacing accountant, regarded as a Caspar Milquetoast by his friends, suddenly jumped off a Philadelphia streetcar and in broad daylight boldly accosted a startled middle-aged woman. It may come to light almost humorously, as it did in Topeka, Kansas, when they pulled in a seedy old tramp who was precariously balanced on a packing case trying to peer into a high-school shower room. Or it may hit with all the impact and horror of a Jack the Ripper murder.

Most of these crimes are unpredictable, unexpected, and impossible to guard against. But every now and then one comes along where the tragedy is compounded because someone *knew* it was bound to happen.

One such case was Harold Beach, Jr. The first time the police pulled in Harold Beach he was just seventeen. *Seventeen*—and not only had he been caught molesting one ten-year-old boy but, as he boasted before the psychiatrists, he had gotten away with "fooling around" with two others.

So they sent him to the Institution for Male Defective Delinquents at Napanoch, New York, for care, observation, and treatment, and along with him they sent a report that said in so many words that Harold Beach had a psychopathic personality, that he had an inclination toward sexual perversion, and that he would constitute a menace to society if released.

Paroled, He Raped a Ten-Year-Old

But three years after his commitment, Beach was paroled in the custody of his father, and for a while it looked as if the psychiatrists were going to be wrong. Beach got along all right—at least he stayed off the police blotter—until one day late in 1947 when he took off for Cleveland.

There, on January first, 1948, he raped and murdered a ten-year-old girl.

When the furor had died down and the initial shock had passed, her mother asked one question: "*Why did they let him out?*"

Nobody had an answer for her.

Nor did anyone have an answer for the parents of Dulcy Nelson, a seventeen-year-old California schoolgirl who was kidnaped at gun point by Vance Smith, a twenty-year-old delinquent who was out on parole despite a history of sexual maladjustment. Nor could anyone satisfactorily explain to a Chicago girl, suddenly stabbed in the movies by a man she had never seen before, why her assailant was on parole—although he was known to harbor vicious sadistic fantasies against womankind in general.

The list could be indefinitely extended. It is hard enough to protect society from the chance explosions of seemingly normal personalities that suddenly run amuck. Why must society run the further risk of being exposed to those personalities that have already exploded? They *knew* that Harold Beach was a pervert and that Vance Smith had strange sexual bubblings in his soul. *Why did they let them out?*

"They ought to lock those sex perverts up for life," declared one housewife I interviewed.

"The trouble is that most parole boards are rotten and corrupt," was the angry opinion of a lawyer I went to see.

"It's those psychiatrists with their mollycoddling ideas," a policeman told me.

But none of these is the answer; there is no single answer to why they let them out. Nor is all the honest anger of the people I interviewed going to do much good unless they understand the tangled, unpleasant facts. Here they are:

The biggest reason they let them out is that in many cases there is no legal authority to keep them in. For the sex laws of most of our states are a hodgepodge of archaic or ineffective statutes that often penalize minor offenses more

(continued)

I.N.P.

HAROLD BEACH WAS FREE, though a known sex offender, when he committed the brutal sex murder of Sheila Ann Tuley on New Year's Day, 1948. At six, he was classed as retarded. At thirteen, he was sent to a school for the mentally deficient and became an avid reader of sex magazines. At seventeen he was sentenced to a delinquents' institution for "fooling around." Then he was paroled.

Some of these faces were the last their victims ever saw. Because of our inadequate sex laws, offenders are often freed to repeat their crimes

severely than major ones and that are hopelessly inadequate to deal with the problem of the chronic violator.

In Delaware, for example, there is a ten-dollar fine for allowing a dog in heat to be at large, but there is no penalty for seduction. In North Carolina, a man can get death for rape, and in Rhode Island, the *most* he can get is five years. The penalty for statutory rape ranges all the way from not less than one year in North Dakota to a maximum of ninety-nine years in Montana. Sodomy can get you life in Georgia and five years in Arizona—but it is no crime at all in New Hampshire. Incest means a ten-year sentence in New York, but just across the state line, in Massachusetts, the penalty is doubled.

Our sex laws are so out-of-date, so contrary and conflicting, that a sentencing judge is often unable to protect society from a known sex offender because he has no authority to do so.

And not only are the sex laws themselves inadequate weapons against the chronic sex offender, but the administration of those laws is carried out by judges and district attorneys who sometimes misunderstand the compulsive nature of certain sex offenses. A case in point occurred recently in a medium-sized city in New York. The defendant, an old man verging on senility, was haled up before the court on a charge of attempting to rape his own daughter. He lived with her and her husband, and had come to her under cover of night, posing as her husband.

Kind Judges Can Bring Tragedy

The judge looked at the forlorn old man, reflected out loud that it seemed senseless and cruel to send such a person to jail for a long term, and forthwith reduced the charge from rape to indecent exposure and indecent conduct. At this point the son-in-law stood up in court. "Your Honor," he protested, "you've got to take stronger action. This isn't the first time he's tried to approach my wife. Every time he goes out on the street we're afraid he'll get into trouble. The kids in our neighborhood are scared of him. We don't dare let him out of sight. He's a menace to our community." But the protest was useless. The judge found the old man guilty of a misdemeanor and gave him ninety days in jail.

"A good many sex offenders who should be removed from the community and subjected to treatment are still at large because of just this kind of misapplied 'humane' justice," a psychiatrist with long experience in such cases told me. "I'd be the last one to say we psychiatrists never make a mistake in diagnosis. But I dare say we're better judges of who is and who isn't liable to be a social menace than a well-meaning lawyer who simply doesn't know the facts about sexual abnormality. It's my opinion—and a good many other people's—that *every* sexual offender, no matter how mild his transgression, should be examined by a competent psychiatrist before he goes up for trial. Yet just recently a Southern California district attorney was quoted as saying, 'Repeal all that sex-psychopath tommyrot and keep psychiatry out of the case until after conviction.'"

And the trouble is, as my psychiatrist friend explained, that many D.A.'s not only fail to recognize a potentially dangerous sex criminal but often allow arrested sex offenders to "cop a plea," to plead guilty to a lesser offense, and thus to avoid the trouble and uncertainty of a full-fledged trial.

In the case of one John Garcia, for example, his first arrest in 1925 for molesting a ten-year-old boy got him just *ninety* days. He wasn't picked up again until 1943. This time it was for attempted rape. *No charges were pressed.* A year and two days later, in Oakland, California, he was booked again on the same charge. Once more he was released. A month later he was given five days for drunkenness. One week after he was let out of jail, he was picked up for rape and sex perversion. This time he was sent to San Quentin to serve a one-to-ten-year stretch—but it had taken *four* sex crimes to send him to prison. The question with Garcia—and with many sex offenders—isn't why they let him out but why they didn't put them away.

The case of John Garcia points up another very serious problem. For after John had served four years in jail, they let him out on parole. *And the very next night he committed assault and rape again!*

Why did they parole him?

Parole May Mean Less Risk

"I don't know about Garcia's case specifically," one parole officer with thirty-seven years' experience told me, "but I would like to make a point before you jump to any hasty conclusions. Don't forget that Garcia, like the majority of sex offenders, was sent up for a definite term of years. In Garcia's case, he would have *had* to be released after ten years in the pen. The whole idea of parole is that there is *less* risk for society in easing a man back into his community while he's still under supervision than in waiting until his sentence has expired and then throwing him back with absolutely no supervision.

"Sure we run a risk when we parole a sex offender. But we run a risk when we parole a burglar or just a young tough. Sex offenders get the public up in arms—but from the cold point of view of how much damage they do, are they more dangerous than a stick-up man or a dope peddler?"

Albert M., who is coming up for parole in two years, is an example of the dilemma a parole board faces. Albert came from a home in which all sex was denied. He wasn't even allowed to take off his shirt in the presence of others. The slightest off-color joke was cause for severe punishment; the movies, smoking, drinking, even dating were frowned upon. Only at school did Albert come in contact with sex, and the contrast between what he knew and was allowed to think and what the others knew and laughed about made him guilty and confused.

Then one hot summer day Albert took a revolver and marched over to the house of a middle-aged woman he knew and told her to undress. Then he shot her. When he gave himself up to the police he said, "I just had to see for myself. I dreamed about this woman for a long time, and finally I couldn't stand it any longer. I shot her because after it happened I was too ashamed and scared."

Albert is in his twenties, still very

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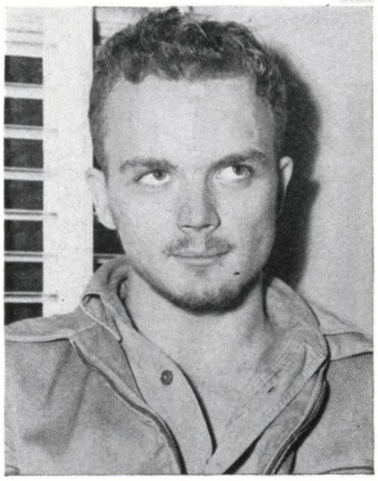

VANCE SMITH, twenty, got out of a mental institution, then kidnaped a California schoolgirl at gun point.

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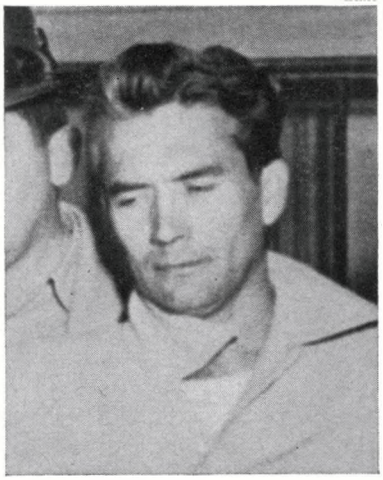
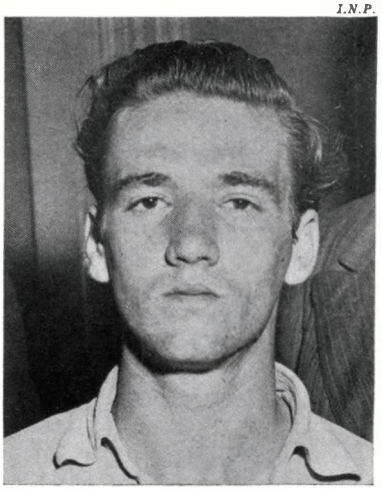


JOHN GARCIA found guilty of kidnaping a girl, four, had a record of four previous sex-crime arrests.

I.N.P.



VINCENT DELLECHIAIE, faced by six teen-age witnesses, admitted the sex murder of Louise Kurpiel, seven.

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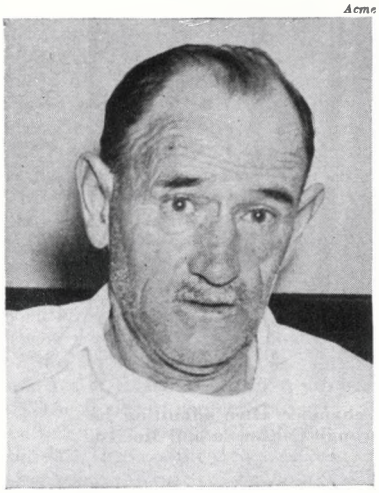


SIMON ELMORE was found guilty of killing four-year-old Joan Kuleba in a deserted Staten Island cottage.

I.N.P.

WARREN LEE IRWIN raped Carolyn Barker, a young bride-to-be, in a nightmare three-day kidnaping.

I.N.P.

JOHN FAY was glad to get death for killing a five-year-old girl. He feared he "might do this again."

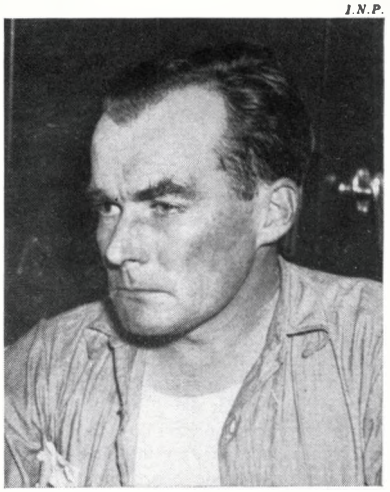
I.N.P.

ROBERT COOMBES, reform-school parolee, killed Jacqueline Maxwell, eleven, of Malden, Massachusetts.

I.N.P.

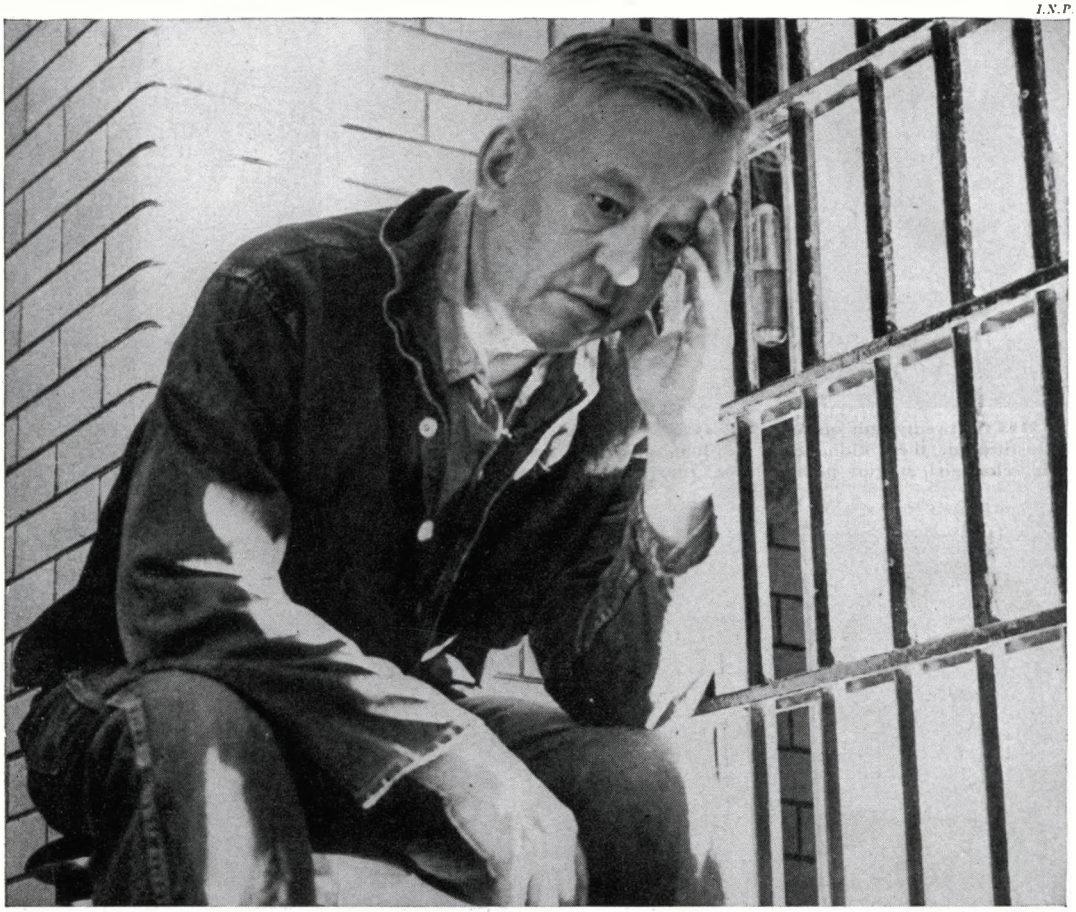
EUGENE LEVINE, after attacking eighty-eight women, was sentenced to a minimum of eighty-two years.

I.N.P.



HOWARD LONG was on parole after a sex crime when he fatally beat a boy, ten, with an auto jack.

I.N.P.



FRED STROBLE, sixty-seven, was sentenced to die in the San Quentin gas chamber after admitting he strangled Linda Glucoft, six. He was spotted in Los Angeles, ending a manhunt through California and Mexico.

The dilemma: parole a man so he returns to society under supervision—or make him serve his full time and then let him go scot-free?

young. What should his parole board do? Albert *might* be so twisted psychologically that to release him would be to decree somebody's death or injury. Or Albert might make his readjustment to society in peace.

No one knows which path he will take. Is Albert's possible redemption worth the risk to some woman or child? Will another three years in prison do Albert any good? These are the terrible questions a conscientious parole board must face.

"Look at it from our point of view," said the parole officer with whom I discussed this case. "If we make him serve out his sentence, what happens? He gets out in a couple of years anyway, and we haven't a shred of authority over him. Psychologically, he's in a perfect position to go out and commit some sex offense all over again.

"If we parole him, we take the risk he'll do the same thing, only sooner. If that happens, we'll get a storm of public protest on our heads. But on the other hand, by paroling him we're giving society the chance to guide this boy back into normal life. We can have him report regularly for psychiatric treatment. We can remove him from the pressures and the unhealthy sexual atmosphere of a prison. We have the fact of parole itself as an inducement for him to stay on the straight and narrow. And don't forget that if we *don't* grant parole, Albert's going to be back on the streets eventually anyway. So can you blame us if we take some chances—and maybe make some mistakes?"

"The trouble doesn't lie in the *idea* of parole," said an expert who has spent most of his life trying to improve prison administration. "It lies in the way in which the parole system operates in this country. It takes highly skilled and ex-

perienced men—penologists, sociologists, psychologists—to make these tremendous decisions. No amateur should be entrusted with a matter that may imperil a community's safety."

Parole Boards Are Often Amateur

But unfortunately, the paroling of a large percentage of our criminals, sex offenders included, rests squarely in the hands of amateurs. In only two states, Wisconsin and Florida, is the parole board itself selected by civil service. In most other states, the board is appointed by the governor, a procedure that opens the door for political rather than professional standards of fitness.

Even worse, in many states the parole board doesn't even pretend to have professional competence. Appointments, even politically tinted ones, may produce first-rate men, but in such states as Wyoming, Arizona, and Nevada, paroles are granted by boards made up of busy state officials who convene hastily, scan lists placed before them, and proceed to place offenders at large without benefit of deliberation, psychiatric counsel, or special training. In still other states, parole boards consist of volunteers!

Such utterly untrained, part-time boards are liable not only to release unfit prisoners but to buckle before public pressure. In one Midwest state, when a parolee committed murder, the amateur parole board in a panicky gesture refused to parole anyone! What they forgot was that the overcrowding of jails made the release of some prisoners unavoidable. They met the situation by *commuting* the sentences of potential parolees—thus freeing them with no chance whatsoever of supervising them.

Even worse than the danger of granting parole by amateur decision is the question of what happens *after* parole. The very essence of the parole system is supervision, and supervision in many states is conspicuous by its absence.

In North Dakota, for example, one clerk is responsible for the entire administration of parolees, including their "careful" guidance. Montana is just as bad; so is Arizona, where one ex-minister with no staff "operates" the parole system. Delaware has one officer for the entire state; Nevada has two. In many states "supervision" consists of having the parolee mail in a form once a month or come in to an office to fill it in. When the kidnaping and murder of Bobby Greenlease shocked the nation last fall, it was discovered that Carl Hall, who had planned the crime, had been "reporting" regularly to his Missouri parole officer—the last time just three days before the Greenlease murder. But obviously no parole officer was out to discover that Hall was living with a woman and not, as he claimed, in a hotel; that he had no job; and that his habits were most irregular. A competent parole service might have prevented a ghastly crime.

"There is a crying need for improved parole systems," an officer of the National Probation and Parole Association told me. "Parole officers who bear huge responsibilities on their shoulders often get paid salaries that are shockingly small. In Kansas, for example, a parole officer starts at $2,200 a year. In Illinois he starts at $2,700. How are you going to get the kind of men you can depend on at that pay? In California, where they have one of the best parole systems in the country, they start a man at $4,500. And they get the kind of man they want.

"Not only are parole staffs underpaid, but they are understaffed. How are you going to supervise a released sex offender when you haven't got the man power? How are you going to rehabilitate him when you haven't got the treatment facilities? If people really want safe communities, they'll have to realize that it costs money to protect society against its criminals."

One new parole wrinkle the National Probation and Parole Association is interested in is an experiment being tried out in Virginia. There a parole board does not have to relinquish its supervision of a parolee when his sentence expires. Instead, if the case seems to warrant it, the parole staff is empowered to continue its supervision for as long as the maximum sentence the offender could have received for his crime. Thus a sex offender who got five years but could have gotten ten, will be supervised from the moment he is paroled after, say, three years of his five-year sentence, until the end of the ten years he might have served. The Parole Association is interested in having this principle extended to every state. "It's the best protective gimmick I've ever heard of," said a parole official, "provided, of course, you have the staff to administer it."

Decent Sex Laws Are Needed

"Badly as we need decent parole systems," a judge told me, "we need decent sex laws even more. The real protection against sex offenders lies in taking them out of circulation. And under the crazy set of laws we now have, a judge is very often called upon to set a sentence he knows is either too long or too short for society's good."

Hence a good deal of attention is being paid to the operation of a new law in New York State. Under this law, sex offenders can receive a sentence of from one day to life. This sentence can be given to only certain types of sex felonists who have undergone a psychiatric examination. The purpose of the law is to relieve the judge of the responsibility of determining how long a sentence a sex

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Sex Offenders (continued)

Perverts are sick. Yet they are usually freed after their term, as menacing as ever

Acme

WILLIAM RAY attempted to rape Mary Maglione, nine. He left her in an air shaft, her skull fractured.

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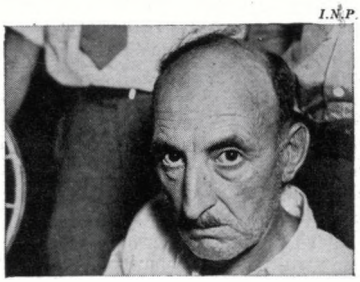
PHILIP KRAHL attacked a girl, six, and her brother, three. They were found in a hysterical state.

I.N.P.



LAWRENCE MARKS, convicted sex offender, murdered a girl, eight, in the cellar of her Brooklyn home.

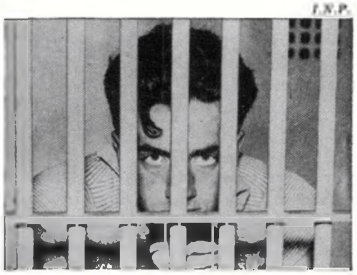
Wide World

EDWIN ROST was picked up in a Buffalo hotel for the sex-murder of Barbara Faulkner, six years old.

Wide World

CARLETON MASON, sixteen, told New York police he had killed two schoolmates, girls five and eight.

I.N.P.



JOHN ARDELEAN, a high-school boy, confessed he beat and stabbed and raped a nine-year-old girl.

I.N.P.

SALVATORE OSSIDO was booked for raping a nine-year-old girl and beating her fatally with a hammer.

Acme

JARVIS CATOE, traced through a pawned watch, admitted that he had attacked and murdered seven women.

offender should receive. According to this law, the offender is committed until a properly qualified board of parole experts feels he is ready for release—which may be after a few years or may be never. The sex offender is dealt with as a sick individual who will be paroled when he is well—not as a criminal who is being punished for his crime.

"The law is a good one," said a psychiatrist with much prison experience. "But it has one flaw. It assumes that a man who is sent to prison will get better in jail. And that just isn't so.

Few Offenders Get Treatment

"Take New Jersey. A sex offender there goes to Menlo Park, where he gets one of the finest psychiatric examinations in the United States. Then what happens to him? He gets shoved into New Jersey's State Penitentiary, one of the most medieval and foul institutions anywhere. And there he sits. No follow-up. No treatment worth anything. And naturally no improvement.

"Hence many judges are reluctant to use a one-day-to-life law until there are decent treatment facilities available to sex offenders. If a man isn't going to get better, you're condemning him to life under the law—and even for a sex offense, that's a hard sentence to impose.

"Don't forget that sex offenders run a gamut among themselves as wide as that between a shoplifter and a safecracker. Not all are repeaters. Very few go from mild offenses to worse ones. Some of the offenses, like exhibitionism, which most stir up the public, are in fact, relatively harmless and should not get long confinement. Others, like a man with sadistic sexual fantasies, may appear less dangerous than they in fact are. The only way to deal with this gamut is to fight for better treatment and diagnostic facilities in prisons—and out of them."

This is confirmed by a man who has spent fifteen years of his life battling for more treatment for sex offenders. "Basically this problem is like TB or cancer," he says. "It's never going to be solved by going after it only when it has cropped up in malignant form. We've got to get it before it gets to that point, while there's still time. We've got to get treatment to some of the kids who show up in children's courts, who are problems in school, and who can't be handled by their parents. Some of those kids are sexually disturbed.

"If we can help them *now*, we can cut the future sex offender problem way down. You're always going to have some sexual psychopaths. A few of them are always going to be paroled and will commit some atrocity, but that isn't the real tragedy. For the real tragedy isn't 'why they let them out,' it's why they let them get that way in the first place." THE END

Your Child's Pets, Pepping Up Grandma, Why You Laugh

LOOKING INTO PEOPLE BY AMRAM SCHEINFELD

Pepping up Grandma. It's long been known that sex hormones are often beneficial when administered to women during the menopause. How would sex hormones affect much older women? Experimenting in a home for the aged, Dr. Bettye M.

Caldwell and Dr. Robert I. Watson (St. Louis) gave shots of estrogen and progesterone to 30 women, averaging seventy-five years in age, over a six-month period. Result: the old gals generally showed improvement in vigor, memory, initiative, alertness, sense of well-being, and sociability. Whether they started chasing the gents in the old home wasn't reported.

Sinning or sickness? To help a pastor determine whether a parishioner's wrongdoing is willful or the result of some mental disorder is one reason why psychiatric training for clergymen is advocated. Such training, reports the Reverend Ernest E. Bruder, is being given successfully in several mental hospitals.

Unemployment-pay chiseling. Uncle Sam is probably losing tens of millions of dollars yearly because of many people's mistaken notion that it isn't wrong—or even that it's smart—to get unemployment compensation they aren't entitled to. Sifting public attitudes, sociologist Erwin O. Smigel (Indiana University) finds that 27 per cent of those queried approve or are indifferent to this illegal chiseling. Many say, "The worker's only getting back some of what he put in." Others say, "It's okay if a man's trying to better himself." People lowest in the occupational, social, and educational scale give most approval to this chiseling. Those in upper income and education groups usually condemn it—not on moral grounds but because this type of wrongdoing doesn't tempt them.

Comics okayed. Bitter claims by some psychiatrists that comics menace children's minds and morals are challenged by pediatrician Ruth Morris Bakwin. She maintains that comics, in magazine or newspaper form, serve a useful purpose by providing a harmless outlet for the child's aggressions. The child shifts his emotional burdens and ambitions to the heroes, who for the most part do what he himself would like to do, she says. The comics also have moral value, since good always triumphs over evil. Only neurotic children are likely to be overstimulated by comics. Trouble may result, though, if parents clamp down too hard on comics, since the child may be moved to disobey secretly and then feel guilty over it. Do comics keep children from better reading? Dr. Bakwin answers that the sale and library circulation of good books for children has never been greater.

What scares paratroopers. Losing face appears to be almost as serious to American youths as to Orientals. Army psychologists at Fort Benning, Georgia, find the principal fear of paratroop trainees in regard to a bad jump is not that they may be injured or killed but that they will be shamed before their fellow 'chutists and won't get their wings.

Why you laugh. What you laugh at hardest is a clue to what worries you most. "Laughter," says Dr. Henriette Brunot, "is an echo of our anguish," and recent studies confirm this. If you laugh most at sex jokes and tell them often, it's clear what's bothering you. So, too, with jokes about children, health, looks, money, race, and religion. "Exploding with laughter" really means exploding tension caused by thinking about the subject. But if you "don't see anything funny about it," your concern over the problem may be so great the joke only heightens your tension.

Your child's pets. "Love me, love my dog" acutely applies to children's feelings. When a parent mistreats a child's pet dog, cat, or other creature, the child regards it as a blow to himself—and it may be just that, says Argentine psychiatrist Arminda de Pinchon Rivière. She holds that many parents bottle up their feelings of resentment toward a child and then take it out on the child's pet. This may cause the child to feel toward his parents an antagonism even more deep-rooted and lasting than if he himself had been punished, for to the youngster, his pet seems like a child of his own.

Dancing to sanity. Most unusual among dance hostesses is Marian Chase, a "therapeutic dancer" with mentally ill patients at St. Elizabeth's Hospital, Washington, D.C. Many of these patients have lost the ability to make others understand them through speech but are able to express their feelings of loneliness, anger, or despair through dancing, and when contact is re-established this way, can then begin to communicate verbally again. Miss Chase says the manic patient tends to be an exciting and stimulating dancer because of his "highly expressive, exaggerated, strong, beautifully co-ordinated dance actions."

Democrats more loyal? Though the Republicans gained a lot more new or "switched" voters than the Democrats did in 1952, the new voters acquired by the Democrats may prove to be more dependable. Analyzing the 1952 voting, the University of Michigan Research Center reports that the new Republican voters, in general, were swayed more by personalities and nonideological issues whereas the new Democrats were motivated more by basic principles, were more strongly partisan, and felt more strongly that their party's victory was of crucial importance to the country.

Will your children love you? The unhappier your marriage and home atmosphere, the more you risk losing your children's affections when they grow up—*particularly if you're the father.* In answers from several thousand young men and women, sociologists Paul Wallin (Stanford University) and Howard M. Vollmer (U.S. Army) found consistently more attachment to parents whose marriages were very happy than to those whose marriages were unhappy. In both happy and unhappy marriages, the mother tended to be favored. When parents didn't get along or broke up, the father was especially likely to be blamed and rejected. (One reason: mothers have more chance to sway their children's affections.) Where the husband and wife get along well with each other, if there is a conflict, it is likely to be between father and son, mother and daughter.

THE END

JOAN ARRIVED IN HOLLYWOOD *with the notion that dancing meant gliding around a floor at a Yale prom. In "The Petty Girl," she had to do a Calypso routine; in "Blue Skies," she hoofed with Fred Astaire—"things," she says, "I wasn't prepared to do." While her glitter-and-sex publicity grew, she stubbornly studied serious acting.*

IN SCHOOLGIRL TOGS *or glamour gowns, Joan has an amazing ability to radiate real young-wife warmth. Her problems with Barry Nelson are gay but have genuine roots.*

Joan Caulfield

A Hollywood Doll becomes TV's Favorite Wife

Fifteen million television fans are sweet on Joan Caulfield, who, bristling after years in Hollywood's "just pretty" category, finally got a chance to prove she could act on TV's "My Favorite Husband"

BY MARTIN SCOTT

Each week some fifteen million people tune in forty-odd stations of the CBS-TV network and gasp at the striking beauty of a thirty-two-year-old actress named Joan Beatrice Caulfield Ross. As plain Joan Caulfield, she co-stars with Barry Nelson in a warm yet sophisticated domestic-comedy series called "My Favorite Husband."

It would be unfair to say Joan is as pretty as a picture, for few artists could reproduce her loveliness, and no writer should attempt to. It would be difficult, indeed, to find similes for her fair skin, her Bimini-blue eyes, or her hair, which is at once the color of straw, brandy, honey, and sparkling lemonade.

This writer, when he first met Joan, was confronted by a vision in a blue tap-dancing costume and black net stockings, and had it not been for a quick Glasgow restorative administered by her husband, Frank Ross, who is accustomed to having other men leap like antelopes at the sight of his spouse, this piece might have remained a packet of notes scrawled by a palsied hand. The same impact gets across to the TV audience, and a large percentage of Joan's female fans would surrender something very precious to possess a small part of it. Joan, on the other hand, would give up almost anything if she were *not* so pretty as she is.

It is not that she does not enjoy being pretty. It is just that she started off her career being nothing *but* pretty and went on for years that way. Even after she had been a hit in "Kiss and Tell" on Broadway and had walked through several hit pictures, her acting ability was summed up, somewhat generously, as "rather probationary."

She's Worked Hard at Acting

For years now, she has studied, worked, gone to classes, rehearsed, played in stock roles for tiny salaries, and read lines endlessly for her taskmaster-husband, until today her acting ability and her potential for development are both

(continued)

Joan's modeling fees went for college tuition, her heart went to the theatre. Her first Broadway part called for a sexy walk

objects of note in the TV industry. She believes she has made herself into a capable actress, and so do the eminent Jack Gould of the New York *Times*, her director, Noman Tokar, her co-star, Barry Nelson, and her husband, of course.

"My Favorite Husband" is no "Mourning Becomes Electra." It is a series of crises in the lives of Liz and George Cooper, a pair of young, well-to-do suburbanites. The plots of the episodes are not particularly intricate. In one, an old girlfriend of George's turns up and makes a play for him; Liz, after outwitting her, finds herself with the old girl's husband on her hands. In another, Liz tries to get George to buy her a new dress by asking to be taken along on a masculine hunting expedition, hoping he

FAMED DANCE DIRECTOR *Gene Loring perfected Joan's dancing, but her acting inferiority complex grew. Intent on getting more theatre experience, she barnstormed with stock companies of "Claudia" and "Dream Girl."*

Penguin

will give her the dress to stay home.

The Coopers are modeled on characters called the Cugats in two books written about ten years ago by Isabel Scott Rorick. Presumably the names were switched to avoid confusion with the well-known rumba king and lover, Xavier Cugat. The series was popular on radio when Lucille Ball played Liz, and it looks as though it will be even more popular on TV this season.

The part of Liz is practically foolproof, but it could be goofed. It is a tribute to Joan Caulfield's new-found ability that not only has she not goofed it, but she has played it so well as to cause critic Jack O'Brian to say, "If it can sustain its present level of laughter, move over, 'Lucy'!" For these reasons, the lady is understandably sore when people persist in acclaiming her for her beauty rather than her portrayal.

"I *hate* to hear how lovely I look," she proclaimed one afternoon last fall to a goggle-eyed acquaintance. "This, to me, is—ugh!" She shuddered.

To those who assume that this may be a pose, let it be explained that Joan is impulsive, frank, and outspoken to a refreshing degree. "I'm the gabby one of the Caulfield family," she says. She is also the gabby one of the Ross family, and sometimes she is silenced decisively by her husband. One day she talked him into posing with her for some pictures. "Now," she admonished him as he left for work that morning (he is a film producer; "The Robe" is his most recent), "you be *sure* to get home at five-fifteen." Ross agreed. That afternoon he walked in an hour late. "Where've you *been?*" Joan shrieked.

"Darling," said Ross, gently, "I am not running a cigar stand."

As Outspoken as Hepburn

Some stars, in interviews with reporters, posture, assume attitudes, and make up lies in answering questions. Joan has a Hepburnian honesty. Not long ago, a fan-magazine scribe was attempting to get to the bottom of her mortal being.

"Miss Caulfield," he said, "do you ever sit by yourself and just think?"

"Why, uh, yes, I guess I do," she said.

"Well," he persisted, "what do you think?"

"Why," she said, "I think, uh, *thoughts.*"

"What kind of thoughts?"

"Why," said Joan, "thoughts, damn it! How far can you *go?* What're you trying to do, psycho*analyze* me? Put down *thoughts.* Next question!"

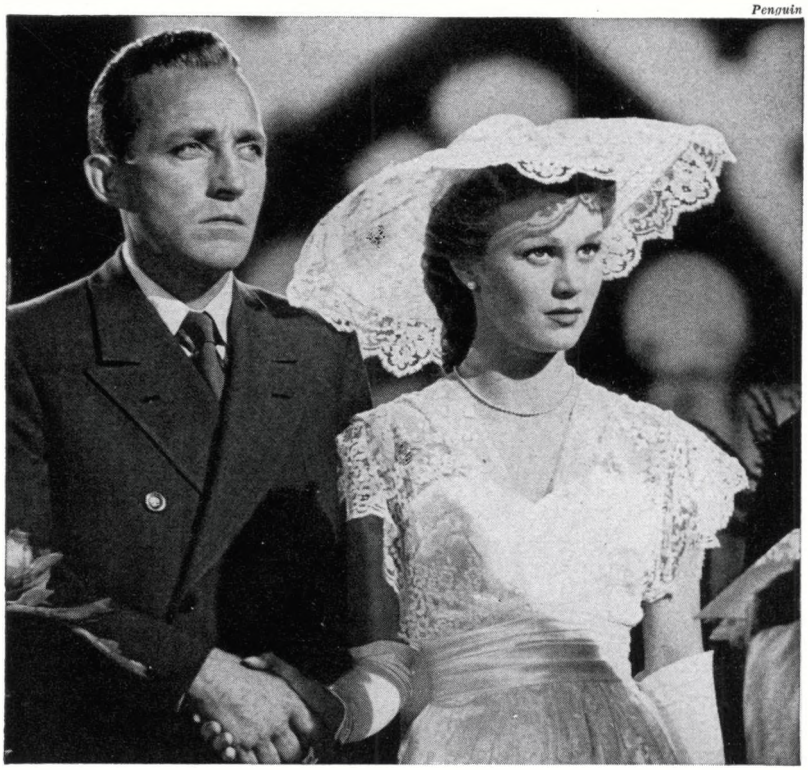
Joan's most memorable blowup occurred early in her motion-picture career, and as a result of it she began the gradual transition from schoolgirl into woman, from talented tyro into actress. For her, this metamorphosis was rougher

(continued)

I.N.P.

THE PYGMALION IN HER LIFE *is producer-director ("The Robe") Frank Ross, who coaches her tirelessly. They've been married three years.*

Penguin



PLAYING OPPOSITE TOP STARS, *like Crosby in "Blue Skies," started early. Her contract gave her six months a year for Broadway.*

VICTIMS OF FOOTLIGHT FEVER. *Joan and Barry find live TV exciting: Here they tangle over what they'll wear to a costume party.*

AS HUSBAND GEORGE. *Barry has acute difficulty in getting up. The domestic comedy counts on true-to-life bedrock for viewer response.*

than for most, for her early existence had been colorlessly, thoughtlessly, vegetably happy. No one, least of all Joan, has ever been able to wring a spattering of interesting copy from her tender years. The facts, to get them over with, are:

Born June 1, 1921, in East Orange, New Jersey, second of three daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Henry R. Caulfield. Father a stockbroker. Attended Catholic primary school and Theodore Roosevelt Junior High and the Beard School in Orange. Moved with family to New York at fifteen. Went to Columbia University and had small parts with the Morningside Players. Never starred in school dramatics; was not even notable. Was fair student. "B" in several subjects, even studied shorthand and typing. Family had "sort of depression," making it necessary to work to stay in college. Father one day had lunch with John Robert Powers, who saw picture of Joan and thought her photogenic. Went to work as a model for Powers' chief rival, Harry Conover. Did usual modeling assignments, including bathing-suit photographs in midwinter and more jobs for mail-order catalogues than she cares to remember.

Had picture on cover of mass-circulation picture magazine. A turning point.

The First to Play Corliss Archer

Encouraged, armed with picture, went to see famous George Abbott, then casting a road company for his Broadway hit, "Best Foot Forward." Abbott, struck by beauty, put her in short-lived "Beat the Band." Lousy.

Following season, Abbott put her in "Kiss and Tell," F. Hugh Herbert's comedy, the original appearance of Corliss Archer, whom Joan played. Sensation. Movie scouts appeared, urging her to display that dressful of goodies to mass audiences. Signed with Paramount. Said Abbott, "You go out there now, and you'll be sorry." Said Joan, "I will not."

End of résumé of career as teen-ager.

Joan had played Corliss Archer naturally, for she was not far removed from the character herself. In her first Paramount effort, "Miss Susie Slagle's," she was equally successful, but that part, too, was relatively simple for her. Then the Paramount executives decided to put her in "Blue Skies," with Bing Crosby and Paul Draper, the dancer, who was making his first movie. The late Mark Sandrich, the producer, selected her for the part. He said, "Can you dance?" Joan had spent her past six or seven years at college proms. "Sure," she said. She had not read the script.

Paramount decided she would attend the studio of Carmalita Maracci, a teacher of the old, strict school. "The next thing I knew," says Joan, "I was

learning ballet. The bar and everything. I started to fight it—at twenty-five bucks an hour. The fact is, I was scared. Scared to death. I even worked at it nights.

"Then came the blow of blows. I heard that Draper was sneaking dancers in the back way, testing them. This was as if they were taking away my *life*, after all that work. I'd lost ten pounds! But they wouldn't tell me. A new producer went on the picture. Still they wouldn't tell me I was out, that they were thinking about somebody else."

Then came the big blowup.

"It was on my birthday, June first, and some friends of mine in the press department had sort of warned me. It made me doubly sore because Billy Wilder and Charlie Brackett had wanted me for a picture. I said to my sister Mary, 'We're going to the studio.' So we drove over there, and I told her to wait outside. 'Keep the motor running,' I said. So I went into Henry Ginsberg's office—he was executive producer. His secretary said he wasn't in, but I went in anyhow, and he was starting out the other door. I said, 'You come back here!' and for thirty minutes I was *on*."

A Memorable Performance

While Ginsberg and his henchmen listened in awe, Joan informed them there was not a nice man among them. She said none of them had any nerve. She asked what kind of industry it was. She remarked that this had made her hate them all. She requested that they send the secretary for her contract so she could tear it up. She concluded in a burst of tears and hurled herself out.

Later, Irving Berlin, who was present, said that it was a great performance. He said that what impressed him most was that she didn't swear a single word. Joan cherishes this memory, for some reason of her own.

Two days later, they put her back in the picture. Draper was out, and in his place they summoned Fred Astaire. "Blue Skies" was a hit, but she was not the girl she had been in her first picture. "I walked through it and turned a few times," she says. "What'd happened was,

(continued)

JOAN AND BARRY MAKE UP *after a squabble over another woman. Behind the laughs are two top writers, Sol Saks and Nate Monaster, who sparked "Duffy's Tavern" and the Burns and Allen show.*

Penguin

"CLOWNING OR SERIOUS, *you can't get tense." She's always relaxed.*

Five feet five and 110 pounds, Joan plays expert tennis, likes heavy novels, Chicago jazz

I'd completely lost confidence in myself. They put me right into a Bob Hope picture, 'Monsieur Beaucaire,' and I looked lovely, but—ugh—*nothing*." Some time later, Billy Wilder met her. "Joan, whatever happened to you as an actress?" he asked. The question was voiced sympathetically but did not help her morale.

A Low Period in Her Life

There was another ego-shattering experience, of which not much can be said. She fell in love with a man several years her senior. He was a star and had a devoted wife and family, and he was unable or unwilling to leave them. It took her some time to get over this hopeless period in her life.

The next turning-point occurred in 1949. Frank Ross describes it as follows: "I'd seen her playing golf at Bel-Air, but I was never much interested in her. She looked too healthy, too much like a member of the 4-H Club. Then one night we were both invited to a cocktail party at Romanoff's. I wasn't feeling well, and when I asked her if she'd like to go to dinner, I emphasized that. 'I'm not well,' I said. But during dinner she was so cute, so attractive, well, we went over to a night club called The Hangover and sat there the rest of the night listening to Red Nichols and His Five Pennies. I never had a date with anybody else after that." Nor did Joan. She had agreed to go out with a writer one afternoon, but she telephoned him and broke it off. She and Ross were married a year later: April 29, 1950.

There can be no disputing Ross's influence. When she met him, she was studying with Alexander Koiransky, who once did stage sets for the great Stanislavsky. She was working on "Joan of Arc," and read her lines one night for Ross.

"You're reciting," Ross said. "You're not acting. Who're you talking to? You have to talk to people. You have to show your faith in the part in your eyes and in your movements." Later, Ross said modestly, "This kind of woke her up. From then on, we worked together."

Joan supplemented Ross's tutelage with work in a class conducted by Michael Chekhov, also a Stanislavskian. Then Ross directed her in "Dream Girl" in Phoenix; in "Claudia" in La Jolla; and in "The Voice of the Turtle" in Chicago, all stock-company roles. Her confidence —and ability—grew apace. People began to sit up and take notice. "I knew I was coming along," she says, "when other *actors* started telling me that I'd been good in something."

Last year Joan did a number of TV guest shots, including a highly successful appearance with Herbert Marshall which came to the attention of Harry Ackerman, CBS television head on the West Coast. Some time later, Ralph Edwards selected her as the subject of a "This Is Your Life" telecast. Al Paschall, a producer, thought she had great possibilities for live TV. Ackerman called for a reshowing of the program, liked her in it, and offered her "My Favorite Husband."

No Happier Girl in Hollywood

Today there is no happier girl in Hollywood. She and Ross live in a small Spanish house high in the hills of Beverly Hills, a place once inhabited by John Barrymore and later by Katharine Hepburn. It boasts a twelfth-century Italian sundial in the middle of the swimming pool. They live simply, with one woman to cook and clean up. They do not go out much, except to jazz spots (both are Chicago-style addicts), and they entertain informally. In the evenings, Joan goes over the next day's lines with her husband. Rehearsing "My Favorite Husband" is a week-long job, but she finds the program more rewarding than anything else she's ever done. Ross believes it is good for her. "Three years of television," he says, "and she'll be ready for anything. It'll do so much for her confidence. All of a sudden, she'll really blossom." Joan, who at first was dubious of the role, is thoroughly sold. "Why, it's like opening night in the theatre every *week*," she says.

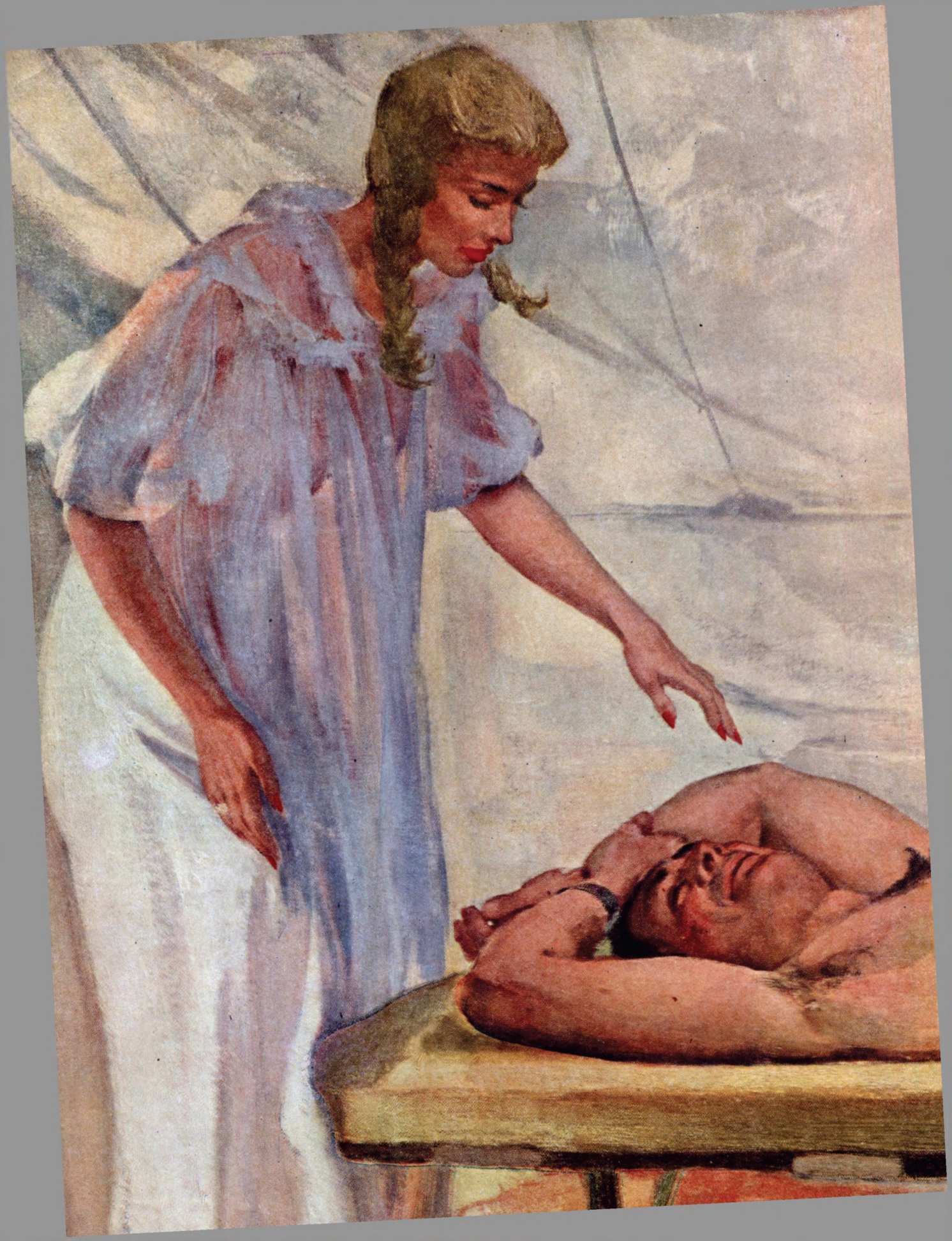
There is one trouble with her existence. Despite her hard work and her definite progress as an actress, people everywhere persist in telling her how lovely she is. Things are at such a pass she rejoices when she hears something bad about herself. One day Kay Nelson, then the wardrobe designer on the show, accosted her in one of the cavernous halls at CBS.

"Joan," she said, "I don't like to mention this, but frankly, you looked terrible last week. You frowned all over the place. You just didn't look well at all."

Joan broke into a beatific smile.

"Good," she said. THE END

CAULFIELD-NELSON FORMULA: *a flair for comedy, good writers, enjoying the show.*



Courage

He was a jungle hunter, used to pain and danger, but not to love—or a woman's kind of courage

BY EDWARD LINDALL ILLUSTRATED BY AL BUELL

Grant could tell from the way she was looking at him that she had seen the pain on his face. All the time he had been lying on the sodden ground while she was making the drag he had told himself he mustn't show any sign of pain. But when she had helped him claw his way onto it, an end of his broken thighbone had burst through the skin and he hadn't been able to stop his mouth from twisting or his eyes from clenching like screwed-up fists. . . . And now that the bandaging had been done, she was looking down in such a way that he had to turn his head.

"Hand me the gun," he said.

"David," she said softly, "does it hurt too badly?"

"It hurts enough." He noticed with satisfaction that his voice was quite steady, but he was chagrined that he hadn't been strong enough to defeat the pain.

Margaret picked up the heavy rifle from where he had pitched it after shooting the horse, its barrel in the jungle and its stock in the mud of the track. She wiped it on her jodhpurs and handed it to him.

"I'm sorry," she said. "You loved him, didn't you?"

"He was a good horse," Grant said. "But they all die young up here."

"It seems so futile," she said. "Pathetic. If it were after buffalo, something like that, it wouldn't seem so bad. But to break a leg on a tree root . . ."

"Maybe he was worried," Grant said bitterly. "Maybe he was worried and didn't have his mind on his work."

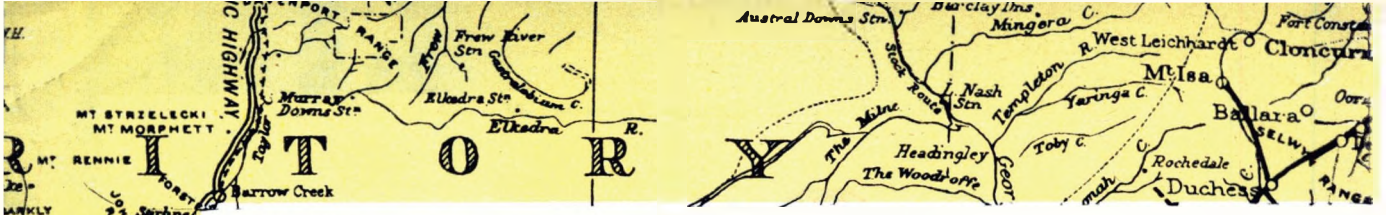
Her right hand moved as though to touch him. Then it stopped in an almost imperceptible flutter of uncertainty. "Time we moved," she said. "We must reach the camp before dark."

She swung easily into the saddle, a tall, splendidly built girl with wide shoulders. The jodhpurs emphasized her long legs and narrow hips. A dark-blue man's shirt matched her eyes and set off her blonde hair. She wore it drawn tightly from her forehead and tied at the back with a blue ribbon, in strangely severe contrast with the smooth loveliness of her face.

"Can you hear me?" Grant called.

He was half sitting and half lying on the steeply inclined drag. It was a simple structure. Two long tree poles ran up to the horse's saddle and four were bound crisscross near the ground to make a platform. The horse's hooves and the twin poles

In the lantern light he saw her face, unbelievably delicate yet strong.



Courage (continued)

At the jungle's edge, the river, wide and

of the drag made little noise in the slithery mud.

"Yes," she said. "I can hear."

"Don't turn around," he warned sharply. "If you get scraped off by a branch, it could be the end of both of us."

Her soft lips tightened at his tone, and she turned her eyes again to the track that was little more than the bottom of a gloomy tunnel boring through the jungle. The trees were dark, almost colorless, for even the harsh northern Australian sun could scarcely penetrate their tangle. It was steaming hot.

"You'd better leave me this side of the river," Grant said. "Make the crossing by yourself and radio Doc Hawkins."

"No," she said. "I'll get you across."

"It'll be easier alone."

"I'll get you across."

"There's nothing in the camp can help me—except the radio."

"I know," she said. "But I'm not leaving you."

Grant's jaw line became more angular. "You'd have to make a raft."

"A few more boughs on the drag."

"Tomorrow you'd have the doc to help you."

"And you lying on the bank all night?"

"I've got a gun." Grant patted the heavy rifle. He did it gently, like a man caressing something for which he has a great affection.

"You wouldn't have a chance if the crocs smelled you," she said evenly.

"More than you'd have towing a raft."

"I need protection."

"Not by yourself," Grant said. "Without the smell of blood from my leg, they wouldn't come near."

"There are times," she said coldly, "when heroics make me sick."

Grant flushed beneath his tan. It wasn't like her to talk like that. Yet, he thought, what did he really know about her? They had lived together in the camp for only four weeks, twelve endless months ago. And before that she had been a girl in Darwin, a southern-city girl off a summer-cruise ship, and he a hunter spending the earnings of a lush season. As little as that he knew about her—and she about him. No more than two names on a marriage certificate.

Pain gouged into him, and Grant shut his eyes again. Not pain from his broken thigh, not pain to be eased by a radio call to a flying doctor and a tricky landing on a camp's rough strip. This was the long pain of loneliness, of an ideal shattered and unrestored. He lived by courage. Not merely the quick, flaring kind that enabled anyone with a trigger finger to bag a croc or a buffalo, but that extension of courage that made it possible for a man to accept hardship and danger as a part of everyday life and be glad of it. That was the keystone of his hunter's life, the thing he had come to value above everything—and she had failed him in it. Four weeks in the hunting camp by the sullen yellow river, and she had jumped Chuck Morgan's crazy, wired-up plane and flown back to Sydney.

Chuck had brought in a businessman client from Melbourne on that trip, and Grant remembered now, with grim clarity, that the next fortnight had been the worst shooting he had ever experienced. . . . That was twelve months ago. He hadn't thought to see her again, but yesterday she had walked into his camp as Chuck had lifted his plane off the camp's rough strip and headed fast for Darwin.

Now Grant became aware that the slight swaying of the drag had stopped. He opened his eyes, and Margaret was standing alongside him. Her mouth was tender and her eyes had a moist look.

"Is something wrong?"

"No," Grant said harshly. "Only a busted leg and a busted marriage. And they'll both probably get gangrene."

"I suppose I deserved that," she said steadily.

"It's been so long," Grant parried. "Time to say and think all sorts of things."

"But mainly about courage."

"You can't get along without it."

"The great essential," she said bitterly. "And it comes in so many forms."

"They all mean the same," Grant said. His voice was heavy with the doggedness of a man going over an old and futile argument.

"Ultimately they do."

"I'm not good at riddles."

"No," she said. "Everything must be straight out with you. It's right or it's wrong. It's courage or cowardice. Simple and clear-cut as that." She paused, and now there was no moistness in her eyes or tenderness about her mouth. "The trouble is, you've been alone too long. I told you that before—before I left you. You've become rigid. All you can understand is your own code, your own brand of courage."

swarming with death, blocked their way home

"Do you think we could drop this?" Grant said.

He placed his hands on the side poles of the drag and pushed himself up a little from where he had slipped down its steep incline. He was a big man, tall and wide, without any fat, and tanned by the sun to a deep coffee color. His face was composed of flat, square planes as if it had been cut from some smooth hardwood. That was now, when it was set with pain. But laughter wrinkles radiated from the corners of his brown eyes, and his mouth was wide and full-lipped. When he laughed, all the sternness disappeared and he looked younger than his thirty years. But he had not laughed for a long time.

"Drop it if it worries you," she said. "We can talk about it later."

"Now's as good a time as any," Grant said obstinately. "If we *have* to talk about it."

His voice started out harshly but fell away, and he couldn't say anything else. She was more beautiful now than he had ever seen her, and it hurt more than his injured leg.

"No," she said. "It's not a good time. Not when you're in pain."

"It's a good, clean pain."

"No pain is good or clean," she said quietly. "I ought to know."

Then, unexpectedly, she bent quickly and kissed him on the forehead. Without speaking, she turned and swung herself back on the horse, and they moved on. The gloom of the jungle deepened, and the heat increased. The trees seemed to press inward.

But despite the heat, he felt a sudden chill. The pain in his thigh had quieted to a vast ache, but the hurt that lashed him now, after Margaret's kiss, was sharp and insistent. He had never stopped loving her. He knew that in this moment, as he had always known it in the long months of her absence. At first he had tried to hate her, but that had been impossible. Then he had tried to keep her image freshly before his mind, but that had been more than he could bear.

He thought about this, turning it over and over in his mind. Every instinct told him to take her back, but for the first time in his life he knew fear. Fear that if he let her stay she might leave him again to his bitter emptiness. He believed she loved him—otherwise she would never have returned—but love was not enough in this country. Courage was needed, too, and that was what he felt she didn't have in sufficient quantity. Without it, the northland would defeat her again. . . .

"Daylight ahead," Margaret said.

Grant started almost guiltily. "The river," he said. "And there's not much daylight left."

"Enough to build a raft," Margaret said.

A light breeze drifted down the track, bringing to the jungle the baked dry-grass freshness of the open buffalo plains across the river. Grant felt it drying his sweat-soaked clothes and massaging his face with gentle fingers.

"Never thought I'd be glad to see its ugly face again," he said.

"It means we're near home," she said. "That's something in its favor. Two hundred yards wide. And it runs so slowly."

Then they came out on the narrow open strip of the bank. Grant could see the yellow river below him and across it to the other bank and the two white tents of his camp among the sparse trees that fringed the great buffalo plains. There was no jungle on that side; it was all hemmed in here in the vast elbow the river made as it turned and headed north to the Arafura Sea.

"Don't be deceived by the two hundred yards," he said. "There's more to it than that."

"We did it before," Margaret said.

She dismounted and walked back to Grant, stretching her legs. A long piece of blonde hair had come adrift from its confining ribbon and was hanging across her cheek, making her look like a schoolgirl. She twirled it in her fingers and tucked it back.

"We were lucky before," he said. "You crossed because you didn't know. I did because I had to go after you."

"I had to find some quiet place," she said. "Somewhere I could think."

"I know," Grant said, his voice suddenly gentle. "But it's quieter on the plains."

"I thought you said the crocs don't worry horses? Or people on horses?"

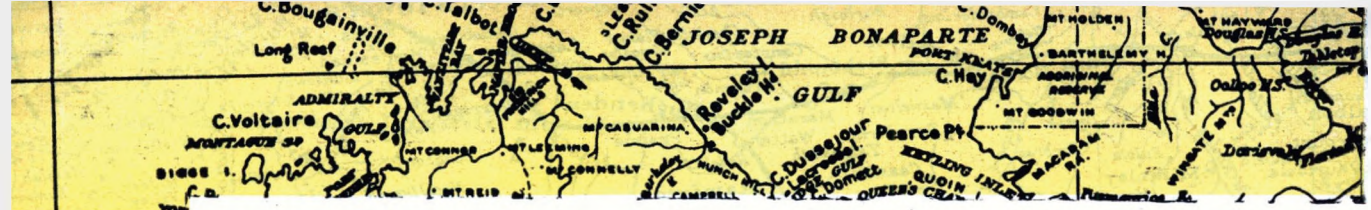
"Depends how hungry they are."

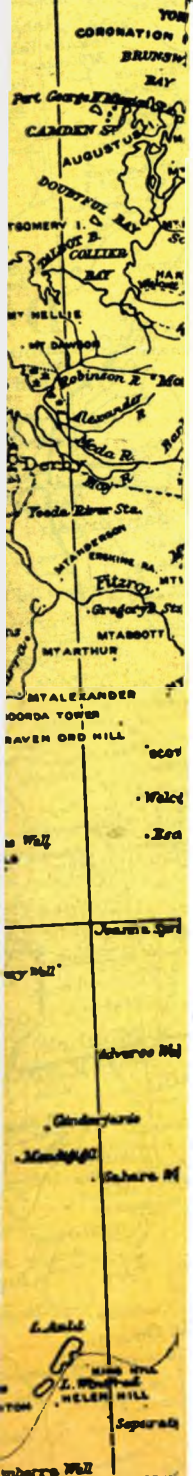
"How do you tell?"

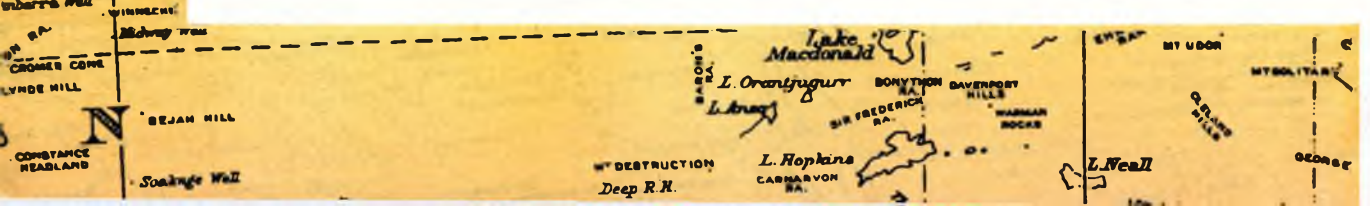
Grant grinned briefly. "They take only one bite when they're hungry."

Margaret shuddered slightly and turned away. She drew the heavy machete from its saddle scabbard. "I'll start on the raft. There isn't much time."

Grant watched her drive the wide blade into a







Courage (continued)

young sapling on the jungle's edge. It went halfway through at the first blow, for the timber grew too rapidly there by the river to have any strength. Then she was through it and was attacking the next.

In her calm acceptance of responsibility, he recognized the courage he had thought she did not possess. A feeling of guilt stirred in him. Slowly, unwillingly, he began to understand the driving force behind his persistent attempts to make her go on alone. It was not so much a concern for her safety as for his. He had wanted to test her almost beyond endurance so that he should not be hurt again. The realization made him feel suddenly selfish and unworthy. It was a new experience for him. A bewildering one. He shifted his weight, and the pain in his leg flared brutally. He saw the blood-stain widen on the rough bandage. Suddenly he grew angry. He couldn't understand anything anymore.

"It'd be so easy by yourself," he said roughly.

Margaret paused, the machete resting on her shoulder. "Do we have to go through that again?"

"I could cover you from here with the rifle."

"You couldn't," she said acridly. "It's as far as from here to Sydney."

"Riddles again," Grant said shortly, and turned his head to look across at the camp. His face was dull red under its tan.

"You couldn't protect me then," she said, watching his averted face, knowing her thrust had gone home. "And you couldn't do it now. There's more to it than firing shots from a rifle."

"I don't understand."

"Of course you don't," she said tersely. "How could you, with no experience?"

Grant swung around. "That's unfair."

"Maybe it is," she said. "But no more unfair than you've been." Her face was flushed, too, now, but from mounting anger. "I ran out on my responsibilities once, and you didn't raise a hand to stop me, you didn't try to help me. You said I lacked courage, and I thought you were right. Now I know you were wrong. Desperately, selfishly wrong."

Grant couldn't make himself look at her.

"I had the courage," she went on, her voice taut, "but I needed your help. And you sat back and let me struggle. Now I'm trying to show you, and you're doing everything you can to stop me."

Her voice broke slightly. Her body was tense and her eyes flashing, close to tears. Grant wanted badly to take her in his arms, but he was too uncertain of himself. He felt strangely unable to cope with her determination. Perhaps it was the pain, he thought. The psychological disadvantage of having to argue lying down. His limbs seemed oddly light now; his mind clear and brittle, as though detached from his body. For the first time, he could think objectively, dissect himself, and what he found made him feel deeply ashamed. He *had* been unsympathetic. She was right. He hadn't helped her to adjust herself to the harsh life of the camp. But it wasn't because he had been indifferent or critical. It was because he hadn't known how to help—how to adjust *himself* to the new demands of living with someone.

"Help me sit up a bit," he said. "I can get a better shot at anything then."

"You're such a good shot," she said, "I'm a little sorry for the crocs."

Now they were both acting nonchalant, aware they had been on the brink of something important and yet unable to do anything about it.

Margaret began tying the trimmed saplings to the drag poles with lianas. Grant saw, with a ridiculous pleasure, that she knew how to make a knot. Watching her, he was filled with wonder that she was doing all this for him. It struck him suddenly. For him.

"Perhaps we won't see any crocs," he said lamely. "They're funny brutes."

"We'll soon know," she said, and looking up from her work, caught him watching her and held his eyes until he turned them away. Then she knotted the last piece of liana and stood back, smiling quietly. "I'm afraid it's going to hurt getting down into the water. There's quite a drop."

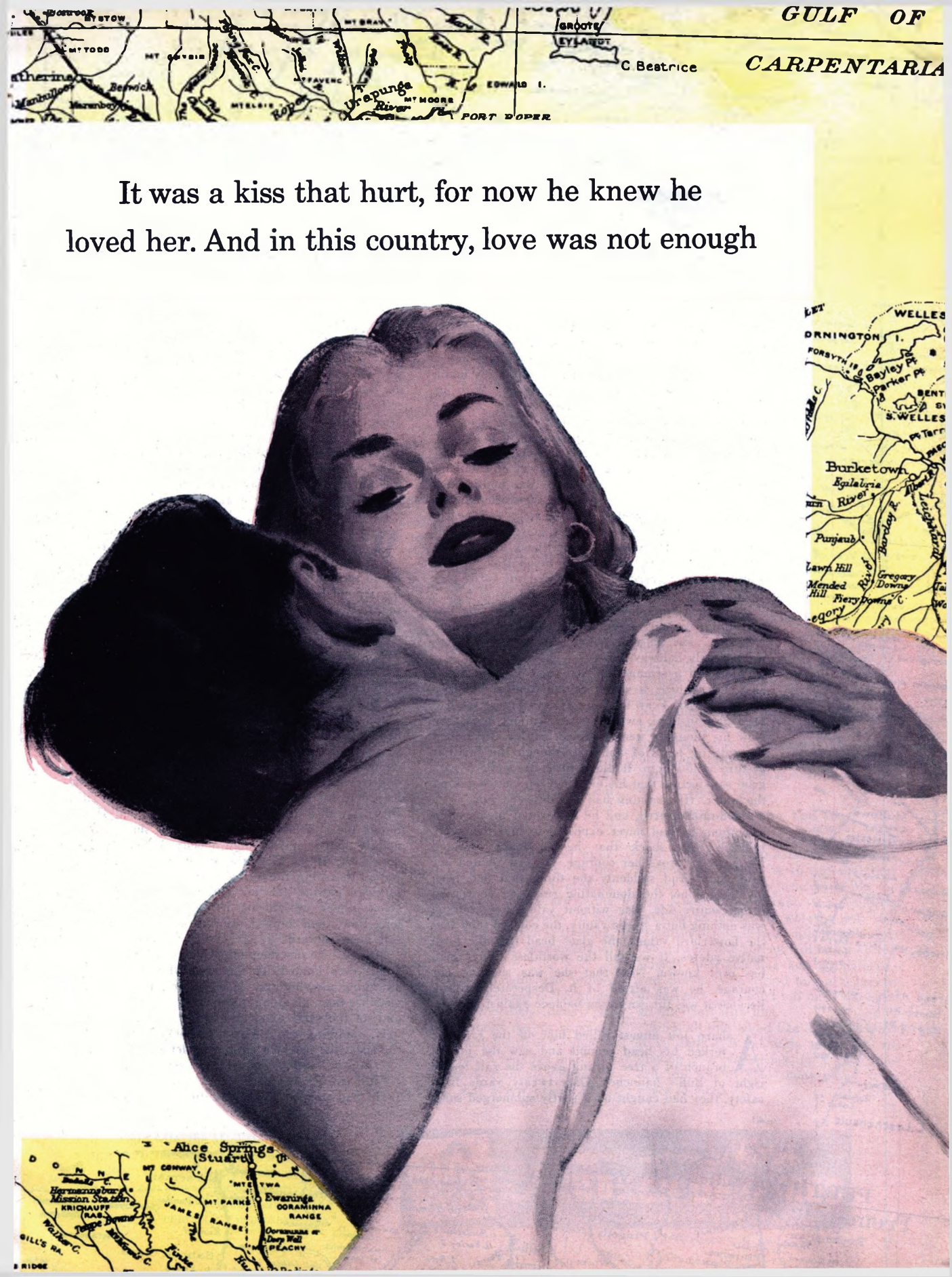
"Don't worry about me," Grant said. "Just don't jolt off my gun. If there's anything more helpless than a hunter without a gun, let me know."

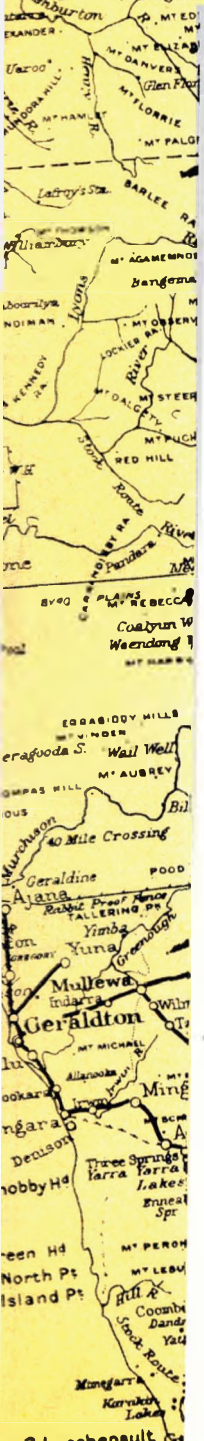
"There is," she said. "A girl without a hunter."

She turned quickly and mounted. Grant screwed around to look at her, his face young with mingled happiness and disbelief, but she was intent on the task and didn't glance back. He felt foolishly disappointed. Foolishly because he knew that she needed all her horsemanship to coax Buff down the steep bank into the sullen yellow water.

Grant pushed the butt of the rifle down through his belt, and spread his arms wide to grip the sides of the raft. He heard Margaret talking to Buff, urging him down the steep bank. The raft tilted, and he was looking up at his feet. Then he felt the warm water seep through his shirt. The end of the raft dropped with a loud, smacking splash, and then bobbed gently on the sluggish water. Already the bank was receding, and Grant could hear Buff snorting with the effort of dragging the raft. He was a good swimmer, and Grant knew the crossing was well within his strength. Grant screwed around painfully, moving carefully so as not to capsize the raft, and could just see Margaret's blonde head above the

It was a kiss that hurt, for now he knew he loved her. And in this country, love was not enough





Courage (continued)

As she struggled to free the raft, he saw the

water on the upstream side. She held a stirrup in one hand and swam furiously with the other, to take as much weight as possible off the straining horse.

Then the thought struck Grant, freezing his mind. What could he do if a croc came head on? With his broken thigh, he couldn't turn quickly and he couldn't kneel to get a shot over Buff's head. He cursed bitterly. Why hadn't he thought of it before? His eyes darted quickly over the thick yellow surface of the river, looking for the swirl of a tail, or a pair of eyes and a snout. There was nothing behind or to the sides. He tried to turn around, but this time he was careless with anxiety and nearly capsized the raft. He stopped his movement in half execution and slowly eased himself back. It would be fatal to fall into the water. The blood from his leg would attract every croc for hundreds of yards.

"Margaret!" he shouted. "We've got to go back."

He hitched around far enough to see her. She was swimming vigorously, her face set with determination.

"Can't," she gasped. "Bank's too steep. Besides, we're nearly halfway across."

Grant felt a strange emotion then. One he didn't at first recognize. It was a combination of helplessness and fear. Fear for her. Always before he had been able to think swiftly, to act without hesitation. Now his thoughts were jumbled, rattled. He hefted the rifle by force of habit, as though the familiar gesture would help. It did a little. He noticed with grim satisfaction that his eyes had not ceased raking the water. His training had not deserted him.

His brain cleared, and he discovered in his mind something he had never expected to find there. He realized with shock that he no longer wanted Margaret to prove her courage. He just wanted her safe. Safe. And suddenly the thing that had been his touchstone, the dominating rule and conviction of his entire life, was without value. For courage was nothing but a stupid vanity, the colored shell that the bowerbird values, the glass bead that the bush native adores. It was all the worthless things man has ever known. Now that she was showing her courage, he was afraid of it. Desperately afraid, because it was thrown in the balance against her life.

A sharp jolt almost rolled him off the raft. He jerked his head around and saw the jagged branch of a tree jutting above the raft to the right of Buff's haunches. Only twenty yards from safety, they had caught on a partly submerged snag. Buff, puzzled by the added weight, was swimming frantically. If only he would stop for a minute, the current would float them free, but Grant knew there was no hope of that. There was only one thing to do. Buff had to be cut free before he exhausted himself and drowned—and it had to be done quickly. Then Grant saw Margaret haul out the machete.

"Good," he called. "Cut Buff free and swim for it."

Margaret got hold of the raft, passed herself hand over hand along it until she reached the snag. Grant was puzzled. Then he saw what she intended. "Leave it," he shouted. "Leave it and get out."

Without turning her head, she began hacking at the branch that held the raft. Her feet rested on the submerged tree trunk, and she was out of the water from the waist. Her hair was streaming around her shoulders, wet and heavy with river water. Her face was pale and her lips compressed. Grant thought she had never looked more wonderful.

"Take Buff and swim to the camp," he pleaded. "Tie a rope to some wood and float it down to me."

"Don't talk," she panted. "Keep still."

"Please," Grant said. "Margaret. Please."

"No."

But the word was soft, and a smile touched her lips. A glow kindled in him that drowned the pain in his thigh and momentarily made him forget their danger. Then a smooth crescent ripple showed in midstream. His eyes hardened, and a pulse of fear leaped in his chest. He fanned the bolt of the rifle, lifted it with a quick, smooth movement, and almost before the butt had settled against his shoulder, the muzzle flared and a high-velocity bullet spanged across the river. The croc leaped half out of the water, thrashing the surface with its tail, its short forelegs pawing the air and its jaws gaping. It stood almost upright on its tail, seemingly for a long time, then flopped over backward and floated, soft belly upward.

"Quick," Grant shouted. "Up on the raft."

His eyes hunted for the crocs that would come swarming now there was blood in the water. He could visualize them all along the river, in the jungle's edge and on the sand bars, taking the water with their ugly, waddling runs. Margaret hacked furiously at the snag, the machete flailing in her desperation.

"Drop it," Grant shouted. "Get on the raft."

"It'll sink."

He had opened his mouth to shout again when

tiny ripples that concealed swift-moving death

he saw two ripples coming fast. He slammed a steel-jacketed bullet between a pair of black, pebble eyes and saw the croc turn upside down, quite slowly, as though it had decided to go to sleep. But the yellow water was stained with blood, and he saw the other croc turn and clamp its great jaws across the floating body, lift it, and shake it like a dog with a rat, foaming the water for yards around. Then it disappeared under the surface with its unexpected meal. Now there was so much blood in the river that Grant knew the crocs would come for miles. And he couldn't hope to see them all from where he was sitting. He had to get higher so he could fire over Buff at any coming in from ahead. He forced himself up on his good knee. The pain hammered at him in vast waves, but he *had* to see over Buff's head. The crocs behind would concentrate on the two bodies for a while. It was the fresh ones that might come from the near bank he had to watch. He would be able to see them better, he thought, if the black curtain would lift from in front of his eyes and the riverbank stop tilting crazily from side to side.

"It's free," he heard Margaret call, remotely.

Then he felt the raft moving again, heard Buff's frantic snorting as he scented blood and the sour stench of crocs. Buff was a fine horse, Grant thought proudly. A horse you could depend on. His thoughts drifted pleasantly, and then Margaret's scream pierced the black curtain that wrapped him about, tearing it down like a cyclone striking among native wurleys. He snapped the rifle to his shoulder automatically, swinging the muzzle in a short, searching arc. A few feet below and in front, he saw Margaret's head bobbing in the water alongside Buff and instinctively he tracked her gaze . . . about two o'clock . . . he brought the rifle back a shade, aimed a fraction ahead of the beady eyes, and squeezed the trigger. He was ice-cold, and there was no longer any pain in his leg, for this was his work. Nothing could hurt a man with a good rifle and a steady nerve. He had long since learned the truth of that. So now when he squeezed the trigger he did it gently, with perfect control, and saw without surprise the natural result. The sudden halt of the croc's forward movement, a pause, a furious threshing of its tail, and then its bloated belly turned skyward, its great jaws gaping and the water pouring in.

He worked the bolt again, and the spent shell flew in a small, glittering parabola, into the water. The raft lurched violently to one side. Then the other. He clutched desperately for a handhold, dropping the rifle, and it slid over the side. A long streak of red ran through the blackness that was descending on him again. Then he felt a jarring bump. A pain leaped in his leg, and he tasted the sour mustiness of dirt. Dimly, in the last moment of consciousness, he thought what a wonderful taste it was. He turned his head with a supreme effort and pillowed it on the solid comfort of the earth.

He opened his eyes to see Margaret beside him on a campstool. The light from a lantern lay across her face and lighted the tent walls in a white muzziness. If the tent was indistinct. Margaret's face was clear. Her eyes, her mouth, the smooth line of her cheek as it swept down to the chin, unbelievably delicate and yet strong. She had changed her clothes, and her hair was smoothly drawn back again, making her head seem small. Her lips were tender, smiling quietly, yet not amused.

Her hand was cool on his forehead. "Is it too bad?"

Grant stared at her anxiously. "You're all right?" He was surprised how faint and faraway his voice sounded.

"Darling," she said. "David . . ." She turned her head away for a moment. When she looked back, her eyes were glistening. "You fell when Buff climbed up the bank. I was so afraid."

"You called me 'darling,'" Grant murmured wonderingly.

"I got Darwin," Margaret said softly. "The doctor's at Catfish. They've radioed him there. He'll be here early."

"Don't want to see him," Grant mumbled. "I just want to stay here with you."

Then Margaret was on her knees beside his stretcher, and her arms were smooth and strong about him. Her cheek rested against his, and its softness and the feeling of her arms around him started high music in his mind.

"There's something I've got to tell you about courage," he said. "I discovered something out there."

"Not now," she whispered. "Try to rest now."

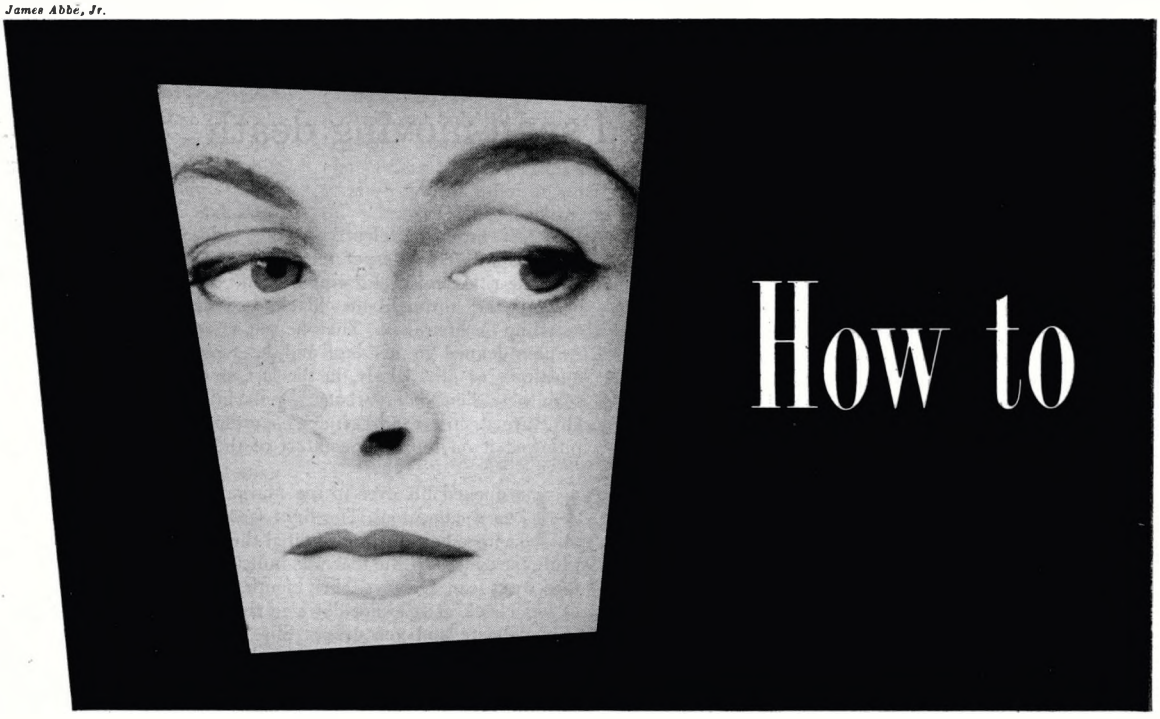
"I've got to tell you this," Grant said.

"Later," she said. "There'll be years for that."

She turned her head and kissed him gently on the lips. Grant smiled up at her for a moment, then his eyes closed and he blacked out again. But the smile stayed on his mouth.

THE END

James Abbé, Jr.



How to

Ten thousand specialists treat mental ills ranging from newlyweds' spats to psychoses. This is the way to know which one to see and how to avoid the 25,000 quacks in the field

BY IRWIN ROSS

If you were suffering from depression, or insomnia, or inability to concentrate on your work, or difficulty in making love to your mate, whom would you turn to for help? Would you know how to find a reputable psychologist or psychiatrist?

A surprising number of people, when faced with such a crucial problem, approach it with staggering nonchalance. They simply flip the pages of the classified telephone directory and select the first "consulting psychologist" or "metaphysician" whose flashy ad catches their eye. The results make up an alarming collection of modern horror tales.

One fetching young lady, aged twenty-four, repaired to a "lay therapist" in Greenwich Village soon after her marriage broke up. She was in a highly turbulent state, afflicted with shattering spasms of anxiety. The therapist, whose equipment for his delicate undertaking consisted largely of a glib tongue, decided he knew just what ailed her: she was too submissive. She must strive for independence—a havoc-wreaking process that involved breaking with her mother (whom she was told she really hated), casting aside most of her old friends (because the attachments were "too neurotic"), and quickly providing herself with "new sexual outlets" (as final proof of emancipation).

For a time, her anxiety abated and all went well, since the doctor had replaced all her other dependent relationships. She couldn't make a move without him. Then she developed doubts as to the wisdom of her new way of life. The "doctor" castigated her for her lack of stamina, and she sank into a deep depression. She was on her way to a hospital for shock therapy when a family friend steered her into the office of a properly trained psychoanalyst.

In Los Angeles, a housewife brought her eight-year-old son, who was retarded in school, to a "consulting psychologist." The learned gentleman promptly diagnosed his case as "a rare mental disease," and offered treatment at $15 an hour, two sessions a week. Horrified, the mother decided to get an additional, confirming diagnosis—and learned at a bona fide clinic that her boy was merely hard of hearing. Later, she learned why the first diagnosis had been erroneous: the "consulting psychologist" was an ex-plumber with no professional training.

A young man suffering from sexual difficulties and compulsive habits went to a "group psychotherapist" for help.

Choose a Psychiatrist

The $500 "course" he got consisted of weekly group sessions, during which different patients were hypnotized. Under questioning, they bared intimate details of their lives which were discussed first in the group and later in individual sessions with the "doctor" (at an additional $10 an hour). Under this bizarre treatment, the patient grew even more unhappy and anxiety-ridden. Soon he had worse problems: two members of the group, with the apparent connivance of the therapist, threatened to blackmail him, for during his "treatment" he had confessed to a few sexual peccadilloes and to having tapped his employer's till. At this, he finally fled to a real doctor.

These are not isolated cases. Every year, hundreds of thousands of Americans troop into the parlors of the psychoquacks, who promise sure relief for every ailment, from stage fright to "war psychosis." They offer a variety of impressive therapies: "metaphysical healing," autosuggestion, self-hypnosis, and even mass hypnosis. Their charges range from $5 to $25 an hour, and in a year they pocket a staggering $375,000,000, according to the estimate of the American Psychological Association. No one knows just how many quacks are in private practice, but the association regards 25,000 as a realistic estimate.

Few callings offer such rich rewards for such little professional training. The primary qualifications are a persuasive manner, a glib command of psychological jargon, and *some* kind of a degree. A few practitioners claim Ph.D. degrees they never earned, while others parade such titles as Doctor of Psychology (Ps.D.) and Doctor of Metaphysics (Ms.D.), obtainable only at "diploma mills" at a cost of from $50 to $100. In a survey of "clinical psychologists" listed in the Los Angeles telephone directory, Dr. Edward J. Shoben discovered that only ten per cent of the therapists had adequate professional training. Others had come to their present work from careers as schoolteachers, ministers, engineers. The group also included an artist, an interpreter, a lawyer, a bank teller, an auditor, and a musician in its ranks.

How to Tell a Qualified Man

Many laymen assume that anyone who hangs out a shingle as a "clinical psychologist" or "psychoanalyst" has to be licensed to practice, just like a doctor. In most states, this is not the case. Only in Georgia and Tennessee are psychologists licensed, and only in Connecticut, Kentucky, Minnesota, and Virginia are they certified by the state. Even with a certification law, however, a quack can usually operate; he merely has to refrain from referring to himself as a "certified psychologist."

How can you tell a qualified practitioner from a fraud? The first essential is to know something about the kinds of legitimate practitioners available and the services they offer. There are three types:

1) A *psychiatrist* is an M.D. who treats mental ailments. A doctor qualifies as a psychiatrist after a course of postgraduate training, including a residency in a mental hospital or clinic. There are somewhat more than 8,000 psychiatrists in the U.S.—about half of them in private practice.

Psychiatry covers every type of mental aberration. Its practitioners treat both the insane (psychotics) and people who are sane but have emotional disorders (neurotics).

A wide range of techniques is employed. In severe cases of insanity, the psychiatrist may use brain surgery or electric-shock treatment. In less severe cases, he may try to bring the patient back to reality with the help of occupational therapy—the familiar basketweaving and woodworking of mental hospitals. Hypnosis is sometimes effectively used

(continued)

How to Choose a Psychiatrist (continued)

in helping patients to recall the painful experiences that set off their trouble. Drugs are often administered for the same purpose.

One of the most commonly employed forms of treatment—used with both the insane and with neurotics—is *psychotherapy*, a process of "talking out" the patient's problems. The patient sits in a chair facing the doctor, and tells him the anxieties, uncertainties, doubts, hostilities, and resentments that make life intolerable for him. The doctor gives support, reassurance, and in certain cases, direct guidance. At the same time, by astute questioning, he delicately seeks out the roots of the patient's difficulty. When he discovers the cause, he tries to bring the patient to an awareness of what is really troubling him.

Often this technique of purposeful "talking out" can effect startling cures. In a typical case, a forty-year-old man came to a psychiatrist complaining of high blood pressure. His family doctor had determined there was nothing physically wrong and strongly suspected a mental cause.

Once a week, for three months, the patient sat in the psychiatrist's office. The mere process of unburdening himself to a sympathetic listener had a wholesome effect: for a day or two after each visit, he would be less nervous and his blood pressure would go down. And, gradually, the patient revealed what was really troubling him: he was unhappy in his work (he was an accountant); he was likely to panic when he got into a competitive situation in his office. Basically, he doubted his own capacities.

"Talking Out" Was the Cure

As the treatment continued, the doctor led the patient to a realistic inventory of his personal assets. The man was brought to see that he possessed far more talent and intelligence than he credited himself with, and he was frequently reminded that he had already achieved a measure of success. As the patient's assurance grew, the doctor suggested he take one or two steps toward self-advancement. When these were successful, the patient was reconfirmed in his new-found self-confidence. At the end of three months, most of his anxieties had slipped away and his blood pressure was approaching the normal range.

This, of course, was a fairly simple case. Often the treatment takes longer and the doctor has to probe deeper.

2) The *clinical psychologist* is not a physician, but has been especially trained to diagnose and treat mental illnesses. He holds an academic rather than a medical degree—either an M.A. or a Ph.D. in psychology.

Most clinical psychologists work in clinics or hospitals, under the supervision of psychiatrists. A very few are in private practice. Some of them devote themselves exclusively to psychological testing, a highly skilled science which is of great assistance in diagnosis. By the use of elaborate devices, the tester can determine not only the level of intelligence but also whether there are any mental aberrations, whether a patient is likely to lapse into insanity, or whether a mental ailment is an indication of some physical defect, like a tumor.

A number of clinical psychologists are qualified to treat patients. They can undertake verbal forms of therapy—the "talking out" process already described. But they are unqualified, as well as forbidden by law, to administer such treatments as drugs and electric-shock therapy. Only doctors can use these methods.

The Technique of Psychoanalysis

3) Finally, we come to the *psychoanalyst*, who may or may not be a doctor. He practices a specialized and highly skilled form of therapy. He sometimes treats the insane, but most of his work is with patients who are sane but have serious emotional disorders.

The technique is complex. Standard equipment, of course, is the couch—on which the patient reclines as he attempts to remember long-forgotten, painful experiences. To summon up these repressed memories, the patient uses "free association"—he says the first thing that comes into his mind, no matter how painful, disgusting, or humiliating.

The psychoanalyst pieces together this random data, analyzes the patient's past and present conduct, and interprets his dreams. (Dreams can tell a lot because they represent hidden wish fulfillments.) Gradually he uncovers the roots of the disorder and brings the patient to a dawning awareness of how and why he became ill. If the therapy is successful, this produces a cure.

Psychoanalysis is really a form of "talking out," but an extremely complex method, one that probes deep into motivation and is likely to explore much further back into the patient's early life.

Let us look again at the case of that forty-year-old accountant suffering from high blood pressure, whose treatment by a psychiatrist has already been recounted. If he hadn't responded favorably to this relatively brief treatment, the doctor might well have suggested psychoanalysis.

An analyst would handle the case somewhat differently. He, too, would provide support and reassurance, but, in seeking an explanation for the patient's physical malady, he would delve far beyond the fact that the patient was unhappy in his work and was panicked by competitive situations in the office. Why did he suffer these anxieties? In seeking the answer, the patient's childhood and adolescent experiences would probably be minutely examined. The analyst might well discover, after a good deal of "free association" and dream interpretation, that the patient had long harbored a fierce antagonism toward his father which, as a growing child, he had repressed and never mastered. Although hidden from consciousness, these antagonistic impulses had brought him profound guilt feelings. To do penance for his guilt, the patient had directed his rage inward. He was in a constant state of "overmobilization," with no effective channel for the expression of his aggressiveness. The result was high blood pressure.

Thus the complex diagram: from an early hatred of the father, to repressed guilt feelings, to distressing physical symptoms. Described so baldly, the process sounds implausible, but the dark regions of the human mind can invent even weirder fantasies. In the course of analytic treatment, the patient comes to understand these strange drives. And with understanding come a gradual mastery of his conduct and an abatement of his symptoms.

The techniques of psychoanalysis require considerable time. Normally the patient undergoes treatment for from two to four years. He generally requires three to five sessions a week—at a price ranging from $10 to $35 a session, depending on his means. Patients of moderate income can sometimes be treated at a much lower cost at clinics.

All told, there are about 700 psychoanalysts in the country. Most of them are also psychiatrists. A minority, however, are nonmedical psychologists, or "lay analysts."

Both lay and medical analysts undergo vigorous training, which takes from three to five years of postgraduate study. The student must be psychoanalyzed himself, and when he begins to treat patients, it is under the close supervision of a seasoned analyst. Most practitioners are at least thirty-five before they can hang out their shingle. Little wonder that fees are high!

Which Should You Go to?

How can you decide what kind of practitioner to go to? If your child has allergies, or your young daughter is abnormally slow in reading, or your husband is assailed by debilitating attacks of anxiety, should a psychiatrist, a psychologist, or a psychoanalyst be consulted?

The problem often comes down to a community's mental health resources. There are roughly 4,000 psychiatrists, 700 psychoanalysts, and 300 to 400 quali-

fied clinical psychologists in private practice. They cluster in the larger cities. At the moment, there are over 1,000 doctors studying to be psychoanalysts.

What Each Specialist Treats

Most authorities agree as to the types of cases each specialist can handle in private practice:

For the psychiatrist

The insane should be treated only by psychiatrists. The reasons are readily apparent: at some point in his treatment, the patient is likely to have to receive physical treatment. He may also have to be hospitalized—which can be arranged only by a physician.

Whenever emotional disturbances produce physical symptoms, a psychiatrist should handle the treatment, since he is a medical doctor. These are the familiar "psychosomatic" disorders—the child with the allergy, the husband with the ulcer, the student with chronic indigestion for which no physical cause can be found. In certain severe cases, psychoanalysis may be called for—but it should be undertaken only by a medical analyst.

For the psychologist

The clinical psychologist can provide testing services of many kinds. He can tell whether your child is really mentally retarded—or merely suffering from a remedial emotional disturbance or perhaps a hearing defect. He is often the only type of practitioner especially trained to treat the troublesome problems of childhood—everything from thumb-sucking and prolonged bed-wetting to difficult speech defects and an inability to read properly.

With adults, the psychologist can often provide useful counsel when the emotional problem is not too severe. The college student who is temporarily incapable of concentrating on his studies; the war veteran, previously a stable individual, who has trouble returning to his normal work routine; the young married couple who continually bicker over the demands of their in-laws—these perplexed individuals can all gain useful insight at the hands of a psychologist.

For psychiatrist or psychologist

There remain a great variety of serious emotional disturbances—the so-called "neuroses"—which can be handled either by a psychiatrist or a psychologist. In this category fall patients suffering from pronounced compulsions or obsessions, phobias or depressions. The individual with acute anxiety, the impotent husband or the frigid wife, the alcoholic, the drug addict, the homosexual, can all be treated by either a medical or a nonmedical man. So can those unfortunates who suffer from the less dramatic but equally debilitating "character neuroses"—the man or woman with an almost total inability to organize his or her life, or to accept responsibility, or to establish an affectionate relationship with another human being.

For the psychoanalyst

In many instances, psychoanalysis is the only possible treatment. It is generally called for where the emotional disturbance is deep-seated and of long duration. Phobias that go back to childhood; deep depression that has afflicted a person for a period of years; a pronounced and persistent inability to function effectively in work or in one's sex life—this is the sort of disorders for which analysis is frequently prescribed. If a psychiatrist is uncertain at the outset as to the scope and tenacity of the ailment, he may first try brief treatment. If this proves insufficient, he goes on to analysis.

First Consult Your Doctor

In choosing a practitioner, the patient is wise to consult first with his family doctor. For one thing, the patient is not always able to identify his own problem; usually he needs guidance as to the type of treatment he should seek. Moreover, the well-informed general practitioner is in a position to know the capabilities of local specialists and to provide the patient with a list of three or four names from which he can make his selection with confidence.

In some cases, the patient can get guidance from clergymen or social workers. Or he can telephone a reputable hospital and ask for the names of two or three psychiatrists attached to its staff. If he is looking for a qualified clinical psychologist, the American Psychological Association, in Washington, D.C., will provide a local list.

It is simple to check on the basic qualifications of a practitioner. In the case of psychiatrists, a local medical directory—available at the library or the county medical society—provides all the relevant data about a man's training, teaching affiliations, and organizational connections.

You might understandably give preference to a doctor who belongs to the American Psychiatric Association—ninety per cent of the psychiatrists do—or is recognized by the American Board of Psychiatry and Neurology, which requires more advanced specialized training. Bear in mind, however, that a few expert practitioners have never bothered to affiliate with either group. Similarly, if you have a choice, it would be sensible to pick a man who serves on a medical faculty or is connected with a well-known, recognized clinic.

The same criteria hold for psychoanalysts. Look for membership in either the American Psychoanalytic Association, the Association for the Advancement of Psychoanalysis, or graduation from a reputable training institute. The bulk of psychoanalysts—over five hundred—belong to the first-named group.

You should be particularly concerned with the professional training of nonmedical practitioners. Doctors, of course, may be incompetent, but it's the fields of psychologists and psychoanalysts that have been invaded by outright quacks. The reason is simple: only a physician can be a psychiatrist; anyone else who takes the title goes to jail. But any individual can legally call himself a "psychoanalyst," and the title "psychologist" requires a license in only two states. It is thus up to the patient, or his family, to make sure that he singles out a well-trained practitioner.

The professional directories, however, provide no more than an elementary guide. You can learn a good deal more about a specialist's ability and integrity by checking his reputation with his colleagues and patients. If you have any friends undergoing treatment, you might have them solicit their doctor's opinion about the men you are considering. Most practitioners in a community know each other, and favorable reactions from a few doctors are a good indication you are on the right track.

Pick Someone You Like

The final step is to have a consultation with two or three candidates. The doctor-patient relationship is so personal that if you don't like the man, he is not for you. A specialist's learning or therapeutic skill is no guide to whether you can establish the necessary rapport with him. One prospective patient will find a doctor warmly understanding and sympathetic, and another will regard him as a horror of austerity. You can't tell until you have an interview with him.

Does all this sound like a lot of work? It is. But it is infinitely preferable to placing your confidence in a man who can rob you of your money—and your peace of mind. THE END

Photos by Carroll Seghers II—Black Star

By the last race at Hialeah, over $1,000,000 is bet. You can go broke without seeing a betting window.

When Women Invade the Races

They double the job of the Pinkerton men, who wage relentless war on the confidence artists, the books, and the touts who prowl the tracks for prey

BY W. C. HEINZ

The biggest collection of suckers in the world can be found at any race track. In 1952, hundreds of thousands of reasonably intelligent Americans bet $1,915,220,517 at eighty-five tracks. In addition, they put another $411,102,771 through the betting machines at assorted harness-horse meetings.

As a result of all this free-flowing cash, any race track becomes a logical shooting range for pickpockets, confidence men, forgers, touts, and bookmakers. Take any race track on any afternoon, as the sharps lie in wait for their game. Take Belmont Park, the finest horse-racing plant in the world. Take a woman, coming through the gate with the crowd.

The woman was in her early forties, well dressed, in a light-gray tailored suit and with a shoulder bag looped over her left shoulder. When she came through the gate, she immediately became a mark. A mark is a target, but the woman did not realize this, of course. Nor did she know that a pair of plain-clothes Pinkertons were standing at the entrance.

While Mooney and, say, Bill Devine were working that one gate, Bill Powell and Ed Bednarz were standing just inside the main clubhouse entrance, where the carriage trade rolls up in big cars.

"Here he comes now," Powell said. "In the light-blue suit, gray hair."

"I've got him," Bednarz said. "I remember him now."

"I knew you would," Powell said.

Sizing Up a Suspect

The man walked up to the ticket taker and presented his ticket. As he walked by them, Powell and Bednarz looked away, and then they turned back and watched him give the second half of the ticket to the attendant at the clubhouse entrance and walk in.

"We grabbed him at Aqueduct," Bednarz said, "about three years ago. He used to be a real big book."

About a half hour later, Powell and Bednarz were inside, watching the man. They were standing in the clubhouse stands, about fifty feet apart, and they were watching him in the crowd, down on the blue-gravel "lawn."

The bookmaker was standing alone, a racing program in one hand, watching the infield tote board that flashes the changing odds and the amounts bet on the horses. He was a slim, immaculate man, sun-tanned, but only one man in a crowd of thousands. About five minutes before post time, however, a short, fat man in a brown suit and smoking a cigar walked up to him. The fat man said something, and the book nodded without looking at the fat man and the fat man walked away.

Powell and Bednarz looked at one another, then went back to watching the book, with short, broken looks. He was alone again. It was post time now for the first race, but he did not bother to look at the horses being moved into the starting gate across the infield.

"The fat guy with the cigar hit him,"

Powell said. "Ever seen him before?"

"No," Bednarz said, "but we got time. Let's go downstairs for the next race."

He Didn't Shout Like the Rest

They were standing together now, and they watched the book during the running of the race. Like the others around him, he climbed up onto one of the green chairs that are strewn around the lawn, but while the others were shouting, some of them waving their hands or waving newspapers or their racing programs, he just stood there, moving his head a little to see the finish.

For the second race, Powell and Bednarz moved down to the ground. They stood behind the book, the one about twenty feet off to the left and the other about the same distance off to the right. At about ten minutes before post time for the second race, the short, fat man in the brown suit walked up to the book again, and he was followed, a few minutes later, by two others. The one was short, wearing a dark-blue suit, and the other was tall and chesty and wearing a light-brown sport jacket and dark-brown slacks.

All the meetings were momentary. It was possible to tell, however, that the chesty man in the sport clothes wanted to stay and talk and that the book had cut him off.

"He's getting real busy now," Powell said to Bednarz when he came over.

Before the third race, the short man in the dark-blue suit and the tall, chesty one hit the book again. The short, fat man in the brown suit did not come back, but two new bettors, a gray-haired, elderly man in a gray suit and a companion in a slate-blue suit, walked up to him, spoke briefly, and walked away.

"He could be a pocket writer," Powell said.

Since the Federal Government struck at bookmaking over two years ago with legislation requiring bookmakers to purchase tax stamps, detecting books has become much more difficult. Now, afraid of being caught with evidence on them, they usually keep only mental records of their bets, and if they write at all, it is never in the open and it is sometimes done with a short pencil operated in a trouser or jacket pocket.

"I'd just as soon close him out," Bednarz said. "We won't get any more."

They waited for the finish of the third race, then walked up to him. "Excuse me," Powell said, bending down, "but we'd like to talk to you. Track police."

"What have I done?" the book said,

A natural "mark," she's trouble for Pinkertons, ready cash for touts.

(continued)

The sharp isn't interested in your fifty-dollar

looking up at Powell. "I haven't done anything."

"Sure," Powell said, keeping his voice down. "Take a walk with us up to the office and we'll explain it to you."

The book got up, and they walked on either side of him through the crowd and under the clubhouse stands and out along the edge of the paddock and up to the Pinkerton office, under the main grandstand.

"You must have the wrong guy," the hook said in the office. "What do you want from me?"

"You ever been here before?" Bednarz said.

The book shook his head. "Not me."

"Any identification?" Powell said.

The book reached inside his jacket and came out with a wallet. He removed a driver's license and handed it to Powell and Powell handed it to Bednarz. Bednarz looked at the name and walked over to one of the filing cabinets. In the Pinkerton files, there are records of over ten thousand suspected books and touts.

"What business you in?" Powell said.

"The dress business," the book said. "I have my own shop."

He fingered into his wallet and handed Powell a business card.

Six Arrests in Five Years

"I thought you'd never been up here before," Bednarz said, walking back from the file with a white card in his hand. "You're an old friend."

"Well—" the book said, shrugging.

"Picked up six times since 1948," Bednarz said to Powell.

"I wasn't doing anything today," the book said. "Nothing."

"You were making a lot of friends," Powell said. "You weren't betting any races, either."

"Well," the book said, "I didn't see anything I liked."

"How much money you got?" Powell said.

The book pulled out a roll of bills. When Powell told him to do so, he counted them out, tens and twenties.

"You see?" he said. "Only $310. It's nothing."

"Oh, it's you again," Jerry O'Grady said.

O'Grady is a former executive assistant to J. Edgar Hoover. Since 1947 he has been heading the Pinkerton force of 200 uniformed men and more than a dozen special agents who police five tracks in New York State.

"Look," the book said, spreading his arms, his hands palms up. "This is the first time I'm here this year, believe me."

"I don't care if it's the first time you've been here in five years," O'Grady said. "You were told to stay away from here. Do you want to be thrown out bodily?"

"No," the book said.

"Get him out," O'Grady said.

Few Convictions for Books

It is the same thing over and over in the policing of a track against books and touts. In ninety per cent of the cases, there is never enough evidence to convict.

"But, believe me," the book was saying as they walked him toward one of the gates, "this is my first time here this year. How did you guys even know I was here?"

"We're psychic," Powell said.

Some of the tips, like this one, come from the outside. A tip may come from a bettor who is in debt to a book, who needs time and hopes the Pinks will grab the book and convict him. A tip may come from any of six former FBI men who work off the track as part of O'Grady's force.

On the inside, a book may be spotted merely by the pattern of his activity, and very often a book is fingered by an unsuspecting bettor. There are some bettors who prefer to bet with books, even at a track. They avoid standing in line at the sellers' windows, and they can obtain credit, sometimes even a better price.

Two of these bettors, though they do not know it, regularly lead the Pinks to books. The Pinks call one the "Kiss of Death" and the other "Judas." If there is a book anywhere on the track, one or the other, in their aversion to betting at the windows, will find him. Last year "Kiss of Death" led the Pinks to three books in one afternoon.

"Just before he's going to bet," Powell was explaining once, "he gets a little nervous. He starts to chew his cigar and we know it's coming and, sure enough, he hits the book."

A race track, any race track, provides more marks per square yard than any other acreage in the world. A race track is populated by dreamers, all of them hunting the end of the rainbow and, beyond all this, all of them carrying cash. On an average day at Belmont $2,150,000 will slip through their hands into the pari-mutuel machines.

"It's a funny thing about these people," Tom Bannon, one of the Pinkerton special agents was saying recently. "They're not stupid. Many of them are very successful, smart businessmen, but once they get to a track they'll buy any kind of a scheme, and then when they get taken, they don't want to prosecute because they're embarrassed."

Several years ago a successful New Jersey contractor bet and lost $5,600 with a tout who was posing, as most of them do, as a horseman. They had their final meeting at a cigar stand at the Jamaica track, where the tout requested, and received, an additional $2,500.

"I got to take care of the jockey," he explained to the contractor, "and then I'll bet the rest with a book on the lawn. I don't want to ruin the price betting the dough in the machines."

With the money in his hands, the tout disappeared. The contractor, accompanied by his wife, appeared at the track's Pinkerton office. They looked through the photographic file of touts and within minutes identified the man, who was later picked up in Manhattan.

"You know," the woman said, turning to her husband, "I never did trust him."

"Sure," the contractor said, "but you still bet the horse."

The woman had bet $1,200 of her own money, through the machines, on the tout's selection. The horse had run last.

Two years ago an operator hit a bar and grille at Roosevelt, Long Island. He approached the owner with a story of a fixed race at Belmont Park the next day, and flashed eleven Western Union money-order receipts, each for $1,000. Each bore the forged signature of a jockey in the race, including those of such well-known riders as Eddie Arcaro and Ted Atkinson.

"Twelve horses in the race," the tout explained. "Eleven jockeys are fixed, and the other horse wins it."

A meeting was arranged for the next day at the track, but overnight the bar owner became suspicious. He arrived at the track and went to the Pinkertons, they pulled out their file, and he identified the tout. Convinced he had been touted, he went out and bet $500 on the horse. It finished out of the money.

The Tout Becomes Your Buddy

"Expert touts," O'Grady says, "usually work in pairs. Let's say I size you up as a mark. I've noted that you've been betting pretty good at the $50 window without success, so I get close to you, and I start cheering for the same horse. That establishes our common interest. The horse finishes out of the money, so I flash a ticket and tear it up. This is a ticket I picked up off the ground, but you don't know that. Now we're common losers, and misery loves company.

"'You and I can't get 'em,' I say to you, 'but that bum down there, he gets

bet. His eye is on what you've got in the bank

'em.' I point to my accomplice, who is down the rail about ten yards. I say: 'He bets for the jocks.' Now you're interested, especially when you see my accomplice riffling through a stack of tickets, which he also collected from the ground. I suggest we walk down and talk to him.

The First Maneuver: Flattery

" 'Hello, Joe,' I say when we walk up to him. 'I'm having a bad day. How about something good?' 'Stay away from me, you bum,' he says to me, getting sore. 'I don't talk to strangers.' I beat it, and then this big bettor turns to you and he says, 'What do you think of that bum? Can you imagine him trying to hustle me for information?'

"Now you're flattered, but you don't ask for a horse. You and he talk and finally, if the time is ripe, he says, 'I think I'll make a bet for myself. If you want me to, I'll place your bet for you if you don't bet too much and spoil the price.' He then takes your $50. If he comes up with a winner, you're convinced that races are fixed. Then he starts getting in touch with you at your home, and you're going for the mortgage."

Often a race track itself will be made a mark. In 1947, Belmont Park was being hit with pari-mutuel ticket forgeries. Late one afternoon, Bill Mischo, a Pinkerton special agent, was walking through the mezzanine when he heard a disturbance at one of the cashiers' windows and saw the alarm light over the window flashing.

"Give me my —— ——— money," he heard a man's voice say.

"What's the trouble?" Mischo said, pushing up to the window.

"I think this is a pigeon," the cashier said, showing Mischo a $10 win ticket on Number Eight in the sixth race.

"What's the meaning of this?" the man was saying now.

"Don't get huffy," Mischo said. "Let's take a walk."

Escorted by a couple of uniformed Pinks, the man, short, thin, and hawk-faced, went quietly. They took him up to the office, where he identified himself as Harry Clay Williams.

"Empty your pockets," one of the plain-clothes Pinks said to him.

Williams obliged. He was wearing a dark-blue suit. He turned his pockets inside out and produced the usual—wallet, keys, money, handkerchief.

"He's got to have it on him," somebody said.

"Now take your clothes off," Mischo said.

"Redesigning" Pari-mutuel Tickets

Williams took off his jacket. He removed his shirt. Finally he started to get out of his dark-blue trousers. Under them he was wearing a pair of khaki trousers, and in one of the pockets they found a set of finely tooled bronze dies, worth about $1,500 in the underworld, wax pencils, water-color paints, brushes,

(continued)

Bettors study forms as if cramming for exams. By the third race, a smart tout can gauge a bettor's assets and temptations. His act, often with accomplices, is worthy of Bernhardt. Pinkerton's has 10,000 suspects on file.

A cashier's window can tell sharps more about a bettor than her mink can.

ink eradicator, and an ink stamp pad.

Williams confessed he "redesigned" pari-mutuel tickets while sitting under a tree in the paddock. He would take a losing ticket from a race, use the eradicator to remove the number of the horse. Then he would apply the proper blend of water colors and wax-pencil streaks to restore the ticket's original color and water marks. Finally he would select, from among his dies, the number of the winning horse and stamp that on the ticket with a purple ink of the same color as the original. Every cashier is equipped with an ultraviolet light, and the forgery was detected when Williams' ticket was slipped under a lamp.

In 1949 at Belmont, a cashier at a $50 window detected two forgeries shoved at him. He flashed his alarm light and two Pinkertons picked up the passer, one of thirteen members of a forgery ring. In eleven months they had invested $2,353 in tickets to be altered, and had received $11,345.10, for a return of less than five to one on a hazardous operation.

The "Flasher" at Work

Since the early days of racing, operators have been trying to beat the races by flashing results off the premises.

In 1949, Pinkerton agents, watching a horse room outside New York State, had reason to believe the room was getting results of races at Belmont ahead of the racing wire service or legitimate news outlets. The problem was to find the "flasher" signaling from the track.

For weeks special agents scanned the crowds. They were looking for the usual flashing signals—a hand placed to the knot of a tie, a hat removed, or a hand placed to a nose or an ear. Finally they found their man, dressed inconspicuously and standing amid hundreds of others at the far end of the upper grandstand.

The Code: A Tapping Program

"He was signaling by tapping on a railing with a racing program," says John Murphy, assistant to O'Grady. "You can imagine the trouble we had spotting one particular program among thousands of waving programs. What we finally detected was that this one program would be very active ten minutes before a race. Then it would stop and start up again five minutes before. Then just before a race it would start again. Finally, right after a race it would be very active.

"We got a movie camera with a telescopic lens and set it up on one of the infield platforms where they photograph the races. We photographed the flasher, who was apparently signaling the changing prices and then the results. Then we ran the film off for our telegrapher in the press box. It was simple Morse code."

That afternoon the Pinkertons started tailing the flasher, and the next morning he led them to a house in Elmont, Long Island. There they found a telescope fixed on the spot on the track, two miles away, where the flasher was accustomed to take his post.

In 1948, a Pinkerton agent, wandering through the grandstand at Jamaica, happened to see a casually dressed young man standing at the back and holding a piece of cardboard about a foot square. Watching him, he noticed that the young man, at the conclusion of a race, would place the cardboard in one of the panes of a window facing off the track. There were a dozen panes in the window, three rows of four each, and it was obvious that each represented a number, and that when the cardboard was placed in a pane, it signified the number of the winning horse.

While the Pinkerton watched, the young man was joined by an older man. The two were collared. A check of the houses across the street from the track revealed that in one of them there was an open telephone line to a rented room in Miami. In the rented room an accomplice was using a short-wave radio to communicate with an elderly woman betting in a horse room. The elderly woman was wearing what looked like a hearing aid but was actually a short-wave receiver.

"The man who joined the one with the cardboard," O'Grady says, "knew horses. He was stationed at the rail on the turn for home. When the horses passed that point he would signal the probable winner—not necessarily the front horse—to the man with the cardboard who would post it. That meant that in Miami the woman in the horse room would have the number of the probable winner before the horse room even knew the horses were off in that particular race. When we picked them up, one of them said, 'You know, if you had just left us alone for a few days we'd have cleaned up half a million.'"

On the day, now, when the woman with the shoulder bag visited the track she was fortunate. Art Mooney, who spotted her coming in, tailed her with no results and then left her for safe.

On that same day, however, the Pinkertons picked up a forger, attempting to get rid of the last of $1,500 in stolen American Express checks. They also listened to the problem of a man and his wife who had been touted.

There's One Born Every Minute

"So," the man was saying, "he told us to bet $500 on the race. We didn't, and now the horse wins and pays six to one and he'll be looking for his half. That's $1,500, and we haven't got it."

They were sitting in the office. Two Pinkertons were questioning them.

"Now, who was it called you?" one of the Pinkertons said.

"He said he was Eric Guerin, the jockey," the man said. "He said the other man had told him to call us, and that we should bet $500."

"After he hung up," the woman said pensively, "I thought it was funny. I said, 'Why would Eric Guerin be calling us? We're nobodies, and look at all the money he makes whenever he rides Native Dancer.'"

"That's right," one of the Pinkertons said. "They use jockeys' names."

"When I looked through those pictures," the woman said, referring to the tout file, "I didn't know there were so many doing that kind of business."

"I looked at so many," the man said, "that now I don't know what the other man looked like anymore."

"He looked like Al," the woman said.

"Who?" one of the Pinkertons said.

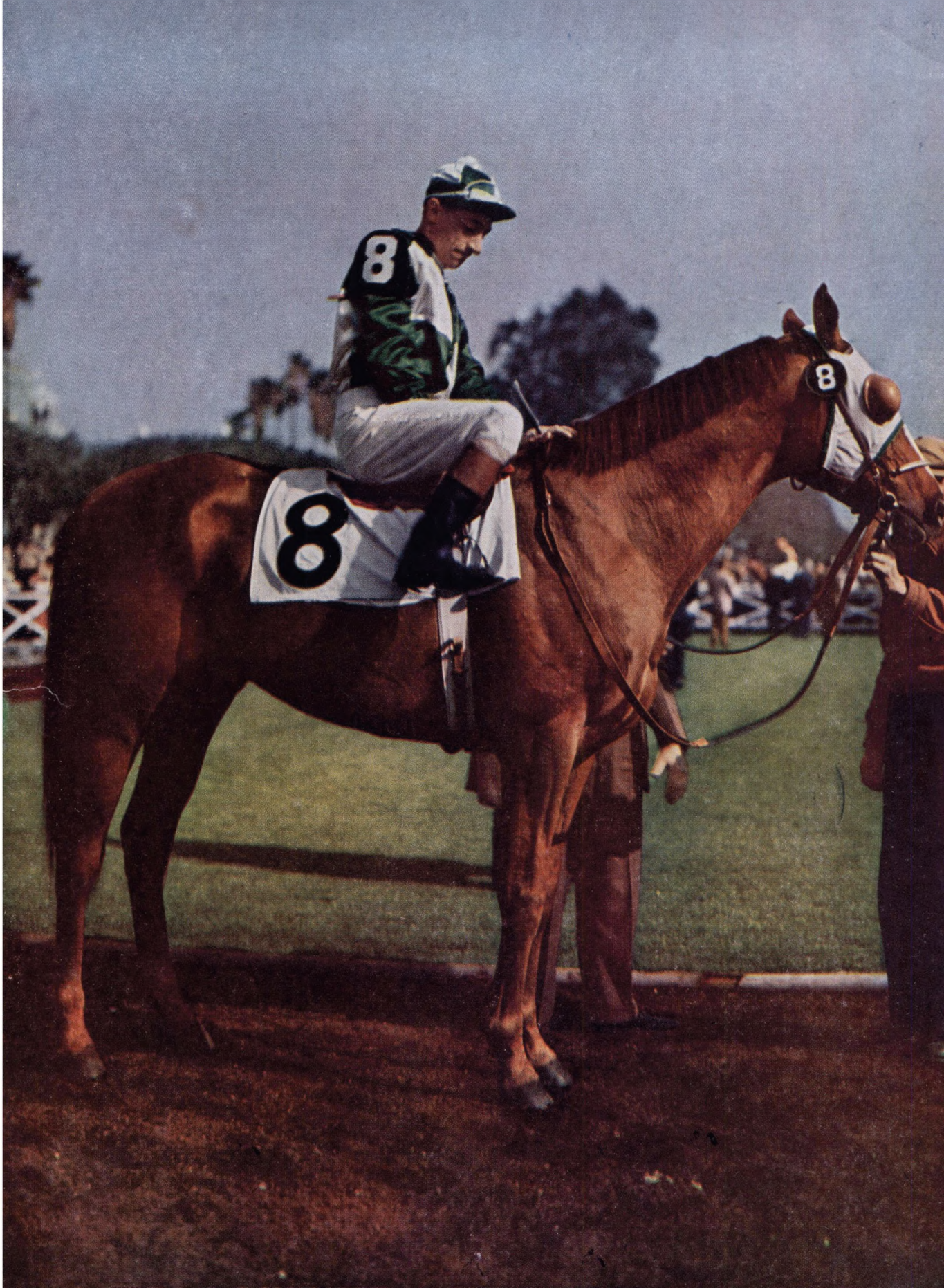
"My sister May's husband, Al," the woman said.

"Oh," the Pinkerton said.

"People who come to race tracks," Tom Bannon, who was listening from a distance, said, "check their brains at the gate." THE END

Color photo by F. P. G.

Con men drop famous names, like Arcaro's, in claiming a race is fixed.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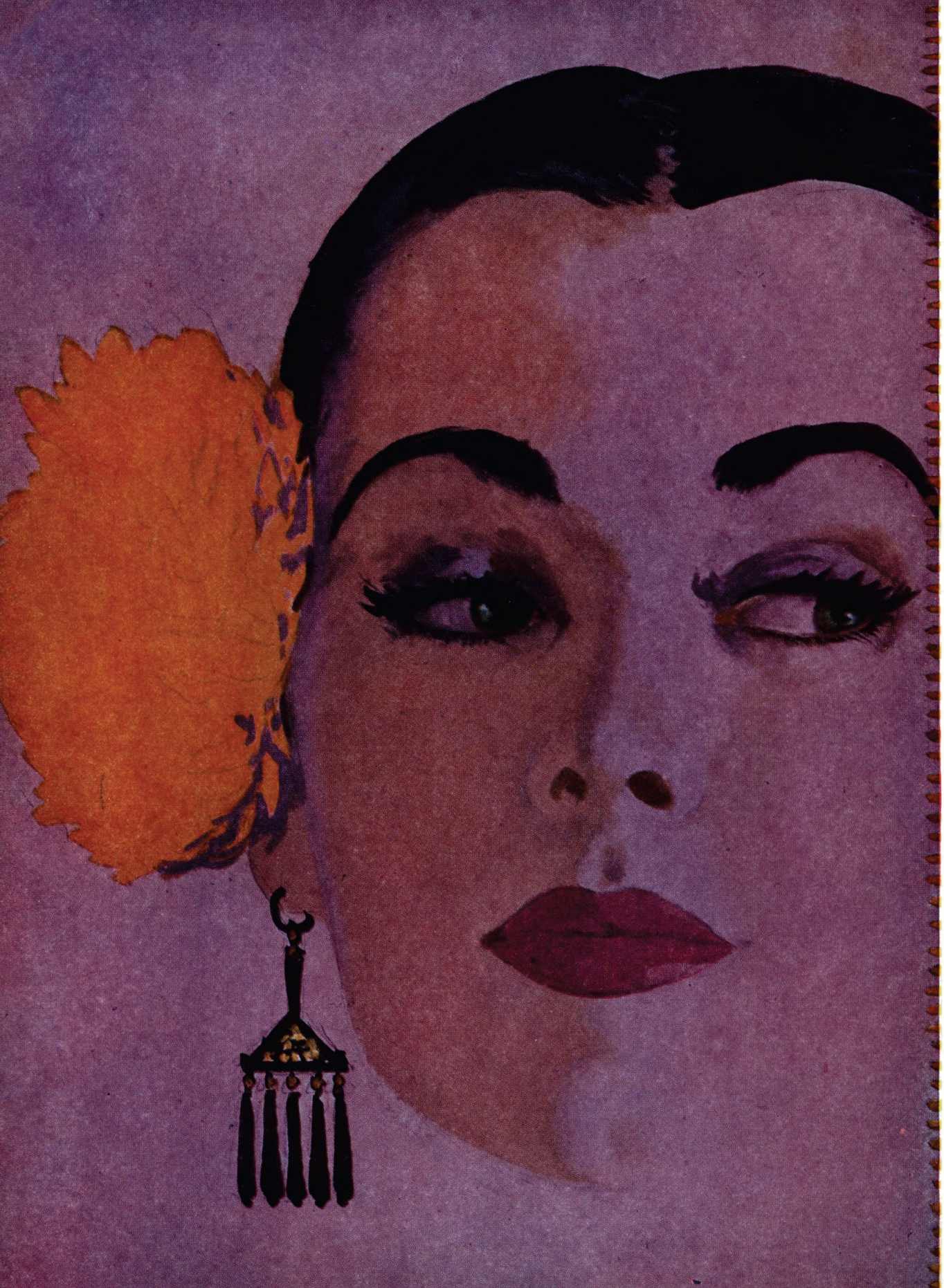


No Room for Romeo

Never laugh at the dreadful pangs of sophomore love. They can drive any man—particularly one like Roscoe—to daring and desperate measures

BY CHARLES HOFFMAN ILLUSTRATED BY COBY WHITMORE

Her laugh was a holiday in a Swiss village. Her hair was spun by the people who make midnights and moonbeams. Her name, of course, was Druid Dexter, and she belonged to Hank Malone. And I wanted her to belong to me. Oh, how I wanted her to belong to me!

"Druid Dexter," I said one day when I was coming out of English Composition and she was coming out of a dream and the Riverdale Uni Library, "I want you to belong to me."

"Roscoe," she said, "I belong to no man. But when I do, he's going to be a self-made one. Not one with a hundred million inherited dollars crumpled up in his pocket."

"An average person and a self-made man like Hank Malone?" I asked churlishly, ignoring the exaggeration; I never carry that much money around.

And she looked at me with the wide-eyed innocence of a Gabor sister. "Hank Malone?" she echoed. "Who's he?"

But she knew who Hank Malone was, all right. Just like I did. Captain of the Riverdale Uni football team, that's who he was. And Premier Imperial Grand Cronus of Tau Alpha Pi (in which I was sophomore door mat), that's all.

I was losing weight over this *femme*, and when a man deteriorates like that, people notice it. In my case, three people noticed it, the first being my mother.

"Baby, you're skin and bones!" she exclaimed during a stopover at the Riverdale Airport one day, en route from Houston to Hattie Carnegie. Father was in oil before the divorce. Now he's in used freighters in Seattle, Mother's in clover, and I'm in between. That's what Druid meant when she mentioned the spot cash in my jeans.

"Everybody," I explained patiently, "is skin and bones."

She lit a cigarette; Mother's very chic. "We'll go someplace. Honolulu. No, I was there last week. The Riviera. No, wrong season. I have it! South America!"

"A man can't run away from the facts," I answered, "of life."

"Facts of life?" she chirped, hoisting her sables over her sapphires. "How did

"I belong to no man," she purred with wide-eyed, unconvincing innocence.

I figured I needed some sort of lever to

a small boy like you ever happen to think of *those?*"

The second person to notice my erosion was Confucius Wong. Tau Alpha Pi's Chinese cook. One afternoon a day or so later, when I was peeling potatoes as part of my sophomore privileges and he was brewing up a batch of his renowned glue soup.

"Loscoe," he said, "something is wollying me. You. Not same bouncing boy as sometimes. You in love. mable?"

"Yes, Connie," I confided, without bounce. "I'm in love. mable."

"And the tomato?" he asked. "She isn't in love. too?"

"She's in love. But not with me."

"Oh-ah-oh," Confucius sighed. "Well, Loscoe. I always lememble saying of honolable ancestle. 'There are as many pains in love,'" he quoted from the Mandarin, "'as flies upon a dead dog.'"

The third person to notice my condition was my faculty adviser, J. Andrew Meeker, A.B., M.A., Ph.D.

J. Andrew is thirty-two years old. He's associate professor of philosophy at Riverdale. He makes thirty-six hundred a year. He's a bachelor (or was).

He has a crew haircut, a lean look, and an autographed picture of Adlai Stevenson. He does not have a car, golf clubs, or a conscience (I found out). And he lives in a room off Dr. Dingle's garage behind the T.A.P. house. Which is where he faculty advises.

"There's been a frightening slump in your work, Roscoe," was the way *he* introduced the subject, the day he faculty advised me. "What's the trouble?"

"Well," I began, "there's this squid. Name of Druid Dexter. She's in your Aristotelian Logic class."

"Dexter," he repeated distantly. "Yes, I—I think I do have a Druid Dexter. Black hair?"

I nodded; something splashed. Whenever I thought of Druid, my head swam.

"Blue eyes?"

My heart flipped.

J. Andrew gave me a lean look. "You've really been sent, haven't you?"

"Wrapped and mailed," I agreed. "But to the dead-letter office. Ever hear of a clambrain named Hank Malone?"

J. Andrew nodded. "So what?"

"So there's a frightening slump in my work. No hope for a change. My stomach's hatching swallow-tailed butterflies. My mouth's full of thumbtacks."

J. Andrew took his pipe out of his mouth thoughtfully. "Hank Malone," he said, "is in college on an athletic scholarship. He hasn't a dime."

"That's just it," I explained. "She thinks he's a self-made man and admires him for it. She doesn't even think I'm human. She thinks I was minted. I wish I could start over as someone else's son. An unemployed Eskimo's. Or an Indian fakir's. A bankrupt one. No cobra."

"I wonder," he said. "Agreed, Hank Malone has perfect co-ordination. Good for discus throwing, nice on a tightrope. But not exactly a basis for lasting love."

Now I asked *him*. "So what?"

"So why not drag that yellow convertible out of its garage, reserve a table at the Zephyr Cove Inn some night, and romance this—er—squid?"

The yellow convertible he referred to was the one Mother gave me to teethe on. And Zephyr Cove Inn was the night spot on the river, which featured *Cuisine Continentale* and (so I'd heard) sl-t mach-nes in the back room.

But I couldn't drag the car out of the garage; Tau Alpha Pi sophomores had to walk. And I couldn't go to Zephyr Cove Inn; it was off limits to underclassmen.

"Then," J. Andrew suggested, when I pointed out these drawbacks, "perhaps you need a catalytic agent. To dissolve this relationship between Miss Dexter and Mr. Malone."

"Perhaps I do," I agreed. "Like what, for instance?"

"Like me," he furnished, "for instance. I place your Druid Dexter now. She *is* in Aristotelian Logic. At least physically. But I've never been quite sure where her mind was, and intended to investigate this some time."

"Hmmmm," I hmmmmed.

"While doing same," he went on, "maybe I can make out a case for you. Or anyway one against Mr. Malone. He's also in the class. Though I don't know why," he added significantly, "or for how long."

I knew Hank Malone was in Aristotelian Logic, too. Riverdale Uni insists on one scholastic subject for its hero athletes, along with Advanced Javelin Throw and the A B C's of Base Stealing. And I also knew that Hank was there because Druid Dexter (or her body, as J. Andrew'd pointed out) was. And her body was what might be called a very integral part of Miss D.

"Of course," he continued, "we'd have to think of this as a business proposition, Roscoe. If I'm to take the time and trouble to plead your case, I'll expect in return that you'll snap out of this scholastic lethargy."

"I'll try," I assured him. "But isn't there something I can do—to help *you?*"

"Well," he said, knocking his pipe on a step, "I don't have a car—"

The solution was obvious.

"And"—he cleared his throat—"on my salary—"

"Don't worry," I put in, withdrawing a crumpled C-spot from my pocket, "I'll underwrite the expenses. Start on this."

He smoothed the money out as if he were afraid Ben Franklin would bite him. "I—I can't, Roscoe," he protested.

"Why not?" I asked quickly. I don't like to talk about money; it embarrasses me. "You said it was a business proposition. This is your commission."

And I guess (or guessed) that J. Andrew didn't like to talk about money, either. Because all he did was look from the long green century to me, and extend his hand. And there on the step of the little room off Dr. Dingle's garage, we shook on it. Leanly.

What with my courses, pledge duties, and extracurricular activities, like going out for Card Stunt Manager, the next few weeks were pretty busy. And I only saw Druid and J. Andrew a couple of times, and then at a distance. Driving down Fraternity Row in the late afternoon and a yellow convertible, or sipping sodas in the Co-op, or standing in line for a movie.

And I didn't talk to them until one Sunday morning when I was emptying garbage, and J. Andrew hailed me from the Dingles' garden, which he and Druid had turned into a putting green.

"Roscoe!"

I approached them awkwardly. A man isn't at his best toting two garbage cans.

pry her loose from her muscle-bound hero

"Hello, Roscoe." Druid acknowledged me without interest, driving an imaginary ball off an imaginary tee, and hitting one of my garbage cans with a *b-o-n-g-g-g* that brought Confucius out of the kitchen, thinking he'd been summoned to the temple.

"Hello, Druid Dexter," I gulped. "When are you going to belong to me?"

"She's going to belong to a championship golf team first," J. Andrew said. "What form! Though," he continued, with a sly wink, "someone's been giving her a few wrong steers. I'd straighten her out. But I don't have clubs here."

I had clubs, I had a warehouseful. Tau Alpha sophomores can't play golf, only caddy for upperclassmen.

"He's talking about Hank Malone," Druid explained. "Isn't it sweet of Professor Meeker to take such an interest in me?" She poured this on J. Andrew as if he were a waffle. "He started out giving me some coaching in Aristel—Aristal—well, whatever it is. And now he's helping me in just about everything."

"It's real dandy," I agreed. "And I have clubs—a warehouseful. They're yours."

So when I next saw Druid and J. Andrew, they were driving out toward the golf course in a yellow convertible. With a set of imported English woods and irons sticking out behind. And Druid's polka-dot bandanna dancing in the wind.

Hank Malone saw them, too. And brought the subject up right after Monday-night house-meeting.

"Something fishy's going on," he said, as he hung his royal robes in a heap on the closet floor. "My morsel, Dryball Meeker, and your car!"

"The professor?" I asked innocently. "Oh, yes," I recalled, "he's—rented it."

"To take my barracuda to the golf course?" he demanded. "To the movies. To Zephyr Cove Inn?"

"I don't know about your barra—"

But he interrupted, boring a hole through my left lung with a finger the size of a grappling iron. "I blazed that trail myself, Roscoe," he advised me, "and if this muzzling-in continues, Meeker's going to find himself on a strict diet of his own teeth. Raw!"

He was a tough one, Hank Malone. You can't fool around with Imperial Grand Cronuses.

October blew away, and November floated in on a snow flurry. Too cold for golf, great for skiing. Even on Dingle's lawn.

"Roscoe!"

This time I was digging the basement door out when I noticed Druid and J. Andrew lacing boots on on the garage-room stoop. Again I approached them awkwardly. The shovel was heavy.

Only now Druid twinkled. "Hello, Roscoe dear."

"Hello, Druid Dexter. When are you—?"

J. Andrew looked up from a boot and stopped me. "I just called you over," was how he did it, "to see if by any possible chance you might have a—little additional ski equipment."

I had additional ski equipment, I had tons of it. T.A. sophomores can't ski, just wax upperclassmen's.

"Andy thinks I could be a good skier," Druid put in (so it was "Andy" now). "But Hank Malone's been giving me bad advice."

"Very bad," J. Andrew agreed. "But I don't have skis myself, and—"

"I'm loaded," I said. "I even have a two-mile ski lift packed away someplace. You're more than welcome."

The next time I saw them, they were headed for Fogg Peak. In a yellow convertible. With some imported Norwegian shellbark skis sticking out behind. And Druid's scarlet muffler streaming after.

Then autumn exams and Home-coming Weekend arrived. Everybody knows what Homecoming Weekend means. It means the sl-t mach-nes at Zephyr Cove Inn make enough off the alumni in three days to pay the sheriff's salary for a year. That the annual musical show is presented on Friday night; at Riverdale, it was "The Mikado," with Druid Dexter as Yum-Yum. That the Big Game is played in the stadium Saturday afternoon; at Riverdale, it was against Holbrook, with Hank Malone as hero.

It also means that sophomore pledges send home for another case of sheer grit. Particularly if they're going out for Card Stunt Manager and have to spend the entire day before the mole-skin tussle, and part of the night, tacking directions on each rooting-section seat.

"The Mikado" was in full swing when I finally staggered past the auditorium. And Fraternity Row was deserted—only Confucius Wong padding around—when I fell into the T.A. kitchen, fingernails bleeding and butterflies crying for help.

"Roscoe!" Confucius looked around from the glue batter he was whipping up for biscuits. "What's the mattle? You white as a sheep."

I dropped wearily on a chair and rubbed where my stomach once was. "Just belly wrinkles, Connie. I could eat a horse."

"Oh-ah-oh," Connie reflected. "Used last holse yestleday. In stew." He patted my shoulder benignly. "But don't wolly, Confucius fix you up good."

He reached for more glue, which no doubt would have done the trick, if Hank Malone hadn't wandered in just then. Only not the steam-rolling Hank I'd seen last time. This Hank seemed to have sprung a leak. He slunk through the kitchen and disappeared up the stairs.

"What sup?" Confucius asked.

"I don't know." Hank should have been with the team at Oak Dell Lodge, a retreat in the foothills.

"You go see, mable?"

I rose slowly. "Okay. I go see, mable."

Hank Malone was lying on his cot when I entered the room. I cleared my throat. "You're supposed to be at Oak Dell Lodge," I told him. "What sup?"

He didn't answer for a minute. And when he did, his voice was dry and flat. "I'm not playing tomorrow," he said. "Thanks to your ever-lovin', money-lovin' pal, Dryball Meeker."

"J. Andrew?" I asked, puzzled.

"He's flunking me."

"But he—he can't!" I bleated. Without Hank, Holbrook would slaughter us.

"He is," Hank said flatly.

The wall phone rang in the hall outside, rang again. Sophomore pledges are supposed to get it by the third ring. "Gee, I—I'm sorry," I said slowly.

"I'm sorry, too." He sat up, swung around on the side of the cot, studied his hands. "I've skipped the chiseling he's been doing with my dove. In your car and on your dough. And I might even

skip a flunking grade, usually. But I'm going into the Army next week and—"

"The Army?" Another bleat.

He nodded. "I've known it a long while, Roscoe. I didn't want to tell people because—well, I didn't want strings pulled. But I did want to play in the game tomorrow. My last one." He looked up, his tone changing abruptly to the usual bark. "*Get the phone!*"

I walked out into the hall. It was cold and dark and empty. Like I felt. He was a human being, Hank Malone. Under the shoulder pads and purple velvet and advanced ego, he was draft age and had feelings.

I took the receiver off, hesitated. There's a window there, and from it, I could see my car outside Dr. Dingle's garage. And lights on in the little room.

"Hello?" I said finally.

It was Mother. At the airport. En route from Dallas to Don Loper. But she'd missed plane connections somehow and was stranded. And right then it hit me. The idea. Like a golf club hits a garbage can. With a *b-o-n-g-g-g.*

I told her to wait; I'd pick her up, or someone would. And went back into the bedroom and told Hank Malone to wait, too. Where he was. For ten minutes. And then slip down to J. Andrew's room without anyone's seeing him.

"Why?" he asked, puzzled.

"I have a scheme," I said quickly, hurrying out.

J. Andrew was sitting at his desk working on Aristotelian Logic papers—break A—when I went in.

"Roscoe! What brings you here?" He leaned back in his chair leanly, sucking on his pipe.

"My mother called from the airport," I said. "She's stuck there between planes. I can't drive the car and wondered if you'd—" He glanced from me to his work; I rushed on. "It won't take long," I told him. "She's in the bar, and you'll have no trouble recognizing her. In all those—sables."

I said it like you'd drop a Blue Upright on a riffle. Or set Tillamook in a trap. His ears picked up as if they'd been watered. "Sables?" he repeated. With the luxury tax added.

I nodded. "And star sapphires—"

"Sapphires?" he echoed.

"Part of the divorce settlement from Father."

"Divorce?"

He wasn't a man, J. Andrew. He was veiling, tissue paper, a window. You could see right through him! "Why—sure," he said, hesitation vanishing, "I'll be glad to go, Roscoe."

I withdrew another picture of Ben Franklin from my jeans. "She may not have eaten," I explained. "And she's the expensive type. Better take this."

"Well, I—I really shouldn't," he said, taking it, "but—"

"Just another business proposition. And you can drop me at the auditorium."

I lied about the reason.

"The Mikado" had reached that poignant scene between Yum-Yum and Nanki-Poo (played by Bones McDougal, Chess Captain) in the courtyard in Titipu, when I slipped backstage and watched. The illusion was complete. Waterfall. Humpbacked bridge. Twisted tree.

And Druid Dexter, with big gold chrysanthemums over her ears and a crimson kimono wrapped around her integral parts, twittering her fan with doll-like delicacy as stagehands turned on twilight and birdcalls, and she and Bones strolled out of the courtyard into the wings. And my waiting arms.

"Roscoe, what are you doing here?"

I pulled her around Mount Fujiyama. "Meeker's flunked Hank," I said. "He can't play tomorrow. But you've been taking coaching in Aristotelian Logic—among other things. And I've gotten rid of Meeker, and have his books and papers. All you'll have to do is interpret them for Hank, and—"

Under her make-up, she flushed. "I couldn't do that! If he flunked Hank, he had a good reason. Andy Meeker's a very honest man. And also self-made—"

"The only thing Meeker's made is passes—at *other people's* selves!"

"That isn't so," she countered. "On his salary, being able to afford that car. And movies, at today's prices. And dinner at Zephyr Cove Inn—"

"Druid Dexter," I advised her, "you have a lot to learn." With which, I gathered up a crimson kimono, cupped my hand over a cherryblossom mouth, slipped out into the night, and headed for Dr. Dingle's garage (in Bones McDougal's Model A, buccaneered from the parking lot) with a maiden from the never-never village of Titipu struggling in my arms.

Hank Malone was staring blankly at the tests and texts on J. Andrew's desk when Druid and I kicked our respective ways into the little room, and I deposited her on the bed and whirled to block the door before she could get out.

"Put me down, Roscoe!" she raged. "Put me down at once!"

"You are down," I pointed out.

She got off the bed and started pounding my chest. "And take me back to the auditorium," she demanded. "I'm supposed to be on, right now!"

"You're on," I said, "right here."

She faced the startled Hank wrathfully. "You put him up to this, *Henry* Malone! Because he's an insignificant sophomore and has to do what he's told!"

Hank swallowed. "I—I didn't even know about it."

She turned back and stormed my abutments again. "Let me out! Let me out, or I'll scream!"

She opened her mouth to do so, and I covered it again with one hand. "Druid—"

She bit my finger.

"Druid—Hank's going into the Army next week, and—"

The rage decreased slightly, and I extracted my digit. "The—Army?"

"You've heard of it," I said. "Powdered eggs. Pup tents. Pyongyang. He didn't want to tell—"

"The Army—" She mouthed it again distantly.

It was Hank's turn to nod. "Paratroops," he said, picking up my ploy. "Parsnips. Paregoric."

"So this'll be his last game," I went on. "And he can't play unless Meeker changes his grade. If you help him, I think I can get J. Andrew to give him the test over."

But why go on? Druid turned toward Hank, her chin quivering in the emotional manner of Yum-Yums of all races. "Oh, Hank," she whispered. "The—Army. Parting. Pale dawns. Prayers—"

It was so darn beautiful I hated to interrupt, but time was running out. "The—Logic," I suggested, indicating the books and papers.

Druid pulled her eyes away from Hank's and looked at the books, too. "It's very simple," she said, by rote. "A block of marble can become a statue or an image of some kind, but it can't become a plant or an animal. An acorn can become a sapling and grow into an oak, but it can't grow into anything else—"

And Hank looked at her as if she'd just leaned over a Veronese balcony and called, "Wherefore art thou Hank Malone?"—not "Romeo," there was no room for Romeo there (nor for Roscoe, either; I knew that then)—and said, "I've heard it before, but I never thought of it like that. A block of marble can't become a plant or animal. Waddya know!"

Zephyr Cove Inn was jumping when I parked Bones's jalopy nearby and pried my way in, the sl-t mach-nes singing their siren songs and ten million alumni rendering "Riverdale, O Alma Mater!" asunder.

But it didn't take long to find Mother or J. Andrew Meeker. In Booth A. The one reserved for royalty and big tips.

"My baby!"

"Hello, Mother," I said, slipping into the booth and nodding to J. Andrew. "Professor—"

Something passed behind J. Andrew's eyes; a thought, a wary little thought. "Isn't this out-of-bounds for sophomores?" he asked meaningly.

"It is," I agreed, reaching for the

caviar, "but it doesn't matter now. With the rest of the trouble I'm in."

"Trouble?" Mother piped. "Then I don't want to hear about it, Roscoe! That's why I sent you *away* to school."

"You may have to hear about it," I advised her, reaching for the champagne. "Stealing a car and kidnaping a girl; it gets around."

"Stealing a car?" J. Andrew repeated.

"Only a Model A," I assured him. "And Bones McDougal's. But he may miss it."

"And kidnaping a girl?" he asked.

"Druid Dexter," I said. "Right out of a courtyard in old Japan."

"Now, Roscoe," Mother put in, "don't tell us you've been to Japan—"

J. Andrew was looking at me most curiously. "What did you do with her?"

"Locked her in your room," I said. "With Hank Malone and a guy named Aristotle."

He stiffened. "What are you trying to tell me, Roscoe?"

I put the fish eggs and bubble juice aside. "That there's been a frightening slump in the quality of your work, Professor Meeker," I said flatly. "Strict professor keeps star player out of Big Game at last minute. Old stuff! Very familiar."

"I—I thought you'd be pleased," he stammered.

"Pleased?" I echoed. "I want to win!"

"The game?" he asked. "Or the girl?" He turned to Mother. "Roscoe has a childish crush on a coed, and—"

Childish crush! And *I* had it?

He looked back at me. "I stretched a point to give him even an 'F.' You wouldn't ask me to compromise with my conscience, would you?"

"Yes."

"What do you mean by that?" (By "yes"? Wasn't it obvious?)

"I mean," I said pointedly, "that this place is loaded with alumni. Who came here to see Riverdale win tomorrow. With Hank Malone. They don't know he's not going to play, yet. But if I tell 'em"—I showed him how I could do this: the fork against the water glass and the back of the booth as the soapbox—"and tell 'em *why*, then you might just as well trade places with that *Cuisine Continentale* guinea hen you have your elbow in, *Dryball* Meeker! Because you're both dead ducks!"

At that moment, all the police cars I'd heard approaching down the highway converged in front of Zephyr Cove Inn. And J. Andrew, blinded though he was by sapphire glow, saw the light.

America has some funny rules. Just borrowing an automobile is called a felony, punishable with a prison term. And asking a coed to tutor a football player in Aristotelian Logic is violating the Lindbergh Law. Punishable with death.

I wasn't executed exactly, but the next best book in the sheriff's library was thrown at me. And I didn't get to see Hank Malone's eleven touchdowns at all—or the card stunts!

I also missed the extravaganza put on by Mother and J. Andrew, though I talked to them at the airport. *They* were at the airport. I used the warden's phone.

"Baby?"

"Hello, Mother."

"Andy and I wanted to see you before we flew to Nevada, but they won't tell us when they'll let you out. They're a little annoyed with you. And the plane's leaving now."

"Andy?" I repeated. "Nevada?"

"We're going to be married, darling. We wanted you to be the first to know. Here's Andy, now."

"Hi, there," J. Andrew Meeker came on, "Son."

"Hello"—I gulped—"Dad."

"I know what you might be thinking, Roscoe." He underlined the "might" cautiously. "But it isn't that at all. It was love at first sight."

Well, I guessed, it could have been, all right. The first sight of that lean look. And the first sight of those sables and sapphires.

"I'm glad of that," I told him. "There's just one thing, though. Something you should remember about love, J. Andrew—"

"Shoot, old boy."

"There're as many pains in it," I shot, "as there are flies upon a dead dog."

And hung up. Let him philosophize over *that.*

Druid Dexter and Hank Malone were waiting for me when the big gates swung open the following Monday morning.

"Oh, Roscoe," she exclaimed, "was it just terrible?"

I nodded. "Just terrible."

"We tried to get you out sooner," Hank told me. "But Confucius burned the glue cake with the saw in it."

We got in the yellow convertible and headed for the campus, Hank driving. "How've things been 'outside'?" I asked finally. "Any blocks of marble turning into Iceland moss or hartebeests? Any acorns turning into something besides oak trees?"

"Well," Druid said, "this turned up on me." She extended her left hand, and if I'd had a Geiger counter, I might have found a small chip-diamond on the third finger. "From the gladiator, here."

I didn't answer, and she looked around curiously. "What's the matter?"

"Nothing. I—I just wanted you to belong to me, that's all."

"There'll be more of the frying size coming along," Hank suggested. "Besides, it's against rules for Imperial Grand Cronuses to acquire harems."

"Imperial Grand Cronuses?"

He grinned. "I've suggested you for it. Next year."

"Oh," I protested feebly, "but you shouldn't have done that—"

"You earned it."

"Earned it?" Druid peeped. "Oh, Roscoe!"

And that's what he meant. I might be a *self-made* Imperial Grand Cronus!

"Yeah," Hank went on to Druid, "taking Dryball Meeker off my neck. And yours." He looked at me again, clicking his tongue. "Some mother you've got—a real barracuda."

"He never was on my neck," Druid put in firmly.

"He was all over the place," Hank said. "Like garden snails, the common cold! In Roscoe's wallet and my hair!"

And Druid Dexter thought about this for a minute and then laughed—a Swiss holiday. Probably Easter. With carillons ringing across fields of edelweiss and children dancing in village squares. "Hank Malone," she exclaimed, "you're jealous—of that poor lonely *old man!*"

And the yellow convertible went on up Fraternity Row. With nothing sticking out behind at all now. Except the end.

THE END

"Prof flunks grid star," I said, "is just too corny."

Selma's Stranger

A small town can be very rough on a newcomer with a secret—unless, of course, both of them are worth keeping

BY COLIN G. JAMESON ILLUSTRATED BY J. FREDERICK SMITH

Until last year, the local people considered Grenville West different from the neighboring villages in only two respects. First, the north half of the Valley Hotel housed the county jail. Second, an accident of topography made Indian Brook, which defined the eastern limits of the incorporated area, look as if it ran uphill.

Then, on a dismal, drizzly spring afternoon, the mysterious John Forbes and his small daughter materialized in the doorway of Archer's Store, where everybody was complaining about the rain while awaiting the four-o'clock mail.

The stranger's appearance was as somber as the weather. His face was craggy and Lincolnesque. He had black, shelving brows, hollow eyes, and a good deal too much nose. Though he was young—little more than thirty—there were deep lines around his mouth.

He tossed a preoccupied nod at the ring of curious faces by the wood stove and made for the post-office window. His legs were so long he seemed to move slowly, but his daughter almost had to run to keep from losing his large, knobby hand.

To Ralph Archer, who was handcanceling the outgoing mail, he said, "My name is Forbes. Know where I could hire me a room for the night?"

A casual listener might have thought the man was native to the district, but Grenville West never listened to strangers casually. The group around the stove caught the subtle differences in John Forbes's speech. After he had been directed to Merrill's boardinghouse and had gone out into the rain, everybody offered opinions as to where he might be from, but there was no agreement. From the look of his clothes and hands, he was likely a lumberjack.

Mrs. Perley Homer, president of the Temperance Union, gave a disdainful shake of her thick shoulders and drew her shawl closer. "Wait till Saturday night," she said with a sniff. "We'll find out then if he works in the woods."

Bernice Jackson, whose husband did work in the woods, denied that lumberjacks got drunk every Saturday night.

"You're young, dear," Mrs. Homer said. "You wait."

There were supporting murmurs from the other older women.

Selma Parish, reputed to be the best-looking schoolteacher in the valley, said.

"If they see me," she explained, "they'll say I'm a traitor—or worse."

Old Mr. Barrows, the village wit, immediately examined the "man-wanted" handbills.

Mrs. Merrill, the landlady, glimpsed a roll of bills big enough to choke an ostrich.

Selma's Stranger (continued)

"Wasn't the little girl a darling? But the man looked sort of haunted or hunted, poor thing."

The older women, who thought anybody twenty-three and as talcum-powder pretty as Selma should have been married five or six years ago, pursed their lips at each other as if the girl had said something risqué.

Mrs. Homer said, "Well! I certainly shouldn't want to meet him on a dark night."

Old Mr. Barrows, the self-appointed village wit, creaked down to a squatting position and pretended to examine the man-wanted handbills under the bank of postboxes.

"Doc" Brainard, so nicknamed because he was the game warden and was always repairing damaged wildlife in his woodshed hospital, had been trying as usual to get Selma, who was his sister-in-law, to take a cigarette. It was a game he played whenever Mrs. Homer was around. Now he left off and said, "Let's give the guy a break. He hasn't been in town five minutes, and already you've got him tagged as a drunk who's wanted by the FBI."

"I don't like his looks," Mrs. Homer said, shaking her shoulders. "You wait."

At eight-thirty the following morning John Forbes took his daughter, Lily, to the schoolhouse and introduced her to Miss Parish. Selma, perhaps feeling she should act as a village welcoming committee after what Doc Brainard had said, smiled warmly, displaying a pair of fetching dimples. She hoped Mr. Forbes had found Mrs. Merrill's place comfortable.

"So-so," said the stranger, not answering her smile. "A little weak in the grocery department."

"Well, at least you'll have someone to stay with Lily when you're away," Selma said.

"Away?" John Forbes echoed, raising the bushy black eyebrows. "Who said I was going to be away?"

"Why, nobody," Selma said, blushing. "People just thought—well, don't you work in the woods?"

Lily Forbes said, "No, he doesn't. He's an iceman." Probably it was meant to be "nice man," but that wasn't the way she said it.

Selma laughed, showing the dimples again. Even in John Forbes's deep-set eyes, there was a suspicion of a twinkle.

Selma said, "How old are you, Lily?"

"Nineteen," that small person replied.

"She tends to exaggerate," her father said. "She's nine."

"Twelve," said Lily, making a fighting retreat of it.

"Nine," John Forbes said firmly.

"And a half," said Lily just as firmly.

"Where did you go to school before?" Selma asked.

Father and daughter exchanged looks.

"Oh, way up there somewhere," Lily indicated the north. "Alaska, I think."

"She gets mixed up about places." John Forbes said. "Now, I mustn't keep you any longer."

With his daughter safely stowed away in the fourth grade, he strode down Main Street toward Taylor's Garage. Here and there, a front curtain fluttered, though the day was raw and no windows were open. The newcomer either did not notice this phenomenon or ignored it.

To George Taylor, he said, "Nice spot you got here."

"Glad you like it," George said, giving him the once-over.

The stranger puttered about silently for a few moments, while George leaned against a gas pump, watching him.

"Got to paint it, though," John Forbes said finally, half to himself.

"What'd you say?" George asked in surprise.

"I said I'd have to paint it. I'm thinking of buying it."

George ran his eyes over the other's worn clothes. "Who said it was for sale?"

"It is, isn't it?"

"Well, yes, but—"

"Then I'm thinking of buying it," John Forbes said, and he walked away.

That evening, at the church supper, talk centered on the new arrivals in the village. Mrs. Merrill told of her unsuccessful efforts to learn where they had come from. Mrs. Taylor reported John Forbes's remarks about buying the garage.

"And him without a Canadian nickel, by the looks of him," she said.

"That's what you think," Mrs. Merrill said. "He paid me in advance, and the roll he peeled it off, well, it would have choked an ostrich."

"*I* think he ought to be checked up on, that's what *I* think," Mrs. Homer said severely.

The first sitting had progressed to the pie and cake when the subject of the discussion walked in with his daughter. A dozen pairs of eyes fastened on John Forbes's knobby right hand as he dug into his jeans for the dollar and a half. When he hauled out three fifty-cent pieces, frank disappointment was written on every face.

"Nice," he said, looking around the church basement. "This is the first church supper we've been to in a couple of years."

Mrs. Archer, at the cash table, saw her chance. "Where was that?" she inquired innocently.

Lily Forbes said, "It was about a billion miles away from here, at least."

"She tends to exaggerate," her father said. "Connecticut someplace, wasn't it, Lily? Or was it Pennsylvania?"

"Alaska," said Lily.

"She gets mixed up about places," John Forbes said apologetically.

Next day, John Forbes again convoyed Lily to school. On his way back, he turned in where a small hanging sign said, PERLEY HOMER—REAL ESTATE & INSURANCE—NOTARY PUBLIC—VILLAGE CLERK.

The temperate Mrs. Homer met him at the door.

"Good morning," she said icily. She dipped her chin so she could examine his face through the upper halves of her bifocals. "Is there something?"

"Could be," the stranger said. "Mr. Homer in?"

"Is it on business?"

"Could be. Could be there are other real-estate agents, too."

"Well, come in, but he's terribly busy," Mrs. Homer said, with an odd mixture of eagerness and reluctance. She led the way to a dusty parlor, which was half-filled by an oaken roll-top desk. A spare, spidery man with a wisp of gray hair plastered across his bald head was poking in a pile of papers as high as the pigeonholes and swearing monotonously in a thin whisper.

"Perley!" Mrs. Homer barked. Her husband whirled guiltily.

"Yes?" he said. "Yes, yes?"

"This is Mr. John Forbes," Mrs. Homer said. "Says he wants to do business." With a last mistrustful glance at the would-be client, she left the room, pounding her disapproval into the floor with her heels.

"Well, a pleasure," Mr. Homer said, bleary little eyes coasting down the visitor's frayed clothes to his cracked leather-top rubbers. "A pleasure. Yes, yes." Mr. Homer extended a fleshless hand.

"They tell me," John Forbes said, ignoring the hand, "that Taylor's Garage is for sale."

"Yes!" said Mr. Homer, clasping the hand eagerly with its mate. "Yes, yes! Sit down."

"How much?" John Forbes inquired, not sitting.

The agent's eyes narrowed, but his mouth broadened into a merry smile. "Well, now, I think I ought to have a reference or two, don't you, before we do business?" He chuckled. "No offense, but—"

The stranger cut him short by dropping a fat sheaf of new hundred-dollar bills on the desk. "That reference enough?" he said. "How much?"

The other stared at the bundle of bank notes out of the corner of his eye, apparently trying to count it.

"How much?" Mr. Homer said. "Yes, how much. Yes, yes. Twelve thousand. I believe. Yes."

"Ten thousand cash, then," John Forbes said. He retrieved the hundred-dollar bills, replaced them in his wallet and took out a thinner sheaf of thousands. He peeled ten notes off and fluttered them one by one to the desk.

"But—but—" Mr. Homer stammered, his dilated eyes following each bill as it sideslipped from hand to desk.

"Ten thousand," John Forbes said. "Cash."

"Cash," Mr. Homer said. "Yes, of course." He moistened his bluish lips with the tip of a grayish tongue and gazed for a long moment at the money before him. "Of course!" he exclaimed abruptly, and began snatching up the bills with the frenzied haste of a hen pecking shell corn.

"It looks like good enough money to me," said the savings-bank cashier. He slid the ten one-thousand-dollar bills under the wicket.

"Well, he stole it, then," Mrs. Homer decided cheerfully. "You'd best hold it and give me a receipt." She crooked her fingers, as if about to play the piano, and gingerly pushed the tainted money back with the tips of her nails.

She walked up Main Street through the pale new sunshine, stopping to say a few words to each person she met. The women sucked in their breath and said, "Well, I never!" The men stared nodding before the astonishment had left their faces and said, "It don't surprise me one bit."

Mr. Canfield, the constable, seemed shocked that anyone should suggest his office could be more than honorary.

"Well, I don't know, Martha," he said to Mrs. Homer. "You got to have evidence. Yes, evidence," he repeated, drawing a relieved breath. "If we don't know where he comes from, how're we going to get evidence about what he did there? Answer me that."

Mrs. Homer took off her spectacles and tapped them against her upper front teeth. "In spite of the way he fenced with everybody at the supper last night, I think I can find out where he comes from. Maybe what he did there, too."

"How do you mean?" the constable asked.

"You wait," Mrs. Homer said with a cryptic smile, and she left.

Through the window, Mr. Canfield could see his neighbor, Doc Brainard, washing the spring mud off his jeep. When Mrs. Homer was well down the block, the constable went out and told the game warden, "This Forbes better

watch out, because Martha Homer's baying on his trail."

"I always thought," Doc Brainard said, "that a man was presumed innocent till he was proved guilty."

"Not in France or Grenville West," Mr. Canfield said.

"I like the guy myself," Doc said. "We could use a dozen of him here in Nap Town. You ought to hike down to the garage and see what's going on."

"I did," his neighbor said. "He's a go-getter, all right."

And it was true that John Forbes had already shown himself to be a man of action. Promptly upon receiving his deed the day before, he had moved into the flat over the garage, taken delivery on some hundreds of dollars worth of gas, oil, and other supplies, for which he paid cash, and hired the oldest Platt boy and one of the Coxes to help him. By sundown, he had put a coat of paint on half the front of the building. Far into the evening, he was lugging trash out to a large bonfire behind it.

"Yep, he's a doer, all right," the constable said. "But so is Martha."

"Funny thing," Doc Brainard said. "When it's Easter and I think of the Crucifixion, darned if I don't keep seeing our Martha in the crowd."

After her talk with Mr. Canfield, Mrs. Homer hurried home and called a meeting of the Temperance Union for that evening. But she refused to reveal the matter to be discussed. Some of those young snips down at the phone office liked to make fun of the Temperance Union and its efforts to better the village.

The meeting was duly held and a plan of action decided upon. Beginning the following afternoon, Lily Forbes always seemed to be joined by some lady or other on her way home from school.

The first afternoon it was Miss Finch, the librarian.

"Why, you're the new little girl, aren't you?" Miss Finch said, as if this were a matter of astonishment.

"No," said Lily, swinging her books. "I'm an old little girl, really, but it's a secret." After a moment's reflection, she added, "I'm a secret, too, sort of."

Miss Finch laughed. "What a droll child," she said. "Wherever do you come from that you make such cute jokes?"

Lily pointed to the east.

"Concord?" said Miss Finch. "Boston? Maine?"

Lily giggled. "You sound like a railroad. You know. Boston and Maine."

"Did you come here on the train?"

"There aren't any trains here," Lily pointed out.

"Then how *did* you come?" Miss Finch asked. Her voice quavered in eagerness.

"We came in a rocket ship, like in the comics," Lily told her. "Only Daddy says I egg-za-gerate."

"A plane, dear?" the librarian suggested. "And where did the plane come from?"

"The moon," said Lily, and broke into a run.

Next afternoon, Mrs. Archer of the store Archers took over the inquisition. In response to her query about Lily's past, she was informed the strangers had come from "over there"—a vague gesture toward the southeast—where Lily had "lived in the trees" with her father and "some friendly bears, like Robin Hood, and Daddy robbed people all the time and shot a bad policeman who wouldn't let him."

Mrs. Archer gulped and said, "No, dear. I mean really. What did your father do at home?"

"Home?" Lily said. "Why, this is home, isn't it?"

"But I mean where you came from."

"The moon," Lily said.

"Silly!" Mrs. Archer chided a bit impatiently. "Did he work in a garage or chop down trees or make things in a factory?"

"Yes," the child said. "He made money in a bank. Anyway, they gave him a whole lot of it the day we left."

Mrs. Archer's face tightened. "Did he —did he *take* the money, like in *Robin Hood?*" she asked breathlessly.

"Like in *Robin Hood?*" Lily said scornfully. "There weren't any banks in *Robin Hood.*"

"But dear, I just—"

"Where do *you* live?" Lily inquired. "We used to live in a palace made of beautiful jewelry, but now we live here."

She turned into Taylor's Garage, leaving Mrs. Archer to gape after her.

The following afternoon, Mrs. Homer herself "happened" to be strolling by when school let out.

"Why, hello, Lily!" she cried with great heartiness. "How do you like our little village?"

Lily considered. "Miss Parish is okay," she said, "but the houses are quite small and some of the kids are quite dirty. I like it fine."

"That's good," Mrs. Homer said. "Little girls in strange places often start out by being unhappy."

"There's not enough of this place to be strange." Lily told her. "Besides, I'm not very little."

"Did you live in a big town before?" Mrs. Homer asked.

"Well, it was bigger," Lily said. "Except we hardly ever went there."

"You mean your father worked outside the town?"

"You people ask more questions than the arithmetic book," Lily said. "I don't keep wanting to know where your father worked and things. Why don't you ask me where my mother worked, for a change?"

Mrs. Homer smiled indulgently. "Well, where did she, dear?"

"She didn't!" the child said. "I fooled you that time, didn't I?"

"You certainly did, dear," Mrs. Homer said, her smile becoming rather agonized. "I should think you'd miss your mother."

"What good would it do?" Lily said. "She got killed."

"Oh, how too bad!" Mrs. Homer said, with genuine sympathy. "I'm so sorry."

"I am, too," Lily said.

"How—how did it happen?"

"Daddy wouldn't tell me," Lily said. "But I saw the blood. I still see it at night sometimes, when there's nothing else to see. But I'm not supposed to talk about it. Did your mother get killed, or did she plain die?"

"The trouble is," Mrs. Homer said to her assembled corps of sleuths, "that between the imagination and the exaggeration, you can't make head or tail of what she says. I'm sure there's some truth, though, in that mixed-up story about her mother, and probably in some of the other things."

Mrs. Archer said, "Well, we can forget one of them. That 'bad policeman' she says her father shot was just the Sheriff of Nottingham in *Robin Hood.*"

"I wouldn't be too quick to forget anything," Mrs. Homer said. "What about all that money he got from the bank? Did you ever hear of a lumberjack or a garage hand saving up thousands of dollars? And why is the little girl forbidden to talk about the death of her mother?"

Miss Finch said, "Maybe that's more imagination."

"Imagination, piffle," Mrs. Homer said. "All this can't be imagination if the man himself is so closemouthed. If he refuses to clear himself, I, for one, don't want him around."

She raised her eyes to the specially invited guest in the back row.

"Selma? The little girl likes you. I asked you over because I thought she might have told you something."

"Well, not exactly," the pretty schoolteacher said. "All she told me was that some ladies were asking her a lot of questions. So I—well, I figured the direct approach was best, and I went to see Mr. Forbes."

Several of the ladies swung around in their seats and stared at her bleakly. She hurried on.

"But he wouldn't tell me a thing. Just said people were going to have to take

him on faith, and that they'd find he was a good neighbor."

"Faith, fiddlesticks!" Mrs. Homer spluttered. "I never took anything but the Bible on faith, and I'm not going to start now. If he won't answer reasonable questions, we don't want him here, and that's that." She gave her shoulders a determined switch. Everyone nodded approval but Selma Parish.

"Don't you think so, Selma?"

"I think," the girl said slowly, "that a Christian has to take more things than the Bible on faith."

John Forbes opened the door to Selma's knock and squinted out into the darkness.

"Oh, it's you. Miss Parish," he said. "Is anything the matter?"

"It's a strange hour to go calling," she said, "but any other time they'd see me and think I was a traitor. or worse."

"I suppose they're going to ride me out of town on a rail." he said bitterly. "Well, come in and tell me the worst. Lily's asleep."

The girl followed him into the narrow living room of the garage flat. It was austerely neat except for one corner, where Lily's possessions were scattered.

"I was brewing up a cup of coffee," John Forbes suggested.

"No, thanks," Selma said. "I can't stay. It's dangerous."

"You shouldn't go taking risks for me," he said, but there was a spark of appreciation in his eyes. "Sit down for a minute anyhow. Have a smoke. Mrs. Homer isn't here. like in the post office that first day."

"Oh, did you notice Doc trying to make me smoke? I didn't think you even saw me." She sat down and accepted a cigarette.

"I saw you. all right," he said. scratching a match on his thumbnail. "Who wouldn't?" He lit her cigarette. "Well, what are they going to do to me?"

"They're going to boycott you," she said. "And that goes for all their relatives and friends and everybody they trade with."

He straightened and stood stiffly before her, gazing into space.

"I should have expected it," he said. "Anybody's a fool to think he can be taken on faith. Especially in this day of atom spies and loyalty checks." He smiled faintly. "Where there's no faith and no charity, there can't be any hope, can there?"

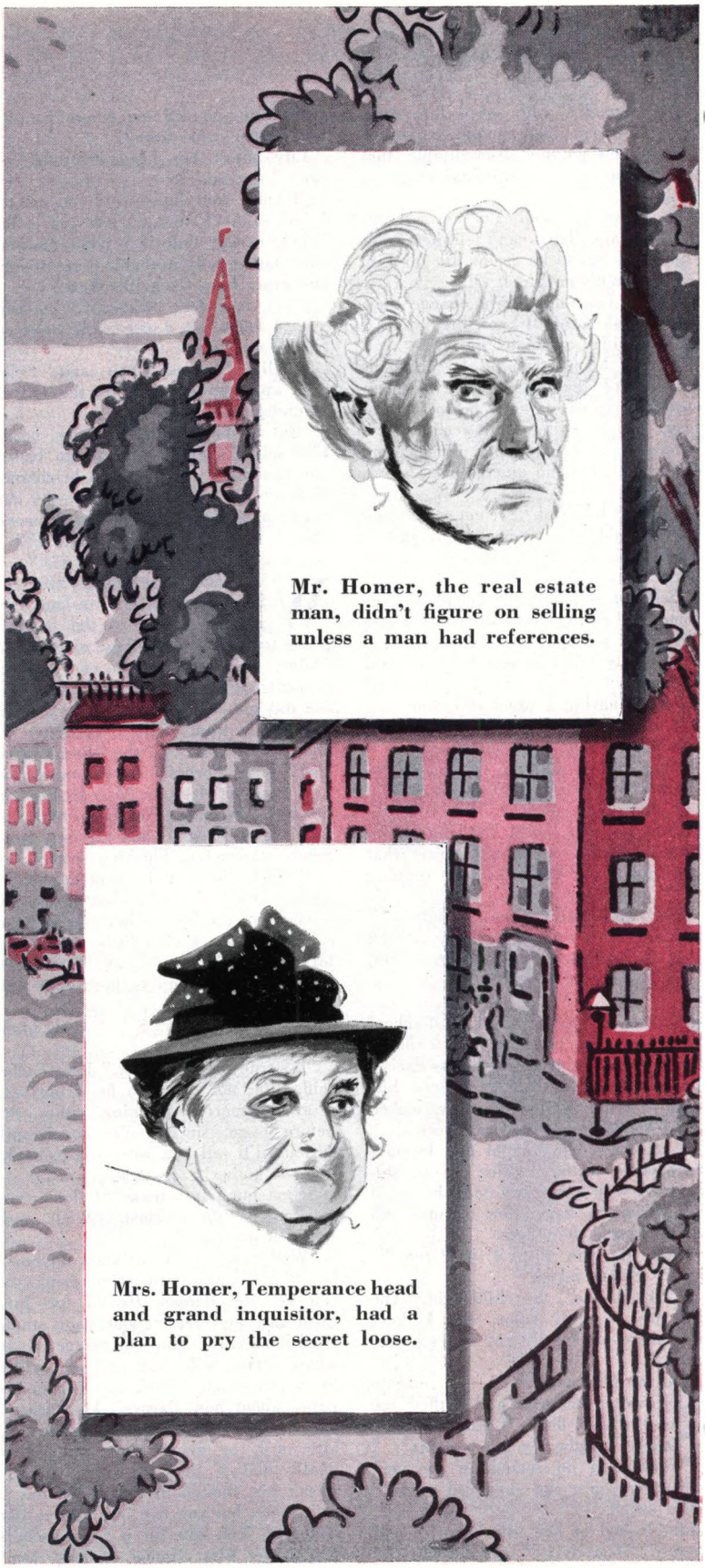
"But there *is* faith," Selma said. "My brother-in-law has faith in you."

"How about you?"

She dropped her eyes. "I do, too."

"Then I guess there's more hope than I deserve," he said.

Selma rose. "Can't you tell anything



Mr. Homer, the real estate man, didn't figure on selling unless a man had references.

Mrs. Homer, Temperance head and grand inquisitor, had a plan to pry the secret loose.

about yourself?" she asked him earnestly. "I mean just enough to satisfy them there's nothing discreditable, that you're—you're not a criminal or something?"

He frowned. "Well, I'm not a criminal," he said, "but I can't tell them what I am. This has to be a new life for Lily and me, or it's no life at all."

"But if you told, they'd change their attitude," she said. "I know they would."

"They didn't at home," he said.

"But at home it would be different, wouldn't it?" Selma hazarded. "I mean whatever happened would be so close to them. But here it would get to be a remote, secondhand thing in no time after you told it and quieted everybody's suspicions."

He shook his head. "I've got some pride left," he said. "I can't back down just to satisfy their damned curiosity."

"So what will you do?"

"Sell out at half price to old Yes-yes Homer and move to some dirty city where they won't ask questions."

"But Lily loves it here," Selma said desperately. "All the children love her, too. She's having a wonderful time."

"I know," John Forbes said. "But she wouldn't if I told."

Selma turned sadly to the door. "I—I wish you wouldn't go," she said.

"I know you mean it," he said. He came to her and laid a hand lightly on her arm. "And you know I mean what I say, don't you? Or is the faith running out?"

"No," Selma said, almost inaudibly.

"Well, that's something to tie to," he said. "Something real nice to remember. I won't forget it, ever."

During the first two periods at school the next morning, the children were perplexed about Miss Parish. Her mind seemed to be elsewhere. She gazed out the window. She overlooked raised hands. She even forgot recess.

A concerted shuffling of feet brought her back to earth. Shutting her geography book with a decisive *clop*, she asked Lily Forbes to stay a few minutes and then dismissed the others.

"Lily, do you like it in Grenville West?" Selma asked.

"I like it fine," the child said. "The hills are a pretty color, and I don't think there are hardly any bears in the woods."

"Do you like me, Lily?"

Lily averted her gaze and scuffed one foot on the oiled floor. "I like you fine," she said at length.

"Would you do something for me? Something you're not supposed to do?" Selma asked.

Lily looked at her with surprise and interest. "What is it?" she asked.

"Would you tell me where you and your father came from?"

Lily shook her head vigorously. "I can't," she said.

"I know your father told you not to," Selma said. "I wouldn't ask you to tell, either, except that if I don't find out, your father will probably have to take you away from Grenville West."

Lily's face fell. "Oh, no!" she said. "But I can't tell. I can't tell, anyway." She seemed about to cry.

"Well, if you can't, you can't," Selma said, apparently dismissing the subject. "I understand, dear."

"But I don't want to leave here!" Lily said. "I don't want to go back!" She hesitated, and her eyes brightened. "I don't want to go back to"—she gave Selma a sidelong glance—"to Ninooski. There! I *sort* of didn't tell, did I?"

When school was out that afternoon Selma spent nearly an hour composing a letter to the primary-grade teacher in the village of Ninooski, Maine. As she neared the end, she was concentrating so deeply that for a time she did not notice the tall, dark figure standing in front of the desk. When she finally did look up, she shrank away from John Forbes's harsh expression.

"I expected it from Mrs. Homer and the rest," he said. "Not from you."

"I was—I was just trying to—" Selma stammered, blushing scarlet.

"Faith!" he cut in contemptuously. "Some faith! I'm just glad Lily's conscience got the best of her. Weren't you ashamed to work on a little girl's liking for you? You're as nosy as the old ones, aren't you? Full up to here with ugly curiosity!"

"That's not true!" Selma said, jumping to her feet.

"It's true for my money," John Forbes said. "I'm not going to be living with it after tomorrow morning, either. But before I go, since you're so damned curious, I'll tell you what you're hankering to know."

Selma burst into tears. "I don't want to know!" she sobbed. "What good would it do now?"

"Well, you're going to know anyhow," he said. "If you want it in print, you can get the Bangor *Herald* for June third last and read about poor stupid Fred Barnes, the Ninooski garage owner, whose loving wife was shot and killed by a gentleman friend. It's not in the paper about how Barnes's kind friends and neighbors talked it up for months afterward, or about how the gossips finally had it that his own daughter wasn't his, though they knew better. It isn't there, but you live in a village like Ninooski. You can fill it in, especially if you get Mrs. Homer to help you."

He turned and strode up the aisle and out of the schoolhouse.

"Of all the prize male idiots!" Mrs. Homer said, when Selma told her the story. "Why didn't he *say* so?" Her shoulders switched in disgust.

"You believe him, then?" Selma said.

"Of course, I believe him. What sort of a place is this Ninooski, anyway, that they treat an honest man like that? There's nothing worse than a pack of idle-handed, addlepated gossips!"

"Then you won't start any boycott? You'll be a good neighbor to him?"

"Why not?" Mrs. Homer said in surprise. "Isn't it the Christian thing to help him all we can? Besides," she added, gazing speculatively at Selma over her bifocals, "I know you'd hate to lose your stranger's little girl."

Selma met her glance squarely. "But we've got to do something now," she said, or he'll be gone by morning."

"All right, we will," Mrs. Homer said briskly. She reached for the telephone. "Ninooski, indeed! Sounds like a sneeze. Doesn't it beat all how some of these loving wives—well, maybe he'll do better—ah—next time. No, not you, operator. Give me Bessie Archer's house."

An hour later, Selma knocked at the door of "John Forbes"'s flat.

"Well, what is it?" he said angrily. "Haven't you done enough?"

His face was pale, and his eyes were so bloodshot one might have thought he had been crying, except that he did not seem the type.

"I suppose, now that they know the story," he said, "a boycott isn't enough. Probably I'm not even allowed to stay till tomorrow morning. Is that what you want to tell me?"

Selma said nothing.

"Well, what *do* you want, then?"

"I want you to look out the front window," she said.

"Why don't you go away and leave me be?" He started to shut the door.

But running footsteps behind him announced that Lily, at least, was curious.

"Daddy, come look!" she cried. "There's a lot of cars down there that want gas or something. There's Miss Finch and Mrs. Merrill, and Mrs. Homer's up front in Archer's pick-up. Gosh, there must be a million of them!"

John Forbes's glance dropped to Selma's face, and a light appeared in his eyes that she had never seen before.

"Lily," he said. "Well, she tends to exaggerate." And he took both her hands and pressed them hard. THE END

"Daddy and I," Lily told them. "used to live in a tree, way off near the moon someplace."

EUROPEAN EYEFUL

After eleven months of all work and no play, I felt like a Very Dull Boy. This sad situation seemed to call for a quick change of scene, change of diet, change of altitude. With the prospect of a month off, I got to thinking about a trip I had made to Europe in 1936 when I was wet behind the ears. Austria made a big impression on me that summer; I had spent several days at Innsbruck in the golden Alpine air, squinting at nearby Alps and splashing paint on water-color paper. Every time I came across the old sketches I resolved to go back to the same valley some day and explore it further. I looked up Innsbruck in the atlas. From it a motor road zigzagged across the Tirolese Alps past the glaciers. It was a hot day. Glaciers sounded good. So did the place names: Garmisch-Partenkirchen (skiing), Berchtesgaden (Hitler country, but he had a nice taste in scenery), Salzburg (music festivals, leather britches, yodeling).

That did it. Yodeling softly, I decided then and there to aim my vacation at Salzburg. I would rent a small car and get close to the countryside. Drive from, say, Milan up to Salzburg and then south to Venice by way of the Gross Glockner glacier. None of this hopping around from London to Paris to Rome with a horde of tourists. My mind made up, I called Pan American World Airways and bought a ticket to Europe.

LONDON DRAMA CRITIC. Plane came down at Gander and then London. Dumped me out, along with young radio exec from New York, name of Ray Hughes. His first trip, my fifth. Decided to join forces and see some plays to kill time while King and Queen were out of town. (I had letter of introduction to American Embassy from COSMOPOLITAN, in case royal family threw any garden parties visible to press.)

Saw Diana Wynyard in "The Private Life of Helen," the low-down on Miss Troy and Mr. Paris; a musical called "Airs on a Shoestring," the English "New Faces"; "Dear Charles," comedy starring rather tiresome Frenchwoman named Yvonne Arnaud; "The Confidential Clerk" (pronounced *clark*) by T. S. Eliot, smash hit with some impressive acting about a number of dull characters who all turn out to be illegitimate; and "The Living Room," mystical melodrama about family of hermits who torture an ingénue into suicide. Last two sure to turn up in New York, so get set. Keep eye on ingénue who kills self: new girl named Dorothy Tutin, with haunting face and lovely voice. Predict drums will roll, trumpets will toot. At end of week, Liz and Phil still out of town, court calendar vacant. Off to Paris by British Overseas Airways.

MLLE. PETTY. Most exciting female in Paris unquestionably Yvonne Menard, featured in Folies Bergère. Ninety-nine percent of Yvonne visible in some acts. Show packs in Frenchmen as well as openmouthed tourists. This year's edition called *"Une Vraie Folie,"* a *"Superspectacle en 2 Actes et 40 Tableaux."* Evening begins in low gear with show girls dressed to neck, shifting to second as bird cage is lowered from ceiling to

Worth a swim over—Folies Bergère's Yvonne Menard, most exciting female in Paris, garbed in brocade or epidermis.

orchestra containing soprano smothered in ostrich feathers. Then *whammo!* Nude ballet dancers dive into pool, splashing first-row clients.

Menard dominates proceedings, alternately buried in sequins and brocade and completely exposed to pneumonia. She sings, dances, clowns with comics, flies through air thrown by dancers, displays Petty Girl proportions—long shanks, stubby feet. Parts hair in middle, with bangs; has smooth brown skin, wears fluorescent lipstick. Impossible for this girl to look awkward. Pure Ziegfeld every minute. In America would be picketed by The Watch and Ward Society and Mrs. Grundy League for Suppression of Epidermis. Worth anybody's fare to

By Jon Whitcomb

Paris, in spite of local campaign to discourage tourists. Inflation here typified by Lido night club, which charges 1,400 francs ($4.50) per drink in bar.

120 KILOMETERS AN HOUR. Rented 1953 French Ford, black with yellow wheels, left Paris for Zurich. No speed cops, no speed limit, no traffic. Buckety-buckety through placid countryside, hitting 120 kilometers (75 miles) an hour on long stretches. Toward Switzerland, rain continuous, scenery invisible. Next day drove south toward Milan. Downpour blanketed all but one or two Alps. During rare sun, leaped forth with camera, not always quick enough.

Milan full of well-dressed people, with opulent cathedral, custom-built Lancias, and huge show of Picasso's work at bombed-and-patched Palazzo Reale. Incessant rain. Climbed to roof of cathedral. Reports from Austrian Tirol: rainy season now on. Gave up on Austria, pointed Ford south. Splashed through Genoa and La Spezia. Sun came out two minutes at Pisa, where we inspected very unsafe tower. Sun came out in Rome.

SECRET TRAIN. World's fanciest train shuttles between Milan and Naples six times a week. Should say *shuttled.* Lacking customers, train scheduled for moth balls as I write. This stream-lined seven-car job rides like Cadillac limousine, with air conditioning, sound-proofing, foam-rubber easy chairs, high-fidelity music, newsstand, telephones.

From Naples to Rome, rode in front blister, curved picture window featuring close-up view onrushing tracks. Engineer occupies blister amidships on roof. Interior color scheme: powder-blue and white, with decorations by best Italian artists. Train capacity 160; on my trip had one Yonkers businessman, four young priests from San Francisco, and two girls from Altoona. Asked left-hand girl why train so empty. "Isn't it mad?" she exclaimed, stretching out on blue sofa. "All this luxury just for us. I guess Italians don't see the right advertisements. I read about it in Altoona."

THE NEW SOUND. Boarded BOAC jet transport at Rome airport for trip to London. Flight originates Johannesburg, South Africa, which explains through-passengers clutching cabin luggage like jungle drums, zebraskins and native spears. Take-off very smooth and fast. Impression when air-borne gives illusion of giant vacuum cleaner. Over Switzerland in less than hour, with Alps sticking up out of cloud layers. Height of Comet: 40,000 feet. Speed: 490 miles an hour. One man managed to get several coins to stand on edge on table, demonstrating British skill at eliminating vibration. Plane small (thirty-six seats) but very comfortable. Movie troupe on board fresh from location in Africa. Actor named Dana Andrews in seat next

From the ceiling, in ostrich feathers.

to me fell asleep over book on Mau Maus. Touched down London airport after two and a half hours in air, big improvement over usual six for propeller planes. Opinion: Jets obviously here to stay, three cheers for British.

CHAMPAGNE AT 14,000 FEET. London-to-New York Strato-clipper now precedes steak-and-champagne dinner with printed menu. Another souvenir—copy of passenger list. After take-off, had cocktails downstairs lounge, ate huge dinner, wiped chin, took nap, and woke up in Keflavik, Iceland. Debarked in small bus for airport lounge. Had coffee served by blonde Iceland doll. Back on plane for run to New York, loosened collar and turned on reading light. Found wonderful travel folder in pocket, all about Austria. Made firm resolution: next year, Salzburg. THE END

Me, on the roof of Milan's cathedral.

The Home Place

It would be casual, he thought—light love, a weekend for two. The visit to the old homestead was only an excuse

BY CHARLES MERCER ILLUSTRATED BY AL PARKER

New England always seemed to begin at New Haven to him. He used to feel exhilarated whenever he first glimpsed it in the east. But on that August morning, as he drove along the Merritt Parkway from New York, the sight of the city made him vaguely ill at ease.

"New Haven," he said.

"Yes," she said.

She sat as far as possible from him on the warm leather seat and watched him. She was not a foolish woman, and he rather wished she were, in the light of the foolish thing they had set out to do.

Her smile was uncertain. She wanted to be reassured, Jake thought. He could not see her expression behind her sunglasses, but he knew she was trying to tell him this was a new sort of experience to her, she had not done it before. The wind whipped her short chestnut hair, and in her green summer suit, her body was lovely and pliant, always more pliant than her smile.

"There's a certain seriousness about you," he said.

She looked away. "And you," she said.

That was the trouble. He needed an expansive gaiety, an equatorial warmth to wilt her timidity. And he didn't have it, he'd never had it. It was a pity, he thought, that at some time in his thirty-four years he had not fallen in love with some gay and warm woman. He might have acquired a wisdom that eluded him now.

Reflectively, he said her name to himself. Dinah Hawkins. When he'd first heard it, he'd imagined she must have been born when that old song "Dinah"

It was their first kiss. He hadn't realized it would be like this.

was blaring from victrolas. He was right, he learned in time. She was born twenty-four years ago in a town in West Virginia he'd never heard of. Yes, "Dinah" was her mother's favorite song.

Now, hands crossed passively in her lap, she said, "This place we're going to, tell me about it, Jake."

"Bancroft's Neck," he said.

"Bancroft's Neck," she said, and waited.

He watched the speedometer needle creep to fifty-five. It was ten minutes after ten by the panel clock. Haze suffused the low hills.

"It's just an old house," he finally said.

"It's been in the family a long time."

But he thought, the home of my ancestors, the sea captains. Six generations of Bancrofts. Seven, including me, but neither I nor my father counts.

"And now you're selling it." She sounded almost regretful.

"Money," he said dryly. "Everybody wants money. The income-tax people want money. I want money. My mother wants money."

His mother, who lived in Paris now for reasons vaguely associated with art, had asked him to sell the house. With surprising sentiment, considering how she had come to feel about his father, she had paid the taxes on the place until he took them over a couple of years ago. But now she wanted cash. It was natural. For years she'd lived with little financial security.

"Is it empty?" asked Dinah. "The house, I mean."

"It was for a good many years. But some old man rented it last winter. The agent told me his name. Something like Koskovics. I've never met him. I haven't been this way in a long time."

"Bancroft's Neck," she reflected.

But she could not induce him to talk about it, neither the summers he'd spent there when his grandfather was alive nor the fragmentary tales of former generations passed down to him. To talk about it would only emphasize the difference between them, a difference existing in both their minds. And that difference could spoil the trip, Jake thought as they sped beyond New Haven.

Almost grimly he remembered a bit of cant of his father's. Never mix pleasure with business. Of all his carefully enunciated banalities, his father had most thoroughly violated that one. Everett Bancroft simply had not been able to take business without pleasure. It had led him to a final imprisonment in a private sanitarium where, in the post-mortem, it was noted that the alcohol had distended his liver incredibly. Speaking of cant, he thought, here was an item: Like father, like son. He had scrupulously avoided mixing pleasure with business—until now. This was a business trip to which he had impetuously sought to add pleasure by asking Dinah along. And he was uncertain whether he or she was the more surprised by her impetuous acceptance.

The point was that she respected him greatly. She respected his education and his intelligence and the potentialities of his job in a private banking firm of high repute. That was one point. And the other point was that he desired her greatly. He wanted her. Period.

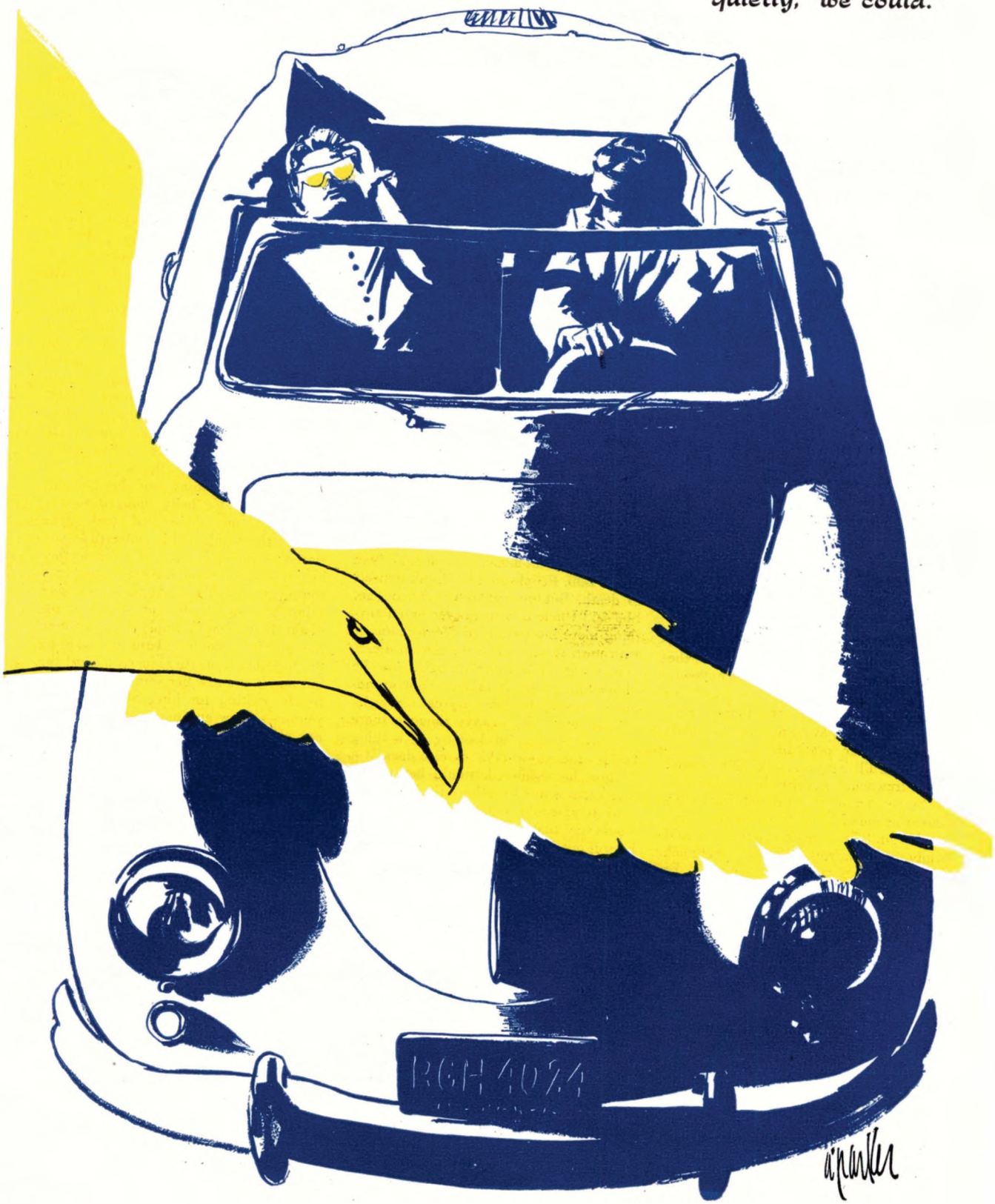
He hadn't realized how much until two nights ago when he had taken her home after the theatre to the apartment where she lived with another brokerage-office secretary. Impulsively he kissed her good night. It was the first time he'd kissed her, and he hadn't realized it would be like that. He hadn't expected the—well, he hadn't expected it. Dimly he remembered her mentioning earlier in the evening that she had vacation this week. He remembered he had planned to take a long weekend off to go up to the Neck and see about the house. Then he heard his voice, remote and level: "Dinah, come to New England with me this weekend." Just like that. Just as if he were an old hand at asking girls to spend a weekend in New England with him. She drew back from him. She was about to refuse. And then, gazing at him steadily, she said, "Yes," and disappeared into the elevator.

So now they were driving east from New Haven, talking about the drought and old farms and white-steepled churches on dusty greens. It was impersonal, the way he'd thought he wanted it to be, and he was rather surprised he was not altogether satisfied.

About one o'clock they came to an inn, his destination for lunch. The Neck was only a few miles distant. He followed Dinah from the car, admiring her slim figure, her relaxed stride. In this way, following her, he'd happened to see her for the first time six weeks ago. He'd been going to a cocktail party at the Heaths', and she was walking ahead of him down the long corridor to their apartment. He was thinking about a project he'd been working on all afternoon. He had a normal passing interest in a trim feminine figure, but he was thinking about the project. And suddenly he stopped thinking about it as they both reached the Heaths' door. For there came a happy denouement to perhaps the oldest masculine drama in the world: she was as lovely from the front as from the back.

They arrived together, and it seemed natural to stay together, particularly since she knew scarcely anyone there. The Heaths collected bizarre characters for their parties; it was extraordinary to find anyone as prosaic as a downtown brokerage-office secretary. But she was refreshing to Jake. He was tired of women who passed off their nervousness as vitality and their carefully husbanded scraps of information as knowledge. He was glad to meet a girl who didn't know Kierkegaard from Krafft-Ebing, who was regretful but not alarmed by her ignorance. Instruct me, her eyes said to his, but that afternoon at the

"We could stay here," he said. "Yes," she answered quietly, "we could."



The Home Place (continued)

Heaths' he had not dreamed that he would instruct her, "Come to New England with me," or that she would obey.

Yet they were here now, at a white-clothed table beside an open window which overlooked a dry brook. Far beyond dusty trees, the blue Atlantic supported the sky. Locusts shrilled in the heat. Somewhere a hammer beat hollowly on iron.

"The lobster's very good today," said the waitress, a heavy woman with beads of sweat on her forehead.

"I think I'll have a salad," Dinah said.

He frowned. "Let's have a Martini." He remembered she did not like Martinis, she didn't seem to enjoy any kind of alcohol. "Two whisky sours," he said firmly to the waitress. "We'll order lunch later."

"This is very nice." Dinah said. "The old copperware." She nodded toward the warming pans and trays that had been hung around the imitation pine-paneled walls in an apparent effort to produce a Colonial atmosphere. "I like copper."

"They're fakes," he said, and immediately he was sorry.

She looked from him to a warming pan and said, "Oh." That was all.

It demonstrated, he thought, that the woman he married should not be like Dinah. She would have to be the kind who would tell him when he was being superior, when he was acting like a jerk. If he didn't marry soon, he'd be impossible by the time he was forty—if he wasn't already impossible.

"At least I don't think they're copper," he said. "I really don't know at all." The waitress served their drinks. "Are those real copper?" he asked her.

"Certainly, sir," she replied.

"They're real copper," he said to Dinah, and smiled.

She laughed. He liked her laughter. It was a sort of chuckle, deep and delighted. They raised their glasses and nodded.

The drink was neither sour nor cold enough, but she said, "I like it." So he said, "Not bad," and they talked about West Virginia, where he never had been, and horses, of which he knew little, and the gravel business, in which her father was engaged. They were talking about sailing; at least, he was lecturing and she was listening, when he finished his second drink. She shook her head, so he ordered a third for himself.

Suddenly, still cold sober and still determined not to fall into confession to her, he said, "Whenever I order the third drink I remember my father. He was an alcoholic—a drunk."

The locusts shrilled, and the hammer beat *bang-bang-bang* on iron somewhere.

"I'm sorry," she said, and he knew she was truly sorry, not for his father's sake but for his own, as if it had left a scar on him. It really hadn't, of course. At least he'd never believed it had. Yet why had he brought it up now?

"I had a great-uncle," Dinah said, "my Uncle Bob. People said he drank himself to death. But my grandmother said no. She said Uncle Bob just never found anything more interesting to occupy himself with until it came time for him to die."

She was kind, Jake thought. But he didn't tell her so. He said, "Your grandmother must have been a great old girl."

"She was. She always thought there was another way of looking at a thing besides the way everybody else does."

How, he wondered, would her grandmother view this situation? Probably that worldly-wise old woman from the hills would say that a girl might have to put herself out a bit to land a likely husband. That, then, was the point his mind had been hovering around all day, as a bee outside the screen was hovering now around a honeysuckle blossom. Dinah might have an idea of marriage—and believe that coming to New England with him was the only way he would get the same idea. Possibly she thought he had money. That was a laugh. His father, before he died, had lost all the money the preceding generations had managed to accumulate. He himself had to work hard at his job, his only source of income. There was no red carpet unrolling before him to the presidency of the firm. But in the firm it could help if you married the right woman, a woman, say, with a few hundred thousand, who had the right family and social connections. He'd met a few of them, women who on the record seemed absolutely right for his job. Yet he'd never wanted to take any of them to New England for a weekend.

He downed his third drink quickly, and the waitress served their lobster salads. Afterward, as they sipped coffee, Dinah looked toward the sea and said, "It's very pleasant here."

He stared at her. "I suppose we could stay here. We could leave our bags and run over to the Neck and come back later."

Her gaze met his levelly. "Yes," she said, "we could."

He rose carefully, as if his lean body were balancing the delicate structure of their relationship. He asked her to meet him on the porch. After paying the luncheon check, he paused at the desk and haltingly delivered a little speech to a gray-haired man of puritanical visage. He and his wife thought the inn delightful. (He heard himself actually saying that.) They didn't have a reservation, but they'd like to stay, and did the management happen to have a vacancy? After deliberating and doubtless jacking up the price, the aging puritan allowed he did happen to have one room and bath left.

Jake thanked him and went out to the car for their luggage. The sun beat down. Cars whined past on the highway. An old man in a bathing suit, his body as white as a fish's belly, hopped toward the beach on blue-veined legs. Jake opened the trunk of his convertible and stared at their luggage. His big leather bag was worn from travels around two continents. Beside it, Dinah's new and shiny bag struck him as somehow pathetic. It was—well, hopeful. Somewhere the invisible hammer banged again on the invisible iron. He glanced toward the inn porch and saw her standing there patiently waiting for him. She looked so young—so new and untraveled. This was not the place for them to stop. He slammed the trunk shut and called to her.

"All filled up," he said when she reached the car.

He drove away fast. They did not speak for several minutes. Then, knowing she was watching him, he finally said, "It wasn't filled up. It just wasn't the place for us to stay."

"I know," she said.

"You know! Then why did you agree to stay?"

"I thought you wanted to," she said, and that was all she said about it. She looked to their right and exclaimed at the immensity and blueness of the Atlantic, which she never had seen before.

He left the highway and followed blacktop roads along the bay heads, where the tumbled stone walls and wild pastures of old farms ran down to the salt marshes.

"It's wonderful!" Dinah cried. "Look at that sail away out there."

"A racing sloop." It stood south and east, like a white column against the

horizon. "She's on the homeward leg of the triangle back to Newport."

"Did you ever sail on one of those?"

He nodded, remembering the slanting decks and towering canvas in those summers before the war. The people hadn't been much. Just people with a lot of money. They'd let him on their big boats simply because he'd gone to the right schools and met their sons, simply because he was—a Bancroft. He might have married into one of those families and spent his life sailing and playing around. But the war and the Navy had interrupted; the Pacific had baptized him at the Slot and cast him up three years later on Okinawa. He'd come home with a fumbling desire to reconstruct the family his father had wrecked in an alcoholic ward. He'd hoped someday to make enough money to remodel the house on the Neck and resurrect the good and leisurely life that the captains—Adoniram and Avery and Jacob and Ethan—had lived there a century and more ago. And now he was abandoning that hope. He was going back to sell the house for what little cash it would bring.

"Tell me about it!" For the first time Dinah's tone was impatient. She was frowning at him. "The sailing, I mean. The way it used to be. Do you think I can't understand it just because I never lived here?"

"It was a good life," he said. "I spent as much time here as I could when my grandfather was alive. He never went to sea. He went into the mills. I think he always regretted it. The people before him whaled and traded out of New Bedford and Bristol and Providence and New London. They left diaries and old ship's logs and bits of ivory and jade and a camphor chest from Canton. This road we're on now used to be the coach road. A stagehand used to blow the coach horn at my great-great-grandmother. One day, when her husband came home from a voyage to Sumatra, he dashed out and made the man stop it. Just little things like that. It's all I know about it. We'll go on after we look at the house. Monday, we'll stop in Providence and I'll put it in the hands of a real-estate man."

The road curved sharply, and they saw the long sweep of the bay. Thunderheads were banked beyond it to the north. Gulls flapped lazily from the sea. At ebb tide, the mud flats smelled the same. Nothing had changed, Jake thought. And then he saw the rows of cheap new bungalows where the meadows had been. There was a gaudy new shack with a sign: GET YOUR FRESH CLAMS HERE.

"Get your fresh clams here!" he growled.

Dinah glanced at him curiously.

"It's spoiled," he said. "It's all changed. A lot of trash has moved in and spoiled the place."

She started to say something to him, then stopped. She looked away from him.

"There's the house," he said. "That's Bancroft's Neck, that small arm of land into the bay, and that's the house there."

Square, grayed by the weather, the big house stood on a knoll. There was a cupola on its flat roof, and around it was a railing, composing a widow's walk. Ancient, lopsided maples grew on three sides of the house, their branches turned from the prevailing winds off the Atlantic.

"They never let trees grow on the seaward side," Jake said. "It would have spoiled the view. From the widow's walk, you can see beyond the headlands. In the old days, a woman up there could identify a good many ships. And a captain away out there could shift his course and make sure she saw the one she was watching for." He was driving slowly now. "The drive begins just beyond that hedge. The boxwood's gone wild— Good Lord!"

Beyond the boxwood hedge was a small roadside vegetable stand. Its signs had been painted carefully but ignorantly: FRESH SWEET KORN, RIPE TOMATTOES.

As Jake stopped the car, a big, dark woman got up from a chair behind the stand. She dropped her knitting and came toward them, smiling. Several of her teeth were missing.

"You like the fresh sweet corn? Is good. And the tomatoes"—she managed the word with difficulty—"good, good!"

"Do you live here?" Jake asked sharply.

Dinah touched his knee lightly. Almost imperceptibly she shook her head, her eyes telling him. Don't be like that.

The smile faded from the woman's face. She halted and locked her square hands before her.

"Well," Jake said, "I— No thank you, we don't want any vegetables. I—I used to live here and—"

"Mr. *Bancroft!*" the woman cried.

"Yes," Dinah said, smiling warmly, "this is Mr. Bancroft and—"

"Mr. *Bancroft!*" The woman broke into an excited torrent of foreign language. "Come, come, come!" She trotted to the stand and lifted a baby from a box. Sweeping it against her breast, she ran up the drive, waving them after her.

"That stand," Jake said as they rode

He hurried past her and ran out into the rainy darkness looking for the lost doll.

up the drive behind the woman. "That roadside stand!" He pointed and swore. "This all used to be lawn. And look, they've turned it into vegetable gardens."

Rows of cabbages and tomatoes and corn grew beyond the hedge. In front of the house was a bright patch of petunias and phlox and sweet peas. But beyond the flowers were more rows of vegetables.

The woman was screaming something. A big, aging man ran around a corner of the house, waving a hoe. Behind him came another woman, followed by a boy about twelve years old. A little girl, clutching a doll, darted behind one of the big maples and then peered out at them with large, dark eyes.

Jake stopped the car.

"Mr. *Bancroft!*" shouted the man, sweeping off his dusty black hat. His hair was gray and sparse, his forehead high and domed. He fumbled in a pocket of his overalls and took out a pair of steel-rimmed spectacles which he put on carefully.

"I am Lajos Roskovics," he said gravely. "I am honored, Mr. Bancroft. My family is honored. Many months now we wonder when comes Mr. Bancroft to visit. Since we come into the great house in the winter we always say, 'When comes Mr. Bancroft?'" Bowing deeply, he opened the door for Dinah.

Jake swung out of his door and walked around the car. He shook hands with Lajos Roskovics and said, "This is Miss Hawkins."

Lajos carefully rubbed his palm on his overalls before gingerly taking Dinah's hand. Then he introduced the two women, Catherine and Margaret, his daughters-in-law, and the boy, Ernst, his grandson.

"Maria," he called to the little girl behind the tree. She finally came out, tightly holding her sawdust-stuffed, misshapen doll. She stared up at them from behind her grandfather's legs. Dinah knelt and admired the doll, and in a moment Maria came to her.

"I have two more grandsons working in the corn," Lajos said proudly. "And two sons working in the city I have, Mr. Bancroft. Maurus and Janos, they work in the cotton mill, and when they come home they work after supper to dark. They make big joke of living in the mansion and working in the mill. Sometimes they play they"—he searched for the word carefully—"kings. They come in and stand under the big"—his hands shaped the crystal chandelier in the hall—"and they say, 'Tonight we have wine, tonight we have music, tomorrow we ride over the estate.' Good sons, Mr. Bancroft. Good grandsons and daughters. Good place. We very happy here in your big house."

"Well, hell, you rented it," said Jake.

Lajos looked at him closely. "You not charge big rent, Mr. Bancroft. In Hungary we not live like this. In Hungary not even the conquerors, the men from Moscow, live like we live here." He grinned and sniffed deeply. "Smell freedom. Come."

He led them around the house, and Maria and Ernst followed them. "Good land. Only wild grass before. Now gardens, food." He looked up at Jake uncertainly. "Once green lawn, eh? I can make it green again, but we can't eat grass." He rested a hand on Ernst's shoulder. "Maybe in his time it all lawn again, eh? You not mind the vegetables, Mr. Bancroft?"

"No," Jake said. "No, of course not."

He remembered the groomed lawns and flower beds in his grandfather's time. Where cabbages grew now, there had been a croquet court. He remembered his grandfather triumphantly smashing a ball through a wicket and shouting for Judson, the butler, to bring more lemonade. Now Lajos Roskovics knelt on the same spot and fondly felt a cabbage head. Yet, oddly, the change wrought here did not annoy him, Jake realized. The Roskovics family brought a life, a vitality that had been lacking on the Neck for a century.

"We show you the pigs," Lajos said.

"Pigs!"

Lajos smiled. "They are good pigs, Mr. Bancroft."

The big doors of the old carriage house were open. The air, heavy before the approaching storm, pressed on them the smells of the stable and new clover and the tidal flats.

"It smells good." Dinah paused and breathed deeply. "It reminds me of home."

"Home?" Lajos said. "Is your home near, Miss 'Awkins?"

She shook her head and took Maria's hand as thunder rolled across the bay. "It's a long way off, in West Virginia. But you've somehow made the place seem like home to me, Mr. Roskovics."

Jake gazed at her in the shadow of the rolling clouds. She holding Maria's hand. Maria grasping the arm of her doll suddenly stirred in him a strange wish to protect them. Did men build homes and beget children, he wondered, to fulfill that almost inexpressible desire to protect?

Lajos was looking quizzically from him to Dinah. As thunder crashed again, Maria dropped her doll and shrank against Dinah.

"We see the pigs before it rains," Lajos said, and led them around the carriage house. He'd built two pens there. In one was a sow with brood; in the other dozed two fat hogs. "No smell." Lajos grinned. "Good pigs."

Two boys carrying hoes and leading a Jersey cow came up through the orchard. Lajos introduced them, Franz and Kossuth, his grandsons. They bowed shyly and led the cow into the stable. Lajos would have taken them on through the orchard, pointing out how he was pruning the apple and pear trees which had gone wild years ago, but a few drops of rain began to fall and they returned to the house.

He held open the front screen door for them, and when they entered the big hall, dim now in the growing storm darkness, he turned on the light. The crystal chandelier glittered brightly. Never had the intricate crystalwork been polished so brightly, Jake thought. The floors shone. In the big living room to the left, there was no rug and little furniture, but it was scrubbed clean.

"You keep a beautiful house," Dinah said to Catherine and Margaret. "Did it ever look better than this, Jake?"

"No," he said, "no, it never did."

And that was true, he thought. The rose carpets and Georgian furniture were gone, sold to dealers, sold by his mother to support herself in a Paris hotel. But the ghosts that had been here had gone with the furniture. The Roskovicses had taken the place of the ghosts. They had filled the big, memory-haunted rooms with love and laughter and vitality.

Lajos pulled chairs into a small, rather formal circle, and Catherine and Margaret served tea and small, sweet cookies.

Maria set a stool beside Dinah's chair and sat down. Then she left the room.

"How long have you been here?" Dinah asked Lajos.

"Here since January." He sipped his tea and sighed. "America two years."

He told them how he and his wife,

with their two sons and their wives, had been shipped off to concentration camps ten years ago. His wife had died there, but Lajos somehow had survived. He had learned English from another prisoner and become determined to go to America if he lived and ever had the chance. When liberated, he had managed to find his children and grandchildren. Finally, by luck and unceasing effort, they had all reached America.

"Now," he said, "we are here. We are free and happy. God is good." He looked up as rain lashed against the windows. "I talk too much. You, Miss 'Awkins, and you, Mr. Bancroft, can tell more interesting stories."

No, Jake thought, he couldn't. These people had lived and struggled and suffered as he never had. He lived partially in a dream of the past. Merely a dream. He knew now that those vague dreams were not enough to sustain him.

Dinah was looking at him as if she had just asked him a question he had not heard.

"Mr. Bancroft," Lajos said, "maybe you can tell us some stories of the big house that we can remember when you're gone. On winter nights we have a fire here in the fireplace and tell stories. It would be good to be able to repeat what you tell us."

"Well"—he looked helplessly at Dinah—"there's not much to tell."

Slowly she pulled her gaze from him to Lajos. "Maybe all families have just about the same story to tell," she said. "Struggle and suffering before happiness. Not many have suffered as much as yours, Mr. Roskovics. At least not so recently. But I've heard my grandmother tell of the struggles of her grandparents. They went into the hills in wagons, and they cut their farm out of the woods."

Lajos nodded. "Hear that, Ernst? You listen, Catherine and Margaret, Miss 'Awkins' people, they cut their farm out of the woods. Excuse me. You say they went in wagons. They—"

There was a loud wail from the kitchen. Franz and Kossuth came through the hall, dragging Maria. She was crying bitterly.

"Maria, Maria," Lajos said, "be still, child."

"She lost her doll." Kossuth said. "She left it out in the barn somewhere. We stopped her from going out to get it. She'd drown out there."

"I want my dolly," Maria screamed.

"It's just an old sawdust thing," Franz said.

Maria screamed louder.

"Come in and sit down with me," Dinah told her. "We'll find it later."

She stopped screaming and blinked at Dinah. "My dolly'll die out there. Please get my dolly."

Jake remembered that she had dropped it near the carriage house when the thunder had crashed and she had shrunk against Dinah. He had a sudden, sharp picture of the sawdust doll lying wet and ruined in the rain.

"We'll get you a new doll, Maria," he said. "I'll give you the money for a pretty big new doll that talks."

"I want *my* doll," she said stubbornly.

"Maria!" Lajos' tone was sharp.

Dinah rose quickly. "We'll get your doll, Maria. I think I know where it is."

She started toward the hall as all the Roskovicses except Maria protested. She really was going out there in the rain for the doll, Jake knew. She not only liked Maria and this entire family. She was going to *do* something for them.

He sprang to his feet and hurried past her into the hall. Lajos cried after him, but he did not look back. He opened the door and ran through the rain to the carriage house.

The doll lay where Maria had dropped it, sodden and more shapeless now. But still alive, he thought wryly. Snatching it up, he ran back to the house.

Maria was thanking him and her mother was scolding her and Lajos was lamenting the entire situation, but he didn't pay much attention to them. He was looking beyond them at Dinah. He had not seen that exact expression on her face before. It was as if the two of them had shared something that no one else understood.

"We must be going," he said suddenly.

"Stay!" Lajos cried. "My sons will be home soon. We will have supper together, all of us."

Jake shook his head. "We really have to go."

"But the rain," Lajos said. "It's a bad storm. You can stay the night. You will take the master's bedroom. Miss 'Awkins will have the mistress's room."

"Thanks." Jake did not look at Dinah. "We'll come back and visit another time."

They said good-by to the Roskovicses and hurried to the car.

At the foot of the drive, Jake paused. "We could go on up to Providence."

"Yes," Dinah said, "we could."

"Or we could go back to New York."

"Yes."

"What's your choice?" he asked her.

She looked at him intently. "This time it's your choice, Jake."

"We're going back to New York," he said. "There's a little formality, a small technicality I'd like us to go through before we come this way again."

He heard her catch her breath, but she did not speak.

"If you're willing."

"Of course I'm willing, Jake." Her voice was unsteady. "But what about the real-estate business you wanted to attend to?"

"I don't think we'll ever find the time to do that," he said, and turned the car toward New York. THE END

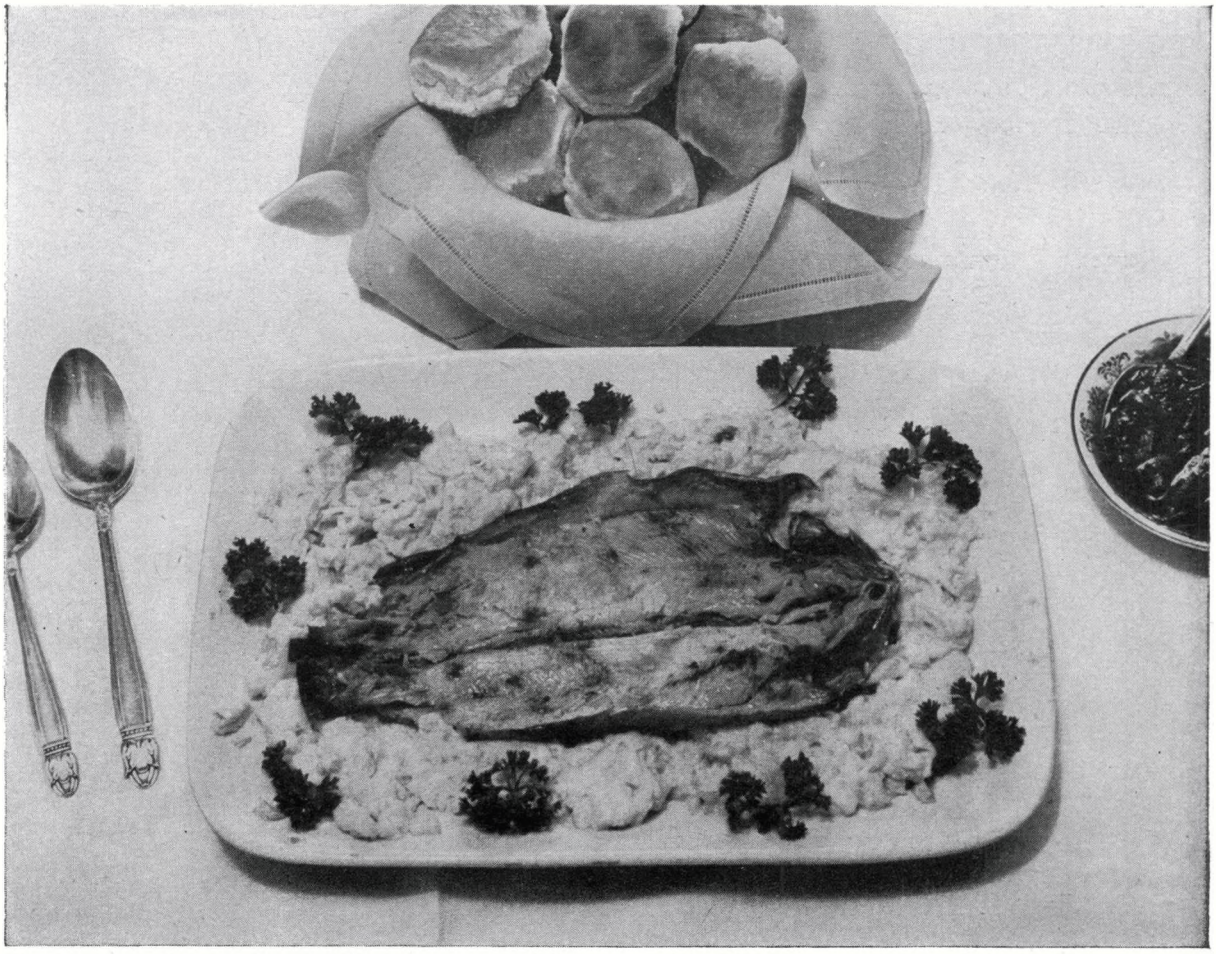
It was a look he'd never seen before. "This time," she said, "the choice is yours."

Photos by Maxwell Coplan

At 4 A.M., *Jack Sterling's wife stokes him up for his 5:30 WCBS radio show.*

The Most Important Meal of the Day

If your husband tackles his job fortified by a gulp of coffee, he's courting nervous exhaustion. You can beat that risk—with a breakfast that's different



Why dunk and run? *Broiled kippers, scrambled eggs, and hot biscuits can be yours in ten fast minutes.*

BY HARRY BOTSFORD

The curious legend that men do not really care for a substantial breakfast started with lazy wives or women on a diet. It has been compounded by a generation of compliant men who don't like to argue and who know that by the time they reach the office they'll have had some rolls and coffee at the nearest drugstore.

The verity of this legend is shattered into a million pieces when these spouses are away from home. They order the works: fruit or vegetable juice, hot cereal and cream, ham and eggs, hashed brown potatoes, hot biscuits, and three cups of coffee. They eat leisurely and with vast enjoyment.

Somewhere between the average frugal breakfast and a sudden welter of heavy victuals lies a simple and bountiful breakfast that is a matter of domestic routine. And there, ladies and gentlemen, is matrimonial bliss in three dimensions. The memory of delightfully lush dinners and congenial luncheons is almost evanescent compared with the remembrance of a thoroughly good breakfast. The host and hostess who see that breakfast is a quiet ritual of good food are held in high affection by those fortunate enough to partake of their bounty.

Drab monotony unhappily characterizes the average American breakfast. The man who knows he will sit down to a glass of watered fruit juice, a slice of toast, and some hastily made coffee does not sing in his bath. He is the gent you see in cartoons hiding behind the morning paper while the lady in curlers who sits opposite wears an unfriendly look on her face. He is the man who speeds the good-by kiss as he races to the transportation that takes him to his job.

On the other hand, the man who comes down to breakfast in the serene knowledge that it won't be the identical provender he had yesterday and the day before gives the morning paper only a casual glance. He is busy scanning the morning meal, auditing its goodness and variety, heaping deserved praise on the lady who planned or prepared it. A happy man, sirs! His wife is at once cunning, competent, and charming. Should he pass from this vale of tears, she could remarry in a year, for her reputation as a breakfast builder will have spread among the male population and she will be in demand.

Day-by-day Variety Is a Must

There are dozens of ways of starting breakfast. Above all, there should be day-by-day variety. Canned or bottled tomato juice has virtue only when it is icy cold, when it has been shrewdly bolstered. The good cook starts with a quart of tomato juice, adds a half teaspoon each of minced fresh marjoram and sweet basil, a quarter teaspoon of celery salt, four drops of Tabasco sauce, one teaspoon of onion juice, a half teaspoon of Worcestershire sauce. The container is shaken well, the ambrosia is refrigerated overnight—a tall glass perketh up the sluggish appetite, maketh the inner man sing.

A melon, a fairly small but ripe one, is always a nice choice to start the morning meal, but it can be improved immeasurably. The night before, cut a circle about the size of a silver dollar from

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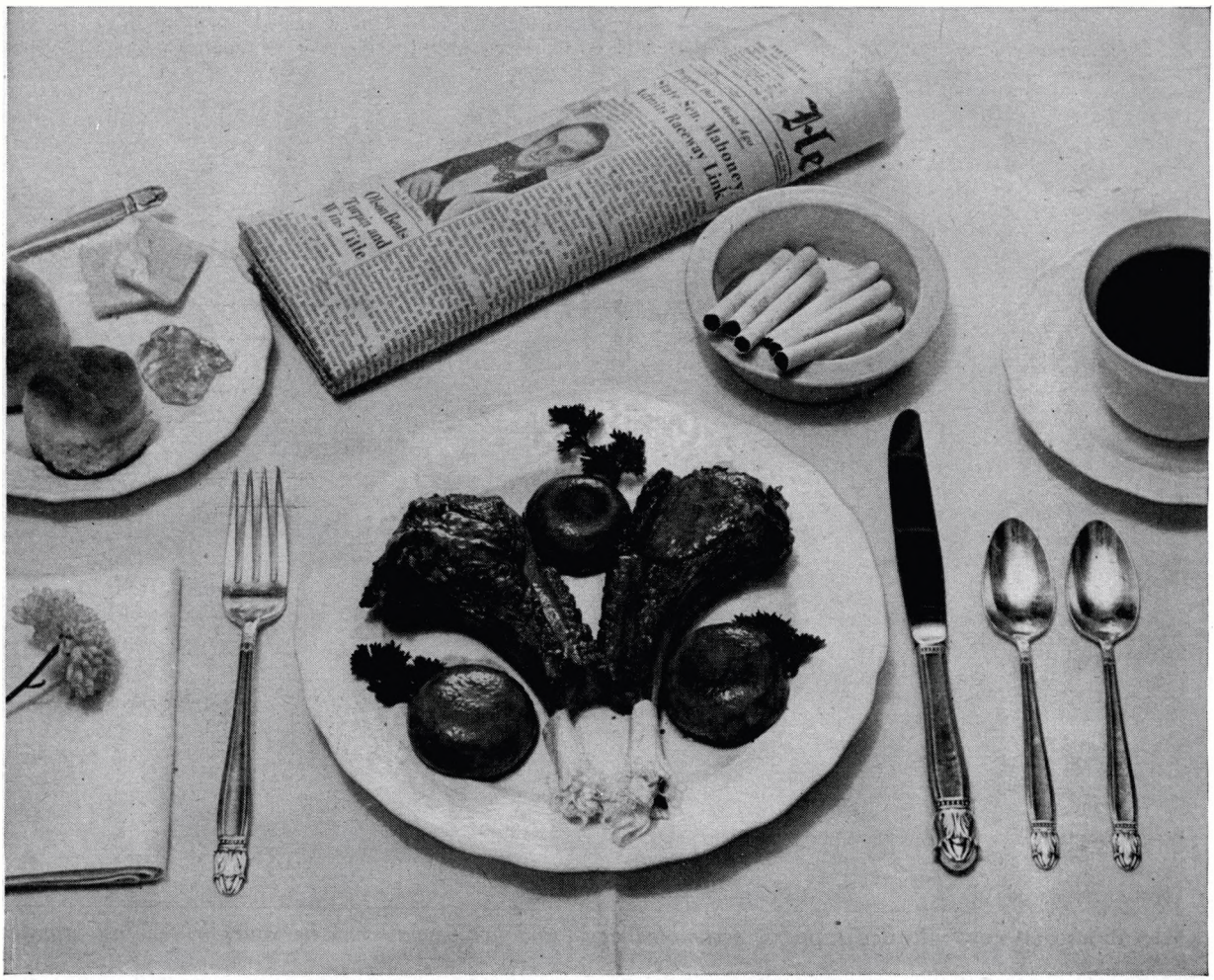

Try lamb chops and grilled mushrooms *for breakfast. Pull a switch at supper: scrambled eggs and bacon.*

the stem end, invert the melon, drain out the juices and as many seeds as possible. Reach for a bottle of very dry sauterne, fill the cavity, replace the plug, place in the refrigerator. In the morning, drain the liquor, cut the melon, and serve. People smile happily with the first bite. This is especially welcome for a holiday or a Saturday or Sunday breakfast, an ideal starter of surprising excellence.

Try Sherry on Grapefruit

Prepare grapefruit the night before. Dust with sugar, add a tablespoon of dry sherry, refrigerate. It will be enjoyed; it will inspire compliments.

Quick-frozen orange juice has its merits, but it needs something in the way of fortification—a large lemon or lime squeezed into the mixture made from one can of the quick-frozen liquid gives it a new and exciting flavor, one that invariably generates commendation.

Only a few people serve old-fashioned oatmeal these mornings, yet it is a breakfast food that has been enjoyed by generations of stalwart males and lively and lovely women. It is best when served piping hot, with a dollop of butter on it, covered with thick cream, and generously dusted with brown sugar. Certainly it contains calories, plenty of them, but when it has been more than twelve hours since food passed between the lips, the fires need stoking. And this is very fine fuel, indeed.

A dish of strawberries, a bowl of scarlet strawberries, or one heaped with plebeian blueberries can launch the breakfast with great good cheer. In Pennsylvania, during the season, it was our habit to start breakfast with wild strawberries, tiny red-ripe nuggets of great and delicate flavor—a modest squirt of kirsch, a delicate dust of sugar helped. No cream, if you wish to enjoy their unforgettable flavor.

You don't forget the good breakfast. I remember one eaten on a holiday morning in Manhattan. We started with spiced and herbed tomato juice. Then came grilled mushroom caps on wedges of rye toast, broiled smoked sausages, plenty of coffee, good talk, and leisurely, enjoyable eating.

For genuine economy, for the ultimate in taste, a tall and chilly glass of vegetable juice, followed by squares of fried mush, crisp and brown, a few strips of broiled bacon, some good marmalade—a breakfast that is grand and filling. If the need for more sustenance is felt, flank the mush and bacon with fried eggs.

Why Scots Attain Ripe Old Age

An aunt, Scotch to the core, claimed the reason the Scots attain such remarkable old age and strength of character is that they invariably eat a large and wholesome breakfast. Her blue eyes twinkled as she added that the men of her clan also partook of a liberal hooker of

the native wine of Scotland before breaking their fast, a practice that fails to merit my approval even if it was a tribal custom.

Her breakfasts, which I remember nostalgically, often began with hot oatmeal, cooked all night, with its normal complement of butter, cream, and sugar. It was followed by broiled kippers, a plate of hot and tremendously fine scones straight from the oven, a jar of bitter-orange marmalade. There was also piping-hot black tea.

Did you ever broil kippers? It's easy, laddie and lassie. Split the kippers without breaking the back skin. Gently place them skinside down in a well-buttered shallow baking dish. Brush them with melted butter and lemon juice, festoon them with a few twists of the pepper mill. Run the dish under a moderate flame for ten minutes. Serve with the speed of light. You will find the smoky flavor is entrancing, zesty, better than finnan haddie, another Scotch favorite.

A Special Holiday Breakfast

For a very special holiday breakfast, when you feel the time has come to splurge a bit, there is nothing better than that best of all breakfast foods, a small steak judiciously broiled, served on a hot plate, lavishly buttered. A melon to start the meal, hot biscuits or toasted and buttered English muffins, a tart jelly, that's it. No potatoes. After all, let's not glut ourselves on starch; let's savor the juicy goodness of the steak. Uncle Thomas Haworth lived to be ninety-six, a lean giant of a man, strong physically and mentally, ate a small steak for breakfast for sixty years, consumed it with a plate of small hot buckwheat cakes, some golden-clover honey. He washed these viands down with three cups of strong coffee and marched to his gristmill whistling *The Campbells Are Coming* through his saintly white beard.

In Atlanta, it was my good fortune to enjoy a breakfast of memorable proportions, attended by true Southern hospitality, a commodity I have found to be as scarce as uranium despite its advertised ubiquity in that zone.

We started with preserved figs in cream, a delightful whimsey replete with inbuilt calories, but most engaging. Next came hot corn bread and a platter of beaten biscuits. The corn bread was unsweetened, brown crusted, and most palatable; the biscuits were small, close textured, more tender than any I had ever tasted. There was a heaping platter of fluffy golden scrambled eggs, flanked by strips of home-cured bacon cut on the thick side, broiled to perfection. There was quince honey, one of the best of spreads, a bowl of scarlet raspberry jam. The coffee was strong, full of valor. In all, a very gratifying breakfast.

A very satisfactory breakfast is a pair of broiled lamb chops topped by grilled mushroom caps, smoking hot muffins, a spate of tart jelly. This requires a trifle of work the night before. Trim the chops, marinate them in a mild French dressing, refrigerate. Unless you are fond of it, let there be no garlic in the dressing! As you consume these tender and delightful chops, you will hungrily and crossly wonder why there wasn't a minimum of three for each person. But when you examine the bill for the chops, you will understand, though you will reluctantly admit the price of admission wasn't too high.

In the Pennsylvania Dutch country, they make a scrapple, an artful combination of lean pork, corn meal, salt, sage, mace, marjoram, and pepper. The mixture is thoroughly cooked, and when it is cold, it is sliced, fried to a crisp and inviting brown, served very hot. It is excellent with eggs, and when it is served with a tart apple butter, it reaches its ultimate. It forms the foundation for a hearty breakfast. Most butchers carry scrapple

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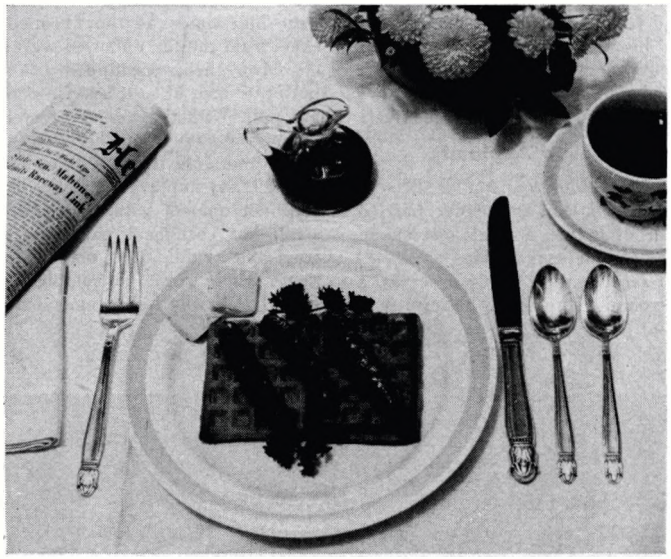


Ace in the hole: *waffles, sausages, plenty of hot coffee. And surprise! It's not the same as yesterday's breakfast.*

Holiday provender: *wild strawberries dusted with sugar. A morning that's special deserves a dive into the budget.*

Steak for breakfast? Kippers? Why not! Your body demands energy food after its twelve-hour fast

in stock, and the price is reasonable.

A Virginia breakfast: poached eggs delicately perched on paper-thin slices of pink and fragrant Smithfield ham, small crunchy biscuits, preserved wild plums or spiced pears, scads of coffee from a battered befo-the-wah silver pot, snowy linen. Name a more gracious breakfast!

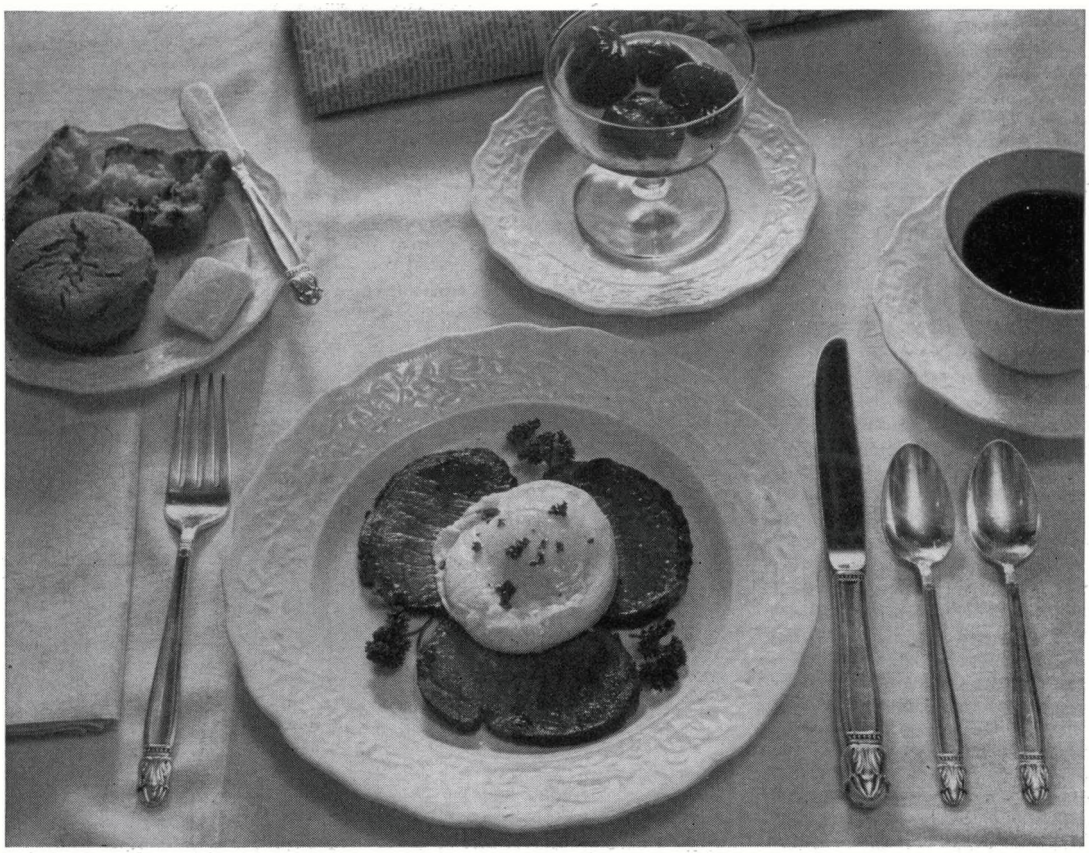
A Meal to Applaud

I enjoy, as I think you would, slices of Canadian bacon, lean and tender, frizzled in a trifle of butter, a small omelet, an entourage of blueberry muffins—a breakfast that receives, and richly deserves, a rousing round of applause because it is so everlastingly delicious and satisfying.

I remember a breakfast of broiled fillets of flounder, freshly caught, basted with lime juice as they broiled. They came from the fire endowed with a glorious flavor, then were topped with a dot of butter, a dash of salt, a twist of the pepper mill. With the fish was served a jug of hot lime juice, my host holding to a theory that cold juice on a hot fish was a sin against simple gastronomy, a theory I cannot quarrel with. There were also small hot corn-meal pancakes, straight from the griddle, hot maple sirup for them. There were no complaints. That breakfast is why I still remember Corpus Christi with some affection. Freshly caught bluefish are equally good when broiled in this manner.

Always Welcome Ham and Eggs

A small broiled ham steak, served with eggs in almost any form, seems to be America's favorite breakfast. If the steak is one that comes from a commercial ham, processed by one of our large mass-production packers, the chances are that it is mildly cured, lacking in distinction and character. This can easily be remedied. Score the fat to prevent curling under heat, rub the entire surface of the steak with brown sugar and ground



Guaranteed to scotch the rumor *men are indifferent to breakfast: figs, Canadian bacon, poached egg.*

cloves. Broil, and the steak that emerges will have a taste akin to a vintage country-cured ham. With the ham and eggs, try toasted whole-wheat bread, ice-cold applesauce. A real feast, at any season.

There are a thousand variations to the bountiful breakfast. Some of them call for ingredients that are unduly expensive or difficult to procure. In this category are fried, freshly caught trout, always a noble dish. I could also list small fillets of properly aged venison, rolled in egg, then in corn meal, quickly fried in butter, seasoned lightly, dotted with butter, served smoking hot, tender and delicious. There are deviled lamb kidneys, a hunt-breakfast favorite, tender, marked by a piquant flavor; there are broiled sweetbreads, salmon steaks, broiled quail, and woodcock breasts. Some of these are expensive, some are impossible or difficult to acquire, others take a lot of time in preparation.

This is, frankly, a brief for better breakfasts, something that will add immeasurably to the joy of simple living. The diet addicts frown on the bountiful breakfast, confront us with a terrifying audit of calories, a heretical attitude and one I regard as unfriendly. In rebuttal, I point to the heavy, enormous breakfasts eaten by our ancestors. I claim, and I hope I am correct, the average waistlines of those days were just as slender as those of today. The calorie counters patiently explain to us that in those days men and women lived more active lives, burned up the energies born of calories. Bunk! sez I. Men factually took no more, no less, exercise in those days than men do today. Women expended no more energy than modern women. Not all our ancestors chopped down forests, chased hostile Indians hither and yon, built log cabins, and wrestled with savage bears and panthers. Not all our women did their own laundry, their own gardening.

Women Like Good Breakfasts, Too

Let me conclude and lead another fusty legend to the guillotine of brutal truth. It hath been said that the distaff's indifference to breakfast is the major reason she insists on frugality in the fare for her spouse—a specious generalization, boys and girls. Place before one of these charming and beguiling ladies a thoroughly good breakfast, and she eats with unashamed appetite, all the while explaining it's the first good breakfast she has eaten in years. All of which gives the male pause; if he is a smart individual, he will turn his attention to the food and resolutely refuse to say what he thinks.

A good breakfast, in the settled opinion of this observer, is a foundation meal, needed after a long abstinence from food. If it isn't too heavy, if it is eaten with honest zest, it prepares the man or woman for a day of endeavor. THE END

GOOD HINTS FOR WINTER HEALTH

The Forecast

Continued cold today and tomorrow. Possibility of more snow or sleet later in the week

During the next three months cold weather, like the forecast above, may be with us. While winter holds sway, millions of Americans will have their annual bouts with the common cold. Others will suffer from more serious respiratory conditions, ranging from laryngitis to pneumonia.

Despite the increased chances for respiratory illness during the winter, there are many things you can do to help ward this off—or if it does occur, to prevent complications and hasten recovery. Here are some good hints for winter health which you may wisely follow.

1. Build up your resistance. Respiratory infections are most likely to strike when a person is "run down" or "tired out." So, it is wise to get plenty of rest and sleep, take some exercise, and dress warmly to avoid becoming chilled.

2. Do not be careless about colds. If you get a cold, and have a fever, it is usually advisable to stay at home for a day or two. Rest in bed if you can, preferably in a room by yourself so as to prevent spreading the cold to others in the family. Keep warm and eat lightly. *If fever persists or is unduly high, call the doctor without delay.*

3. Give yourself plenty of time to recover. Medicines which the doctor prescribes may send the fever down rather quickly and make you feel much better, but this should not be a signal to get up immediately.

You may run the risk of weakening your body's ability to continue the fight against the invading "germs" if you get up too soon. All too often, this results in a relapse which may be more serious than your original trouble.

4. Have a physical examination. If you have "one cold after another," suffer from repeated sore throats, or are bothered by a chronic sinus condition, it would be wise to see your doctor for a thorough health examination. He may find conditions that can be easily corrected—or he may suggest measures that can help you go through the winter in much better health than ever before.

ILLUSTRATED BY ALEX ROSS

THE STRIKE

Her husband seemed spellbound, hypnotized, entranced. It might take violent measures, but she had to know – Which of them did he love more?

A SHORT SHORT STORY

BY CHARLES WILLIAMS

The fly was a No. 12 Hendrickson. Mr. Courtney breathed lovingly on its hackles and held it up to the light.

Across the living room, Mrs. Courtney rustled the evening paper for the seventh time and essayed another opening gambit, the first of the Desperation Series.

"Henry," she said, "I see the Martians have captured New York and Paris. And bombed Chicago with ten thousand tons of tomato aspic."

"Mmmmmm." Henry Courtney replied. "That's nice, dear."

It was this very fly. Old Cincinnatus had been rising majestically to a hatch of small duns just at twilight . . .

Mrs. Courtney lowered the paper and smiled sweetly at her mate. She was a lovely woman with large blue eyes, and her hair had the dark, luxuriant richness of good furnace hackle. She loved her husband, and was inclined to believe he loved her when he wasn't trout fishing. Or thinking of trout fishing.

"And by the way, darling," she went on pleasantly, "I poisoned your coffee at dinner. I'm running away with the milkman. He looks just like Gregory Peck."

"That's fine, dear," Henry Courtney

"He took me in his arms," she went on, "and I just went weak. I couldn't help it."

Henry loved trout flies the way

said dreamily. The cast had been sheer art. The fly alighted, balanced on its hackletips with the airy grace of a ballet dancer, and swung, poised. "But I don't think I'll have any."

"Any what?" Mrs. Courtney asked.

"Uh—milk, didn't you say?"

One, two, three . . . Mrs. Courtney counted silently.

She tried again. "Darling, we do have to think of Cathy."

There was a little *slup*, and the fly was sucked daintily under the polished dark surface of the water. "Cathy?" he asked.

"Our daughter, dear. You may have noticed her around the house. You don't think she's too young to be married, do you?"

"Uh, no." The rod tip came up. Old Cincinnatus exploded from the water in Jovian wrath and a welter of foam. "Of course not."

"After all," Mrs. Courtney said, "she's nearly eight."

"That's right, dear."

"HENRY!" Mrs. Courtney screamed.

The fly disappeared again, but this time into a plastic box which snapped hurriedly shut as Mr. Courtney flew back to the present and to that gnawing sense of unease known to all husbands who have been answering without listening.

"Why, uh, honeylamb," he said. "What is it?"

"*What about my uranium?*" Honeylamb asked pointedly, now that her signals were getting through.

Mr. Courtney's heart sank. She hadn't forgotten. And now he had to decide.

It had all begun with that condemned Geiger counter.

How, he wondered despairingly, had he ever been fool enough to suggest a thing like that, anyway? And why, in the name of Izaak Walton, had he let her take it to the Crescent Pool, of all places, to the shrine of that old patriarch Cincinnatus?

It had actually been a feeling of guilt, he supposed. He loved his wife. But she detested fishing, and he felt guilty about leaving her alone on all those beautiful evenings from April to October. So when he had seen the advertisement in the magazine some three weeks ago, he had known inspiration.

Prospect for uranium while you fish and hunt, it had said. All you needed was a Geiger counter. It was light. A woman could carry it.

Julia had fallen in delightedly with the idea, and a week ago the counter had arrived by mail. Two fishing-and-prospecting trips on successive evenings had netted nothing more from the counter than a few churlish mutterings probably caused by solar radiation, but she was serenely content, puttering along the stream bank after him, poking the gadget's metallic snout up against the boulders and listening attentively on the earphones. He had been happy, too, watching her—when there was no hatch—and thinking how lovely and desirable she was in old Army pants and paratrooper boots.

Then, last evening, paradise had caved in.

He had left her talking to a man she had met along the bank, and had gone on ahead to the Crescent Pool. His Lordship was feeding. The lazy arrogance of his *slup, slup* as he sucked in an occasional May fly could not be confused with the ill-mannered gorging of a lesser fish. With shaking fingers, Henry tied on the Hendrickson, and cast. And hooked the legendary old rainbow for the seventh time in four years.

Old Cincinnatus catapulted from the water, shaking his head.

Then, through the wild ecstasy of the moment, Henry heard Julia screaming somewhere behind him at the foot of the pool. He subdued an irrational desire to look around, see what was wrong. Maybe she had broken a leg or fallen into the river. But this was no time for diversions. Cincinnatus was on.

Then Cincinnatus was off. Mid-air in the third leap, he spat out the fly with the imperial petulance of a Nero and retired to sulk on the bottom. Shaken, Henry threw the rod on the bank and ran back to the frantic Julia.

"I've found it! Darling, I've found it!" She was crying wildly. "Uranium! Tons of it!"

She was jumping about the pool's edge in a sort of Indian war dance, raking the instrument's shiny snout across every boulder in sight, and even as he lunged toward her, he could hear the angry buzzing in the earphones. It wasn't Julia who had gone mad; it was the Geiger counter. A dark foreboding seized him.

It was a capacity for instant decision and action that had made Henry a success in business, and he reacted swiftly now. Snatching at the Geiger counter, he said, "Here, honey, let me see." There was momentary confusion as the instrument and earphones changed hands and ears respectively; then he stared blankly at her.

"I don't hear anything," he said. The counter had gone silent. He waved its snout over some nearby rocks. "You must have imagined it."

She hurried toward him, protesting. "I tell you, it's everywhere! It was roaring! You don't know how to handle it—"

Henry sprang away, toward some more rocks. Then he fell in the river, with the

counter under him. He got up, slipped, and fell again. This time the instrument was somehow under his knee. Its side caved in, and when he stood up it slipped from his hand and was lost in the current.

That night, as they lay in bed in the darkness, he said soothingly, "It was probably just a freak outburst of sunspots, or something, dear. I remember reading about it somewhere. Very scientific, though, and I doubt if you'd understand it. Or maybe you just imagined it."

Imagined it! He felt cold all over. He'd heard it too plainly himself. There must be tons of high-grade uranium ore around that spot. But if he kept at it, he could convince her she was wrong.

How about it, Henry Courtney, his conscience said then for the first time, *how contemptible can you get?*

He looked across at his wife now, and felt lower than a worm—or even a worm fisherman. Her large blue eyes were angry and accusing, and he thought he had never seen her hair look more like good furnace hackle. What kind of man was he? Did he love his wife, or did he love a fish?

"I tell you, Henry," she said for the twentieth time, "there *is* uranium there."

It wasn't as if they were in want, he tried to tell himself. They had a good income. He was successful. Julia lacked for nothing.

But it didn't work. Julia had found uranium in that silly game he had thought up to reconcile her to his fishing, and she was entitled to the $10,000 the Government paid for finds of that kind. And didn't the Government need all the uranium it could get? Conscience stabbed him again.

But the Crescent Pool! Why couldn't it be somewhere else? He shuddered. The pool would be gone, the river ruined forever. There'd be bulldozers and dynamite and jackhammers, workmen, miners, mud, devastation. He groaned. He thought of the contempt of Dr. Jennings and old Judge Ainsworth. Henry Courtney had betrayed Cincinnatus for a paltry ten thousand pieces of silver. He had sold the Crescent Pool for money. For *money*. He felt like a procurer.

He was up and pacing the living room. He had to decide; he couldn't stand this anguish any longer.

"Dear, don't you believe me?" Mrs. Courtney asked. "Do you think I'd lie to you about what I heard?"

Lie to *him!* That did it. He strode across the room to face her. "Julia," he said humbly, "I lied to you. I turned off the Geiger counter when you handed it to me. Then I fell in the river with it so you wouldn't find out."

She looked up at him, smiling softly. "Because it would ruin your fishing hole, darling?"

"Yes. I'm a heel. A selfish heel!"

She stood up, and her eyes were wet and shining happily. "But you told me, anyway. Henry! You do love me, don't you?"

"More than anything in the world," he said simply.

She was in his arms then, and he was kissing her ecstatically. There had never really been any question as to what he would do, he thought. Julia always came first. He loved her. He wouldn't have looked up if Cincinnatus had come into the room dragging a new Hardy rod.

He felt clean again, and somehow even content. There might be moments in years to come when he'd miss Old Cincinnatus, but they'd be as nothing compared to the happiness he felt now in the knowledge that he'd been worthy of her. In the long run, it was only Julia that mattered.

"How was that, dear?" he asked.

She was smiling. "I've got a confession to make, too, Henry."

"Confession?"

She nodded. "There isn't any uranium in those rocks. I was playing a trick on you, and it backfired."

"What!" He could only stare.

"That man I was talking to downstream, remember? He had been prospecting, too, out in Colorado." She gurgled happily. "He gave me a small sample of ore. I was holding it under the snout."

It was too much all at once. "But why?" he asked groggily.

"Just a joke. Or it was a joke until I saw what you did. I saw you turn it off, and decided I'd make you sweat a little, to see if you'd really go through with it. You didn't, and *I* feel like a heel, dear, for doubting you."

There was another rapturous embrace, and Henry sat down, a little dazed. He tried to encompass it. He had Julia, and he still had Cincinnatus. There wasn't any uranium. He felt like shouting. Or crying.

Instead, they laughed. Everything was all right again. He shook his head appreciatively. "Imagine that. Just a piece of ore the man gave you."

"You aren't angry, dear?" she asked anxiously.

"Of course not. And come to think of it, I remember the man now. It was just before I started up to the Crescent Pool to have another try at Cincinnatus. I thought he'd be feeding about that time, and there was a hatch just starting . . ."

"Yes. He was very nice. He was an old-time prospector, kind of an old desert rat." Mrs. Courtney stopped. She was looking at Mr. Courtney.

His hand had reached out, almost automatically, for the fly box, and he was opening it again. He picked out a fly and held it up to the light.

Well, she thought, smiling a little, he does love me. He just proved it. And maybe trout fishing isn't any worse than other women or gambling or alcoholism. The monologues are fun, too, if you have a sense of humor and a good imagination.

"He was a perfectly adorable man," she went on. "He reminded me of Gregory Peck. He took me in his arms and looked deep into my eyes, and his kisses burned. I was weak with ecstasy. I was powerless. So I traded him Cathy for that piece of ore—"

Henry Courtney turned the fly, looking at the way Cincinnatus had chewed the hackles.

"That's nice, dear," he said. THE END

Photos by I.N.P.

THIRSTY GUESTS just turn the proper faucet and get champagne, bourbon, Scotch, or beer. Water comes in bottles. For music, an 1895 player piano is sunk into the wall.

Bachelor's $250,000 Bomb Shelter

Hal Hayes's fantastic house can do everything but dance, and looks like a playboy's extravagance. It's anything but!

Every morning a millionaire bachelor named Hal Hayes awakens in a house more fantastic than any in an *Arabian Nights* tale. Lights that go on when you say "On!" and off when you say "Off!" windows in the floor, a bathtub shaped like a contour chair, champagne that flows from a faucet—all this is part of Hayes's the-heck-with-the-expense house. Luckily, he can afford it. Handsome and fortyish, Hayes is an artist, construction engineer, and supersalesman. So far, his two-bedroom home has cost $250.000. but it's by no means complete. "I need another wing," Hayes says, "so I'll build it like one—like an airplane wing, extending into space over the hillside."

The house clings to a hill overlooking Los Angeles. Hayes describes it as comfortable and aesthetically satisfying. What he means is that it has an indoor tropical garden three stories high, with a waterfall and controllable moonlight effects at the flick of a switch. Another very comfortable aspect is a cave entranceway through the hillside and a grotto off the indoor-outdoor swimming pool so guests can swim—as well as walk—into the hillside.

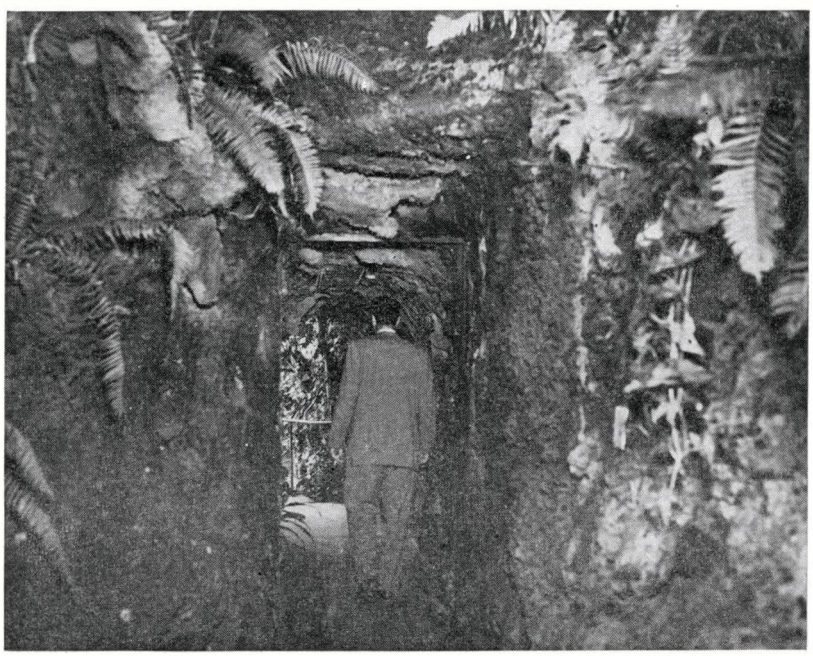
It all sounds extravagant and madcap, but under the marvelous garnish is Hayes's shrewd purpose—to peddle the importance of civil defense. Hayes is a clever barker who knows how to get the curious inside the tent. Once inside, you see, for example, the windows in the floor. At Hiroshima and Nagasaki many people were killed, Hayes explains, by flying glass from wall windows. The glass windows set horizontally under steel grating in Hayes's floor would instead drop into the lighted Hawaiian garden beneath. They also give twice the ventilation of wall windows, because the house acts like a flue, Hayes says.

The important room in the house is the bomb shelter. It has double concrete walls filled with iron ore to absorb the radiation from atomic blasts. Hayes is so confident of the invulnerability of the bomb shelter, which he designed, that he offered to build one and stay in it himself while the Army detonated an A bomb.

Hayes is still cooking up more garnish ideas. One is a tennis court on a cantilever-type steel platform, swung into space a hundred feet above the street below. Hayes claims this is cheaper than buying the same amount of flat land on top of the hill. It probably wouldn't be a difficult project for a man like Hayes, who, while driving his sleek Cadillac, can turn on his home lights, radio, TV, coffee—and even feed his dog—by remote control.

(continued)

A MID-AIR RUNWAY quarters his Cadillac convertible. On the second level of his indoor tropical garden he also has a flying bridge, where he stationed Ted Fiorito's band during a party. He had their music piped out to his roof terrace.

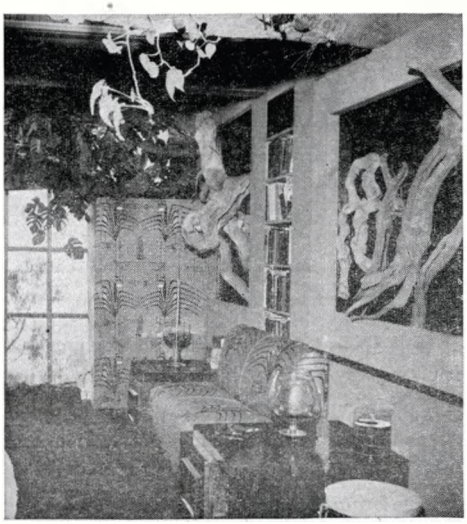


A CAVE ENTRANCE leads through the hill to the house. Hayes uses natural assets. For his garden-fireplace chimney, he bought no bricks, just "dug a hole."

A GUEST stands on one of the bridges over the large, rambling swimming pool. Hayes has named the house "Hayesville," chuckles with houseguests at its often zany marvels, but keeps a keen eye on his far-from-zany purpose.

Bachelor's $250,000 Bomb Shelter (continued)

AMID HIS INDOOR FOLIAGE. Hayes works over future plans. Frank Lloyd Wright pioneered in building houses to fit natural terrain. When he came out with live trees growing up through the floor he reaped considerable ridicule. The free-standing fireplace on the right, says Hayes, answers the problem of anyone who wants to build a fireplace without taking out another mortgage.



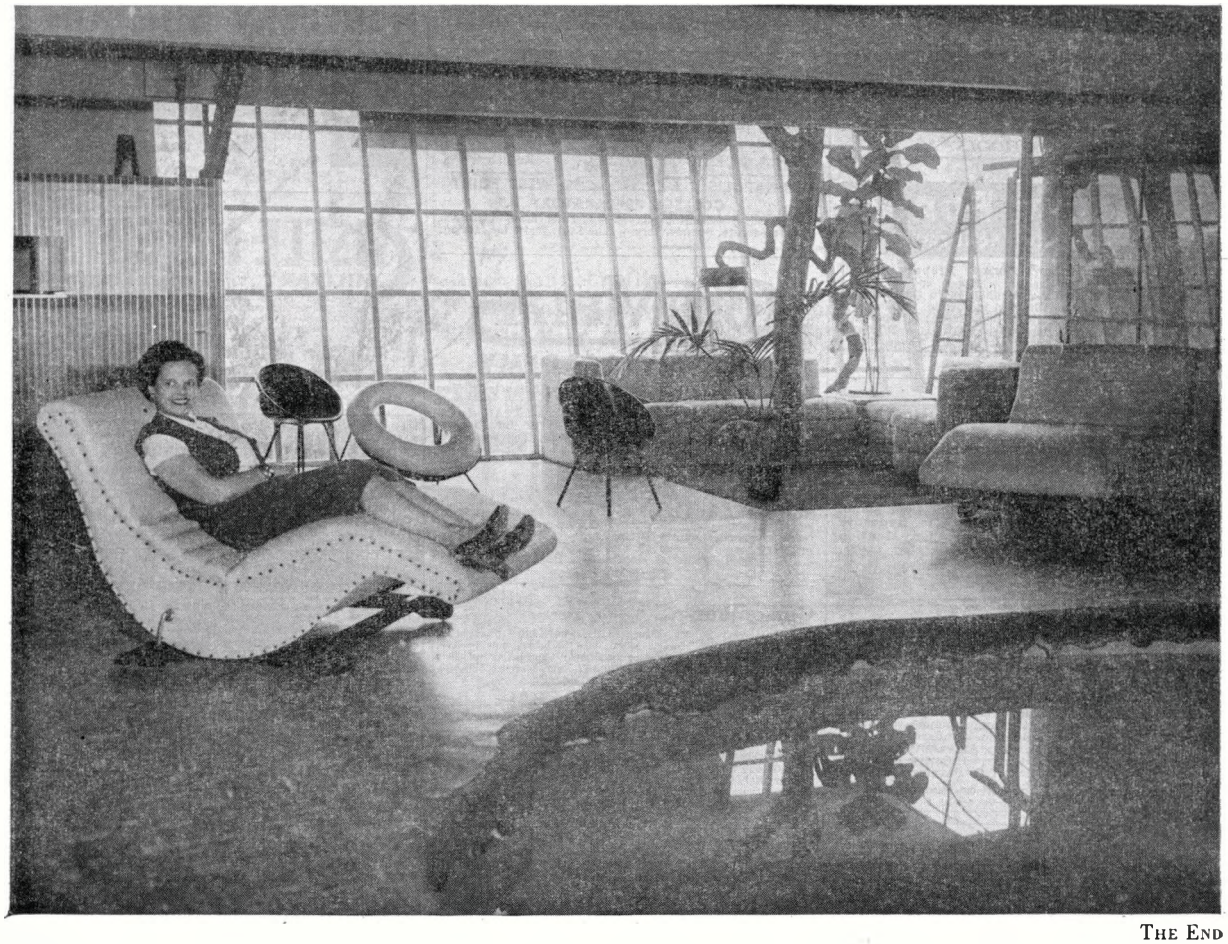
THE BEDROOM (far left) has everything, including a tree limb emerging from the ceiling. (Near left) Hayes let loose artistically on wall "pictures," three-dimensional, nonobjective driftwood compositions. The steel and concrete mansion also has an outside, steel-mesh stairway.

(continued)

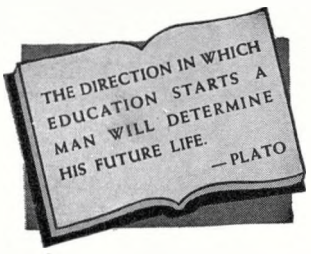
FRIENDS ADMIRE THE FLORA from the lowest bridge above the swimming pool. Hayes designed the house with the idea of continuing to build onto it as his fancy pleased him. Due next are another kitchen, dining room, and bedroom. These will be built off "into space" so Hayes can still have the hillside underneath for landscaping or further expansion.

IN LEXICONS LIKE HAYES'S the old-fashioned word *room* is giving way to *area*. This could be described as the "lower-floor swimming-pool area." Like industrial designer Raymond Loewy, whose home in Palm Springs, California, has a pool halfway into the living room, Hayes goes for the bring-the-pool-into-the-house idea for all-weather swims. He also grows oranges on his roof.

MRS. GREGORY PECK tried hard but with no success to find tuning dials on Hayes's TV set, sunk into a tree trunk in the living room. For like much else in the cleverly engineered modernistic house, the set is run by remote control. The house was kept completely under wraps until Hayes threw a celebrity-studded housewarming. His reward —jaw-dropping amazement from the guests.



THE END



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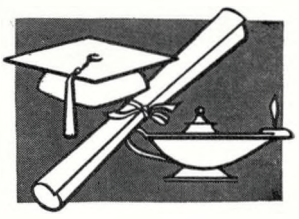

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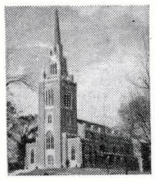

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The Latest Word on Skin Troubles

BY LAWRENCE GALTON

Besides being the largest organ in the human body, the skin is also, next to the brain, the most complicated. It is heir to more than 2,100 diseases, many of them still not thoroughly understood. Complete answers and 100 per cent effective remedies are not available for these numerous maladies. Yet recent findings promise help for many sufferers:

• Occupational skin disorders may affect white-collar as well as factory workers. Skin eruptions among office workers caused by allergy to office equipment now constitute about 3 per cent of cases seen by industrial skin specialists. In a recent study, the skin troubles of 36 office workers were traced to paper, carbon paper, glue, cardboard, various machine dyes and inks, paper towels, rubber bands, pencils, and soap. One clerk's finger rash was caused by paint on the outside of the pencils she was using. A stenographer with a hand eruption proved to be allergic to liquid soap from the office soap dispenser. These skin disturbances improved promptly when the sensitizing agents were avoided.

• Dusts, pollens, molds, and other allergy-producing inhalants can cause skin outbreaks. Frequently, hay fever or bronchial asthma is present, too, providing further evidence that the skin trouble is an allergic condition. But in some people, the breathed-in allergens cause only skin symptoms. Desensitization treatments have produced some good results.

• A new wet dressing, based on a powder combining water-soluble chlorophyllin and sodium propionate, has proved valuable in many skin conditions. Besides checking bacterial and fungal growth, it soothes and heals the irritated area and reduces itching.

• Wartlike skin lesions, a form of skin tuberculosis, have recently been traced to abrasions suffered in swimming pools. Most of the lesions in nine patients responded within three to six months after X rays, calciferol, or the use of isoniazid, one of the newer antituberculosis drugs.

• Plantar warts, on the sole of the foot, have been cured now by a simple method, discovered by accident. To help a soldier who wanted to march in a parade but was bothered by a painful plantar wart, Novocain was injected into the wart as a temporary pain-relieving measure. A few days later the wart had disappeared. The same treatment was then applied to 48 patients. Thirty were followed for six months, and only one patient showed no improvement after three injections. The injection usually eliminates pain within twenty-four hours. Then, in about a week, the wart becomes soft and darkened and usually can be lifted out with a forceps.

• Vitamin D_2, in large doses taken by mouth, helped 42 of 57 patients with a variety of skin diseases, including psoriasis and acne. There were no cures, but improvement came within three to four weeks.

• In acne and some other skin diseases, vitamin-A deficiency may be a factor. Though there may be no deficiency within the body, a local deficiency may exist in the skin because of a defect in transferring the vitamin. Large quantities of the vitamin taken by mouth sometimes help but carry a risk of vitamin-A poisoning. Now, animal experiments show that vitamin A, applied as an ointment (Desitin), can be absorbed through the skin.

• For acne, a new medication can be used like a foundation make-up to mask facial lesions. Grease-free and flesh-tinted, packaged in a handy compact, it's also said to help the skin expel debris and pus.

Underweight in pregnancy may produce complications. A recent study shows that the incidence of premature labor in women 20 per cent or more underweight is four times greater than in women of normal weight. For these women, the diets should be increased in calories as well as vitamins and protein.

Bed-wetting in some children may be overcome by the use of Banthine. First used to treat ulcers and subsequently to treat irritable bladders, the drug apparently inhibits the excess nervous stimulation which may cause the bed-wetting. Given in small doses to 11 children, it gave 10 immediate relief. THE END

For more information about these items, consult your physician.

A REPORT TO DOCTORS - PUBLISHED IN LEADING MEDICAL JOURNALS

A Report on the Double-Filtering Action of King-Size, Filter-Tip VICEROY

VICEROY Now Combines the Advantages of Both King-Size and Filter Tip Cigarettes

Now for the first time, smokers can have the advantages of the double-filtering action of king-size and filter tip.

The New Viceroy Cigarette is king-size—21% longer than ordinary cigarettes. As smoke passes through, this extra length helps filter out nicotine and tars.

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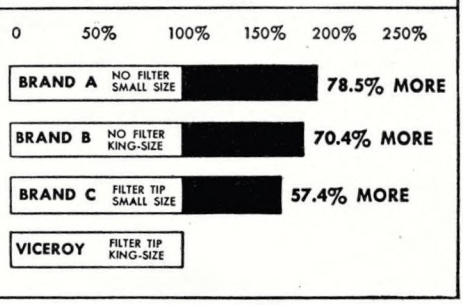
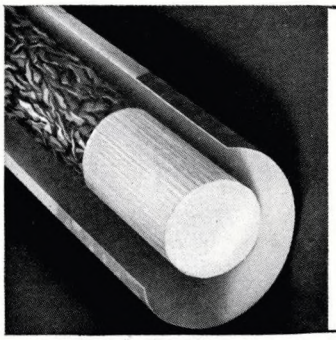
A Quantitative Comparison of Nicotine and Tars Measured in the Smoke of Leading Cigarette Brands



Source: Comparative smoking tests of the leading selling brand in each category: small size, king-size and filter tip.
(Note: As VICEROY is by far the leading selling filter tip cigarette, the second-place filter tip brand was used for comparison.)



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Only a penny or two more than brands without filters.

Suicide Hour

Each day her fear watched and listened--until it recognized a certain terrifying hour. This was the hour that finally redeemed a daughter's faith

A Complete Novel

BY MILDRED DAVIS

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE HUGHES

I was dreaming. Something I couldn't even remember at the moment of awakening, and then I opened my eyes. For a minute, I thought I would find myself out of bed again. I had awakened so many times and found myself in the hall, or even downstairs, and if Lee or Mother shook me, I would be all mixed up, unable to find any explanation for being there.

For a long time, I lay still, waiting for the whirling confusion to settle down. I could feel my heart beating a jungle rhythm with the fear of something forgotten.

Pictures of what had happened to me during the day began to dance in the darkness. The bright sun, the other university students ambling along the streets, Selina and I going into the five-and-dime to purchase lipstick.

I had started to ask Selina if she had done her statistics homework yet when I saw her looking across the aisle. She was watching the four girls near the back of the store.

Ellen Mackay and her crowd. The queen of the forest surrounded by her toad, her cat, and her jackal. The toad, a fat, squat girl; the cat, smug and pleased-looking; the jackal, fawning, and despite her money, unsure. All three subjects homely, rich, from the "best" families, and accepted wherever they went. They were different from their

It darted closer with a stealthy movement, calculated and human-like.

The attic quiet had changed subtly. I turned. A face was looking up at me through the hole in the floor

queen only in looks. To all her other gifts, Ellen could bring a bonus of an undernourished-looking model's figure, long blonde hair, and a face that always looked pleasantly surprised because of arched eyebrows and short upper lip.

They had completed their purchases, and as I watched, Ellen glanced up. Although she had known me since the first grade, she looked through me as though I were made of glass. Then she and her menagerie left.

"You'd think they could get typhoid just staying in the same store with me," I said to Selina.

Selina handed the salesgirl her money and waited for change. She was an out-of-town student and barely knew Ellen. "What have they got against you?" she asked.

I didn't know what they or the rest of the town had against me. All I knew was that all the "nice" people had avoided me from as far back as I could remember. It wasn't until I had entered the university and met people from other parts of the country that I had been able to make friends.

Slowly I said, "Maybe it has something to do with my father."

Selina took the change the salesgirl handed her and dropped it into a pocket. "Why should it have anything to do with your father?"

I didn't know why I had said that. Perhaps it was because my father had done the only thing of any importance that had ever happened to me. "Well, I mean, you see he deserted my mother."

"That's a funny reason to be mad at you. I think it's more likely because you're so pretty. Ellen doesn't seem to like having pretty girls around her."

I glanced up at the wall mirror to examine my black hair, my sunburned face, and the old, cheap dress I wore, when I saw the woman. She was passing the aisle at that moment. A thin white-haired woman whose nervous face was outlined when she turned to speak to her companion.

And the minute I saw her I was frightened. What had there been about her that had made my memory rustle like leaves again?

She must have reminded me of someone from the past. Aunt Celia. That was it. Father's sister Celia.

Because of the silver hair and the nervous face. But Aunt Celia had died long ago, and besides, I had hardly known her. Why should someone who reminded me of her make me afraid?

We had seen Aunt Celia right before she died. No one had even known she was sick then. She had driven all the way up from Virginia because it was spring, she said. She liked the open road in the spring. That winter she had died.

What was there about Aunt Celia?

I could almost see her. She had been sitting out on the sun porch talking to Mother. "Do you remember—" she had been saying. Do you remember what? She had been telling Mother about the visit before that one.

"Do you remember the last time I was here?" she had asked Mother. "I brought her a ball—"

I felt cold, as though someone were pulling a wet glove over my head. What else did she say?

"She had to have three stitches in her lip."

I had to have three stitches. When did I have those stitches? Let's see. Aunt Celia died nearly thirteen years ago, which means she visited us when I was six. When had she visited us before that?

I opened my eyes in the dark and looked at the ceiling. Somewhere below, water was slapping monotonously into the sink. Tapping. There had been the sound of the ball tapping. The ball Aunt Celia had given me. It had tapped lightly as it went down the cellar stairs.

"The way she ran after that ball and tumbled down the steps." I had chased the ball and had fallen, splitting my lip.

Then Mother was saying, "She wasn't afraid of cellars then. But we can't get her to go down into one now."

There it was. The cellar. That's what the woman who looked like Aunt Celia had reminded me of. That's why I had been afraid.

I hadn't been afraid of cellars once, but sometime afterward I had become afraid. I was six at her last visit: how old had I been the time before when I had chased the ball? I hadn't started to walk until late, when I was sixteen months old. Then whatever had happened to make me afraid had happened between the time I was sixteen months and six years.

My eyes were getting used to the dark. I could see the clock. It was made of ebony and ivory and someone had given it to me long ago, before I could tell time. The green light shimmered as though we were separated by a deep sea, undulating like fish seen through tangled seaweeds from a glass-bottomed boat.

I knew the hands of the clock would be in a familiar position. I always awakened at the same time. When the longer hand pointed straight up and the smaller one pointed at an angle, down.

Four o'clock. The suicide hour.

I don't know what I expected to find in the attic. But returning from my part-time job the next day, I decided to see if there was anything there to help me remember what had happened long before.

I would have gone straight up if my brother hadn't been in the kitchen. Lee was sprawled in a chair, still in his bathrobe.

The bathrobe seemed to fill the room. It was a desert-island pattern, with a yellow beach, blue sky, and green palm trees unnaturally splashed with orange blossoms. And above it, Lee's yellow hair was almost as loud.

"It's after five." I said. "What are you still doing in your bathrobe?"

A minute before, he had been an inert mass of palm trees, but when I spoke, he acted as though he had been dipped in starch. "Ah, the little sister," he greeted me. "Your bright shining face is like a lighted beacon in the tossed sea of my life. Your sparkling—"

"You didn't get the job, did you?"

"—eyes are like candles in the window of my life. Your bits of conversation like nutmeats—"

"He didn't even go down and try." It was Mother, coming down the back stairs. She was dressed to go out, her short red hair brushed back, her nails sparkling, and her new dress fitting perfectly. Without thinking, I glanced at my old tweed skirt and wondered why there was never enough money for me. "He called on the telephone instead of going down in person, and naturally they said the job was already filled. We just can't get along on the small income from your father's business. I never saw a more unfortunate woman than me. First a husband who deserts her, and then a son who's thirty-two years old and hasn't yet had a steady job." She turned to me. "That reminds me, dear, if you got paid today, would you please give me the money now? I'm ashamed to be seen anymore with my old purse—"

"What's the rush?" I said, handing over my week's check. I watched her dash back and forth from the sink to the refrigerator.

"Oh, the old lady's going out with the charming Mr. Haimler again." Lee said. "May his wife rest in peace."

"Leander!" Mother said. We both jumped like small children. Lee blinked a little. Although he was thirteen years older than I, he looked like a little boy about to get a spanking.

"I'm trying to be nice to Mr. Haimler," Mother said, enunciating each word with sharp distinctness, "because his wife is sick. Don't you ever say a nasty thing like that again."

"*Mama mia*, don't get mad at me." Lee tried to sound jocular, but he didn't. Unconsciously, he began to chew on his nails. Then abruptly he turned to me. "Methinks the little sister is not her usual sunny self this evening. Did one of your fathead boyfriends give you the air? You have to have rocks in your head to prefer going out with them when your handsome brother would be happy to take you anywhere."

"Mother," I said suddenly, "why does the whole town hate us?"

I watched her face. Instantly it assumed an odd, vacuous look. The skin that lapped over the outer edges of her eyes made them appear to be perpetually squinting. "Is anything the matter with you?" she asked. "You haven't been having nightmares again, have you? I never saw anyone so strange. You won't use the back stairs, you won't go near the cellar, you—"

"Mother, please—"

"I don't know what you're talking about. Nobody hates us." She placed bread and sandwich spreads on the table so we could make our own sandwiches for dinner. "Don't forget to sweep the front hall after you do the dishes. It looks terrible."

Slapping both hands to his forehead, Lee rocked back and forth as though he had been shot. "I forgot to change your blouse," he said to Mother.

Mother sighed. "You get more like your father every day. Always forgetting when it's something for me. Bill was just like the type the man on the radio was talking about the other day. This man on the radio said you can live with people for years and not really know them. They seem to be all right, and then suddenly, just like that, they do something crazy."

Eating my sandwich, I listened to them. Their talk went on and on, as unchanging from day to day as the tides. As soon as I was finished eating, I washed the dishes, hastily cleaned the front hall, and went upstairs. In my room, I took out my schoolbooks and spread them on the desk. The minutes dragged by, and I had to restrain myself from going out on the gallery and asking them why they didn't leave.

At last I heard the front door slam, and after a minute, a motor start up. I went to the window. It was Mother leaving with Mr. Haimler. As I waited, Lee came out and went around to the back to get our car.

As soon as he left, I went down the hall to the attic door.

The room above was a large unpartitioned space with a pitched roof. In the watery light, I could just make out the outlines of the cobweb-covered trunks, boxes, and furniture accumulated by three generations.

For a while, I stood still and listened, not sure what I listened for. I was faintly troubled. Not only by the dark and loneliness, but by something else.

I walked around examining the belongings of those who were now dead. On the floor was a basket. When I lifted

Abruptly the music broke off and

the lid. I saw a purple dress. I remembered Lee's having told me once that the dress had belonged to my father's mother. A vision floated in my head, without form or feature, consisting mainly of an aura of kindliness. A sweet protectiveness.

I closed the basket. And then I saw the trunk.

It was a rusty khaki-colored trunk, and it stood in the corner under the window. Paint stains, cracks, dust, and torn labels covered every visible surface.

Every nerve in my body seemed to be tingling with some psychic stimulus emanating from the trunk. Someone else's fingers seemed to be pressing on the lock, working on the two end clasps, lifting the top.

The trunk was full of clothing, men's clothing. Not Lee's. I could recognize Lee's. Not my grandfather's. They weren't that old-fashioned. And they were in a terrible disorder, as though they had been thrown into the trunk by someone who hadn't much time.

There were more than ten suits in the trunk, and nearly twenty shirts and eight pairs of shoes. And more than enough ties and socks and handkerchiefs.

One of the suits, a brown one, had no sign of having been worn. It was new. Two of the shirts still had a store label in them.

My mind didn't function. I was capable only of observing at that moment, not of reaching conclusions.

An object glittered at the bottom of the trunk. I reached in, and my hand closed on something smooth and cold. It was a round, flat disc, very old-fashioned. A gold watch on a chain. And I didn't need the initials to tell me whose watch it was. I had known all along.

Only one person had owned those clothes. My father. And why would a man leave all his clothing behind when he deserted his family?

I closed the trunk. Somehow, somewhere, the atmosphere had changed. It had happened gently, subtly, so as not to alarm me. The hum of quiet was no longer harmless; it seemed to be telling me things.

From the outer world, I heard a car. I stood still and listened to the motor grow louder and then disappear. It was the first sound I had been aware of since I had come up. Was it a warning?

The stale air was beginning to make me nauseous, and yet I didn't want to leave. Even this substanceless world was better than what awaited me. The thing trying to tear loose from the cellar and envelop me in a black nightmare that would be worse than any I had ever dreamed.

And then I saw the face looking up at me through the hole in the attic floor.

I was jelled into a mold, icy without and shaky within. Unable to move, I remained exactly as I had been when the face appeared. Even my hand, about to shut off the light, remained suspended. All I could do was stare at the hole in the center of the floor.

And then I took a breath again. "Lee."

He was looking up at me, blinking. "What are you up to?"

I realized I must have been hearing something all along. The door, footsteps, sounds that couldn't penetrate the coating around me.

"What's the matter?" Lee asked.

"You frightened me."

"What are you doing up there?" He waited as I shut off the light, and then he helped me down the ladder, pushing it back and closing the closet door. "You know the old lady thinks it's bad for you to poke around in spooky places."

I followed him down the hall. I thought of the times long ago when Lee used to hide behind doors and leap out to frighten me.

"You're nervous enough," he went on.

"I wish you'd stop saying that. Sometimes you and Mother act as though I were losing my mind."

"Oh, Lord," he moaned suddenly. "I forgot. I went to town to change the old lady's blouse and forgot to do it."

A feeling of futility overcame me. No wonder the world was in the mess my history teacher was always telling us it was in. A brother and a sister couldn't even find a way of communicating with each other. For a moment I disliked Lee, I disliked Mother, and most of all, I disliked the house.

"Look at this house," I said. "Maybe I wouldn't be so nervous if we'd moved long ago. Maybe if we used some of the money from the business for fixing the house instead of another fur coat for Mother. I wouldn't be so afraid, I wouldn't be getting up every night—"

I stopped abruptly and looked at him to see if he'd noticed the slip. For once I had all of his attention.

"Do you get up every night?"

I turned away and headed for my room.

"Why don't you go back to town and change Mother's blouse?" I said. "I don't know how in the world you can be so forgetful."

Lee's eyes became vague again. Going to the window in my room, he looked out. It was the window that faced town. "Ah, Sister, what do you perceive when you enter our fair village? Your limited mind can only discern minor shops, a university, a house of entertainment—ah—of the more virtuous genre. But I, what do I remark?

"I remark a vastly different panorama. A panorama festering beneath the surface, like vermin beneath a stone. Underlying the calm burgher visages, I perceive a cruelty and corruption entwined with one another like snakes. Behind the façade of the university, I sense the vast hypocrisy of an educational system that spoons arsenic into the minds of the young. Behind the marquee of the State Theatre, I can see the vast spider web of—"

"Lee, please shut up." I sat down at my desk and made random marks on a sheet of paper. "Lee," I said, not looking at him, "why did Father leave all his clothing when he deserted us?"

I didn't hear a sound behind me. Finally I turned. He was sprawled on the bed, his eyes closed, and he looked as though he were asleep.

"Lee, did you hear me?"

This time he turned over and began to hum. While he hummed, he moved a finger like a baton. "How do you know?" he said finally.

"I saw the clothes in the attic."

"How do you know they were his?"

"Because—well—I can tell."

"Maybe he left in a hurry."

I felt as though I were caught in a fishnet, struggling helplessly in the sea. "Why won't you tell me things? What is it everyone in town knows but won't tell me? I can't stand it anymore, Lee, listen. I get the strangest feeling sometimes. It's been going on for years. I wake up at night, and I try to remember. I have a feeling that something happened long ago that I ought to remember."

Lee jumped up and went to the window. For a minute, I was afraid he was going to start the lecture about the town again. But instead, he returned and leaned over my desk.

"Sis."

"Yes?"

He reached out and did an odd thing. He stroked my hair. "How pretty," he said.

"What were you going to tell me, Lee?" I shook my head impatiently.

a roar went up

He put his hands in his pockets. "I guess you might as well know. The old man did something. That's why he had to leave town." I felt as though I were tearing free of the fishnet, but ahead of me was a shark.

"He must have been insane," Lee went on. "He attacked a little girl."

All day I had been aware of an unpleasant sensation. I was in the library trying to study ancient history, but snatches from Professor Ordomenedroyd's lecture that morning kept intruding.

"—not noticed until the explosion. A break occurs between the surface and subsurface character. It may be a gradual thing, or it may be precipitated suddenly. However, in all the years before, even the closest intimates may notice nothing more than—"

A glance at my watch told me I had been in the library for three hours. Shutting the textbook, I turned it in at the desk and left.

He would be glad to see any of us at his home, the professor had said. Anyone who had a problem would be welcome to talk it over with him.

I went into Cunningham's. Looking in the directory, I found the professor's number and dialed. A woman answered before the bell could ring twice.

"May I speak to Professor Ordomenedroyd?" I asked.

"Certainly," she answered cheerfully without asking for my name. Evidently she was accustomed to students' calling her husband. In a moment, his familiar drawl came on.

Somewhat breathlessly I told him who I was and asked if I could see him. Without hesitating, he invited me over.

I went up North U. and then right to Fletcher. The professor's house was on Ann, just a block short of the hospital.

At the first touch of the bell the door opened, and there was the tall, slightly stooped frame. The stoop came not from age but from being overtall. "Uh—hello," he said.

We walked through a narrow hall into a brightly wallpapered living room. Pushing aside a child's wagon, the professor waved me to a chair.

"I hope I'm not interfering with any of your plans," I said.

"Not at all."

He reached into his pocket and then held a package of cigarettes out to me. I shook my head. Putting away the cigarettes, he took out a pipe.

Abruptly I said. "Do you think that

Suicide Hour (continued)

someone could experience something and then push it out of her mind and not be able to remember it?"

"Did you?" he asked.

"Did I? Did I what?"

"Did you push something out of your mind?"

I hesitated, feeling confused. Then, "Are you telling me it's a silly question? I mean, if I had pushed it out of my mind, I wouldn't know about it and wouldn't be asking you this question?"

His large, strong hands stuffed tobacco into the pipe. "Why don't you tell me what it's all about?"

"Do you ever wake up in the middle of the night?" I asked.

"Doesn't everyone?"

"I mean, frightened."

He didn't glance up, and I was grateful. Leaning back, he folded and unfolded a used match. "Frightened of what?"

"I don't know. I wake up, and I'm just frightened."

"What about the remembering?"

"Well, it usually starts with something disturbing me during the day. A little thing. Like today. Something's been bothering me, and I don't know what. Well, anyway, a spark sets off in my mind. And then I wake up at night and start trying to remember. It's something that happened to me long ago, unless, of course, I only think it happened. But it seems so important to remember."

He didn't act as though he thought I was off balance. He simply acted friendly and interested.

Finally he said, "It isn't uncommon for some isolated incident to be pushed out of our minds, for one reason or another. What sort of things have you remembered so far?"

"Oh—vague little things from my childhood. But each incident seems to be leading to one big thing. Our cellar, for instance. That seems to be connected with what happened. And I always seem to remember at night . . ." I petered out lamely, but he said nothing. His silence impelled me to keep talking. "Especially around the suicide hour."

The phrase slipped out unintentionally. He stopped pounding his pipe into his palm, and for the first time, some expression came into his face.

"I read the phrase in a book once," I said quickly. "They called four A.M. the suicide hour because it is the time when a person's resistance is lowest. And that is the time I start remembering."

"I've heard the term," he said. His poker face was like a pie that was all crust, without any fruit of emotion within. "I don't agree that there's any special time for suicide. The man who finally destroys himself with a gun is only finishing something he started, in a manner of speaking, in his infancy. The final act is only the last step in a killing that's been going on for years. You know, the appointment in Samarra idea. Rendezvous with death."

I repeated the last three words.

He smiled gently. "You know, the person who always fails. Although apparently escaping, he's always actually moving in a straight line to his rendezvous, putting himself in a position from which the only escape is death.

"By death," he went on, "I don't necessarily mean death of the body. Sometimes the body is saved and the mind is killed. Sometimes the mind is saved and the body killed. But in either case it's a matter of having turned one's coldness and hate for the world to oneself—"

"What hate? Why should a person hate?"

"Well—" He almost smiled again, and then he changed his mind. "It's a long story. It depends on the kind of mother and father a person had, how much he was loved, how much frustration was imposed on him. Everyone has some aggression in him. Some turn it back on themselves, some turn it on others in various guises such as prejudice, some sublimate it into useful channels—"

While he talked, a picture came into my mind. A blurred picture of a large man with gray at the temples. The image faded, and I tried to cling to it as though it were a ledge over a chasm. The face was doing something. Going around and around. No, it was I going around. In a carrousel. And the face was watching me.

The professor was saying, "But that isn't why you came to see me. You want to know if you could make yourself remember something. Well, I can't help you, I don't know. It depends on how painful the experience was."

He leaned back with his arm on the back of the chair. "I used to work for your father," he said.

I looked at him blankly, and suddenly I knew to whom the face watching the carrousel had belonged. It had belonged to my father.

"You used to work—you worked for my father?"

"Yes."

I digested that for a while. "Do you remember anything about him?" I asked finally.

"Do you?" he countered.

"No. But I know he was a drunk, and he chased women and—and he deserted my mother."

Strangely, he laughed. "That's quite a picture. Well, in answer to your question, I worked for him when I was a kid. I did errands and was the general office boy. Naturally I wasn't intimate with him." He stopped to think a moment. "Did you ever try to see his partner?"

"His partner?"

"Yes. If you're curious about what your father was like, why not get in touch with his partner?"

"I—well, that is, I know what he was like. You see, anyway, I can't see Mr. White. He moved away, and someone else is running the business."

"Oh."

Upstairs I heard a woman's voice calling. I knew I ought to be going, but there was one other thing. "Do you—that is, is it possible my father committed suicide?"

"Do you have any special reason for asking?" he said. His voice was even a shade more gentle.

"Well—" I decided to plunge. "I was in the attic in our house, and I came across a trunk full of clothes. I'm sure they were his. The funny part is that the clothes were almost new and there was an awful lot of them. And if a man went away, he'd take his clothes, wouldn't he?"

A long pause followed. He was looking at me in a blank kind of way. He was no longer being soothing and tolerant. He was confused.

Standing up, I said, "I better be leaving."

Automatically he stood, too. A faint frown rippled over his face. "What did your mother have to say about those clothes?"

"I never told her."

"You never told her?"

"No. It wouldn't do any good. She would say what Lee said. He left in a hurry."

Placing the pipe, fortunately dead at the moment, in his pocket, the professor said, "I'll tell my wife to come down. We'll all have coffee."

"Oh, no, thank you. I have to go."

"Uh—well. Anyway, about the remembering. If you really want to, I could give you the name of someone who might be able to help—" As he spoke, he went to the closet and started to reach for his jacket. "I'll drive you home," he said.

I thought of his wife waiting upstairs. "Oh, no, thank you."

"I don't mind."

"No, really. I enjoy the walk."

He glanced doubtfully at the darkness without. Then he relinquished his jacket. "All right. See you tomorrow in class."

Instead of returning the way I had come, I took the short cut. Down Forest and toward the field. There was construction going on during the day, and a monstrous steam shovel crouched amid the rubbish of excavation like a dinosaur.

I walked quickly, turning repeatedly to examine the black-holed work shack. As I passed the playing fields, I peered through the iron railing at the posts for baskets and nets. Moonlight gave the

whole expanse a false glow that flattened out and sharpened shadows so they appeared to have been cut out and pasted there.

I walked past the field and approached the trees. I was just abreast of them when I heard something behind me.

I turned. I could see nothing. If I had to scream, I thought, no one would hear me. The closest buildings were university buildings, and they were all locked up for the night.

"Who's there?" My voice quavered like an old woman's. No one answered.

I began walking again. By now I was up to a thicket of woods. And then I heard a branch snapping. I stood still, looking at the underbrush on both sides. A stealthy movement came from the left, calculated and unanimallike. When I whirled toward it, I saw a flickering shadow darting from one tree to another. Tall and straight. Not an animal.

I began to run. And as I ran, I could see the headlines: STUDENT MURDERED ON CAMPUS SHORT CUT. LEAVING PROFESSOR'S HOME, COLLEGE GIRL STRANGLED.

Behind me, the sounds accelerated. I looked over my shoulder and saw the shadow emerge from the trees. It was on the path with me now. Without thinking, I flung myself into the woods.

Thick branches closed over my head and on every side, grasping brambles groped for my throat.

Completely demoralized, I started to run back again, to get away from the thicket. But it was as though I had gone through a long series of rooms with the doors automatically fastening behind me. In a moment, I had lost all sense of direction.

I thrashed along, not even stopping to see if I was followed. Trying only to find an exit out of the jungle of dead twigs and leaves, I didn't even notice the sting of the thorns. Part of my brain continued to tick along independently. It was eight hours at least before daylight. Eight hours of dodging through the brambles. Mother always returned home late, and she never looked in my room. There would be no alarm until morning.

I felt suffocated by the branches. My breath began coming with soblike regularity, and the bushes turned into a roaring tunnel. A long unending tunnel that spun and whirled.

The next moment I was free. On the path again, with the stars above, normal and clear. Up ahead were the buildings of the university. And the roaring was gone. All was quiet and soothing.

Someone was hurrying up the path, coming at an unnaturally fast pace. But there was nothing stealthy about the movement, and it didn't come from the direction of the trees.

"Hold it," a voice called.

I stopped. From the light shed by the moon, I could see a loud sport jacket. But I didn't have my glasses on and I could tell nothing about the face.

"Lady Livingstone, I presume?" a voice asked, and then he was near enough for me to see him clearly.

Eldridge Knowler. A picture rose in my mind. I had been surrounded by a gang of bullies at the pond. All of them chanting something that had made me feel sick and dirty. A local ditty starting, "Roses are red, violets are blue," and then two lines about Father.

Just as they were all chanting, the incident had occurred. A boy on the outskirts of the crowd yelling that the ice had cracked. In an instant, the bullies had scattered and I had made my escape.

William Eldridge Knowler the third. The son of the president of the hospital. Had he only been playing a prank that time long ago when he had shouted the ice was cracking, or had he really meant to give me that opportunity to get away?

He was larger than he had been that day, but otherwise not changed much. He still wore his clothes as though he had just lifted them out of a clothesbag, still had hair that couldn't decide whether it was brown or yellow, eyes that couldn't decide whether they were gray or green, a face that couldn't decide whether it was really good-looking or merely indifferent.

"Do you think this is the time of day for an exploring expedition?" he asked.

"What?" I said stupidly.

He stared at my clothing. I looked down. I was covered with twigs.

"What were you doing in there?" he asked.

"I was going through the short cut when I heard someone following me. So I ran in there."

I could tell nothing about his expression. We stood together on the dark road for a moment, neither one of us saying anything.

Then, "Wait a minute," he said. I watched him slip into the jungle I had just emerged from. Listening to him thrash around, I wondered if he would ever feel what I had felt. And then I was sure he couldn't.

He came out and shook the leaves off his jacket. He hadn't found anyone.

I shook the leaves off myself also and tried to think of something to say. "Where were you—that is, how did you happen to see me?" I asked finally.

"I was visiting Professor Ordomenedroyd—"

"Professor Ordomenedroyd!"

"—and he told—he can't help his name—me that—"

"But you can't have. I was just there."

"Yes. As I was trying to say, I dropped in to see him and he told me a student of his had just left and he felt she ought to be accompanied home."

"Oh. I—that's very kind of you."

Again I could think of nothing to say. We went past Chemistry and Science. As we approached State, the school buildings began to give way to small homes and then stores. From Cunningham's, a bright patch of light spilled out into the street and we could hear voices buzzing within. How nice it would be, I thought, to be having a soda in there with Eldridge Knowler.

"You—are you a friend of the professor's?" I asked.

He stopped to light a cigarette, and it seemed to me he was hesitating. He wanted time to think. "I've known the

Suicide Hour (continued)

professor a long time," he said finally, his eyes following a pretty girl who had just passed. "You see, I talk over my sister with him sometimes. You've heard of Emily Knowler?"

Emily Knowler. Yes, I had heard of her. Not really unbalanced, but everyone knew she was a little queer.

"I see you have," he went on. "You and I ought to start a club. 'The Psychiatrists' Delight.' Or 'The Have-You-a-Skeleton-in-Your-Closet-Club.' No one eligible unless he has at least one disreputable connection, reasonably close. None of this sneaking in with a distant uncle who has the twitch."

I looked at Hittacker's dry-goods display. "What makes you think I'm eligible?" I said.

He was silent so long I turned. He had become very red, something I wouldn't have thought possible. Then he smiled sheepishly, but ignored my question.

We continued past the shops and then up toward the bus terminal. As we left the lights of town behind, I began to feel uneasy again. I kept glancing over my shoulder, examining the road, but I could see no one.

My house finally loomed in front of us, a dark scab on a scar of a road. A medium-sized house with a white fence, an oddly twisted tree that resembled a gnome in the front yard, and iron bars around the lower windows to keep out burglars. A house with cheerless rooms, an attic full of trunks, and a cellar—

"By the way," my companion said as I stopped at the gate. "I'm not sure I introduced myself."

Over his shoulder, I could see the yellow moon hanging low in the sky behind a blurring mist. It had a soft, accessible look, as though it might not be completely out of reach.

And then from somewhere in the house a voice shrieked, "Hey, Sis, is that you out there? Come on in."

I caught sight of Eldridge's eyes, veiled and obscure. He glanced at the dark windows, and then he looked at me. "I'd better go," he said.

My stomach contracted painfully. Abruptly I thought of a story an economics instructor had once told me. An executive had been asked the secret of his success. "Jump at every opportunity," he had answered. And how did one recognize opportunity? "Keep jumping," was the reply.

My opportunity was here, and my legs felt like lead.

"Th-thanks so much," I stammered, and I watched him turn and walk down the road. When he had disappeared, I went into the house and ran up to my room, slamming the door.

Miserable, I undressed and took my shower. In my pajamas, I went to the window. The moon was paler and higher now, no longer accessible. In front of the house, the road stretched endlessly in both directions, lit at intervals by hazy lamps. Far away I could see the lights of town.

I don't know how long I stood there before the telephone rang.

I listened to it for a moment as though it had no connection with me, and then, suddenly, a thought occurred to me. I dashed to the stairs, flew down and grabbed the instrument.

"Hello?" I said, trying to catch my breath.

"Lady Livingstone?" a voice asked.

My hands tightened. Waiting to get control of my voice, I didn't speak until I was certain I wouldn't sound excited. "Lady Livingstone?" I repeated. I tried to remember where Stanley had found Livingstone. "You might try Ujiji." That pleased me. Casual. Sophisticated.

"Oh," said the voice. "I thought this was Bangweulu." His effort sounded a lot more casual and sophisticated than mine, and then, to my horror, the receiver clicked.

I stared numbly at the dead instrument, trying to hypnotize it back to life.

The last time our paths had crossed, I had been ten years old. If our acquaintance continued at that rate, I might get to know him when I was fifty.

Thinking of all the statements I might have made that wouldn't have terminated the conversation, of how happy I might have been at that moment, of how unfair the world was that made it impossible for a girl to telephone a man, I went to the kitchen.

Contrary to my expectations, Mother was home. She was at the sewing machine, squinting at some light-green crepe, and I remembered she had said something about making herself a dress for a dinner she was attending. Lee was lounging on a chair, watching her.

"Oh, boy, how popular the little sister is," Lee exclaimed when I came in. "Men calling day and night. Pretty soon we won't be able to live with her she'll be thinking she's such hot stuff—"

The telephone ring made me jump as though I had received an injection. I dashed back, but at the table pulled myself up short. It had rung only once. I didn't want him to think I had been waiting. "Lee," I called. "Lee, come here and answer this."

"Aren't you there?"

Second ring. "Hurry. I want you to answer."

"For Pete's sake—"

Third ring. Suppose he hung up? I snatched at the telephone. "Hello?"

"Is this the lady who explores dark continents?"

Since the only thing I could think of saying was something nasty about his having hung up, I said nothing. Instead I laughed.

"This is William Eldridge Knowler the third paying his respects. Perhaps you do me the honor of remembering me? Some time in the distant past, oh, about an hour ago, our paths crossed fleetingly. I had the privilege of rescuing you. I know it's difficult to recall these minor events, normal events that might happen to anyone at any time, but perhaps you will remember a rather striking sport jacket with—"

"Oh, yes, now it's coming back to me."

The voice broke off abruptly. "There's a game next Saturday. Would you like to go?"

In the same voice, he might have said, "A T & T is going up. How about five shares?" I wanted to answer, "I'll consult my attorney." But I was afraid to take the chance. "I'd love to. Thank you," I said.

"Swell," he answered briskly. "I'll pick you up at two." With that the receiver clicked. Telling myself that I would hang up on him someday, I put the telephone back.

"Oh, you're not talking anymore," Lee said, coming into the hall. I fixed the cover over the typewriter that shared the hall table with the telephone, and walked out. "I wanted to tell him you don't need any more boyfriends," Lee continued. "You already have enough." He put his arm around me. "Which fathead was this, Sis?"

"What's going on?" Mother demanded as we re-entered the kitchen. "I don't think a college education is good for you. You should have a full-time job instead of wasting your time in school. A college education was what made your father the way he was. Always full of mysteries, too. Who was that on the—"

"Eldridge Knowler."

"—telephone? At least you can—Who?" She dropped some pins from her mouth and turned around to face me. Lee, who had been wandering vacantly, became still.

There was something wrong with their reactions. They weren't what I'd expected. They weren't surprised and pleased. Mother looked stunned.

Her eyes almost disappearing into the wrinkles around them, she said, "Who did you say?"

"Eldridge Knowler. E-l-d-r-i-"

"Eldridge Knowler, the hospital president's son?"

"Yes."

Lee began cleaning the nails of one hand by scraping them with the nails of the other. And Mother sat down and did nothing.

"Will you kindly tell me what's

wrong?" I said, biting out each word.

Mother straightened up. Before Lee could say anything, she erupted into speech. "Nothing's wrong. The only reason we're so surprised is that his stuck-up father let him, that's all. But we're just as good as those Knowlers. Better. Your Eldridge has that funny-acting sister that never goes anywhere and doesn't see anybody. We're better than they are. Is he going to be a doctor like his father? He'll probably be a surgeon—"

"—and he and his father will cut up people together," said Lee, rubbing his hands.

"—and run the hospital. I can just see their faces—"

I stopped listening. I would never get it out of them. It was like all the other times. Always secrets. The whole town whispering behind their hands, but I couldn't know.

The stream of words flowed together into a common river, and gradually I became aware of another sound. A sound that I had heard in the early hours of the morning and that had been disturbing me all day.

It was an insect clicking.

A draft seemed to slither across the floor from a nonexistent crack. I pulled myself to a stop. Don't go off. It's not normal to feel like that just because you heard a cricket. It probably got into the house through the cellar window—

The room was cold. Not ordinarily cold but with an eating cold that nibbled away at my skin, gnawed at my bones. Like the times Mother wouldn't order enough coal in order to save money.

What was the cricket trying to tell me?

Four A.M. The most precarious rung on the ladder to morning.

The hour of danger when the soul meets with despair and reaches out into the darkness for the end to pain. The hour psychologists call the suicide hour.

It was hard to make out the phosphorescent face of the clock. It shimmered in the dimness. But I could see enough to know that the long hand pointed up, the short one at an obtuse angle.

Rubbing my face, I wished there were an operation for removing ideas from people's heads. Like cleaning out a closet.

The sound I'd heard today. A soft buzz and then a stop. Silence broken by sound. The cricket. Sounding like something remembered from long ago. Why should I be afraid of a cricket? There had been a gleam of sun struggling to penetrate the dusty window. A strange window in a strange neighborhood. Children shouting outdoors. the rumble of a streetcar. There were no streetcars in town. It must have been the city.

What was I doing in this dusty office?

"You don't believe in much light. do you?" a voice said. Lee's voice.

Yes, Lee had been there, and Mother, too. Standing in the low-ceilinged room, Lee was talking to the man behind the desk. A small, thin man peering up at us.

What was the man doing? Papers rustling in his bony fingers. Well, what of it? That can't be all. The papers—no, not the papers. The writing. The writing?

Walking down narrow wooden stairs. Mother's heels clattering. Did we leave the office already? But I'm not through yet. I've got to go back?

A blank wall. Why can't I get back? Maybe if I try another way—

Mother had said something to the man. "He left a note—" Mother said.

A note! Father left a note when he went away. That's who the man was. A detective. A detective who was supposed to find Father.

"Come on, Ma," Lee was saying. "What do we want to find the old man for? We don't want him anyway."

"Don't want him!" Mother was saying. "Do you think that check from the business is going to support us?"

Wait—that isn't what I want. The sounds. Going all the time. Click, no, not click. Bang. A buzz and then a pause. Buzz, pause. Like a cricket. Buzz, pause.

A typewriter! That was all. Just a typewriter. That's what the cricket made me think of. Our dirty old typewriter in the front hall. Something I see every day.

Something I *see*. But I never hear it. Nobody in the house ever uses it.

Buzz, pause.

The sound had come from down the steps. That time, long ago in the dark, I had been lying in bed. And I had heard a sound. Someone down below had been typing in the middle of the night. Typing at the suicide hour.

Every seat in the huge bowl of the football stadium seemed taken. I watched the students streaming in with their triangular flags and hothouse chrysanthemums, and I listened to the band saluting the visiting team with "On, Wisconsin!" and I tried not to glance at Eldridge every other moment.

I had tried three different outfits before deciding on the one I was wearing. I had wanted to borrow my mother's yellow leather jacket, but when she had refused, I had settled on my own camel's hair jacket. With it, I wore a white sweater I had borrowed from Selina and a tweed skirt I had just bought myself.

Eldridge seemed to know everyone. Innumerable people came over to say hello and to chat about the teamwork between Bob Stricklen and Herb Miculich, the chances of Leadhead Supron making All-American, and a new formation tried out by Gus Weinberg.

Finally a shout went up as of five thousand Indians descending on a settlement. A coin flew into the air, and someone bent over. For a moment, I thought he was going to get kicked, but it was only the ball, and that was about the last I got to see of the game.

Everyone in the stadium shot up like jack-in-the-boxes, and blocked my view. Resignedly I sat down and watched a tan coat in front of me groaning, a mouton and tweed wringing their hands, and three sport jackets shouting invectives.

Looking around, Eldridge saw me. "Why are you sitting?"

"I can't see."

"Come here." He helped me to my

feet and lifted me to the seat. To show an intelligent interest in the proceedings, I said. "I hear Chick Conacher isn't just a dumb football player. He has his hand in nearly every pie in the school."

Absently, Eldridge answered, "Must be his left hand."

Abruptly his supporting arm disappeared, and I nearly fell as he began to shout something at one of the players. Everyone was screaming unintelligibly, going faster and faster like a locomotive without an engineer, and then an ear-splitting yell closed that aspect of the festivities.

Now the tan coat was jumping up and down, the mouton and tweed were embracing, and the three sport jackets were pounding each other's back. The band played "Hail to the Victors," and everyone shouted, "Our team is red-hot, our team is red-hot, our team is red-hot. Yea."

Catching a glimpse of the field, I saw a bundle of arms and legs kicking and squirming, and after a while, men peeled off like artichoke leaves until only one leaf was left. Uniforms hurled out of the wings and carried it away.

I turned to Eldridge. "Is he hurt?"

But with the intensity of a man outside the delivery room, Eldridge watched the field. "Third down. Four to go." Then he looked at me. "What?"

"Is he hurt?"

"Who? Oh. No, he's dead. Look at that boy go. Split play. Split play. Atta boy, Leadhead. You bamboozled 'em."

I sat down again. For a while I counted pennants, and then I took a paper and pencil from my bag and played tick-tacktoe with myself. And then finally everyone was standing. I jumped up. "Did we win?" I asked politely.

Glancing around, Eldridge took my arm and hurried me to the back of the stadium as though he were sneaking me from jail to avoid a lynching. "It's the half, athlete," he said.

We squeezed and struggled through the crowd in the aisles. At the rear, Eldridge said. "You wait here, and I'll see if I can get frankfurters and Cokes." He disappeared, and I waited alone, watching the crowd streaming by.

And then a voice said. "Hello, there." I spun around at the sound of the drawl and saw Professor Ordomenedroyd, the collar of his tweed topcoat almost meeting his hatbrim.

The moment I saw him it was as if I had an inkling of what he was going to say. A pulse throbbed in my neck.

"I was going to get in touch with you," he said. "Let's move back here so I can talk to you."

Making an effort not to sound apprehensive, I said. "I can't. I'm waiting for someone. As a matter of fact, it's a friend of yours, Eldridge Knowler." I watched his face and noted the look of surprise. He glanced at me quickly and said, "Oh, I didn't know you knew him before I sent him after you that night."

I felt myself growing red. "I didn't."

But he was thinking of something else. "Well, I guess I can talk here. I hope you won't mind what I did."

I put my hands in my pockets and waited.

"I thought you were so troubled—you know, the other night. And your ideas about your father—well, I had known him and they didn't seem just— Well, anyway, I used to work for him, as I told you, and I still know someone who works in the plant. He gave me your father's partner's address."

At this point the professor seemed to think I ought to say something, and he paused to give me the opportunity. But when I said nothing, he went on. "I—uh—didn't violate any confidences. I just telephoned Mr. White and I explained who you were and how you felt about your father and I asked him what he knew."

Why had he interfered? I kept thinking. I didn't want to hear what Mr. White had said.

And then I looked at myself with unfriendly eyes. He wasn't interfering. I had gone to him for help, and he was trying to give it to me.

"That was very kind of you," I said.

"Uh—no, not at all. You see, your idea about your father just didn't seem to agree with the one I had—but anyway, about Mr. White—oh, hello, Eldridge."

Suddenly I wished a fire would start in the stadium or someone would faint or a cloudburst would begin. Anything to distract them. I heard Eldridge offering the professor a frankfurter and the professor refusing, and then Eldridge was holding one out to me. I stared at it. "I don't feel hungry, thank you."

His Coke in mid-air, he examined me. "Everyone eats frankfurters at football games," he said as though that settled the matter.

Then he looked at me more closely. "Were you two discussing something I shouldn't hear? Shall I make myself scarce?"

As casually as I could, I said. "Oh, it's all right. Everyone knows about my father anyway."

I felt rather than saw Eldridge raise an inquiring eyebrow at the professor as though he were asking the latter a question. The professor shrugged. Then he said, "The reason Mr. White never wrote to you was that your mother never encouraged him to. She evidently didn't care for him."

From the direction of the field came a voice over the loud-speaker and then the sound of the band starting up again.

"Mr. White and your father were friends since boyhood," the professor continued. He was watching me as he spoke, and I tried not to show anything.

"He couldn't understand where you had gotten your notion that your father was a drunkard and a—a philanderer. He said he knew your father perhaps better than anyone else, and your father almost never drank. And as for chasing women—well, he said he used to work late every night, but he was never with women. Mr. White used to try and talk him into hiring more office help, but your father used to try and do the work himself because—because well, your mother couldn't seem to get along on what he was earning."

The air felt mild, softly protective.

"I'm sorry," I said. "—I want to thank you again, Professor Ordomenedroyd, but you see, all this doesn't really help."

A student went by balancing Cokes. He bumped into us and apologized. "It doesn't matter what Mr. White said," I continued. "Whatever you say, there *is* something we all know my father did."

Absently, the professor leaned over and picked up something in the mess of peanut shells at our feet. It was a silver disc on which people have their names printed. He glanced at it and threw it away.

Then he said. "Mr. White said something else. He said to tell Bill's daughter that no matter what the evidence, no matter what she heard, it wasn't true. Bill could never have attacked a little girl."

I was having lunch in the cafeteria when a voice said. "Hi."

It was Selina. She sat down and unwrapped her sandwich. "Did you get your dress for the hop yet?" she asked, biting into the ham and cheese.

"A dress!" I said bitterly. "What for?"

"Oh, Eldridge will ask you. You'll see. If I were going, I'd get the dress right away. It's only two weeks now, and all the best ones will be gone."

"Wouldn't I look silly with a dress and no date!"

"You should have said yes to one of the others and then turned him down if Eldridge asked—"

Again someone said. "Hi." Growing hot all over, I turned too quickly.

I had known Eldridge for more than a year by then and I had seen him on an average of at least twice a week, but each time he called and each time I caught sight of him on the street, I still felt feverish. I turned away from his grin and put salad in my mouth. It tasted like sawdust. "Hello." I mumbled.

"Always the soul of politeness." Dumping his books on one chair, he dragged another over and sat down. He

exchanged greetings with Selina and then said, "If you knew the sacrifices I make coming here all the way from the medical school just to set my eyes on you. Want to go to a night club after the dance?" he asked in my general direction.

There was a pause. For a moment, I concentrated on my salad, and then slowly I put my fork down and wiped my mouth. "You mean," I said, still slowly, "leave the fellow with whom I'm going to the dance in order to go to a night club with you afterward?"

"Aren't you going to the dance with me?" he asked in amazement.

I took a firmer grip on my fork. "Oh? I didn't know you had asked me."

"Well, I just took it for granted. Who else would you go with?"

"Thank you very much. But I already have a date for the dance."

Who said those stupid words? A moment ago, I had exactly what I had been waiting months for. Months? Years. The big hop. I had been dreaming about it ever since I had talked Mother into allowing me to attend college.

And now a few words had ruined it all. Years of anticipation wiped out with a few foolish words. I'd have to sit home alone on the day when everyone else would be going. I'd have to hear all the details for weeks afterward.

"Already have one!" Eldridge was exclaiming. "But you can't have. It's still two and a half weeks before the damned thing takes place."

All my disappointment and misery lashed out at him. "Oh, it is, is it? Well, in case you're interested, I've been getting invitations for six months."

"Six months! I was breaking a rule speaking about it this early. I never make appointments this far in advance. Why you might be dead or—"

"And then the money would be wasted," I said bitterly.

"Oh, I wouldn't say that. I could always get another date."

"Well, then go ahead and get one. Maybe there's some knock-kneed, cross-eyed, pock-marked beauty who hasn't a date yet—" I stopped. I didn't have a date yet.

"Want to see me get the prettiest girl on the campus?" He was grinning, the slow, exasperating grin that both irritated me and quickened my pulse.

"Suppose you had a patient who was expecting a baby," Selina interposed, "wouldn't you make an appointment in advance to deliver it?"

Eldridge's voice changed. Losing the bantering tone, he said to me, "Break your date. You know you'd rather go with me."

I tried to ignore the last words. It wasn't too late. I could still go. I could still have the excitement of planning and the fun of buying the dress, and I could still attend the big hop with Eldridge.

"He's breaking my heart," Selina said quickly, before I could say anything. "Tell him yes. Do it for my sake."

It was all I needed. "All right," I acceded.

Eldridge grinned, but this time I didn't spoil it.

Standing, Selina said, "Well, back to the grindstone. Anybody have to go to the library?"

"I can't today," I said. "I work."

She winked at me before she turned, and we watched her progress toward the door. When she was out of earshot, Eldridge turned to me, his face suddenly serious, as though he wanted to tell me something. Then his attention was distracted by someone entering. I looked up.

It was Ellen Mackay and her crowd.

I watched Ellen striding in. She wore a beautiful gray flannel suit, and hanging loose on her shoulders, a leopard coat. Her hair was tied back with a yellow ribbon. I wasn't the only one watching her. Other heads turned to observe her progress from the door. Without seeming self-conscious or awkward, she was still aware of the attention she was getting.

She was almost past our table when Eldridge stopped her. A moment before, I had been vibrating like a harp, but now all was discordant again. I could tell nothing from Ellen's face, either. With her usual charming display of pleasure reserved for the elite, she greeted him, and then she glanced at me.

It wasn't possible for her to ignore me, nor was it possible for her to pretend she didn't know me. She nodded.

"Have a seat," said Eldridge.

I took more salad and didn't look up.

Glancing around as though to make up her mind, Ellen said, "Well, it is a little crowded. We won't be disturbing you, will we?"

Eldridge pulled over some chairs, and she and her friends seated themselves. Immediately their talk began bouncing back and forth like a ball. I didn't even try to keep up with five such poised extroverts.

I finished my salad slowly, and then forced my milk down. Hoping they wouldn't notice, I rose. "I'm off to my job now," I said, trying to sound casual. The word *job* was probably new to Ellen.

I was afraid Eldridge would remain. But to my relief, he hopped up also. "Will you excuse me?" he said to the others. Again I tried to read some expression on Ellen's face, but again I was unsuccessful. Very animatedly, she said, "Certainly," and went on talking about a dog she was getting.

When we left the cafeteria, Eldridge said, "I have to tell you something."

We watched some students trooping by into the cafeteria, and when they were gone, he added, "I think you ought to be warned."

I looked at him and forgot about Ellen. It was like getting ready for a party and then receiving a telegram that someone you love has died. Until that moment, the most important problem in the world was what you were going to wear. And then along comes the telegram, and the party isn't anything.

"Did you hear me? I hate to tell you this, but he can't be in his right mind. I want you to be careful."

Unconsciously I began to rub my head. "I've been receiving some letters with

Suicide Hour (continued)

a local postmark. They don't say anything in particular. They're simply full of obscene words. They're from your father. He must be back in town."

The room was dark. Submerged in a clogging confusion, I sat up and looked at the clock. The dial was at an unusual angle. The small one pointing down on the left, the long one pointing down on the right.

Was it morning? Did I have to go to school?

Then I heard footsteps on the stairs and Lee's voice singing an off-color ditty. It was evening, not morning. And I was going to the big hop.

"Hey, Sis, it's snowing. You can't go to the dance." Tying my robe together, I told Lee to come in. He was wearing an ancient sweater, a battered hat, and a dusting of snow. I ran to the window and peered out. Everything was white. Glancing at the clock, I saw it was twenty past seven.

Lee dropped on my bed. "Boy, I'm dead. I've been trying to kill squirrels. But I only got one."

I brought out my things and placed them on the dressing table. White satin slippers, evening bag, pearl earrings. Then I took the dress from the closet and hung it up. It had taken all the money I could save, and I had given up a suit for it, but I felt it was worth it. It was white taffeta with a strapless top.

There was a movement behind me, and as I turned, Lee said, "Why don't you come to a movie with me tonight?"

I looked at his rumpled blond head. For the first time in months, I really saw him, the chin squared at the bottom, the regular features, the deep-blue of his eyes. So much going to waste. I felt sorry for him.

"Why don't you go to a movie with Mother?" I said.

"I asked her. But she's sewing herself a dress for that dinner she's going to tomorrow night."

"Another dress! When I asked her to please make me my gown, she said—"

Below, the bell rang. At first I paid no attention, and then, startled, I glanced at the clock. It wasn't anywhere near nine yet.

In a moment, Mother's footsteps sounded on the stairs. "Look what came from the florist," she said, coming in.

I took the box from her. It was white with satin ribbons. Carefully I undid the bows, wanting to save them. It was the first gift Eldridge had ever given me.

As the tissue paper came off, Mother made a sound over my shoulder. Nestling within the box were two white orchids.

I lifted them out, ashamed of the way my hands shook. Holding them up to the mirror, I watched their reflection. Smoky pearls lifted from the depths of the sea.

"I wonder what Dr. Knowler would say if he knew," Mother said.

I looked at her, but she'd already turned away. "I'll put the flowers in the refrigerator until you leave," she offered.

She went out quickly, as though afraid I might ask a question, and Lee followed her. When they were gone, I shut the door and finished dressing. Then I went to the door, and leaning over the railing, asked Lee to bring the orchids up.

In a moment, he shuffled in, still yawning. He dropped the flowers on the table, and then his eyes widened. Slapping a hand over his face, he held the other arm out as though struck by a blinding light.

"No," he panted, staggering until he found the bed and could collapse again. "My Lord. My own kid sister. That dazzling goddess, that rapture-inspiring divinity—" Jumping to his feet, he grabbed both my hands and twirled me around.

He was about to start the whole blinding-light routine again when the bell rang. Busying myself at the dressing table with nothing, I sternly kept myself from running the comb over my hair again. Below, I heard Eldridge's voice.

Holding my coat over my arm, I went out and peered over the railing. He was leaning politely over Mother, listening. I watched him for as long as I dared, and then I went to the head of the stairs. I was hoping he would look up and grow misty-eyed with adoration, but he continued listening to Mother. When he finally did glance up, I permitted my coat to swing casually and raised my eyebrows, hoping to resemble Ellen.

"Hi, Sadie Thompson," were his first adoring words.

"Doesn't she look sweet?" Mother said. "Leander took her all the way to the city to shop. She got the dress—"

"Good night, Mother," I said, afraid she would tell him the price, the size, and the number of days I had spent looking for it.

With the shutting off of the lights, the door became a magic portal opening into a Christmas card. The simple act of closing the door transported us to a hushed, new world, tenanted only by the two of us.

It had stopped snowing, but there hadn't yet been enough traffic to destroy the purity of the scene. Trees, like skeletons suddenly softened with flesh, had come under a spell that transformed them from Cinderellas to princesses. Snow spangles caught sparks from the road lamps and exploded into showers of light.

In the car, I listened to the tires crackling on the crust. All sounds were muted to a frozen stillness, our voices falling with the softness of snowflakes. From the open, hoar-frosted window came a pleasantly stinging iced lotion, and my breath formed gossamery sprites. Suddenly I thought of maple sugar I had once seen dripped on snow. The center hot and soft, the outside cold. It was the way I felt.

On the outskirts of town, passersby began to sprout. Furred figures in long dresses and black-coated ones. The townspeople, in ordinary clothes, gave the street a Hadeslike effect, with the elect and the damned still waiting together.

We had to park about a block away from the intramural building and walk the rest of the way. We went up the steps of the red brick building, past the trophy-bedecked checkroom and into the huge gymnasium. The theme was rustic that year, and the tiled walls were almost concealed behind shrubbery, fake trees, and haystacks.

As we came in, I caught a glimpse of long blonde hair. I looked again. I was close enough to see it was Ellen Mackay. She was standing under a basketball net with a tall fellow beside her.

Had Eldridge asked Ellen first, I wondered, and been refused because she'd already had a date? As I thought that, she became aware of us. She stared for a fraction of a moment and then nodded slowly.

We were evidently late, because as we came in, the band leader was rapping for attention. "Okay, everybody," he was shouting. "Quiet, please. We're picking the king and queen of the dance now. In keeping with the theme this year, we're going to do country dances while the judges circulate to pick the winners."

While the leader shouted, the band played, and everyone chattered. Judges were chosen from the faculty, students, and band. Finally the circle formed and the band struck up "Shoo Fly, Don't Bother Me." We shuffled into the center of the ring, hands high, and shuffled back, hands low. Chaperons stomped from the side lines, and beside me, Eldridge sang so loudly my ear ached.

The judges began pulling people out. Those eliminated stood on the side and joined the stompers. While I waited for the tap on the shoulder, I looked around, hoping Ellen would go first.

The music changed, and we went into a long line, men opposite women. Then abruptly, Eldridge left the line and I realized he had been eliminated. Saying something, he patted me on the shoulder and grinned. He was gone, and I was facing a stranger.

"Where oh where is little Patricia? Where oh where is little Patricia? Where oh where is little Patricia? Way down yonder in the pawpaw patch."

As we doubled to go under the bridge after "Little Patricia," I saw Eldridge

pulled into one of the eliminated groups. He was paired off with a small girl in a lavender dress with practically no top.

Instead of paying attention to my own group, I watched what he was doing. Then the music broke off abruptly and a roar went up. I felt my arm almost wrenched out of its socket while someone shouted. "The Queen."

Before the fact could register, hands circled my waist, I kicked air for a minute, and then I was looking at a blurry smear of faces below. Dizzily, I listened to the roll of drums and felt the blood leaving all other parts of my body to keep a rendezvous in my head. Another roll of drums announced the snow king, and someone I had never seen before was standing beside me.

When the band started up again, I saw below, like a trail in the wilderness, Eldridge's face. He lifted his arms, and I slid down into them. For a minute, I tasted wool and a chord of memory pinged. A whiff of scent from the past, a shred of memory puffed away before it could be caught. The soft pressure, the faint essence of tobacco, and most of all, an unfamiliar sense of security.

He was smiling. A faint smile, part pride, part sarcasm, part something else. We moved away from the crush around the platform. Behind me a voice kept repeating, "I'm from the *Daily News*. What was that name again?" Through the noise, the confusion, the heat, I was conscious of a hand gripping mine.

From a short distance off, I saw Ellen again. Her eyes traveled like a cool mist over my dress and hair. Then she started straight for me. Habit was strong. I would have liked to turn away, the way she had always turned from me, but I couldn't. When she had finally struggled through, she smiled her slow, poised smile. "Congratulations," she said. "I'm so glad you won. You really deserved it."

I felt intensely hot. Would I have said those words to her if she had won?

Eldridge mopped his forehead with the hand that wasn't holding mine and said. "Let's get out of this rat race. There's punch over there."

We finally got to a clear part of the dance floor, and Eldridge helped us to punch. Then he began speaking to Ellen's escort.

Turning to me, Ellen said, "Do you remember Mrs. Lorchout?" The question was an odd one. I hadn't known that Ellen was aware of my existence in high school, and Mrs. Lorchout had been a high-school English teacher. "And how she called you a fourflusher," Ellen went on, "because she thought you had copied a composition?"

Ellen had a destination in mind. I could see that she had her eyes fixed firmly on the road ahead and wasn't stopping for traffic signals.

"I think the reason she behaved so abominably to you," Ellen said, "was because of your father."

I kept my face unchanged. Unobtrusively, I placed my hands behind me so she couldn't see them tremble. I had a feeling there was more.

"It's dreadful to hold something against a person because of her father, don't you think so?" she persisted.

My continued silence was almost disconcerting her. She began to step on the gas, anxious to get the trip over with. "And it's particularly admirable of Eldridge, isn't it?"

She drew blood that time. "El-Eldridge?" I stammered.

She didn't have to hurry anymore. Now she had her audience. Slowly, almost sweetly, she said. "Yes, I mean, you know, because it was his sister whom your father—his sister was the one."

I was looking into distorting mirrors. Here a face widened so the features were stretched into a grin. There a face elongated so the features were frozen into primness. The mirrors were directly opposite one another, and a spinning top in the center was reflected in both, going around and around into infinity. Above everything was the unbearable din, a blaring of instruments, a shrieking of voices, laughter, jeers, all pressing in on me like the contracting walls of a vault.

Ellen's face was one of the elongated kind. It wavered in the waterlike fluidity of the mirror, growing narrower and narrower. The other faces began to recede, leaving just Ellen and myself in the pool of the mirror. Even the voices, stretched or contracted into unnatural tones, were receding.

One of the voices said. "Yes, of course I knew." It took me a while to recognize it as my own. And the elongated face looked surprised, taken aback. And finally it sank beneath the surface.

And then the night air massaged my face. I hardly knew how I got to the street. That movement blended with the others with a deceiving fluidity. The farther I walked from the building, the better the magic of the amorphous masseuse worked. Gradually, the din in my head diminished as the snow-cleansed air streaked through the rooms of my mind, sweeping the clutter away.

Finally I slowed down. Turning, I found I was still within sight of the intramural building. The car was right behind me. Eldridge would be missing me soon, I thought.

Then I stopped dead.

Someone had moved behind the tree up ahead. It was a long run to the intramural building. And the tree was close.

The part of the tree trunk that had moved before now detached itself from the tree and started toward me. I couldn't hesitate any longer. Holding up my skirt, I spurted back toward the building. I was praying that my high heels wouldn't trip me when a sharp pain broke out in my side. Frantically I turned to see how much distance lay between my pursuer and me.

And then when I turned, an odd thing happened. Whoever it was darted behind a car.

Some of the fear seeped out abruptly. He was afraid of being seen.

Holding my side, I continued running up the block. When I reached the foot of the stairs, I looked again. There was no one in the whole deserted street.

For a while, I kept on watching. I

wasn't even relieved at having escaped. I almost wished my pursuer had followed me up the stairs so that someone else could have seen him and known I hadn't imagined the incident. It was insane. He had started toward me and yet hidden himself when I stopped. What was the purpose of it all?

I was still there when I heard footsteps. It was Eldridge.

He was running a hand through his rumpled hair and wiping his face. At the sight of me, he stopped short. "Where were you?" he demanded. Continuing down, he examined my face. "What's the matter?"

"I saw—someone was following me again."

"Where?" Then, without waiting for an answer, he went past me. In the street, he looked around at the cold whiteness that couldn't have been less inhabited.

We walked back to the tree, and I told him about how the man had stopped when I had turned, as though afraid of being recognized. While I talked, he bent over the snow near the tree. It was ruffled.

Finally he straightened and brushed his hands, although there was no snow on them. "Why did you leave the dance?"

I pulled my coat closer and didn't answer. The gesture made him say, "Come on into the car. I'll put on the heater." He started up the motor, and the whirring sound filled the car.

"Well?" he said.

"Why didn't you tell me?"

He pushed the car lighter in and reached for his cigarettes. Then, in the middle of the operation, a suspicion of what I meant must have occurred to him. "What?"

"You all knew." I tried not to let my voice crack. "But none of you would tell me."

"Do you mind letting me in on what you're talking about?"

"Oh, for Pete's sake, stop it. I know all about your sister and my father."

He said. "What happened? Who told you?"

"Your friend. Your friend Ellen."

Confusedly, he leaned forward and crushed out the newly lit cigarette. Then he looked out of the window as though searching for something. Whatever it was, he couldn't find it.

"Well, what of it?" he said finally. "You were bound to find out sometime."

I corked the flow of angry words. He was right. Why was I so furious? Because he hadn't wanted to hurt me? Because he took me out in spite of it? I slumped in the seat. "Doesn't your father object to your taking me out?"

"What has my father to do with it?"

He had answered the question. His father had objected. He slid over, and I leaned my head back on his arm. We watched each other for a moment, his face a little worried and I feeling a little worried. We kept watching each other until our faces finally touched. And then I stopped looking into his greenish-gray eyes.

When he lifted his face, I opened my eyes reluctantly. All around us was the deserted street, so empty it was hard to believe that just up the block were several hundred people. He dropped his head on my shoulder and I could feel his hands shaking slightly. Then he made a sound, a dissatisfied sound. Finally he said. "Were you wondering if my father would object to this, too?"

I thought about those words, and the comforting mist around me began to lose its comfort. I found myself stiffening. But when I tried to move away, his hands tightened. Was he taking me out to spite his father? Was it part of the revolt everyone went through during the early part of his life before he settled down? "We ought to go back," I said.

"Why?" he said. He bent over me, and the warm pressure lowered protectively again. His mouth moved from my lips to my chin, and then I saw it.

It was lying on the back seat of the car. Partially in shadow and partially in the light of the street lamp, it gleamed fitfully. I must have exclaimed or taken a deep breath, because Eldridge lifted his head sharply. Then his eyes followed mine to the back seat. He was puzzled.

"What's wrong, hon?" Even at that moment, the endearing term impinged on my memory. In the car was a sweetness as of flowers permitted to die in a lonely room.

"Eldridge, how did that get there?"

Lifting himself off the seat, he reached over and picked the object up. In his hand was a gold pocket watch, very old-fashioned. "I never saw it before," he said, puzzled. "It looks like real gold."

"Eldridge, that shadow. I mean, the person who was following me must have put—"

"Why?"

"I don't know." My voice was rising, and I tried to lower it. In a moment, I was afraid, I might be screaming. "I don't know. It's insane. It doesn't make sense to follow me and then hide behind a car and then start—"

"Wait a minute. Cut it out." His hand closed on mine.

"You don't understand. I've seen that watch before."

He looked at the watch and then at me. Releasing my hand, he turned it over in his palm. "Where?" He slid his thumbnail around the worn edge. He found a catch and pressed. The watch snapped open.

I stared at what lay within. I hadn't opened it myself when I had seen it before. Inside was a ringlet of hair.

Eldridge switched on the car light. His eyes filled with something more than confusion. I didn't want to know what it was. He couldn't believe I had placed the watch there myself.

He examined the hair as it gleamed under the light. Finally he held it up to my hair. I didn't have to see it to know it would match.

"I don't get it," he said.

I took the watch from him. "The last time I saw this," I said, "it was in the attic of my house. That watch belonged to my father."

Trying not to think of the cold, I kept my eyes on the house from across the road. I pretended to be waiting for someone. Whenever a passer-by approached, I glanced at my watch and then scrutinized the street.

Clouds scuttled across the rusty, dying sun and darkened the sky so that it seemed to be evening. The flickering shadow and light gave an end-of-the-world aura to even the good section of town, proving, to my momentary satisfaction, that man's best was no match for nature's worst. In other lights, the Knowler house had an expansive, welcoming appearance. Welcoming, that is, to the right people. The red brick, trimmed with white and field stone, gave the house a faintly Southern appearance. But now, on its high elevation, surrounded by what looked like acres of lawn, it reminded me of Dr. Knowler. He, too, always appeared surrounded by acres of lawn.

At two-thirty-five, the housekeeper finally left, and I was sure I had a clear field. As I walked up the long, broken-shell driveway, I wondered if someone was peering at me from one of the windows. The white oak door, protected by pillars, looked completely inaccessible. Was this really where Eldridge lived? The same Eldridge who had taken me places and who had sat in our front parlor and who had held me in his arms? Did this tight-shuttered, pursed mouth of a house relax into a smile for him?

I almost ran the last few yards to get it over with. I knocked as loudly as I could.

It took quite a while for the knock to be answered. It was only the thought that someone would come and see me running down the endless driveway that kept me there.

I knocked twice before the door moved back. The hallway was dark, and I couldn't see who had opened the door. To make matters worse, whoever it was said nothing.

"I want to speak to Miss Knowler." I said in an authoritative voice. It almost convinced even me that I had a right

to be there and that I hadn't made a preposterous suggestion.

The figure in the doorway came forward. In the miserly light from the sky, I could see a girl dressed in a green-and-white uniform. "Who?" she said.

"Miss Knowler," I answered composedly. The maid seemed untrained and not very bright.

"Well—I don't know."

"Tell her it's urgent." I said encouragingly.

"But she doesn't see people. Miss Bagnold, the housekeeper, isn't here now. Maybe you better come back—"

"It's all right. I'm a friend of the family's." I tried not to glance around. Suppose Dr. Knowler returned early?

"Well," she said doubtfully, "come in." She stared at me hard, and I wondered if she recognized me. For the first time, it occurred to me she would be able to describe me later.

We walked onto a dimly lit balcony. Set in niches on opposite walls were two small white statues, and beneath them were identical spider-legged tables with vases of fresh flowers in them. The maid didn't take my coat. She walked past the white iron railing down four steps to a hallway with a large staircase at the far end. On either side of the hallway were doors leading to what seemed like an infinite number of rooms.

The room we went to was the kind that blurred into a dreamy ivory. Except that nothing in it could definitely be called ivory. It was too refined to be pinned down. The rug was refinedly faded. the furniture refinedly decayed, the fabrics refinedly about to fall apart.

In one corner, someone moved.

I hadn't noticed her at first because she blended in so naturally with her surroundings. She was as much a part of the room as the rug and the furniture, and just as hard to be pinned down.

Still, nothing about her was what I had expected. She looked anywhere from thirty to forty years of age, although I knew she was slightly less than thirty. And whatever looks there were in the family had passed her by and gone to Eldridge. She was stocky, almost fat, and completely colorless. Her skin was a paste shade, dotted with freckles; her hair the same mixture of ivory as the room; and her eyebrows and lashes so pale they were invisible.

What she was doing was unexpected, too. I had pictured her as working on a sampler. Or even doing nothing at all. Simply sitting at a window and looking out. But she was holding a glass, a cigarette, an ashtray, a magazine, and two sandwiches. The system, whatever it was, went to pieces when we came in. The sandwiches slid away, along with the ashtray, cigarette, and magazine. Only the glass remained intact.

With an exclamation, the maid went in, and as though doing everyone a considerable favor, began picking up the mess. She looked at me resentfully, as though expecting help. So I bent down and helped her.

The woman across the room watched me. She seemed to be shortsighted, even more so than I. I wished the maid would hurry and leave, and then I was afraid of her leaving. I didn't know anything about this woman who was Eldridge's sister. Just scraps of gossip I had heard around town over the years. About a woman who had once been a fairly normal child, although perhaps too quiet, until something shocking had happened to her. After that she had become a virtual recluse. Until the night of the dance I hadn't known what had happened to her.

With the force of a wave, it occurred to me I had done a stupid thing coming to a house where I wasn't welcome and putting myself in close proximity with someone who might be a raving lunatic.

Without warning, the maid left. Almost ready to follow her, I wondered how I would get help if I needed it. The house was large. I might never be heard.

"What do you want?"

The voice was without inflection. Neither angry nor friendly. And the nearsighted eyes still peered at me.

Forgetting all the tactful things I had planned to say, I blurted, "I'm the daughter of the man who attacked you long ago."

The words almost took shape and hung between us like a scaffold. We both stared at them. If she's really sick, I thought, I might be doing her harm.

She turned the deepest red I had ever thought a person could get. And with the red came an intensity of confusion that made her resemble a map crammed with too many cities. And then I realized that her principal emotion was distaste. She was like a prudish clubwoman who has just been told a dirty joke. She sat down again and began munching her sandwich. Her shoulders were stiff. Then, abruptly, she said, "Would you care for some tea?"

"Miss Knowler." I spoke urgently. "I'm sorry to have to talk like this to you. But it's important. There's something I have to know."

She stopped chewing and turned small, blank eyes on me. She might have been queer, but sometime, long ago, she had received her training and it was still strong. She was as inaccessible to me as all the other people in this section of town. I had wormed my way into her house, and for the moment, she would be civil. "Won't you sit down?" She took another bite. "I don't know what you're talking about. You must have gotten—confused somewhere."

Of all the things she could have said, that stumped me the most. What if it wasn't true? Suppose Ellen had lied. What was I doing here? Eldridge's sister wasn't queer. I was. Maybe she was humoring me until help arrived.

"P-please—" I stammered. Then I remembered. Eldridge had confirmed it. I knew he had. Or had I dreamed it? "Please—it's important. I have no right, but—"

"I don't care to discuss it." She turned her wide back to me and faced the window.

I was getting angry. I was tired of being bounced by everyone like a ball. "This is important." I said again, trying

to match the coldness of her voice. "I have only one question to ask you. Are you sure it was my father that— Are you sure it was my father?"

She began to walk, heading for the door. "I'm sorry, you'll have to leave. It's time for my nap."

"I tell you I have to know!" My voice shook. I hadn't gone this far just to be snubbed now. I started to follow her, and then I saw him.

He was standing at the door. Evidently he had just returned from school. He still had his coat on and carried books.

When he saw me looking at him, he came slowly into the room. Both his sister and I acted paralyzed by his presence. We remained where we were as though waiting for someone to push a button to release us. He dropped his coat and books on one of the chairs and rubbed his hands together. "What about something hot? This room is like a grave." Turning on a lamp, he picked up one of the sandwiches and bit into it hungrily.

Eldridge's presence cut into the corseted stiffness of the house, and warmth began circulating through its veins.

"Aren't you home early?" I said.

Sitting down, he grinned. But it wasn't his usual easy grin. He was disturbed. Involuntarily he glanced at the windows beyond his sister, the ones that commanded a view of the street. He was worried about his father's finding me in the house. The whole thing didn't seem so important to me any longer. I wanted to get away. I was afraid if I remained for another minute I might start crying.

"I'm sorry." I said. Never had he invited me to his home. I was only good enough to take out, not to take home. "I had to ask your sister something."

"I heard you." Then he looked at his sister. His expression was hard to read. It was moody, and it carried neither like nor dislike.

"Why don't you answer?" he asked her. His sister went to her own chair and dropped into it. Her look of a haughty clubwoman returned. "I don't want to discuss anything further with either one of you."

Abruptly Eldridge sat up, his face flushing with annoyance. "Don't give me that. Answer her."

She kept staring at him, her face growing colder. I wondered if the subject I had brought up was one that hadn't been mentioned in this house for seventeen years. Perhaps in this kind of house it was something you simply couldn't discuss.

"Very well," Eldridge's sister said finally. Her voice was low, but there was more dislike concentrated in it than I had ever heard in a shout. "He convicted himself with the note he left. That and his disappearance. I wouldn't have known. It was dark. I didn't see the—man's face."

The sticky heat turned my clothing into a steaming compression chamber with perspiration crawling insectlike along my legs. Up front, the steel supports of the outdoor platform glared like white-hot branding irons under the scorching sun.

I wished the commencement exercises were over. All week I had been saying good-by. Good-by to professors, good-by to out-of-town students, good-by to Selina, good-by to classrooms and libraries and labs, good-by to a way of life I had followed since I was five.

Everything, I had thought, was going to be wonderful when I graduated. Eldridge and I would be married and we would buy a lovely little cottage and we would continue to go to dances and to have lunch together. And now I was graduating and Eldridge was still talking, the way he'd been talking for a year now, of going away somewhere for his internship. And there would be no more dances. No more lunches. No more dates. No more anything.

All around us, students were laughing and chattering. Quotations from the president's address: "Our country calls not for the life of ease but for the life of strenuous effort—" Plans for the future: "—buy five hundred chickens, in about a year you'll have—" Nostalgic recollections of the past: "Remember the time she dropped the glass and there was old Finney from the ed department—"

And then Eldridge said, "Do you remember the time we took that drive up on that hill?"

Yes, I remembered. Such a small thing while it was happening, such a big thing afterward. I remembered the way the sun had turned Eldridge's face a ruddy bronze. I remembered him leaning back and watching a passing bird.

Do you remember the time at the pond long ago, do you remember when you kissed me in broad daylight on the library steps, do you remember "Where oh where is little Patricia"?

What happens to the little Patricias? Where do they go, the girls in the sweaters, the boys with the letters on their chests? One never sees them after they graduate. They simply exist for a time on campuses and then evaporate.

Had I been happy those times? Or is happiness always something that is gone, not now?

From the station we could hear the train whistle. Conversation seemed to slow down as it sounded. For a moment, everyone appeared to be picturing the mammoth steaming into the station, straining to be off again with its human nourishment. We could hear the gears grinding again, the engine getting up steam, the chugging. We could almost see the train, with small dark figures on the rear platform waving, growing smaller, disappearing into the distance.

The burning ball of torment far above seemed to broil and sizzle the liquid in my brain. And there was no way to escape it, no protection in the whole inferno.

Finally we were breaking away. The exercises were over, the farewells finished, and we were walking back to State, where Eldridge had parked his car. As we walked, I thought of home. The winter hangings still up, the living room dark and heavily carpeted. A room of twenty paces, a house ten minutes' drive from a picture show, five minutes' drive from a food store, no minutes' drive to visit anyone.

I had been the only one at graduation without a family. Mother had had to keep a beauty-parlor appointment, and Lee had said he wouldn't go if "that Eldridge" went.

Eldridge said, "I'll take you home. Then I have to see some professors."

The car felt like a coffin that had been left in the desert for a week. I watched a fly buzzing around, getting nowhere, and then just as the air was becoming refreshing, we were home.

After Eldridge left, I stood for a long time, watching the house. The parched, dying grass, the broken fence, the dirty opaque windows.

Finally I saw the truck in the driveway. I wondered why it was there until I remembered Mother telling me we were converting the heater from coal to oil. After all the years of talking about it, she had finally decided to spend the money. It was cheaper doing it in the summer.

Tiredly I walked around to the back. The outer door was open and so was the door to the basement. Not looking down, I called, "Hello."

A voice said hello back, and then a man came to the foot of the stairs. "We're putting in the new tank," he told me.

Slowly, still giddy from the sun, I went up the front stairs. Looking into Lee's room, I saw he was out. Once in my room, I had to lie down to get rid of the dizziness.

I stretched out and closed my eyes. Once I remained still, it was almost pleasantly cool in the room. I tried to make plans. But I couldn't concentrate. A deadly sensation of uneasiness was creeping up around me. What was wrong?

The men in the basement. Was I sure they were what they said they were?

Stop it. They're all right. The truck proves it.

And then came the shout from below.

A number of voices mingled in a confused chatter, and immediately afterward footsteps sounded on the cellar stairs. Slowly I got out of bed.

All day I had been waiting. No, not all day. All my life. For years I had been waiting. I had known about this for a long time.

My uneasiness had nothing to do with the men below. They were all right, and I knew they were all right.

The footsteps started up the front stairs. I couldn't avoid it any longer, and I went out into the hall. The face of the man coming up conveyed excitement mostly, and perhaps a touch of—horror? No, that was too strong.

The man stopped when he saw me and didn't seem to know what to say. A moment before, he had been all action, and now he was all hesitation.

"Where's the telephone, miss?" was what he finally said.

Instead of asking a normal question, I pointed to the front hallway. Then I followed him down, because it would have looked absurd to go back. Besides, this was what I had spent my nights trying to remember, wasn't it?

From the direction of the dining room came two more men. While the first man went to the front hall, one of the others said to me, "Have you lived here long?"

"What?"

"Have you lived here long?"

"All my life."

Apparently that was an interesting thought. The men exchanged glances. Then, "Is your mother coming home soon?"

"I don't know."

"Are you alone?"

I wondered why he was so determined to keep up a conversation. And then I decided it was because he was trying to keep me from listening to the man on the telephone. "Don't get excited," he continued.

I looked at him.

Evidently he felt I was in a state of shock. Or maybe feeble-minded. "It's all right," he went on. "It's old, anyway. There's nothing for you to worry about."

But the voice of the man on the telephone came through over his babbling. I could hear him say to the police, "There's a body buried in the cellar."

Sometime after three o'clock, they found the body. I sat at the living-room window looking out while we waited for the police. The rain started about then, a hot, muggy rain. The endless downpour streamed by in the same sedate lines minute after minute with well-bred unchangeability. The interminable patter on the roof, the humming stream from the pipes, the soft gray light were so monotonous they numbed me.

A low humming blended with the slushing sound of tires against wet cement, and a car nosed out from behind the gauze of rain. Like spectral robots, three figures glided out of the car and came up our walk.

Two of the visitors were in uniform and one wore a business suit. They greeted me politely and asked to be taken to the basement. Instead, I told them where to find the stairs, and I took up my post at the window again.

Time neither stretched nor contracted. It didn't seem to move at all. I wasn't aware of whether a long interval passed or no interval at all before tires swished outside again. These men barely glanced at me and then headed for the kitchen. Deliberately I wound every muffling device I could around my senses, blunting my hearing, blurring my seeing, dimming every perceptive organ.

I was only vaguely conscious of the feet on the back stairs again, the slam of the kitchen door. Turning away from the window, I didn't see what went into the second car.

But then the vacuum was pierced. At last I was conscious of a voice, a voice trying to get through to me.

"What did you say?" I asked.

It was the man in the business suit. Evidently he had been talking to me for some time. "I just wanted to ask a few questions. What is your name?"

I gave him our names and the number of years we had owned the house. Then, "You said your father doesn't live here. Where is he?"

"I don't know. He deserted my mother seventeen years ago."

"Have you heard from him since?"

I hesitated, remembering Eldridge's letter. "No," I said. My head was beginning to hurt.

"Where is your mother?"

"She might be shopping or at—no. I'm sorry. I feel confused. She's at a beauty parlor. But I don't know which one."

"Did your father leave a note when he left?"

Involuntarily my eyes moved to the typewriter in the front hall. The familiar twang against the string of memory again. "Yes."

"What was in the note?"

Almost forgetting the man, I went to the hall to look at the typewriter.

"What are you doing?"

I turned, startled. The man was staring at me. He must think I'm peculiar, I said to myself. I tried to think of some rational explanation for my behavior. "I thought—perhaps my brother left a note about where he was," I said.

"Do you know what was in your father's note?"

I opened one of the windows wider, but it didn't help. The heat was too heavy to be stirred by the rain. "Don't you know?"

"What?" All along he had been secretive, knowing. He was the one moving me around the chessboard. Now, for the first time, he hesitated.

"Don't you know about my family?"

"I haven't lived in town long."

"The note he left said he had attacked a little girl."

The man's face closed. Wiping his perspired brow, he said, "I'm afraid we'll have to wait here until your mother returns." He avoided my eyes as though I had a disease that could be caught visually.

We kept on sitting in the front room,

Suicide Hour (continued)

the man glancing at our books and removing one now and then and looking through it. I continued to stare at the rain. Through the window, I could see the men sitting in the police car. Everything began to smell, sound, or look wetness.

I don't know how long it was, but finally, like a visitation from another world, a car appeared, coming from the direction of town. The man in the business suit dropped the book he had been reading and went to the door.

I could hear Mother's shocked ejaculations and the low, soothing voice of the detective. The sounds went on for some time before they all came into the living room. I was faintly surprised to see Lee with them, since I hadn't heard his voice. They went on talking, the man and Mother, and finally he said, "I'm awfully sorry, but you'll have to come down to the station house with me. It's a matter of routine. We just have to ask you a few questions, and then I'm sure you'll be able to come home. They may simply ask you not to go out of town—"

"I never heard of such a thing!" Mother ejaculated. "What are you talking about? You're treating us like criminals—"

"I'm sorry. It's the customary procedure in a case like this. Your daughter, of course, must have been very young—she won't have to come with us. But I must ask you and your son to come with us."

"I have an appointment tonight. I don't want to have—"

"You may be able to keep the appointment later. In any case, I'm afraid I must insist—"

They went on like that for some time, and finally Mother had to give in. She got another coat from the closet, and they were almost out when the man, not Mother, remembered me. He turned and said, "If you're nervous about staying here, we could give you a lift into town."

I stared at him for a moment without understanding. Then I blinked. "Wait," I said. I ran upstairs, grabbed my raincoat and purse, and ran down again. Silently, Mother, Lee, and I followed the man into our car. The police car followed behind us. Nobody spoke the whole way. We were almost in town before the man asked where I wanted to be dropped off.

I thought about the question. I had lived in one place all my life, and I had no one to go to when I was in trouble. "Drop me at the State, please," I said.

The man in the business suit said, "Don't you want to stay with a friend?"

"No, thank you. The State will be fine."

They slowed down in front of the theatre, and several people turned to stare at the police car. Behind me, they didn't start up immediately. The man in the business suit wanted to see if I really went in.

I bought my ticket, entered, and sat down near the back, although I generally sat up front. After what seemed like a terribly short time, the lights came on. With dismay, I watched everyone getting up. I was sure I had just come in. Slowly and carefully, I moved out with the crowd.

Outdoors it was still raining. I went past the lighted shopwindows and then out on the dark road. A car came up behind me and slowed down. "Do you want a lift?" a strange voice said. "No," I answered, looking around. There was a laugh, and the car started up again.

An ugly little picture formed in my mind. Maybe, once long ago, another car had been driving along this road. And a little girl had been walking here. And a car had stopped, and the man in the car had asked the little girl if she wanted a lift. And the little girl, like me, had said no. But that man, unlike the one who had just stopped, hadn't laughed. He had gotten out of the car, caught hold of the girl—

Then I saw our house. Smothered in instant misery, I saw that not one light showed anywhere.

I unlocked the door and turned on the hall light, locking the door again behind me. The moment the light went on, I saw the note in the typewriter. For a minute I remained still, staring at it. I couldn't understand the wave of horror that washed over me.

Finally I went to the typewriter. "That detective said we could go if we didn't leave town," the note said. "I've gone out and Lee went to a picture show. Mother."

My first reaction was relief. What had I expected? It was a note like hundreds of others Mother had left.

Then the misery overcame me again. How could she do it? How could she go out and leave me alone at a time like this?

I went to the kitchen, turning on every light on the way. It would show anyone waiting out there in the dark that there were people at home. In the kitchen, I shut the door to the basement, and put the kitchen table in front of it. Then I thought, whatever it was that had been in the basement is gone now. There was nothing to be afraid of.

How had I known there had been something to be afraid of?

I pushed the thought away. The body had probably been there before the house was built. Everyone had to die, and everyone had to become what that had become. Taking a book with me, I went upstairs and turned on the radio. I was using every device I could to ward off whatever had to be warded off.

Above the voices on the radio, I could hear the rain. Instead of letting up, it seemed to be coming down with more fury. The radio was full of static. Finally I shut it off and went to the window. As I stood there, the heavens suddenly crackled and sizzled with a white blaze. And while they writhed in the agony of fire, a monstrous whip lashed out, snapping across the sky. The whip darted into our front yard, and with an ear-splitting searing and tearing, cracked the elm in two.

For a moment, I stood rigid. The blaze continued in my mind for a long time after it was gone from the yard. Finally I dropped the shade and moved back.

I had to go somewhere. I couldn't remain alone. I went out on the dim gallery, and around to the living room. Now I was out in the open, vulnerable on every side.

Below, the lights were still on. Was the shadow that followed me watching every move I made? I couldn't go out. Someone would have to come here.

Quickly I dialed. After one ring, a voice on the other end said, "Knowler residence."

"May I speak to Mr. Knowler, please?"

A pause followed. I wondered whom the voice belonged to. Probably the housekeeper. Finally the voice said, "Mr. Knowler isn't home."

The words were like the whip of lightning. At the back of my mind all along had been the thought that whenever things became bad enough, I could get Eldridge. I wouldn't call unless I had to, but once I had to, he would be there. And now he wasn't.

"Do you know where he is?"

This time the voice said, "Who is this speaking, please?"

Reluctantly I gave my name.

Again there was a silence. Then, "I see." The simple "I see" might have been Madame LaFarge memorizing a name for her knitting.

And finally, "Mr. Knowler had a disagreement with his father tonight. He has gone away. He left a note saying he was going to California."

I dropped my head on my arms. I was watching a dark triangle on the table, between my elbows. In it, a train was disappearing. A dot growing smaller until it no longer existed. Pallid flashes from somewhere washed the scene in a strange bloodless light.

Sometime later I went up the stairs and into my room. When I looked out the window, I thought at first I was in a nightmare standing at some strange

window facing an unknown land. This wasn't my room. Then I remembered the lightning. The tree was down.

Below, the telephone burst into life. I had a picture of someone featureless sitting and waiting. A person who could see our front hall and wanted me downstairs so he would know exactly where I was. And when I picked up the receiver, there would be a bloodless whisper of a voice, a murmur that would divulge something dreadful.

Then suddenly I was running out of the room. It must be Eldridge. He was at the station, waiting for me. He had blown up at his father, decided to leave, and had been trying to get me all afternoon. But I had been at the movies. God, make it Eldridge. God, let me get there in time.

Holding to the railing, I raced down three steps at a time. My heart pounded with hope again as I reached the bottom of the stairs. And then the ringing stopped.

I remained where I was, still holding the railing. The silence was overpowering now that the harsh jangling had stopped. The house was filled with it. A silence pregnant with something awful laboring to be born.

My whole life would have been changed if I had answered the telephone in time. Just a small thing. Like the bullet at Sarajevo.

I'll call once more, Eldridge had told himself. If she isn't home this time, I'm leaving without her. Impulsive. He had always been impulsive.

I went up to bed and listened to the wind. It was traveling at an uncanny speed, whistling around the house and tearing at the foundations. Shrieking, it strained at the house as if there were still something rotten within. And at the same time it wept that it had to be the instrument of tearing. I didn't have to weep. The night was doing it for me.

There was the sound of a typewriter. A buzz and then a pause. Someone pecking out a message.

Who would be typing in the middle of the night? I saw the green dial shining through the dark, but I couldn't tell the time.

The room was icy. From somewhere behind me, a steady wind was coming in. What's that other sound? Like a river. The rain. It's raining outdoors.

Mama won't like me running around like this. I'll just go to the door and see who's making that noise. I can look over the railing. No, it's dark in the living room. Maybe it's Daddy downstairs. Maybe he's home from work now. Poor Daddy works so hard. But he'll hold me even if it is late. He'll tell me a story and keep me warm. And I'll smell that funny smell on his suit. Like smoke.

Go on tiptoe so Mama won't hear. Why, it isn't dark. There's a light from the back stairs. Daddy must be in the kitchen. What's that funny noise? Like bumping. So many noises tonight. Typewriters and rain and bumping.

I'll go to the top of the back stairs and look down. Then if it's Daddy—

I was running. As fast as I could. Back along the gallery, past the row of doors. Must find my room. Quick. Must get into bed. Hide under the covers. Bury my head.

I heard screaming. The sound echoing through the night, tearing at my eardrums, searing my brain like a branding iron.

And then I was awake. I was sitting in my own bed in the dark. My heart was racing, and the terrible cry still vibrated in my mind. I was holding my head in my hands, and I was screaming.

Where am I? The typewriter—the rain—something happened.

The dream. The suicide hour. Not a dream. What really happened?

The typewriter. That was it. The typewriter had wakened me in the middle of the night. And I had looked at the clock. The big hand pointing up and the little one down. The clock Daddy had given me, saying it would help me learn to tell time.

What happened after I heard the typewriter? I didn't know. I almost knew. I was frightened—no, not at first. I wasn't frightened until afterward. When I came up the back stairs.

The back stairs. Daddy.

But I never called him Daddy. Only Father. The man who stayed away late, was mean to Mother, and deserted us—

No, no, no. Daddy. How warm and strong his arms were. He called me honey. Who said those things about him? They weren't true. Mother and he couldn't get along. That's why she said them. When he couldn't stand it at home and worked late, she said he was drinking and going out with women. He never did anything wrong. Not Daddy.

I have to get out of the house. Put on the light—the light? But I left all the lights on.

I ran to the switch. It clicked, but nothing happened. Outdoors the wind still moaned. I looked at the clock. It was nearly four.

Mother must surely be home.

Opening the door, I ran out on the gallery and down to her room. No one was there. The bed hadn't been slept in.

Down the hallway to the stairs. Below, too, it was dark. I sped through the living room to the telephone.

I only stopped when I saw a note in the typewriter.

I had taken away the note Mother had left. There hadn't been a note when I had gone upstairs.

I sat down in the chair by the typewriter. My head was spinning, and I was afraid I would faint. All I wanted was one strong light.

And then I was out of the chair again. The seat was warm. Someone had been sitting in the chair. Just a short time ago, someone had been sitting at the typewriter.

I picked up the note. Holding it at the right distance from my eyes, I waited patiently. I didn't have long to wait. The lightning flashed again.

"I'm going away for good." That's what the note said.

The same note Daddy had left seventeen years ago. I must be losing my mind. How could the note still be here? I had

Suicide Hour (continued)

heard typing. But I had thought it was part of the dream. It had sounded exactly the way it had sounded long ago when I had been three.

The only difference between this note and the note Daddy had left was that this one had my name on the bottom.

Someone was here. While I was sleeping, someone must have come in and typed the note. Whoever it was knew I was going away. I was going to the basement.

The whole world would think I had run away, but I would be in the basement. For a long time. Maybe even seventeen years, the way Daddy had been.

Daddy. Daddy. I was screaming again. The panic was as loose as the elements outdoors. Daddy hadn't deserted us. He hadn't attacked anyone. He had been killed and put in a hole in the basement. Moldering all the years while I tried to remember. Because I had seen Daddy killed.

I whipped up the telephone. No sound. No dial tone. Just a horrible hum of silence. I pulled frantically at the door before I remembered it was locked. The key? Where was it? I had left it on the table. I felt all over, but it was gone. The windows—no. I can't. There are bars on them. Through the dark, past the living room to the kitchen. The door was locked, and this key was gone, too. And the back stairs yawned open, a dark well disappearing into a dungeon. The dungeon that would be my home from now on.

I knew now. First I had heard the typewriter in the middle of the night. Buzz, stop. Buzz, stop. Then I had gone down the hallway to the back stairs. And after that I had seen him.

My daddy. Lying on the floor with his face down. And the back of his head all red. Someone had been bending over him, trying to drag him across the floor, bumping him down the cellar stairs—

The screaming was intolerable. A hideous uproar going on and on, pounding against the walls of my ribs like a captive creature.

And then there was another sound. Even my screaming couldn't mask it. Nothing stealthy. Nothing hidden. Very audible. Footsteps.

And finally a voice. "I bet you know now, don't you?"

I saw the outline in the archway, a darker shadow against the darkness of the room.

The scream in my throat died stillborn. I felt like closing my eyes, going to sleep. Now I wouldn't have to lie awake any longer trying to remember. If only the shadow in the archway would go away.

I walked toward it. No use running away any longer. I was too tired. I deserved a rest.

"Let's find a candle." I said. My voice was tired, too. And outdoors, even the storm was losing its emotion. It had spent itself until nothing was left.

I groped through the dark. At the door to the basement. I stopped and stared down into the room I hadn't seen for seventeen years.

The character of the basement had changed when I heard the voice. It had become a cellar again, the lowest level of the house. At that moment, I could have easily descended the steps.

I found some candles and went to the stove for the matches. In the blue light, I looked up.

Lee blinked at me. The same Lee I had known all my life. Not very steady, didn't like people, couldn't keep a job, cruel to animals, without any friends. But harmless. Always ready to do anyone a favor. My brother, Lee.

His voice slightly querulous, he said, "I had to do it, Sis. He saw me running away from that girl. He would have told Mama."

He was trying to answer the question I hadn't asked. What made you do it, Lee? Why, Lee? But the question was unanswerable. If Lee had the answer, the question wouldn't exist.

My brother. My own brother. Had Daddy said, "My son. My own son."

"Listen, Sis, you won't tell Mama, will you? I wrote a note saying you were going away, but I'll throw it out if you won't tell Mama. She won't love me if you tell her, Sis."

How tired I was. If only I could go to sleep. How would I get through until dawn? I had to get through until someone came.

Where was Mother? He couldn't have—stop it. What was I thinking? You'll run again. And then there won't be a chance. A chance for what?

"Lee," I said, "why don't you go to bed." My voice sounded unnatural.

Lee noticed. He had been scratching his head, and then he stopped and turned.

"Where are the keys, Lee?" If I had kept quiet, it would have been all right. But I couldn't. The more he looked at me, the more I had to talk.

"The keys? They're all right. I'll lie down here." Still watching me, he moved toward the living-room couch. He leaned back and closed his eyes. I didn't move. I stayed where I was and looked at him stretched out on the couch.

Then he sat up. "I can't go to sleep."

I tried not to move. "Why not?"

"I know you. You'll tell Mama."

"No, Lee. I won't tell." My voice wavered.

There was no use saying to myself that he was the old familiar Lee. Because he wasn't. He wasn't anyone familiar.

"I've been following you," he said. "You see too much of that Eldridge. You'll tell him. I hate that Eldridge."

"No. I won't tell him, Lee. Why do you hate him, Lee? Why did you write him those letters?"

He glanced at me and then he reached out and made a motion, As though he were patting something. Suddenly I remembered the time he had stroked my hair. "I wanted him to leave you alone, Sis. I wanted you to stay with me. Why did you always leave me? You always left me, just like Mama did."

He started to move toward me. I couldn't see his face. Only the outline of his figure against the candle. There was no use running. The doors were locked. If I ran, it would be over more quickly. It would be a hideous chase down to the basement or up to the attic. Perhaps hiding in a closet and waiting. I couldn't stand that.

And then the thin cord of bravery snapped, and I was running. It was as though my running had snapped a cord for him, too. The shredded cord of sanity. As I had known he would, he darted after me. I could hear him trip in the dark, and then he was up again.

I started for the stairs. I was halfway up when he caught me. He grabbed my arm and pulled me back down the stairs. Even as he stumbled again, the grip didn't loosen.

I took deep breaths. That seemed to be the only important thing. Taking in air as long as I could. At least the suspense was over. I could stop struggling.

A vestigial flash of lightning passed weakly over the sky like a ghost of itself. In the light, I finally saw Lee's face. He was looking at me, his expression dazed, his eyes clouded. It was the Lee I knew again. And he was examining me as though he had just found out who I was.

All he had time to say was, "She was such a pretty little girl. I wanted her to like me. No one liked me—" and then we heard the key in the lock.

We both turned. The door smacked back. The light switch clicked, but nothing happened. Then there was the sound of a bag opening and the scratch of a match.

Mother looked around. In the light from the match, I could see she was as neat as always. Not even wet. She seemed to have dropped in from somewhere that didn't have rain.

She peered at us, squinting as though not believing her eyes. Coming closer, she struck another match and stared again. And then she stopped staring at me and concentrated on Lee. I looked at Lee, too.

He had crouched down, near a chair, and all purpose had left him. But it was more than that. He was transfigured, and

in a way that puzzled me. He reminded me of something.

"Don't leave me again, Mama," he said. "I'll be good. Please, Mama, don't go away again."

I knew now of what he reminded me. A small boy. Even his voice was the voice of the little boy he had once been. He cowered on the floor and repeated the words over and over. And finally he crumpled up completely, hiding his face in his hands.

"Don't leave me alone, Mama. Don't go away again."

Yesterday I saw a woman who made me feel uneasy.

We were sitting in the center of the movie house, near the front. I turned to say something and then I saw her. A thin white-haired woman with a nervous face.

And then I remembered. She was like that other woman, long ago, the one I had seen in the store who had reminded me of Aunt Celia. The one who had helped me down a long winding road that led to a grave in a basement.

That brief glimpse of a face was a break in the dike that allowed the memories to come washing over me again, voices and pictures on the crest of the wave like driftwood.

I thought back to the time when sleep was a bottomless pit of nightmares. When the hands of a clock could frighten me.

As the threads of memory knitted in and out and were cut off at the bend like a view of a road in a picture book, I longed to tear the page and see the world beyond. I wanted to straighten out the rippling phrases that merged and separated.

For instance, "Lady Livingstone, I presume?" And I could feel the terror of the dark road again. See Eldridge in his loud sport jacket again.

"The way she ran after that ball and went tumbling down the steps." But that was Aunt Celia's voice. And the scene had shifted to our sun porch.

After all these years, I'm not always sure which voice belonged to which statement. Did Ellen Mackay really say, "It's dreadful to hold something against a person because of her father, don't you think?" Was it Lee who said, "He must have been insane. He attacked a little girl."

Lee had still had enough sanity then to know it was insane to attack a little girl. What had he said to explain it? "No one liked me. I wanted her to like me."

Poor Lee. A little boy left alone day after day by a mother too selfish to do anything but amuse herself. A little boy who had listened to a mother always tell him what a worthless father he had. A little boy who never found out that his father was driven to working constantly by a woman who never had enough money.

A little boy, who despite everything, took care of the sister who was thirteen years younger than he.

And there was the professor, squinting at his pipe. "You know, the person who always fails . . . "

Lee had failed at everything. At school, at getting a job, at making friends.

For months after they took Lee away, I sat alone after work watching the fields and wondering how many more times I would sit at that particular window, watching that particular view.

I was like an elderly childless widow whom everyone has forgotten. Waiting for some philanthropist to appear and take the old lady out for an airing.

The philanthropist, when he finally did appear, was tall and quiet. Someone I had met at work.

His name was Sherman, and we talked about Eldridge one day. We had driven out into the country over a bumpy road where the car jogged like a horse and buggy. On one side had been a low wall hung with creepers and dropping away to a checkerboard land. On the other side had been a wild tangle of ivy. The road had climbed until we came to the clearing that overlooked the patchwork quilt of green.

I recognized the clearing immediately. It was the one that Eldridge had taken me to see that spring morning.

There was an abrupt silence when Sherman turned the motor off. For a moment the air was lifeless, but then, as we grew accustomed to the silence, the atmosphere became saturated with small sounds. Birds twittering, insects clicking, a distant bell tinkling.

A breeze tiptoed into the car as though doubtful of her welcome. And down in the valley, the line of green cornstalks, still spindly as teenagers, flowed in a gradual sweep like a fan of feathers.

Then Sherman was talking. He was saying something about indifference, about people not caring enough. About my mother, who did not know that her not caring enough could lead to a murder.

Overlooking the valley where I had first begun to love, and where, much later, I began to grow up, I thought about Eldridge. He had cared enough to defy his father. He hadn't cared enough to stay where he was and marry me.

The sky was striated with color, and the valley basked in the reflected glory as though it were personally responsible. But this time with Sherman, unlike the time long before with Eldridge, I had no desire to romp in the grass. I knew it wouldn't be as soft as it looked.

We would go away, Sherman said, and forget the town that hadn't cared enough.

The sun beat down on his face, making it ruddy, reminding me of the other face that had always been too warm. The memories that were wreathed in the incense of young grass would never leave. Images of the first spring couldn't grow stale, but the pain, I began to see, would. The days with a bottom layer of despair and a top layer of ecstasy were pared off until only the middle remained.

And instead of someone with a wool jacket that smelled of the same tobacco that my father had used, there was someone who wasn't my father all over again. At last I found someone who had to stand in his own right.

THE END

Edwards is obviously delighted at his guest's surprise when she hears, "This is your life, Fifi Dorsay."

RALPH EDWARDS

Family Closets Are His Business

A supersalesman of sentiment, he loves to give plush presents and big reunions. Twenty million TV fans share his vast delight in both

BY RICHARD GEHMAN

In Hollywood, frenzied mecca of the machine-tooled illusion, the most implausible of events take on a stolid Midwestern reality. For this reason, a strange scene enacted one day last fall in the offices of Ralph Edwards, the NBC TV and radio producer, probably was not strange at all.

Four people sat in a room watching a kinescope film of Edwards' TV program, "This Is Your Life." All four were crying their eyes out.

Now, on the surface, this may not appear exceptional. "This Is Your Life" can be seen in eighty-eight out of every hundred homes in the nation's entire TV audience. Over twenty million viewers see it each week; most of them weep copiously.

The program that the four people in Edwards' office were seeing was fairly typical. It was the Christmas Eve, 1952, number, a reconstruction of the life of Mrs. Ruth Eiler, postmistress of Monowi, Nebraska. It was a complete surprise to Mrs. Eiler, who had been conned to the Coast and into the studio by one of her daughters, with the assistance of Edwards' staff.

While the sweet-faced, motherly Mrs. Eiler stood dazed, Edwards showed her pictures from her girlhood, brought back friends she had not seen for decades, and then, like some maniacally benevolent magician, produced six of her nine children and a host of giggling grandchildren. Now and again he made references to Mrs. Eiler's three sons, all overseas in the service—one in Korea, one in England, one in France. He implied it was a pity they, too, could not be present—and then, as a capper, he caused them to appear, one by one.

The Show Melts Even the Staff

At this point, the four people in the room began breaking down. First Axel Gruenberg, a burly Russian built like a professional wrestler, gave vent to an ursine sob; he had directed this show. Then Sue Clark, a shrewd sophisticate, fumbled for her handkerchief; she had publicized this show. Then Phil Davis, one of Edwards' crew of stunt devisers began to sniffle; he had assisted in transporting the relatives to Hollywood for this show. Finally, Alfred Paschall, a coproducer, a man of imposing height and breadth, dabbed at his eyes; he had been executive producer for this show. This curious, Niobean tableau proves one of two things: either that anything can happen in Hollywood, or that "This Is Your Life" is the greatest tearjerker since *Uncle Tom's Cabin*.

"I've seen that damned thing a dozen times," Al Paschall said of the Mrs. Eiler telecast, "but it still just *kills* me."

The damned thing, and all the others in the series, kills its audiences, too, just as another Edwards creation, "Truth or Consequences," has been killing its public for nearly fifteen years.

Oddly, the two shows represent the very opposites of emotional pull. "Life" appeals to its viewers' basic sympathy for other humans; "Truth" appeals to its listeners' basic pleasure in seeing other humans in ridiculous or uncomfortable situations. Edwards, who invented, produces, and emcees both, is "your warmhearted host" on "Life" and "your warmhearted prankster" on "Truth." He is, indeed, warmhearted. But he is also a master practitioner of mass psychology and one of the world's most successful publicity-stunt men.

The concept of each show is as devoid of complexity as a rubber ball. On "Truth," Edwards calls contestants up to the stage. He asks them trick questions like, "Why is a wedding ring like a tourniquet?" (Answer: it stops your circulation, ha, ha, ha.) If the victims miss—and they almost always do, for the warning signal gives them very little time—they must pay penalties fabricated by Edwards and his henchmen.

In the youth of the show, the consequences were as easy and gentle as those used at children's parties. Contestants had to whistle while eating crackers,

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"This Is Your Life" developed from an idea to help paraplegics. It began when Edwards recreated a GI's life on "Truth or Consequences."

Casey Stengel, shown with his wife, was caught off base by the show featuring his life. He had just refused a fat movie offer for it.

or suck lollipops while singing. In return, they were given money and a collection of loot ranging from watches to automobiles.

As the program prospered, the chores became more elaborate. One man, in a consequence now legendary, was sent to Alaska to sell an icebox to an Eskimo. A woman was given a pearl as a prize, but she had to open four barrels of oysters to find it (this stunt backfired: the smell of oysters got into the NBC cooling system and all but depopulated the network offices).

The Sea Lion and the Channel

Once Edwards dispatched a sea lion, chaperoned by a contestant, to swim the English Channel. The sea lion trained for a spell at Versailles and then went over to the Channel, where it went the distance in a record-breaking five hours and four minutes. The English, invoking some stuffy rule, refused to allow the sea lion to land, whereupon he turned around and swam back. Coincidentally, the French cabinet collapsed. The press in France paid the political crisis scant heed; the sea lion paddled off with the headlines.

Boodle given away on "Truth" increased in direct ratio to the hysteria of the consequences. Edwards gave individuals prizes valued upward of $10,000. In wartime, when refrigerators, radios, deep-freezes, and the like were unobtainable, Edwards gave them away.

In 1945, Edwards decided to stage a giveaway to end all giveaways. He introduced a mysterious figure, "Mr. Hush," who recited a cryptic jingle. People were then asked to guess the identity of "Mr. Hush." The nation went berserk in an effort to snag the $15,000 prize. Broadway slickers sold tout sheets. People inserted newspaper ads offering information. Contest-solving clubs hired private detectives to follow Edwards and Al Paschall. When Edwards learned of this, he devised a phony "Mr. Hush" to throw the eyes off the trail.

After "Mr. Hush" (Jack Dempsey), came "Mrs. Hush" (Clara Bow), "Walking Man" (Jack Benny), and others. Listeners were asked to send a letter on why they were supporting the March of Dimes, enclosing a dime. Edwards and his staff chose the three best letters each week and made three long-distance calls to give the writers guesses. Through the contests, Edwards raised nearly four million dollars for the March of Dimes, more than a million and a half for the American Heart Association, and similar sums for other causes.

When "Truth" made its debut, experts predicted it would be a natural for TV. Such was not the case, Edwards later discovered. He attributes this to his decision to film the show and plans to revive it soon as a live presentation.

"This Is Your Life" grew out of a "Truth" program. General Omar Bradley had asked Edwards' help in rehabilitating paraplegics. He thought of taking a veteran emotionally upset by his disability and presenting the panorama of his past, happier life. Without the boy's knowledge, Edwards brought in his parents, his twin brother, his old athletic coach, and many others. The show's impact aided greatly in his struggle to regain his health and confidence. Two years later, Edwards had him on the show again. He was completely recovered, mentally, although still in a wheel chair, and had been married in the interval. The audience gave him a standing ovation. Edwards, when he had managed to control his own flood of tears, knew he had hit upon another foolproof gimmick.

"Life" went on the radio shortly thereafter. It was successful but not nearly so successful as on TV, where it can now be classed as sensational. Edwards has exhibited their own lives to such widely disparate but equally astonished subjects as Dinah Shore, Dr. James S. Templeton (a country doctor), Billie Clevenger (NBC telephone operator), Mary Ross (a woman detective), Frank Coffyn (a pilot who was with the Wright Brothers), and Jeanette MacDonald, as well as scores of others.

With one exception, nobody who has ever been the subject has known, until the moment he was summoned to the stage by Edwards, that the program was built around him. Once Ann Sheridan was put in the works. The Edwards staff labored for weeks over the show. One day Miss Sheridan walked into a movie executive's office and saw a memo that spilled the whole story. She suffered a private torment for days, wondering if she should tell. She decided it would be unsporting not to. She called Edwards, confessed, and offered to go through with it anyhow. Miss Sheridan had more confidence in her acting ability than Edwards. "Nobody in the world is that good an actress," Edwards said, hastening to emphasize "nobody."

Amateurs Are the Best Subjects

Edwards has found the best programs come out of subjects who are *not* actors or actresses. Pros tend to overplay when they're in the spotlight. Amateurs give better performances and lapse into better crying spells because they don't know any better.

The one exception was Lillian Roth, onetime movie and musical-comedy star, now making a comeback after sixteen years in an alcoholic stupor. Miss Roth went on the show, met the psychiatrist who had helped in her recovery, did a few of the numbers she had made famous, and then bluntly told how she had been too drunk to go to the funeral of one of

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Edwards beams with singer Nellie Lutcher. With only one exception, his subjects have been kept in ignorance of his lengthy preparations.

Nelson Eddy and Jeanette MacDonald were seen together by their fans for the first time in thirteen years when her life story was told.

Clara Bow, as "Mrs. Hush," set off a national guessing game. Touts cleaned up on tip sheets that professed to disclose her true identity.

Edwards and Dale Evans, left, help contestant Dusty Rhodes, with snakes, pass the time on the (traffic) island "Truth" sentenced him to.

her assorted husbands. The show was by all odds the best of the series.

Edwards' associates are ace reporters; his entire staff numbers fifteen people. Only two of them work on the exhaustive research. Often Edwards or Paschall do the investigations themselves, and follow up by writing their own scripts. Once a subject has been chosen, the staff's problem is first keeping him in the dark and then luring him to the studio for the program. The latter is not so difficult in the case of nonentities from outside Hollywood, most of whom are eager to see a telecast in the flesh.

The big hitch comes when a celebrity is the guest. It is not uncommon for Edwards' staff to devise a fake script for a nonexistent program and to rehearse the guest in it, with band and everything else for two or three days. Lily Pons was told she was to be given an award on a special network show. She learned her acceptance speech carefully and was going over it in her dressing room until the moment when the "Life" signal flashed in the control room.

Only once has a guest been annoyed by Edwards' own brand of surprise party. This was Casey Stengel, the baseball manager, who one week previously had turned down a fat offer for the movie rights to his life story. Stengel, however, took the jolt like a sportsman, and accepted Edwards' gifts gracefully. (Among them were a projector and a film of "This Is Your Life, Casey Stengel.")

The program's cost is quite high. In addition to the $40,000 gross which Edwards takes out, transportation costs have been known to run to $6,000, the total spent in getting Mrs. Eiler's relatives and friends to Hollywood. Since Edwards always invites all those appearing on the show to be his guests at an excellent hotel, throws a party for them afterward, and hires limousines to lug them around town, sends the ladies to beauty parlors and the men to barbershops, and pays for their tips and incidentals, each week's budget amounts to a horse-choking wad. Preliminary telephone calls for each show consume hundreds of dollars. Edwards does not exactly have a damn-the-expenses attitude, but he is refreshingly debonair about his budget. "When we spend what seems like pots one week," he says, "all we do is hope the next week's subject and guests will live closer." He fails to add that he sometimes makes up the cost of a show out of his own pocket.

Edwards Started a Trend

The phenomenon of Edwards could occur nowhere else in the world. Whether or not he is a bellwether of mass neurosis is debatable, but it's certain that he personifies a trend. In the early days of radio, there were two kinds of quiz shows:

the panel of laymen drawn from the audience ("Professor Quiz") and the panel of experts ("Information Please"). As radio prospered, the stunt show came into existence. Edwards claims that his "Truth or Consequences" was the first successful stunt show. Another Hollywood producer, John Guedel, who with Art Linkletter, its emcee, owns "People Are Funny," says *his* show was first. (Each shows a rash eagerness to claim this responsibility.)

Stunt Shows Mushroomed

Regardless of who really was first, Edwards' "Truth" begat stunt shows on the networks with rabbitlike fertility. After it came "Beat the Clock," "Stop the Music," "Break the Bank," and a host of others. Stunt shows began pushing other programs off the air. Straight announcers began pitching their voices higher and practicing hoarse, Bedlamic cackles in the hope of getting to emcee a stunt show like Edwards' in the classic Edwards manner. The panic, as they say, was on.

The melancholy fact is that Edwards ignited and kept inflamed a revolution. He literally created an audience for the entertainer who is no entertainer at all. He forged small talk into a big negotiable commodity. He opened the way for the Godfreys, the Robert Q. Lewises, the Warren Hulls, and the rest to drop the stunts and merely sit and grin, groan, and say the first half of every second sentence twice as though possessed of a charming stammer. Today the ready smile, the wistful confession of eccentricity, and the apparently harmless joke at the guests' expense are the mainstays of radio and television; they are as indispensable to the new-style performer as the bladder and the scuffing foot were to the burlesque banana.

Many of Edwards' imitators are cynical men whose winning manners are as transparent as their talents are thin. Edwards is a monumental exception. He is without pretense; he thinks of himself as a good salesman, not as a comic or a jokester. If Edwards ever were seeking a consequence to keep a contestant busy for years, he might well ask him to find somebody to knock Ralph Edwards. Incredible though it may sound, the man seems to have no enemies.

The Edwards charm is compounded of good humor, generosity, consideration, quick-wittedness, and above all, a massive dose of old-fashioned sentiment. "Ralph is a real cornball," one of his associates says fondly. At first, sophisticates find him almost unbearable until they realize that, astonishingly, his sentiment is genuine.

Floyd Hopkins

Edwards, and his shows, are inveterate travelers. He brought his crew to the cruiser *Los Angeles* when the ship returned from foreign waters.

He loves old things. He especially loves old people in general, old friends, old bosses, old neighbors, old buildings he worked or lived in. He recalls the name of every kid he ever went to school with in Merino, Colorado. Nothing in the world pleases him so much as a reunion. Once, when he and Sue Clark, his associate, had an hour-long train layover in Chicago, Miss Clark was astonished to see a mass of cousins and in-laws rushing toward Edwards, arms outstretched. "Ralph," she said, "how did all those people find out you were coming?" "Why," Edwards

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Four towns bid for the name: one was chosen. The city fathers of the renamed city gave him its key. The people voted a solid four to one for the change, but the Post Office Department was less receptive.

said, "I called them up and told them."

As might be expected, Edwards is a date rememberer and get-well-soon sender of formidable proportions. One of his production executives went to the hospital shortly after joining him. His siege was long and costly, and his condition was not improved by the daily gnawing thoughts of the tab he was running up. He did not know Edwards well. When he appeared at the cashier's window on the day of his discharge, he found the bill had been picked up by the boss.

A Highly Relaxed Office

Edwards' generosity and geniality and informality are like germs floating in the warm, smiling atmosphere of his offices, which occupy two floors of a modest building on Hollywood Boulevard. The infected staff's relaxed disposition would give an efficiency expert the willies. Nobody hurries and nobody panics. Nor is there any sharply stratified division of authority. A caller, one day, was astonished to see Al Paschall, who is next in rank to Edwards, a $40,000-per-annum executive sitting at the lobby switchboard, headset over his ears. "Jackie had to step out for a minute," he explained.

"Jackie" is Edwards' niece, Jacqueline Edwards, the telephone operator. She and her father, Paul, one of Edwards' two older brothers, are the only relatives on his payroll. That there are only two must be a minor source of irritation to Edwards, who might easily become the nation's number-one nepotist. He has kept himself from this only because of his constitutional inability to fire anyone he once has hired. Only two people have departed the fold since its establishment nearly fifteen years ago. One was sacked because of his taking ways, but not before Edwards had found him another situation. The other had a personality that annoyed everyone. Edwards, to spare his staff, moved her into his home office. There, after months of suffering, he still could not bring himself to let the ax fall. He finally got off the spot by getting her a job at a vastly higher salary.

Edwards travels a good deal each year with his shows and inevitably winds up in some place that has happy memories for him. On such trips, only the lack of a flowing white beard prevents his being mistaken for an oversentimental Santa Claus. He visits his old haunts, chokes up, gives things away, and chokes up again. The people who receive the things choke up, too, and so do those who are looking on. One of Edwards' favorite places to choke up in is New York, where he first crashed the big time. He particularly likes to revisit the Beekman Tower Hotel, a skyscraper with a magnificent view of midtown Manhattan. As a young man, he used to go up there in the twilight and look out over the metropolis, feeling a surge of both challenge and pride in accomplishment. Later, he and his wife spent many a happy hour courting on the same roof. Twenty-six stories below is Mitchell Place, the street where first they kissed. Edwards likes to go down there and choke up after he has finished choking up on the roof.

It is in Merino, Colorado, however, that his emotion ascends to its zenith. He describes Merino as having a population of 169 people and three dogs. He was born there on June 13, 1913, and as a friend has said, he is the greatest thing that ever happened to the town. In Edwards' eyes Merino is the greatest thing that ever happened to him. Some years ago, when he first took his show back there, the volume of tears that flowed resembled a small cloudburst.

Edwards' friends declare it is something of a miracle he has come this far without needing a hat that would fit a *wasserkopf*. The breaks have almost always been in his favor, and yet he has never become arrogant. Edwards attributes this to his late mother, Minnie Mae, who was the prime influence in his life. Minnie Mae Edwards, wife of Harry L., a not overly prosperous cattle rancher and farmer of Merino, combined in her little body a great amount of tough-mindedness and an equal store of sensitivity. She taught Edwards and his brothers to be thrifty and practical and to work hard, but she also gave them an appreciation for beauty and, in the case of Ralph, a strong desire to perform in public. One of Edwards' earliest memories is of a serial story that Minnie Mae related to him night after night, making it up as she went along. He was inspired to make up stories of his own, and as a boy he wanted to be a playwright.

Most of Harry Edwards' cattle were destroyed in a blizzard one winter and the family moved into Merino proper where Minnie Mae operated a creamery. Young Ralph helped her in it and did other odd jobs to contribute to the family's support. When Ralph was twelve, the elder Edwards moved the brood to Oakland, California, where he went into the real-estate business. There Ralph wrote the class play for the junior high school, worked in Pedley's Drug Store, and finally landed a $5-a-week job both writing and announcing a domestic drama, "Alvin and Betty," over station KROW, located in Oakland's Eighth Avenue Methodist Church. Edwards played all the parts in "Alvin and Betty" except the principals. When he wrote a goat into the show he took that role, too.

From KROW, Edwards moved to KTAB. He entered the University of California at Berkeley where he majored in English and took an active part in campus theatricals. By this time he had determined to make a career for himself in radio, but he applied himself to his studies so he could become an English instructor if radio proved too tough. After graduation he continued in radio full time. A man named Tom Morgan, purveyor of Morgan's Stomach Tablets, gave him two hours a night, five nights a week, and told him to fill it with entertainment. Edwards filled it with such attractions as Dude Martin and his Nevada Night Riders, with interviews, with records, and with a program of his own invention called "Bats in the Belfry," a sort of forerunner of "Truth."

He Tried to Crash Broadway

While working at KFRC, his last radio outpost in California, Edwards had a post card from an old college friend, Samuel Taylor, now a successful playwright. Taylor's card said there was a part open in a Broadway show and suggested he try for it. Edwards borrowed $150 and paid $30 of it to a friend for the privilege of riding with him as far as Philadelphia. From there, he hitchhiked to New York, checked into a cheap hotel in the Thirties, and prepared to assault the Broadway stage. But by the time he arrived, the show had closed. He mildly impressed several producers, but didn't get a part. He went to audition for announcing jobs at the Mutual Network and at NBC, but nothing happened. The only break during this period came when he ran into Sylvester L. Weaver, Jr., now a vice-chairman of the board of NBC (with whom Edwards personally negotiated his current contract). Weaver got him a commercial-announcing spot on the Colonel Stoopnagle and Budd show, a lone bit that paid him $35. He got nothing else for weeks. His funds dropped so low that he took to eating at a health-food restaurant run by muscle faddist Bernarr Macfadden. He wore a hole through the sleeve of his only presentable suit and auditioned for announcing jobs with his arms folded so that one hand concealed the hole.

The stroke of luck Edwards had been wishing for came when CBS announced an audition in which he and sixty-nine other aspirants competed. Edwards did his best and went home to pray. He was hired, for forty-five dollars a week and immediately embarked upon a career that, in less than two years, was to make him one of the highest paid and most sought after announcers in radio. At one point he was doing forty-five shows a week.

Edwards originated the casual, throw-away style of announcing, and sponsors of other shows used to make their announcers listen to records he had made so that they could imitate him. He and Andre Baruch and Mel Allen took an apartment together on West Fifty-fifth Street, where they had a fine time locking each other out in the hall and putting dressmakers' dummies into each other's beds. Their association continued until Baruch left to marry Bea Wain, the singer. Then Allen left, but Edwards was not alone for long.

Soon after he took the CBS job, Edwards met a pretty, dark-eyed Bronxville, New York, girl named Barbara Sheldon, then studying child psychology at Sarah Lawrence College. Edwards was as smitten as a juvenile on one of the soap operas he was then announcing. He sent Miss Sheldon's grandfather tickets to one of his broadcasts, and as he had hoped, the old gentleman turned up—but without his granddaughter. Edwards tried again, and this time Barbara came along. From then on, as Edwards says, there was never anybody else. They were married on August 19, 1939. Today they have three children, Christine, eleven; Gary, nine; and Lauren, seven. Both Edwards and his wife are active in Sunday-school and P-T-A work. Edwards is a model husband and father. He has been known to break business dates in order to attend

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a school play in which one child or another is appearing.

It was Barbara who was indirectly responsible for the birth of "Truth." Soon after Edwards moved his bride into the apartment, his crowded schedule began to worry him. It gave him almost no time with his wife. He was complaining about this one day to John McMillin, an advertising man, who sympathized and suggested he should have one show and own it. Edwards began casting around for ideas. One Thursday afternoon, while his mother and father were visiting, he began to reminisce about good times in Merino. He recalled playing "Heavy, Heavy, What Hangs Over?" and then and there the idea was born. Friday he called McMillin who liked it.

A Stunned First Contestant

One Sunday morning, Edwards asked the audience attending the "Horn and Hardart Children's Hour" to stay over. He explained the game and asked for volunteers. The Columbus of modern stunt-show contestants was a Mr. Goldblatt, who was, understandably, somewhat confused. Edwards gave him a thunderously warmhearted welcome, and amid chuckles and guffaws, asked him his question. Mr. Goldblatt did not open his mouth. The warning buzzer honked. "Now," Edwards shouted, "you'll have to pay the consequences, Mr. Goldblatt!" Away on the wings of warmhearted prankishness, he failed to notice that Mr. Goldblatt was still silent. The consequence was not hard. As Edwards read him a story, Mr. Goldblatt was to punctuate it with sound effects. "Got that, Mr. Goldblatt?" Edwards yelled. "Let's go!" He read the story up to the first sound, that of a honking horn. Mr. Goldblatt's mouth was now open, presumably from stupefaction, but still no sound issued. "Auto horn, Mr. Goldblatt!" Edwards implored. "Auto horn!" Mr. Goldblatt looked as though he were sorry he had come. "Honk! Honk!" cried Edwards, and went on reading. "Brakes!" he begged later. "Brakes, Mr. Goldblatt! Screech! Screech!" He supplied all the sounds himself, loaded Mr. Goldblatt down with loot, thanked him warmheartedly, and called for the next contestant. It was not until later, when he had returned to earth, that he realized what had happened. It was a memorable moment, for Mr. Goldblatt's speechlessness had set up the first rule for all stunt-show emcees: *It doesn't matter what you do or even who does it, as long as the pace is frantic.*

Monday, McMillin's enthusiasm for the test record was Rotarian. "You've *got* it, Ralph," he said excitedly. "I've got to hand it to you, boy—that first contestant was terrific!"

Subsequent contestants, when the show went on the air, proved to be more cooperative than Mr. Goldblatt.

There are, nevertheless, approximately 295 disgruntled exceptions to the rule. They heartily wish they had never heard of Ralph Edwards. This stubborn yet somehow gallant battalion is made up of residents of a New Mexico community formerly called Hot Springs. Their ire dates back to 1950 when Edwards and his staff brought off their most Olympian stunt. The tenth anniversary of "Truth" was at hand, and Edwards, calling a staff meeting, began with the words, "I could wish . . ." When he uses this phrase, his associates know that he not only could but does wish, and badly.

"I could wish," said Edwards, "that some town in the United States liked and respected our show so much that it would like to change its name to 'Truth or Consequences.'"

This modest whim was relayed to Sue Clark, who gets most of the seemingly impossible assignments. She mounted the telephone. Several hundred dollars later she reported that the Denver Chamber of Commerce was offering a suburb and that Oregon had a hamlet that had possibilities. There were minor objections to these so she kept looking. Presently Martin City, Montana, inhabited chiefly by Indians and lumberjacks, called and put itself in the running.

"Let me hold this," said Miss Clark. She had just remembered a United Press correspondent, Bob Zimmerman, whom she and Edwards had met when Edwards was playing summer stock in New Mexico two years before. She called Zimmerman and asked if he knew of any town that liked and respected "Truth or Consequences" so much it would suffer a name change. Zimmerman, sensing the makings of a story, filled her in on Hot Springs.

This, he said, was a wonderful resort town, population 4,563, in New Mexico. But about the only tourists who ever took advantage of these attractions were confused souls who thought they were going to Hot Springs, Arkansas. Zimmerman said he thought Hot Springs might welcome a new name.

A special election was called. It was well attended by worried lobbyists from Las Vegas, Tucson, and other resort neighbors, all fearing that if Hot Springs changed its name, tourists might begin going there on purpose.

A New Name for Hot Springs

The election returns were posted as 1,294 for, 295 against. A local attorney filed a protest, and another vote was cast. Again the citizenry, or 1200-odd of them, declared their liking and respect for "Truth or Consequences." Quite a commotion ensued. Maps, road signs, city stationery, etc., etc., had to be altered, and after a lengthy pause, the postmark was legally changed. Now tourists flock to Truth or Consequences, New Mexico, on purpose, and everybody, except possibly 295, is happy. Edwards takes his

Floyd Hopkins

Edwards' visits to his home town are real clan bakes. With his mother, his wife and children, and his brother Carl, he greets the minister.

whole retinue to the town every year for a three-day fiesta.

Aside from his very early period in New York, there has been only one other low point in Edwards' life. It occurred comparatively recently, in 1951, when "Truth" was dropped by its cigarette sponsor, both on radio and TV. "Life" had gone off the radio the season before after three successful years. Edwards, who for a dozen years had been one of the airwaves' most successful personalities, found himself without a sponsor and without even a sustaining show. He kept his entire staff on the payroll and went off to New York to sell his shows. He took a suite at the St. Regis and began calling on possible sponsors. A few weeks later, he moved into a smaller room. In midsummer he called his brother Paul and said glumly, "It looks as though we won't be on the air in the fall." Paul asked if he should let the staff go. "No, indeed," said Edwards. He kept the staff working from June until September, at their full salaries, and finally, reluctantly, told them they'd better look for other jobs. He was all but certain that his career had come to a standstill. In mid-autumn he began a series of talks with NBC executives and found out he was very much in demand. He signed a five-year contract soon thereafter, and in 1952 took on a daytime TV spot, "The Ralph Edwards Show." Following that, a sponsor signed him for "Life." Every last one of his staff quit new jobs they had obtained elsewhere and rejoined him.

Ralph's mother, Minnie Mae, was the chief influence on him. She was tough and sensitive and loved to tell stories.

His Income Is Astronomical

Edwards' take from his years of activity, according to one estimate, is around $5,000,000. You'd never know it from the way he lives. His family occupies a white house on Hillcrest Drive in Beverly Hills, a comfortable and beautifully appointed place, but no match for some of the palaces in the neighborhood. They have one servant, a cook, and some help who come in to clean. Now that Edwards is more than secure for the rest of his life, he occasionally thinks that it would be nice to retire, to give him more time with his children and more time for camping trips. He never thinks about retirement for long at a spell; for one thing, his contract still has three years to run. For another, this season a third Edwards idea, "Place the Face," a stunt show, went on the air over another network, produced by an organization headed by Paul Edwards. It was a hit. There are no signs at all that Edwards' frenetic activity is slackening; if anything it is on the upsurge. One day recently a man standing outside the office of one of Edwards' lieutenants overheard a conversation that could be overheard only in the offices of Ralph Edwards.

"Jackie," the lieutenant was saying to the switchboard operator, "would you get me the king of Denmark, please?"

Jackie is used to a good deal, but this made her raise her eyebrows. "*The king of Denmark?*"

"Ralph could wish," said the lieutenant, "we could get him on 'This Is Your Life.'"

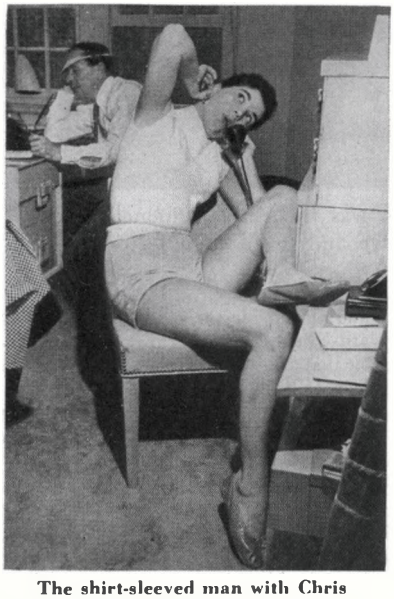
Jackie placed the call. THE END

THE LAST WORD

On the McGuire Sisters, how much sleep we need, American wine, and the million-dollar rogue—plus a medical footnote on hysterectomy

THE MERRY McGUIRES

St. Louis, Missouri: The postman has just brought me my favorite magazine, COSMOPOLITAN. I have just finished glancing at the fine article on the McGuire Sisters, and one thing leaves me puzzled. On page



The shirt-sleeved man with Chris

130 is a picture of Christine. Is the man in the picture with her John H. Teeter, her husband? —MRS. BETTE DAVIS

Brooklyn, New York: You have a wonderful article on the McGuires. But I do believe you've made an error. On page 128 you have a picture of Julius LaRosa and "Tony Marvin" roughhousing it with the McGuire girls. I'm almost positive it's Tom Lookard of the Mariners and not Tony Marvin. —MRS. MARY M. BROWN

P.S. In fact, I'm positive!

Terre Haute, Indiana: It is not Tony Marvin with the McGuire Sisters and Julius LaRosa but Tom of the Mariners.
—MRS. DON W. CLARKE

Everybody wins. It was John Teeter and it was Tom Lockard.—The Editors

White Plains, New York: It is hardly to be wondered at that Arthur Godfrey so quickly "discovered" the McGuire Sisters on his "Talent Scouts." Perhaps that is what makes him so popular: that he has the ability to see talent in others. The girls are wonderful additions to television. They are natural and normal, and you feel they sang together just like that back in Ohio.

I also have been meaning to compliment COSMOPOLITAN on its wonderful illustrations. I am sure you make a real effort to make the mood of the illustration go with the mood of the story.
—MRS. H. SMITH

Denver, Colorado: Why hide such pulchritude way in the back of the magazine? The photographer certainly caught the feeling of the girls in all parts of their life, yet left the feeling that the pictures were very natural. To do this is a real service and one that COSMOPOLITAN seems to be doing more and more. Hope you will go on running your fine "behind the scenes" stories of entertainment people. It makes wonderful reading.
—CHARLES M. OTIS

THOUGHTS ON SLEEPING

Wellsboro, Pennsylvania: I challenge a statement about sleep that appears in the November "Looking into People," by Amram Scheinfeld. It is the statement that "seven hours is plenty of sleep for a normal adult. Anything over that represents luxury, indulgence, or escape from boredom."

Mr. K. may consider himself a sleep expert, but he fails to consider one very important thing: There are two different kinds of sleepers, heavy and light. The heavy sleeper resembles that well-known log; his sleep is the closest to unconsciousness we can find. Light sleepers hear everything. I am a light sleeper myself, and know what I am talking about far better than Mr. K. can, with all his gadgets and measurements and tests. I hear a loose manhole cover way around the corner; I hear the automatic furnace go on and off many times in the night at the local hospital almost a block away. I hear neighbors chatting a hundred and fifty feet away and don't miss a word.

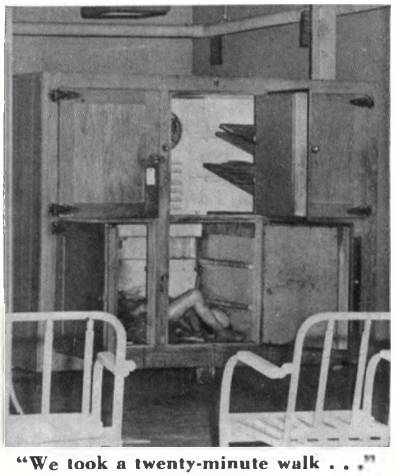
Can any expert say that my sleep is equal to the heavy stupor of someone who has not heard any of these sounds?

Please excuse me now while I take a nap. —PRISCILLA WILLIAMS YOUNG

DEATH NEXT DOOR

Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania: We're getting a little neighborhood action on getting rid of death traps. Before phoning members of the community for a meeting on this, we mailed them copies of your article. It worked. And how!
—MRS. HANNAH PLUMMER

Wainsville, Ohio: My husband and I took a twenty-minute walk around our block,



"We took a twenty-minute walk . . ."

like the author of your article "Death Next Door." The author has it right. We found five death traps for our six-year-old twins. This included chemicals and dangerous tools *in our own garage*. We're ashamed. —MRS. V. E. PAINE

TEN MEN IN ONE

Branchton, Pennsylvania: Jackie Gleason is my favorite. You can imagine my great delight when I saw your cover. I can only say, COSMOPOLITAN has everything.

—POLLY THOMPSON

Delightful? Or disgusting?

Utica, New York: I am returning the last issue of COSMOPOLITAN. To my way of thinking the picture on the cover is disgusting; furthermore, I'm not at all interested in Jackie Gleason.

—MRS. M. G. GIBSON

New York, New York: I want to add my thanks to the many letters I am sure you have already received on your excellent Gleason story. Both Mr. McCarthy, for writing it, and COSMOPOLITAN, for publishing it, are to be congratulated. Your coverage was fine and sensitive, a pleasure to read and reread. I shall look forward to more of your splendid reporting.

—ROBERT WINTERS

New York, New York: "Jackie Gleason—Ten Men in One," made fine reading. Your story was a welcome effort to get behind the big salaries and the headaches and to the heart of the man. Your story showed just how hard it is to be on top. It was wonderful to read an article that really went deep. Perhaps you would like to know that our whole family enjoyed it.

—MRS. ALICE ATKINSON

ENJOYING WINE

San Francisco, California: Congratulations to COSMOPOLITAN on the excellent and informative article, "The Facts About Enjoying Wine" by S. S. Field in the November issue.

This very readable article contains much of the basic information that is particularly helpful to Americans in becoming acquainted with wine and its enjoyment, and with the good wines grown in American vineyards.

—H. A. CADDOW
General Manager
Wine Institute

Sacramento, California: I never write letters to magazines, but my husband and I thought we should let you know how very much we enjoyed your article on wine.

You mention that most of the table wines are made from two leading families of grape variations. One is of European origin; the other is native American. I would like to suggest two things. One is that native American grape varieties were transplanted to Europe several times when blights struck the French vineyards, which has resulted, over the years, in a substantial intermingling of our grapes and theirs. The other thing is that you neglect to mention that the wine districts of California are beginning to develop special vineous bouquets that are entirely different from anything else produced in the world.

—DOROTHY AND WILLIAM BRANNER

HYSTERECTOMY

Montclair, New Jersey: Thank God that America has one magazine with courage enough to publish "Hysterectomy," by William Peters. This subject has needed doing for a long time.

During the past thirty-three years I've treated hundreds of cases of fibroids with roentgen rays or radium, including members of my own family. Not one failed to get a perfect result; not one had to have a hysterectomy.

Back in 1938 one of my patients, Rex Beach, did an article on my work in a series of medical articles for COSMOPOLITAN. Letters poured in from almost every country under the sun, each asking for help. I had to put on four extra hands to take care of the mail.

Here's to all you wonderful people at COSMOPOLITAN. Long may you continue to blaze the paths that so many timid folks fear to tread.

—J. THOMPSON STEVENS, M.D.

MILLION-DOLLAR ROGUE

Athol, Massachusetts: So the American businessman is lazy, according to Serge Rubinstein, and therefore doesn't get rich! It wasn't using energy that got (I do not say *earned*) Rubinstein his millions. There are some things a decent man can't do. —VINCENT B. DONAHUE

Newark, New Jersey: My vote for Serge Rubinstein: put him on a boat and keep it moving—away from the United States.

—E. S. DECKER

JON WHITCOMB FAN CLUB

Springfield, Massachusetts: I always thought you were an artist. Now it turns out you're a writer besides—and a darned good one. Congratulations to you—and to COSMOPOLITAN for finding this out.

—ED BAKER

Springfield, Illinois: I am fourteen years old and quite a fan of yours. I can't draw worth a nickel compared with you. My teachers and friends all say I draw very well for an eighth grader. But like most teen-agers, I fell in love with your drawings. Every time I see a story in a magazine I look to see if you did the illustrations for it.

Some people might think I'm silly or just going through a stage, but I don't. When I get interested in something, I get interested! —ROSEMARY SHARP

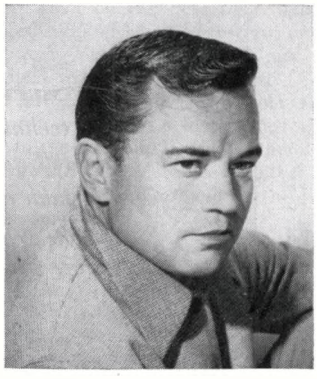
Atlanta, Georgia: For years I've admired your work. I think the way you draw women is typical of what the average girl thinks she looks like—accentuated eyes, upturned lashes, full lips, long matching nails, and above all, a heart-shaped face.

—JULIA RAE STRAUS

Buffalo, New York: I have always enjoyed your paintings and drawings so much. I look forward to the new issue of COSMOPOLITAN each month just to see what your latest happens to be. I think that feature on the United Nations girls was really tops.

—BARBARA H. RASMUS

Manila, Philippines: How wonderful it is



From the Philippines, acute Whitcombitis

of late the Jon Whitcomb Page has been spreading out to two or more pages. I fervently hope it will stay that way.

I have been suffering, for many years now, from an acute case of Whitcombitis. Symptoms—fluttery heart, weak knees, paroxysms of joy at the sight of anything

Whitcomb—paintings, pictures, articles.
—DIANA FERNANDO

LONELY GLAMOUR GIRLS

South Bend, Indiana: I enjoyed Louella Parsons' article on "Lonely Glamour Girls of Hollywood," but I disagree with her. I don't see why a girl can't give a man a more expensive present than the one he gives her if she is in a position to afford it. Personally, it seems to me the only way that women will become emancipated and on an equal level with men. I don't think it is unwise at all.
—FREDERICK WATTERS

Chicago, Illinois: I think Louella Parsons is sympathizing with people who don't need it. If those girls want to go to Hollywood and make those terrific salaries, well, they have to put up with some things. I can't feel sorry for them sitting by the side of a twenty-five-thousand-dollar swimming pool with a closet filled with mink coats. If they want love, well, they'll have to behave like the wives and mothers in America who get it.
—(MRS.) MINNIE SHOTTS

Gulfport, Mississippi: Miss Parson's lachrymose article raised a lump in my throat, indeed! When I conjured up a vision of those glamorous but lonely Hollywood stars pining away their youth (and specifically their Saturday nights) in their palatial Beverly Hills mansions, I had to choke back a tear. Having recently returned from northern Greenland, I can commiserate with their plight, the poor neglected dears! —HANS NAUMANN
M/SGT, USAF

"THE LAST BABY"

Chattanooga, Tennessee: More stories like "The Last Baby," please. It made me savor things about life that I'd never even thought of. —JEFFERSON FIELD

Portland, Maine: That "Last Baby" story of yours certainly explodes the theory of all the so-called intellectuals who think no one should have babies because what is the world coming to anyway? All our friends agree they're glad to be alive and have kids. —A GI'S WIFE

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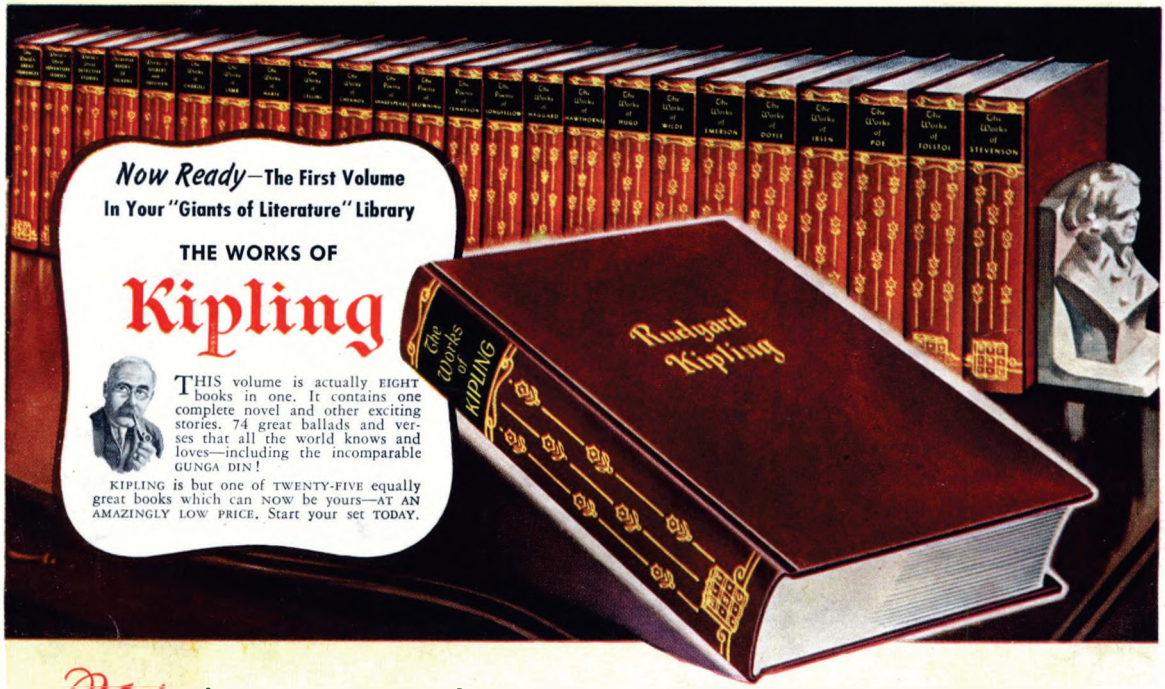

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