

COSMOPOLITAN

When Your Emotions Can Kill You



DONNA ATWOOD
America's Ice Queen

If You Don't Earn Enough Money SEE PAGE 44

A Morning-After Murder COMPLETE MYSTERY NOVEL

Les Paul and Mary Ford 15,000,000 RECORDS

An Exclusive Personal Look at Ike Eisenhower



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Wet clothes . . . wet or cold feet . . . sudden changes of temperature, and drafts . . . all are contributing factors in catching cold. They often lower body resistance so that germs, called the "secondary invaders," can break through throat tissues and cause trouble.

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Listerine reaches way back on throat surfaces to kill millions of germs, including the "secondary invaders" (see panel at right) that can contribute so much to the misery of colds.

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So, no matter what else you do, guard against

trouble with the daily Listerine routine, and, at the first sign of a sneeze or cough, increase the frequency of the gargle.



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The Lambert Company

Kills germs like these way back on throat surfaces



(1) Pneumococcus Type III, (2) Hemophilus influenzae, (3) Streptococcus pyogenes, (4) Pneumococcus Type II, (5) Streptococcus salivarius.

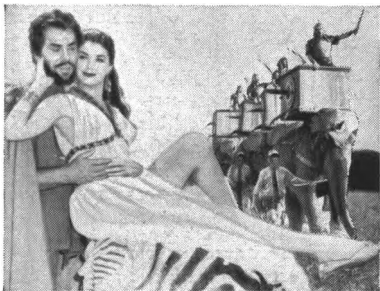
These, and other "secondary invaders," as well as germ-types not shown, can be quickly reduced in number by the Listerine Antiseptic gargle.

Every week on Television "THE ADVENTURES OF OZZIE & HARRIET"

PICTURE of the Month IN CINEMASCOPE

"Jupiter's Darling", the New Year's musical pride and joy from M-G-M, just can't help being everybody's darling!

It's a bang-up job of movie-making, a giant and jubilant musical with Esther Williams, Howard Keel, Marge and Gower Champion, George Sanders, producer George Wells, Director George Sidney and screenplay writer Dorothy Kingsley all having a hand in making it the spectacular fun it is.



The racy result—decked out in Color and spread out in Cinemascope with a fabulous parade of pastel-painted elephants thrown in for good measure—is a young-in-heart, tongue-in-cheek take-off on the grandeur that was Rome, smartly done up with the musical "know-how" that is M-G-M.

The eye-filling Esther Williams, of course, is "Jupiter's Darling". The wonderfully giddy notion of the story (which bounces out of Robert E. Sherwood's playful play, "Road to Rome") is that Esther's not only the reason why the Roman boys never left Rome—but the gorgeous reason why the conqueror Hannibal never got there.

Howard Keel, who was so riotously red-headed in "Seven Brides", is in great voice and high spirits again. He's Hannibal, but only human. He can get an army on elephant-back over the Alps. But he can't get over Esther in her hooray-array of filmy tunics and early bikinis.

Maybe Rome was never like this. Maybe the gleaming chariots weren't built for woo. Maybe Rome couldn't gasp, as we can, at Esther in her three underwater wonder-sequences. Maybe the Apian Way wasn't this way—teeming with sandals tapping to Harold Adamson-Burton Lane song hits like "Never Trust A Woman", "I Had A Dream", "Don't Let This Night Get Away". Maybe Esther didn't even turn the Road to Rome into a lovers' lane...

So much the worse for Rome, say we! No wonder it declined and fell! By Jupiter! We prefer Rome's hey-heydad as it leaps at us with "Jupiter's Darling". And so will you!

M-G-M presents in CINEMASCOPE and COLOR "JUPITER'S DARLING" starring ESTHER WILLIAMS, HOWARD KEEL, MARGE and GOWER CHAMPION, GEORGE SANDERS with RICHARD HAYDN, WILLIAM DEMAREST. Screen Play by Dorothy Kingsley. Based on the Play "Road to Rome" by Robert E. Sherwood. Songs: Burton Lane and Harold Adamson. Choreography by Hermes Pan. Photographed in Eastman Color. Directed by George Sidney. Produced by George Wells. An M-G-M Picture.

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COMPLETE MYSTERY NOVEL

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COVER—All Donna Atwood got as a child for a prize in ballet class was a gold charm. As "Ice Capades" star skater, she gets enough for a mink coat a week. Being groomed for a whirl at her moneyed mother's sport is two-year-old Cissy, master of phrases like "I don't wanna." But she's co-operative as anything—on ice. Cover photo by Bradley Smith.

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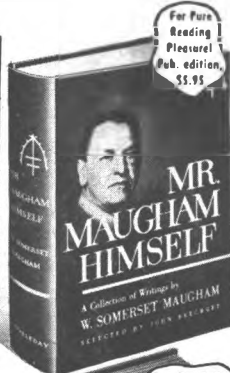
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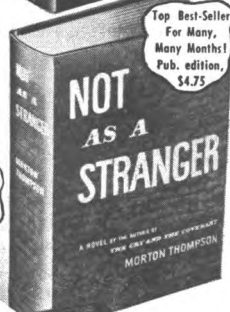
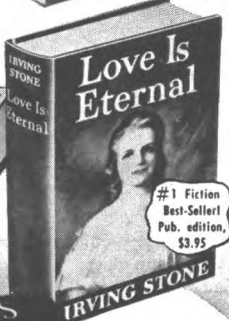
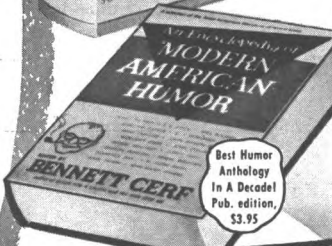
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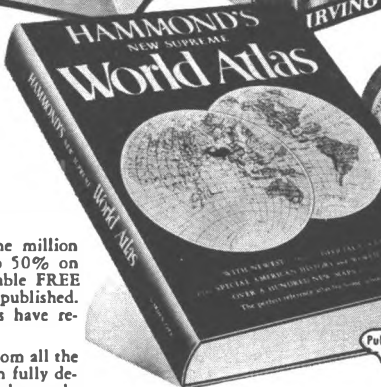
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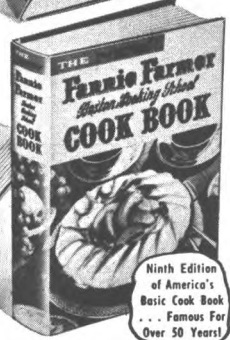
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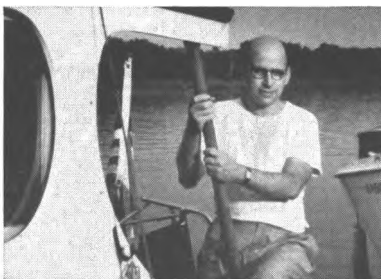
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What Goes On at Cosmopolitan

RECORD COLUMN, SUPERSALESMAN, THE CASBAH

One man who knows more than anybody about music—from Glenn Miller to Toscanini—is Paul Affelder. Starting this month, Affelder will write COSMOPOLITAN's new record column—up-to-the-minute news on hi-fi, musical personalities, new sound, new disks, both popular and classical, and any and all offbeat information.



Paul Affelder

Affelder manages to fill in his day by writing all the musical commentary that goes over CBS's network. He also contributes monthly to *High Fidelity* magazine and is music editor of the *Brooklyn Eagle*, a job that involves covering about 300 musical doings a year. Affelder hurries everywhere by cab, may cover a Broadway musical, Metropolitan Opera performance, and chamber music concert on the same day.

Pittsburgh born, Affelder absorbed music at Carnegie Tech and in Salzburg, Austria, plays the cello, has conducted more than 400 concerts in the U.S., and directed CBS recording sessions with such folk as Ormandy, Pinza, and Kostelanetz.

Besides a wife and eleven-year-old daughter, Affelder has two cellos and a collection of primitive musical instruments. His favorite is a fiddle from Rhodesia, with a crushed paraffin can for a head. Affelder plays it with an arched bow. He also owns a violin made out of matchsticks—seven thousand matchsticks—by a lifer in the Pittsburgh penitentiary. So far as is known, the lifer made three. Jascha Heifetz owns one. We don't know who owns the other one.

Teacher into Salesman

The suave, urbane manner, the country club, the golf green, and the Scotch highball, have been traditional props of top-flight insurance salesmen to capture clients and make big money.

This theory has just gone up in smoke, and the man who set the match to it is Umberto A. Palo, of South River, New Jersey. At the age of forty-three, Palo, never having sold as much as a necktie, got up his nerve and left his \$4,200 teaching job to strike out as a Prudential Insurance salesman. How Palo sold \$2,560,000 worth of insurance in nine months, topped all records, and became what is known in insurance circles as a "millionaire" is a particularly fascinating story—for Umberto Palo is an average man who uses his average abilities in a small town whose main street ends in a meandering river. Turn to page 44 and find out how it's done.

A Literary Landlouper

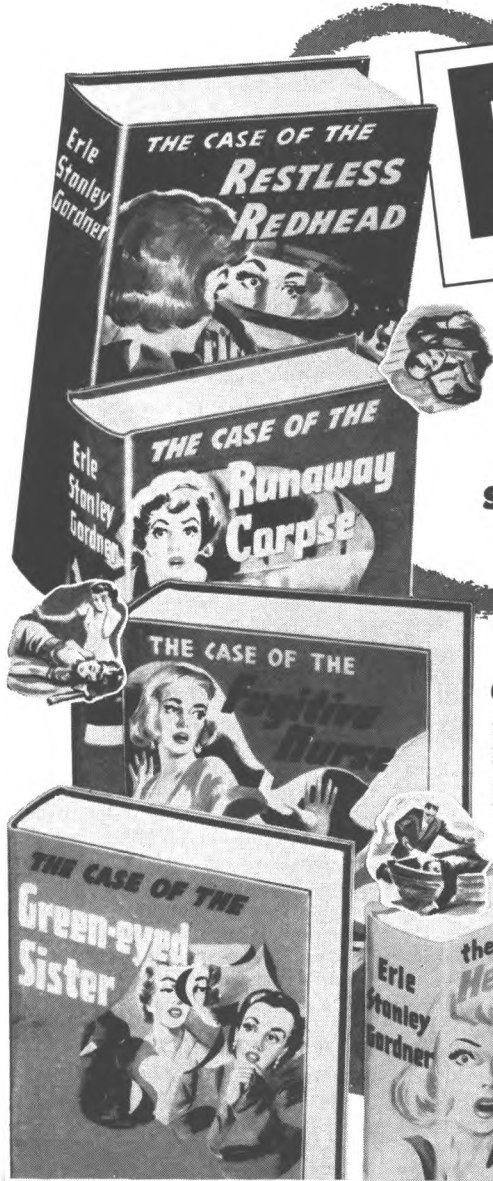
Most of us are a little touched with what the dictionary calls the "landlouping" urge—what a man thinks of as wanderlust, what marriageable young ladies define slightly in men as a "wild-goose complex," and what small boys just follow without bothering to define. The best way to satisfy this urge without having to get your luggage weighed and a new smallpox injection is to read a story by George Weller, a foreign correspondent with several novels and a Pulitzer Prize to his credit.

Once held by the Gestapo, in Berlin. Weller escaped and managed to get to Africa for interviews with General de Gaulle and Haile Selassie. Before he left



Chiang Kai-shek and George Weller

Africa, Weller hit the landlouping trail and fell in love with Morocco, in particular that city where Weller's story, beginning on page 52, takes place—Tangier. Only in Tangier, and in its ancient quarter, the Casbah, could this story have happened. Nowhere else, our guess is, could a newly married naval officer have had his eyes opened so wide. —H. La B.



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2 THE CASE OF THE RUNAWAY CORPSE

Myrna Davenport hires Perry Mason to get a letter accusing her of planning to poison her husband Ed. (Ed has just died of poisoning!) All Perry finds is—*blank paper!* The police say Perry hid the REAL letter!

3 THE CASE OF THE FUGITIVE NURSE

Perry Mason sneaks into an apartment; finds an *empty safe*. Then a blonde *slams the safe shut*. That night a brunette rushes out with two suitcases. Not sinister... EXCEPT that the TENANT had already been found MURDERED!

4 THE CASE OF THE GREEN-EYED SISTER

Mason's client wants to get back damaging evidence against her father and a man named Fritch. But Grogan, a black-mailer, wants \$20,000! Then Fritch is found DEAD! Grogan has an air-tight alibi—but Mason and his client do not!

5 THE CASE OF THE HESITANT HOSTESS

Three women make this one a puzzler. The first appears in court and says she saw Perry's client at the scene of the crime. The second shouldn't have appeared at all—but did. The third was slated to be Perry's star witness—but she disappeared completely!

6 THE CASE OF THE GRINNING GORILLA

When Helen Cadmus disappears, Mason isn't sure it's murder. But when he discovers a CORPSE—he knows this is murder! But Mason may never LIVE to solve it! For he suddenly finds himself face to face with a monstrous gorilla—with a long carving knife in his hairy hand!

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Judy Garland puts over old songs and new better than ever in top-notch film "A Star Is Born."

Garlands for Garland

COSMOPOLITAN starts its new record column with reviews in brief of latest disk releases—both popular and classical • BY PAUL AFFELDER

"A STAR IS BORN." After a tour of record-breaking personal appearances **Judy Garland** is back on the screen in Warner Brothers' "A Star Is Born." Columbia's splendid recording from the film's sound-track presents her in all the songs from the movie. Though a few new ones by Ira Gershwin and Harold Arlen don't measure up to older numbers, Judy sells them all to her listeners. ("A Star Is Born." Judy Garland, orchestra conducted by Ray Heindorf. Columbia BL 1201. \$6.95)

FOUR-HOUR AUTOBIOGRAPHY. "The voice of Bing Crosby has been heard by more people than the voice of any other human being who ever lived." So reads the legend inside the cover of the sumptuous new recorded autobiography issued by Decca and entitled simply "Bing." Quite an extravagant statement, but in view of the fact that **Bing Crosby** has made upwards of a thousand records, with "White Christmas" alone selling over nine million copies, it's probably true.

With an easy-going, informal manner like Bing's, this four-hour musical autobiography never seems too long. He sings his way from "Muddy Water" (1926) to "Y'All Come" (1954), in between which are 87 other songs, each introduced with a few light, well-chosen Crosby words. Much of the variety is provided by such collaborating stars as Bing's son Gary, Judy Garland, Jane Wyman, Louis Armstrong, Mary Martin, the Andrews Sisters, Al Jolson, Johnny Mercer, Jack Teagarden, Les Paul, and,

of course, Bob Hope. ("Bing." Decca Set DX-151. 5-12". \$27.50)

LARGE-SCALE DEVOTION. It's too bad that Hector Berlioz didn't live in the twentieth century; his large-scale ideas would have delighted Hollywood. The initial performance of his "Te Deum" in 1855 called for 900 participants, including two adult choruses, a children's chorus, and an oversized orchestra, plus tenor soloist and organ. When the premiere left him nearly bankrupt, he revised the work so that it could be presented by a combined choral force of 130. The effect in this hymn of praise to God is no less tremendous in this more intimate scoring. **Sir Thomas Beecham**, a Berlioz expert, achieves a devoted interpretation that combines power and reverence. **Berlioz** would be pleased; so will hi-fi enthusiasts. (Berlioz. "Te Deum." Alexander Young, tenor; Denis Vaughan, organ; London Philharmonic Choir; Dulwich College Boys Choir; Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, Sir Thomas Beecham conducting. Columbia ML 4897. \$5.95)

MILLER MEMORIAL. Just ten years ago the army announced that Major Glenn Miller was missing on a flight from England to Paris. It is twelve years since the Miller band entertained the nation. But the **Glenn Miller** style is as popular today as it ever was. Conservative, with its individual stamp—a steady, danceable beat in every number with a warm, solid block of saxes or brasses playing the melody in smooth,

recognizable form—the style has outlived many fads in popular music.

A year ago, RCA Victor issued a limited-edition set of Miller recordings. It proved so successful that a second album has been released. This one, made solely from radio performances never before available on disks, has 60 selections. ("Glenn Miller and His Orchestra." Limited Edition, Vol. 2. RCA Victor Set LPT 6701. 5-12". \$24.95)

A WAGNERIAN THRILLER. Toscanini chose to conduct "Falstaff" in Milan as his farewell to the opera house. For his leave-taking of the concert stage last April, he selected music by **Wagner**. There was scarcely a dry eye that evening in Carnegie Hall.

There can be no tears, however, after listening to the eight excerpts by **Toscanini** and the NBC Symphony in RCA Victor's new Wagnerian album. Each performance is an overwhelming experience. Included are the Prelude and Liebestod from "Tristan und Isolde," Siegfried's Rhine Journey and Funeral Music from "Götterdämmerung," intensely moving performances of the Preludes to Acts I and III of both "Die Meistersinger" and "Lohengrin," the "Siegfried Idyll," and the Prelude and Good Friday Spell from "Parsifal." Our only regret is that one selection follows another so closely, there's no chance to stand up and cheer. ("Toscanini Conducts Wagner." NBC Symphony Orchestra, Arturo Toscanini conducting. RCA Victor Set LM 6020. 2-12". \$11.90)

THE END

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Rex, king of New Orleans' carnival, holds court on the Regal Float, in one of the three pageants.

To the Mardi Gras

At carnival time, New Orleans plunges into round-the-clock revels. Street dancing and giant parades transport this Old French-Old South city to the world of fantasy

BY EDWARD R. DOOLING

Gayest and most uninhibited carnival in America is New Orleans' Mardi Gras. The climax this year comes on February 22. That day, everyone in the Crescent City—native and visitor alike—surrenders to the pixie in his soul. Thousands don costumes—harlequins, pierrots, ballet dancers, devils, or whatever—to roam the alleys of the Vieux Carré, to watch the colorful parades, and to dance in the broad expanse of Canal Street, while jazz bands play the hottest Dixieland in the South.

The evening is a mélange of madness and laughter until the church bells peal at midnight to announce the beginning of Lent. Suddenly all is quiet. The carnival is ended, and merry-makers fade like wraiths from the streets.

This year, American Express is operating a special Mardi Gras Tour that takes in several high spots of the Old South. Because of its timeliness, we are making it our budget trip for this month. Cost of the eleven-day tour, from New York, is \$268. This price is based throughout on two people's sharing a double room with bath, and includes rail-coach transportation between New York and Meridian, Mississippi, motor-coach travel through the South, all admission charges, tips, hotel room, and seats for the Mardi Gras parades. Rate covers meals except those on the train and in New Orleans.

You leave New York Tuesday, February 15, aboard the Southern Railway's streamlined "Southerner," and arrive in Meridian the next afternoon. There you board a motor coach for the ninety-four-mile ride to Jackson, the state capital, for dinner and the night.

After touring Jackson and the Vicksburg National Military Park, you go on to fabled Natchez for lunch and visit legendary pre-Civil War mansions, then farther south next day, past the levees bordering Old Man River, and on to New Orleans.

In New Orleans, you make a tour of the old and new quarters, dine at a famous restaurant, take a two-and-one-half-hour steamer ride in the harbor, view the Parade of Proteus, Monday evening, the Parade of Rex, 11 A.M., Tuesday (Mardi Gras Day), and the glittering Parade of Comus that night.

After Mardi Gras, you continue by motor coach along the colorful Gulf Coast Highway to Biloxi, beautiful Bellingrath Gardens, and Mobile, Alabama. You are back in Meridian Thursday evening and board "The Southerner" Friday morning for the return trip to New York.

WITH ITS SNOW DEPTH of ninety-seven inches in winter, the Big Mountain ski development, on the southern slopes of the Whitefish Mountains, in north-

western Montana, seeks to snare skiers who want a change or who have been melted out in New England.

Kalispell and Whitefish, the gateways to Big Mountain, are easily reached by air. Big Mountain has eight miles of open slope and trail skiing and two miles of open snow fields. Ski champion Toni Matt is the Big Mountain pro. Single dormitory accommodations begin at \$6 a day.

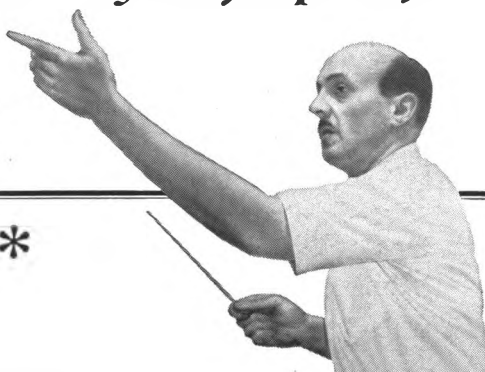
NEW YORK WEEKEND, a package with three days and two nights, offered by TWA at a total of \$15.95, includes a motor tour of the city; admission to Radio City Music Hall and the Museum of Modern Art; a guided tour of Rockefeller Center and the NBC studios; a reserved seat at a Broadway play; dinner, dancing, and the show at the Latin Quarter (tips included); and a hotel room (double) with bath.

COOLER-CLIME SEEKERS will be attracted by Alaska's own carnival, the Anchorage Fur Rendezvous, February 11 to 22. Special events include dog races, a winter-fashion show, the selection of a queen to reign over the Miners and Fur Trappers Ball, an ice carnival, cross-country ski racing, and an Eskimo pageant, with blanket tossing, by the King Island Eskimos. **THE END**

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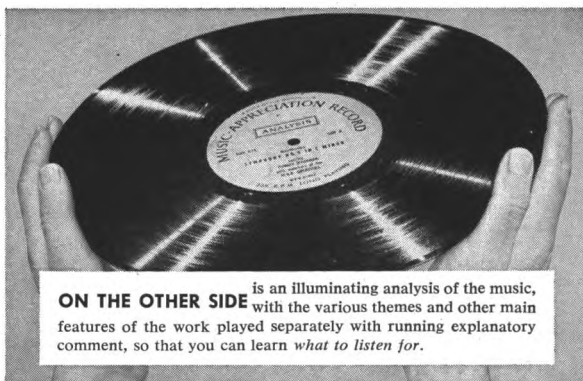
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—BENNETT CERF, *Saturday Review*

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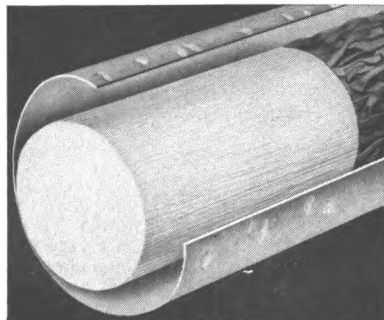
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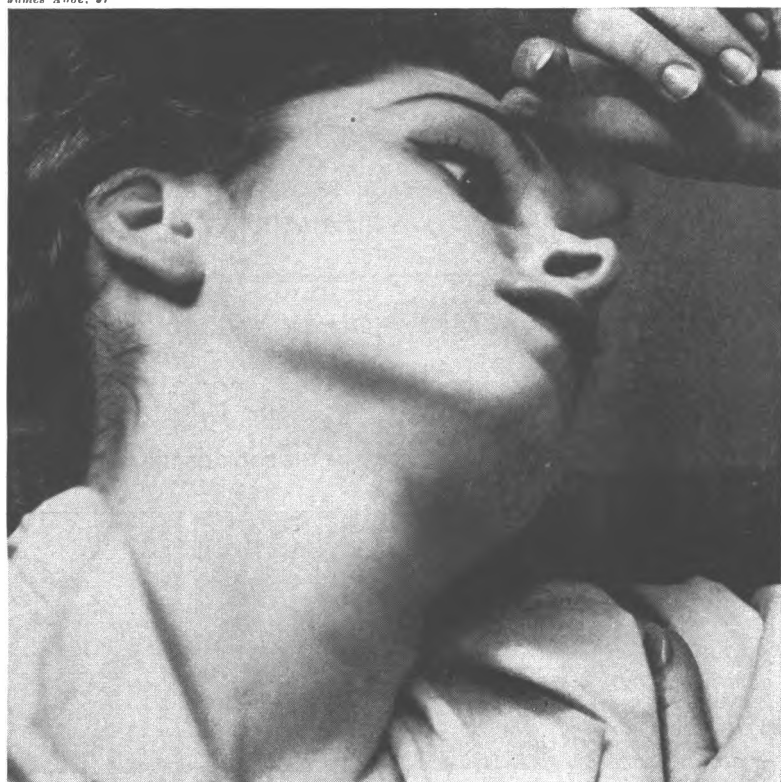
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WHAT'S NEW IN MEDICINE

James Abbe, Jr.



Recent scientific studies point to a cure for fatigue.

If You Are Tired All the Time ...

BY LAWRENCE GALTON

Excessive fatigue has many causes. One form that has baffled physicians is summed up by the patient who complains of great weariness throughout the morning, then shows an increasing alertness as the day goes on: "I wish the day were beginning when I go to bed."

In a clinical study of more than 200 chronic-fatigue cases, a great many of whom had had the complaint for as long as eighteen years before being correctly diagnosed, the average for the whole group being two and a half years, thyroid extract—even where no marked underfunctioning of the thyroid gland exists—relieved the condition.

Clinical results show that a slightly sluggish thyroid rather than a psychoneurotic state, may be the cause of un-

due exhaustion. In addition to relieving chronic fatigue, thyroid extract has proved effective in ending alcoholism in the case of a woman who had taken to alcohol to alleviate her fatigue condition. Her alcoholism stopped when her fatigue state was ended.

According to recent findings, a twilight zone exists between the normal individual and the person whose thyroid gland falls way down in production. In many unduly tired people, basal-metabolism tests show thyroid functioning to be in the normal range—at the lower limits, but not subnormal. And it is this marginal, twilight-zone kind of underfunctioning that causes fatigue.

Symptoms of a slightly sluggish thyroid are: excessive tiredness in the morning, usually after a sound sleep, followed

by increasing pep later in the day, with an interval of midafternoon fatigue in some cases; habitual chilliness; brittle nails; dry skin; and, occasionally, menstrual troubles.

In most patients, carefully tailored doses of thyroid extract brought either marked improvement or complete disappearance of fatigue and related symptoms within ten days to two weeks.

Epilepsy may produce gastrointestinal and other body disturbances, either with or without a convulsive seizure. In a recent study, nausea, abdominal discomfort, vomiting, belching, excessive production of saliva, palpitations, sweating, flushing, and urinary incontinence were traced to epilepsy. The body disturbances, usually brief, may be accompanied by such slight loss of consciousness that the patient is not aware of a seizure, and can be controlled by surgical removal of a brain tumor if one is present, or by anticonvulsant drugs.

The overdue baby usually presents no great problems calling for emergency induction of labor. Among 736 consecutive obstetric patients at one hospital, almost 10 per cent were delivered more than fourteen days after the calculated due date. Once full term is reached, the baby grows at a very slow rate in the womb, and of the 71 overdue infants, only 9 weighed nine pounds or more at birth and deliveries were spontaneous in 7 of these 9. Caesarean section was not required in any of the 71 cases, no post-birth deaths occurred, and most of the labor periods were actually shorter than average.

Should mothers be permitted to remain with children in the hospital? A majority of 50 pediatricians recently surveyed agree on the need for greater flexibility of hospital rules. Many believe that mothers can help with minor nursing chores, that decisions about their staying should be made on an individual basis, and that there's need for a more understanding attitude toward mothers on the part of hospital staffs. Because of insufficient space to house mothers, some compromise solutions are suggested: (1) allow mothers to remain at the child's bedside for an hour or so after admission until the child becomes familiar with his surroundings and nurses; (2) liberalize visiting hours; (3) replace rigid hospital rules like "absolutely no staying-in permitted" with flexible rules. And while there may be only an occasional need for a mother to stay overnight, when it arises, a cot should be provided in a private or semiprivate room. **THE END**

For more information about these items, consult your physician.

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BEST PRODUCTION—"There's No Business Like Show Business," Twentieth Century-Fox's five-million-dollar CinemaScope musical, is a constellation that includes Ethel Merman, Dan Dailey, Donald O'Connor, plus Marilyn Monroe, who sings! Twenty-six Irving Berlin melodies, brilliant dances, and a close-up of a vaudeville family make this a great tribute to the profession.

Never Off Stage

BY LOUELLA O. PARSONS



With Vera-Ellen in "Call Me Madam."

Donald O'Connor, twenty-nine and a half years old, has been on stage for thirty years (his mother's pregnancy didn't interfere with her career).

He has had about two years of formal education—never a day of so-called normal upbringing—but his annual income is well over a quarter of a million dollars, and he is modest and unspoiled.

Appearing in the best production of the month, "There's No Business Like Show Business," the colorful Irving Berlin romp starring Marilyn Monroe, Ethel Merman, Mitzi Gaynor, and Dan Dailey, Donald plays Dan Dailey's son—an amusing situation in itself. In real life, Dan's best date is Don's ex-wife. Furthermore, while they were shooting the picture last

summer, Donna O'Connor, eight, asked her daddy to take her onto the set. It wasn't Don she wanted to watch. She had her eye on Dan.

Trouper at Three Months

Donald started his postnatal appearances by being thrown over the footlights and into the audience. He was all of three months old at the time. His oldest brother, twenty years his senior, tossed him out, and another brother caught him. It made a spectacular finish to the O'Connor family act. That it might have made a spectacular finish of Donald seems to have worried no one.

By the time he was thirteen months old, Donald had his own solo dance spot with the troupe. That was when his

COSMOPOLITAN MOVIE CITATIONS FOR JANUARY

mother insisted he get paid regularly, too. Today Donald is repaying her for that fairness by supporting her luxuriously in her own home in the San Fernando Valley. His father has been dead for years.

Donald grew up rich one day, poor the next. Some weeks the O'Connors made as much as \$1,250, and other weeks they were lucky to make five dollars. Trying to change their luck, they often changed their name.

Crosby-Ruggles-Astaire Influence

When he is in one of his rare serious moods, Donald will tell you how he learned about nonchalant acting from Bing Crosby, about comedy from Charlie Ruggles, about dancing from Fred Astaire—all this while still in his teens.

There was nothing precocious about his marrying at eighteen. He was to be inducted into the Air Corps the next day. The girl had been a high-school classmate during one of the brief periods he attended school. Now they are divorced, and it is Gwen who rates the headlines for occasional night-club didos.

Donald has gone seriously with only one other girl beside Gwen—actress Marilyn Erskine. When they stopped seeing each other, he blamed it on their working schedules. "But work is only a temporary interference," he said. "Nothing can replace girls."

Since his career was revived, first, by Francis, the talking mule, and second, by Gene Kelly, who put him into "Singin' in the Rain," he has averaged two pictures a year. He stars in nineteen TV shows a year, which he also produces and codirects. He runs his own music-publishing house and still finds time to play golf in the low eighties. Recently, just to be sure he was not wasting time, he started writing a history of his family.

His one major fault is forgetting appointments and seldom being on time. He could be a spendthrift, but he lives modestly, his one extravagance being imported cars. In fact, I know of only one instance when he failed to act like a professional. As a youngster in vaudeville, he once appeared on the same bill with another small boy who had a glass eye. Although neither child normally forgot the show had to go on, they both played marbles in the stage-door alley all afternoon, and, incidentally, missed a performance, when Donald saw the other boy use his glass eye as a shooter.

There's no one like Donald O'Connor, and, among this month's productions, no film more dazzling than "There's No Business Like Show Business." **THE END**



BEST DISCOVERY—Leggy, sexy Kim Novak robs Judy Holliday of top kudos in Columbia's "Phffft" by the lift of an eyebrow. Judy and comic Jack Lemmon are a pair whose love has curdled. The dialogue is wickedly witty, but Kim's dizzy playgirl makes the movie a romp.



BEST COMEDY—"Three Ring Circus" stars Martin and Lewis. Can you ask for more? Jerry does surprisingly well in serious scenes, and Dean has top-notch songs. Elsa Lanchester is a sidesplitting Bearded Lady, in a colorful circus locale shot in Paramount's VistaVision.



BEST MELODRAMA—"Black Widow," the Twentieth Century-Fox suspense thriller, first appeared in COSMOPOLITAN. Van Heflin, Gene Tierney, George Raft, Ginger Rogers, and Peggy Ann Garner (above) are starred. This CinemaScope film shows Ginger at her feline best.



Your Emotions Can Kill You

Nowhere are you more at the mercy of your feelings than when you are behind the wheel of an automobile. A flash of anger, a moment of resentment, and your judgment can be warped just enough so that you will take the thoughtless chance that results in disaster. Here's why experts are paying new, closer attention to emotional upset as the hidden factor in our shocking highway death toll

BY MAURICE ZOLOTOW

A sandwich, a glass of dead beer, a fountain pen, and a neurotic pattern of automobile driving killed a man in Danville, Virginia, not long ago. The man was Morton G.,* age twenty-seven, manager of a drugstore. He had spent the evening at a movie theatre with a friend of his, Charles M., a bank guard. Toward midnight, both men, having enjoyed the movie, entered a restaurant. Mr. G. ordered a baked-ham sandwich on white bread and a beer. He didn't like what he got. He complained the bread was stale and the beer flat.

The day had been filled with frustrations for Mr. G., who usually was a smooth, soft-spoken fellow, with a smile for the world. The customers in the drugstore had been unusually irritating that day. The owner had chewed him out for being late with the monthly inventory. His girl friend had turned him down for a date. Then he took out his fountain pen to write a small check he wanted to cash at the restaurant. The pen didn't function.

"This blasted pen," Mr. G. said, "is no good, and it never was any good." He

thereupon borrowed his friend's gun, asked Mr. M. to hold out the pen at arm's length, and proceeded to blow it to bits.

Then Mr. G. and Mr. M. got into the former's convertible and headed for the open road. Morton G. was a good driver. But seething with frustration and rage, he was a potential killer at the wheel. Ten miles out of town, racing at seventy miles an hour, he was crossing a bridge over the Dan River when his car struck an abutment, skidded crazily, and flopped over the bridge into the water. Mr. M. swam to shore. Morton G. didn't make it.

Disastrous Lesson

In Baltimore, recently, a head-on collision of two cars resulted in instant death for all the occupants of both cars, save one person. From his hospital bed, an irresponsible young driver explained that the car approaching him had failed to dim its headlights. He had deliberately crashed into the car "in order to teach the fool to dim his lights when he sees a car coming toward him."

These driving accidents—two of over nine million that took place in 1954—are dramatic evidence that many accidents are not really accidental. Millions of accidents—some authorities estimate as

many as eighty per cent of all driving accidents—are caused by emotional instability, by hostility, frustration, aggression, finding expression through an automobile. Today, safety experts, motor-vehicle-bureau administrators, accident investigators, insurance men no longer believe that bad roads, lack-of technical skill, or even a driver's poor physical condition cause accidents. In Connecticut, a group of 3,663 drivers with bad accident records were examined over a two-year period. According to the study, their visual sharpness, field of vision, resistance to glare, depth perception, and reaction time were no worse than those of the average driver with no accidents. The same results were found in similar tests conducted in Michigan, New Jersey, and Washington, D.C.

Dr. Herbert J. Stack, head of the New York University Center for Safety Education, puts it this way: "In recent years, we have learned that when we are searching for the unknown factor in accidents, we must look for the psychological factors in the driver. We had always assumed that the urge for self-preservation was so strong it would keep emotions under control. It isn't so. A man may be technically a superior driver, but if

*The names and occupations of most of the people mentioned as drivers have been changed so as not to embarrass them or their families.



HE'LL SHOW HER! He'll leap into his car and go thundering off at seventy miles an hour down a highway crowded with sleepy fellow commuters. The odds are good that his nagging wife will be a widow before supper.

he gets behind the wheel in a state of tension, his judgment and ability go right out the window."

Psychologically speaking, three groups of drivers get into accidents because of emotional complications: (1) the accident prone, (2) the man with a neurotic behavior pattern who uses the automobile as a medium for expressing his emotions, (3) the usually careful driver who, under temporary stress or anxiety, drives badly.

Dr. R. H. Felix, director of the National Institute of Mental Health, at Bethesda, Maryland, points out, "The person who has received news of a death in the family, or who is worried about a seriously ill wife or husband or child, or who has just been unnerved by a frightening experience, may be too upset to function adequately behind the wheel of a car." And Dr. Leon Brody, research director for the N. Y. U. Center for Safety Edu-

cation, says, "Under certain circumstances, *any one of us*—not just a few people who require psychiatric treatment—can become temporarily accident prone, for the mechanisms which operate in major and minor psychoses are also operative in our everyday adjustments or behavior."

Take the case of Wilma P., a friend of mine. Wilma has been driving for seventeen years without doing anything worse



Killers Can Be Spotted!

Highway-safety experts throughout America will endorse every line of this article. It has become apparent, as automobile death tolls mount, that the problem driver is ten times more dangerous than the problem drinker. The Greyhound Bus Company has been alert to this menace for years. Before we let a man behind the wheel, he has to pass a battery of psychological tests and personal interviews that assure us he is free from neurotic resentments, fears, and worries and can take the normal irritations of the highway in stride. It is high time psychologists and motor-vehicle officials in every state united to provide a similar screening program for accident-prone motorists. Mr. Zolotow's fine documentation of the shocking facts should help to provide the impetus for establishing such a program.

*Roy Alexander, Manager of Safety
Pennsylvania Greyhound Lines*

than scraping the side of the garage when she backs the car out in the morning. She has two children. Her oldest child was stricken with polio. Wilma drove the child to the hospital and left her there. Driving out of the hospital parking lot, she suddenly put on speed rounding a curve and crashed into a hurricane fence, suffering severe contusions on her face and arms. The car was damaged so badly it had to be towed to a junk yard.

Dr. Edmund Bergler, noted psychoanalyst who has made a careful study of the masochistic drive in neurotic people, says, "With many persons, you find an urge to hurt themselves. Sometimes"—referring to Wilma P.—"it is a kind of masochistic identification. The unconscious reasoning of the parent goes like this: 'If my child dies, I do not want to live; if my child is to be crippled by a war or a disease, then I want to be crippled, too.'

"But in many instances, this drive arises out of hatred of the self, often disguised in the form of hurting somebody else. But it is really themselves they want to hurt. Most people, thank goodness, who suffer from the masochistic impulse find outlets other than automobiles. They get into situations in which they say or do certain things that compel another person to insult them or damage them. But a few neurotics play their masochistic game with an automobile. They have a whole succession of narrow escapes from accidents. They will tell me, 'One minute more and we would have crashed.' Sooner or later they will be in a crash, because their only way of solving an inner conflict is to get into a situation where they are kicked and hurt."

Dr. Bergler tells such patients, "Look, I don't want you to drive your car for the next six months. Let the taxicabs make a little money. Go in busses. Or walk. But stop driving. I can't treat you in a hospital or a jail. For your own protection, you must put away the car in cold storage until you understand why you are having so many near accidents when you drive."

Criminal Driving

One of the most striking proofs of how emotional confusion transforms a skillful driver into a clumsy bungler is the way a criminal drives a getaway car. Law-enforcement officers are amazed at how often criminals who have successfully pulled off a big job are apprehended because the driver of the getaway car has handled it poorly. I am not speaking of those cases in which the police are in hot pursuit. I refer to those cases where the criminals would have escaped but for an automobile accident. A bank robbery, an armed holdup, a kid-

naping, a hijacking theft—some such enterprise is beautifully planned and executed. The gang drives off with the loot. The alarm has not been sounded. The crime is undiscovered. But the driver of the car is working under intense emotional strain, and in a startling number of cases, he makes a foolish maneuver and cracks up the car.

Any Driver May Err

But you don't have to be a professional criminal running away from danger to make a stupid error in driving. Any driver under keen emotional pressure can and will make the same mistake. The odds are that *any* experienced driver who gets involved in an accident as the result of a stupid maneuver—not slowing down at an intersection or passing another car on a hill or around a curve on a two-lane highway—is unconsciously driving to kill.

A common type of accident is the family accident. Here is a recent, typical newspaper story. It has a monotonous familiarity about it. You can read a similar item in any Monday morning's newspaper in any part of the United States.

Four persons were killed in the collision of two cars yesterday near Lebanon, 25 miles north of Indianapolis. Coroner Clancy Bassett, of Boone County, said a car driven by Michael S., 24, apparently had swerved into the opposing traffic lane and was struck by an oncoming auto. The dead were identified as

S.; his wife, Julie; and two persons from Jefferson City, Tenn., Henry C., 48; and his wife, Carol, 45. The C.'s two children, Millicent, 16, and James, 20, were injured.

The family group is one in which the most intense feelings of love and hate are aroused. Even families that seem serene on the surface may actually seethe with resentments about sex, the children's education, religion, the wife's frustration at being tied down to domestic slavery, the husband's feeling of boredom at his work, differences of opinion over social activities, mutual friends, and spare-time hobbies. In one mood, husbands and wives may feel passionate love for each other. In another mood, they may be ready to tear each other limb from limb over something seemingly so trivial as whether they should play canasta or watch television. Why this is so is outside the scope of this article. But it is so.

Repressed Hostility Outlet

Dr. Clara Thompson, head of the William Alanson White Institute of Psychiatry, Psychoanalysis, and Psychology, points out, "Differences of opinion between married people are inevitable. So are violent outbursts now and then. When the hostility is worked through in words and discussion, it is not harmful. When it is kept down, repressed, it may lead to trouble. When the husband drives an automobile after his wife has given him a bad time and he has swallowed his resentment instead of talking back, the

chances are good that he will, unconsciously trying to work off his hostility, get into an accident. An automobile is a lethal weapon, an instrument of power—the little man given a hundred and fifty big horses. Under the stress of hostility, he may use this power quite irrationally. The fact that he may also be injured or even killed in so doing seems to make no difference."

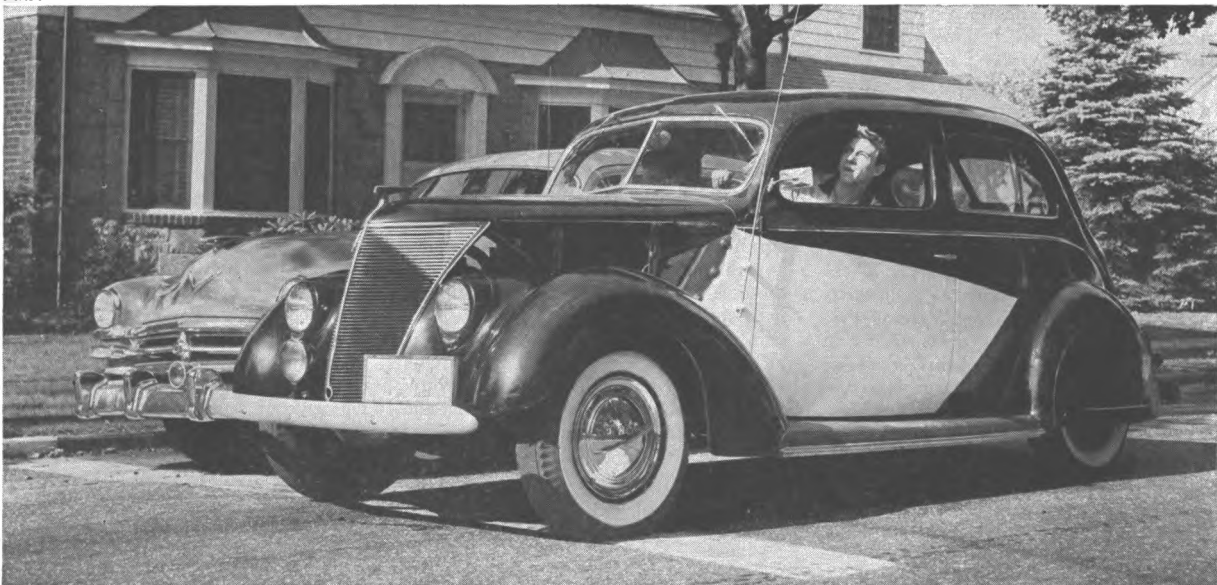
Women Have Fewer Accidents

Although women, by and large, are technically inferior to men in handling a car because they drive less, yet they get into far fewer fatal accidents—even with their much lower mileage. "Symbolically," writes Dr. Irving J. Sands, in a recent issue of the *New York State Journal of Medicine*, "the home is feminine and the automobile masculine." The car is man's weapon. In studying hundreds of cases of unusual automobile accidents over the past three years, I have yet to find a single case in which a woman driver was involved! Out of over 3,000 accident repeaters and traffic violators treated in the Traffic Accident Prevention Clinic of the New Jersey Division of Motor Vehicles, less than one per cent have been women!

Many accidents, especially those caused by adolescent male drivers, are motivated by an attempt on the part of the driver to prove his masculinity by driving recklessly. In some cases, the husband uses the act of driving his wife around on weekends as a substitute for more satisfying emotional activities. Dr. Sands

(continued)

I.N.P.



CAN YOU RESIST temptation? Even a calm driver gets an urge to beat a wiseacre to the light. Bus lines train their drivers to ignore pests, have safety records twenty-four times better than passenger-car drivers'.

Your Emotions Can Kill You (continued)



"TAKE IT EASY" is the key to survival for Donald M. McCauley, Allied Van's safest driver. Road patrols check Allied drivers constantly.

calls the joy ride "a national weekend neurosis."

Dr. Flanders Dunbar, in her book *Mind and Body: Psychosomatic Medicine*, states: "... only about 10 to 20 per cent of all . . . injuries . . . are caused by really accidental accidents. The rest are linked to the personality of the victim." Dr. Dunbar, who has done pioneer research into the psychology of the accident prone, believes there are certain individuals whose pattern of living destines them to get involved in accidents as a way of resolving emotional conflicts.

If such persons drive automobiles, they will inevitably get into accidents. A Connecticut survey of 30,000 licensed drivers showed that 4 per cent of them were involved in 36 per cent of the accidents reported over a six-year period! These 1,200 drivers had 15 times as many accidents as the average driver. A New Jersey survey last year of 947 chronic driving violators showed they had three times as many accidents as the average driver.

The Accident-Prone Driver

Reckless impulsiveness characterizes the accident-prone driver. He concentrates on immediate pleasures, with little regard for the past and no planning for the future. He has a happy-go-lucky attitude toward sex and family responsibility. He has a spotty employment record. He hates authority. He likes adventure and excitement. His irresponsibility may

be the expression of deep-rooted conflicts having their origins in his childhood.

On the basis of present data, it is unlikely that much can be done about accident-prone cases. The only thing possible is to rule them off the highway to reduce the likelihood of their endangering the lives of others, and thus compel them to confine their accident pattern of behavior to slipping on ice or falling down stairs. A large Midwestern trucking company cut down its accident record to one-fifth when it shifted all drivers who had had more than one accident to office jobs!

Neurotic Behavior Patterns

Besides persons under a temporary strain who get into accidents and the incurable accident-prone individuals, there is a third category of dangerous drivers, those with a deeply ingrained neurotic behavior pattern. These patterns take many forms that set the neurotic driver off from the accident-prone driver. One striking difference between the neurotic and the accident-prone driver is that the latter constantly gets into accidents of one sort or another. The former may avoid an accident for years but constantly finds himself in tight situations and has a succession of narrow escapes and near accidents.

Moreover, the neurotic driver is likely to have a strong paranoid streak in his make-up. He is convinced that anybody who passes him on the road is doing so

deliberately and with malice aforethought. This individual projects his own hostility onto everybody around him. He is the "everybody hates me, everybody is against me" sort. As a driver, he is forever misinterpreting the actions of other drivers, and therefore may be as dangerous as a lunatic with a loaded gun.

Dictatorial Menace

Another type of personality must be in complete control of every phase of life to feel secure. Such a man usually dominates his wife, dictates every little detail of what to do and how to do it to his children and employees. This is the kind of driver who will tail-gate you if he thinks you are going too slow, or will hold up a long line of traffic because the speed limit says 35 miles and he is going exactly at 35, even though the stream of traffic is moving at 40 miles an hour. Sooner or later, this person's involved attempts to control the road will create a collision.

Another potentially dangerous driver is the rigidly compulsive person who operates on a tight schedule. This fellow has everything timed exactly, and if anything deviates from his mental outline he becomes uneasy, panicky, and is likely to do something foolish on the road. This kind of driver is sublimely perfect so long as everything goes smoothly. If he is planning to drive from New York to White Plains in fifty minutes and he makes it as planned, he will drive beautifully. But let him run into an unexpected detour or a tie-up that delays him, and he begins to fidget and curse and get tense, and from then on, his driving becomes amateurish.

In the above cases, we are not dealing with poor automobile drivers, but with disturbed personalities who express their neuroses in driving. Such bad drivers are facing difficulties in other aspects of their daily lives. The only way they can overcome being highway menaces is to gain insight into their neurotic behavior patterns so that they may gradually develop a more realistic and less emotional reaction to life. Psychotherapy is undoubtedly the most effective method.

As long ago as 1940, Lowell S. Selling, a brilliant psychologist who was the first to set up a clinic to study the personality of the traffic violator, discovered that the majority of bad drivers were suffering from emotional and neurotic disturbances. He examined hundreds of violators at a special Psychiatric Clinic in the Records Court, in Detroit, Michigan. Since then, although other cities in Michigan, Connecticut, New York, California, and Pennsylvania have made sporadic or partial efforts to deal constructively with the sick motorist, there was no well-organized procedure until October, 1952,

when William J. Dearden, then director of the New Jersey Division of Motor Vehicles, started the Traffic Accident Prevention Clinic, under the supervision of the Center for Safety Education.

Until the development of high-speed, limited-access turnpikes, highways, free-ways, and throughways combined with the 200-horsepower automobile, there was no pressing need for a motor clinic. Once an accident meant just a banged-up fender. Today, it means death and serious injury. Today, our states can no longer delay taking immediate action on this problem.

In New Jersey, any driver who has had two or more accidents, or two convictions for drunken driving, or twelve points against him within a three-year period must be examined at the Traffic Accident Prevention Clinic. (Under New Jersey law, any moving-traffic violation is scored according to its seriousness. Passing a red light costs you three points, for instance.) At the clinic, the violator is first run through a battery of physiological tests to check his responses, to determine his ability to see at night, to recover from the glare of oncoming headlights, to respond with hands and feet to a crisis situation. Then come the psychological tests. He takes the Thurstone Temperament Schedule, which, by means of subtle questions, determines the subject's adjustment to people and society. Then he fills out the Sacks Sentence Completion Test, a personality-evaluation test.

There are no right or wrong answers in this test. Interpreted by a trained psychologist, the answers give some clue to personality orientation. On the basis of these tests, a driver's license may be jeopardized unless he undertakes to receive some emotional guidance. The New Jersey plan is still in its infancy.

Avoid the Sick Motorist

Ultimately we must reach a point where psychotherapy will be as compulsory for the emotionally sick driver as glasses are for the myopic driver. What can you as a driver do meanwhile? First of all, learn to spot the emotionally sick driver when you meet him on the road. He is the red-light jumper, the tail-gater, the slow man at the head of the procession, the erratic passer and weaver, the road hog. If you encounter such a driver, give him as wide a berth as possible. This man is as dangerous as a truck carrying a load of dynamite. He is looking for trouble, whether he knows it or not. If he is tail-gating you, let him pass you or speed up a little. If he persists, turn off and take another road until he disappears. If you must pass a neurotic motorist, make sure you have plenty of room on the left side in case he suddenly decides to stop you from passing.

Never, never try to teach the neurotic motorist a lesson.

Suppose you suspect that you yourself may have some neurotic elements in your driving? First of all, don't go off half-cocked about yourself. All of us, at one time or another, have blown our horns a little too fervently and have taken a few chances in passing. Don't suddenly decide you're an accident-prone case or a paranoid.

But on the other hand, if you are averaging more than one accident for every 10,000 miles, if you continually, day after day, find yourself in close squeezes, if you feel you must overtake every car on the road or be miserable, if you get fidgety and unhappy when you're held up a few minutes by a jam, then you had better sit down and take a severe inventory of your personality. With great honesty and the help of your religious adviser or a psychoanalyst, you should be able to correct your destructive habits and replace them with a healthier and more realistic outlook. By so doing, you should eventually become a safe driver. This will take time, a long time, but the first step is to realize that there is something wrong with you—that the fault isn't always the other driver's.

Never Drive When You're Upset

And finally, remember that all of us have had days; it is on a bad day that even the best driver may temporarily become accident prone. Probably 70 per cent of accidents are caused by one-accident drivers, people who never had an accident before. So never drive when you're upset, if you can avoid it. Take some deep breaths and walk around the block. Try mentally to focus your anger on its target, its real target—whether it's your wife, your boss, a friend, or whoever. At all costs, avoid expressing your anger at your wife in your driving.

In its excellent driver-training courses, the American Automobile Association teaches new drivers to learn how to compensate, if they must drive when they find themselves feeling tired or under an intense emotional strain. By "compensating," the A.A.A. refers to making allowances for the fact that you are not in a normal frame of mind. So if you daily drive down a certain highway at 50 miles an hour, on the day you are disturbed or unhappy about something, drive down it at 40 miles an hour, or, better yet, take a new road, a side road, so that your attention will be concentrated on a situation that is fresh to you. Leave more space than you usually do between your car and the car in front of you. Be twice as cautious at intersections and highway mergers.

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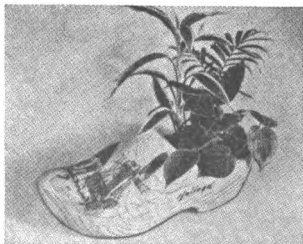
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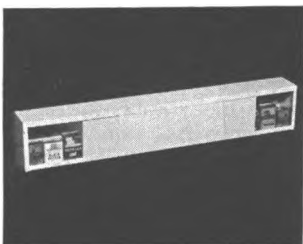
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| 7. Papa Loves Mambo | 16. Teach Me Tonight |
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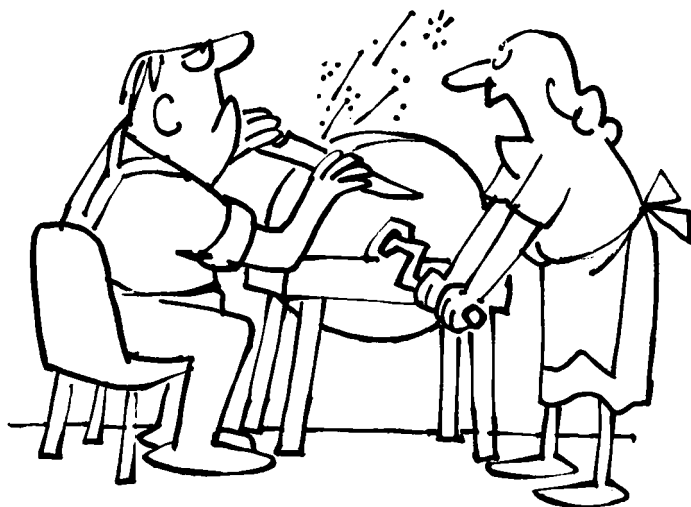
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Wife Killers, Pops' Predicament, Kneaded Relief, and Ole Casey Jones

BY ANRAM SCHEINFELD



Kneaded relief. If neurotic women kneaded more dough for bread, they might need less "dough" for psychoanalysts. This yeasty idea rises from the discovery by psychiatrist Maria Gijworra (University of Heidelberg) that kneading and tossing around modeling wax helped mentally disturbed women release their pent-up emotions and aggressions and speeded up cures. Kneading dough should be equally effective for

while picturing herself as blameless, and threatens to leave him.

Woman-talk—man-talk. Notice how a woman gets bored when she listens very long to men talking? Or how a man fidgets in a circle of women? Psychoanalyst Theodor Reik says it's because different languages are prescribed for the two sexes everywhere, and the words and phrases one sex uses make the other uncomfortable. American examples: Only women may acceptably call one another "honey" or "dearie," or say, "I could just scream!" "Isn't that adorable!" "I saw the darlinest shirt!" etc. And only a man may properly say, "Let's chew the fat," "He's got no guts," "Guess I'm getting too big for my pants," "I'll make him pay through the nose," etc. Even when men and women use the same words—"love," "sex," "baby," "dear"—the meanings may be different and often cause misunderstandings, says Dr. Reik.

Pops' predicament. False notions that fathers aren't he-men if they're too loving, gentle, or kind are hurting many American families, warns Dr. Leo Bartemeier (Detroit). Children may grow up warped if the father either acts

Respectable jags. If a female temperance leader comes staggering to the door, bleary-eyed and with a confused smirk on her face, don't suspect the worst. Her condition may well be due to something out of a bottle—not whisky, however, but carbon tetrachloride fumes. Dr. Harold Stevens and Dr. Francis M. Forster (Georgetown University), report that such cleaning-fluid poisoning produces symptoms much like drunkenness. Taking calcium diminishes the severity of this intoxication.

Sex and divorce. Sexual maladjustment is given as the reason for seeking divorce much more often by wives (one in six) than by husbands (one in ten), reports sociologist William M. Kephart. In Philadelphia divorces with sex grievances, husbands usually complain that wives aren't sexy enough; wives, that husbands want too much sex or seek "improper" relations. Wives find fault sexually more frequently with second husbands than with first husbands. Among upper-level couples, sexual maladjustment is cited in one in four divorces; among laboring-class couples, in one in ten.

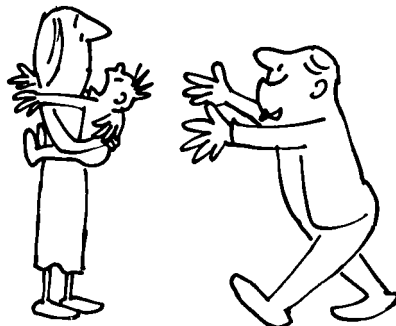
"Mm!" Why do you say "Mm!" when you like something or are deeply satisfied? Analyst Ralph R. Greenson (Beverly Hills, California), delving into his patients' subconscious, finds the "Mm!" goes back to pleasurable memories of suckling in infancy. It's the sound a baby makes with his lips around a nipple, the only sound of pleasure possible with closed lips. (Try it!) Though at first infants may also say "Mm!" to express discomfort, at about six months they make the sound when contented or awaiting satisfaction, and presently the repeated "Mm!" shapes into "Mama." Dr. Greenson notes that in many languages, the word for *mother* has the "mm" sound.

Oh, nurse! Alas for male patients who have ideas about their nurses, the popular romantic picture of the gals in white



letting off steam. ("So John won't buy me that mink stole?" *Thump! Squoosh!* "The nerve of Mrs. Jones, telling people I'm fat!" *Gloob! Squoosh! Blump!*) Maybe that's how grandma kept her nerves steady.

Wife killers. Since the victims of deranged murderers are most frequently their wives, Dr. Albert A. Kurland (Maryland) warns that whenever a mentally sick man has shown homicidal tendencies, he should not be allowed to go on living with his wife until a psychiatrist has fully explored and approved the couple's relationship. Dangerous forewarnings are the husband's growing hostility to his wife, threats with weapons, physical assaults, increasing alcoholism, extreme jealousy, ideas of infidelity and persecution, complaints about sex life, and inability to talk things out. The situation can be brought to a disastrous head if the wife berates her husband,



stern and tough because he's afraid to be otherwise, or if he's so soft and sweet that they mistake this for weakness and don't respect him.

couldn't be more wrong—if a diagnosis by Dr. Alma Perry Beaver (University of California) is correct. Her personality studies indicate that the student nurse, as a rule, has a masculine slant with "nothing of the feminine coquette in her make-up"; she is strongly attracted to members of her own sex, particularly "tall, mannish women," and doesn't find pleasure in flirting with men or in social dancing; she's conventional, proper, and prudish; she is embarrassed by dirty stories, avoids sexy shows, disapproves of women smoking or drinking, and doesn't believe that when a man is out with a girl he usually thinks about sex. That's what Dr. Beaver says—and she'd better keep out of hospitals!

Ole Casey Jones. Locomotive engineers are the oldest employed workers in the country; stenographers, the youngest, say Metropolitan Life experts. The choo-choo pilots average over 55 years in age; they win their jobs only through seniority and keep on as long as they're fit. Next oldest are tailors, averaging 53.4 years. Among women workers, stenographers, typists, and secretaries average 25.8 years; waitresses, 30.8; nurses



(except practical), 32; beauticians, 35; teachers, 41; business executives, 44.7.

"Knock on wood." Why do you say and do this when telling someone "I'm in tiptop shape!" "Business is fine!" etc.? Psychiatrist Judd Marmor (Los Angeles) says this superstitious practice stems from the unconscious desire to protect oneself against the envy and hostility that pride and success may evoke, and from the feeling that to be loved and win favor, it is necessary to be humble.

Monosodium glutamate. Although President Eisenhower invariably adds this seasoning powder to his famous beef stew, he and others who believe MSG does wonders to bring out food flavors are only kidding themselves, say army psychologists. After testing MSG on GI chow, they report it is "simply another seasoning which may add a special flavor of its own, but is not a general intensifier or improver of other flavors." It actually weakens sweetness, doesn't affect sourness, and seems to intensify saltiness and bitterness only because its own flavor is salty. (All-ee same. Chinese chefs have been using it for ages.) THE END

THIS IS MAKE BELIEVE



These two little Korean tots in a CCF orphanage in Korea, taking part in a Christmas play, are just making believe they are the characters they portray. But a year ago it wasn't make believe for them. It was all real, too real. The loss of their parents and homes, their hunger, the cold, the hunting in garbage cans and sleeping in doorways, their misery as two among a million refugees—all this was pitifully real. They were two little suffering victims of a war that had ruthlessly taken from them everything a child needs and left for them—nothing.

But orphanage workers rescued them and clothed and fed them and gave them shelter and schooling and love. And taught them about the Star of Bethlehem and about Joseph and Mary and the Christ Child.

Christian Children's Fund has in its Korean orphanages 8,000 happy and well cared for children like these two youngsters. But there are still 50,000 Korean children who are homeless. The destruction was so complete. Back and

forth rumbled the super-tanks and super-guns and super-efficient bombs and napalm sprayers, crumbling and burning homes and lives while the children who did not die whimpered in fear and terror in a destroyed world without love.

These surviving Children, who are still homeless, can be "adopted." The cost in Korea and in all countries where CCF operates is ten dollars a month and you will receive your child's name, address, story and picture. You can correspond with your child. Children can be "adopted" in CCF orphanages around the world; in the following 28 countries: Austria, Borneo, Brazil, Burma, Finland, Formosa, France, Free China, Greece, Hong Kong, India, Indochina, Indonesia, Italy, Japan, Jordan, Korea, Lapland, Lebanon, Macao, Malaya, Mexico, Okinawa, Pakistan, Philippines, Puerto Rico, United States and Western Germany.

Established in 1937, Christian Children's Fund is the largest Protestant orphanage organization in the world.

For information write: Dr. J. Calvitt Clarke

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DONNA ATWOOD REHEARSES CISSY, her two-year-old daughter, in the children's play area of their Beverly Hills home. Cissy (christened Donna Jeannette) received her first pair of skates before she was a year old. When Donna's husband, "Ice Capades" producer John H. Harris, recently asked their twin sons and Cissy who they thought was the greatest ice skater in the world, the boys dutifully answered, "Mommy." But not Cissy. She answered, "Cissy." Donna herself, as a ballet student, started bar practice in Newton, Kansas' ballet school when she was three years old, later studied ballet with Nico Charisse, ex-husband of Cyd Charisse, and with Marge Champion's father, Ernest Belcher. She never even thought of becoming an ice skater. Her only ice accident so far: one broken right leg from executing a three jump, the easiest maneuver for a professional skater. In five weeks, Donna was back on the ice.



IN "AMERICAN IN PARIS," a big number from "Ice Capades of 1955," Donna does the kind of sinuous, glamorous dance she loves. Her partner is Bobby Specht, once U.S. National Figure Skating Champion, now one of the world's top male professional skaters.

Millionaire Mother on Skates

Donna Atwood, queen of "Ice Capades," now earns \$5,000 a week, is on the ice 1,500 hours a year, and travels with her three babies

PHOTOS AND TEXT BY BRADLEY SMITH

As Cleopatra, she skated down the frozen Nile. As Scheherazade, she slithered through an exotic East Indian dance. As Kathie in "The Student Prince," she whirled through an incredible gavotte on ice. For this kind of romantic virtuosity on blades, Donna Atwood last year earned over a quarter of a million dollars, but hardly had time to bank it. Star of "Ice Capades," Donna skates 330 nights a year, plus 96 matinees and daily rehearsals.

Kansas-born Donna intended to fulfill her mother's hope that she become a ballet dancer. By the time her family moved to Los Angeles, when she was six, she'd been studying ballet for three years.

But at thirteen, Donna took a few ice-skating lessons from ex-hockey player John McDonald.

That was it. Donna discarded her ballet slippers and went out to win the 1941 National Women's Junior Championship and, with skater Eugene Turner, the national senior pair title. Ringside regulars recognized Donna as a natural.

Watching these amazing feats was Ice Capades producer, John H. Harris—and at sixteen, Donna signed a long-term Ice Capades contract.

Seven years later, Donna signed another contract with Harris; she's now his wife and the mother of three veterans of the road—four-year-old twin boys and a two-year-old girl—who tour with her forty-seven weeks a year. The rest of the time they vacation at the Harris home in Beverly Hills.

Skating as an entertainment, Donna believes, was growing up in America about when she was; she just happened to hit it right.



Millionaire Mother on Skates (continued)

DURING HER ATLANTIC CITY RUN, Donna rehearses mornings, spends two afternoon hours with the children, usually in the surf. A natural athlete, she is an excellent swimmer, might have excelled in a swimming career. Both her sons have learned to swim, and Cissy has loved the water since she was first introduced to it at six months. After this recreation, Donna rests from three to six o'clock, has an early dinner, and then arrives at the arena at 7:30.



A FAVORITE SPOT for family outings is Atlantic City's boardwalk. Here Donny and Dinny laugh at a joke their father just told, while Cissy wonders what all the shouting is about. The Harrises, a closely knit family, tour together over ten months a year. John loves to play with the children and always makes time for them, despite the pressures involved in producing an ice show that goes to twenty-four cities yearly.



GOING ANYWHERE with their mother is great fun for the children, mainly because Donna is so eager to share her enthusiasms with them. An air bug, Donna learned to fly five years ago and has over thirty hours of solo piloting—but has never had a chance to get her license. “The children started coming along just about then, and that kept me busy. I haven’t had time to fly since.” At the Pittsburgh airport, she and her youngsters inspect some of the planes.

DONNA GIVES A PARTY at least once a year for the other stars’ offspring who travel with the show. The boys pretty well broke up this one, but all the kids had a great time. The Harrises try to keep things as homelike as possible for the entire cast, principally because both of them have such a strong interest in children. Every minute Donna can spare off the ice is spent playing with her own youngsters.

(continued)





DONNA ALWAYS WANTED A CAR like this, but her husband convinced her it was silly, since she couldn't take it on the road (the company travels by special train). But he promised to get her one someday. Last year when she got back home, he gave her the car for her birthday. "Now that you have your new house," he explained, "you need a new car to go with it." The Harrises' house in Beverly Hills was planned around the children's activities.

IT'S A ROUGH MOMENT when Donna has to turn the baby over to her nurse. Once a week, Cissy and the twins go to the matinee, then stay for the evening show. Donna doesn't see how they stand it, but they applaud her wildly.



WITH BOBBY SPECHT. Donna rehearses dialogue for "Wish You Were Here" number. "Ice Capades" is the first ice show to add dialogue to pantomime. The cast rehearses every day of the show's long season.

Millionaire Mother on Skates (continued)

IN THIRTEEN YEARS, Donna Atwood has skated before twenty million people in Europe and the U.S., now considers herself as veteran as she can get. Donna is twenty-nine, weighs 108, is five-feet-three-and-a-half. Her first year on the road, with the thrill of eating in restaurants, she gorged herself, shot up to 125 pounds. New youngsters on the show always do this, she later discovered; old-timers call it baby fat. By second year, everyone usually goes back to normal. In "Ice Capades of 1955," Donna appears in three productions, wears twelve different costumes.

(continued)



Millionaire Mother on Skates *(continued)*



LUNCH IN THE PATIO, home in Beverly Hills, is a hilarious affair, with the twins trying to feed Cissy, who would like to live exclusively on ice cream. The boys favor grilled-cheese sandwiches for every meal, but Donna manages to push a considerable amount of fruit, meat, salad, and milk into all the children. Donna's own diet consists mainly of steak and milk.



"THIS GIRL earned her own mink," says Donna. "I skated miles to pay for it." Donna also travels with about forty pairs of shoes, has a difficult time keeping them from getting mixed up. Visiting London, she ran into the problem of convincing customs officials she wasn't a shoe salesman. She also likes Hattie Carnegie suits and carries ten of them with her. Her hats are Cissy's favorite toys.



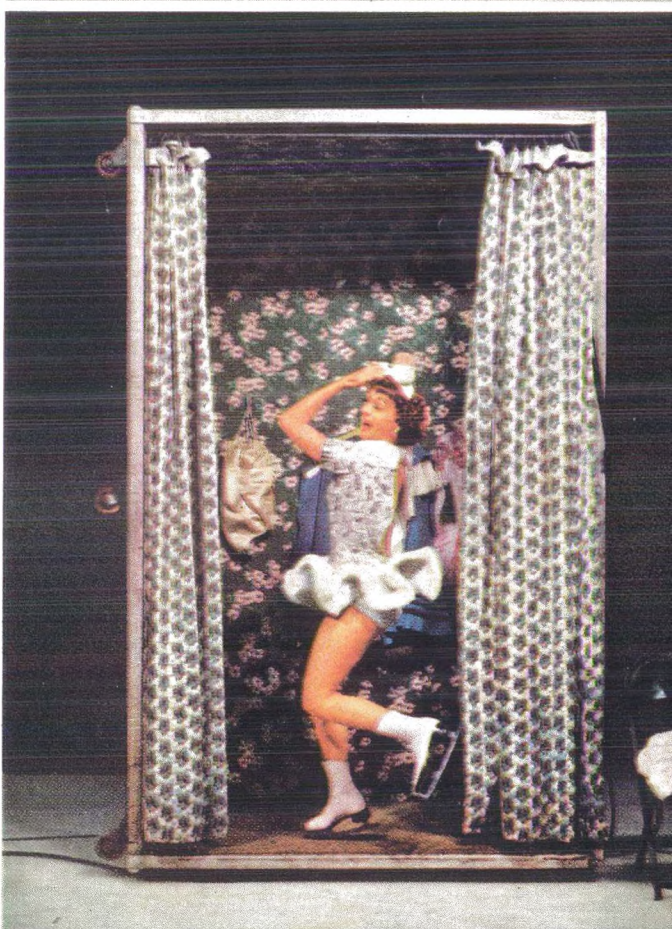
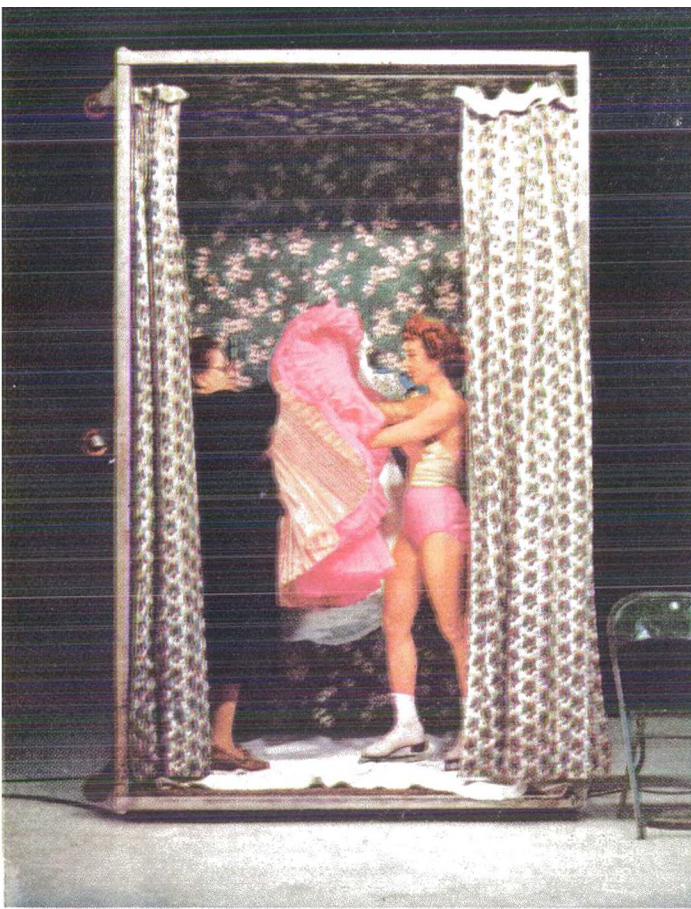
TO MEET WEATHER that varies from an icy 10 below in Boston to sun-suit temperatures of 100 degrees in Atlantic City, Donna has to carry a complete, year-round wardrobe for herself and the children. The kids prefer the cold weather because they associate it with ice and skating. (Below) Dinny and Donny give Mama and Cissy a ride. The boys learned to skate by pushing chairs around on the ice, and now can skate alone. Cissy, a rugged individualist, refuses to push a chair around and will skate with no one but her mother. At the end of Donna's daily rehearsal, the children join her on the ice for a combination lesson and play session.
(continued)



Millionaire Mother on Skates (continued)



DINNY, CISSY, AND DONNY HARRIS took one look at the big poster outside the arena in Atlantic City last summer and yelled, "That's our Mom!" They wanted to take it home with them, had to be separated from it with difficulty. The children were all wearing new clothes since, by the time the ice show reached Atlantic City, they had outgrown their old ones. (Right) Donna's portable dressing room is moved to every city because she has so many costume changes to make, some in only forty seconds. In the pictures at left, she hastily dresses for "Wish You Were Here"; at top right, for her "Ave Maria" solo. In the last picture, she has just jumped into her dressing room and is beginning to take off one of her "American in Paris" outfits. The costumes have tricky zippers so they'll be easy to slip on and off, but the headdresses take precious seconds to secure. **THE END**







THE MAN SHE NEVER KNEW

How do you know how romantic a man is, what passion, what tenderness lie beneath a calm surface? It is a secret kept from everyone — except the one woman who loves him enough to know

BY FAITH BALDWIN ILLUSTRATED BY AUSTIN BRIGGS

Shortly before the sudden death of Jason Thompson, his confidential secretary, Alicia Warren, sat tensely on the edge of a couch in her small apartment and listened to an ultimatum.

The apartment was decorative, as was Alicia. She was a small, sweetly shaped blonde, not beautiful, nor candy-box pretty, but so warm, vibrant, and attractive that you could not convince her

friends—women as well as men—that she was not a runner-up for Helen of Troy. The young man standing beside the mantelpiece on this cool autumn evening was not the only male who was, had been, or would be in love with her. It so happened that he was the only man she'd met so far with whom she had fallen seriously in love.

He said, without dramatics, "Either

you marry me, Alicia, or we stop seeing one another."

Now, consciously relaxing, leaning back against the couch, she said, "All right, Harry—"

He was a tall man, and lean. He had a thin, secretive face, one which was rarely surprised into betraying expression. He was a little white now, his mouth a straight line, his very blue eyes guarded. He said, reasonably, "You're in love with me, yet you won't marry me . . . or at least, you keep putting me off. I don't understand, Alicia."

"I am in love with you, Harry. But you aren't the kind of man I want to marry. I've been hoping that I was mistaken, and that after all you were."

He made a small gesture of impatience, unusual for him.

"Suppose," he suggested, "we analyze this."

"I've tried," she said simply. "I can't."

He said, "You love me, and have told me so. I am not physically repellent to you." He smiled. "I am four years your senior. Our backgrounds are similar. We like the same things, generally speaking; that is, music, books, theatre—although there are variations in our personal selections. We agree that living in the country has advantages which outweigh the disadvantages. There are certain sports which interest us both. On the practical side, while I have not yet met your parents, you believe they would approve of me as mine approve of you. On my next trip to the Coast I had planned to call upon your people, Alicia. I am a little reactionary; I would like to ask for, and obtain, their approval. As far as finances are concerned, I am sufficiently eligible; in addition to my partnership in my father's law firm, I have a small inherited income."

Anger rose within her, reddened her cheeks. She said, "We've gone over all this before," and leaned over to pick up a cigarette. Mechanically, he moved over to her to hold the flame of his lighter to it, and she said, "Thank you," also mechanically. Then she said, "You are so logical, Harry, and so didactic. So," she added half to herself, "like Mr. Thompson."

There. She had said it, and he looked at her in amazement.

"You say that as if it were—an indictment. What's the matter with Jason Thompson?"

"Nothing," Alicia admitted. "He's a fine man, as far as I can determine. Also impersonal, just, and humorless."

"I am like that?"

"Quite often. Not all the time." She thought, *But in a discussion like this he is just, didactic, impersonal, and with-*

out humor. Why isn't he violent? Why doesn't he plead, storm, take me in his arms? But no, he wouldn't—not any more than Mr. Thompson would in the same situation.

He said, "I am trying to be just and impersonal. I love you very much. I want to marry you. Our relationship is unsatisfactory as it stands. A moment ago you complained that I was logical. It isn't easy to be logical about you, Alicia. Still, I must be. I can't continue in this blow-hot, blow-cold atmosphere."

She felt the urge to tears pressing against her throat and back of her eyes. She swallowed hard and said faintly, "That isn't a very—romantic appeal."

Now he sat down on the couch, at the other end. He did not attempt to touch her. He said slowly, "I could, you know, break down your resistance, temporarily. I could reach out for you, Alicia. But I won't. It wouldn't be fair to either of us. By tomorrow night we would be quarreling again." He looked at her directly. "How do you know," he inquired, "how romantic any man is? Or do you judge only by the surface manifestations?" He shrugged his shoulders. "Isn't your attitude somewhat adolescent?" he inquired.

She was twenty-seven years old. For five years—ever since her parents had retired to California—she had been wholly on her own. She was moderately realistic, she told herself. Of course she dreamed; what girl did not? Naturally, she was moved by the verities, tenderness, the excitement of love, the world about her, people, ideas. But to be called adolescent!

She said hotly, "Is it adolescent to want more than you, apparently, are capable of giving me?"

"How do you know what I'm capable of giving?" he demanded.

She felt her mouth tremble a little, and steadied it. After a while she said bluntly, "You could become like Jason Thompson."

His face was blank. Then he laughed. "That's a reason?"

"Yes."

He said, "You don't mean that as flattery, yet it is. I would give my right arm to be like Thompson."

"That's what I thought," she said.

"And you don't like it—or him? Yet," he said, puzzled, "you are in love with me."

"Physically," she said, "from the first moment. And I admire you and respect you, just as I admire and respect Mr. Thompson." She looked up with some defiance. "A great many secretaries would like to marry the boss, or someone like him. The last man I want to marry is anyone like Jason Thompson."

And you are like him, Harry; you even have the same sort of concentrated, consecrated drive in your work, although you're a lawyer and he's a writer. It frightens me," she said, low.

He said, after a minute, "All right, Alicia. If you change your mind, you know where to find me. I don't fall in love easily."

She said, with the spark of anger which had sustained her during the past minutes, "You'll get over it, Harry."

"I daresay," he agreed casually. "People usually do. But it will take a long time."

He rose and moved to stand over her. Looking down, he said, "I love you, Alicia."

The door closed presently. Alicia put her hands over her face. After a moment she began to cry. . . .

In the office next day, Mr. Jason Thompson spoke to his secretary with his habitual impersonal concern. He asked, "Is something troubling you, Miss Warren?"

He noticed when she had a cold or a headache, or when she seemed depressed. He noticed these small matters whether the person was Alicia or the elevator man. He was kind and cool; he learned what the difficulty was, and, if he could assist in any way, he did so in the interest of efficiency. If he couldn't, he let it go at that.

For the first time in the six years of their association Alicia permitted herself an informality. She answered truthfully, "My—I suppose you'd say—young man and I have come to the parting of the ways."

Mr. Thompson smiled slightly. He said, "You mean young Haines? I'm sorry. I like the little I have seen of him. A pleasant, clever young man. I know his father, as it happens. A sound man, Haines. I judge his son to be, as the cliché goes, a chip off the old block. But at your age, Miss Warren, a parting of the ways need not be a tragedy . . . nor," he added, "permanent, at any age."

She said, "I'm sorry to have intruded my personal upsets, Mr. Thompson. And I'll be all right." She smiled, fleetingly, and looked at the desk clock. "It is almost time for lunch," she told him.

Thompson was a man of unvarying habit. He belonged to one good and, Alicia imagined, stuffy club. He walked there for lunch, leaving the small office at twelve-fifteen promptly. He walked back, arriving at two. He walked to work—to and from his house in the East Sixties in any weather. He dined at sixty-three sharp when he was in town and at home. When he went on trips, he flew, leaving minutely detailed instructions as to where he could be reached.

He was a free-lance writer of analytical political articles for certain magazines and for years had written a daily column for a conservative metropolitan newspaper. The column was syndicated. Now and then he lectured in various parts of the country. He was considered the dean of all the men in his profession.

Alicia lunched alone. She had a good many friends but today was not in the mood for companionship, male or female. She had, this morning, accepted a dinner invitation from a personable young man. He was in advertising, and the dynamic, ulcer type. She had known and liked him for some years. He had called her at the apartment, early, as Mr. Thompson did not encourage personal calls at the office.

"I haven't seen you around," said the caller. "Are you still too involved with young Abraham Lincoln to have dinner with me tonight? I just got back to town; I've been in Hollywood. It's dying on the vine but still fabulous. Want to hear about it, or are you, as has been rumored, out of circulation?"

She'd like to hear. Jim would take her to an elegant saloon for dinner, to a more elegant one later for dancing. No, she said, she was not involved, nor out of circulation, and, much as it hurt her vanity, she was free that evening.

During her meal, Alicia wondered with whom Jason was lunching, if anyone. He had no professional appointment, she knew. She kept his appointment book and also his checkbook. That was part of her job. Thompson did not sign his checks. After the first few months, he had given her power of attorney. She paid all his bills, his servants—a good elderly couple—his taxes, and allocated his budgeted charities. There was nothing she did not know about his finances. He earned a good deal, and—like Harry—also had an inherited income. Alicia did not know whether this was from his parents or his late wife.

She thought about her employer because she did not wish to think of Harry Haines. She thought of his appearance, so unlike Harry's. Thompson was of medium height, always meticulously dressed. He had a shock of white hair and the only cold-brown eyes she had ever seen. He wore a small mustache, which hid his mouth. He had fine hands and teeth and a spare figure. His daily exercise and caution in eating and drinking took care of that.

He took a month off in the summer, and during that month Alicia was also on vacation. He went to a place in the mountains, where, he told her, he had gone for many years. He did not actively engage in any sport and was, she thought, wholly uninterested even as a spectator.

He read a great deal, rarely fiction. He enjoyed radio, opera, concerts, but abhorred television and ballet and rarely went to the movies.

She shivered. She could no more live in intimacy with a man like Jason Thompson than she could have lived with his antithesis, a gross, vulgar man. She would dry up; she would freeze to death once the early years had passed. She thought of children. She liked children, and she and Harry had discussed the possibility of having them. He had advocated a careful, planned interval before the first "so that we will have time together," and between the first and the second. Three children, he had said, four at the most. It hadn't been her idea. She wanted children, but not planned like a travel-agency trip to Europe.

Walking back to the office, Alicia was conscious of the emptiness within herself which had nothing to do with lunch. She felt suspended in a vacuum. She thought, *I could call Harry before Mr. T. gets back.*

No. What was there to say? Only one statement would bring him to the apartment tonight—and cancel her engagement with Jim. "I've changed my mind." But she had not, and would not, despite the emptiness, the longing, the surge of conflicting and fatiguing emotions.

A week later, Mr. Thompson, returning from a trip to Washington, did something unusual. He complained of not feeling up to par. He rarely mentioned anything as personal as his state of health to his confidential secretary. On that day, he walked home forty minutes earlier than was his custom; and during that night, in his sleep, he died.

Upon hearing the news, it was impossible not to feel extreme shock. *To die alone, Alicia thought, how terrible, how sad!*

His housekeeper, Mrs. Lane, tearfully telephoned her. And Alicia, stunned, called Mr. Dixon, the banker, at the pre-breakfast hour.

He said, "Mrs. Lane called me." He added, in a bewildered sort of way. "And yet, I can't believe it. . . ."

Alicia said, "I can't either."

Dixon said, "You knew he had no relatives? I have just talked with Evan Penfold. . . . I'm afraid a great deal will devolve upon you, Miss Warren. . . . the notices to the papers, the biography. . . . I'll meet you at the office at nine-thirty, if that is agreeable to you, and we will discuss this further." He added, again, "I can't believe it," and then, "I am aware that this must be a great shock, Miss Warren. You—we all—will miss him so much."

Yes, you missed a man, whether or not you had been close to or fond of him.

When she went into the office at nine o'clock and looked around, it seemed another place. Something had gone from it, an atmosphere perhaps. She went to Thompson's desk and looked at it. It was big and orderly. There were no pictures on it, and on the walls of his private office, only one painting, that of unidentified mountains.

When Mr. Dixon arrived, it was with the lawyer Evan Penfold. He motioned to the private office, and Alicia went in, followed by the two men. Mr. Penfold took a legal document from his brief case. He said, "This is Mr. Thompson's will." He glanced at Alicia. He added, "The contents may come as a surprise to you."

They did.

Alicia and Dixon had been made executors. In reference to Alicia, Mr. Thompson had made the usual alternate provisions in case she were, as the term goes, "incapable," or did not wish to undertake the task. He had added, "However, as there is no one who understands my affairs as intimately as Alicia G. Warren, I hope she will consent to my request."

In addition, "in consideration of her competent, faithful services during the last six years," he had left her twenty-five thousand dollars, tax free.

She found it difficult to speak. She stammered something, anything. It was not the sum of money; it was the fact that he had thought of her.

There were many bequests: to Penfold, to Dixon, to a woman named Mrs. Mary Allen, resident in Florida—this was a considerable sum, something over thirty thousand—to charities, and to the church he attended. He had left his housekeeper and her husband a generous annuity, and sums in varying amounts to the people who had served him in the office building. And also "to my late wife's niece, Frances Lord of Brookdale, New York, the sum of fifty thousand dollars, her aunt's jewelry now in my safe-deposit box, and in trust for her children, the residue of the estate."

Alicia had never heard of Mary Allen; she had known of Mrs. Lord, for Jason Thompson had written her pleasant prosy letters regularly once a week. They were answered, Alicia assumed, but the replies must have gone to the house; she had never seen them; he did not bring Mrs. Lord's letters to the office, merely dictated the replies.

Late in the morning it was agreed that Mr. Penfold and Mr. Dixon would make the funeral arrangements, as clearly stipulated in the will, the services to be held at the church of which Mr. Thompson was a member, and burial with his wife in the plot he owned in Westchester.

It was also agreed that Alicia should

undertake the business of going through his personal papers. She had the combination of the office safe. At the proper time, she and Mr. Dixon would present themselves at the bank for the opening of the safe-deposit box. The executors had been instructed to sell the stock contained therein.

Later, after talking to the newspaper people and supplying the bones of biography—birthplace, schooling, marriage, the date of his wife's death, achievements, memberships, and the like—and finding a picture taken ten years ago and thinking that he had changed very little, Alicia, exhausted, taxied home.

Harry phoned half an hour later. He said he'd called her earlier. There was no answer, and so he'd called the office just now. News of Thompson's death had been on the radio, of course.

"I'm sorry," he said heavily. "Alicia, is there anything I can do?"

"Nothing," she said, and thanked him.

"The services are private?"

"Yes, he wanted it that way; just a very few people."

There was a silence. She had an overwhelming desire to weep, to implore him to come immediately. But that was because of shock, fatigue, and because she had heard his voice—he had one of the pleasantest voices she had ever heard, very much like Jason Thompson's, she thought.

She said, "Thank you, Harry," and hung up.

Alicia was very busy for the next few days. When she went to the house, Mrs. Lane fussed over her, and brought her tea in the library. Alicia had often been in the library, a quiet room, with many books. The only picture she had ever seen of Mrs. Thompson hung there. It was a portrait of a pretty young woman, with a radiance of expression caught—or manufactured—by an excellent artist.

Thompson's library desk, where he worked alone at night, was uncluttered. There were no letters in it; there was nothing but stationery, checkbooks, and in a filing section of the desk, canceled checks.

Alicia looked at these and the checkbooks in astonishment. This was not the bank at which he kept what she had believed were his only accounts, a current account, a special account for taxes, another for gifts. She thought incredulously. *But what did he deposit?*

Plenty, according to the yellow statements, also neatly filed. And then she recalled what she considered Thompson's sole and inexplicable eccentricity, the withdrawal of rather large sums of cash monthly from the other bank.

She began looking through the checks. The name of Mary Allen was constantly

on these. Here were six years of checkbooks and canceled checks. She began to search methodically. Every month for six years—and how many more?—he had sent this woman a check for a considerable sum.

What occurred to her was natural enough, yet she could not bring herself to believe it. Since his wife's death? Perhaps before his wife's death. Yet the woman lived in Florida, and Jason had never, to Alicia's knowledge, been to Florida. But why not? He went off occasionally on unexplained travels and lecture trips. There are planes to Florida.

She thought, *How little we know anyone*. She was amazed to discern within herself the stirring of distaste, disappointment, as though this man had failed, even hurt, her.

All the checks she found were made out to people of whom she had never heard. No, that wasn't true. William Jones. He was the older of the daytime elevator men. Five hundred, one check read. And another, drawn three years ago, for three hundred.

Sometimes there was a little pencil mark on a check, and underneath it the word, "Paid," also in pencil.

She experienced a mounting excitement and pulled out the checkbook for that year to see whether some pattern would emerge. The checks—sometimes to men, sometimes to women—varied in amounts from one hundred to a thousand dollars or more. They had been loans, she deduced, or why would they have that notation? In every instance she found the matching deposit. She thought, *Thousands of dollars, lent to people I have never heard of!*

She thought of his gifts to organized charities, ranging from five to one hundred dollars, never less nor more. Each year a certain sum was deposited in the gift account. It covered charity, Christmas largesse, the sending of flowers and such to occasional hostesses, the meticulous remembrance of a few birthdays, of Mrs. Lord and her family. It varied very little.

Now she stared down at the checkbook. She thought, *But why?*

The answer came, unbidden. He had not let his left hand know what his right hand was doing.

All very well, but what about Mary Allen?

She had a letter from her, a day or so later.

"Dear Miss Warren," wrote Mrs. Allen, "I have heard from Jason Thompson's lawyer and have written him, but I want to write you, too. Jason often spoke to me about you. He said you were such a fine girl; he liked you very much. Perhaps you don't remember writing to me

for him, a couple of years ago, when he had bursitis and could not write himself. It was when my son was in an accident. I have two children, a boy and a girl. My husband was a newspaperman; he and Jason worked together for some time, though Peter was much younger. He died of pneumonia ten years ago. In a way, he sort of left us to Jason. I saw a good deal of Jason and Frances when I was first married. And after Peter died, Jason came to see us every year.

"There wasn't much money, just a little insurance; Peter was never a money-maker nor a saver. I went to work, of course, but it didn't quite cover. Because of Jason, I am able to own this little house and have put the children through college. He was the kindest, most understanding man I've ever known. I know how fond he was of Peter, and also of me. It was not easy to accept so much, yet I would have hurt him greatly if I hadn't. In a way we were all the family he had after Frances died—except for her niece.

"I shall miss him terribly. I wish you would write to me now and then; in a way it would be as though I were still in touch. There is no one else to whom I can write and say how grateful we are and always have been and how much we loved him. . . ."

Alicia put the letter aside. She would keep it, she decided, in case either Dixon or Penfold said anything. But they wouldn't, she thought humbly; perhaps they knew him. *I didn't*, she told herself. *I'm just learning to. . . .*

She went on learning in the days that followed: William Jones, for instance, with the tears streaming down his dark face, stood beside her desk at the office. He said, "If it wasn't for Mr. Thompson, my wife would have died—and that other time when we stood to lose the house."

Gifts. Loans. The letters poured in: "I don't know who I should write to now. But it was in the newspaper about your being at the funeral and his secretary." Or "Mr. Thompson spoke to me about you" or "Once you wrote me when Mr. Thompson was sick."

All these people, from every station in life, men, women, old, and young whom he had helped, not only with money!

"If it hadn't been for Jason Thompson," wrote a young man whose first novel had been an enormous success, "I wouldn't have had the guts to quit a job I hated and stake myself, with my savings, and write. I used to go to see him at his home. He was very patient with me. I took up a lot of his time. He said, 'Unless you are happy in your work, it's no good. If you don't take a gamble when you are young, you never will.'"

She went with the lawyer and the



She knelt and watched the love letters burn. "Forgive me," she murmured, "and bless you for showing me the way."

banker to open the safe-deposit box. A man, present in the interests of the State, listed for evaluation the stocks and bonds—these, in considerable amount—and the velvet cases containing Mrs. Thompson's jewelry—not much, but lovely—pearls, some beautiful antique pieces, her emerald engagement ring, and other pieces destined for Mrs. Lord. There were also letters—from Frances, his wife.

These were given to Alicia to examine and dispose of as she saw fit. She took them home with her and read them after she had had her dinner alone in the quiet apartment on a very cold night.

Alicia read several; she could not help herself. Who starts to examine the record of a happy marriage and then lays it aside after the first few notations?

There were not many letters, for during their marriage they had not often been separated. But, when he had been away without her or she without him, she had written.

"My darling," she wrote, "this is the loneliest place this side of the grave. I miss you desperately. I keep telling you so, and in your last letter you wondered why. You said, 'Are you really content to sit with me nights, while I read or work, while you read or sew? I hardly speak to you.'

"You never have to. It is all there between us, always.

"I hate being away from you, except for one factor. When I am away, you write me, and you say, when you write, more than you ever speak. Perhaps because you are trained in the written word. But then you have always been so shy. It was I, remember, who proposed. It was I who first said I love you. If I live to be ninety, I shall never forget your expression. I was scared to death, but it

had to be said, even if you turned and ran or threw yourself off the mountain! You have never teased me about this. I am the one who reminds you of it on anniversaries and in between. Sometimes I think, *Suppose I hadn't said it, would he have, ever?* It gives me the shivers, although you have assured me you would have.

"People who know us think it odd we go nowhere but New Hampshire, summers. Sometimes my friends say, 'But you never go anywhere.' I can never explain that we don't want to go to strange places. We simply want to be undistracted and together. As for New Hampshire, who would believe that we annually recapture the magic of that first summer?"

Another letter said, in part:

"I have been talking to Letty. She is awfully ill, darling. I feel in my heart that she cannot live—nor do I wish her to—in such pain. I have said we will look after little Frances. . . . I would like to bring her into our home to become the child we so wanted and never had, but it is not possible. Little as I like her father, he has the prior claim and he does love her so much, and is, I daresay, capable of bringing her up, with his mother's help. Today Letty could talk, and one thing she said was, 'I have so envied you and Jason—you have such flawless happiness, yet I cautioned you against marrying him; you are so unlike.'

"Very much so, of course. I am like a brook, Jason, running through sun and shade, volatile, chattering, mostly a little shallow. But there are private, deep places. And you are like the pool in our mountains where we have so often picnicked. No one, they say, has measured its depth. It is in the shade, quiet, and nothing disturbs the surface. I am all

emotion, easily expressed, and you are very still, and there is hardly a ripple even when someone throws a stone. But I flow into you, Jason . . . and we are one. I love you so much. For all you cannot say, I know. Without the knowledge I would perish, but it is always with me. I carry it in my heart. It keeps me unfailingly happy, in my body and mind, in my heart and spirit. I sometimes hear people talk of you, always with respect, usually with admiration, but so hopelessly deceived in other matters that I laugh to myself. I think, *This is a man you do not know. But I know him.*"

Alicia rose, took the letters to the fireplace, knelt, and touched a match to them. She watched words she had read and those she had not curl into black tendrils, fall to ash. She stayed on her knees and the tears streamed down her face. She thought, *Forgive me for reading as much as I did, and bless you for showing me the way.* She also thought, *Just forgive me.*

After a long time, she rose and went to the telephone. With her hand on the instrument she thought, *Perhaps he isn't much like Jason Thompson, perhaps just a little. Little or much, I could learn to know and understand him as Frances instinctively knew her man.*

"Harry?" she said. "I know it's late, but could you come over? I've changed my mind. I've listened to my heart. I love you, darling. I'll marry you tomorrow."

She was crying when she hung up; she was also laughing. For he had said, "It takes a little longer than that." But his voice had broken with love and with happiness.

Alicia said aloud, "Thank you both, wherever you are, and wherever that is, I am sure you are together." THE END



Don't Leave Me Alone

Throughout this long, agonizing night, he watched a man crossing through hell—and no matter that it cost him his own happiness, he had to help this man reach the other side

BY MATT TAYLOR ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN FERNIE

He walked the length of the platform to the head car and found his accustomed seat. The car was already half-filled—the commuting fraternity was homeward bound for its weekend in suburbia. Bruce Trainor had at least a nodding acquaintance with a great many of them, but the evening ride was to him no social occasion.

It was a forty-five-minute ride to Harrison, and Trainor had been making it

every working day for six years. For the last three of these, following the sudden death of his young wife in an auto accident, there had been no logical reason for him to continue in the seven-room house in the sedate suburb, which he had bought when he married. But he had stayed on, living alone, with a housekeeper to come in and cook his dinners.

It had been, at first, a matter of memories, a reluctance to leave the house that

Anne had lived through it before—the horror and pity of his drunkenness. But with her new plan, she need never face it again.



had sheltered him through three such happy years. But only at first. For the past two years it had no longer been a treasuring of the past that kept him a solitary householder in a village of young and growing families. Now it was hope for the future—a need to be near the woman with whom he had fallen in love and whom he hoped to marry.

He packed his pipe and spread his newspaper. He had his routine. When he finished his pipe and the news, he would turn to the crossword. He would no more than glance at his seat mate, no matter who he was, and never, if he could help it, talk with him. It was his commuter's code of privacy.

"May I share this with you, Bruce?"

Trainor looked up. Frank McKensie was standing in the aisle beside him. McKensie was tall and sandy-haired, a man in his early thirties, as was Trainor. His eyes stayed on Trainor with a peculiar intensity. Trainor had known him for three years, but the two were not firm friends. He often met McKensie and his attractive wife, Anne, at social affairs at the golf club, and he and Anne McKensie were active in the town's Theatre Group. He had also, on occasion, visited the McKensie home for dinner and cocktails and bridge. But he did not particularly like Frank McKensie. There was an odd reserve about him that no one could penetrate. It seemed a shield for some deep-rooted and unexplained resentment.

McKensie waited. There was, of course, nothing Trainor could do. "Sit down, Frank," he said. "Glad to have you." And he turned to his paper again.

The train pulled out of the station. Trainor could not be unaware of the sharp, nervous movements of the man beside him, nor of the quickness of his breathing.

"Bruce?"

Trainor did not turn. "Yes?"

"I've got to talk, Bruce. Do you mind very much?"

Trainor looked at him then, and noticed his flushed cheeks, the tightness of his lips, and the fear in his eyes. "Is something wrong?" he asked.

"Something may be terribly wrong soon," McKensie said.

Reluctantly, Trainor put aside his paper. "If there's anything I can do—"

"I'm frightened!" McKensie said tensely. "I'm scared to death, Bruce."

Trainor stared at him. McKensie put his two hands over his face, his fingers pressing hard into his forehead until the knuckles showed white. He moaned softly. Trainor stirred uncomfortably. He wished McKensie had found some other seat and some other friend.

"Anne's not home," McKensie went on, his voice muffled behind his hands. "Her sister in Florida has a new baby. Anne

is going to stay with her for another two weeks. That's what makes it so dangerous. I'll be alone in that house."

Trainor studied him carefully. "If you feel you're going to be sick—"

"I'm already sick," McKensie broke in. He still talked through his hands. "It's a horrible sickness, Bruce." He lowered his hands then and turned to Trainor, and there was a terror in his eyes such as Trainor had not seen since his combat days in the war. "Just before I got on this train," McKensie went on slowly, "I had two drinks."

Trainor frowned. He remembered he had never seen McKensie take a drink either at the club or at his home.

"After all this time!" McKensie said. "I must be crazy! I don't know why I did it. I'd sold this man a large policy, and he wanted to buy me a drink. So I had two. And now it's started. That fire's burning inside me again." He shook his head. "People like you can't know what it's like."

"How long has it been?"

"Five years. It was before we moved to Harrison. We've never talked about it. It was all behind us. It was finished and done with. I had it licked. I was just a man who never took a drink. There was no need to explain why."

"Was it bad that first time?"

McKensie's face twisted. "As bad as anything you've ever heard or read. It got so I was having a water glassful before breakfast. I had built up my own small business in New Jersey. It went, of course. And Anne's money went with it. But worst of all was what I did to Anne. The way I hurt and humiliated her." His voice became a whisper. "There were times when I struck her," he said.

Anger showed in Trainor's eyes. "But she stayed with you?"

"She stayed. She was wonderful. And now, when she's so confident and sure of me, if it's starting again—if I do it to her a second time—"

"You can't!" Trainor broke in.

"Can't I? You don't know. You don't know what the fire's like." He put his hand on Trainor's arm. "You've been to my home. You know I have that cabinet in the living room. I keep it well stocked. Anne and I entertain a lot. We always serve drinks to our friends." His hold on Trainor's arm tightened. "I'll be there alone tonight," he said. "If I don't stay away from that liquor cabinet—"

"You've got to make yourself stay away from it!" Trainor said angrily.

"Bruce, come home with me!" McKensie said, and his voice trembled with urgency. "You're free. You have no one waiting for you. No one to explain to."

"But I don't know how to help," Trainor protested. "I've never—"

"Just being with me will help," McKensie

said. "Just talking to me." He watched Trainor frown and shake his head. "If I can only see it through tonight, I think I'll be all right tomorrow." His voice rose pleadingly. "I can make it, Bruce, if you'll help me. I've made it for five years, until today."

Trainor sat thinking for a long time. Then he said, "I have my car parked at the station. We'll go in that."

"And you'll stay with me?" McKensie asked eagerly. "All night, if you have to?"

"I'll stay with you."

They finished the train ride without speaking. At the Harrison station, McKensie, with Trainor close behind him, was the first off the train.

Trainor drove to McKensie's home and parked in the drive. He followed McKensie into the house, and McKensie switched on the hall light and then the light in the living room. Trainor saw his glance go swiftly to the cabinet in the corner.

"Is there a lock on that thing?"

"I've never needed a lock," McKensie said. "Not until tonight."

"I can pour the stuff down the drain if that'll end it."

"It wouldn't end it," McKensie said. "It's no good that way. It has to be there where I'm free to get it. I've got to lick it that way. If I don't, it'll be the same in the morning."

"Is there food in the house?" Trainor asked.

"There's cold meat in the refrigerator. You eat it, Bruce. I can't."

"You need some dinner."

"I'd choke on it."

"Coffee, then," Trainor said. "Come with me."

They went together to the kitchen. Trainor took the cold beef from the refrigerator. He prepared the coffee and put it on the stove. McKensie sat at the table in the dining alcove. He put his elbows on it and rested his head in his cupped hands. The coffee bubbled in the percolator. There was no other sound.

"Please don't leave me alone, Bruce."

"You have my word."

"You don't know what it's like."

"I'm learning."

"If you knew, you'd understand. You wouldn't leave me."

"I promise you, I won't."

"It's on account of Anne mostly. I used to hate myself so afterwards. She mustn't go through it again."

"I know," Trainor said.

McKensie drank three cups of black coffee. They went back to the living room. McKensie sat facing the cabinet. His eyes stayed on it fixedly.

"How about a shower and then bed?"

McKensie laughed harshly. "Bed, Bruce?" he said. "The way I am now nothing on earth could keep me in a bed."

Trainor pointed to the record player.

"Shall we have some music?" he asked. "Talk's better, if you don't mind." McKensie smiled feebly. "Tell me what it was like with you in college. What you did in the war. Tell me anything at all."

Trainor talked. He went back to his growing up in Boston, to the half-forgotten incidents and family jokes of his childhood. To his years in college and his football injury. McKensie sat motionless, leaning forward in his chair. Occasionally he stood up quickly and paced the room.

"You're not listening," Trainor said. "I'm trying to. It's hard."

"Perhaps if you talked yourself—"

"I can't. I can't even pray when it's like this. Please talk some more, Bruce."

Trainor went on. About the war. His early flight training. His getting his wings in Texas. "I flew my first mission over Frankfurt," he said. "We took off at dawn. I—"

McKensie, standing with his back toward Trainor now, wheeled around. His eyes were wide and staring. "It's no use!" he cried. "I can't stand it! God, what'll I do?"

"Sit down in that chair!" Trainor said firmly.

"Could we take a long walk?" McKensie asked. "That used to help sometimes."

They went out of the house. The night was starlit and the air crisp. McKensie set the pace, and it was a fast one.

In an hour, they returned to the house. In the living room, Trainor turned on the radio. The midnight tone signal sounded.

"Ready for sleep now?" Trainor asked.

"I'd go crazy lying there."

"Isn't it getting any better?"

"It's getting worse." McKensie turned away abruptly. "I'll make more coffee." McKensie was gone a long time. When he came back, he stood for a moment in the doorway. He had torn open his shirt collar. His hand was at his throat, and the look in his eyes was that of a man half-crazed with delirium. He started forward toward the cabinet.

Trainor sprang to his feet and stood in front of him.

"Get out of my way!"

"Easy, Frank."

"I've got to have it!"

"No."

"Just one."

"One means a hundred."

"Get away! If you don't, I'll—" McKensie moved forward, his arms raised, his fingers trembling and clutching.

Trainor stepped to one side. His blow was swift and direct to the face. McKensie staggered back and fell. He lay on the floor a moment, then rolled over. He pushed himself to his knees and arose unsteadily to his feet.

Blood trickled from his cut lip as he

stood before Trainor. He was crying now. The blow had calmed momentarily the fever that was raging in him. He wiped his eyes with the backs of his hands. "Thanks for that, Bruce," he whispered. A sob tore from him. "But it wasn't good enough. I—I think you'll have to knock me out. Will you, please, Bruce? Please knock me out!"

Trainor drew back his arm. The blow was true. McKensie dropped unconscious to the floor, and Trainor dragged him to the couch and lifted him to it.

It was ten minutes before McKensie's low moans and twisting movements told Trainor he was conscious again. After three hours, the sobbing ceased, and in its place came the rhythmic breathing of a man sleeping heavily.

Trainor arose wearily and walked to the radio. It was announcing four o'clock when he snapped it off. He went back to the chair, dropped into it, and immediately fell asleep.

When he awoke, warm sunlight was flooding the room. The smell of coffee reached him. He went to the kitchen, and McKensie, at the gas range, turned and smiled at him.

"Coffee in a minute," McKensie said.

"You all right?"

"I'll be fine now." McKensie said.

"Then I can leave you?"

"The fire's almost gone," McKensie said. "I'll get through the day. And tomorrow I'll make a new resolve and get through another twenty-four hours. That's how we have to do it, you know. One day at a time. Every day a battle until the war is won."

Trainor nodded. "I won't wait for coffee," he said. "I'll be on my way. There's something I have to do."

"I'm going to tell Anne everything," McKensie said. "I want her to know. She'll want to thank you."

"That won't be necessary."

"Don't despise me, Bruce."

Trainor smiled. "I think," he said, "I admire you very much. Good luck for another five years."

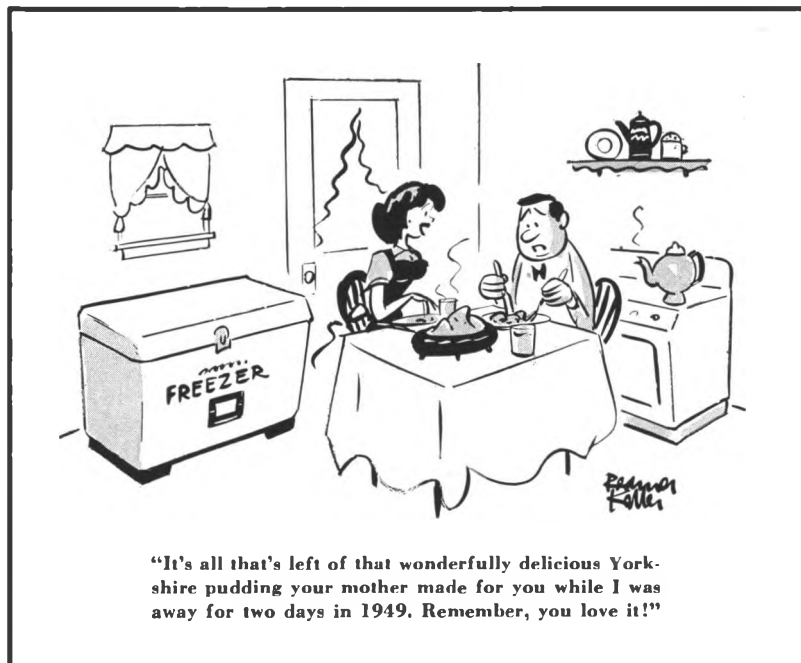
"For the rest of my life," McKensie said, "with Anne's help."

They shook hands and Trainor left and went out to his car. It was Saturday and he could go home and finish his sleep. But one thing he had to do first: he had to write and mail a letter.

A letter to Anne McKensie at her sister's home in Florida. He would tell her the decision he had asked her to make was no longer pending. She must forget there was such a man as Bruce Trainor, who had fallen in love with her and had pleaded with her to divorce her husband—a husband who still needed her to save himself from destruction, a husband whom she had loved so completely once and would again when she learned how deep was his need of her.

He wrote the letter carefully and read it over three times. It was his good-by. He would not see Anne McKensie again. Before she returned, he would have moved to the city and offered his suburban home for sale. And Anne, when her husband has told her of the night just past, would want it that way.

THE END



If You Don't Earn Enough Money ...

The chances are good that a switch to a new field of work will help you develop latent talents and send your income zooming. Here is what happened to Bert Palo, when, at forty-three, he threw over his safe \$4,200-a-year job and set out to make a better living for his family. The amazing result—a \$35,000 income in the first nine months on his new job. This is how he did it.

BY JOHN BROOKS

If, during the summer of 1953 you had gone to the little town of South River, New Jersey, a few miles south of New Brunswick, to see Umberto A. Palo, you would have found him a stocky, forthright, amiable man of forty-three, living with his attractive wife, Ann, and his towheaded one-year-old son, Ralphie, in a modest six-room frame house on a pleasant, if unpretentious, street. More likely than not, you would have found him a man with a harried look that comes from incessant worry—most of it the result of the fact that after twenty years of teaching school, Umberto Palo was earning only \$4,200 a year.

If you had visited the same family toward the end of 1954, you would have found the picture quite different. You would have found Bert Palo full of smiles and self-confidence, and the drawn lines gone from Ann's brow. You would have been talking to a man who had earned, in commissions and expected commissions, about \$35,000 in nine months, and who was virtually assured of earning even more in the future. Incredible as it seems, you would have been talking to the leading salesman in the seventy-nine-year history of the second largest insurance company in the world.

Bert Palo joined the sales force of the New Brunswick division, Trenton agency, of the Prudential Insurance Company of America, on October 1, 1953—scarcely an event to cause cheering and celebrations in the company's executive offices in Newark. The new man was not young,

He did not have big contacts; practically everyone he knew lived in and around small, and far from wealthy, South River, a "payroll" town with a population of 11,000. Yet in his first three months on the job, Palo sold insurance policies—the majority of them for Ordinary Life, and nearly all to persons with annual incomes of between \$6,000 and \$8,000—having a face value of over \$500,000. This was more insurance than a single one of Prudential's other 22,000 salesmen, many of whom have devoted their working lives to the business for more than a quarter of a century, sold during the same period.

Palo Sets All-time Record

Palo was only warming up, however. During the company's annual special May drive, he sold another million dollars' worth of policies in five weeks. No Prudential man had ever come close to such a pace. On July 1, when Palo had been with Prudential for nine months, Newark executives took a deep breath and fed Palo's sales figures into an adding machine. They came to \$2,560,000!

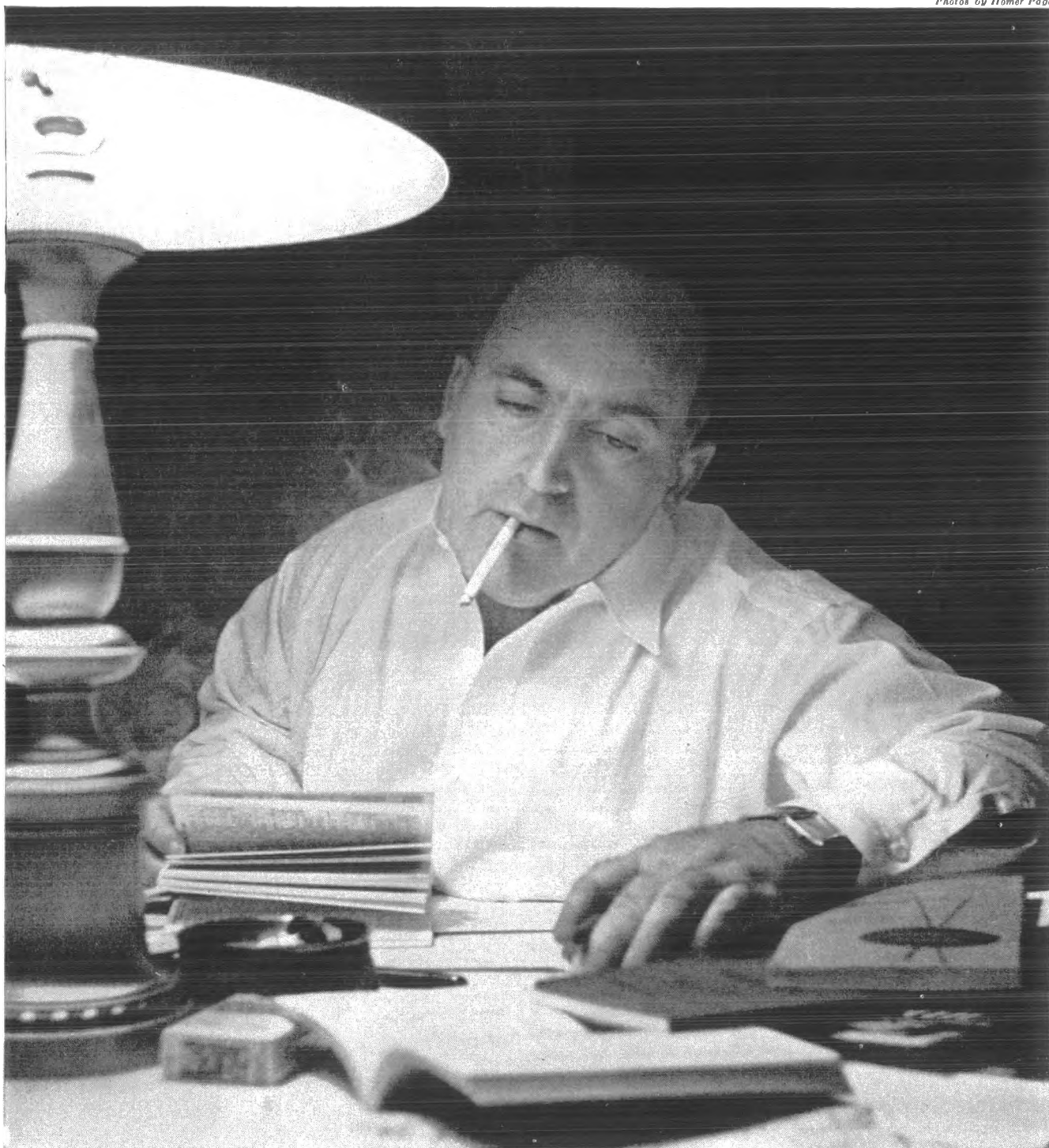
How did this hard-pressed family man in his forties so suddenly and dramatically climb out of his impecunious rut and rise to such heights? To get the answer, I found when I visited the Palos last autumn, one must go back to his earlier life, and, especially, to the story of his marriage. He was born in The Bronx, of Italian parentage, in 1909. Five years later, his father, a tailor, moved the family to Perth Amboy, New Jersey,

where Bert went to school. Born with a slightly withered right arm, Bert was seventeen when his father gave him a piece of advice he has never forgotten. "I was going away to college, to Ohio University," he says, "and my father took me aside one day. I can remember exactly how he said it in his broken English, heavy with an Italian accent. 'Bert,' he said, 'there's one thing you've got to remember. You can never make your living with your hands the way I do. You've got to make it with your brains.'" Bert Palo today is a rugged character if there ever was one, but when he speaks of this episode, he gets tears in his eyes.

During his first year at Ohio, Bert ignored the advice; he went out for freshman football, and did passably well. Gradually, his father's words began to strike home. In his sophomore year he dropped football and became a diligent student. He made Phi Beta Kappa in his junior year, and got his B.A. degree in political science in 1931. Like so many striking successes in later life, he was a nonfraternity man. At college he headed the Men's Union, a nonfraternity men's club; in this capacity he was responsible for organizing dances, and he can claim the distinction of having been the first impresario ever to hire a band led by an up-and-coming Ohio University classmate, Sammy Kaye.

In 1932, armed with an M.A., Palo came home to Perth Amboy. The Depression was at its nadir. At first, he worked in the government-relief office. Then he

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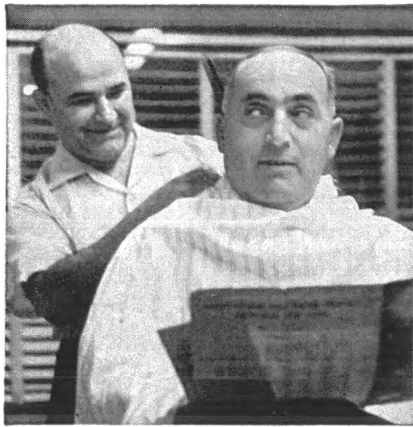


EARLY MORNING HOURS, Bert Palo works hard in the dining room of his sleeping household in South River, New Jersey. A year ago, Palo knew nothing about insurance, worked just as hard, often taking part-time jobs, but still had serious money worries. He knew, too, that he would never be able to provide for young son Ralphie's college education. Now known in insurance circles as a "millionaire"—a man who has topped the million-dollar mark in policies sold during a given year—Palo is determined to assure himself a lifetime five-figure yearly income. Not a smooth-as-silk salesman who goes after tycoons. Palo sells insurance to clients whose average income is between \$6,000 and \$8,000. He frequently stays half the night with a client, but will be at his office at nine o'clock in the morning. For the first time, Bert Palo and his wife, Ann, are enjoying the sensation of having money to spend, but so far they have merely replaced a worn-out refrigerator and sewing machine. A primary relief to them is knowing the next medical bill will not mean borrowing money.

He sold insurance where few thought of

got a job teaching English to immigrants in night school, where he met and fell in love with Ann Herman, a pert brunette who had come from Austria three years earlier.

But Bert couldn't afford to marry Ann. She went to work as a sewing-machine operator in a New Brunswick clothing factory. In the autumn of 1933, Bert finally landed a permanent job on the faculty of the South River High School, where he was destined to stay until 1953.



THE FIRST TIME barber Sandy Certo cut his hair, Bert sold him \$34,000 worth of family protection. Returning later for another haircut, Bert sold Certo two \$10,000 policies for his two sons.



PALO CHATS with Ike Levin, owner of a sporting goods store, his first good customer. He believes in Bert, bought a policy for each of his two sons, sent Bert over \$50,000 worth of business.

His starting salary was \$1,300 a year. In 1940, he was rewarded by a small raise in his teaching pay. He and Ann were finally married, and they bought their small house in South River.

A Community Dynamo

Meanwhile, "Doc" Palo was making himself quite a reputation in South River as both a teacher and a worker in community projects. Besides teaching his classes, coaching, boxing, and bandaging wounded heroes at South River High, he helped out with debating and dramatics. He became recreation director of Middlesex County, and helped to found Little League baseball on a county-wide basis there. He became head of the Interboro Baseball League, a local semipro outfit. He helped found and promote soapbox derbies. He worked for the Middlesex County Tuberculosis League. A dynamo of energy, one way or another, he kept going sixteen or eighteen hours a day. "Bert Palo," people said to each other, "does more work for less money than any man alive."

As a teacher, Doc was noted for his ability, in his lectures, to bring historical figures to life. He was particularly effective with his favorite, Napoleon. Former students of his speak warmly of how he could dramatize the French commander on the eve of his great defeat at Waterloo. After his Napoleon lecture, says Ann Palo, Bert would come home all excited and re-enact the role for her, just as he had done it for his students.

Financial worries plagued the Palos

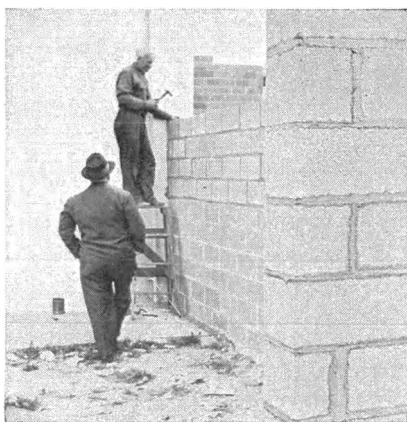
after their marriage, just as they had during their necessarily long courtship. Ann had to continue at the factory so that they could make ends meet. For four years, Bert made extra money as a sports writer for the New Brunswick *Home News*. He finally had to quit because he was working himself to a frazzle.

That was where the Palos stood in April, 1952, when, twelve years after their marriage, Ralphie was born. "I'd practically given up hope, after all that time," Ann Palo says. As might have been expected, the Palos fast became doting parents. Bert even cut down on his multifarious community activities so that he could be home more.

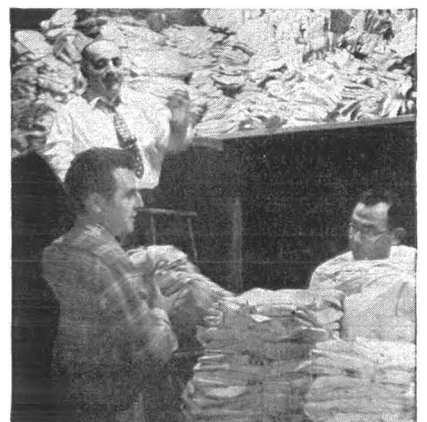
Now the money question became really vital. Palo was earning \$4,200 a year as a teacher. He figured he would be approaching retirement age when Ralphie was ready for college. His pension would be \$2,500 a year—on which you can scarcely send a boy to college. Obviously, something had to be done.

Destiny at the Crossroads

One hot evening in early July, 1953, he went to a show at South River's one movie, the Capitol. Afterward on the sidewalk outside, he ran into a former student of his from South River High, Julius Rarus, who had been made head of the New Brunswick branch of Prudential's Trenton agency. In conversation, Bert got on the subject closest to his heart at that time—his financial worries. How was he going to get Ralphie to college?



HEARTY Thomas Stelmazek, sixty years old, could not see why he had to be examined by a doctor: he had seen one in 1917. After much discussion, Bert convinced him, and deal was closed.



WHILE HELPING to move stock in their storeroom, Bert sold policy to Albert Wallen (left) and Morton Greenfield, who run the A. Greenfield Department Store in near-by town of Sayreville.

selling it—to the “little” man in an average town.

Rarus had an inspiration. He remembered the drama and force of Doc's lectures, and it occurred to him that Doc was a natural salesman. “Why don't you come to work for Prudential?” he said.

New Field at Forty-three

They stood talking for three solid hours. At first, Palo was skeptical. He argued that a man approaching middle age would be crazy to throw over his profession, his job assured until retirement age by the State tenure system, and start anew in an entirely different field. Rarus argued that Palo had always been a salesman without knowing it. Then, too, Bert wondered whether he would miss teaching—his lectures, his boxing classes, the friendship and admiration of so many young people.

When the two men finally stopped kicking the matter back and forth and prepared to go home, it was well after midnight and Main Street was empty. Bert found Ann waiting up for him. He told her about Rarus' proposal.

Ann was encouraging. Ever since Ralphie had arrived, Bert had been increasingly straining at the leash to break into some more profitable field. She felt that this, clearly, was the one big chance he had been waiting for. “You can make good at anything you undertake,” she told him. “Maybe you'll miss teaching for a while, but you'll be happier not worrying about money. Take the job.”

The decision was made on the spot. Next morning, Palo submitted his em-

ployment application to Prudential. Then began the business of learning to be an insurance salesman. Bert Palo had much to learn, and he went about the process with his characteristic thoroughness and energy. First, he took the company's three-week training course in Newark to get his State certificate as a qualified life underwriter; then he took a more advanced course with the Life Underwriter Training Council. Not confining himself to formal courses, he rounded up all the books and pamphlets on life insurance he could lay his hands on, and studied them to all hours of the night. Insurance fascinated him.

Sales Contacts While Training

Eager to get started even before his Prudential employment officially began, he made contacts during his training period to lay the groundwork for his first insurance sales. “I was like a race horse warming up on the way to the post,” he says. “I wanted to get away fast.” His very first case resulted in a disappointment, but an enlightening one. Bert approached an old friend of his, a South River automobile salesman of forty-seven, with five children. The salesman, like many people in South River before Palo got to work on them, was badly underinsured. He had a few thousand dollars invested in stocks, and Bert sought to convince him that, for his family's protection, at least part of this money should go into life-insurance premiums.

“Your proposition sounds pretty good,

Bert,” the salesman said. “See me on Monday, and maybe we can close the deal.”

Bert's elation at the prospect of closing his first sale ebbed suddenly. He saw his friend on Monday, all right, but in a casket. Bronchial pneumonia had struck suddenly and fatally. As a result of the under-insured man's death, his family had to be broken up, his children going to live with relatives. “From that case,” Palo says, “I learned what I still consider

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PALO LOOKS at Ed Slovak's new beagle pups back of the Slovak brothers Esso Station. The talk is about dogs, how business is going, and has Ed thought about insurance? Bert will be back.



BERT SAMPLES one of Tony Calderone's winter apples, and jokes a bit about business—incidentally, he sold Tony \$6,000 worth of insurance. Bert's sold to most of South River's Main Street.



JULIUS RARUS, Palo's former student and present boss, feels he hit a bonanza. Palo sells more insurance than any of the other more experienced salesmen do. One reason, says Palo, is longer hours.



PALO SIGNS UP former student Edward Stelmaszek, who, with his father, runs a bus business. Eddie bought \$50,000 worth of insurance. For years, Bert has been “Doc” to friends and students.



BERT'S PARENTS—his father, Pasquale, and his mother, Rafaela—are delighted with their son's success, but they worry a great deal about his running around nights. A retired tailor, Bert's father still makes his son's suits.

A three-week training course, late studying—then energy, persistence, and a deep concern for his customers' welfare.

the primary lesson of insurance selling. For the good of both yourself and your client, don't leave until you have a decision. Let him tell you insurance is no good if he feels that way, but *never let him waste time thinking it over.*" As he says this, Bert glares at you in such a vigorously forthright way that you cannot imagine having the temerity to demand time to think it over.

On October 1, 1953, Bert officially went to work for Prudential. With a "goo" by and goo' luck" from young Ralphie (who had been carefully coached by Ann), he set out for New Brunswick. When he got home late that night, he reported to Ann that he had signed up his first policies—a couple of small ones he had actually sold during his training period.

During 1953 his insurance sales began to accumulate. Bert says his toughest assignment was with a South River businessman, the coproprietor of a newsstand. How he closed the deal provides a vignette of Palo on-the-job doggedness. As Bert tells it, "I got to his house at about seven-thirty in the evening. First

we had a drink, then I began programing—outlining for him what various insurance policies would do for him and how much they would cost in premiums.

Beating Sales Resistance

"Before long, we figured he'd need about \$50,000 of insurance. Then I started to close—that is, I tried to get him to sign an application for a policy right there on the spot. But each time I started to close, he would go off the track. For instance, just as I was getting into my closing speech, he would say, 'Wait a minute. I want to catch that Knickerbocker basketball game on TV.' Or it would be some other excuse. I'm telling you, that fellow was rugged," Palo says with respect. "In the course of that evening, I started to close no less than thirty-eight times. Again and again, he'd get me off the track. I thought I was dead for sure."

(In Bert Palo's vocabulary, the word "dead" has a special meaning. When he says he was dead, he means he couldn't make the sale. When he says the client

was dead, he means the sale was as good as made.)

"Finally," Bert goes on, "just as I was beginning to resign myself to the feeling that I was definitely dead, his wife came home. I knew that was a good sign. She offered to make us coffee. That turned the tide. As soon as the three of us were sitting around the kitchen table drinking coffee, I knew *he* was dead. It was only a matter of time, and we both knew it. I signed him up for the \$50,000 at exactly two o'clock in the morning—six and a half hours after I'd arrived at his house.

"After he signed his application, he handed me the pen and said, 'You don't sell insurance, you bludgeon people to death.' I was a little hurt to hear him say that. But two weeks later he stopped me on the street and made it up to me. 'You did a great job, Bert,' he said. 'I've been sleeping better ever since I bought that insurance from you.'"

Bert paused at this point, then he grinned and added, "Now, of course. I'm working on that fellow and his brother to take out a partnership policy."

School Classmate Sammy Kaye

Not all of Bert's efforts, by any means, end in sales. He claims, in fact, that he has a lower percentage of successes than other salesmen. His total sales are higher because he works so much harder and longer than others. One prospect he failed to sell is his old friend Sammy Kaye. Learning that Kaye and his band were playing at a South River ballroom, Bert went there and waited until the end of the performance. When the two men met after the performance, they slapped each other on the back like old college classmates, and then Kaye asked, "You still teaching school, Umberto?"

That was the opening Bert needed. It gave him a chance to say he was selling a little insurance now, and how would Sammy like to talk it over? "I'll call you," said Sammy, beating a hasty retreat. "Well, I haven't sold Sammy yet." Bert has to admit. "Will I eventually? That's not the question. The only question is how much?"

The most dramatic period in Bert's selling career to date came early in 1954. He started the year off with a bang, and it was not long before his total began to approach the charmed million-dollar circle. Bert decided to set himself a goal. Could he make the million mark by little Ralphie's second birthday, which fell on April 9? It hardly seemed possible; the majority of insurance men never have a million-dollar year in their lives, and Bert, a new man, was trying to do a million in three months and nine days. Nevertheless, that was the goal that Palo set himself.

As his self-made deadline approached,

he was getting close. With two days to go, he needed exactly \$50,000 to be over the top. He tackled a man with three sons in South River to take out policies to protect their business partnership. The amount of the policies was \$60,000. Fighting the clock, Palo brought out all his eloquence and skill in salesmanship. Late in the afternoon of April 8, the Patricks agreed to sign up.

But the battle was not yet won. Before the policies could be officially written into his record, they had to be approved. That meant physical examinations for the clients, paper work in the branch office at Trenton, and the final signing of the papers by the buyers—in triplicate. Palo got the Patricks through their physical examinations, and rushed the papers to Trenton.

Now it was April 9, Ralphie's birthday and Bert's deadline day. As the afternoon wore on, he sat with the other salesmen in New Brunswick, sweating it out. Everyone was rooting for him. Just before five o'clock, word came from Trenton that the applications had been approved.

But there was still another obstacle. The policies would not be valid until Palo had the signatures of all four buyers on them. If he did not have the signatures by midnight, he would have failed to make his deadline. Prudential's Trenton manager, Bill Kalteissen, caught by the spirit of Bert's endeavor, rushed the thirty-odd miles from Trenton to South River with the papers; then he and Bert began tearing around to the houses of the father and three sons. At about ten o'clock that evening, they triumphantly packed up the signed papers, and Bill Kalteissen shook Bert's hand. He had accomplished what no Prudential salesman had ever accomplished before.

Blueprint for Success

The explanations of how Bert Palo does it are varied. He himself attributes his phenomenal success to several factors. One of them is sheer hard work: he spends sixteen or eighteen hours a day at his job, and he is always selling, turning the most casual conversations to the subject of insurance when the right moment arises. Another is knowledge of his field, the various sorts of insurance policies available and their applicability to various situations—the fruit of his long, diligent, and continuous hours of study. Another is his teaching, which he considers absolutely indispensable as background in making himself understood and in understanding others. Last, and perhaps most important, is his sincere belief in his product. Episodes such as the case of the man who died while “thinking over” buying insurance have convinced Palo he is selling a product his customers really need. This strong

conviction, he thinks, is his greatest selling asset.

Julius Rarus, Bert's former student, present boss, and the man who steered him into insurance, thinks the secret of Bert's success is his ability to see the possibilities of the vast new middle-income group in a way few salesmen of the past have. Many insurance men spend nearly all their efforts on well-to-do

clients in the belief that time spent with humbler folk would be wasted. As a result, many lower-income people in and around South River had simply never been approached and, until Bert Palo came along, scarcely knew what life insurance is or what it is for. Thus a huge untapped market was waiting—and such markets exist in many other small cities throughout the country, Rarus thinks.

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BESIDES TEACHING HISTORY, in 1951 Palo was boxing coach, debate and dramatics organizer, and unofficial bandager of wounded school heroes. Middlesex County recreation director, he put Little League baseball on a county-wide basis.



IN PRUDENTIAL'S New Brunswick office, a salesman tries to “rub off” some of Bert's success on himself. Fellow salesmen who used to make small joking bets about who would sell more insurance in a day are leery of betting against Bert.

"All of a sudden," says Bert, "I am making a lot of money. I never knew I could sell to anybody."



WITH RALPHIE, two and a half years old, Bert chats with house painter before starting for office. Getting house painted is a luxury Bert didn't expect to be able to afford for years. He isn't ready to trade in his Studebaker for, he says, "I've my eye on a Studebaker agent as a good insurance prospect."

Perhaps as good a way as any to appreciate Bert's sales technique is to hear some of his clients talking. Their reactions, it would seem, are an interesting combination of the admiration of a son for a wise father, and the fascination of his salesmanship. Listen, for instance, to Andy Dietrick, who, in partnership with his brother Ed, owns a frozen-custard business on the edge of South River, and who bought insurance from Bert in one of his very first sales.

"He wasn't nervous or excited like lots of people trying to sell you something," explains Andy. "He made us feel right at home. He could explain every little detail of the policy in the most soothing way."

A man who is the buyer of the largest policy Bert ever wrote—\$160,000—speaks of his sales technique with something approaching awe. "He never rests," says this gentleman. "He's always at ease, yet he's always going. Fantastically enough, he knows far more about his subject than any insurance man I've ever met, and I've met plenty. That's where his constant study and his academic training pay off, I guess. He's not exactly

high-pressure. His presentation is very factual, full of information, but forceful. He's persistent, but not in an obnoxious way. I can't explain why, but the more he persists, the more you like it. On top of all that, he gives you the feeling that he has his heart in his work—that he feels good inside, not just because he's made a sale, but because he's sold you the protection you really need. How can a guy have all those qualities the first year he's in a business?"

Minister Uses Bert's Pitch

An even more striking tribute to Bert Palo's selling methods was paid by a Methodist minister from a town near South River. Thinking, afterward, about his session with Palo—at the end of which he bought a \$15,000 policy—the minister realized he could build on some of Bert's views. Just as Palo's job is to prepare people for their temporal future, the minister mused, so his own job is to prepare people for their spiritual future. Using this analogy, the minister made Bert's sales pitch the basis for one of his sermons.

So far the Palos' lives have not changed

a great deal outwardly since he became rich. They plan to buy a ranch house somewhere in the neighboring countryside, but up to last October they had not found the house they wanted, nor—oddly enough, for a man who would appear to be able to sell refrigerators to Eskimos—has Bert been able to sell their old house. They have not bought a new car, either. Bert goes his rounds in a now slightly faded and rattly three-year-old Studebaker. "You see," he explains earnestly, "I've got my eye on a Studebaker-agency owner as a potential client. Well, how would it look if I were to breeze in there driving a brand-new Cadillac?"

Bert Mystified by Success

Has Bert Palo's character changed? Does he show signs of going high-hat? Here is what Julius Rarus has to say on that subject: "One striking thing about Bert—or Doc as I still prefer to call him—is that instead of flaunting his new success, he seems to prefer to hide it. It's as though he didn't quite know what hit him. A while back he said to me, 'I've been working hard all my life and not making any money. Now all of a sudden I'm working hard and making lots of money. I never knew I could sell anything to anybody.' He seems kind of mystified by the whole thing.

"A couple of weeks after that," Rarus continues, "we drove out to Montauk, Long Island, together for an insurance conference. On the way back, Doc got into a reflective mood and suddenly said, 'What am I, anyway? So far as I know, a high-school teacher and boxing coach. Now suddenly I'm considered something phenomenal. How did it happen? How could I have come to be the leading Prudential salesman all of a sudden? It's like a dream.'"

Rarus chuckles and goes on, "I seldom go out on calls with my salesmen, but Bert's such a special case I wanted to see how he works, and last night I went out with him. First we visited a family with five children. The father's a young fellow, a workman, rough and tough and confident, and he didn't figure he needed any insurance. Bert said to him, 'Look at it this way. Suppose you're walking down the street one day, and somebody walks out of a bar and gives you a belt, and you fall down and break open your head on the curb.' That's the way Bert talks when he's selling. He doesn't mince words. He doesn't spare sensibilities. He doesn't say, 'If the good Lord should

choose to take you.' He says, 'If you die.'

"Well, this fellow saw the point right away, and we closed for \$20,000 in about half an hour. Then we moved on to a family that was the exact opposite, an educated couple with no children. No problem there. He sold them a policy with annuity features.

"Finally we knocked off for the night—or, I *thought* we had knocked off for the night. We went to a sandwich counter for a bite. I thought we'd just have a Western and a malted there and go home. What happened? No sooner had Bert given his order than he started talking insurance, and before we'd left, Bert had sold that counterman a \$10,000 policy."

Hard as he works, Bert feels better than he did when he was on the worrisome treadmill of combining teaching with odd jobs. Last June, not long after he had completed his million-dollar feat, Ann insisted that they take a vacation. Bert protested, but finally allowed himself to be dragged to Miami. The Palos enjoyed their three weeks there, but before the time was up, Bert had become itchy again. While buying some candy for Ann, he just couldn't resist bringing up the subject of insurance with the candyshop proprietor. The upshot of this conversation, of course, can be no surprise: the proprietor bought a \$25,000 policy.

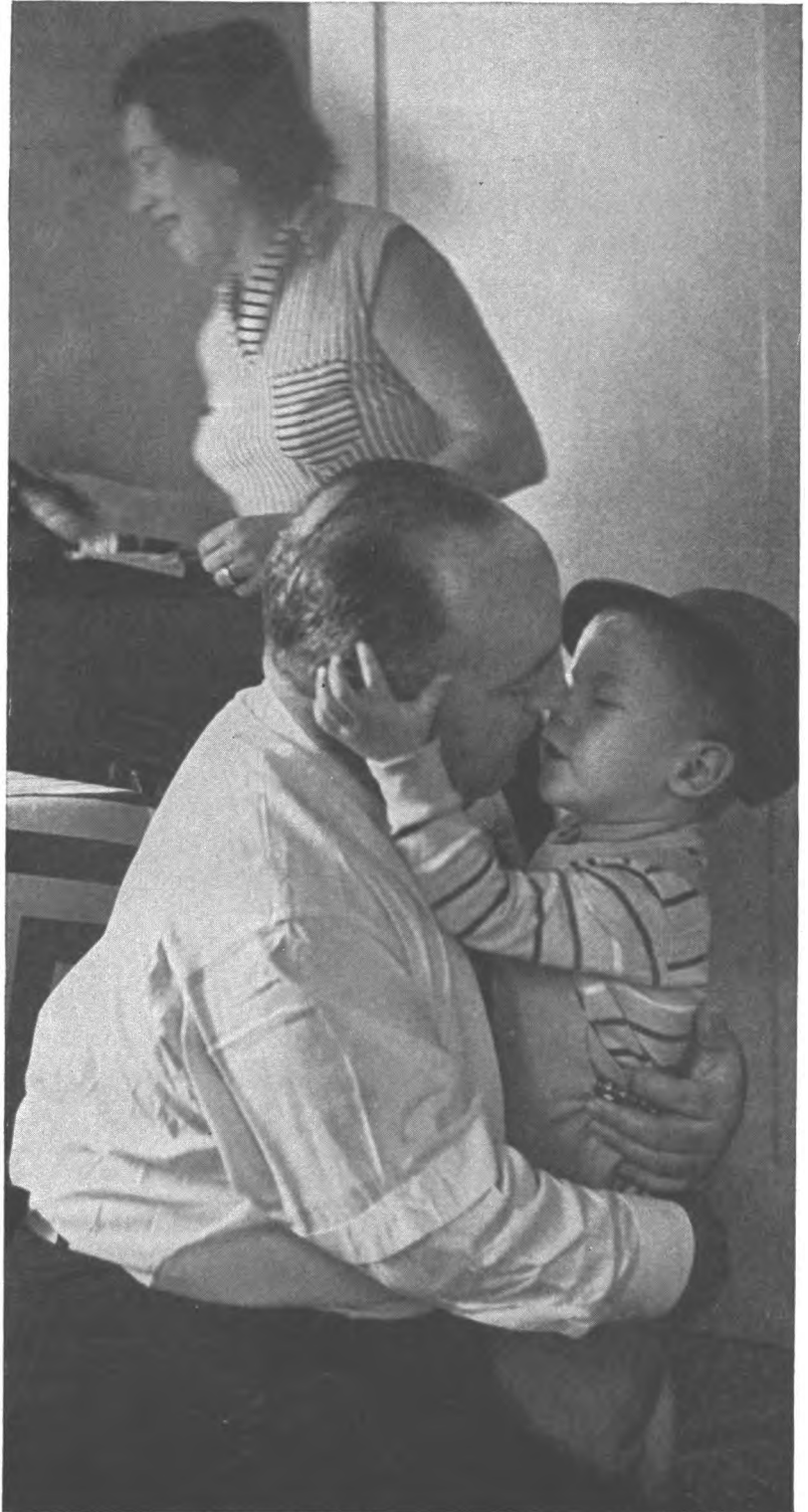
"I admit the rest did me good," Palo says of the vacation. "But, boy, what a field Florida is! The trouble is, if you work there, you get in the habit of not leaving your air-conditioned office. Give me three months down there. . . ."

Conquering Hero

Does Bert miss teaching, the career to which he dedicated himself so thoroughly for so long? The students, yes; he goes out of his way to keep in touch with them, and ex-students of his are often to be found at the Palo house on the rare occasions he isn't out on calls. As for teaching itself, when he made the big decision, he had a small, nagging fear that he might miss his classes and lectures; but he hasn't. Perhaps the reason is that he has achieved a kind of fulfillment: instead of dramatizing conquering heroes, he has become one.

When the time came for me to say good-by to the Palos, a gleam suddenly came into Bert's eye, as though he had remembered something just in time. His gaze, I noticed, was calm, forceful, steady, not nervous, excited, or high-pressure, and calculated to make me feel at ease.

"By the way," he asked, "have you considered the possibility of adding to your insurance portfolio?" THE END



DURING BREAKFAST and before leaving for the day, Bert gives Ralphie as much fatherly advice as possible. Bert will probably not be home for dinner, but will shave at his office desk while catching up on the limitless number of insurance publications he must read, and then take a client out to dinner.



She appeared suddenly, in black silk, her shoulders bare and beautiful.



Off Limits

In the world's wickedest city, the young officer drew the toughest assignment: to keep his men away from the infamous Madame Josette's girls

BY GEORGE WELLER ILLUSTRATED BY BEN STAHL

A foreboding nudged Lieutenant (j.g.) Adrian Storck a moment after the wooden spoon in his hand conveyed the first mouthful of cherry-walnut ice cream to his lips. He was standing at that moment with four decks of the cruiser *Schenectady* and a mile of swaying green Mediterranean between him and the earth. The uneasiness

stirring him could not have been communicated from below, as sonic impulses are bounced off the ocean floor by the ships that send them.

Whence this stab of doubt then? Was it transmitted, perhaps, from the sailors in blue dungarees crowded near him in the corridor, similarly eating? Or did it come from inside himself, something left

"Now, Lieutenant," she said. "You see how lonely are my lovely, sweet girls."

undone, sulking somewhere in the mind's cave, still formless but waiting to spring forth with dripping fangs? . . . To forget is something that a damage-control officer—especially a junior dewy from college and recently married—cannot permit himself. What had he forgotten? He ate a little faster, intending to get back to the damage-control center and take a quick reading of the dials on its walls, his masters.

But before he could finish, the squawk box, the voice of the ship, cleared its raucous throat with a bosun's piping whistle. A second later, in all the scores of compartments of the *Schenectady*, his name was uttered, flatly, neutrally, disinterestedly, but with a precise insistence.

"Now, Mr. Storck," said the voice, "lay up to the open bridge." A short pause followed, during which three or four sailors who knew him glanced upward from their huddled positions to see whether he had gotten the word. "Mr. Storck," repeated the box, and was still.

Chuckling his ice cream into a receptacle and wiping his mouth with a handkerchief, Adrian made for the nearest ladder. He emerged on the deck near a five-inch-gun mount, with the blue sea, glinting and alive, streaming past, flinging its white tassels. Taking to the outside ladders for speed, he hurried upward and in a moment was facing Commander T. Thurston Cawley, exec of the *Schenectady*.

"How much do you know, Storck?" inquired Commander Cawley immediately, "about vice?"

"Maybe he means *advice*," thought Adrian hopefully. "Maybe the chaplain . . ."

But the expression on the commander's muscular face seemed to suggest that he did not mean "advice." He was a short, forceful man in his early forties, with black hair parted exactly in the middle. His eyes conveyed that sense of hold but unavoidable experiment which the versatile alumni of the U.S. Naval Academy can never quite suppress when assigning peculiar duties to ordinary, campus-trained mariners.

Just behind Commander Cawley, an intuitive signalman, his head on one side as if lost in meditation, languidly spelled out in wigwag the letters V-I-C-E, then let his long, tattooed wrists droop in helpless sympathy.

"The captain," said Commander Cawley, "is taking Gaffney over to Port Lyautey tomorrow to plan the drone-shoot with the admiral. So you pull Gaffney's shore patrol. Ever had similar duty before?"

"No, sir," said Lieutenant Storck.

"Ever meet a foreign chief of police?"

"Yes, sir."

"Where?" said Cawley, perking up.

"Canada. I was speeding."

Cawley lost his cheer. "Ever see the inside of a cat house?"

"No, sir."

"Know what one is?"

"Yes, sir."

The eyes of Commander Cawley wandered to the watery horizon, where three destroyers were bucking along with wet decks, the gray *jai-alai* scoops of their radar rotating merrily. "In a cruiser," said Commander Cawley delicately, "a junior officer tries everything. Now, Gaffney pulled shore patrol in Oran and Genoa. Go alongside him and ask him to pass you the word about Tangier."

Inside the No. 2 eight-inch turret, Adrian caught up with Lieutenant Gaffney, a mustang of forty, known throughout the *Schenectady* for his worldliness. Gaffney was watching a novice gunner shine the joints of a brassy shell tray in the automatic hoists. The hoists inside the turret were flying up and down, opening and closing their giant jaws like yawning frankfurter rolls. Gaffney, watching the gun's breech clanging open and shut like a guillotine, was unaware of Adrian until he touched his shoulders. Then Gaffney stopped the pandemonium and remarked, "Hi, Sultan."

"I wish somebody else could take Tangier," said Adrian. "I'd gladly swap Tangier for Palma, say, or Lisbon."

"Why?" said Gaffney, wiping his hands. "Tangier has character." He looked up abruptly and winked.

"Yes, but my wife is flying down from Villa to meet me. What'll she say?"

Gaffney looked at him with the wary wisdom of twenty-two years below decks, the easy vigilance of chief petty officers, supple backbone of the navy. "Stow your bride," he said mildly, "in a clean hotel way back of the beach." He meditated upon his own remark, found nothing to add, nodded, and started the multiple arms of his guns at their clanging calisthenics.

Tangier rose slowly out of the sea, a hill scattered with white blocks against the grayish-green of the African coast. From afar it seemed low, primitive, and Phoenician, a crude stone-and-leather hinge for the Gates of Hercules. And then, before Adrian's eyes, Tangier began growing up. What he took at first to be small white houses on a limestone cliff grew taller and clearer, until he gradually realized that Tangier was a modern city. He was comforted by the height of the apartment houses, seven or eight stories of flower boxes and terrace suites, a sort of Miami or Telegraph Hill transplanted into Morocco.

What disturbed him, however, was the voice of the crew. They, too, were watch-

ing Tangier, from the walkways above the three-inch turrets, from the signal bridge, from the hangar-deck hatchtop where the gray helicopter rested astern like a ruminant grasshopper. And wherever they conversed and wherever they stared, it had nothing to do with the Tangier of the white apartment houses. They pointed instead at a tumble of cracked brown houses just above the water front, where crows and hawks were circling, driving away the white sea gulls. And the name of what they were looking at was what they kept saying: *Casbah*.

The Swedish special director of waterfront police and his Lebanese assistant spread out both maps of Tangier on a scarred table, the U.S. Navy's map and their own. The Swede turned to Adrian. "Your radio message," he said, "asked for playing fields. Here," he pointed to his own map, "is a field of fine green grass for baseball. Mark it on your map, please."

Adrian penciled "softball" on his map.

"And here is our best beach, La Balnéaire. Shark nets, shallow place for non-swimmers, segregated bathhouses for both sexes, sun-bathing under supervision, soft drinks at exposed prices. Mark it, please."

Adrian obeyed, writing, "Balnéaire, all precautions."

"We also reserved another field for touch football," said the Swede, "although I do not know that game." He stood up. "Every recreational facility of Tangier," he said, "is at your disposal. We have every confidence that the Sixth Fleet will live up to its fine record in the past. Speed limit is twenty miles per hour. For what I have not covered—as, for example, our diversions after dark—let me hand you to my deputy, Major Shukri Hamsoun." The Swede gave Adrian's palm a clean, athletic wrench, walked out to his Jaguar, and was driven away.

Major Hamsoun was a corpulent, fiftyish Lebanese with large understanding eyes. In a shy voice, he said, "We admire your desire to encourage games. That is good. But if you will excuse a personal question, was it also necessary to bring your wife? Are both necessary?"

"This duty was dropped on me," explained Adrian. "My wife was already under way from Villefranche to Tangier."

"I see," said Major Hamsoun. "Your responsibility is doubled, while your opportunity is halved." With a sympathetic shake of his head, he put his little finger in his ear and wrung it around like a watchman's key, then wiped it off with a red silk handkerchief. "I wonder," he said, "whether your sailors will be satisfied to enjoy themselves by running

around on our grass. How? Barefoot, perhaps?"

"A certain percentage will take advantage of your grass somehow," said Adrian soothingly.

"But our cabarets," said the major, "will be busier, no?"

"I guess that's inevitable," said Adrian. "And by the way, what's the best way for us to control the Casbah?"

"Ah, the Casbah," said the major. He gave a sigh. "The old, old Casbah. What does everyone see in our poor old Casbah?"

"What, indeed?" said Adrian. He perceived that the major was winding himself up to be oracular. He watched the Lebanese respectfully.

The Casbah must not be underestimated," murmured the major, as he hooked his thumbs in his belt. "It is old. It is poor. But it is not weak. Remember this, my friend: you must handle the Casbah with respect. It has its code. Violate that code and your crew will come back with wallets missing, caps lost, decorations given away to girls, their shoes without lacings, and their trousers sans buttons." He fixed Adrian in a stare of warning. "To save us both trouble—explain to your captain this fact: the Casbah never returns anything lost."

"I'm sure he realizes that," said Adrian. "Now, about us, today. . . ."

"But down in the Casbah," continued the major, refusing to allow his inspiration to be broken, "if you meet a few influential people, if you co-operate with them as you would with any other tradesmen, everything can go nicely—very nicely. Your men then emerge from the Casbah smiling, happy, with leather cushions, coral bracelets, and much fine embroidery. All by being co-operative." Falling into thought again, he wrung out his other ear with his other little finger.

"No strain," said Adrian. "My ship, the *Schenectady*, has suffered only one case of indiscipline in one thousand liberty passes. That means," he added, "only one man in a thousand stepped over the line."

"Tangier," said Major Hamsoun, unimpressed. "is one port in a thousand."

Kitty Storck was the first passenger off the Air Gibraltar plane. She tripped down the short ladder, ran across the sandy turf, and rushed into his arms. "Africa!" she cried. "Our third continent!"

Adrian had folded his SP brassard in his pocket. He meant to defer telling her about his shore-patrol duty. But then he figured, *Oh, well, let's get it over with.* "I've got the duty, darling," he said.

"Oh, dear," she said, pouting. She was a well-tanned girl with squarish tennis shoulders, but not too tall. Her mouth was straight across and perhaps a little



Don't be a target for WINTER AILMENTS!

The raw and chilly months of winter used to be dreaded because of the serious health threats that came with them. Pneumonia, for instance, was especially feared.

Just a few years ago, this disease claimed one out of every three of its victims. Now, fortunately, the threat of pneumonia is much less serious because the sulfa drugs and antibiotics are so effective in most cases.

Pneumonia is still dangerous when treatment is delayed. This was shown in a recent study of 15,000 cases. The case-fatality rate was twice as high for patients treated after the fourth day of illness as for those treated earlier. This is why you should call the doctor immediately when you suspect pneumonia. When treated promptly, pneumonia can usually be cured in a short time.

What can you do to escape becoming a target for pneumonia? One of the wisest things is to take proper care of yourself when you have a cold. In nine out of ten cases of pneumonia, colds occur before pneumonia develops.

Should you "come down" with a cold, stay at home and rest in bed, eat lightly and drink plenty of liquids. *If a cold persists . . . and especially if you develop a*

slight fever . . . call the doctor promptly.

High fever makes the difference between a "slight cold" and a "serious cold," because it usually means that complications have developed. If, in addition to fever, you also have *chills, painful coughing or difficult breathing*, report these symptoms to your doctor at once, for they almost invariably indicate pneumonia.

While winter is upon us, it is important to protect your general health. You may do this if you get all the sleep you need, eat a balanced diet, and avoid exposure to severe weather unless properly dressed. In addition, keep away from anyone already suffering from a respiratory ailment.

By guarding your health, your resistance to colds, virus infections and pneumonia may be increased. In the event you develop one of these ailments, your ability to fight the infection and recover quickly will be greater.

If you would like more information on how to help avoid becoming a target for these common winter ailments, Metropolitan will gladly send you a free copy of its booklet, *Respiratory Diseases*. Just fill in the coupon below and one will be mailed to you.

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thin, but she broadened it with lipstick. Before they married, when she was working, she had usually worn very simple blue or black tailored suits, feeling more like him that way. Even after three months at the staff colony at Villefranche as a bride, she hadn't yet gone over to the frilliness of a navy wife.

"What duty is it this time?" she asked. "How come you could get off the ship to meet me?"

"It's this," said Adrian, taking out the brassard and motioning for her to put it on his arm. "SP stands for 'shore patrol.'"

"Shore patrol in Tangier?" she said. "Why, that's not bad, is it? In a way that's very nice of them, when I'm here and all." Having clasped the brassard, she put her arm through his. "I'm going to have fun," she said, "watching you lead all those sailors through the museums and the mosques and things. Tangier—I remember this from what the air hostess said—is on the city site of another free city of Roman times called Tingis, of Phoenician and Greek origin. Tangier was captured by Vandals, Arabs, Spaniards, and Portuguese, and then in 1662 became British. Then in 1684 the British left it to the Moors. . . ."

"This is the hotel, darling," he said, opening the cab's door.

While Kitty was showering at the Rembrandt, he phoned to Major Hamsoun and met him at the Café Normandie. The major had been working on the navy's map of Tangier, and it was a far more practical map now. Inked on it were "La Paloma," "Piccadilly," "Black Cat," "Vesuvio," "Le Tambour," "Select," "Club Caresse," and several others, all ringed inside a big balloon which the major, in his lacy French hand, had titled "Casbah."

"What are those places, cabarets?" asked Adrian.

"If you show this map to your wife," said Major Hamsoun, "cabarets is a good name to call them."

They got into the gray navy pickup and drove down along the water front until they came to a staircase called the Escalier des Muses.

"At these stairs," said Major Hamsoun, "you must meet the sailors. The Casbah people will see that they get this far."

"Nothing doing," said Adrian firmly. "We've got to haul them in closer than that. Our watches have got to be stationed way up high in those dirty little alleys, right outside those—uh—cabarets."

"But how can you take this truck up there?" objected Major Hamsoun. "If they are angry, if they attack your truck, how can you turn it around and escape? The streets are too narrow."

"What can they take from a guarded truck?"

"The tires! The battery! Cushions! Lights!"

"Who will?"

Major Hamsoun looked at the ground, in a strange access of shyness. His voice was low, but had a certain guilty local pride. "Those naughty boys of the Casbah," he murmured.

Alone, using the improved map, Adrian made a quick reconnaissance outside the sprawling complex of ancient houses. He played tourist, keeping his brassard in his pocket. The more he saw, the more convinced he became that the major was right. The pickup was useless.

The early liberty party—the tamest and smallest—was due to hit the beach at one o'clock, just after noon mess call. He had already arranged for his shore patrol—twelve rated men and an ensign—to reach shore on the preceding launch. Working his way through the water-front warehouses about noon, he saw the captain's gig, golden brass and bright white canvas, come racing in on a big bow wave. He ducked into a doorway until, with relief, he saw the captain driven off in the big black limousine of the American minister.

Not far behind came the crew launch with the shore patrol. Far out, on the cruiser, he could see the first liberty party mustering at the ladder, then filing down. He hoped they had cameras. "Cameras," he had been told by Lieutenant Gaffney, "are almost as good as wives to keep a man safe on liberty. This navy needs a cheap night camera for late liberties."

Sandy-haired Ensign Loomis, his single stripe looking very thin on his slight shoulders, came up the stone stairs out of the launch and handed him a note from Commander Cawley. "This basic detail ought to meet your needs till sunset," the note read. "For the late liberty you will receive twelve men with clubs and a chief for every seventy-five liberty passes."

"And he said," Ensign Loomis added, "that he expected to issue up to three hundred passes tonight. You'll be commanding fifty-two men, right there."

They walked around to the office of a small fishermen's union, where the beach guard had been set up to run the launch service, with a portable radio on the *Schenectady's* frequency.

"You look worried," ventured Loomis.

"This Casbah," said Adrian. "It's like trying to patrol a piece of cheese a mile square for mice. Look at it."

Loomis cast his innocent eyes upward at the tangle of roofs. Not far above the oozy Escalier des Muses, on the third floor of a shaky-looking house, a metallic

green curtain was slowly pulled aside by a careful white arm. A small young face framed in a coppery halo of hair appeared at the window, and a hand waved at them.

"Without this brassard, I'd wave back," said Loomis.

Somewhere beyond the front row of tired houses, a piano began to play. It broke off. Then it began again at the same place as before, playing exactly the same tune. It was an automatic piano, and someone had fed it the first coin of the day. The Casbah was open.

"Come on, I'll show you your stations," said Adrian, map in hand. The sailors followed him docilely up the Escalier des Muses, tapping the parapet with their clubs and stepping over the descending scum.

"Fine husband," said Kitty, when Adrian entered their room at the Rembrandt. Last shoots of sunlight were striping the floor. Kitty was sitting at a pink dressing table, combing her long, obedient brown hair. "A lot of Tangier you've shown me."

"It's still hardly six o'clock," said Adrian. "I phoned, but the desk said you were napping. Come on. Buy you a drink."

"Don't want a drink," she said. "Want to be taken to the Casbah."

He threw open the curtains. Across the city, from the Casbah's dark, crumpled edge, over the hill to the family bungalows of the suburb "California," Tangier was lighting up. Light broke from electric signs over banks, travel companies, restaurants, and auto salesrooms—the places where Europe's tax fugitives spent their surpluses. Only the Casbah, unmended, introspective, brooded in its own twilight, a blob of lost shadows between the bright jewel case of the upper town and the lonely, steady blink of the breakwater's sentinel down by the sleeping harbor.

By scanning the ragged rooftops of the Casbah, however, Adrian perceived two or three rosy, irregular glows, as of hidden fires, deep in the slitted streets. Was it the Jolly Boys coming to life, or the Silver Slipper, or the Andalusia? He started to break out his map to identify the cabarets. Then he changed his mind and folded it up. Kitty was a thorough girl, and if she saw the map, she might insist on seeing every cabaret in the Casbah.

Perhaps, he thought suddenly, the best time for me to take her down there is right now. Get her sight-seeing over early, before the boys get vine leaves in their hair. Walk her fast both ways, down to the Casbah and back again. Bring her back tired; buy a good wine for dinner, and get her off to bed. Then hurry back to the beach and try to lock on to the late

liberty party before they overwhelmed Loomis.

The phone buzzed by his bed. He answered. "Yes?"

"Is that Lieutenant Storck, of *démocratie contrôlée*?" said a female voice, persuasive and inquisitive at once.

"This is Lieutenant Storck," he said neutrally.

"Ah, good. Here is Josette Buhari—Josette, you know me?"

"I'm afraid I haven't the honor," he said. Kitty was listening with both ears, her rhythm of combing falling to dead slow.

"Then can you descend, please? I have something to tell you."

Kitty, he saw over his shoulder, had turned fully around and was watching him. She lifted her brush and did a single measured, vigilant stroke.

"Why, Mrs. Storck is here—we're just going out—I'm not sure—"

A burst of laughter washed through the phone like an opened faucet.

"This is beezness only, not for flirt," said the voice. "I am Josette Buhari, Josette of the New Moulin Rouge. . . . Don't be 'fraid. . . . Come down. . . . Bring Madame. . . . It is only beezness. . . ."

A masculine voice cut in—the grave organ tones of Major Hamsoun. "Come down, lieutenant," said the deep voice. "To help you. I will come upstairs and explain to your madame that it is all right."

By hurrying, Adrian managed to meet the major on the mezzanine. The major put his fingers on his lips and drew him back into a corner.

"Josette," he whispered, pointing downward, "is the most important, the richest woman in the Casbah. Or in Tangier. Or in Morocco." His eyes rolled round and round, white and brown by turns. "She owns hotels, here, in Rabat, in Algiers. In Casablanca two radio stores and a beauty shop. In the mountains of the Rif, half a mine. At Bizerte, an ice company. . . . Be careful. Buy nothing. Sign nothing. Make no deposits. My cousin is a lawyer." He squeezed Adrian's arm and raced on upstairs.

Adrian checked his tie and shoes, then sauntered down, his cap straight. Only one woman was in the lobby. She was about forty and still slim, therefore not wholly Moroccan. She had the complexion of a speckled peach, but her eyes were as black as the Atlas at twilight. She was dressed in clothes deliberately chosen beyond her age; it was the clothes that were fortyish, not she. Thick-soled Majorcan shoes cheated her ankles. The diamond on her forefinger was twenty times the size of Kitty's engagement ring, and all her fingernails were purple.

"Are you still here?" she said. "Why not down in the Casbah, like Mister Loomis, persecuting us?"

"Nobody is persecuting anybody," said Adrian flatly, measuring her. "We have our orders, that's all."

She said nothing. Direct rebuttal was too trivial for her. "I am Josette Buhari," she said.

"Yes, ma'am. I caught the name the first time."

"Whose business you are ruining." She paused again, then allowed herself a short smile. "I came to ask you for mercy."

"Did Major Hamsoun bring you up here?" asked Adrian coolly.

"Major Hamsoun told me only where," said Josette. "I came for myself. Who sent me was my own girls." She held up her hand, violet fingernails outward. "Alaya—Michelle—Zeppa—and Popi—Teresa—Raquel." She looked him square in the eye. "Isabella," she said accusingly, "menaces me that she will leave and go back to Zaragoza. She weeps. Sometimes she even *embroiders*."

"I can't help it if Isabella weeps or embroiders," said Adrian. "We still have our orders. Here they are." He unrolled the SP brassard and dangled it before her.

"Very well," said Josette. "Ruin us, then. But at least do so like Americans. Come and visit my New Moulin Rouge."

"I'm afraid that wouldn't solve anything."

Her eyes gleamed. "But of course it would. Explain. Explain to my nice, clean, sweet girls why you will not let them entertain their friends." The outrage was too great for her; she closed her eyes, then opened them slowly again. "You. You have done it. You explain."

"I'll explain nothing, Mme. Buhari," said Adrian crisply. "Some day you may have a chance to look at a little book we put out entitled *Shore Patrol Manual*. You'll find the doctrine explained there."

"What does it say?"

It explains that we don't allow personnel to patronize—to frequent—uh, that is—places—areas of entertainment, they mean. . . ."

Josette refused to help him, then relented. "Cabarets," she mocked. She drew off a little, lifting her head, her thin nostrils dilating. "Whatever these so terrible places are, you should come and see them. And why not begin with the best, the oldest, the New Moulin Rouge?"

"Now?"

"My car is outside," she said. "You see how we are desperate," she smiled faintly, "to obtain a single customer."

After all, he thought, why not? This lull was actually the best time for a scouting mission, while the men of the early liberty were eating in restaurants

with their cameras around their necks, and the main mob had not yet hit the beach.

"Well—"

"Come now," said Josette, getting up. "Major Hamsoun, of course, has told you everything there is about the Casbah. But he is a policeman, and I am not. Perhaps I know—a little more?"

He looked at his watch. Just time to check the New Moulin Rouge. He race down to the beach guard and find out whether any drunks had come in yet, go back and get Kitty and maybe the major, run them through the Casbah with the major as Kitty's escort if Commander Cawley pulled a surprise inspection, rush Kitty back to the Rembrandt, feed her and send her to bed worn-out, and then hustle down again to the Casbah for the real work of national defense.

Josette was drawing on her long gloves. "I could speak to your wife by telephone," she suggested. "Talking to wives, I know how."

"Not on your life," said Adrian quickly. He walked over to the house phone and rang the room. Kitty answered.

"I'm having a drink here with Major Hamsoun," she said, unexpectedly cheerful. "When are you joining us?"

"I've got to rush off on an errand, darling," he said. "I'm sorry. It won't be over an hour. The major knows about it. He'll tell you. Let me have him, will you, darling?" When the major's deep growl reached him, Adrian said, "Look, Mme. Buhari wants me to go down and check her place. She seems to have worked up some sort of grievance."

"The entire Casbah," bayed the major, "has a grievance. It is like war for the Communists, indivisible."

"I see what you mean," said Adrian.

"They have one evening to make a six months' profit," said the major in the tones of a Wagnerian basso. "You are taking that evening away from them. Can they sue an admiral?"

"Well, now, major," said Adrian soothingly. "I'm sure it isn't that bad. We want to meet them halfway. After all, there's a question of local good will, too, isn't there?"

"Good will in everything," said the major icily. "Suppose you cultivate your own. Meanwhile let me accompany Mrs. Storck on the evening *paseo*. We shall walk from the Grand Socco to the Medina. Everybody will see us. Everybody will talk. Nobody—I say nobody—must see you cultivating good will. So, nobody will talk about you, everybody about me. Is it good?"

"Perfect," chirruped Adrian. "Can Mrs. Hamsoun join us for dinner?"

"I am not married," said Major Hamsoun, very distinctly.

Josette was driving one of those small British cars, neat and black. She took the wheel purposefully, and Adrian slipped in beside her. Her musky perfume filled the car. He could almost feel it soaking into his uniform. Kitty would be sure to notice it.

She drove in a long loop around the upper or landward side of the Casbah, the part he thought was impossible. By backing and turning at the corners of the slanting alleys, as Josette demonstrated, it was possible to penetrate deep into the cobbled passages.

Finally, they faced a broad, nail-studded Arab door, leading to a medieval camel corral. From somewhere near by came the whine of a juke box, playing either Saharan or hillbilly music, too mixed up with the echoes from alleys to be distinguishable. Josette beeped. A small boy appeared between the broken blinds on the second story, then disappeared. In a moment, he tugged open the big door and Josette drove in. Josette produced a small flashlight. Clouded in her perfume, Adrian followed her through three doors and two passages. Then they emerged on another alley and almost fell upon two white hats of the shore patrol. Like two white towels hanging on a rack, they were standing outside Josette's place, balancing their clubs. Above their heads, a neon showed "New" in green, then "Moulin Rouge" in red, then "New Moulin Rouge" in both colors.

When the sailors turned around, they looked ruffled. They straightened their neckerchiefs and saluted. One sailor had a yellow stain on his shoulder.

"What's that?" Adrian asked.

"Egg," said the sailor. "Lucky it wasn't a flowerpot. They don't like us stationed like this, putting a crimp in their business."

"Any men get past you yet, inside?" asked Adrian.

The sailors looked at each other. "Not unless'n we missed him, sir," said the tall one. "Mostly they stop engines down the bottom of the alley. When they look up, they see us. They see the channel's mined, so they just keep on cruisin'—somewhere else."

"Yes, somewhere else," said a voice behind them. It was Josette. She was standing at the top of the stairs of the New Moulin Rouge. "She's hoisting storm signals, lieutenant," whispered one sailor. Her face, as she stood there, reminded Adrian of Judith Anderson in a Greek play he had once seen.

"Of course they go somewhere else," said Josette in a voice corded with anger. "And when you come in, lieutenant, I will tell you where!" She turned and stalked inside, and a moment later the alley was filled with the sound of girls'

voices, beseeching her, arguing, grieving.

Adrian turned to the sailors.

"I'm going to phone our office on the water front, from inside," he said. "I'll try to get relief so that you two can go and eat."

"But we can't go. I just read the blinker on the ship: 'Liberty boats away.' That mob will hit the beach any minute. Maybe"—the taller sailor looked at the swinging doors—"we could grab ourself something inside. I mean to eat, only."

At a second-floor window, the heads of four girls were profiled, their chins resting on their little hands as they listened. Adrian hesitated.

"A sandwich and a quick beer, say," said the shorty.

"Eat it just inside the door," wheedled the tall one. "That way we could club any wise guy the minute he gets his head in."

What Josette's proposition would be, Adrian had no idea. Of one thing he was sure: he didn't want what she said to become part of the scuttlebutt of the *Schenectady*. An edged insult from a woman—especially a woman like Mme. Buhari—could follow an officer through years of the navy. *Turret Talk*, the ship monthly, would pick it up. An insult could grow into an anecdote, then into a legend, perhaps perpetuated in some ugly nickname. Nobody with a really hairy nickname, somehow, ever becomes an admiral.

"Stay out here till I pass you the word," he blurted, and went up the stairs two at a time.

From the bar, a girl in a clinging silver dress smiled at him as he barged in. Josette had disappeared, but the efforts she had made to get ready for the *Schenectady* were all around him. The lights were suffused in red till the place was as dim as the corridors of the cruiser with her standing lights on. *You sure know how to dark-adapt your ship, Josette*, thought Adrian. Paper garlands swung in loops from the lights. On the mirror behind the bar, a wavering hand had scrawled "Welcome, dear shipmates."

Five or six girls—not the ones who had been leaning out the upstairs windows—were scattered at the tables, reading French and Spanish comic books. They looked at him and smiled, more shyly than he expected.

"Now then, lieutenant," said Josette's voice. He turned and saw her, parting the hanging beads of a doorway marked "DIRECTION." She had changed into black silk, ankle length. Her arms were bare and beautiful, her shoulders naked and ripe. "Sit down," she said, edging into a table. To the silvery girl at the bar she said, "Bring the lieutenant a tomato juice. For me, a Cinzano."

They sat down and faced each other, cool eyes meeting. "You never drink on duty, I believe," she opened.

"Glad I don't have to fight you on that point," he said.

She took her drink and raised it. They drank. "And your wife is waiting for you at the Rembrandt." He said nothing. "She is *really* your wife, isn't she?"

"She is." He offered her a cigarette, which she took.

"That leaves me," said Josette. "with only one kind of offer I could make you. And being American," she smiled wryly, "you are—What is the expression—out of my briquet."

"Bracket."

"Bracket." She smoked a little. "So you are inaccessible. The Americans are like their country: closed to us."

"It is a pity," said Adrian. "we killed off all the poor Americans. First the Indians, then the poor."

"I never like joking about money," said Mme. Buhari, stirring and lifting her white shoulders. "Look around you. You see an investment, all for one night. Even that bar girl's gown, it is hired. For one night. Tonight. How can you force me to waste it?"

He sipped the tomato juice. "What do you expect me to do?"

"Let us begin by looking at your map," she said evenly.

He reached for his cap, removed the map and unfolded it on the table. "I like your hair," she said, as if to herself. "So short." Abruptly she pulled the map over to her side of the table and looked hard at it. "Very complete."

"Thanks to Major Hamsoun," he said.

"He has found you all the obvious places," she said. "Every place he has named you has a neon light. He has saved you twenty-four hours. But . . ."

"But what?"

"But you do not have the nameless places." She held her cigarette aside and leaned forward through the smoke. "You do not have the filthy little places, with the filthy little girls who come to Tanger only for this evening."

"For instance?"

Her forefinger with its purple nail fell on the map. "Here, around the back of Le Tambour, is the locale of a Sudanese expelled from Tripoli. Nine girls. Not nice girls." Her finger flew across three alleyways and tapped again. "And here is the very respectable *calle* of the mosque. And here, opposite the side door, is the apartment of a Swiss who was expelled from the Legion because of his pursuits. Under him, four girls. *Not* a nice Swiss. *Not* nice girls."

"Excuse me," said Adrian. He picked up the map and went to the phone on the wall. He threw the silvery bar girl two

pesetas, and she flicked a switch under the bar. With his free hand he found the number in the book of L'Association Libre des Pecheurs de l'Afrique du Nord, and dialed it. Loomis answered, "Gosh, where are you, Mr. Storck? I was just sending out a detail to find you."

"Well, cancel it," said Adrian. "Listen, are the liberty parties on the beach yet?"

"They sure are," said Loomis. "In and gone. We couldn't hold 'em. They took off like white Leghorns after corn, up the hill and into the Casbah. And say, your wife called."

"What'd she want?"

"Said she was tired of waiting for you, and so was Major Hamsoun. Wanted to know where to meet you in the Casbah."

Adrian gulped. He had a feeling things were getting away from him. "Loomis? Now listen. Send out those new patrols. And listen, here are two new stations for their maps. Got yours and a pencil? All right: from the back door of the Tambour—"

"We didn't know it had a back door!"

"Look inside the front and you'll probably find sailors pouring in the back. Listen: from back door of Tambour, take a course southwest, turning right rudder after forty yards. Look for a Sudanese."

"What's his neon say?" asked Loomis.

"No neon, no name. Now second station: from the mosque's side door, bear 165 degrees 2 lengths, then orbit around till you find a Swiss with four girls. Not nice girls."

"Got it. And your wife?"

"I'm calling her now. And Loomis, tell the new patrols that the minute they see a man wobbling, give him a slip. Cancel his liberty, and tell his liberty partner to get him back to the beach. If those girls get him inside those houses, he's lost to us until morning. If the patrols are lax, put 'em on report and send 'em back to the ship." Loomis grunted the affirmative of the cornered.

Adrian hung up, feeling someone close behind him. He turned and found his face near Josette's. "For favors, do you ever say thank you?" she said.

"I'm sorry," he said. "Thank you for the addresses. Maybe I can return the favor someday when you'd like to see Newport or Norfolk."

Then he faced the bar and got a shock. The two sailors had slipped inside. Under the presiding eye of the bar girl, they were eating corned-beef sandwiches smeared with ketchup and drinking big beakers of tomato juice. At a distance of a yard from them, and closing fast, were a blonde in flaring red, probably Italian, and a little blue cornflower job with a horsetail hairdo and flat shoes, a Cannes type.

"Who authorized you men to enter that door?" demanded Adrian.

"She did," said the bigger sailor, chewing and nodding toward Josette. "We're all friends, ain't we?"

Adrian swung around on Josette. "Mme. Buhari. I give the orders to my men," he said.

Josette came softly toward him. "Soyez raisonnable," she said under her breath. "They have been standing lonely in that alley since three this afternoon. Until they saw you come in, they were *très corrects*."

"All right," he said. He turned back to the sailors. "You two are relieved of duty. Go back to the ship. Send me up two new men."

"You going to put us on report?"

"Just for a sandwich, sir?"

"No," said Adrian. "Just turn in your clubs and brassards. Shove off." They saluted and were gone.

Josette drifted nearer. Something different had come into her manner. "Is there a misunderstanding between us?" she said clearly.

"Don't know what you mean," said Adrian, looking for his cap.

"We had an agreement, I thought," she said distinctly. "You and I. A deal."

"Deal?" He tried to make her sound insolent by sounding indignant himself, and almost brought it off. Not quite, though.

"I told you," said Josette in a words-of-one-syllable tone. "exactly where the Sudanese and the Swiss are. And, of course, I was not surprised that you sent patrols there. What surprised me was your second order to those men. Once you have taken away a patrol from my place, and once you have seen how the Moulin is respectable, *yourself*," she looked down swiftly, then up again, "I do not expect you to restore the guard on me again."

"Then you are dead wrong. Mme. Buhari," said Adrian, as quickly and dryly as possible. "In ten minutes, the relief patrol will be here. You are off limits."

"To remain how long?"

"Until a half hour after midnight, the end of liberty."

Her eyebrows lifted. "Ah," she said. No more, but her eyes never left him. She added something in Arabic, too, but not to anybody that he could see. For a second, nobody moved. Then the girls faded back toward their tables and sank there as softly as ballet dancers. Two nearer the staircase started upstairs. It seemed very quiet. Adrian had a feeling it was time to shove off. He held out his hand to Josette. "Thanks again, Mme. Buhari," he said.

She parted the curtains under the sign "DIRECTION." "Before you go," she said, "I have something more for your map." To the bar girl she said. "Bring the lieutenant a fresh tomato juice." It seemed

a pity to disappoint her a second time, and Adrian followed her inside.

The first thing Adrian recognized, after his eyes opened like eggshells, was Kitty. She was still combing her hair, but this time she was wearing her traveling suit. She was packed, too.

He sat up in bed and found he was in pajamas. "Whuh—who's—what time's it?"

Kitty came to the side of the bed. "Come on," she said. "I've got to make my plane again." His eyes were roaming the room. "Here," she said, holding up a garment, "I sent to the ship for another uniform. The one from last night is being steamed. What's that woman use on herself, Channel Crossing?"

"How'd I...? Who brought me...?" He found his watch. "Say!"

"From eight o'clock to midnight, not a word from you," Kitty recited, with a wife's relish for disaster righteously averted. "So Major Hamsoun and I took our walk through the Casbah alone. My, isn't that a depressed area?"

Adrian grunted and let his head fall into his hands. Weighted as it seemed, it nearly fell between his knees.

"But there's one woman living in all that backwardness," said Kitty, "whom I'm sure I'll never forget. I'm going to have to write someone about her, maybe Mrs. Roosevelt. Anyhow, her name is Josette Buhari. She keeps a sort of late tea room called the New Moulin Rouge. She sells embroidery, too, made by very clever seamstresses; she trains them herself. By eleven o'clock, when we got there, her place was covered with handwork: shawls, table covers, slips, handkerchiefs. Didn't you meet her? Why, everybody was there!"

"Dunno," said Adrian. "Too many things. All happening."

"But she was the one, Ensign Loomis said, who told the men with the pickup where to find you. After you drank too much. . . . I can forgive a woman like that even her awful perfume."

"Forgive her anything," said Adrian. "You're so right."

"And look what she gave me. Adrian!"

She held up a large tablecloth. On it were carefully worked the words: "For a Beloved Friend, Souvenir of Tangier. Bon Voyage."

THE END

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He strode quickly across the campus, speaking to no one, trying desperately to forget the scene behind him.

A monochromatic illustration in shades of pink and grey. On the left, two young men are seen from the back, looking towards the right. One wears a plaid jacket and a cap, the other a checkered shirt. In the center, a large, tiered stone base of a statue dominates the foreground. To the right, a young man in a light-colored sweater with three dark stripes on the sleeve stands with his back to the viewer, holding a book or folder. Behind him, another young man with glasses is partially visible. The background shows a brick wall on the left and a doorway on the right. The overall mood is somber and contemplative.

The Failure

For the first time in his young, proud life
he tasted the bitterness of disgrace—and for
the first time knew what it means to be loved

BY DONALD ASHER

ILLUSTRATED BY STAN KLIMLEY

The clock on the library tower struck ten as Philip Marbury came down the steps of Murdock Hall and started slowly across the almost deserted campus. It was a mild, windy day, a false spring day in early February. The tree-dotted quadrangle showed green between stale patches of snow, and the three coeds who passed him now wore their coats open, their voices clear and lilting in the soft air.

"Hi, Phil," one of the girls turned and called, but he didn't hear.

He walked past the bronze statue of Sanford Carlisle with *CLAW THE TIGER* scrawled in orange paint and down the slope toward fraternity row, the hackneyed, incredible phrases beating dully in his brain: "... unfortunate that a boy of your high standing. . . . The university has no alternative. . . . duty to inform you. . . . expelled. . . ." The dean had paused, shuffled through some papers, and Philip hadn't stayed to hear any

Stan Klimley

more. He had turned away, walked dazedly from the office.

He tried not to think about it, or about yesterday morning, the alarm clock, the fantastic lapse of memory . . . the whole crazy pattern of events and how if only . . . if only he could have yesterday morning back again. . . . Expelled. The word barely registered; it was garish, unreal.

And he hadn't planned it; it could so easily have been avoided. That's what hurt.

Once more he went over in his mind the past two days, as if that could possibly help now, as if it made sense now to determine the point at which the whole thing could have been avoided.

The day before yesterday he had gone to his room after dinner to begin studying. The next morning he had his last mid-year exam: chemistry. He could always summon up strength for that last one, because as soon as it was over, you started packing; you were

heading home then for a week's vacation.

By one-thirty in the morning, he had carefully covered the term's work, all except the final two weeks of organic. He listed the equations in pencil on his scratch-pad—he always did this, especially with organic, because the writing helped fix the formulas in his mind—and then sat back and began the business of memorizing. It would take an hour, he figured, an hour and a half to do it right.

But after barely twenty minutes, his eyes started to blur. It had been a long night, a long week: five final exams. What he would do—what he had done often before—he'd go to bed and set the alarm an hour and a half earlier. Despite faculty condemnation of last-minute cramming, he knew from three years' experience, three years of making Dean's List, that the equations would be fresher in his mind in the morning.

But the alarm didn't go off in the morning, or had he slept through it? What mattered was that he had only fifteen

minutes to reach the exam room. He dressed hurriedly, tore the sheet containing the equations from the scratch-pad, folded it, and stuffed it into his pocket. He could scan it during the ten-minute walk to Riley Hall.

The first part of the examination went well. He worked steadily and surely until he came to the next-to-last question: "Show the typical oxidation of alcohols, aldehydes, and cyclic ketones. Use equations. Credit: 25 points." He stared at the question for some minutes, knowing the answer was not in his mind, uneasily aware of the answer in the inside pocket of his coat. Credit: 25 points. That left a margin of 10 points between passing and failing the exam. He glanced quickly at the last question, saw with relief that he knew it. But 10 points. That was cutting things pretty close; he couldn't be absolutely sure he had a perfect paper without question four. And there were important considerations. There was his scholarship, four years' free tuition, which depended on his maintaining consistently high grades. And there was Dean's List, which he'd hoped to make throughout the four years; he had wanted to be sure of acceptance by a first-rate law school.

He closed his eyes a moment, trying to shut out the thought that was pressing insistently in the back of his mind. He looked up toward the lecture table at the front of the room. The two proctors were there, talking quietly. It would be a simple matter to transfer the sheet in his pocket unnoticed to the exam booklet, spread it flat, if necessary conceal it by turning a page of the booklet. And wasn't cribbing a casually accepted fact throughout the student body? Hadn't several of his own fraternity brothers admitted to it? And the others—probably a good percentage, he thought. Twenty-five points: it seemed a pretty stiff price to pay for slipping through an alarm.

He slipped his hand into his coat pocket, feeling the warm ooze of perspiration break out under his shirt because this was the first time, and, he swore solemnly, the last.

He had just completed the question when he heard one of the proctors coming up the aisle. Quickly he turned the page, began on question five. The proctor passed by. For a few moments, he sat unmoving, taut with relief. Then he went on with the exam, working deliberately, intently, willing his mind from the previous page.

"All examinations will be collected in five minutes." He finished just as the announcement was made. He closed the booklet and sank back in his chair, trying to relax. Five minutes: not enough time to recheck his work. It didn't matter



He glanced at last summer's snapshot of Ellie and suddenly realized he hadn't thought of her since it happened. How would he tell her?

—he had done well enough. He couldn't help smiling a little at this. Now he wanted to put the exam from his mind, to be back in his room, packing. The train for home left in two hours, which meant that in nine hours, he'd see Ellie. He had looked forward to this week: the country-club dance Thursday night, dinner with the Hollisters, the party Saturday. It was going to be a fine week.

He capped his pen, gathered up his examination sheet and booklet and his overcoat from the adjoining seat. At the lecture table, he turned in his booklet and went out into the hall, feeling flushed and lightheaded and vaguely uneasy. He walked quickly along the corridor, and it wasn't until he reached the top of the staircase leading to the ground floor that he stopped dead. With cold hands, he carefully searched the pockets of his coat, then his pants pockets and his overcoat. He leaned heavily against the banister. The paper containing the equations was still in his examination booklet.

At that moment, the hall filled with outgoing students, and he had to make his way against them. Dimly he heard someone say, "Hey, Phil, how'd you do?" He got through the doorway and went over to the instructor sorting books on the long lecture table.

"Yes Marbury?"

"I left something in my exam booklet, sir—some scratch paper."

The instructor continued sorting. "Well, we'll come to it during the grading this afternoon."

"It's nothing important—just scratch work." Feverishly, he scanned the piles of booklets. "There—I think that's mine on top of that pile, sir."

The instructor glanced up now, studied him through steel-rimmed glasses. "Any work passed in with the booklet becomes part of the examination, Marbury."

He stood a moment, staring blankly at the instructor. There was nothing more to be done. "Yes. . . . Of course," he managed to say, and turned away toward the exit.

Leaving Riley Hall, he assured himself it wasn't serious. The sheet would probably be discarded during the grading. Even if it weren't, even if he were called up on it, he could explain: he had used his scratch-pad to make sure of the answer before entering it in his booklet. Yes, that would take care of it. There was really nothing to worry about. Maybe, though, it would be a good idea to stay over until tomorrow, until the exams were marked; then he could pick up his grade at the Chem. Department. The week at home would be ruined, thinking about it, waiting for his grades to be mailed. Yes, that's what he'd do. Stay over, just in case; take the twelve-five

train tomorrow. It was going to be all right.

He spent an uneasy afternoon in his room reading *The Great Gatsby*, getting a head start on next term's American Lit. course. That helped a little. It was reassuring to think about next term. After dinner, he went alone to a double feature, returning to his room about midnight. He couldn't get to sleep; all night he alternately tossed and dozed. He was dozing off again when a fraternity brother woke him the next morning. Dean White's secretary was on the phone. Would he please report to the dean's office in half an hour? He shaved with numb fingers, dressed, and started across campus, willing back his confidence, anticipating possible questions, formulating answers. *It was going to be all right.*

But by the time he reached Murdock Hall, self-assurance had slipped into growing panic. And for good reason.

He hadn't thought it through clearly, hadn't considered three indefensible bits of evidence: the scratch paper contained equations other than those referring to the examination question; it was folded several times, unlikely if he had utilized it on the spot; it was written in pencil, his examination booklet in ink.

The living room of Sigma Tau was deserted. Most of the boys had already finished their exams and left for home. Philip went upstairs and along the corridor to the phone cubicle. His hands were clammy, and he missed the number the first time. He dialed again.

"Bob Hollister, please." Bob was Ellie's brother and a member of the student council. The council dealt with such cases as his, passed on recommendations to the dean. *Why hadn't Bob phoned him? Surely he could do something. . . .*

The boy at the other end returned. "Sorry. Hollister left last night."

Philip slowly replaced the receiver. Then he shook himself, got up, and went down the hall to his room. He looked around, his mind numbing with a hundred details, that ought to be attended to—his books, locker key to be turned in, history volumes due at the library. . . . There wasn't time for all that, not if he wanted to get home today. And he had to see Bob Hollister today. The student council could review the facts of a case, change their recommendation. Bob would have to try to do something for him. His father would want him to, and Mrs. Hollister, and of course Ellie. He had never before in his life pleaded for anything, but this time he would. This time he needed help, needed it badly, and someone would have to come through for him.

He got his suitcase out and began taking shirts and underwear from the

dresser. *One mistake. They can't ruin your life for one mistake.* He hadn't stolen or raped or been caught carrying a gun. He had been the victim of a momentary temptation, of an idiotic lapse of memory—that and a faulty alarm clock. But no matter how he tried to rationalize, it was still there: cheating, dishonesty. *Forget it, he told himself. Forget it. It's done, finished. You can't bring back yesterday.*

Surprisingly—it hadn't happened in a good many years—he felt the hot sting of tears against his lids. He squeezed them back, methodically gathered up his toilet articles from the bureau top. His glance fell on the twin leather-backed brushes his father had given him in his freshman year.

Now for the first time, he wondered how he was going to tell his father. They had never been close, had never been able to talk easily to each other. Ever since he could remember, he had always felt uncomfortable in the presence of his father, a vague, soft-spoken man, whom he invariably compared with Judge Hollister and the fathers of the fraternity brothers whose homes he had visited during vacations. They were vigorous men, successful lawyers, businessmen, engineers. His father was a college graduate, too, and had planned to be a doctor. But he had never gotten around to it. For the past twenty years, he had made an uncertain living as a salesman for numerous textile concerns, an occupation for which he was singularly unfit. His one passion in life, it seemed to Philip, was a love of fine books, and this he had indulged to the extent of filling two floor-to-ceiling bookcases with worn, secondhand editions. Funny thing, he hardly ever read them; he hadn't gotten around to that either.

He thought now of those stacks of books, faded and dusty, and how they always reminded him of home, of his father. And he remembered the time four years ago when his father had tried to fulfill his parental responsibility by speaking, in his quiet, half-apologetic way, on the subjects of integrity and values and persistence. He had succeeded only in embarrassing them both.

And there was Aunt Helen, the other third of the household, a spinster sister whom his father had asked to come and live with them when his mother died. Philip had tried—really tried—to feel something toward her. She was a gentle, nervous woman and a bad cook, and, intent on her new station in life, she had done her best to mother him.

On the bureau were other reminders of home, more pleasant ones: stuck in the mirror frame, a snap-shot of Ellie, taken last summer on the Hollisters' front

lawn, and a two-week-old birthday card from Judge and Mrs. Hollister. Even if Bob couldn't do anything for him, he thought, brightening, the judge might be able to; he was an influential man, and State was his alma mater. And the judge liked him, he knew. He had been dating Ellie for over a year now and had been to the Hollister home many times. They always made him feel welcome. While he waited for Ellie to get ready, Mrs. Hollister would bring in a tray of cakes and soft drinks, and she and the judge would ask him about school, his studies.

Of course, in a way they were playing a part, he realized. As yet, there was nothing definite between him and Ellie, but he could tell that they were pleased about it, that they looked upon him favorably as a prospective son-in-law.

"I like to see a boy who knows what he's about," the judge had said to him one night. "There's always room in a law firm for an ambitious young man who isn't afraid to roll up his sleeves."

The judge had had a kind of glint in his eye and from the way he'd said it, it seemed fairly certain that he had meant his law firm.

Yes, Judge Hollister would help him. If for no other reason than Ellie.

He looked at the photograph now. It wasn't a very good picture; Bob had snapped it when she wasn't quite ready. She was squinting against the sun, her close-cropped blonde hair flattened by her swimming cap. Strange, he hadn't thought of her at all since yesterday morning. He tried to imagine how she was going to take the news and was disturbed to find that he wasn't quite sure. He'd made up his mind to give her a ring next year, when he knew about law school. But now . . .

"Cripes, I wish I were leaving today." Marty Jeffers stood in the doorway, glancing ruefully at the half-filled suitcase. He was a senior, a big hulking boy who habitually walked into rooms and made himself at home. He flopped down on the bed, bunching the pillow under his head, and regarded the snapshot in the mirror. "Hey, you bringing that broad up for spring house party?"

For a moment, Philip stopped packing. It would be a relief to tell someone his story—that he would not be back for the party, that unless someone went to bat for him, he was through at State, probably through with school, period, because colleges don't make a habit of accepting transfer students whose records show—what was the expression?—"expelled for disciplinary action. . . ." He'd be another guy with three years of college and no degree, and they'd try to hush it up at home. One of his father's friends or the judge, maybe, would give

him a job as a clerk—or, if he had the guts, he'd leave home, start somewhere else. Yes, he was frightened, all right, really frightened for the first time in his life, and it would help to talk about it. But somehow Marty wasn't the one.

Five minutes later he had finished packing. He told Marty good-by and left his room and Sigma Tau, grateful no one else was around to say good-by to.

In front of the Student Union, he boarded a city-bound bus. The bus had to circuit the campus, and he didn't want to, but he looked past the library tower toward the quadrangle of squat, ivy-clad buildings, remembering how on a hot spring day the corridors were cool and dark and there was the smell of tobacco when you passed the open door of a professor's office. In front of Murdock Hall, the bronze equestrian statue he'd had to straddle during initiation week, and the grassy slope behind Bailey Laboratory—you could study there in the shade of one of the huge elms, and looking down through the trees, see Lake Monandock, blue and shimmering like a mirror. The bus turned and started downhill, cutting off his view.

It was dark when the train pulled into Union Station. He went into the waiting room, stiff from the long ride, and went into a phone booth.

The dial tone clicked slowly, six times, before Mrs. Hollister answered.

"This is Philip Marbury, Mrs. Hollister," he said.

There was a pause, almost imperceptible, but a pause.

"Philip, how are you? Are you home? Your aunt called. . . . They've been worried about you."

"No, I got in just now," he said. "I was wondering—if Bob's home, I'd like to drop over to see him."

"Yes, Of course. We're just finishing dinner," Mrs. Hollister paused. "Philip, you're all right? I mean, your aunt—your father was expecting you yesterday."

"Yes, I'm fine, Mrs. Hollister," he answered, frowning at the nervousness in her voice, wondering if Bob had already told them. "Then I'll be over in about ten minutes," he said, and hung up before remembering he hadn't asked about Ellie.

I ought to call home now, he thought. But that could wait. After seeing Bob and the judge, maybe he could soften it, tell them there was a chance.

He left the station and got in a taxi. It was a mild night, but his hands were ice-cold, and there was a gnawing hollow in the pit of his stomach.

Bob opened the door for him. "Come on in, Phil."

At the entrance to the living room, he stopped and set his bag down. "Hello, Ellie, Mrs. Hollister."

"It's nice to see you, Philip," Mrs. Hollister, smiling too brightly, came over and took his coat. Ellie nodded. She was standing across the room in front of the sofa, and she was smiling at him, too, a thin, uncertain smile.

He stood a moment inside the entrance-way, apprehensive, seeing at a glance that they knew. On the way over, he had tried to anticipate their reaction. He wasn't quite sure what he had expected—sympathy, embarrassment, maybe, but he hadn't expected this: not the tenseness, the fixed smiles. And the judge, where was he? His car had been in the driveway.

Stiffly now he sat down, and Mrs. Hollister joined Ellie on the sofa.

Bob broke the silence. "I've told the folks, Phil—no one else. I hope you don't mind." He sat on the arm of a chair, his face intent. "I tried to reach you last night before I left. The Chem. Department contacted us in the afternoon, and we had a council meeting about five-thirty."

"I went to a movie last night."

Bob took a pipe from his breast pocket, studied it a moment. "That was a pretty stupid trick, Phil, leaving those notes in your exam book." Bob looked up at him. "What made you do it? You've been Dean's List three years."

Philip wet his lips, wishing he knew Bob Hollister better, wishing he had seen more of him on campus. Slowly, painstakingly, because everything hinged on how he told this, he began relating the events starting with the night before the exam, about the alarm's not going off, the notes in his pocket, unpremeditated, what was in his mind at the time—his scholarship, Dean's List, law school. When he had finished, there was a silence.

Mrs. Hollister said, "Really, I think something should be done about those exams. The pressure you boys have to work under. . . ."

"Of course my hands were tied at the meeting, Phil. The other fellows knew you were from home, and about Ellie—not that it would have really made any difference. Our procedures in such cases are cut and dried. We're aware that there's quite a bit of cheat—of that sort of thing going on, and the only way we have of stemming it is to make an example of every case. Honestly, I wish I could have—"

"I thought my previous record might be a consideration," Philip said quietly.

Bob got up, carefully filled his pipe from the bowl on the mantel. "That's the rotten part of it. Probably there are guys who crib every chance they get and are never caught. Then someone like you, I may be sticking my neck out, but I have a hunch you had never tried it before."

"First offense," Philip said wryly. He felt the tautness inside him give way to resentment. "You never cribbed. Bob—on a prelim, a quiz?"

The other boy returned his gaze levelly. "No, I never have."

I shouldn't have said that. Philip thought dully. *Bob can't do anything; I shouldn't have counted on it.* He noticed that Ellie was still absorbed in the back cover of a magazine. Beside her, Mrs. Hollister sat with a patient, vacant expression, her lips faintly pursed, and he realized in a cold moment of certainty that they had thrashed this whole thing out thoroughly before his arrival, that at the sound of the doorbell, the judge had discreetly retired from the room. He thought fleetingly of the date he had with Ellie for the country-club dance Thursday night and then asked in a carefully controlled voice, "How will this appear on my record, Bob?"

Bob sucked briefly on his pipe. "Well, of course, the council doesn't determine that. I think, depending on your past record, the school makes some kind of arrangement—"

"Perhaps, dear, if you spoke to the dean." Mrs. Hollister intervened gently. "Something could be done about getting you admitted to another school."

"Yes," Philip said. He got up. There was nothing more to be done and he wanted suddenly to be out of this house. "I'd better be getting home."

Mrs. Hollister rose. "I know Percy would want to see you, Philip, but he's been working all day on a brief. It has to be ready for court tomorrow, and I really hate to disturb him. Why don't you call him tomorrow, dear, or Wednesday?"

"Yes."

Mrs. Hollister got his coat and he turned to leave. But there was one more thing. "I'll call you about the dance, Ellie," he said.

For a fraction of a moment she gazed at him blankly. "Phil, I'm sorry—I tried to phone you yesterday. Janice Amory invited me up to New Hampshire for the week. It was rather sudden. . . ."

He heard the rest of it dimly, something about a lodge, skiing, she wasn't sure when she'd get back, but she'd call him. . . . When she finished, he picked up his bag and let himself out the front door.

Out on the pavement, he stopped and waited; in less than a minute, he was rewarded. Through the windows, he saw the judge in his smoking jacket appear at the living-room archway. It was like a scene viewed through a stereoscope, at once vivid and remote. The judge glanced around at his family, his lips moving. Philip looked a moment longer and then turned away.

It was four blocks to his house. When he reached the front steps, he hesitated, knowing he couldn't face them just now, the pained looks, the awkward pity. He thought dully of going back to town, to a bar, a movie, any place for an hour or two. . . .

His aunt must have heard him coming up the walk. The door opened, and she stood framed in the yellow light, a tall, spare woman with untidy gray hair, peering out into the darkness.

"Philip, is that you? We've been terribly worried."

"Hello, Aunt Helen." He drew a long breath and went up the stairs, kissed her cheek lightly. "I'm sorry. I should have phoned."

In the living room, his father rose from his chair. "Hello, Phil." His face was strained and tired-looking, more so than usual, and with dismay. Philip began to frame in his mind the words that would have to be said; the quicker he got it over with the better.

"Philip, dear," his aunt murmured behind him. He turned, puzzled by her tone, her nervous, pitying expression.

His father explained quietly. "When you didn't come home yesterday, your aunt phoned the fraternity. There was no answer, so she tried the administrative offices." He hesitated. "Dean White was put on the wire. . . . He asked to speak with me."

"Oh," Philip dropped his coat on the window seat and sank heavily in a chair, avoiding their eyes. "I'm sorry you had to find out that way."

His aunt started toward him, and stopped. "It's so terribly unjust. After you've worked so hard—"

"Helen," his father broke in gently. "I think probably Phil hasn't eaten yet. Why don't you warm up some of the roast?"

When she had left the room, Mr. Marbury went over to the fireplace, took out a poker and needlessly stirred the faintly glowing coals. "The dean was deeply sorry. He spoke of your previous grades and said that if you wished to apply to another school there would be no reference to the matter on your record."

Philip rubbed his hands slowly across his eyes. He said after a time, "There'd be no scholarship, of course."

"Oh, we can manage that part." Mr. Marbury replaced the poker and stood silently by the grating, a slight balding man in a worn corduroy jacket and bedroom slippers.

The silence became uncomfortable, and Philip thought, *Why doesn't he say something? Is he waiting for me? Why doesn't he get angry, or say he's sorry, show some emotion. At least the Hollisters. . . .*

He got up abruptly and went to the window. His hands gripped the crosspiece

until his knuckles were white. "One mistake. . . . You ought to be allowed one mistake. . . ."

"You're not the only person who's ever slipped and suffered for it, Phil." His father's voice was quiet but firm. "I'll admit the punishment here seems out of proportion, but then, you were aware of the consequences."

Philip shook his head. "I don't mean that. I've been over to the Hollisters. I thought maybe—" He pounded his fist softly against the glass pane in helpless resentment.

His father asked after a moment, "What did Judge Hollister have to say?"

Philip gave a short laugh. "The judge was conspicuous by his absence." He turned away from the window and slumped wearily in a chair. "We're through, Ellie and I." *How can you be so wrong about people?* he thought. *How can you know people for years, eat in their home, like them, honestly like them, and yet be so wrong?* . . .

"I don't suppose it helps much, my telling you you're fortunate it happened now," his father was saying. "You discover that people have a way of disappointing. Phil—not all people of course. But I think the sooner you learn—well, not to expect too much, the better it is for you in the long run."

Philip glanced at him. As before, there was the sense of distance between them, the feeling of awkwardness, of embarrassment almost. With something like pain, he looked at the tired, uncertain eyes and wondered, *How many Hollisters does he meet every day? How many doors slammed in his face?* Philip turned his eyes away.

How can I tell him that I think I know? And that I'm sorry? And harder yet, how do I tell him that he doesn't have to feel sorry for me, that it isn't going to be like that for me? He said, "I'll start writing letters tomorrow. I can probably get accepted somewhere for the fall term."

"Six months isn't a long time," his father said. "You can relax, do some of the things you've never had time for. We might even . . . if you'd like, we can get in some fishing this spring. . . ."

Aunt Helen called in from the kitchen. "I'll have some coffee with you."

Philip got up, wanting to say something, to say, "Yes, we'll go fishing this spring," but he couldn't, not just now. They started toward the kitchen, and he heard himself asking, "Has Aunt Helen's cooking improved any?"

"No," Mr. Marbury said, and smiled. "I'm afraid it's about the same." As they went through the doorway into the kitchen, his father, in a guiding, unfamiliar gesture, touched his arm. THE END



HENRI ROUSSEAU

The Greatest Sunday Painter

This naïve and self-taught little French painter exalted a painting trend that makes millions of amateur artists look at their pictures with hopeful eyes

BY HARRIET LA BARRE

A lot of people paint for fun. Ten million amateur artists, from Long Island to California, spend what free time they have up to their elbows in burnt umber, viridian green, and turpentine, happily painting anything from dahlias to smokestacks. Once in a while, one of them, like Grandma Moses, achieves fame.

Estes Kefauver, James Mason, Winston Churchill, Dwight D. Eisenhower, Linda Darnell are a few of the Sunday painters who find a particular joy in daubing a paint brush onto canvas. Neuroses are lagging among the folk who last year, instead of spending time with their anxieties, went out and bought twenty million paint sets. They also spent fifty million dollars on canvas, colors, easels, and brushes, which explains why on a balmy Sunday every meadow with a cow is also likely to contain a happy brush wielder.

Two things are certain about the average amateur, as about Grandma Moses and Rousseau: he has no formal art training. But he doesn't care. He's having a good time because he likes to paint. An explorer, he wants to develop his own style in his own way. And if he has a sneaking suspicion that perhaps he has talent, maybe he has. Look at Rousseau. Look at Grandma Moses.

Grandma Moses

Grandma Moses was seventy-six before she started painting seriously, and she has turned out more than 1,000 paintings—priced at from \$150 to \$3,000 each. A primitive artist, without a scrap of formal art training, Grandma paints only what she knows—memories of her early childhood, family reunions, snowy Hoosic River scenes. Now ninety-four and still

painting, her works are owned by such discriminating collectors as Katharine Cornell and I.B.M.'s Thomas J. Watson, and are represented in the Vienna State Gallery, in the Paris Museum of Modern Art, and in nine American museums. In Europe, she has had six one-man shows; and in the United States, people have crowded to more than 160 exhibitions of her work.

Modern Primitive

Rousseau, too, now considered the greatest of modern primitive painters, was self-taught. Rousseau, too, developed his own style. A minor inspector in a toll station on the outskirts of Paris, Rousseau retired in 1885 on a tiny pension. He was forty-one years old when he determined to become known as a professional painter. Ignorant of technique, Rousseau was full of confidence, and began by copying anything at hand.

Next, he began to experiment. He studied animals in the Paris zoo, flora that later emerged in eerie pictures. By 1890, he had exhibited twenty paintings, at which the public jeered. Undaunted, he painted on.

Even his now famous "The Sleeping Gypsy," with its uncanny, dreamlike mood and air of mystery, went unappreciated. Owned by the Museum of Modern Art, in New York, and valued at more than \$25,000, the painting was scorned by Rousseau's home town, to which he offered it in 1898 for a few thousand francs. Wrote one popular art critic in 1897, on seeing "The Sleeping Gypsy": it was "the target of the show. . . . My own reaction was so hilarious that the police had to throw me out, as I could not control my laughter."

Yet with this painting, the infinitely patient Rousseau had finally developed his personal language—a language that later influenced Picasso and Braque.

Why did the art world and the public lack sympathy? Rousseau, the self-taught artist, did not paint according to the laws of perspective and anatomy. And the art world was not yet ready to recognize the unique quality of a self-taught artist. Even Rousseau's last painting, "The Dream," presented to the Museum of Modern Art by Nelson Rockefeller, and one of the most valuable paintings (a rumored \$50,000) in the museum's collection, was greeted with ridicule when, in the 1910 Salon, Rousseau exhibited it. Only a few artists and writers such as Gertrude Stein, Picasso, and Braque were then able to appreciate Rousseau's brilliant primitive style.

Composition, Design, Mystery

Though "primitive" is generally considered to mean a self-taught painter who paints with a naïve eye, a primitive can bring so much more to his canvas—as in Rousseau's case, brilliant composition, design, and an element of mystery. His was a procedure that can be followed by every Sunday painter in America.

ROUSSEAU'S "The Toll House," now in the Courtauld Institute, London, was painted about 1900. A fine full-color print, made in Germany, is fifteen by thirteen inches, facsimile size. It can be obtained by writing to Room 545, COSMOPOLITAN, 959 Eighth Ave., New York 19, N. Y., enclosing a check for \$10, made payable to COSMOPOLITAN.

THE END





Champ



Mabel Miller had planned their TV debate as beauty baiting the beast. Trouble was, she picked on Charley Schaefer, middleweight champion of the world

BY MEL HEIMER

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE HUGHES

What got me started remembering was I was sitting in Stillman's gym on Eighth Avenue on a dull Tuesday, trying to pick me up a new middleweight to manage but with no great hope of so doing. The two boys waltzing in the ring began to bore me, and I picked up the paper and read about the English woman parliament member having the debate about boxing with Jack Solomons, the promoter.

This dame politician, it seemed, wanted to have boxing outlawed as barbaric

and cruel to animals or something like that, and Solomons was claiming it was a fine, manly sport. I don't know who won; I only know I read a few paragraphs, and then I put down the paper and sat there and thought, "Charley Schaefer."

I don't have to give you a big pitch about Charley Schaefer; I guess you all know him pretty well and how he retired as the middleweight champion five or six years ago. I guess most of you know, too, about him and Mabel Miller and *their* debate. It certainly made enough front

"Perhaps, after I finish off this bum, we can go out and have a beer or two?" he said courteously.

pages. But like I say, I was reminded of it when I read that piece in the paper, so suppose I run over it lightly for the benefit of late-comers.

It started one night up in Berlinger's, the borscht-circuit resort up in the Catskills, where I always took my fighters to get in shape for a big bout.

We had had a pretty full day—hitting the road early, a good workout on the big and little bags, calisthenics, chopping a little wood, and then going four rounds with three different spar boys—and here we were around the TV set, relaxing. What we were watching, of course, was "The Lone Ranger." I don't want to give the impression anywhere here at all that Charley Schaefer was immature mentally, but it is a cold fact that he almost never misses "The Lone Ranger."

Anyway—the picture got a little fuzzy, and so I got up to fiddle around with the dials; and the next thing, I had twisted the wrong one and got a new channel, and there was Mabel Miller.

She was seated behind a big desk, and she had a pair of glasses on and she was talking seriously—but none of that took the edge off the effect at all. She was spectacular. She was blonde, of course, and she was arranged in remarkable proportions. Something like this could make cities burn and small crowds riot.

It seems she was a commentator—you know, one of those people who read the news on the air and then tell you what it doesn't mean. Only she was more of a crusading commentator. Later we found that she would go on and on about carrying switch-blade knives one night—I think she was against that—and the next night would start a big drive to have all the department stores fly the Union Jack every other Saturday to show America's respect for gallant Britain, and so on. You know.

This particular night, her comment was as foolish as ever—but it had particular interest for us . . . for me, Charley, Whitey Lanstein, and Benny McEvoy, who did Charley's training. She stuck her finger almost out of the twenty-one-inch screen at us.

"Have you seen the average prize fighter?" she demanded, in a kind of white heat. "Tottering on the backs of his heels, mumbling his words, begging for a handout, broken-nosed, puffy-eared—in all, a disgrace to our nation!" She leaned forward and looked noble.

"I say to you, Mr. and Mrs. John Q. Public," she said, "that the savage and uncivilized practice of boxing should be outlawed forever—and now! Write your congressman today—and sleep the sleep of the just tonight!"

Then a commercial came on about how we should buy some kind of crocodile meat for our dogs to eat.

Charley sat back. He was, you could see, a hotbed of confusion. That first sight of Mabel Miller, anyone could plainly see, had unsettled him completely, but he was struggling out of his comatose condition because something else was on his mind. He looked a little hurt. He looked around at us dazedly.

"Aw, now," he said slowly, "she shouldn't of said things like that—should she?"

"It's a free country," I said. "Like Voltaire said, I will defend anybody's right to say practically anything."

You could tell he was pretty much in an uproar; any other time he would have stopped and asked me if Voltaire was the guy who did the sports column for the *Mirror*.

"Listen," I said, "stop worrying, will you? The dame is only talking to hear herself talk. The beer sponsors on TV wouldn't let them outlaw boxing."

"I ain't worried," he said, scratching his crewcut—until he spoke, and if you were on the far side from his eggplant ear, Charley looked a little like a Harvard undergraduate who got left back a few times—"but I do think somebody ought to straighten her out. She's too nice to believe things like that about a nice, square business like boxing. Look at all the things I got out of it."

"Get back to the Ranger," I directed him. "I think that horse of his bears out on the stretch turn in this episode and is disqualified from first money."

My boy went back to the masked rider and I went out on the porch and lighted a cigar and sat down to think. To begin with, Harry Slade, the challenger in this bout, was not the greatest drawing card in the world. He was a cutie, a spoiler, like Joey Maxim, or like Sammy Angott used to be—you know, hit and grab, clinch and retreat. In the patois, he easy could smell out the Garden. I wasn't worried about Charley's beating him, but I was worried about the ticket sale. We were getting 37½ per cent of the gate—only, you could ask, "What gate?" We could use a little publicity.

For another thing, in his simple way, Charley was pretty good at getting things across to people. Some fighters are. You know how Joe Louis said we would win the war because God was on our side. Well, Charley boiled things down like that. I remember when Lester Bromberg, the *World-Telegram's* fight reporter, once asked him why he didn't use his left hand more than he did. "I hit harder with my right," Charley explained. You could think of a better answer?

Why not, I reasoned to myself, rig up a big telecasted interview between Mabel Miller, girl crusader, and Charley Schaefer? It would be a natural. The papers would eat it up.

"I'll tell you why not," I said out loud to nobody on the porch. "Because, from that look in his eye, he is not chiefly interested in this doll's civic or political views." I shivered a little. It is sad but true that when you get a good fighter mixed up with a broad, he is not a good fighter any more. He gets so he goes dancing or eats ice-cream sodas. Things like that.

"It is a chance I have to take," I said, again out loud. I got up and headed back for the lobby. I went over to one of the house phones and asked Philomena, the night switchboard operator, to get me Frank Leslie at the Endicott number in New York that I gave her. Frank was a fight fan; more to the point, he was a big wheel in the Alliance Broadcasting Company that operates Channel 14. When I got Frank on the wire, I first told him to take all the four-to-five money on Charley he could find, and then I sprang the gimmick on him.

"It isn't the worst idea in the world," he said, and I could hear him muse.

"It will make Channel 14," I said firmly. He just laughed.

"Well, I still think that a fireside chat by Eisenhower might draw a few more viewers," he said, "but I will go and see what I can do. Are you sure all this isn't prompted by a personal interest you have in Mabel Miller?"

"I'm married," I said.

"So am I," he said. "and a great many more employees of Channel 14 are, too. But we *all* have a personal interest in Mabel." Then he sighed a long sigh. "It gets us nowhere. Her idea of a good time is to curl up with the Constitution."

"That," I said, "is fine. This thing will be all business then, and there will be no complications." He asked me if I spoke for Charley in making that answer, and I said don't worry, I can handle Charley all the time. He just laughed a long, mocking kind of laugh and finally hung up. I stood there by the little shelf of house phones for a minute, and then I walked back slowly to the boys by the TV set and looked speculatively at Charley.

"Listen, Tonto," I said to him, "sum up in one sentence for me just how you feel about being a box fighter." He just looked up at me, bland and relaxed.

"Where else could you get paid for belting a guy in the face?" he asked, and I must admit he had me there. I nodded and felt confident. This thing would come out all right so long as I had a regular John Kieran like this, giving out with the answers.

We drove into the city for the great TV debate just about one week before the Slade fight. Charley was relaxed and unconcerned all the way down, counting all the cemeteries on the

right-hand side of the road, as he always does to pass the time—but when we got into the Alliance studios and they sat us down at a table in front of the cameras and, five minutes before air time, Mabel Miller walked in . . . my boy was like a setter that had flushed a covey of quail.

"I never saw anything that pretty in my life," he said to me as she acknowledged the introductions almost curtly and went and sat at the other end of the table.

"The hair comes out of a bottle and her teeth are all capped," I said sarcastically. He shook his head slowly.

"Aw, stop your joking, Mike," he said.

Even if I was right about the hair and teeth, I could see why Charley was impressed. This dame made Marilyn Monroe look like a scarecrow rejected for active duty in a cornfield. Her architecture was astonishing, and even with the horn-rimmed glasses, her face would have made Maureen O'Hara look like the little sister who never has any dates.

Then they were on the air. I melted away to the side lines and watched the emcee, a slick-haired smooth talker, explain to the viewers that Miss Miller would talk for eight minutes, then Mr. Schaefer would talk for eight minutes, and then they would talk together for eight minutes, kind of question-and-answer stuff. Then he smiled at Mabel Miller, and she took off.

It was standard stuff—and, looking at it one way, true. I had heard it all before from my wife, who kept insisting I was in a business full of bums and addle-headed thugs, a savage, ridiculous trade.

I will say this for Mabel: she seemed sincere.

"Look at him," she said, near the end of her eight minutes, turning to Charley. "Just study this man carefully."

Charley just grinned a little foolishly and ran a finger around his collar, like John Wayne in the grip of some emotion stronger than both of them.

"In the first place," Mabel Miller went on, like a schoolteacher, "he has a broken nose—the most common badge of physical damage the average pugilist sports. Then, his right ear. I believe the term within the trade is 'cauliflower' ear. Hardly an ornament. Then look closely at his present manner. I am not being personal in any way, Mr. Schaefer. All I want to do is—"

"My pleasure," beamed Charley.

"—show how loose and easy his manner is—not a deliberate, sophisticated poise, mind you, but rather an air of not being particularly alert. My contention, ladies and gentlemen, is that years of absorbing hard punches undoubtedly have loosened this man's brainpan and, consequently, his thinking ability. He has that vacuous air about him, that

loose-ends attitude that marks the veteran box fighter. He would like to concentrate, but he can't."

She paused, dramatically, and shook her head sadly.

"I give you," she said, "the prize fighter. Look at him. God help him!"

She leaned back, her speech finished, and took off her glasses.

Without those glasses—*sacré bleu!*

Even with the glasses. Wife or no wife.

The smooth-looking emcee then came in with a line of falsely hearty chatter, and finally he turned to Charley.

"Mr. Schaefer," he said, showing all his pearlyies in what the announcers' school had told him was a warm smile, "the honor is all yours." He bowed slightly.

"Haah?" Charley said. The emcee coughed.

"It's your turn, Mr. Schaefer," he said. Charley grinned, silly-like, and said, "Oh—boy" (there were moments when it seemed that this Miller dame had him tabbed right on the button), and then cleared his throat. He looked over at me like he does when he is in an odd predicament in the ring, but I had nothing to tell him this time like "Cross over your right hook on that left jab." I just shrugged.

"I will have to admit that Miss Miller is not too far off the beam," he began, "when she tells you that I am not the brightest boy on the street." He chuckled.

"Let me tell you," he went on, "that when I was going to P.S. 341 down on West Seventeenth Street, I almost always stood pretty close to the bottom of my class." He grinned. "In fact, a good deal of the time I just stood in the corner. I was not a great pupil, and my advice to any kids listening in to this yacking here tonight is not to copy my ways in the classroom. . . .

"I guess you might even say I was, well, stupid."

There was an audience in the studio, just a small audience, and it laughed that up big. Charley wasn't particularly trying for those laughs, either. He was just trying to tell them the facts, ma'am.

Only the thing I think ought to be brought up," he went on, "is that, insofar as I can judge. I didn't get this dumb in the ring. I was this way right from the start, and you can ask my old lady, who still lives down there on West Seventeenth, on account of no matter how much dough I pass along to her, she won't hear of clearing out of that crummy old neighborhood. My old lady would tell you I was a real rock-head, and no two ways about it."

Charley paused a moment. He just looked down at the table in front of him, where he was sitting; I could see that he didn't dare look over at Mabel

Miller, or he wouldn't have been able to say another word presentably.

"I have sopped up a blow or two," he then said, a little philosophically, "but none of them has scrambled me up, believe me." He shook his head. "In the first place, there ain't three boys right now in the middleweight division who can punch their way out of a paper bag. There is this Slade I'm fighting next week—I will tell you, that boy can throw a little good leather, but he don't rarely do it, because he is so busy falling into clinches and lousing you up generally that he has no time to throw a decent punch of his own. And DeVito, that dumb Italian. I was out to dinner at the Forrest Hotel—up the street from the Garden—with that dumb Italian the other night, and I told him he would be fighting for the next ten years and he never would hit harder than a marshmallow if he didn't stop hooking so much and throw that right hand of his straight and short."

He leaned back, master of the situation, you might say.

"Well, so much for shop talk," he went on. "What I'm trying to say is, even if you are in there with a guy that can hammer you up, well, if you know your business—and you ain't got no business in the business otherwise—you certainly shouldn't get hit no more than is normal for a fighter." He tapped the table for emphasis. "The fact is, a boy that doesn't know enough to get out of the way, he don't last very long. He gets flattened a few times and no manager will handle him, and the next thing you know he is driving a truck or like that, where he belongs." He laughed again.

"I sent a few boys back to truck driving myself," he said, with a kind of happy slyness, "even if I do say so. I seen that Lester Ryan the other day—some of you may remember how I took that boy out with a right to the ribs and a left chop to the jaw, two years ago—and he says I done him a great turn. 'You sent me out of that lousy racket,' Lester said to me, 'and I am eternally grateful.' Of course, I told him it was nothing." Then Charley got serious.

"Only it ain't a lousy racket is the point," he said earnestly. "Look at me. I am, the way they say, a self-made man. I got me a baby-blue Caddy and some real estate over around Tenafly in Jersey, and my old lady got dough in the bank on which she can lay her hands any time, and I have fixed up my manager, who is Slick Summers, with more moola than he could rake in in any dodge outside the bank-robbing trade."

Tomorrow I would work that pineapple ten rounds with the spar boys instead of the usual six, Mister Bigmouth.

Charley held up his hands.

"And I accomplished all that stuff,"

he said, "with these. Without I get to be middleweight champion of the world, I am strictly from nowhere. I am a bar-keep or maybe I am picking up papers in Central Park with a spear." For a minute I thought he was going to cry, but he got a grip on himself. "Nobody should say nothing against the fight racket is what I should say. It done me a great deal of good and many others like me. Mr. Chairman, I thank you."

Charley sat back and everybody clapped and even whistled. Before it resembled a demonstration, however, the emcee came on again and said it was time for the rebuttal, in which Miss Miller and Mr. Schaefer would ask each other questions and so on. The beautiful doll leaped in.

"A very touching talk, Mr. Schaefer," she said, as dignified as she could manage, "but for one thing, you didn't say anything about that broken nose of yours." He just grinned.

"Pardon me, madam," he said. "I know I should of. Well, I hate to break up that theory of yours, but the cold truth is, I got that nose when I was nine years old. I fell off my three-wheel bike, when I was going like a bat out of—I mean, when I was going very fast up Ninth Avenue one afternoon."

She was disturbed, but she didn't flinch.

"And the ear?" she asked, almost coldly. "That poor, mangled ear?"

"Oh, I got that balloon in the ring all right, that is true," he replied. "I am sorry to say that a no-good half-breed named Max Flanagan did that, hitting me coming out of a clinch which is illegal, as everybody knows. I took that Flanagan out in the next round with a left uppercut, so that fixed him." Then he kind of looked around as if for a mirror. "I never thought that looked too bad, now. To tell you the truth, I think it's sort of cute. Don't you?"

Miss Miller, the pride of the air waves, didn't give a Yes or No to that one. She turned and faced the cameras again, a little red-faced but still very tasty-looking. "The ear, of course, is only what you see on the outside," she said hurriedly. "Who knows what this box fighter's brain looks like inside? Who knows how bruised and deformed his inner organs are because of the blows and the brutal poundings—"

"Question time, Miss Miller," the emcee broke in, soothingly. "We have made our major talks, now, haven't we?"

Well, little Mabel, glowering, asked a few questions and Charley answered them in his flawless style, as if he were picking off punches with his gloves and elbows. Then the half hour was up, and the emcee summed things up and leaned back and waited to go off the air.

You know how TV stars always are left kind of staring at the camera with a fixed grin when a delinquent cameraman takes his time about fading them out for the commercial? That's what they were doing there—when Charley Schaefer made his classic remark. To this day I am not sure he didn't do it on purpose. He had a sly sense of humor, the illiterate thug. Anyway, he leaned across the table in Mabel's direction.

"Hey, Miss Miller!" he called out pleasantly. "How about dinner, once we get out of this mausoleum?"

"Mr. Schaefer—we're still on the air!" exclaimed the emcee wildly.

"Oh," Charley said. He leaned back and began to file his nails.

We got out of there finally. When we were at the door, Charley buttonholed the blonde bombshell and repeated his well-meant, if crude, question, but all he got for his pains was a long stare. "Thank you," Mabel Miller said, "but I have a previous engagement."

"Oh, you go right ahead," Charley said. "I wooden think of you breaking no date just to go out with me. That ain't nice. Some other time, hey?"

"Good-by," Mabel Miller said. So we got out of there and took a couple of rooms over at the Hotel New Yorker, and then the next morning got up and drove back to Berlinger's in the Catskills. Charley drove while I read the morning papers, and I must say I was cheerier than usual because we really lapped up the publicity. There were two page-one stories, and all in all it was better than a paid ad for the Slade fight. If we didn't do at least eighty thousand at the gate now, I would eat my hat.

"Slick," Charley said thoughtfully, as we were passing Tuckahoe or Blue Point or some one-horse town like that. "I am not through with that wonderful Miss Miller yet, you know." I half-listened to him and half-read all that wonderful publicity again.

"Neither am I, my boy," I yawned. "Neither am I." And I wasn't.

I didn't have to twist Frank Leslie's arm. He thought my new idea was fine.

"Maybe you can get Charley to propose to her in his corner," he told me Saturday, three days before the fight, when he motored up to our little hide-away to relax and watch the boy work out.

"Any laughs that come out of this will be coincidental," I said seriously. "I'm in grave earnest. Now the way I see it, you arrange for a setup right under our corner at ringside, and then when Charley comes back for the one-minute rest between rounds, this Miller doll interviews him on how he feels and what hurts him and so on. You know. 'Is the lust to kill in your veins now, Mr.

Schaefer?' All those dopey kind of questions she is always asking."

"I suppose Charley is going to have all the time in the world to give his answers," Frank said a little sarcastically. "Don't forget that you and your unsanitary colleagues usually spend that minute swabbing his face and patching up his cuts and blowing air inside his belt and things like that." I snorted.

"Against this Slade," I said, "we can dispense with all that. He don't hit hard enough to cut a tsetse fly. If we didn't rig this interview thing, Charley could spend the intermissions reading about the Lone Ranger."

"You certainly have confidence. I must say that," Frank said, shaking his head and grinning.

"We are good and we know it," I said, with confidence. "Why kid around?"

"Why don't you and Charley change places just for that night?" he said, but I made out I didn't hear him and just yelled up to Charley in the ring to take it easy with his combinations or he'd chase the last sparring partner I had for him right out of camp. I wish right now I had a middleweight could throw combinations like that Schaefer did in his prime. They don't grow them that way these days. All they do now is swing a bolo punch and then clinch.

So that was how that came about—the only, analytical telecast, if you remember, direct from the very corner of a pug . . . the only time in history that an audience ever was informed by a cultured, calmly clinical observer—Mabel Miller—just what was happening to a prize fighter in the ring.

Calmly clinical. Is that what I said? Well. . .

The few days until the fight were ticked off uneventfully. Only one important problem occurred: I had a severe case of unrequited love on my hands.

I didn't learn until Monday night, our last evening at Berlinger's, that Charley had been trying continually since the famous debate to get a date with Miss Bombshell. I only gave him a light workout that last afternoon, but even so he looked like a sick cat. I wasn't worried that he would lose to Slade, but I sure began to think he would foul up our reputation . . . and the next big gate for a winter title defense in the Garden. He told me after dinner. We were sitting on the porch.

"I wouldn't even ask my mother this question. Slick," he said glumly, "but from you I got to have an honest answer. Do I have halitosis?"

"How can you have it?" I asked. "You can't even spell it."

"Listen, there has to be some reason why a girl refuses to go out with me,

even when I'm the world middleweight titleholder and all like that. Tell me. Do I?"

"Look, you broken-nosed bag puncher," I said to him patiently, "she is not ducking you because you got unclean pores. The reason lies elsewhere." I scratched my head thoughtfully. "Maybe you are just too dumb for her. That sounds logical. They tell me this Miller doll is well up there in the I.Q. department."

"No, that I.Q. is a man," he said, "and he does a radio show, or used to. She is on TV; you remember that."

"Would you be willing to face facts," I said, "and concede the cold truth that you are too stupid for her to be interested in?" He shook his head.

"What does brains have to do between a man and a woman?" he asked. "Besides, you read some of those TV columnists after that debate. They said I showed a native intelligence that was refreshing. That was their own words."

I leaned over and patted the big stiff on the shoulder.

"Well, if you really want to know—and also because I think you are too dumb to get a swelled head about it—I think the dame is burning up because you made her look like a simpleton on that TV show," I said. "You know, most women like to feel that their men are smarter than they are—only not this one. She wants to be the big cheese, and when a back-alley thug like you shows her up, it don't set too well."

"Gee," he said, almost reverently. "I wouldn't of had that happen for the world."

The only way to bring him back to earth, I could see, was to talk fight to him. "What do you do, now," I demanded, "when Slade comes in close and tries to hang you with that sucker uppercut he uses inside?" His reply was mechanical.

"I hold his left hand and belt him in the ribs with my right," he said.

"That's illegal," I pointed out.

"I know," he said.

"Well, just so long as you know," I said, and we packed up and went up into our rooms on the third floor and hit the sack. I will say this for Charley Schaefer; in fact, I will say it for most prize fighters: they do not let unrequited love keep them from getting their shut-eye. Charley slept ten and a half hours.

That fight, you may recall, was in Ebbets Field, the ball park in that lost country, Brooklyn. They had a little kind of platform erected just behind the south corner, which was to be Charley's, and when he saw it as he came down the aisle after the preliminaries, he was surprised. He was more surprised—you might say flabbergasted—when he saw that Miss Mabel Miller, the telecasting doll, was on the platform

right in front of a battery of cameras. I hadn't told him what we were doing, and, since he never read anything in the papers but the comics, he hadn't found out elsewhere.

As is customary, we already had his hands taped, but when we went to fit his gloves on, he wasn't there. He had ducked under the ropes and was out on that platform next to the ring, making goo-goo eyes at this female Drew Pearson.

"I certainly hope nothing I did on that debate show made you feel unkindly toward me, Miss Miller," he said.

I will say this for that Miss Miller. Underneath the glasses and everything, she was human. When she had seen Charley in his store clothes in that studio, he was only a beast ready for the autopsy. But Charley, I must say, really looked like Jack Armstrong, the all-American boy, in his ring clothes, or you might say, his lack of clothes. He could have posed as a Greek god.

It was funny to see the doll blush and even stammer a little.

"Not at all," she said, lowering her eyes demurely.

"Perhaps after I finish off this bum," he said courteously, "we can go out and have a beer or two?" She didn't seem to know quite what to say.

"I think you have a pretty important task before you," she said. Then she kind of remembered what she was there for. She got businesslike. "I imagine that you should be spending these prefight moments working yourself up to the proper

frenzy of ferocity," she said with a touch of the old disdain.

Charley just laughed.

"You got me mixed up with Jack Dempsey," he said. "I never get ferocious." She frowned.

"Well, what does your opponent, this Slade, represent to you, then?" He grinned.

"Payday."

At that point, I took him by the ear and got him into the ring, and none too soon. The lights went down, and there was only the spot on the center of the ring, with the bugs buzzing around the top of it and the referee called the boys to the center of the ring and we all went out there and listened to him ham it up a little with that "Now, I want a good, clean fight" routine. You could cast a whole soap opera with some of those referees.

Slade was a tough-looking baby, squat, hairy, mean. Oh, he was not a stiff, precisely, but it is just that I would not class him up there with Sugar Ray Robinson or Harry Greb. When they stood there in mid-ring, he sneered at Charley.

"Look pretty for the cameras, lover."

"You're just overexcited, Harry," said Charley. "Calm down. We got fifteen long rounds to go. Don't get so mad right at the start." Slade snorted.

"I got a right to be mad," he said. "You still owe me that twenty clams you put the bite on me for, two years ago at the Giant ball game."

"Didn't I pay you that?" Charley said



"Hey, Daddy, here's some water for the gun!"

in genuine surprise. The referee scowled.

"Do your homework later, children," he said. "This is supposed to be a fight." Then he finished off his few hundred well-chosen words and sent everybody back to their corners, and we waited for the first bell. Mabel Miller leaned over the ropes at Charley, alone in his corner.

"Quickly, could you tell the TV audience the thoughts that are going through your head?" she asked. "I am trying to establish a pattern, an over-all scheme of raw, brute behavior." Charley just looked foolish.

"I ain't thinking," he confessed. Then the bell rang and saved him from further ignominy.

The boys just felt each other out in that first round. Charley moved around Slade easy and tied him up in close, but nobody landed a decent punch, and I began to get a sneaking suspicion that the boys might smell the ball park up a little before they were through. Slade was a spoiler. He wasn't going to win, but he laid all over you and made you work hard to beat him.

"Do you not now," Mabel Miller asked, when he came back to the corner, "feel the blood slowly rising in your gorge, as you swing at this enemy in the ring? Is there not a kind of red haze beginning to swim before your vision, as though you were a bull in the ring facing a red flag?"

Charley gloved a little of the sweat off his cheek and just sat there, puzzled. "Gee, Miss Miller," he said finally, "I'm not sure what you're talking about. To tell the truth, what is on my mind is how to get that dumb Irishman to drop his left hand a little, so I can cross my right jab."

When he went out for round two, it somehow seemed that his mind was not on the job at hand. He seemed almost unhappy. Slade came in close to him and caught him under the heart with a good straight right and, generally speaking, pushed him around the ring a little. My boy returned to his corner, and the first thing he did when he got there was look for Mabel Miller on her little platform.

"I been keeping an eye out for that red haze," he said, kind of confused, "but it ain't come upon me yet." But she was off on another tack.

"That ugly-looking mark on your right cheek," she said, as if she were Florence Nightingale, "undoubtedly is an inner hemorrhage of the facial muscles. Televiewers, if you can see that bruise, you can get some idea of just how much the punches of prize fighters maim and mar—"

"That ain't no bruise, Miss Miller," Charley interrupted. "That's vaseline. Dark vaseline. They got some of that goo-slop on Slade's face and it rubbed

off on me. It's illegal, you know." Then he smiled faintly. "But then, what ain't?"

The third and fourth rounds were nothing to write home about, either. Charley seemed in a coma. Slade was fighting his usual fight, which is not a picture in motion, but honesty compelled me to admit he was ahead on points. Near the end of the fourth he got set flat-footed, while Charley was looking around vaguely at his corner—and not for instructions, you can bet—and he belted Charley on the button, or the side of the jaw, that is. If he could hit harder than a flea's kiss, he would have decked my boy.

Charley was glowering sadly when he got back to his corner. I noticed Mabel Miller's breath was coming in pants, and she was all nerved up.

"Now, Mr. Schaefer!" she exclaimed. "Now you are aroused bestially, aren't you? Isn't it true that you desire to bruise and destroy your opponent? Isn't the blood lust on you?" Charley looked like he was on an analyst's couch, remembering childhood days of torture.

"Oh, Miss Miller," he said, and he looked all at sea, "that wouldn't be nice now to get violent feelings like that, would it? I don't mean to be impolite—and I certainly would like to have a beer with you later—but I think you're on the wrong track here. I ain't mad. Honest." He looked ready to cry.

He went out for the fifth. It was the same thing. Charley just did not have his mind on his work—and in this business, you're a dead duck if you ever once stop concentrating.

I could see him in there, looking for that damned red haze and waiting for the blood lust to arrive on schedule, and getting nowhere. Harry Slade moved in and struck him in the face and then moved out again and, by the time Charley swung at him, he was a block away. My boy was getting his ears beat off.

Just before the seventh ended, I hopped up to the platform and grabbed Mabel Miller by the wrist. "Look, honey," I shouted, "take it a little easy on my Einstein of the squared circle, will ya? You got the poor guy so confused with this stuff of yours that he doesn't know if he's in there with Bugs Bunny or Liberace."

She looked kind of white-faced and somewhat confused herself—I even thought I saw her wince a little when Slade hit Charley one of his powder-puff right-hand swings—but all she did was just go "Shh!" at me and indicate that I was right in front of the TV cameras and blocking the view for all America.

There wasn't any doubt that by the tenth I had a beaten fighter. There were five rounds to go, but the way Charley

was performing, he wasn't going anywhere in those five rounds.

Well—you remember what happened, but maybe you don't remember what led up to it.

It was when Charley came back to his corner after the ninth that the first little thing happened. Just before the bell, Slade backed our boy into the ropes and one-twoed him three or four times. One of the hooks opened a little cut on his cheek, and, when Charley shuffled wearily back to his corner, Mabel Miller, no less, almost fell over him.

"Are you hurt?" she asked. There was nothing clinical in the way she said it. She wasn't trying to prove anything to the Freudian students glued to their twenty-one-inch screens. She just wanted to know whether Charley Schaefer, boy orator, was hurt—as if there wasn't another blessed thing on earth she cared about.

He looked up at her while I put some goo on the cut.

"I ain't hurt," he said mournfully, "but to be truthful, Miss Miller, you can tell the TV audience I seen better days."

"Oh," she said, holding her hand to her bosom. Then she muttered and stumbled along and said absolutely nothing and pretty soon the bell rang for the tenth.

I don't know whether TV viewers were surprised at her incoherence during that intermission—but I do know they were astounded by her behavior in the middle of the tenth.

Charley was still in a coma, kind of; he slushed after Slade, pawing at him, and Slade kept moving in and out. Then it happened. Charley got hit by a sucker punch. He dropped his left for a minute, the way club fighters do—and whack! Slade put everything he had in a right cross, and there was Charley Schaefer, the middleweight champion of the world, right smack on his black pants. He wasn't really hurt. He was just astonished, like everybody else.

The crowd let loose an animal-like roar that swelled through the ball park—and above the thousands of voices was one clear, familiar one. It was screaming.

"CHARLEY! Oh—CHARLEY! Get up, get up . . . and kill him! Beat his head off. Charley! DARING!"

"Beat his head off!" You get used to dames howling like that at fights, but whoever would have thought Mabel Miller would do a thing like that?

I looked at her. Her face was flushed and her eyes bright, and there was a little touch of agony in that perfect face.

Charley looked, too. He waited until nine to get up, politely, and while he was kneeling there he looked over at her. A big, foolish grin spread over his face. With that schoolboy look he has and the

crewcut, he looked just like he had finally passed algebra.

Well, she kept yelling and pleading with him, and he winked at her through the sweat and the blood, and then he got up. That's when it got really funny. Some doohickey on the loud-speaker mike had become dislodged, and the mike slowly swung down until it was right over the two fighters' heads. They clinched—and they talked. It was better than Martin and Lewis.

"Harry, you will never be a real top-notch until you learn to keep that right hand high," Charley panted. The mike carried his deathless advice to all corners of the park.

"Me keep that hand high!" sneered Slade. "What do you think I just rolled you over with?" Charley swiped at his ribs casually in the clinch.

"Oh, that was a freak," Charley said. "Listen, why don't you come over to Stillman's next Monday, and I'll show you what I mean?"

"Show me now, wise guy, Mister Big-mouth," muttered Slade. Charley cocked his head philosophically.

"Your wish is my command," he said courteously, and he stepped back from the clinch, took dead aim over Slade's lowered left with his right hand and—boom! Slade went down in sections, the way Carnera did when Baer hit him.

The referee didn't even bother to count.

The first thing Mabel Miller did when Charley Schaefer got back to his corner, with the crowd screaming, was to throw her arms around his perspiration-covered back and plant a big kiss on his cheek. Then she suddenly remembered the cameras. She got wide-eyed.

"Say something," she pleaded to Charley. "Say anything." Our boy grinned and faced the magic eye.

"Merry Christmas to all," he said, "and to all, good night." Then he reached out, put his glove over the lens of the camera that was on the platform, and then hooked the other arm around Miss Mabel Miller, girl anthropologist. That kiss was a championshiptype kiss.




Well, that was the famous debate, and its result. It is well-known Charley quit the ring after the Slade fight and that Mabel Miller was fi—well, that Mabel Miller parted company with the TV networks, and went in for the quieter, steadier work of waiting for Charley at home in a fancy housecoat. I haven't seen either of them in three years now. Last I heard of Charley was a magazine piece I saw ghosted for him not too long ago. The title was "I Wouldn't Raise My Boy To Be a Prize Fighter."

You can see who won that debate.

THE END

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Mexican Bullfight

By Jon Whitcomb



JON

American Airlines has magic carpets to almost everywhere, but nowhere more upsetting than Mexico. Rode one of their carpets, resembling DC-7, down there recently to satisfy long-standing curiosity about Land of Mañana. Plane luxurious, hostesses beautiful, and food toothsome.

Eight hours after leaving New York, landed at Mexico City, which displays skyscrapers of radical design, some whooshing up with glass fronts, some stretching horizontally in severe layers. Tallest tower, not yet finished, forty stories high. Stayed at short hotel, only fifteen stories, featuring bar on roof with caged parakeets and spectacular view.

In contrast to passion for City of the Future, favorite entertainment of citizens is Spectacle from the Past. Bullfighting dates back at least as far as the eleventh century, when a Spaniard tagged The Cid is supposed to have lanced a wild bull for a festival audience. Coming down on plane, stewardess, Jean Schless, kindly briefed me on bullfights.

"Remember," she said, "bullfighting is not a sport. It's a spectacle. To Spanish-speaking people, it's an art. When you go, think of it as a spiritual experience. Like ballet."

Next Sunday, went to arena for my first spiritual experience. It was a lulu. Time: 4 p.m. Weather: threatening. House count: stadium half full. Seat: front row. Price: thirty pesos, or \$2.40. Performing artists: Eduardo Vargas, Jesús Salcedo, and Amado Ramírez, all *novilleros*, or matadors, junior grade. Adversaries: bulls from Coaxamalucan, the ranch of Don Felipe González of Apizaco.

Rain and entertainment began together. Bought pink plastic slicker from vendor for twenty-five pesos. Must have been child's size; wouldn't cover knees. First bull rushed from enclosure like express train, snorting and glaring. Ignoring rain, the *banderilleros* flirited capes at bull, led him merry chase. Then the matador flirited cape at bull, made many *verónicas*. Bull charged padded horse, while rider poked long spear into bull's back. *Banderillero* plunged several barbed sticks into same area. Matador looked bull in eye, reached up, and sank curved sword into bull's neck. Bull looked surprised, sank to knees, and rolled over. Matador bowed to crowd, which yelled, "Ole!"

Asked neighbor if bulls ever leap barrier to mingle with audience.

"Possible," he said, "but it's extremely rare."

He hardly shut mouth when hell broke loose. Bull Number Two emerged from gate opposite, streaked diagonally across arena to barrier about forty feet to my left, sailed over, and smacked the second barrier with a crash. Ladies

of Upper Taxco Marching and Knitting Club seated near there promptly fainted in droves. Gentlemen standing below me scrambled over fence into arena, while the bull pulled itself together and tore down the aisle, emerging into the arena through a gate in front of me. Whereupon the high jumpers vaulted back inside. Found athletic display of jumpers delightful. Came to conclusion *corridas* are more comic than spiritual.

This was big mistake. Made small tent out of slicker to change lenses on my camera, poked head out just in time to see junior matador named Jesús Salcedo writhing on the horns of a 345-kilo bull named Tea Flower. Salcedo seemed to be high in air, then rolling on ground. Arena instantly swarmed with matadors, *banderilleros*, diverting bull, picking up wounded boy. Next day's local papers reported: "The heroic . . . and unfortunate Jesús Salcedo . . . had executed a valiant parry in the style of Gaona. The handclaps sounded, and desirous of continuing to listen to them, the boy placed himself for *verónicas*. . . . But the bull thrust on the right spilling his blood on the arena. . . . The ovation turned to shouts of horror. . . . The doctors diagnosed a wound in the thigh with three trajectories. It will take twenty days to heal."



The doctors were wrong. Jesús died a few days later. Watched Amado Ramírez begin work with mixed feelings. Felt bullfights bore strong similarity to Roman exhibitions of Early Christian canapés for lions.

Wrong again. Next on bill was a tall, thin eighteen-year-old with sad eyes and a big nose. Amado Ramírez, nicknamed Loco by his fans, gave me first inkling of fascination Latins get out of bullfights. According to his manager, Alfonso Gaona, who is also director of the bull ring, Amado will be a big star. This afternoon, audience was with him every minute, screaming, "Ole!" with cheerleader precision after every pass with the cape. Amado stood ground like veteran, freezing like statue as bull charged red cape, assuming graceful attitudes as horns grazed stomach, revolving nimbly in species of dignified ballet figures. Admired nerve. So did judges, who awarded him both ears at finish. He walked around ring, followed by assistants, bowing to crowd, holding up bull's ears. Crowd went wild. Month previously Amado did even better.

(continued)



Novillero Amado "Loco" Ramírez copped both ears.





Jon Whitcomb (continued)

He got two ears and the tail. The record in this department was probably set in 1945 by the matador Arruza, who was tossed by his bull, escaped injury by wrapping himself around bull's neck, made a perfect kill, and was awarded two ears, the tail, four hoofs, and the rest of the bull.

After watching skill and nerve of Amado at eighteen, concluded bullfights represent ultimate in primitive thrills. Not to be missed. Where else can you live with so many emotions at once? For thirty pesos or less, a bullfight will run arpeggios on your nerve endings, with vicarious fear, sorrow, amusement, admiration, giggles, apprehension, ecstasy, and loathing, intermittently accompanied by hot and cold chills from sternum to scalp. Some people say appeal of bullfight is purely sexual. Others claim it is a religious ceremony, or blood sacrifice. Just before Amado's last kill, I heard a voice behind me, evidently an American woman who had been reading Hemingway. She was saying over and over, "Make him good, oh Lord, make him good!"



Marga López reaps the Mexican Ariels—Oscars, to you.



Movie star Rivas' new role: "A male Miss Lonely Hearts."

GREASE-PAINT DEPARTMENT. In Mexico, movies still have edge on TV, box offices prosperous, actors busy, studios flourishing. For close-up of happy situation, made trip to San Angel Inn studio in Mexico City to watch manufacture of saga entitled "*De Carne Somos*," starring Marga López and Carlos Rivas. Title means "We Are of Flesh," and story deals with a writer and a prostitute.

My guide was a pretty American girl named Georgianna Gaona, who went to Mexico from St. Louis thirteen years ago to dance at a convention and remained to marry Alfonso Gaona, the bullfight impresario. This makes Georgianna practically Mrs. Mexico City, for whom all doors open wide. Looking like visiting star herself, Georgianna swept me onto sound stage where shooting was in progress. Just inside soundproof door, candle was burning in front of shrine of Virgin. Walked over trailing cables to tenement bedroom set where Miss López and Mr. Rivas were having noses measured from camera with long tape. Then Mr. Rivas lay down on brass bed, while girl stood at foot and read letter aloud. Scene was repeated twice. Heard snuffle at elbow, and found Georgianna weeping. I asked why.

"If you understood Spanish, you'd know." She dabbed eyes. "Very moving speech, and López always does this to me."

Gregorio Walerstein, the producer, said, "Marga López is Mexico's First Actress. She comes from a family of actors like your Barrymores. She has three Ariels—like your Oscars—and has been nominated for six more. How do you like her dress? It's the most expensive she wears in this picture and cost about \$1.50."

Miss López came over and was introduced. Sultry brunette, with vivacious smile that would melt Aztec pyramid. She does not dig English. She smiled. I smiled.

Back at Mr. Walerstein's office, he spoke of picture budget. "We'll bring this in for \$80,000, black and white," he said. "Peanuts compared to American films, of course, but the same picture would run \$300,000 in the States. Then too, our income taxes are low. With a 12-per-cent top, actors can keep most of what they make."

That's how flicker *femme* Maria Felix piled up gems worth several million pesos. Story is told of Miss Felix at railroad station, with maid carrying the works in suitcase. Just as they approached train, jewel chest broke open, scattering gems all over platform. Miss Felix said curtly, "Pick them up!" and boarded car without a backward glance.

MEXICAN HIGH STYLE. For tourists who must shop for Paris frocks even when headed in opposite direction to France, Mexico City can supply elegant *couturiers*. The

Christian Dior of Mexico is a young man closely resembling Rudolph Valentino in early edition, tanned, enthusiastic, and crewcut. Thirty-one-year-old Tao Izzo, whose gold-and-gray salon is even more de luxe than some of those in Paris, shows his collections at 30 Niza, the city's Rue de la Paix. He put in his apprenticeship in New York and remembers this period with mixed feelings.

"Seventh Avenue was baffling," he says. "I used to design clothes for a forty-nine-dollar house. Mine looked like eighty-nine dollars. This made the bosses very unhappy. 'Do something,' they asked me. 'Try to make them look like forty-nine dollars. Remember our market.' Why do such a thing?" he asks mournfully. "Nobody understood anybody."

At the moment, he is well understood by well-heeled Mexican ladies of society and show business. He is beginning to interest commuters from Dallas. Sketch is of dress from last Izzo collection, a red and white satin ball gown.

Asked his opinion of the Dior Bosom Furor, Tao shrugs and says, "Why should all women have the same shape?"

FUN FOR AMERICANS. Mexico struck me as no rest home for the weary vacationer. My impressions all strident, violent, stimulating. Mexico takes top honors for vivid sunsets, incredible scenery, deafening racket. Made list of sounds which ran unbroken through several nights spent in Acapulco and Taxco. Besides just plain shouting and laughing: firecrackers, train whistles, fire sirens, mine sirens, church bells, screams of villagers, hammering, artillery, juke boxes turned up to top volume, roosters off schedule, Roman candles, election speeches from sound trucks, and loud conversations between unidentified animals. Found this entertaining. Some don't. At least you can let off steam any time, any place. Nothing more satisfying than liberty, and all that.

In addition to decibels, Mexico is fun to shop in. National specialty: silver. Taxco is vertical settlement with handsome, much-painted cathedral which sits on mountain of silver between Mexico City and Acapulco. Entire city peddles rings, cuff links, Aztec collars, and other silver baubles. Silver comes up from the mines below, goes right into workshops, where visitor is invited to watch.

In spite of incessant all-night anvil chorus of animals and church bells, was enchanted with stay at Taxco's Hotel de la Borda, a regal Spanish hacienda named for Frenchman who emigrated to Taxco and became silver millionaire. Hotel lobby has lively mural showing De la Borda holding glittering silver coins in one hand and Taxco Cathedral in the other. Caption: "*Dios da á Borda—Borda da á Dios*," or "God gives to Borda, so Borda gives to God."

In a country not distinguished for its cuisine, the Hotel de la Borda boasts a chef who can cook, a free-form swimming pool with heated water, and manager Mauricio Behar, Mexican from Greece, host with most. He offers monumental tequila sours and random observations that might have been written by Bernard Baruch with Bob Hope. Worth trip to Mexico all by himself. As he was pouring chasers from Spanish wine bottle labeled Solera Incomparable, he philosophized about Mexico's effect on visitors.

"It's impossible to make some people happy," he said, holding up a golden glass to the sunlight. "The others we can fill with joy." THE END



An Izzo gown, made in Mexico City for the well-heeled.



Ike and Mamie: *If it's a bouquet, Ike buys it himself. He never forgets an anniversary.*

The Personal Charm of Ike Eisenhower

For the first time, revealing stories about this era's most popular President—a man who asks both friend and foe to “Call me Ike” • BY JACK HARRISON POLLACK

What's in a Name?

President Eisenhower was christened David Dwight. His name was reversed in his childhood to Dwight David because his mother always called him Dwight to distinguish him from his father, David, and because she disliked the nickname Dave.

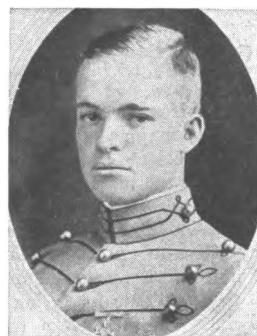
But Abilene, Kansas, playmates called Dwight “Little Ike,” “Big Ike,” later “Ugly Ike,” and finally plain “Ike.” Mother Eisenhower always disliked the Ike nickname. Some years ago, Mamie wrote her, “Ike and I are planning an auto trip and will soon visit you.” Mamie’s mother-in-law replied that would be wonderful and added, “Who is this Ike you are traveling with?”



He Beat Bigotry

Ike’s favorite game in high school was football. [As Abilene tackle, he sits at right above.] It was on the football field that the General who helped stamp out Jim Crowism in the army first fought bigotry. When young Ike was playing on the Abilene team in his senior year, forty-five years ago, a Negro player was on an opposing team. “Some members of our home team objected to playing with the Negro boy,” recently recalled W. A. Stacy, then Abilene’s

school superintendent. “This situation was quickly cleared up by Dwight Eisenhower’s insisting that the Negro boy had the same right to play that he himself had. Dwight clinched the matter by adding that if the Negro youngster were not allowed to play, neither would the home-team tackle.” Soon after, two Negroes joined the Abilene team.



West Point Practical Joker

The opportunity to play football (while getting a free education) was the chief reason Ike took the West Point exam. Actually, he preferred the navy but was too old (twenty) to enter Annapolis.

He never won any medals for good behavior at West Point. Called “Daredevil Dwight,” he ranked near the bottom of his class in conduct because of his absences, lateness, dusty shelves, and untidy room.

Ike’s West Point roommate, Colonel P. A. Hodgson, recalls that hazing seniors once ordered Cadet Eisenhower to “report to quarters in a full-dress coat after taps.” Dwight Eisenhower took them at their word. He appeared promptly in his full-dress coat with the white crossbelts and shining buttons, but neglected to wear any pants. When the upper-classmen exploded, Cadet Eisenhower respectfully replied, “Nothing was said about the trousers, sir.”

Ike’s love of a practical joke persisted long after he left

The Personal Charm of Ike Eisenhower (continued)

West Point. In the summer of 1919, while accompanying the army's first cross-country truck-convoy expedition, he got to know the U.S.A. firsthand. The purpose of that trip, President Eisenhower recently recalled, was to show that "the gas engine had displaced the mule even on our relatively primitive roads. Our truck convoy left Washington July seventh, and arrived in San Francisco 60 days and 6,000 breakdowns later."

On the Arizona desert, Lieutenant Colonel Eisenhower decided to have some fun with a civilian army employee who had a deathly fear of snakes.

"Rattlesnakes don't like the feel or smell of rubber, so they won't go near the truck," dead-panned practical joker Eisenhower.

Result: the frightened civilian slept "protected" by the rubber tires.

"He bunked on top of all the gear in the truck while Dad and the other soldiers slept comfortably on the ground on a good bedroll," reveals the President's son, John.



Peacetime Soldier

In 1920 Ike reverted from lieutenant colonel to his permanent rank, captain. A major sixteen years, the man who jumped from lieutenant colonel to five-star general in eight years never expected to rank higher than a colonel.

During the pacifist twenties, when military appropriations were slashed, Ike occasionally considered leaving the army. "Dad had many offers to go into business," says John Eisenhower, "but he decided to stay in the army because he felt he owed it to Uncle Sam for giving him a free education at West Point." He also got a free geographical education because he served all over the United States as well as in France and in the Philippines.

Wherever he was stationed, officer Eisenhower always had great concern for his soldiers. Once, on an inspection tour, he examined some blankets on enlisted men's cots.

"Aren't these thinner than the blankets I just saw in the officers' quarters?" he asked.

Yes, he was told, that was the policy at this camp.

"Is that because officers get colder than enlisted men?" he angrily demanded.

Many times Ike found humor—and psychology—solved an army problem. In 1940, when Lieutenant Colonel Eisenhower was stationed at Fort Lewis, Washington, near Tacoma, he ordered two feuding privates to wash a window—one on the inside, the other on the outside. As the two belligerent GIs sneered, scowled, and exchanged mean looks and nasty window wipes at each other, Ike stood on the side lines roaring with laughter. His laughter became contagious; the two antagonists soon began smiling and then laughing at each other—and themselves.

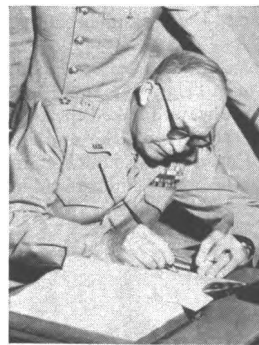
Ike of the ETO

At General Marshall's urging, in June, 1942, President Roosevelt selected a relatively obscure major general named Eisenhower to command the European Theatre of Operations. In promoting him over 140 senior officers, F.D.R. made one of his most intuitive decisions. Secretary of War Stimson and White House adviser Harry Hopkins, among others, opposed it. But unlike Lincoln, Roosevelt picked his right general the first time.

Though largely responsible for the extraordinary British-American teamwork, General Eisenhower chided aides who affected British expressions. In 1942, outside his London office at Allied headquarters, General Eisenhower nailed up a penalty box. Any member of his staff who used an obviously British term like "I say there, old fellow," "Diabolically clever," or "Cheerio" had to drop in a penny fine.

He also had a standing rule that no officer or staff member had to be formally announced. Whenever he noticed one of his junior officers lingering outside his office, he shouted, "If you have some business, come in! Don't stand there as if this were a boudoir!"

One day Ike was overheard saying on the phone, "Hello, Betty! Yes, this is Ike. Sure. I'd like to lunch with you. There's nobody in Britain I'd rather have lunch with. Sure, Betty, see you at the same place at noon." Then, turning to his eavesdroppers, he smiled. "Great fellow, Betty!" Realizing that his listeners were puzzled, he explained, "That was Admiral [Harold R.] Stark. Ever since he graduated from the naval academy, his nickname has been Betty. All his friends call him Betty. Great fellow, Betty!"



North African Cat Naps

During the North African campaign, General Eisenhower was holding a midnight conference at headquarters. A sleepy GI at the switchboard was placing calls through to Washington, London, Cairo, Dakar, and other places. At 3 A.M., during a lull in the long-distance calling, the soldier tried to catch a few winks of sleep. An hour later, he abruptly awoke and found his switchboard furiously buzzing away. The new switchboard operator was General Dwight D. Eisenhower.

In North Africa, General Eisenhower and an orderly shared a jeep, each taking turns at the wheel. With the orderly driving, Eisenhower dozed off. Suddenly he was rudely awakened when the jeep ran into a ditch and almost overturned. Fortunately, neither Ike nor the GI, who had fallen asleep at the wheel, was hurt. They got the jeep back on the road and drove on. Asked how he punished the orderly, Ike replied, "When we got back, I sent the kid to the hospital to sleep to his heart's content."

Another time, when Nazi bombers were strafing a road on which Eisenhower was riding in a jeep, his frightened driver said, "I'm goin' out in the field, there."

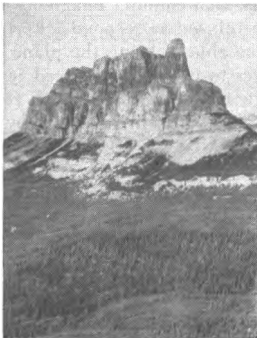
Replied the General, "I'm goin' to stay right here and watch 'em!"

A Kiss for the General

Whenever his picture is flashed on a movie screen in Abilene, his neighbors cheer. But one night, when they saw General Giraud pin a Legion of Honor medal on him and kiss him on both cheeks, some of his neighbors were horrified and wrote telling him so.

Replied Ike, "While I admit I was a bit terror-stricken at the prospect, I figured that those who knew the Eisenhower tribe of boys would be sure it was something I wasn't seeking but to which I could scarcely object."

In a September 8, 1943, letter from Italy to his son, John, he wrote, "I am probably the most optimistic person in the whole world. Everybody else sees all the risks and dangers while—because I'm a wishful thinker. I guess—I just shut my eyes to such things and say, 'We will go ahead and try to win.' One of these days I will probably get a very bloody nose—but I hope it isn't this time."



The Man and the Mountain

After V-E Day, Allied countries and citizens were anxious to honor him. Scotland gave him a lifetime residence in Culzean Castle. The Netherlands gave him a Sword of Honor.

Canada renamed one of its mountains "Mount Eisenhower." "We felt that of all the great mountains in the Canadian Rockies, Mount Castle, near Banff, in Canada's most famous national park, would most suitably symbolize the steadfastness and sense of security his leadership has given to the free world," explained the late Prime Minister W. L. Mackenzie King.

When Ike, whose light hair began to thin when he was in his thirties, was told about this, he smiled. "It must be a bald peak!"

Semibald Major Eisenhower shaved his head for greater comfort in the Philippines in 1935. When he nicked his head once with a safety razor, it was quite a sight.

During the 1952 Presidential campaign, a young man said to him in a television studio, "General, I'm going to put some powder on your head so it won't shine on TV." They got to talking and it developed that the powder duster was one of his former paratroopers. "It's strange, General," mused the young man, "that here I am a TV make-up man and you a politician!"

Recently when asked how he was withstanding the bur-

dens of the Presidency, Dwight Eisenhower wisecracked, "Well, I haven't grown any hair."

Lost: One Chief of Staff

As Chief of Staff after World War Two until 1948, Ike worked in the sprawling Pentagon building, in Washington, D.C. Walking through the corridors one day, he sighed helplessly to a passing lieutenant, "I'm General Eisenhower and I'm lost!"

"Why, General, there's your office only fifteen feet away!" he was told.



Back to the Campus

Shortly after Ike became president of Columbia University, in 1948, a Buildings and Grounds official complained to him that the students were cutting across the grass on the campus.

"Then the paths must be in the wrong place," retorted Ike. "Have them remade so that they will be used the way the students want them."

Later, he told undergraduates, "The day that goes by that you don't have fun, that you don't enjoy life, is to my mind not only unnecessary but unchristian."

The green-leather swivel chair now used by President Eisenhower in the White House is the same he used at Columbia. It was given to him by the class of 1938. Ike liked the chair so well that he took it with him first to NATO and then to Washington, but he smilingly denies any "deep-seated attachment" to it.

Once he proudly showed a visitor to his Sixty Morning-side Drive residence the library of over 5,000 books which his predecessor, the late Nicholas Murray Butler, had willed to Columbia. "Dr. Butler suggested that these books might stay in his house," explained Ike. "But if any Columbia president didn't want them, they were to go to the Columbia library."

"You and I couldn't read that many books in a lifetime," replied the visitor. "Why not give them to the library?"

Glancing at the books, the orderly minded Eisenhower said, "They're uneven, anyway. I prefer books in sets."

When New York Times publisher Arthur Hays Sulzberger accepted the chairmanship of Columbia's Bicentennial Committee, in 1949, he suggested to Ike that a postage stamp would help publicize the event.

"Don't worry, when the time comes, I'll put on my hat and go down to Washington and get you that stamp," promised Columbia's prexy.

Four years later, after the inauguration, Chairman Sulzberger phoned President Eisenhower and reminded him of his promise. Result: Columbia got its stamp.



Ike, the Painter

The President loves to swap painting shoptalk with fellow amateurs. Recently, a twenty-five-year-old Irvington, New Jersey, housewife, Mrs. Vicky Karcher Siegel, who did a portrait of Ike, was escorted into the President's office but warned to expect only a two-minute interview. "Have you a few more minutes?" the President asked her. They talked painting for fifteen additional minutes while Secretary of State Dulles cooled his heels outside.

Back in 1950, Ike entered a portrait of his grandson, David, in the Columbia Faculty Art Show. Another entrant was nine-year-old Michael Albright, grandson of librarian Mrs. Olga Masley. Michael said painter Eisenhower's work was "okay but a little rough."

The President does most of his painting evenings in the studio adjoining his White House bedroom. Some mornings, he may wake up early and paint before breakfast. Unlike the traditional artist's studio, the President's is neatly arranged: paint tubes on the table, brushes in jars, and canvases lined up against the wall.

In Denver, he painted in the garage of his mother-in-law's home. There, he began working on an oil painting of George Washington. As models, he used fifteen previous paintings of our first President. Last year, he painted a Lincoln picture from an 1863 photograph, and heads of Cabinet Secretaries Dulles, Humphrey, and Wilson.

Worried because some of his older canvases are turning yellow, he recently wrote to the National Gallery of Art and was informed of a new varnish to preserve original paintings.

His Sporting Spirit

One evening a week, the President usually relaxes at bridge. Though he plays a hard, competitive game, the stakes never exceed a penny a point. A precise bidder, he plays a fast mathematical bridge. Once, during the war, when Ike was playing with an improvised deck, a kibitzer pointed out that he had two sixes of spades in his hand.

"One of them is really an ace of hearts," Ike smiled. "See the mark on it?"

Mamie plays only canasta. But John and Barbara, the President's son and daughter-in-law, have been practicing their bridge even though they still don't feel competent to play with Dwight Eisenhower, who is in a class with the experts. "Dad tries too hard to be patient with us because he wants us to learn," explains Barbara.

Ike gave up poker some years ago after he won a large sum of money. "That's when he decided to give up playing seriously, and he would rather not play at all than play carelessly," reveals a friend.

Another time, during a Cabinet picnic at his Camp David retreat, in Thurmont, Maryland, he persuaded Mrs. Oveta Culp Hobby, Secretary of Health, Education, and Welfare, to accept a horseshoe-pitching match with Secretary of Commerce Sinclair Weeks. "I want to get a small bet down on Mrs. Hobby"—the President grinned—"because nobody from Boston can beat Texas pitching horseshoes."

As America's most famous amateur golfer, Ike has promised to give his first hole-in-one golf ball to the new Eisenhower Museum, in Abilene. "We're still waiting for it," says museum official H. W. Rohrer, "because the President hasn't shot it yet."

In the Air, on the Road

Back in 1917, he considered transferring from the infantry to the air corps, but Mamie talked him out of it by telling him he was soon to become a father.

In 1939, when stationed in the Philippines, forty-eight-year-old Lieutenant Colonel Eisenhower won his flying license, becoming the first pilot to win the Presidency.

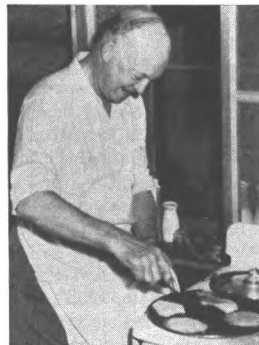
In the Philippines, Ike was almost killed when the controls of his open-cockpit plane became jammed. As his son, John, tells it, "Dad was flying alone in his final test. The sandbag they put in the rear seat for ballast slipped against the rear controls. Dad couldn't imagine what had happened when the plane refused to respond." Fortunately, by keeping cool, Ike was able to bring the plane down safely.

Today he loves to don his old tweed jacket (kept in his plane) and work above the clouds. On a recent Washington-to-Denver flight, he established a record by signing forty-one bills in the air.

Though political critics have sniped at his "General Motors Cabinet," Dwight Eisenhower personally has preferred other makes of cars. Though he enjoyed a black army Cadillac during World War Two, he has owned only Chryslers in the past eight years.

One of Ike's favorite autos was a 1920 Model-T Ford that he "souped up" himself. But someone stole his improvements—not the Ford itself.

Yet the car Ike probably had the most fun with was an ancient electric job in which Lieutenant Eisenhower and his bride raced around Denver at a sizzling fifteen miles an hour. Belonging to Mamie's parents, the car had dual controls enabling a "back-seat driver" to operate and brake it.



In the Kitchen

The President's mother taught him to cook, just as he later taught Mamie. One day, when young Ike was home alone, he killed a chicken accidentally. Fearing he might be punished, he cooked and devoured it and then buried

the bones in the yard, leaving no incriminating evidence.

Ike became seriously interested in cooking in the army when he reviewed his troops' kitchens. In fact, he once vowed, "I would like to be remembered as the Chief of Staff who did something about the army's cooking."

Today, cook Eisenhower is as vain as any chef about his recipes. He has been known to take two days to make a vegetable soup. He insists that the secret of a tasty beef stew is to simmer it gently until the meat is tender and the flavors blend. His four-inch-in-diameter hot cakes are exceptionally thin because, he argues, they taste better that way. His favorite way of cooking a steak is broiling it over an outdoor charcoal grill and covering it with powdered garlic and butter sauce. But he fries freshly caught trout over a hot wood fire, in melted bacon and butter.

One of the few foods that bother Ike is watermelon. "Whenever I eat it, I get a rash on my head," he sighs.

Ike, the Middle-brow

Like F.D.R., Ike prefers talking to reading. No high-brow himself, the President recently described an intellectual as "a man who takes more words than are necessary to tell more than he knows."

In the few non-Western books he now reads, he underlines sentences and scribbles spirited comments in the margins. His favorite author has always been Mark Twain. "Beginning in early boyhood, I have read virtually everything of Mark Twain's that has been published," he says.

Today the President reads six newspapers each day and about a hundred of the three thousand letters arriving daily at the White House. Contrary to popular belief, he reads memorandums longer than one page. "I've seen him read many multiple-page memos and government reports," reveals an insider.

Ike prefers popular to classical music. Some of his favorites include "Abdul, the Bulbul Ameer," "The Beer Barrel Polka," "Down Among the Sheltering Palms," "The Last Roundup," "Casey Jones," and "Steamboat Bill."

Ike, the Shopper

The President hates shopping. Mamie has always bought his civilian clothes, including his hats. Ike now has about twenty-five suits on his racks. He has received so many ties as gifts over the years that Mamie rarely has to purchase any for him.

On the other hand, the Chief Executive is intensely interested in Mamie's clothes. He likes her best in any shade of blue but dislikes red.

The one thing Ike likes to buy personally, instead of delegating it to an aide, is flowers for Mamie. He never forgets one of their anniversaries. And each year, he sends Mamie flowers on the birthday of their first son, Icky, who died when he was three years old.

A Chain Smoker Reformed

As the case has been with all Presidents, Dwight Eisenhower suffers from "rumoritis." The rumor that he has heart trouble persists even though his doctor, Major General Howard Snyder, reveals that Ike has a far better heart than most men of his age. Annoyed at these unfounded rumors, the Chief Executive says, "I can't cut myself with a razor without causing a national incident."

Ike says only three people can order him around: Mamie, his chief Secret Service men, and his doctor. "My doctor

has the most power because I can argue with the other two," says the President.

Five years ago, at his doctor's orders, chain smoker Eisenhower cut down on his smoking. At Columbia, he averaged three packs of cigarettes a day. Once, in the sacrosanct Trustees Room, where there has long been an antinicotine tradition, he lit a cigarette while his colleagues winced. Advised later of this tobacco taboo, Ike replied, puffing away, "If that custom is to be continued, our meetings will last only ten minutes!"

Fifteen years ago, he told his seventeen-year-old son, John: "You can save \$300 by not smoking cigarettes the four years you're at West Point. I'll give you \$300 if you don't smoke then." Then, turning to his wife, he smiled. "Mamie, have we got \$300?" (John never started.)



Ike and Children

The President loves children. If his three grandchildren lived with him instead of with their parents, at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, Ike would spend far more time with them and less with his hobbies. Photographers and painters have found that the way to get him to smile is to ask him about his grandchildren.

Dwight Eisenhower has always had a pal relation with his son, John.

"Dad has always boasted that he never had to lay a hand on me to make me mind," muses John. "So far as I can remember, he never did. However, when he told me to do something, I did it! The one thing that annoyed Dad around the house was a mussed-up newspaper."

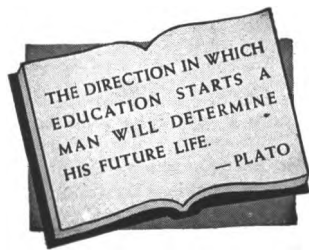
Ike never likes to let youngsters down. Last June, the thirteen-year-old son of his Deputy Secretary of Defense was disappointed that his dad suddenly had to attend a Cabinet meeting at the same hour that he had previously promised to take the boy to his school's Father Day program. When the President heard about this, he immediately excused his Secretary from the Cabinet meeting.

Presidential Humility

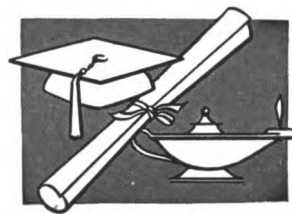
Dwight Eisenhower takes his job more seriously than he takes himself. When he was recently asked how he likes being President, Ike told a story about a New Hampshire girl who contracted polio shortly before she was supposed to visit him at the White House two years ago. Anxious to keep her Washington appointment, the girl broke both legs trying to walk. After several operations, she finally made her White House visit.

"When you see courage like that," Dwight David Eisenhower reflected, "you can't feel very sorry for yourself. It lifts you above yourself."

THE END



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I looked down and felt the hair rise on the back of my neck. I grabbed June and



Morning-After Murder

When I woke up, a famous screen star was dead and his body was in the trunk of my car

COSMOPOLITAN'S COMPLETE MYSTERY NOVEL

BY LINDSAY HARDY

I had been out on the beach at Malibu for half an hour, and I was inside brewing a pot of coffee to put in the refrigerator when I heard June's battered old coupe pull up on the gravel below. I ran through the house and down the steps to give her a kiss and help her with her things. She was wearing dark glasses that went up at the corners, a swim suit, and a short yellow terry-cloth jacket that went well with her bare, brown legs.

She said, "What's it going to be, out on the deck or on the beach?"

I said we'd take the beach this morning, and she asked about the umbrella.

"It's in the garage," I said. "I'll get it."

She followed me across the gravel. I wouldn't trade this little house of mine for a round dozen of those Beverly Hills mansions. The bank still owns a piece of it, but not for long. Its rear faces U.S.

101 where it comes down the coast from Oxnard, but its front faces nothing but the sea. The garage is underneath and to one side, with one of those doors that swing up and lie level under the roof, and most of the time it's open. June waited at the back of my car while I squeezed past it to the bench at the far end. When I came back with the umbrella, she was staring down at the rear deck of the car.

"Disgusting things," she said. "I hate them."

"What?"

She pointed. "Bluebottle flies."

There were three or four of them buzzing and crawling about the rear bumper. You see them around Malibu in the summer, and the only time I took any notice was when one got into the house.

We went up the steps and out to the

slammed the lid. Even then I couldn't decide whether or not to call the police.

beach. I stood the umbrella up on its pole. June arranged the towels and cushions, and we settled down for a day in the sun. She was smooth and golden and brown as honey. She isn't very tall—she comes barely up to my shoulder—but the way she's put together couldn't be improved on. She has a small turned-up nose with a couple of freckles; large, honest gray eyes; and a firm, square little chin that shows you what she's made of. She's twenty-five, six years younger than I, and I could look at her all day.

About midday, we went for a swim, and then we walked half a mile along the water's edge to the place where they have the three seals in their pool. They sat up and barked and pleaded, so we spent a quarter and gave them some fish. When we came home again, June fixed a late lunch, and the day slipped away as only a day can when you're in love with your girl and she's around.

The discussion came up at about four o'clock. We were both very lazy and happy. June was telling me about going to Pasadena during the week. She had gone to look after a couple of kids for a girl she knew who wanted to go to the airport to meet her husband returning from overseas. Well, she said, she had

arrived late and in a perfect panic because she'd taken the wrong turning somewhere and ended up out on Verdugo Road. I said, how in the world had she managed that, on the way to Pasadena? Why hadn't she taken the Arroyo Seco?

Because the Arroyo Seco was twice as far, of course, she said with complete feminine certainty, and we started to argue the point. To settle it, I said I'd go and get a county map from the car, and I went out again to the garage.

The first thing I saw were the flies. There must have been thirty or forty of them in a loathsome cluster along the crevice at the base of the deck lid, buzzing and swarming all over each other as they tried to get into the trunk. I puzzled over them for a moment, and then went back to the foot of the steps to call up to June. She stuck her head out the door.

"What is it?"

"Throw down the car keys, will you? They're on the bureau in my room."

She came out a minute later with the keys. "Can't you find the map?"

"That's not what interests me now."

Then she saw the flies, and I said, "Yeah, just look at them. Pretty revolting." I was baffled by what could be attracting them. I brushed them away with an old towel and slipped the key into

the lock, innocent, inquisitive—and utterly unprepared.

And then I lifted the lid.

I felt the hair rise on the back of my neck, my face stiffen. I stood in a trance of disbelief and horror, staring at the doubled-up body crammed against the spare tire. The corpse was battered but still recognizable, with the brown crust of dried blood staining its clothes and the interior of the trunk. I don't know how long I stood there before I heard June's strangled, inarticulate gasp beside me. I slammed down the lid of the trunk and turned quickly to see her swaying. I caught her as she went over, and carried her back into the house.

I laid her down on the lounge in the living room. She said huskily, "Bill, just give me a minute."

I went out to the kitchen for the Scotch, wishing I had some brandy, then hurried back. She was sitting up, but her eyes were still wide.

I said, "It's all right, June. Don't think about it."

She gulped her whisky. "Out of nowhere," she said huskily. "Without a hint of what was coming."

I picked up the phone. After June, my first thought was to get the police. I had my mouth open to say "Operator" when a red warning flashed in the back of my mind. Remembered words and scenes came crowding in, one after another, and I put the receiver down on its cradle. June said something, but I didn't answer her. What did you do when you found a corpse in the trunk of your car of a Saturday afternoon? You called the police as quickly as you could; it was the natural, instinctive thing to do.

Unless you happened to be a fellow called Bill North and there were one or two special circumstances. If you were me, you asked yourself how long you had been driving around with that thing huddled in there behind you. When your senses stopped reeling, you tried to collect your thoughts and get them into coherent order. You cast your mind back over the events that could conceivably have led up to it.

In my case, I didn't have to cast them back far. Only a day. Only about twenty-four hours. I stood there, attempting to induce total recall, trying to remember every detail, everything I had said and every move I had made, since the time only yesterday when I had been on my way back to the studio, with the palms flicking by and the white concrete ribbon unfolding and nothing but the clear blue overhead.

I had been to the Public Library in downtown Los Angeles looking for some background on a new story I was doing,



"I wonder if Father Superior knows about these second breakfasts."

and I noticed him consciously for the first time as we were coming to the overpass at Alameda. He was about fifty yards behind in the second left-hand lane of the freeway, keeping my speed, keeping his position, and I had the sudden feeling I had seen the car somewhere before. It was only the shadow of a thought. Los Angeles County practically crawls with gray Ford sedans, but this one had a little blue plastic insect deflector clipped to the top of the hood, and it stirred a faint flicker of recognition somewhere in the back of my mind.

I speeded up to about seventy-five, and he stayed there dead in the center of the mirror, one lane to the left. After a mile or so, I dropped back to fifty, and he crossed two lanes behind me and came barreling past with a rumble from his twin stacks. I caught a glimpse of him as he went by, a dark, sharp-faced character wearing one of those straw hats with a band of bright-patterned madras. He let himself get bottled up in a jam of cars ahead and I had to overtake him, and there he was in the mirror again all the way to Santa Monica.

He was close behind when I took the exit to the boulevard, and he was there when I stopped for the light at Highland. But when I turned off for the studio gates on North Formosa, he went straight ahead. I stopped short on the corner and watched him cut in front of a truck, and when he was out of sight I told myself I was seeing things, the guy didn't know I existed, and why should he? Then the studio cop grinned and waved, and I went through the gates. I had the top down, and the sun and the sky made it a day to remember, even in California. Three girls from the dance sequence they were shooting on Stage B went past, looking like peonies, and I forgot about the gray sedan in the time it took to park and walk over to Julius Fenimore's bungalow.

Miss Home was behind the desk in the

inner office doing something to her wide and knowing red mouth. She looked up and pursed her lips as though offering a kiss and then smiled very sweetly. She leaned forward with her elbows on the desk and her chin in her hands.

"Cunning," she said. "So beautifully cunning."

"Me?"

"You. Always with the top down, so the wind will ruffle those curls. I'd like to ruffle them myself."

"Sorry," I said. "I'm spoken for."

She fluttered her eyes, pulled her shining black hair against one side of her head, and stood up. It was some pose. "Someday," she said, "I think I'll see if you really are."

Her figure was spectacular and as full of meaning as her smile. She knew how to invite, from long practice, but you had to take Delia Home with a pinch of salt. The sponsor was on record as saying my thirteen teleplays had jacked up the rating of "Actor's Choice" a good five points, and I couldn't put a foot or a comma out of place with Fenimore. And Fenimore had just turned down three and a half million for the show. So Miss Home gave me the treatment, to be continued until I was out of favor and she would have to regretfully brush me off, and I refrained from saying that to me she was just another voluptuous Hollywood babe, and everyone was happy.

If I sound frayed at the edges about Miss Home, it's because I've lived on beans and gone on the cuff at the hamburger stand at Ranch Market and taken five bucks for a pint of my blood while I was trying to peddle better half hours than anything I've sold to "Actor's Choice." I love this place, the look of it and the feel of it and the spring it can put into your stride. I've loved it since Fitz talked me into coming here after our hitch in the First Marine Division and I took up at UCLA where I had left off at my little college in Ohio. But

I'm afraid I don't love the Delia Homes. Trying to get past them was the time when I got to know them too well.

Miss Home went to the door and turned to look over her bare shoulder.

She said brightly, "Julius?"

"If he pleases."

"For you, darling, sure he pleases."

She opened the door and said to the room inside, "Hold the next deal, fellows, it's Billy-boy." She stood aside, gauging her position carefully so I would have to brush against her as I went in. There were four of them there, hard at work shaping the destiny of Fenimore Productions with two decks of cards and rye highballs from the open bar in the corner. They were playing bridge, and two of them, I knew, played extremely well. Julius grinned at me and reached forward to lead from dummy. He took the trick in his own hand.

"The rest are mine," he said, and laid down his cards. "Five over. Hullo, Billy-boy, we're murdering them." He waved over his shoulder toward the bar. "Help yourself."

His partner was Kurt Muller, the assistant producer. East was the story editor, Vern Croombe, and the fourth man was Gordon Ashley. Croombe and Muller said hello. Ashley said, "Ah, there, North," and flashed his exquisite mechanical smile. He was an actor who had played the lead in three of our last seven pictures. He was about the one man in the world I really detested. I guess it showed, but I didn't give two cents who knew Ashley was no soul mate of mine.

Croombe dealt again, and I went to the bar and got a Coke. Julius wore yellow suede shoes and blue linen trousers in one of those jacket-and-slacks combinations you would pale to see in New York but accept without pain on the Coast. I had hit it off with Julius from the day I had first walked into his office. He was a short, heavy, blue-eyed man in his fifties, with a thatch of silver

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hair above a smooth reddish face that was usually genial but once or twice I had seen harden till it became graven like an image of stone.

No one knew much about Julius. He had appeared in Hollywood in 1943, and started producing independent features when anything they put on film made money overnight. He was supposed to have made more killings in aircraft stocks, Westwood real estate, and oil. He had divorced his second wife, and he was fifty-two when he married again. She was a starlet with the face of a dryad, the build of a goddess, and a single-minded compulsion to climb. Her name was Stella Greenwood. You could hear stories about her if you wanted to, those special, sly Hollywood stories, but I tried not to listen. It was no business of mine who Julius wanted to marry. He had tried to launch her in an expensive turkey you might remember called "Death Has Three Loves," or something, and taken a beating. It was a mistake he had refused to make twice.

He was one of the top independent operators on the Coast, and I enjoyed working for him because he left his writers alone. That is, he left what you wrote alone. Lately I had begun to wonder if he wasn't making me his court jester. I

had been spending a lot of time by his pool in Bel Air, and there had been those two late calls saying I had to report to Palm Springs right away for a story conference when all he'd wanted had been my company and someone he knew to make five for poker. But it was all part of the game. I had a lot to be grateful to Julius for, and if anyone wanted to think I wasn't above polishing his apple, that was all right with me. I was holding my own.

I came back from the bar and watched Muller put a squeeze play on Ashley and Croombe to score again in no-trump. They dealt once again, and then decided they'd had enough. Muller ran his pencil up the column of figures on the pad and announced Ashley and Croombe were in the hole for three hundred and twenty dollars. Ashley sighed and brought out his checkbook.

Julius said to Ashley, "You can make mine to cash, will you, and I'll settle for an even three hundred. The way you guys play bridge, it's a crime to take your money."

Ashley said in his carefully counterfeit British accent, "Dear boy, next time you'll eat those words."

Julius said, "Billy-boy, what did you turn up in L.A.?"

I started to tell them what I had found

in the library and explain how it justified a bizarre plot we wanted to use. Just then Miss Home came in wanting an okay on something or other from Vern Croombe. Ashley asked her was it the twenty-fourth or the twenty-fifth and complained theatrically about having to change the date on his check, and everyone was talking at once. Julius tried to listen to me and then threw up his hands.

"Okay, okay," he said, "tell me about it tonight. You haven't been up to see us all week, and we're having a party, eight o'clock on. It's a crowd of people of Stella's; half of them I never even heard of. You can bring that girl of yours, if she's still the same one."

I said, "She's still the same one. I'd love to, Julius, but I'm supposed to play chess up in the Palisades."

"Who with? That friend of yours from way back in the wars?"

"That's right."

"Well, bring him, too. He can run his car right to the door. He won't have to get up any steps."

"I'll call him and let you know."

"Call him now."

Ashley said, "I think I've heard about him, haven't I? What is it again, what's wrong with the chap?"

"What's wrong with the chap," I said, "is that they shot him through the spine and his legs don't work. I'll spell it for you if you like, Ashley. The word is paraplegic."

Ashley was smiling across the table, his eyes languorous and veiled. "How horrifying. What, crutches, wheel chair, all that sort of thing?"

I said, "All that sort of thing," thinking that someday, somewhere, he was going to make a crack about Fitz and I was going to swipe him across his handsome chops. There was a moment of tension, and I realized Julius was holding out a phone. His expression was slightly amused.

"Billy-boy," he said. "Call him up and ask him."

I gave Miss Home the Arizona-6 number, and Ashley went out with Muller and Croombe while she was dialing. Fitz came on almost at once.

"Fitz," I said, "I'm in Julius Fenimore's office. Instead of chess tonight, there's a party. Julius wants you to come with June and me."

There was a short silence. Then he said, "How do you feel about it?"

"I think I'd like to take it in. But I'll leave it to you. Whatever you say."

There was another silence. Then: "Well, okay, no chess. Will you come up to my place first?"

"Sure. About seven-thirty."

"See you then."



"There's no need to feel so bad. You didn't aim at the praying mantis."

I put the phone down and told Julius. He said, "I'm meeting Ashley again at the Bel-Air Hotel in half an hour. Want to come?"

"I won't, if you don't mind. I want to get home."

Julius gave me a quizzical stare. "What's this hatchet you're carrying for Ashley?"

"Hatchet? I can take him or leave him alone."

Julius chuckled. "Don't give me that, Billy-boy. What is it?"

I tried to make it sound casual. "He's too pretty. Eyes like those and lashes like those I like to see on a girl."

"It's the eyes that bring in the customers. But that's all right. You can tell me what's with you two some other time, eh? Let's go."

He led the way out of the bungalow, waved, and trotted off to his car by the sign that said RESERVED FOR MR. FENIMORE. A few minutes later, I followed him through the gates and headed for Sunset and the beach. I drove automatically, not seeing the boulevard or the passing traffic. I was thinking of Gordon Ashley and June. And for some reason, Stella Fenimore. It was about four-thirty in the afternoon, and although I didn't know it, he was behind me again, the guy in the gray hot-rod Ford with the straw hat and the band of bright-colored madras.

June's car was standing near the wooden steps going up to the back door at Malibu. I wasn't expecting her, and when I saw her car, I couldn't get inside quickly enough. I opened the door and heard her say from the front of the house, "That you, Bill?"

I dumped my books and folder of notes and went through the living room. She was in her swim suit, lying on a canvas lounge out on the deck.

I said, "How's my pixie?" and she closed her eyes and put her face up to be kissed. "How long have you been here?"

"All day." She stretched, pulled my head down to give me another kiss on the cheek, and sat up. "I went for a swim this morning, then I walked halfway along the beach to Zuma. I was whistled at three times."

"I'll strangle them."

"Then I came back and went to sleep for an hour. I feel so gloriously healthy it's indecent. You wait here."

She walked barefoot through the living room to the kitchen. She even had pretty feet. She came out to the deck again, pouring a can of beer into my pewter pot. There are two of them hanging in the kitchen, one for me and one for Fitz.

She said, "Can I come with you tonight? First I'll feed you some scallops, done my way, and then I'll sit quietly while Fitz takes you apart."

"It just so happens." I said with dignity, "that I've been looking into certain invincible gambits, and tonight Fitzgibbon would have been slaughtered, but good."

She laughed. "Billy North, I love you, but you're never going to score off Fitz and you know it." She paused. "Would have been slaughtered?"

I said, "Well, yes. You see, we're all going to Fenimore's tonight, the three of us."

A shadow crossed her face. "Oh. Again."

"What's wrong with that?" She had me on the defensive immediately, and I didn't know why. Or maybe I did know, at the bottom of my heart.

I said with unnecessary heat, "I don't hang about Fenimore just to play studio politics. When he says come to a party, I say sure because I like the fellow."

"Do you like the crowd they always have up there in the canyon?"

"Some of them, no, but what about it? I don't care whose parties you go to, there's always someone there you'd just as soon not know."

"I'd just as soon not know Mrs. Stella Fenimore."

"Because of those stories, I suppose."

"Some of them happen to be true."

"I don't see that it's got anything to do with us if they are. If you start avoiding people for what's said about them in this town, you'll be going about like a Trappist. And as far as I'm concerned, what Stella Fenimore does is strictly her own business."

"You should know. You spend enough time with both of them to be an authority on her."

"You might remember, June, that Julius Fenimore is the man I work for."

June said, "I remember, Bill. We've talked about it before. I don't suppose it matters, not really, it's just that—"

She stood looking down at her toes for a moment. Then her eyes came up, and she gave a tiny shrug. "Oh, well, I suppose I'd better go home and change, and you can stop by for me later."

I said, "If you don't want to go, just say the word and I'll pick up the phone and tell Julius it's off."

"No, I refuse to organize you. With Fenimore, you have to go your own way."

She went inside for her sandals and terry-cloth jacket. "What time shall I be ready?"

"Soon after seven. Listen, June, if I only knew what you've got against Fenimore's crowd—"

"I don't have anything against them, Fenimore or anyone else."

"Then, what is it? I've told you before, I wouldn't accept a stick of gum from him socially if we didn't get along."

"Bill, if you're sure of that," she said, "what are we talking about? There's ham salad for you in the refrigerator. See that you have something before tonight."

Her kiss was as light as her tone. I saw her down the steps and into her car, and then went back into the house. I took a shower and shaved. I lay out on the

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deck trying to read for half an hour, and then went in to the kitchen. I didn't want anything, so I drank some more beer. And just before I started to dress again, I told myself I wasn't going to get anywhere by banging the refrigerator door.

It was getting dark, and June was ready when I arrived at her apartment in Santa Monica. We drove from there up into the hills for Fitz. We went straight into the house he'd designed for himself so he could drive his car practically inside it. We heard him call from his room at the end away from the patio, and then he came hurtling along the passage at about twenty miles an hour, swung the wheel chair around with his incredible dexterity, and finished up with an arm about June. He had thick crew-cut hair and very clear skin. There were little wrinkles at the corners of his eyes. He was wearing a black cashmere jacket, a pink shirt with a black-and-pink tie, and a flower in his buttonhole.

"Hi, pal."

"Hi."

"June's looking kind of glorious. Give me a gray-eyed blonde who takes a tan

like that, dressed in a dress of blue." He moved the chair back a foot or two with one gloved hand. "Will I do?"

June said, "Fitz, you're magnificent."

"That's all I want to know. Lead on, Billy-boy, I'm in the mood to drink by Fenimore's pool."

We didn't ask who would drive in whose car. We knew. It was one of the things about Fitz. His car was fitted with vacuum controls with an extra lever on the steering column beneath the wheel. It went one way for gas, another for brakes. The automatic transmission took care of the rest. He always drove himself. He ran the wheel chair out to the patio and flipped open the door of the car. He maneuvered himself into position, pulled off one detachable arm of the wheel chair, reached for the top of the windshield, and hauled himself easily up and into the seat. Then he reached over for the chair, folded it neatly with a couple of quick movements, and tossed it over onto the back cushion. The whole performance looked easy, but I'd seen him working on it when he'd only made it because of his fierce spirit, the same as he'd learned to walk on crutches with

his paralyzed legs dragging behind him.

He backed swiftly past my car and down his drive to the street. June and I followed him out. He hadn't been to Fenimore's house before, so I passed him on the curve leading down to Sunset and went in front to Bel Air and up into Stonewater Canyon Road. When we came to the house and turned into the driveway. I continued on a few yards past the entrance so Fitz could park under the lanai-terrace affair close to the door. The place was lit up like a carnival side show, and from the noise, it sounded as though the guests had been arriving for hours. I fiddled about, pretending to have trouble sliding my car in between two others, to give Fitz time to get into the wheel chair. He hated anyone's having to wait for him. My timing was right, and we went into the entrance together.

A girl I didn't know came to the door with a glass in her hand. She greeted us and stared blankly at Fitz, and then Julius emerged from a group and came toward us with his arms outstretched as if he hadn't seen me for weeks and our arrival was one of the high spots of his life. He shook hands with me and kissed June on the forehead. I introduced Fitz, and Julius took us back across the room to the third Mrs. Fenimore, Stella. She was taller than Julius, and wore shining green cocktail slacks that matched her eyes and went with her flaming tawny hair. In a room full of beautiful girls, in a town where beauty's an industry, you still had to look at her twice. She made a quick appraisal of June, decided she could stand the competition, and said, "June, honey, you look so *cute*. It's been weeks since we've seen you. Where have you been?"

I presented Fitz again, and Stella turned on her glorious smile for his special benefit. She was very animated and glowing, and I couldn't help watching her carefully to see if she meant any of it. As usual, she didn't. As soon as she and Fitz had exchanged a few words and she turned her head to speak to someone else, the smile came off, abruptly, as though a shutter in her face had clicked. It always gave me a slight shock when it happened, when her face went blank and I realized there had been no feeling behind the loveliness.

After a moment, we all went out through the wide-open wall to another patio, where the pool came right into the house. We waved and greeted people we knew. Julius called to a Filipino boy with a tray, and we had arrived at the party.

There were about fifty people there, all having something to do with the studios or their fringes, and nearly everyone seemed to know everyone else. I saw



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 Albert Dorne

a director and three or four big stars and one of the syndicated writer-boys, so the night wouldn't pass unnoticed in the columns. Most of the crowd were a good deal younger than Julius. Someone had put a stack of Ralph Sutton disks on the phonograph, and there was dancing in another room. The night was warm; already three or four people had changed and were in the pool. I had June and I hadn't been part of the game long enough to take it all for granted, and as far as I was concerned it was wonderful. This was the life for me.

Then Julius and Stella left us, and a short while later I caught sight of Ashley. I hadn't thought about his being there, but I guess I should have known. He had a cigarette in a long holder in his mouth, and there were satin facings on the lapels of his red velvet jacket. He was doing his best to be very Continental and distinguished, and even I had to admit he wasn't doing badly. He came toward us, nodded casually to me, and kissed June's hand in his smoothest madame-was-never-lovelier manner. June practically ignored him, and he wandered off. After that I don't think I saw him for more than an hour, till the curious little incident with Stella.

We were talking to Vern Croombe and a fellow called Fox, half of a movie-and-TV comedy team, when I noticed Ashley and Stella standing together inside. He said something to her and laughed, leaning forward as though inviting her to laugh with him. She stared at him, her young eyes hard, and there was no softening of her expression. There were people all around them, but somehow they seemed to be alone and together.

Stella was talking angrily, and Ashley seemed to be placating her. Then Ashley put a hand on her bare shoulder and let it rest there, and in that instant she turned her head slightly and her eyes met mine. For a moment, she didn't move.

Ashley turned, too, to see whom she was staring at, and suddenly she brushed his hand away from her shoulder and glanced around quickly, as though surprised in a moment of guilt and hoping I was the only witness. And then she said something quickly to Ashley, and they moved out of sight together on the way to the room with the phonograph.

They intrigued me, but not very much. The party was warming up; the Filipino boy and a few maids came and went with refills, and we wandered about from one group to another. I lost track of Fitz while I was dancing with June, and when we found him again, he was in a corner by a bank of indoor vegetation with the girl who had come to the door. She was sitting cross-legged on the floor in front of his chair, explaining something terribly serious and important, all hands, eyes, and horsetail hairdo. Fitz looked up for an instant and grinned. He was enjoying himself; I left them alone.

Then a fellow took June away to dance again, and a few minutes later Julius appeared, thickset and beaming, to say he wanted to talk about the story I had been researching in the library that afternoon.

"There's too much noise out here, Billy-boy. Come with me for ten minutes. No one'll miss us."

I followed him through an archway and a passage into his study. He shut the door; the room was quiet after the racket outside. Julius sprawled in an armchair and pointed to a small bar between the recessed bookshelves in the wall.

"You'll find Scotch and ice over there," he said. "Fix for us both, will you?"

I mixed the drinks and took Julius his and sat on the arm of a chair. Julius swirled the ice in his glass and asked me what I thought about casting the story. I mentioned a few names, and Julius thought of a few more, and we discussed it back and forth without getting anywhere in particular. He liked the

story so much, he said, that he might forget about it for TV and put a million or so into it for a feature. He went on about whom he'd get to direct and whom we might get for the lead for a hundred and fifty thousand if we played our cards right. He sounded as though his intentions were not at all firm, as though he was only playing with the idea. After we'd been in his study for about twenty minutes, just as a hint that I would rather be out in the other room, I said I might have some better ideas after we had turned the story into a screenplay and seen how it shaped.

Julius glanced at his watch. He gave a short laugh and said, "Just give me a couple of more minutes." He came up out of his chair and stood with an arm round my shoulders. It's the sort of gesture that embarrasses me, but it looks so pointed if you push the arm away.

Julius said, "How do you like working for me?"

I said, "I like it fine, you know that."

"Going to stay with me?"

"Until you throw me out."

"Suppose some of the other boys came along with an offer for more dough?"

I said, "Well, I guess I'd have to talk to you about it."

Julius said, "Stay with me, Billy-boy. I like you. We're alike. I like to have you around the studios, around the house." Now he had me by the arm, walking me slowly toward the study door. "You stick with me, and maybe next year, the year after, we'll give you something to direct. Might even put you in charge of production on a feature. But always remember, I'm the best friend you've got, Billy-boy. Anything you want from me, anything I can do for you, you only have to name it."

I said, "What can a guy say?"

Julius said, "Forget it. Off you go back to your girl. I guess she's looking for you right now."

I put down my glass, and reached out

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I swung and he went down with a crash. Silence told me I'd killed this party stone-dead.

to grab the door, but it opened from the other side and Stella came into the study. She ignored me completely, and snapped at Julius, "There you are."

Julius said, "Stella, baby, we were just on our way out."

"Never mind the Stella baby," she said. "What have you and Bill been talking about?"

Julius said, "Why, work. Isn't that right, Bill?"

Stella said, "Never mind him, I'm asking you! Why did you have to come in here for half an hour? Why couldn't you talk outside?"

Julius said, "Baby, have you gone crazy or something?" He was just twice her age, and she had him and she knew it. You could hear the propitiation in his tone.

She said, "We're supposed to be throwing a party, and you're in here checking up with Bill North! What's he been telling you?"

Julius turned to me with a helpless expression, and I said at once, "Sure, Julius. Will you excuse me, Stella?"

Julius said, "I'll be with you in a couple of minutes," and I went out and shut the study door behind me, wondering what in the world Stella had on her mind.

I went back to the party. There were about a dozen people in the pool now, splashing around, and the noise had gone up a few more decibels. I hunted about for June, and when I couldn't see her anywhere, I went over to the corner

where the girl was still on the floor, firmly entrenched with Fitz. I stopped short a few steps away. He was staring down at her with a look of awful hunger on his face, and I went past another couple to come up to him from the side. I put a hand on his shoulder and gripped it hard. He looked up, and his eyes flickered; I could see him pulling himself out of it, and then his grin came back.

"Thanks, pal," he said, and reached out to touch the top of the girl's head. "Her name is Susan. She thinks I'm wonderful."

"I do so, too," said the girl, as though to defend her opinion against all comers. "This"—pointing dramatically at Fitz—"is the most penetrating mind I have ever listened to." She nodded her head vigorously. "An *authentic* genius."

I said, "Susan, you're absolutely right. Has anyone seen June?"

Fitz said, "Last I saw of her, she was in there doing a samba."

"She's not now. Who was she with?"

Fitz hesitated for the briefest fraction of a second. "I think," he said, "it was Gordon Ashley."

I heard the girl saying, "Now Ashley is a perfect case in point. The thing we were talking about—Don't you think he's a perfect case in point?" Her voice faded as I left them. I wandered about everywhere, even opening doors into one or two rooms. I asked some more people, careful not to make it look like anything, but they shook their heads. No one knew where June had gone, or Ashley, either.

I went out in front to the cars and

circled past the four-car garage, ending up in the patio at the far end of the pool. There was a decorative trellis over a gap in the patio wall, leading to a lawn, some poinsettia trees, and a tennis court. I was just going through to the lawn when June came under the trellis into the light. Her hair was ruffled, she was flushed, and she was walking quickly.

She came to me. "Bill, get me out of here, please. Right now."

"Not for a minute," I said. "Who's been pushing you around? Who were you out there with? Ashley?"

"It doesn't matter. I just want to go."

"Was it Ashley?"

She took my arm and pulled. I was watching the gap in the patio wall. I said, "Is he still out there?"

She said, "Please, Bill. It was nothing. Let it go."

Ashley came through under the trellis. He saw me and paused for a moment; then he strolled forward with an elaborately casual air.

June's eyes were a little wild. "Bill, don't do anything. Please, not here."

Ashley was still a few paces away. When he drew even, he made the mistake of favoring me with his glittering smile, and I thought I saw something in it that looked like a smirk. Even then, it might have been all right if he had kept his mouth shut, but he didn't.

"North, dear boy," he said. "Such a lovely party."

I pulled June's hand away from my arm. "Not when you think you can lay a finger on my girl," I said, and swung.

I caught him on the side of the mouth, and he went back into some iron grill-work chairs and a table with a crash they must have heard over in Beverly Glen. Everything went down in a heap, with Ashley in the middle of it. After the crash, there was a sudden, shocked silence that spread from the patio to the house, and then the rising murmur of voices wanting to know what had happened. Ashley untangled himself from the table and chairs and came slowly to his feet, blood dripping from his chin onto his satin lapels.

I turned to see Fitz coming forward, thrusting on the wheels of the chair, and behind him came Julius, his face expressionless.

"Billy-boy," he said tonelessly, "better go home."

I made a gesture behind me to Ashley. "Dip him in the pool, Julius," I said, "and keep him away from me on the lot, or I'll tear his arms out of their sockets."

Fitz had his chair close. I felt his hand on my elbow and heard him say quietly, "Come on, let's go."

I had killed Julius' party stone-dead.

but I wasn't going to apologize, not then. I took June's arm, and Fitz and Julius followed us through the crowd into the house. We had to brush by Stella Fenimore, but she didn't look at either of us. She was staring past me at Ashley with a green glare of cold, concentrated fury. I might have thought about it some other time and under some other circumstances. As it was, I didn't give her a thought.

At the door, Julius said, "Call me up in the morning if you want to. But next time, settle your fights with Ashley somewhere else." He turned and went back into the house.

I let Fitz get into his car and slammed the door for him. He started the motor. "Why don't you and June come up to my place for a nightcap?"

I said, "I think June would like to go straight home."

"That's all right."

"I'm sorry, Fitz. I shouldn't have blown my top."

"You're sorry? You should have cracked him again. Forget it." He backed away. "'Night, June. See you both on the beach Sunday."

He drove off, and a few minutes later we rolled slowly down the road to the boulevard. My watch said a few minutes after eleven. It was still warm, but the sky was clouding over. There was thunder in the air, and from Sunset we could see dull flickers of lightning on the horizon far out to sea.

June still hadn't said a word when I parked at the beach with the car pointing toward the waves. I lit a cigarette for her, and she came across the seat suddenly and put her head on my shoulder.

She said, "Before morning, it's going to rain."

"Yes."

"I want to lie awake and listen to it on the roof."

"It should be my roof you're lying awake under. Look, June, how long does

this have to go on? Why won't you marry me—next week, tomorrow, now?"

"One reason is because of things like tonight."

"Nothing like tonight's ever happened before."

She sat up and flicked ash over the side of the car. "No, but you don't believe me about Ashley."

"I do believe you. I've said it regularly at intervals, ever since I've known you."

"But you still don't believe it. If you did, you wouldn't have gone berserk."

"I didn't go berserk. I merely slugged a heel making a pass at you. I would have slugged anyone."

"You would have controlled yourself and settled it later, when you wouldn't be making a scene."

"All right. I'm a hoodlum and I shouldn't be in polite society. I should let any lush anywhere rough you up and then give him a pat on the back."

"Let's keep it sensible."

"Well, what were you doing out there with the guy, anyway?"

"It just happened. I danced with him, and then we went out with some others and they drifted off. We smoked a cigarette, and he was talking about you all the time. And then he suddenly put on his act and I left him to it."

"Fitz was right. I should have made it something he'd remember."

"But it only happened because it was Ashley." She tucked her legs up on the seat and leaned in front of me. "You've got to stop being jealous of him, Bill. You've just got to. When Ashley and I were being seen around together and taken for granted, there was nothing in it. Nothing! Nothing!"

I made a move, and she said, "No, no kisses. Ashley's not the real reason I won't marry you; that I could take. But there's another one."

"Well, tell me. No one wants us straightened out more than I do."

She thought for a minute. Then she

said, "You know nearly everything there is to know about me. You know I was married before and to whom, but you don't know why it went to pieces. Well, I'll tell you. He played the game here to get along, just like so many others, and he made me believe that if you wanted to get to the top, that was the only way to do it. Then his agent lined him up for a part, a lead, the biggest chance he'd ever had, and there were only two of them in it. It was one or the other. And that's when the producer decided he could make a pass at me and get away with it. It's an old story. Bill, but you think of it as always happening to someone else, like an accident—till it happens to you. Well, I brushed the man off, but when I told my husband, my adored husband, he said I couldn't really love him or I wouldn't let a little thing like that ruin his career."

"I can hear him now, and I feel sick again with the shock. With a few well-chosen words, he made me realize he was willing to play the game and he expected me to, too. Can you understand that? Even your wife is part of the game. He wanted me to go crawling to the guy. I walked out on him that night and divorced him soon after. He's in Europe now, but if he came back here and I thought I might even see him again, I'd run like a hare. And that's why I'm a little crazy on the subject. I love you, Bill, I love you so I'll never want anyone else again, but sometimes I see you and Fenimore and I shudder. Now tell me you understand."

I said, "I understand. But you're wrong about me and you're wrong about Fenimore. If you actually think—"

Her fingers came up to my mouth. "No, darling, never with you. I'm not crazy. But I don't want a shadow of it to cross my life again, not even a shadow like your rushing off to Palm Springs when he whistles at midnight. And that's the reason I can't convince



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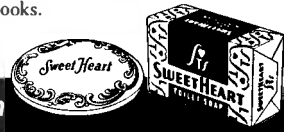
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myself to marry you—at least not now.”

I sat in silence with nothing to say, because there it was and she was right. After a while, she said, “I’ll be over soon after breakfast in the morning, and we’ll have all day together and Sunday. Take me home before the rain, or you’ll have to put up the top.”

I drove slowly along the highway and up the long ramp to the top of Palisades Park, and it was after midnight when I let her out of the car. She said she didn’t want me to come in, so I kissed her on the apartment steps and told her I couldn’t wait till morning. Then I made a U turn to go back the way we had come.

I passed the other car parked on the street, and I saw it unconsciously. But after I had gone about a hundred yards and the lights were turning to follow, it penetrated. I sat up straight with a jolt. My own lights had shown it all clearly. I had company; he was there behind me again: the gray Ford, the insect deflector, the straw hat.

I still had no foreboding. I had a sense of outraged privacy at the thought of

being tailed, and I was completely mystified about who or what he could be. But I wasn’t scared; I had learned a thing or two in the Marines, and I keep myself in shape. I was just in the mood to do something about him, and I decided the time was now.

I thought about it all the time I was leading him back along the ramp and the highway. When you suddenly discover you’re being followed, you want to know by whom, and why. You can go to the police, or you can find out for yourself. Maybe I’d have been wiser to leave it to the cops, but I told myself all I had to do was stop the Ford somewhere quiet and ask the character in the straw hat a simple question. And I knew a convenient quiet locality on my way home.

I had to stop for the three-period lights where Sunset comes down to the beach. The fellow wasn’t even slightly cagey about it now; when I stopped, he came right alongside and sat there with his hot motor humming softly as though he wanted me to know he was around. I stared at him while we waited, but he didn’t turn his head or bat an eye. His

face was lean and hard in the glow from his panel, and I could see his hairline mustache.

Just as a matter of interest, I wanted to know if it was possible for me to pull away from him if I should want to, so when the light changed to green, I took off at full speed. He stayed in my rear quarter without even trying, and I had the feeling he could run rings round my stock job if it became necessary. That settled the first point; he was equipped. I eased back and waited my time.

I crossed to the right-hand lane and stayed there the mile and a half to the next set of lights. They were green, and I gave him no warning. I swung hard off the highway into Topanga Canyon, and I could hear his tires as he screeched after me. I thrust my foot to the floor again, and went up the empty road as fast as my car could make it. A hundred yards between us was all I wanted, but it was going to be hard to get.

Topanga Canyon twists and turns, and his extra power wasn’t much help on the climbing curves; you could get around them only so fast. I had most of my hundred yards and I could see I wasn’t going to get any more, so when we were about halfway up to Mulholland I made my move. I took a sharp left curve with my rims practically scraping the ground, and as his lights disappeared in the mirror, I braked hard and came up broadside right in the middle of the road. He roared around the curve as I jumped out, and for a moment I thought I’d have to kiss my convertible good-by. He managed to screech to a stop, his bumper no more than three inches from my front wheel, and almost before he had stopped, I had his door open to haul him out into the road. He didn’t have to be hauled. He came out swiftly of his own accord, slim and venomous. He stood tense for a moment, looking for a fight, and then he relaxed and leaned back against his car, at ease.

“Jack,” he said calmly, “you stop in the middle of the road like that, how’s the traffic going to get by?”

“Right now,” I said, “the traffic’s just you and me.”

He peered exaggeratedly up and down the road. “So it is. But how about moving your car, anyway?” He waited and then said very gently, “I won’t run out on you, Jack. I’m not going anyplace without you.”

I couldn’t understand it. This was not what I had been expecting, and for a moment I stood there at a loss. The lights of a lone car winked through the trees about half a mile up the canyon, and he said, “See what I mean? Do you move the heap, or do I?”

“Barpoint”... fascinating spring trend.



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He was completely self-possessed, and with the other car coming, I had no choice. I ran mine onto the shoulder. The sedan coming downhill swept past, and I went back to him. He was still leaning against the Ford, where I'd left him. He brought out a pack of cigarettes, took one, and offered the pack to me.

"No, thanks."
"Come on, you need a smoke." He jabbed a cigarette in my face, poking it into my mouth. I slammed his hand away, and he showed his teeth.

"What we need," he said, "is an understanding." He opened his coat to show me the shoulder harness below his left arm.

"I carry it legal. You got one, too?" He waited with his fixed grin. "It wasn't smart, but I figure you came up here because you wanted it peaceful and quiet. Well, what's on your mind?"

I felt as though the ground was shifting under my feet. He went on, "Anything you want to know, just ask. But no muscle, Jack, no muscle."

I moved a few inches closer to the window, and he watched without interest while I looked in at the registration card clipped to his steering column. It read "Joseph Rocca," with an address in the seven-hundred block of Main Street, downtown.

I said, "Joe Rocca."

"I would have told you."

"What are you?"

"I guess you would say I was a shamus, or eye."

"All right, Rocca. Who's paying you to follow me around?"

"First," he said, "there's my professional standing to consider. So you know I've been tailing you, but since when?"

"Since the freeway this afternoon."

He chuckled. "You take a long time to catch on. You should keep your eye on the ball, Jack. I've been with you better than eight days."

I stared at him, a little chill running

up and down my spine. "For a fact," he said. "Today I got bored, and when I get bored I get careless."

"I'll ask you again. Who's it for?"

"Let's go sit in your car, Jack."

"The name is North."

"Okay, we'll make it Mr. North and go sit in your car." He pushed himself upright and gestured with his head. "You go first. Unless you'd like to forget about who I'm working for and be on your way, which will also be okay with me."

I couldn't have been any less in control of the situation, so I went. Rocca slid into the seat after me and punched one of the radio buttons. The music came on, and I turned down the volume so I could think.

Rocca said, "You were going to get rough with me, but you're not in the business so you didn't know how to handle it. Right?"

I let it go, waiting to see where he was leading.

"What you didn't figure was, maybe you wouldn't have to. I like to work angles, and I'm working one right now."

"All I want to know is who's behind you. I'll take it from there myself."

"Like you took it tonight? You need someone to take care of your interests, and I know a very good man."

I said, "Name of Joe Rocca, I suppose."

"Could be. If you'd asked me yesterday who hired me, I wouldn't have told you. Now it's different. The job's finished, and I'm looking for a new client."

I said, "Let's have it, who was the old one?"

He was clicking his fingers in time with the downbeat of the music. There was something horrible about his detachment.

He said, "Fellow by the name of Gordon Ashley."

I was incredulous. "Ashley's been paying to have me followed?"

"That's it. From when you left Malibu in the morning to when you got home at

night, he wanted to know where you went, and I've been giving it to him every twenty-four hours."

"Yes, but for what?"

"That I don't know. But for seventy-five bucks a day, I'll find out for you."

I said, "You really drum up trade."

"A guy has to live. If you hadn't pulled this caper, I was going to call you myself. I'm doing you a favor. How about it?"

"Listen," I said, "you know more than this. You must have some idea what Ashley was after. If you want to be paid for it now, name it."

"I'm trying to tell you, it would have to be worked on. My deal with Ashley was straight. Where you went, who with, what times. Just that." He said slyly after a pause, "I figured it was a dame."

"Where did he find you?"

"How would I know? The yellow pages, I guess. We don't advertise. So do I go to work for you, or do I forget it?"

"I'll think about it."

He said reflectively, "When a guy's being tailed, he's in trouble. I never knew one that wasn't."

"I'll still think about it, Rocca," I said, and switched off the radio and started the motor.

He climbed out and stood with a hand on the door. "So long, Mr. North." He grinned again, and his manner said as clearly as though he'd uttered the words that he knew more than he was ever going to tell me. He was still standing by the road as I turned around and rolled downhill toward the highway. I felt the chill again. This time it was deadlier than before.

Ashley. A thirty-five-year-old professional lover, a heel, a Hollywood actor not quite of the first rank. Away from the studios, what did we have in common? Where had our lives crossed?

The only answer was June. She was the only common ground we met on; she was the only possible source of rivalry

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**Stella stood there, eyes
flashing green fire.
“Have you gone crazy,
baby?” Julius said.**

between us. And whatever plan of action Ashley was following with Rocca, for whatever reason, it wasn't going to touch June. I came to the highway and stopped. I could turn right for Malibu and home, or I could turn left for Beverly Hills.

It didn't take long to decide. I turned left.

Twenty minutes later, I left my car in the street and walked up between the shrubs to Ashley's door. It was after one in the morning. There was a light somewhere in the back of the house. I pressed the bell, and after a minute or so, more lights flicked on in other rooms

and I heard Ashley coming to the door.

He saw me outside and tried to get the door shut, but I had a foot in and a shoulder well against it, and I pushed my way into the house.

He had on a pale-blue bathrobe and scuffs. He backed away from me, a hand extended as if to hold me off. One side of his face was swollen, where I had connected a couple of hours before.

“All right, North,” he said, “I don't want any more trouble with you, understand? You get out of here. Any more from you, and I'll get a squad car up here.”

I noticed there was nothing British about his accent now. I said, “Sit down, Ashley. I want to talk to you.”

He kept backing away. “Out,” he said, “you get out. You forced your way in, now beat it. I don't want any more trouble. Don't you come in here.”

I said, “What is it, Ashley? What's throwing such a scare into you?”

He was back against the copper-hooded fireplace in the center of the room. “What do you want?” He reached down and took one of the fire irons. “If you think you're going to start it again—”

“I'll tell you what I want,” I said. “I want to know what goes on.”

He came forward a step and raised the iron. He was badly rattled, and I thought he might start swinging it, so I moved in, barred his right arm with my left, put on some pressure, and took the iron away from him. I held it about the middle of its length and put it back with the others by the fireplace.

“You don't need that,” I said, “not if it concerns just me. But if you're trying to pull something with June, too, you'll need more than a fire iron.”

“You're not making sense,” he said. “What are you talking about?”

“Look,” I said, “I've just come from your chum Rocca.”

“Rocca?”

“That's right. The fellow with the gray sedan, the fellow you've had following me for eight days.”

“You're crazy.”

“Come on, Ashley, what are you working on. I've just been talking to the guy, up in Topanga Canyon.”

“I've never even heard of anyone called Rocca.”

His confidence and his British accent were coming back now that he saw his face wasn't in danger again. He straightened his robe and the silk muffler around his throat.

“You must have been smoking tea or something, North. I wouldn't pay to have you followed across the street. Why should I?”

“That's what I want to find out. Maybe

I should have brought Rocca along, too.”

“I wish you had.”

“Ashley,” I said, “there's nothing for anyone to know about me they can't have for the asking. You haven't got me worried. If it wasn't for June, I wouldn't even care much. But I'm curious, and I'm not letting it go.”

“Well, you'll have to satisfy your curiosity somewhere else. You're in my house, and I want you out.”

Again I had the sensation of being out of my depth, as I had with Rocca on the quiet road between the trees. If Ashley was putting on an act, it was a good one. But why would someone called Joe Rocca chase me all over Los Angeles County and then say he was working for Ashley if he wasn't?

Ashley was saying, “I haven't the faintest idea what you're ranting about. I don't even want the faintest idea. As far as I can see, North, you're out of your mind.”

“There's still Rocca.”

“Well, go back to him.”

“If I thought I could find him tonight, I'd pay you another call.”

“You come back here again tonight, and I'll get the police.”

One of them was lying, but Ashley was standing his ground and I was getting nowhere.

“All right,” I said, “we'll take it up when I've talked to him again.” I turned and went to the door. “But if he tells the same story when I see him again, Ashley, you'd better change yours.”

The first drops of rain were falling as I went down his drive to the street. I unclipped the canvas cover and put up the top. It was coming down hard when I pulled into the garage at home, with a wet wind blowing in from the sea. I sat around the house for a while trying to puzzle it out, and I tossed and turned for an hour after I went to bed. Then I told myself that whatever he was doing, I could handle Ashley and another dozen like him, and the next thing I knew it was Saturday morning with the sunshine streaming into the room.

As it does in California in summer, the rain had washed the haze from the air, and it made you feel great just to breathe it. After breakfast, I cleared up the dishes and straightened the house. Soon after nine, I looked up Rocca's number and called him at the Main Street address. But there was no answer, and I decided Ashley and his boy could wait till Monday. I had a weekend coming up with June and Fitz. Whatever it was could keep.

Then June arrived; we lay in the sun, we went to see the seals, and we had our day. And I saw the flies and we found

Gordon Ashley, dead in the trunk of my convertible.

I must have stood there with my hand on the telephone for three, five, seven minutes, I don't know, while the color came back into June's cheeks and the events of the night before took place again in my mind.

June said, "Why haven't you called the police? You are going to send for the police, aren't you? Call them and get it over, Bill. You have to."

"Not yet."

"But you have to. You can't let it wait."

"Not yet. Later." I forced myself to smile. "It's going to be all right, June. Try not to worry."

"It's not all right. There's something I don't know."

"You will soon. I'll tell you and Fitz together."

I picked up the phone and dialed his number. For a minute of piercing suspense, I thought he wasn't going to answer, and then I heard his voice.

"Listen, Fitz," I said, "I'm going to make it brief. I'm in serious trouble, murder."

"You're *what*?"

"I want to come up with June right away."

He said without a second's hesitation, "If it'll help, I'll come down to you."

"No, give me fifteen minutes and stay where you are."

I put down the phone and told June to collect her things quickly. I ran into my room, threw on some clothes, stuffed some bills into my pocket, and in a couple of minutes we were out of the house.

June stopped short a few yards from the garage door. She was staring at the lid of the trunk.

"Bill, I can't. Don't make me get into your car unless I have to."

"You don't have to. Follow me up to Fitz's in your car, then you won't have to come back for it. But I have to get him away from here. It's bad enough already,

but if they actually find me with his body—"

"Don't wait for me," she said. "Just hurry."

I think that drive from Malibu up to the Palisades was the longest of my life. When I stopped for a light, it was an eternity before it changed, and I could feel the presence of the thing in the back. I was convinced I was being stared at by every pair of eyes I passed. When I turned into Fitz's drive, it was like coming to the end of a tightrope over a chasm.

He was waiting at the door. He gave me a second look and said, "It must be bad."

"It is."

"Last time I saw you looking like this, the ramp was going down and we were Assault Wave One. Where's June?"

"On her way."

"Want a drink?"

"No, I need a clear head now more than I ever have." Gravel crunched outside. "Here's June."

"On the phone, I thought you said, 'murder.'"

"In a minute, Fitz. I want you both to hear it."

A door banged, and June came running into the house. For the next ten minutes, they listened without a word.

Fitz looked me in the eye at the end. "One thing we must know, Bill."

He paused, and then, "No, you wouldn't be pitching a story now. I won't even ask."

"You can ask," I said. "I didn't kill Ashley. All he had when I left him was the bruise on his face. Someone else hammered him to death last night after I left and then brought him to Malibu and stuffed him into my car. And if it hadn't been for those flies, I'd have been carrying him around for days."

Fitz thought for a while. "Bluebottles," he said. "They're scavengers. Wait here a minute."

He wheeled himself out rapidly through the passage leading to his workshop and came back with an insecticide spray gun. "They won't advertise it any more," he said. He went outside, and we heard him squirting the gun.

He came in again and said, "You handled that fire iron?"

"Yes."

"Could anyone have been watching you and Ashley from outside?"

"Sure. Through a big wide picture window."

Where are you going to be if that fire iron was the murder weapon? Are your prints on record anywhere?"

"Not that I know of. But they could find all they want in my house."

Fitz said, "Do you happen to know Ashley's number?"

"No, but it's listed."

Fitz looked it up in the phone book and dialed. He held the phone an inch from his ear so I could hear, too. It buzzed a couple of times, and then a voice said, "Yeah?"

Fitz said, "That you, Gordon?"

The voice said, "No. Who is this calling?"

"I want to speak to Gordon Ashley."

"This is the police. Who is it calling?"

Fitz put the phone down gently and said, "You didn't get away from Malibu a minute too soon."

June said suddenly, "Fitz, you're going on as though Bill could be arrested for murder. But he couldn't, could he? They couldn't actually think he did it!"

Fitz said, "Let's all face it, June. Bill's never been in such a spot in his life."

I said, "How did the police get onto it?"

Fitz said, "For my money, they were tipped off, and it won't be long before they come looking for you—if they're not already."

"I suppose they definitely will."

"There's Rex Moody's column for one



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thing," Fitz said. "Did you read it?"
"I take the other paper."

"He gave you a paragraph, a *cherchez-la-femme* item about what writer flattened Gordon Ashley at what producer's party. But if the police don't read Moody, there's another guy they're going to hear from soon."

"Rocca?"

"You bet. When Rocca reads the headlines tomorrow morning, the first thing he'll do is tell the police Ashley was having you tailed. And if he doesn't put the finger on you, someone else will. Whoever killed Ashley didn't put him in your car just to get rid of the body. It was put there to pin it on you. You had a fight with Ashley over your girl. He was paying a man to watch you. You went up to Ashley's house after the party. And you've got the body. Motive, opportunity, and the corpus delicti. I think we can pretty well count on the police to be looking for William North."

From the instant I lifted the lid of my trunk. I had known I was in trouble. Now I knew it could be trouble I wasn't going to get out of. And at that moment, I remembered the mad rage in Stella Fenimore's green eyes as she had stared past me at Ashley the night before.

Fitz said, "Someone didn't count on those bluebottle flies, and they've given

us all we've got left—a little time. Maybe twelve hours, maybe less, but we're going to use it. First, we have to put your car on ice and you have to find somewhere to hide out. Then we go after Rocca."

I said, "What can Rocca do now but keep saying he was working for Ashley?"

"Bill," he said, "you've got to do some heavy thinking. Rocca was making sure you saw him last night, maybe even before that, on the freeway. Do you think he told you he was working for Ashley just to promote himself a fast dollar? He wanted you to go straight to Ashley's house, and you did. Rocca sent you there, and Rocca or someone else was there, too." He thought again for a moment. "Once the police start hunting for you, it won't be long before they come to see June and me. So your car can't stay here. We'll hide it out in the open, in a parking lot. We can't risk your driving it around any longer. June will have to take it to the lot. I'll go with her and bring her back, and you can take June's car and hole up in one of those motels out on Ventura."

I said, "Just getting here was hell for June. I won't ask her to drive an inch with that thing in the back."

Fitz said very quietly, "If I could do it, I would. You're out of luck, Bill, even with friends." He was gripping the arms of the wheel chair. "You get caught with that body on your hands, and you're on

your way straight to the gas chamber."

"That'll be all about my friends," I said. "If the cops were outside banging at the door, I still wouldn't want anyone but you two in my corner."

June said, "They might be at the door any minute." Her voice quavered. "You don't have to worry about me, either of you. I'll be all right."

Fitz said, "Spoken like a trouper." He looked at his watch. "Five-ten. You'd better use another name at the motel. What's it going to be?"

For some reason, the first name that came into my head was Rex Moody.

"Okay. Moody will do as well as any other. When you get there, keep calling me from a pay station till I answer. Got plenty of folding?"

"A hundred and fifty."

"Get going, Bill. There's work to be done."

June came out to the coupe with me. She held my arms and looked up into my face. "Bill," she said, "I'm frightened for you."

I put a hand under her chin. "Stay close to Fitz. No matter what happens, don't let it scare you, and remember, the police aren't after me yet."

I was wrong. I went over the hills to the San Fernando Valley and chose a motel at random in Van Nuys. There was a bar near by with a pay phone, and I made my first call to Fitz after about an hour.

He answered at once. I said, "Get rid of the car all right?"

His voice said, "This is Tom Fitzgibbon. Whom are you calling?"

I said quickly, "I'm at the Santa Fe Motel, Ventura Boulevard, Bungalow Six."

"Sorry," he said, "you've got the wrong number."

After that, the next few hours were interminable. I smoked too much, and I must have tramped miles inside the room—four paces one way, four paces back—and then shortly after dark, a car came into the court and a door slammed and then another. I peered out through the curtains, half expecting to see a black-and-white squad car with its red light winking on top. But it was June, with Fitz wheeling himself across the gravel.

I let them in, and their faces told the story. Fitz had a late-afternoon paper in his lap; his eyes were grim. June put a small parcel on the bureau.

"Razor and toothbrush," she said. She sat on the bed. She'd been crying.

I said, "Was it terrible with the car?"

"I made it," she said, "but I hope never again."

I said, "What's new?"



"Hate to eat and run, but I think I'm going to be sick."

"First," said Fitz, "they're after you."
"I guessed that."

"They were at Malibu ten minutes after you left. They've been to Fenimore's to get the story of the party, and they've been up with us. And you're in about as deep as a man can be."

"The fire iron?"

"Sure enough. Someone was watching you, all right. That's what Ashley was killed with. The lieutenant thought it was so cut and dried, he gave us the whole run-down."

"But they haven't got a body yet."

"They're pretty sure there's one around. Ashley had a visitor soon after noon, some woman. She found the place wrecked, blood everywhere, and called the police. There was even blood on the patio floor, where the body was dragged outside. According to the lieutenant, you were a careless killer who wiped only the handle of the fire iron and left some prints on the shaft."

Fitz lit himself a cigarette. "Bill, why didn't you tell me you had a drink with Ashley?"

"Because I didn't."

"You sure of that?"

"Of course, I'm sure. Ashley wasn't offering any drinks up there, and I wasn't having any."

For a moment, the bungalow was still. Outside, I heard a palm tree rustle and the muted bray of a car out on the boulevard. Then Fitz said slowly, "Someone has built your gallows high."

"There's more than the fire iron?"

"The lieutenant said you and Ashley emptied the better part of a fifth of Scotch between you, and there was a glass with your prints on it."

I sat down suddenly on the bed beside June. "And I thought I was a guy without an enemy in the world."

"They didn't know you were going to be obliging enough to handle the fire iron. But they had the whole thing worked out anyway."

I said, "More than ever now, we need Rocca."

The final blow was still to come. Fitz said, "That's just it." He unfolded the paper and opened it to page two. "Take a look."

At first the words didn't register, and then the column seemed to leap out of the page. Under the heading GRIFFITH PARK SLAYING, it said a man identified as Joseph Rocca, thirty-four, had been found shot dead in his car beside one of the roads leading into the park at Los Feliz and Riverside Drive. He had been discovered by a zoo attendant on his way to work. The shooting was believed to have taken place in the early hours of Saturday morning, and the police expected developments within twenty-four hours.

I was stunned. "Without Rocca," I said, "I'm sunk without trace."

June put a hand over mine, but there wasn't a word of cheer either of them could say.

Fitz said at last, "As time goes on and they don't find you, we'll have to be more careful about getting together. They'll soon learn we're sort of three musketeers, and they'll be waiting for one of us to lead them to you."

I said, "Where do we go, Fitz, from here?"

"I'm going to give it some thought. If nothing comes out of it by morning, how much do you have in your account?"

"About five thousand."

"I've got about the same. That makes ten, and I could get another quick ten on the house. To get you across the border, we might need it."

I said, "I'll never get away from it by running. I'd rather stay and make a fight of it now."

"You're going to fight who and what?"

He was right, and till morning we had to leave it at that. June wanted to stay with me, but Fitz said she might be needed for driving or any number of reasons. I was to call him early

in the morning, and to stay in the bungalow and keep out of sight.

When they had gone, I paced the floor, asking the same questions: Who hated me enough to send me to the gas chamber for a murder I didn't commit? Who wanted Ashley dead—or me out of the way—enough to arrange it with such cold precision? Plenty of people had detested Ashley. They could even have been at the party.

But who knew enough about me to line me up for the frame; knew how I felt about Ashley because of June, and jumped in when the time was right, when I'd had a fight with him in front of fifty people? Vern Croombe? What had I once heard about Croombe and Ashley? Or Muller—Muller had been there, too. But so had a dozen others, any one of whom could have wanted Ashley dead and hired Rocca to watch me so they could kill Ashley at a time when I had no alibi.

And then it struck me: the truth of it still hinged on Rocca. I had built him up in my mind as the likeliest prospect to give me the truth, but now he had been killed, too. But even if Rocca hadn't been working for Ashley, he had been working for someone else. And as I paced back and forth, I had the growing conviction that if I couldn't get anything out of Rocca alive, perhaps he could tell me something dead. I wasn't going across the border into Mexico yet.

I went out to June's car and rummaged in the dashboard compartment. Yes, the flashlight was there where she always kept it. I had changed a wheel for her not long ago, and I knew she had a tire lever and a screw driver in a canvas holder in the back. I dug them out, laid them on the seat. I headed for downtown L.A., keeping to quiet streets and staying clear of the freeway. When you've got your head and shoulders in the gas chamber, what's breaking and entering?

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Rocca had had his office turned out to be a five-story walk-up, with a fourth-run movie house on one side and a bar and grill on the other. A juke box was thumping at full blast in the bar. I cruised past, looking for a sign of the police. There was no squad car, no uniformed man on guard. I parked a short distance up the street.

No lights showed in the building, but I decided to make sure. I went into the bar, brushed off a few B-girls, and found a phone. When Rocca's number didn't answer, I collected the flashlight and tools and went to the end of the block and turned the corner, looking for the alley that would take me to the rear of the buildings facing Main.

I found it; empty, dark, and cluttered with garbage tins from the bar and grill. Rocca's building had a fire escape coming down to the second floor. I caught the extension ladder at the second try, pulled it down, and climbed up to the landing.

The window hadn't been cleaned in years; it was almost as opaque as the brickwork. The tire lever was too blunt to slide in between the window frame and the sill, so I worked with the screw driver, and the frame lifted a fraction of an inch. Now the tire lever went in, and I pressed down hard. The catch

snapped inside, and the window went up. I wasn't much of a second-story man, but I had it open; so far, so good.

I shot a quick glance up and down the alley, climbed through into a dark corridor, found the stairs, went down to the lobby, and made out the directory on the wall. I could hear the juke box faintly from the bar next door. The circle of light from the flash found his name: JOSEPH ROCCA, INVESTIGATIONS. 305. I went up the stairs to his door.

I went back to work with the tire lever. Nothing came of it but some splintered woodwork, so I stepped back and dropped one shoulder. I bounced off the door twice; the third time it cracked and flew open. The noise was shattering, and I stood listening for a moment. There wasn't a whisper; I had the building to myself.

The room had a desk, chairs, and a steel filing cabinet. One wall had a calendar; there was brown linoleum on the floor. I shone the flashlight on the filing cabinet. It was locked, and I could see I wasn't going to get into it with a tire lever and a screw driver. I'd have to be satisfied with the desk.

I went through the drawers, pulling them out one after another. They had been emptied—by the police, I supposed—and I found nothing but paper clips,

a few pencils, and a bottle of glue. I pulled at the bottom drawer on the right-hand side. It stuck, and I pulled harder; it freed itself suddenly with a jerk and slid right out of the desk. It was empty like the others. I tried to replace it, but it wouldn't go back, so I left it on the floor.

There was nowhere else to look, even if I had known what I was looking for. Rocca's had been a one-man operation; there wasn't enough left in the room to show what his business had been. I moved about and shone the flashlight around once more. I had wanted an indication—just a hint would have done—of whom he had been working for. Well, it had been a futile hope, anyway. I walked around the desk on my way to the door and kicked my toe against a corner of the drawer. I aimed the flashlight down to step over it.

It was lying there on the floor under the desk, a rectangular eight-by-six sheet of white paper. I reached down for it and turned it over. It was a full-length photograph of a girl, a blonde, reclining in a cheesecake pose, all legs, eyelashes, and provocative smile. It was not signed, but down in one corner of the print were embossed the three words LEE SIMON STUDIOS.

I slipped the picture into my pocket, went down the stairs to the second floor, and climbed out through the window. The alley was still quiet and empty. A few minutes later, I was on my way back to Van Nuys. I stopped at a drugstore to look up Lee Simon's phone number, and found one for both his studio and his home. I wished it were any time of the week but Saturday night. It was too bad, but the next move would have to wait till the morning.

My mind was like a rat race with Ashley and Rocca and June and someone without a face chasing each other through its maze. I stripped and lay on the mattress at the motel, staring at the picture of the girl. Then I put out the light and lay in the dark, waiting for the night to pass.

I had called Fitz and June, and it was about ten-thirty the next morning when I pulled up at the peeling stucco building on West Pico. I went inside and up the stairs and pressed the buzzer of Simon's apartment. He came to the door after a minute or so, a little dark fellow in T-shirt and sneakers, round-faced and getting thin on top. He hadn't shaved.

I said, "Good morning. Are you Mr. Simon?"

"That's right."

"My name is Moody. I want to apologize for coming on a Sunday morning,



but I need some information in a hurry."

"What's your line, Mr. Moody?"

"It's a personal matter, and I can't tell you much about it. I'm looking for this girl"—I brought out the picture and showed it to him—"and the trouble is, she's changed her name and I don't know what it is now." I was going to tell him she was my wife if I had to, but it depended on which way he jumped. A woman's voice called who was it? from inside the apartment, and Simon shouted back it was okay, he'd be with her in a minute.

He looked at the picture. "I take a lot of these," he said. "No, I don't remember her name." He looked up. "And why should I, mister? What do I know about you? Why would I give out names to anyone comes to the door?"

I said, "It's on the level. I just want to find out what she's calling herself nowadays."

He scowled and rubbed a hand over his chin. "It's Sunday morning, and I had a big night," he said. "Maybe if you like to come to the studio another time."

I brought out my wallet. "Would fifty make any difference?"

He looked down at the picture and up again. "Fifty? It might. Now that I take another look, seems I do remember who she was."

I pulled the bills out of the wallet. "Did she collect her prints or did you mail them?"

"Seems to me I mailed them."

"Fifty dollars for her name and address."

"It was a couple of months ago. She might have moved."

"The address on your books will do."

"I'd have to go to the studio and look it up."

"You'll be home again in half an hour. How about it?"

He said after a moment, "Cops be interested?"

"No, they never even heard of her."

"Okay, you've got a deal. Let's go."

I was still threshing about in the dark, hunting for a girl Rocca might not even have known. I could think of a dozen ways the picture could have gotten under his desk, a dozen reasons why he shouldn't have known it was there. Her name was Alma Scott, and she was supposed to be a model, Simon told me on the way. At the studio, we went through a room cluttered with screens and arcs and cables to the hole in the wall he called his office. He hunted about in a journal, looking up dates, and finally found what I wanted. It was an address in North Hollywood. I gave him his fifty dollars.

I found the street after some difficulty and parked in front of the house. It was a small, mission-style place, with red tiles and a patch of grass in front. I went up the path from the sidewalk, thinking this was my last chance; if I walked away from here, if I went down that path again knowing no more than I did now, my life up to that moment came to an end. I put out a hand for the knocker. I heard the steps and waited for the door to open.

She was the same girl, but only just. Her hair was all over the place, she had no make-up on, and her eyes were swollen and red from crying. She was wearing brown slacks and a rust-colored sweater. Maybe it was desperation that flashed the idea into my head; maybe it was the fact that her crying suggested Rocca might have meant something to her, I don't know.

I didn't call her Alma Scott. I said, "Mrs. Rocca?"

She dabbed at her eyes. "You can call me that if you want to. The others didn't. Why would you?"

"The others?"

"You're a cop, aren't you? Why can't you leave me alone? I've told you everything I know."

I said, "I'm sorry I have to bother you

some more. Can I come in. Mrs. Rocca?"

"Anything you like. Just so long as you get through with me and leave me alone."

She turned, and I shut the door and followed her into the living room. She threw herself onto a sofa. "Okay," she said wearily, "what is it?"

I took a deep breath. I said, "Mrs. Rocca, I'm not a policeman. My name's North. I'm wanted for the murder of a man called Ashley, and for all I know, the murder of your husband as well. I've been framed, and if you can't give me a lead, I haven't a chance in the world."

She stared at me. "North," she said. "So you're the guy. They were hammering at me, hammering at me, all yesterday. did I know you—" She broke off, and her eyes opened wide, and I could see the thoughts forming themselves in her mind. I had killed Ashley, and then Rocca, and now I must be here for her. She got to her feet, looking about wildly.

"No!" she said. "How do you know me? I never saw you before. Joe never said your name to me!"

I brought out her picture. "I found this last night," I said, and told her about the photographer, Lee Simon. "When I've gone, you can call the police or do anything you want, but I'm asking you, don't do anything yet."

She was close to panic. "They said you killed the guy Ashley and Joe was mixed up in it. What do you want? I never did anything to you!"

"Please, Alma," I said, "listen. Someone shot Rocca, but it wasn't me. I'm not here to hurt you. I'm here because there's nowhere else in the world I can go."

I don't know what my face told her, but it must have rung true. She sat down suddenly and put her face in her hands. Her shoulders shook, and the tears came out between her fingers.

"He wasn't much," she said, "and I'm not his wife, but he was all I had. Then

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they came in here yesterday and told me, just as if he was a dog that had been run down in the street. They didn't mean it that way, but what's the difference—"

She took her hands away and dried her eyes. "Are you on the level? Are you really the guy they're after?"

"Yes, Alma, and I'm running out of time."

"I told Joe to be careful, but he wouldn't listen. Wouldn't tell me what he was doing. Wouldn't listen. And then the cops at the door, hammering, hammering at me. I told them all I could. All I knew. He was working on something big, and there was twenty-five thousand in it for him. I knew it was crooked, that kind of dough, but he wouldn't tell me, wouldn't listen."

I said, "The thing I have to know is, who was Rocca working for?"

"He was working for Ashley."

"He told you that?"

"No. But he was."

"How do you know?"

"He always kept a record so he could make reports, what he got paid for. Divorce work mostly. He wrote it up every night. He was tailing you for this Ashley. It's all in the notebook."

"Where is it?"

"The cops took it."

"But he couldn't have been working for Ashley. It's impossible. He was following me for someone else, the someone who killed him so he could never talk. If I can find who that someone was, I'll know who killed Rocca."

She said, "I'm telling you, it was this Ashley."

"Rocca must have been making the entries about Ashley for some special reason connected with what he was doing. Alma, you must have some idea what he was doing that was worth twenty-five thousand dollars."

"If I knew, wouldn't I tell the cops? Whoever killed Joe, do you think I want them to get away with it?"

"Right now," I said harshly, "that's what they're doing. And he wasn't being paid by Ashley, no matter what he put in his notebook."

She said, "It wasn't only the notebook."

"What was it?"

"I wasn't going to show it to the cops. It's all I've got, and I'm going to need it."

"What?"

She stood up and looked at me for a long moment as though making up her mind. "Maybe I'm crazy," she said, "but you make me feel better somehow. No one else ever called me Mrs. Rocca."

"Alma," I said desperately, "what did you hold out on the police?"

"I'll show you. Wait here a minute."

She went into another room and came back with a paper-backed novel. She riffled its pages and brought out a yellow check.

"That was Friday's payment. Four days at seventy-five a day. Now tell me who Joe was working for."

It was Gordon Ashley's check for three hundred dollars, and I was back where I'd started. Ashley *had* been the man behind Rocca; what he said in Topanga Canyon had been true. Nothing made sense any more, and I could feel myself going down. I was in quicksand. I struggled to escape and only sank deeper.

Alma was looking at her picture. "Joe never could figure where he lost this." She was speaking softly to herself. "He didn't come home Friday night, and I knew something had happened. And then the cops wouldn't leave me alone, hammering at me." She looked up, and her eyes were wet again. "What makes you love a guy, mister? I'm sorry, honest I am. If it doesn't help you any, I'm sorry."

I gave her the check. "It fixes me, but good. I can't figure it."

I turned and went out of the house and down the path without another word. I climbed into June's car and sat for a moment, feeling as though I'd jumped from a plane and looked up to see my parachute wasn't opening.

But in that instant my parachute did open. And with such a shock I sat up thunderstruck, my mouth wide open, my heart pounding. Now the pieces fell rapidly into place; one after another, and suddenly I had the whole picture. I knew what Rocca was supposed to do for his twenty-five thousand, and *I knew who he thought he was going to get it from*. I knew now whom he'd been following me for, and why. And as I thought of it, I began to shake with rage at the calculated malignity of it, the mask that had been worn while it was being planned in such immaculate detail. But there had been one mistake.

I wasn't in the clear yet. I had to move carefully now that I could see who had used Rocca and then killed him. I had to tread softly to make the most of that single mistake. But now that the meaning of the two murders was clear, I was just the man for the job.

I drove to the nearest drugstore for a phone. I put in my dime and made an effort to control my voice.

"Fitz," I said, "I want to talk to you right away."

He was waiting near the corner of the side street I had named and Stonewater Canyon Road, and I left June's car, crossed the pavement, and got in beside him. We sat under the trees



and talked it out for more than an hour.

Finally he said, "Suppose it's all correct. Suppose we do go ahead. There are no guarantees she'll give anything away."

"Remember how she looked at Ashley? If we can get that look in her eyes again, she'll go to pieces."

"Well, it's up to you if you want to try it."

"I was the fall guy, and I say what are we waiting for?"

"Should we make sure she's home before we stick our necks out?"

"That would give someone a chance to have a squad car waiting for us. Let's give her a surprise. And when we get up there, Fitz," I said, "I want you to do the talking."

Ten minutes later we drew up at Fenimore's lanai terrace. Fitz transferred himself to the wheel chair. The entrance was open, and we went straight into the house. Fenimore and Stella were lying out on the patio by the pool, Stella in Bikini shorts and Julius in a thin shirt and linen slacks. A mobile bar stood under the awning; the intake of the Fenimores was almost constant.

I stood in the middle of the vast living room and called softly, "Julius."

He sat up with a start. He saw me, jumped to his feet, and came striding inside. "Billy-boy," he said, "Billy-boy, you shouldn't be here. The police are after you. I've been worried about you out of my mind."

I said, "Can we come out to the pool?"

"Why, sure, sure, you can. Hullo, Tom. Yes, come on out. But Billy-boy, what is it? If there's anything I can do, just tell me, call on me." He was walking ahead of us across the room. "The police were here, you know. This murder of Ashley, terrible, terrible."

He turned to face us. "The police are going to want to know why I didn't tell them you were here, but of course I wouldn't think of it. You must want a drink. What'll it be? Billy-boy? Tom?"

Fitz said, "Not for me, thank you."

"No, thanks," I said.

"Well, I'll have to be on my own."

We greeted Stella formally, and she stared at me, her green eyes dead. Julius made a great production of getting himself a highball. "I'm astonished to see you here," he said, his back to me. "You're the last man I expected to see." He turned down the bar. "What is it, Billy-boy? I don't mind, but you're putting me in a spot."

Fitz said, "We didn't come to see you. Mr. Fenimore."

"You didn't? Well, then, who?"

"We came to see your wife."

Something in Fenimore's face came on guard. "I don't get it. Stella's badly upset, we all are. What's this about?"

Fitz said deliberately. "It's about how to kill two men and get away with it."

Stella sat up suddenly, and Fenimore moved slowly to the grillwork table that had gone down under Gordon Ashley. He put his highball on the table and sat down beside it.

"Kind of an unusual subject, fellows," he said, and I could see he'd never call me Billy-boy again.

Fitz said, "But well worth an hour's discussion." He turned to Stella. "You don't mind, Mrs. Fenimore?"

She said, "What is this?"

Fitz said, "The person who killed Ashley left Bill here holding the bag. We know how it was done, and we thought you'd be interested to know, too."

Stella said in a dull, lifeless voice, "Bill North killed him."

Fitz said, "He was killed by a man called Rocca, but Rocca was hired and he was attended to later himself. No, the actual murderer was someone who wanted Ashley dead but who had too much of a motive to go about it in any ordinary way."

Stella said again, "It was Bill North who killed Ashley. The police said so."

Fitz went on as though he hadn't heard

her. "The murderer could hire a goon to kill Ashley, but that wouldn't cover up the motive. The only way to have that overlooked was to find someone else to take the rap, and that's what the murderer decided to do. The murderer needed a man who had some connection with Ashley, maybe something to do with a girl. He had to be around and available—he couldn't be someone just plucked off the street—and he had to be a man whose actions at a critical time the murderer could predict fairly accurately.

Bill North was made to order. It was common knowledge his girl had once gone with Ashley, and besides, he couldn't stand the sight of Ashley. It wasn't necessary to look any further for a fall guy.

"The next step was to hire a shady character who wouldn't let any ethical considerations get between him and a buck. His name could be Smith, it could be Brown, but it turned out to be Joe Rocca. Rocca, I guess, was sounded out about what he'd be willing to do for twenty-five thousand dollars, and when he let it be understood he was willing to do anything for twenty-five thousand dollars, they were in business.

"Now they had to clinch Bill's motive for knocking Ashley off. So Rocca was told to start following Bill around and put it all down in writing, in a little black book Rocca would produce later for the police like any good tax-paying citizen. Ashley was having Bill followed. Was he? That wouldn't look good for Bill when Ashley was killed.

"And then, Bill's car was around the studios all day with the keys in it so the parking-lot attendants could move it if they wanted to. That was another little job for Rocca on the way to his twenty-five grand. One day he came in and took an impression and had a key made up, so he could open the car trunk when the time came."

Fitz shifted his position in the chair.

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Fenimore sat twisting his glass, making a pattern of rings on the surface of the table. Stella's eyes were two green stones, directed, unwinking, at Fitz.

He said, "Then when Rocca had compiled more than a week's record of Bill's movements, the murderer threw a party right in this house."

Fenimore came half out of his chair. "Now, just a minute," he said.

I said, "Sit down, Julius. You're in for a terrible shock but you have to know some time."

Fitz said, "There was a party here, and Bill and Ashley were asked to it. That was nothing unusual; they were both in and out all the time. There's nothing like keeping open house for a couple of chums when you're going to murder one and send the other to the gas chamber. Ashley's vanity was known: He had a reputation to keep up for being catnip to women so it couldn't have been too hard to persuade him to try his charm on Bill's girl, just to see if she remembered what it was like. And it worked out very well, the timing couldn't have been better, because Bill was out of circulation putting his prints on a glass in the study. Luck or good management, what was it? Which do you think it was, Mrs. Fenimore?"

Stella's eyes were wide open now, staring at Fitz as though he had her hypnotized.

He went on, "Everything came off well, including Bill's fight with Ashley in front of a houseful of people. Rocca was waiting around somewhere, and he was given

that glass. He was also given the word to go after Bill in a way he couldn't ignore, and Bill stopped him in Topanga Canyon. After Rocca told Bill he was working for Ashley, the situation would have held for a week. Any time Bill went up to Ashley's house was fine. But he went up there right away, and Rocca didn't care what they did, fight or shake hands. The fact remained, Bill had been up to Ashley's.

"Rocca watched what went on and moved in as soon as Bill left. He used the fire iron, dragged the body out to his own car, took it down to Malibu, and worked quietly with his duplicate key. Then he went off to Griffith Park to collect his twenty-five G's. We know what happened there.

"Everything was tied up without a loose end. What was the score? Rocca thought he was going to produce his little black book for the police with his careful record of going after Bill for Ashley. But with the police looking into the shooting of Rocca, the book still came to light and spoke for itself."

Fitz chuckled pleasantly. "You know, I'm lost in admiration," he said. "Rocca had done the job on Ashley and he was dead himself, but he was still working for his murderer, and for free. Well, anyway, the black book would certainly link the two killings, direct the police to Ashley's house to question him about Rocca, if no one had called them already, and tighten the noose around Bill's neck. He had Ashley's body, but he didn't know it. His prints were on the fire iron and the

glass. The stage was set with a fifth of Scotch, and he had a double motive—his girl and Joe Rocca—for killing Ashley in a drunken rage. It was as tight as a harp-string and it rang as true, and no one in the Fenimore household came into it at all. Did they, Mrs. Fenimore?"

Fenimore said thickly. "This has gone on long enough. Okay, we took you in, we thought a lot of you and showed it. But I'm not sticking my neck out a minute longer. I'm calling the police."

I said, "I'll attend to it for you presently. Julius. Just bear with us a few minutes more."

"All this about some guy Rocca. Stella never heard of Joe Rocca!"

Fitz said, "But she heard of Gordon Ashley. Down on the Strip they made it quite a story, and it always ended the same way: how much longer could Stella and Ashley get away with it with Fenimore? And then the punch line: how much longer could Ashley get away with it with Stella?"

Stella made a hissing sound of breath drawn in between her teeth.

Fitz said, "There were two schools of thought on Ashley, Mrs. Fenimore. Some girls said he made them ill. The others couldn't keep their hands off him. Which kind were you?"

Her lips were drawn back from her teeth.

Fitz said, "But he had a string of women from here down to the boulevard, and the competition must have been tough if a girl wanted to keep her place at the head of the line."

Fenimore was on his feet. "Get out," he said to Fitz. "I don't care whether you've got legs or not, get out or I'll throw you out and your wheel chair after you."

I told him, and I meant it, "You move an inch, Julius, and I'll break your arm. Just answer me one question. Your wife was crazy about Ashley. Was she crazy enough to kill him?"

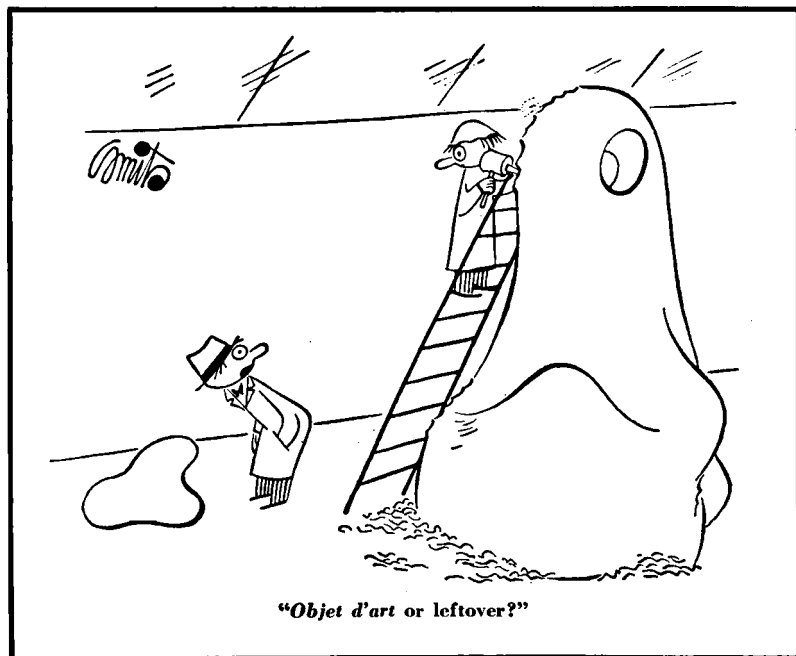
Fenimore's neck muscles were straining. "You won't get far. I'll have twenty cars here five minutes after you go through the door."

I said, "They won't be coming for me." I turned to Stella. "You know, don't you? Come on, tell us who killed Ashley. You were in love with him. Is that why he was killed?"

She said, as if she were choking, "Yes, that's why he was killed."

Fenimore turned on her. "Keep your lying mouth shut!"

"But I didn't know till now," she said. "Gordon told me. He took June out because Julius said he couldn't get her to himself for ten minutes and they made a bet on it." The glitter was coming back



into her eyes. "He bet Gordon he couldn't get Bill North's girl to himself and take her out behind the patio."

Fenimore said. "No one's going to pin this on me. All of you, get this into your heads. Ashley told her nothing, she's lying. No one's going to hang a thing on me. It can't be done."

I said, "Get set for your shock. Julius. It can. You made one mistake, and we only wanted Stella to talk. We can prove Rocca was working for you."

He said, without moving his lips, "How?"

You had me in deep, Julius. But something happened in your office on Friday. You saw a way to put the final polish on it, and you couldn't resist it. That was your one mistake. Up till then it had been perfect. Do you know what it was?"

Fenimore said, "You're crazy." His voice was rising. "You're crazy, both of you. You can't tie me in with this thing, no one can!"

"We can tie you in with Ashley's check for three hundred dollars that you gave Joe Rocca. You thought you could use it as positive proof Rocca was working for Ashley, not you."

"How could I give Rocca a check of Ashley's?"

"Because he gave you one for your bridge winnings. It was made out to cash, remember?"

Fenimore said harshly, "One check for cash is the same as another. You can't prove it was the check I got from Ashley that went to this Rocca!"

"You should have looked at it, Julius. Ashley altered the date and initialed the correction, in front of Vern Croombe, Muller, and me. You nearly made it, Julius, but you're through, because you couldn't be satisfied, and because you forgot about the flies."

Stella said through her teeth, "You killed him. You know I couldn't bear you near me, so you killed him."



He grabbed a fire iron and I decided I'd better take it away from him.

Fenimore went forward faster than I thought a man of his years could move. "Sure I did," he said. He called her a dreadful name and struck her once before I could get to him, and then I held him firmly while he struggled and snarled what a man should do to a faithless wife and what he would have done to Ashley if Ashley had had ten lives to lose instead of one.

That wasn't quite the end of it. Fitz called his lieutenant of detectives and they came up and took us in to City Hall. We told them where to find Ashley's body. They grilled me for hours

and I was held overnight, but they couldn't put a dent in my story and there was the check and corroboration from Croombe and Muller and the girl Alma Scott and Stella Fenimore. Then on Monday morning they found traces of blood in the trunk of Rocca's Ford. I was told later he had lined it with burlap for the occasion, but enough had seeped through to be detected. After that, they lost interest in suspect North.

June and Fitz were waiting when I was released, and we went to celebrate. I had that feeling of well-being you get when a battle is over and you have survived. We didn't want him to go, but Fitz left us late in the afternoon, and June and I drove back to Malibu together.

We walked along the beach to feed the seals, and on the way I told June I was going to put a thousand dollars in bills in a plain envelope and mail it to Alma Scott. June stopped dead and stared at me, and for a moment I thought she was going to say it wasn't up to me or something. But she threw her arms around my neck and said something so embarrassingly flattering I couldn't possibly repeat it.

I said, "This weekend has taught me a lesson. No one will ever catch me playing the game again, not for a million a year."

June said, "I've been thinking, too. It's taught me a lesson, and after this I'm no sure you're safe running around all by yourself."

"What," I said, throwing the line away. "do you want to get married?"

"Yes, please."

"When?"

"Just as quickly as we can make it legal."

She laughed, and I picked her up and kissed her. Some people up with the seals saw us and waved, but I didn't care. I was back with my girl, and I was the luckiest guy in the world. **THE END**

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WHEN THEY FIRST STARTED OUT, Les Paul and Mary Ford—real names Mr. and Mrs. Lester Polfus—did their recording in basements and bathrooms to get the eerie sounds that made them famous. Now they live in a \$125,000 home, and work in their own sound studio rigged with the latest recording gadgets. Here they relax with their Chihuahua and collie.



UNTIL THEY MADE "How High the Moon," Les and Mary were just a good guitarist and a little-known singer. Then fans latched on to their New Sound, and "Moon" sales soared.

Les Paul and Mary Ford

Masters of musical sleight of hand, they make a guitar and voice sound like a whole band and vocal chorus. The result is sometimes weird, but it has meant fame, fortune, and a big batch of hit records for this husband-and-wife team

BY HYMAN GOLDBERG

There is a vast and generally unbridgeable gap between an irregular \$150 a week and a steady flow of lovely United States currency amounting to well over a quarter of a million dollars a year, a truth that can be verified by anyone in either income bracket. Les Paul, who made this remarkably broad jump in the past few years—with the help of his guitar and his pretty, devastatingly wholesome wife, who goes by the name of Mary Ford—is convinced that he never would have made the hurdle if his mother, however unintentionally, had not hurt his feelings deeply.

Les was living in Hollywood at the time in comparative obscurity. Well-known in professional circles as an exceptionally fine guitarist, though not known to the public, he did not find obscurity a burden, for it was gratifying to have a reputation such as to impel Bing Crosby to seek him out to play the

guitar accompaniment for some of his recordings. And then Les's mother, back home in Waukesha, Wisconsin, wrote him a crushing letter.

"I heard you playing on the Bob Hope radio show last week," wrote Mrs. Evelyn Polfus, "and I liked you fine."

Case of Mistaken Identity

This would have made Les happy but for the fact that he hadn't been on the Bob Hope show for several months.

Sitting in the sun on the terrace of his \$125,000 home—which also houses recording and television studios—in the Ramapo Mountains of New Jersey, with a tall, full glass in his hand and a small, rueful smile on his broad face, Les Paul recalled this juncture in his life. "It was very depressing," he said. "If your own mother thinks you sound like every other guitar player—no different, no better—what's the use, I thought. Here I was

knocking myself out to be better than any other guitar player, and my own mother didn't know me. It was enough to make me want to quit."

Les did not quit. With his amazing technique—his playing was first called the New Sound; now merely *The Sound*—and with the considerable help of Mary Ford, the girl he later married, Les has ensconced himself firmly among the exceedingly small company of instrumentalists and vocalists who consistently sell anywhere from half a million to a million or more disks every time they make a record. Today Les and Mary have sold around fifteen million records, have established a night-club fee of \$10,000 to \$18,000 a week, and a steady, comfortable annual income of well over \$250,000 from these sources and from television—all because his mother didn't know him, he says. (A happy statistician employed by Capitol Records says that a pile of all copies of

Les Paul and Mary Ford (continued)



OVER HIS STUDIO MANTEL are some of Les Paul's 150 electric guitars. A guitar expert at fourteen, Les turned to song writing while recuperating from a serious automobile accident in 1948, and wrote "Cryin'" and "Counterfeit Love."

Les Paul-Mary Ford records would reach 18 miles into the sky or make 75 piles each as high as the Empire State Building, and if you wanted to listen to all their records without stopping, it would take you 171.25 years.)

Les had always believed, even when playing with Fred Waring, Ben Bernie, Paul Whiteman, and other name bands, that no matter how good a musician each member of an orchestra is, something is lost in the aggregate in trying to interpret someone else's musical ideas. If a method of recording could be evolved whereby one person played all the instruments in an orchestra, the result would be far superior, he thought, to the individual interpretations of each member of an orchestra. And so Les set out to implement his idea, and multiple recording to a degree never dreamed possible by electronics and sound engineers was born.

One-Man Orchestra

For Les the problem of simulating the various instruments in a band was simple. Like other accomplished guitarists, he could make his instrument sound much like a saxophone, a piano, a flute, a bass fiddle, or a drum. He learned all he could from radio engineers he knew and read all he could in the Los Angeles library on the fundamentals of sound, including echo, delayed harmonics, and the decay, or fading, of sound.

From sound engineers, he learned that a delay of one-tenth of a second was just

about the correct time interval for an echo, and that a sound "decayed" by one-fourth made a good background for a melody. Les then went about getting the equipment to make his new kind of music. Finding that a recording machine would cost him thousands of dollars, he built his own.

When he felt that his multiple recording technique was sufficiently far advanced, Les started looking for a vocalist. (His first New Sound releases were "Lover" and "Brazil," made without Mary Ford.) "At first," he says, "I thought I'd ask Bing to come in with me, but then I figured that if he did, it would be his record and not mine, so I decided to get a girl vocalist. Someone told me about a girl who was singing with Gene Autry and playing a guitar, so I called her up for an audition."

"That phone call was the greatest thing that ever happened to me," says Mary, who has been Mrs. Les Paul—or rather Mrs. Lester Polfus—since December, 1949, "because I'd always considered Les Paul to be the best guitarist in the world. And when he started telling me about his new multiple recording idea, I was fascinated."

The first thing Les worked on with the girl who was to become his wife was finding a new name for her. "My real name, Colleen Summers," says Mary Ford, "didn't do anything to him, Les said, so he changed it."

"The name Mary was meant for her,"

says Les. "But the second name was tough to pick. I wanted some name already familiar to everyone in the world. And then it came to me. Ford."

Mary Ford is a gentle, sweet-faced girl with blue eyes and brown hair, deeply religious—her father is the pastor of the Church of the Nazarene in St. Gabriel, California—who looks considerably younger than her thirty years.

Born and brought up in Pasadena, California, Mary comes of a musical family. "My mother and father," she says, "are both musical, and all my sisters and brothers—I've got three of each—and I all learned to play the guitar and sing hymns and later hillbilly music when we were very small."

Mary left her home to join Gene Autry's troupe before her family moved from Pasadena to near-by St. Gabriel. Show business, however, has had no effect upon her early upbringing, except possibly to strengthen her faith.

"It's a miracle," she says, "what has happened to Les and me. I'm sure such things don't happen to people unless they have faith."

Making Multiple Recordings

Like Les, Mary plays only by ear. "I wouldn't trust a girl," says Les, "who could read notes." This creates a difficulty which is not too burdensome for a perfectionist like Les or a patient soul like Mary Ford. When they make their multiple recordings with what sounds like a dozen or so guitars and as many voices—all done by Les and Mary—they must keep in mind all the background instrumental and vocal parts that will accompany the melody. Using several tape recorders, they put the background parts on tape first. After taping their first background part (generally the least important one, because a great deal of it will be indistinguishable in the finished record), they play it back and accompany it with another background part. If the second part meets with their approval, it is blended on the recorder with the first part. They proceed in this manner until all the background parts are done, and then they do the melody. When Les first started out, he tried to economize by using only one tape recorder; however, when he made a mistake, say on the eleventh recording, he had to throw out all the previous recordings and start over again.

Les Paul performs his electronic wonders in the same manner that he plays the guitar—by ear. Until he showed them that it could be done, sound experts at the big recording companies had believed three re-recordings to be the absolute maximum. Whenever more than three re-recordings had been attempted, bedlam had resulted. Even Capitol Records—the

company that releases Les Paul-Mary Ford labels—doesn't understand exactly how Les Paul does it, for he's kept his recording method a secret.

Les Paul first confounded people with his musical and technical wizardry when he was about twelve years old. Tired of pumping the piano player at home, he rigged up an electrical connection between the piano and his mother's vacuum cleaner. It worked fine, and the Polfuses proudly exhibited the first electrical player piano in Waukesha. Young Lester had already learned to play the piano by playing music rolls slowly and noting down the keys as they were mechanically depressed. Then he played those keys by hand. It took him a long time, but he found this method infinitely more satisfying than studying in Waukesha's music school. The piano teacher there had sent him home after a lesson one afternoon with a note for his mother. "Dear Mrs. Polfus," the note read, "your boy Lester will never learn music, so save your money. Please don't send him for any more lessons."

The piano was the second instrument young Les tackled. First was the harmonica. A favorite hangout for Les when he was nine years old, just twenty-nine years ago, was a place near his home where some laborers were digging a ditch. When they knocked off for lunch, one of the ditchdiggers always wolfed down his sandwiches and then played his harmonica. The instrument fascinated the boy. The laborer finally noticed him and was so pleased he gave Les a harmonica and taught him its fundamentals. After a while, Les began to experiment with special sound effects and pretty soon he came up with the first New Sound harmonica. He let the harmonica soak in a bucket of water for a couple of hours, and, when he played it, got a bubbly sound never heard from a harmonica before or since.

Homemade Electric Guitar

The guitar came into his life through the father of one of his friends. Les and his friend would practice on the guitar when no one was at home. They did pretty well at imitating the older man's playing, which they managed to pick up by ear and by watching his fingers. After that, Les nagged his mother into sending for a guitar from a mail-order catalog. After he'd mastered the instrument, Les became vaguely dissatisfied. The guitar wasn't loud enough. "So I took the arm off our phonograph," he says, "and connected it to the machine with a hunk of electric wire, stuck the needle into the wood of my guitar and turned the phonograph up real high. When I played my guitar, the sound came through the phonograph, loud enough even for me."

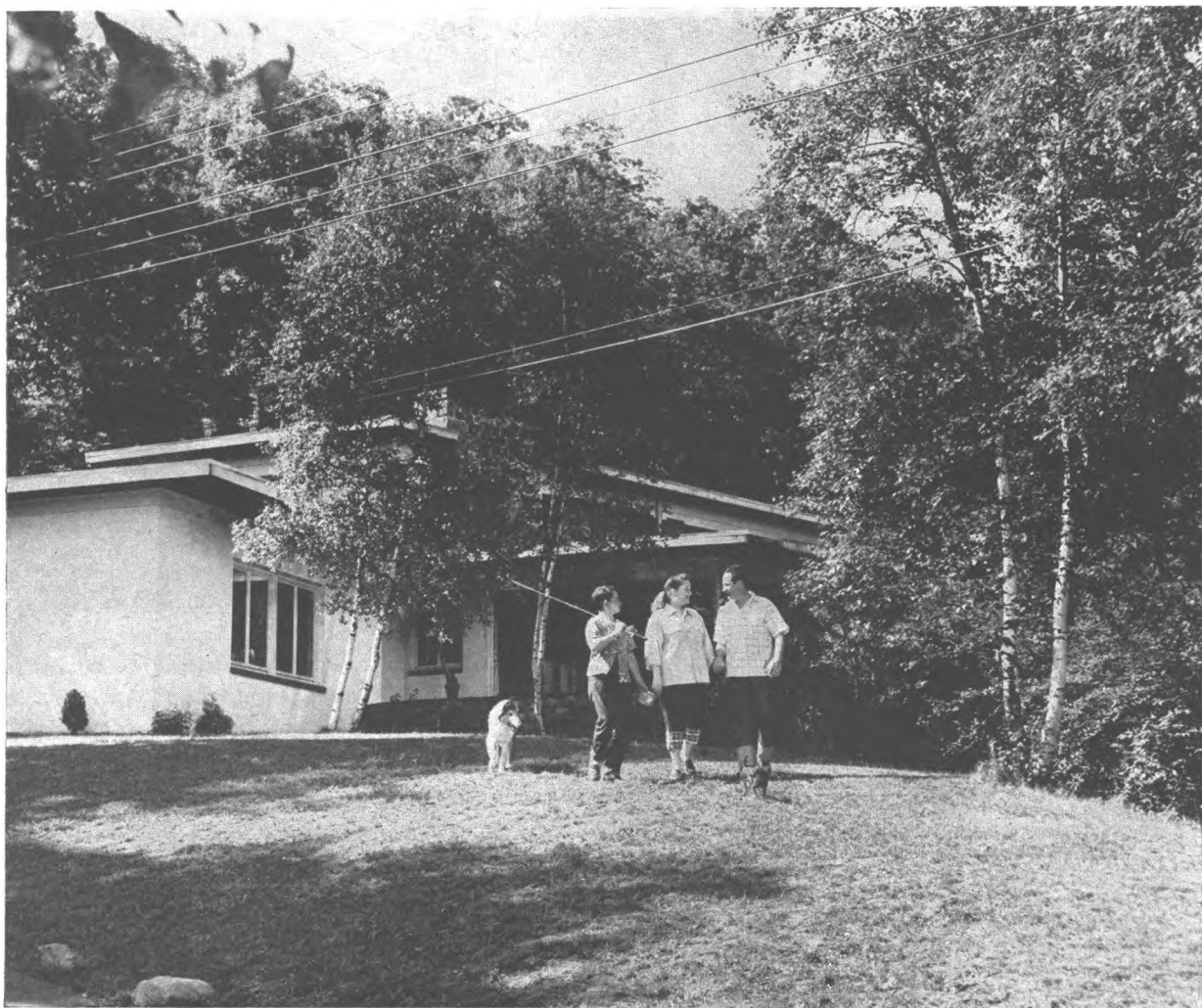
Every kid in Waukesha was building
(continued)



LES ADJUSTS DIALS as Mary sings behind a glass panel in making one of their famed multiple recordings. Les plays rhythm, melody, harmony, and background on his guitar, imitates saxophone and other instruments.



UNABLE TO READ A NOTE OF MUSIC, Les is also self-taught as a sound engineer. Yet on his own, he has developed sound techniques many experts are unable to duplicate. Here he and Mary adjust some equipment.



WITH THIRTEEN-YEAR-OLD RUSTY, one of Les's two sons by a former marriage, Les and Mary go fishing. Kept busy in the past by night-club dates, recordings, and stage and TV shows, the Pauls had no home and no free time. Now they work at home and enjoy their nine acres. Mary's sister Carol and her husband, Wally Kamin, live and work with them.

his own radio set, but Les built his own radio station. He did the same thing later, in New York, with a private, strictly illegal broadcasting station that attracted a great deal of attention in certain circles. "I was living in Jackson Heights, in Queens," says Les, "with a couple of other musicians in Fred Waring's orchestra, and our landlord happened to be a music lover, and so he let us have the basement. We turned it into a regular broadcasting studio. We held the power down so our broadcasts only reached for a couple of blocks around us, but a lot of musicians lived in those few blocks: Jo Stafford, all of Sammy Kaye's orchestra, men from Artie Shaw's band, Blue Barron's and Bob Crosby's gang, the Merry Macs, and a lot of others. When

they heard about it, some of the NBC and CBS studio men took to coming in also.

"We were on every week from 8:30, Wednesday night, to 8:30, Thursday morning. Some nights there were a couple of hundred people in that basement, and by the time we signed off, everybody would have been on at least once. Finally we got off the air just ahead of the Federal Communications Commission."

The Guitar Paid Off Early

Les left Waukesha at the age of fifteen to travel with a hillbilly band. The leader had heard him play the guitar on radio station WHAD, where Les had his own after-school fifteen-minute daily program, sponsored by a local patent-medicine nabob. "I was glad to leave town with

the band," says Les, "because in addition to playing the guitar and making announcements, I had to box the medicine."

By the time he was seventeen, he was in Chicago, earning almost \$300 a week as Rhubarb Red, the Hillbilly, on one radio program, and as Les Paul, playing sophisticated jazz, on another. After a couple of years, he went to New York. "I was tired of playing hillbilly music," says Les. "I wanted to be with the big guys, playing only the modern stuff."

The "big guys" he landed with were in Fred Waring's orchestra. He stayed there five years, learning, among other things, timing and glee-club arranging; both were useful when he set out to make multiple recordings with Mary.

"When I left Waring," says Les, "I set

out for California. but I got sort of side-tracked in Chicago for a while, playing with the Old Maestro, Ben Bernie. I got married there, too. When Bernie died, I went straight out to the West Coast and played with Crosby, the Andrews Sisters, and a lot of others. Then I did a year in the army, playing the guitar with Meredith Willson, who was a major, making transcriptions for the Armed Forces Radio Service."

Detour in Les Paul's Career

Not long after his discharge from the army, Les was divorced from his first wife, a Chicago girl named Virginia Webb. Their nine-year-old son, Gene, lives with her, and thirteen-year-old Rusty (Les, Jr.), lives with Les.

After he'd made the master record of "Lover" and "Brazil" and sold it to Capitol Records, Les went home to Waukesha for a visit. He caught a cold there, and when it lingered for a long time, he decided it would be easier to shake it off in the California sunshine. Outside of Chandler, Oklahoma, he passed out at the wheel of his car, crashed through the rails of a bridge, and landed in an icy stream. He was taken to the hospital in serious condition, with fractures of the vertebrae, both shoulders, his nose, six ribs, pelvis, both legs, and three separate fractures of his right arm.

A week after he entered the hospital, his first New Sound disk was released, but Les didn't know it. He also had pneumonia. It took him more than two years to recover. The doctors had considered amputating his right arm, but they put it in a cast and later rebuilt his elbow with a metal plate and bone removed from his leg. Told that he would never have full use of his arm, though his fingers were fine, Les says, "I told the doctors if they'd fix it at an angle so I could play the guitar, that's all I'd ask. And they did it."

Back in California, Les recuperated, in a cast that held his arm rigid over his head for a whole year, and later in another cast, which gave him some freedom of motion, for about six months. Released from his plaster prison, Les went right back to work on the guitar. "And that's the time," he says, "when I found Mary. We went out on tour, playing first in a tavern my father and brother opened in Waukesha, and then in a lot of other joints in places like Rock Island, Illinois, and East St. Louis. And finally we came to New York. There were times when we got pretty hungry out there."

After thousands of experiments, Les and Mary made recordings of "Nola" and "Jealous," but Capitol Records, dubious about their sales value, hesitated to release them. Les and Mary continued with their New Sound recordings, however, including "How High the Moon." Finally "Nola" was released and enjoyed a sale that was good but not sensational. Les and Mary, with Wally Kamin, a bass player, played in small night spots in Hollywood until "Mockin' Bird Hill," another of the records they had made in their Jackson Heights basement, was released and scored an immediate success. And then came "How High the Moon," which became a number-one record three weeks after its release. (It has since sold more than one and a half million copies, putting it in second place among their records. "Vaya con Dios" is first.) Les and Mary were an overnight sensation in the record business, and, because the juke-box set rules the recorded-music world, they have really arrived.

Complete Family Unit

Mary's younger sister Carol joined Les, Mary, and Wally Kamin, and they were booked for such places as the Paramount Theatre, in New York; the Oriental Theatre, in Chicago; Ciro's, in Hollywood; the Thunderbird, in Las Vegas;

the Palladium, in London; and for appearances on virtually every radio and television show on the networks. The act became a complete family unit when Carol and Wally Kamin were married. When they made their public appearances, everyone thought he knew how Les made his guitar sound like a whole assembly of instruments (an electronics trick), but no one could figure out how Mary Ford could sound like a chorus. Not long ago, Les thought it time to tell his secret. Carol, whose voice sounds exactly like her sister Mary's, was backstage at a hidden microphone, and she sang along with the trio out front, just a split second after Mary.

Inspiration for the Future

Although Les and Mary bought their home in the Ramapo Mountains near Oakland, New Jersey, about two and a half years ago, their neighbors on Deerhaven Road saw very little of them until Mary decided last July to call off her continuous night-club and disk-jockey stints.

Mary's sister Carol and brother-in-law, Wally Kamin live with the Pauls in Oakland, and Carol shares the housework with her sister. They have no servants. Wally has picked up a good knowledge of electronics from Les, acts as secretary at home and on the road, drives the car, and mows the lawn. "First thing I had to teach Wally," says Les, "was not to put too much vermouth in Martinis. Now he plays bass when he has spare time."

In 1954, Mary had her first vacation in years, really had a chance to enjoy her splendid new home with its magnificent view of the mountains. But Les saw to it she didn't stagnate. He installed microphones in almost every room—even putting one over the kitchen sink—and now a shout can start Mary's beeping background sounds for a new record.

THE END

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What you should know about BUYING STOCKS

A revealing talk with G. Keith Funston, President of the New York Stock Exchange

BY ROBERT L. HEILBRONER

Q. *Mr. Funston, I want to thank you for this opportunity to interview you about a subject that mystifies a lot of people. I'm sure that COSMOPOLITAN's readers, along with most Americans, are curious about the stock market, and I want to put to you some of the questions I think they would ask if they were sitting here across the desk from you.*

Let me start off with a question

which I daresay is uppermost in everybody's mind. Do you think that the average American family should invest its money in stocks?

A. Well, Mr. Heilbroner, that's not a question to which I can give you a direct Yes or No answer. It all depends on what you mean by an average family. Here's what I would say. I'd estimate that out of the 45-odd million families in this country, at least 15 million are in a position to invest in stocks.

Q. *And how many families do own some stocks?*

A. As nearly as we can estimate, about $4\frac{3}{4}$ million families are stockholders in our publicly owned corporations.

Q. *Then would you say that for every family owning stocks, at least two more could—or should—be stockholders?*

A. That's right.

Q. Are the families that own stocks rich for the most part?

A. No, most of them are comfortably well off, but not rich. About half the stockholders in this country have incomes ranging between \$5,000 and \$10,000. Another 10 per cent have incomes between \$3,000 and \$4,000, and 5 per cent have incomes under \$2,000. This last group, by the way, is largely made up of retired individuals or families who may have some supplemental income. It includes a good many farmers, who have smaller incomes since they live off their farms.

As a matter of fact, you may be interested to know that United States Steel Corporation made a survey of its stockholders, and found that 56 per cent of them had incomes under \$5,000 a year. So I would say you certainly don't have to be rich to own stocks.

Q. If you don't have to be rich to consider buying stocks, how well off do you think a family should be? Isn't there some rule of thumb that can help a family decide whether stocks make sense in its financial planning?

A. Let me answer those questions in reverse order. No, I don't think there is a simple rule of thumb. Some families with an income of \$5,000 would certainly qualify as potential stockholders, and others with the same income wouldn't. Personally, I believe that a person should have an emergency and a catastrophe fund set aside before he undertakes to invest in stocks. Of course, you can sell stocks to pay bills in an emergency. Stocks are liquid and you can always sell them for cash. But you may not want to sell just at that moment, so it's better to have other protection. In other words, security first—then securities.

Q. What chance do you take in buying stock?

A. That depends entirely on the type of securities you buy. You can buy securities where the risk is so great you are indulging in outright speculation; you can make a lot or lose a lot. Or you can buy securities where the risk factor is not very great at all.

Q. How can I determine how much risk there is in buying a particular stock?

A. Unless you're a businessman or a trained financial expert, the chances are you can't. That's something I'd like to make very clear. People should seek

competent advice before they buy any stock. Some people think stocks are risky without realizing that the main element of risk lies in their investing first and investigating afterward. So the thing to do is get the best financial advice you can.

Q. Where do you think I should go to get that advice? And how do I know whether it's reliable advice or not?

A. That's a subject I'm a little prejudiced on. I think you should go to a broker to get advice. That doesn't mean you can't get excellent advice from your bank, or from professional investment counselors. But you will have to pay for the advice of advisory services or counselors. The advice you get from a broker is scot free. Another advantage in your consulting a broker is that he spends his entire life in the financial world. He's qualified to advise you on the merits of stocks, and tell you of the degree of risk in each.

Q. Is any broker reliable?

A. I feel that any broker who is connected with a firm that is a member of the New York Stock Exchange, or the American Exchange, or one of the regional stock exchanges in Boston, San Francisco, Los Angeles, or the Midwest, or a member of the National Association of Security Dealers, should be qualified to advise you sensibly.

Q. If a person buys stocks today, Mr. Funston, does he stand a chance of making a lot of money? I've heard that someone who bought \$100 worth of General Motors stock in 1919 has over \$30,000 today. Can investors still hope to make money like that?

A. You can always hope. But here at the Exchange, we don't think of stocks as get-rich-quick schemes. Over one thousand common stocks are listed on the New York Stock Exchange and thousands are listed on other exchanges and traded over the counter. Maybe one of those will be as spectacular as General Motors; but, of course, neither you nor I know which one it will be.

Q. You mean you think that stocks will slowly increase in value over the years?

A. Naturally I can't guarantee that each and every stock will—in fact, I'm absolutely sure some won't. But talking of

stocks in general, and assuming you get good advice and buy shares in America's soundest businesses, I think you can look forward to two things. In the first place, your money will earn you a better return than in almost any other kind of investment. Secondly, when you buy good stocks, you are buying an ownership share in America's most progressive companies. As our whole economy grows, so will those companies. And the value of your stock, over the years, should reflect that growth.

Q. If I buy stocks, do you think I should put all my eggs in one basket, or should I buy stocks of different companies?

A. Opinions vary on that. Some people want to put all their eggs in one basket, and then watch that basket. Others feel that diversification—spreading the risk—is the wiser course. The average stockholder owns shares of four to five different companies. But I think you should follow the advice of your broker.

Q. By the way, Mr. Funston, is it true that women own more stock than men?

A. Women make up more than half the stockholders, although I believe men own slightly more actual stock. It's quite common to buy stock in a wife's name, or to register a security in the name of husband and wife.



Q. You said a person doesn't have to be rich to buy stock. What's the least I can invest?

A. Well, actually, you can buy one share of stock for almost any sum you name. Some stocks even cost less than a dollar. But if you want to become a shareholder in one of the better-known companies, the so-called blue chips, you can do it

BUYING STOCKS (continued)

spending less than fifty cents a day—\$40 every quarter, to be exact. Here's how you do it. First, you open an account with a brokerage firm that belongs to the New York Stock Exchange. Then you select a stock you want to buy. Suppose you decide to buy XYZ stock that is then selling at \$25 a share. You give the broker your check for \$40 and he buys you \$40 worth of XYZ—one full share and a fraction of a second. Next quarter—or next month, just as you decide—he again buys you \$40 worth of that stock. If the price has gone down to say \$20 a share, you now get *two* shares for your \$40. If it has gone up, you get one share and a smaller fraction than you did the first time. Any time you want to quit, you quit—there's no contractual obligation. If you want to buy shares of another company, you can do that, too. And of course you can sell whenever you want. But most people buy stocks with the intention of keeping them for some time.



Q. This is a new plan, isn't it? Do many people use it?

A. Yes, it is a new plan. It's called the Monthly Investment Plan, and it's only been in operation nine months. More than 25,000 people—most of them brand new stockholders—are already using it.

Q. There are so many different kinds of stocks and bonds that many people get confused. Can you straighten us out? For example, just what is a "blue-chip" stock?

A. A blue chip is a stock that has paid dividends for a long time, that has good and usually increasing earnings behind it, and that represents a company with good future prospects. Your broker can tell you which stocks are blue chips.

Q. Do blue-chip stocks cost more?

A. That depends upon what you mean by *more*. As far as the price of a share is concerned, a blue chip may cost as little as \$40 or as much as \$400. But because many people are always eager to buy them, it usually yields you a smaller income than a less tried-and-true security.

Q. What is the difference between common and preferred stock?

A. Common stock is a share in the ownership of a company. Suppose a company is worth a million dollars and issues 100,000 shares of common stock. Each share will have a book value of \$10—although it may sell for more or less than this, according to whether people think the company is headed for a better or worse than average year. Preferred stock is a special kind of ownership. It gives you first claim on a company's earnings up to a certain amount. If a company has both preferred and common stock—and many companies do—the preferred stockholders get their stated dividends first. Then the common stockholders share the rest. In a good year they may actually get more than the preferred stockholders. But in a bad year the preferred holders are more certain of getting dividends.

Q. What is a debenture?

A. A debenture is a bond. Unlike a share of stock, a bond is not a share in ownership; therefore, not a sharer in profits. A bond is simply a loan, with a fixed rate of interest, due at a fixed time.

Q. Are bonds less risky?

A. Not necessarily. Bonds of a very shaky company may be riskier than the stock of a blue-chip company. In any one company, however, the bonds it issues are the safest securities. Companies have to pay interest unless they're bankrupt. Next safest is preferred stock in that company. Last is common stock. Don't forget, some companies on the Stock Exchange have paid annual dividends on common stock for over a century.

Q. Are expensive stocks a better investment than cheap ones?

A. You cannot make generalizations. As I said, the price of a share depends primarily on how many shares there are in relation to a company's worth plus its past record and future prospects. Two companies of equal value will have stocks selling at different prices, if one has issued twice as many shares as the other. On the Exchange, the average price of a

share is about \$45. Many people seem to prefer buying lower priced stocks. They'd rather own ten shares at \$10 each than one share at \$100. But that doesn't mean that the lower priced stock is cheaper in terms of its real worth or its dividend.

Q. There is a lot of talk about the new uranium stocks, some of them selling for less than a dollar. Are they good investments?

A. That depends on what you're looking for. Most of these issues are highly speculative; they may be worth a lot someday or they may be worth nothing. Speculation is a very healthy thing for an economy, but I think a person who decides to speculate should be very certain that he can afford to take the risk.

Q. Mr. Funston, many papers and magazines carry advertisements about "10 Cheap Stocks" or "Overlooked Issues Sure to Rise." Are such advertisements worth paying attention to?

A. That all depends on who is putting out the advice. There are very good investment advisory services who sell information in this way. And there are pure tipsters. Always consult your broker.

Q. Speaking of tipsters, would you care to comment on fraudulent investment schemes? Do many people get involved in them?

A. A great many. I wouldn't go so far as to say that the woods are full of con men and swindlers, but there are enough of them around to warrant a word of caution. Right now what I call Operation Sucker is rolling down from Montreal, where a handful of shady investment "advisory" services are flooding the mail with phony get-rich schemes.

Q. How can you spot a phony investment deal?

A. First, be wary of high-pressure telephone solicitations. If somebody makes you an offer, have him put it down in writing, and if he won't, ignore it. Be wary of "option" schemes—people who tell you of a chance to buy at a special price. After all, why should any reputable company sell *you* stock cheaper than anyone else? If you are genuinely interested in buying stock in a new company, be sure and ask to see the prospectus for the stock, and then show it to your broker, banker, or lawyer. Talk over any special deals with your broker. If they're legitimate—and once in a blue

moon they are—he'll be glad to advise you. And most important, *don't rush*. Don't ever fall for the line that you must make up your mind right now, or in twenty-four hours. No reputable company ever sells its stock on that basis, and no reputable stock is going to zoom sky-high before you get a chance to buy it.



Q. What is watering stock? Is that a danger to be watched?

A. Watering stock means indiscriminately issuing more shares of stock than the assets and value of the company warrant. It is an obsolete practice, and is illegal.

Q. The stock market has been called legalized gambling. What do you think of this charge?

A. I have no patience with such stupid remarks. The stock exchanges are places where the securities of American businesses are bought and sold. A person who buys a share in American business isn't gambling—he's trying to link his financial future with the future growth of American enterprise.

Q. I think COSMOPOLITAN's readers would like to know what the New York Stock Exchange is.

A. The New York Stock Exchange is simply a market place—the biggest securities market place in the world. It has 1,368 memberships, which are owned by individuals or companies that employ our market facilities. Each member owns a seat on the Exchange. Within the Exchange members meet to fill the orders for buying or selling given them by the public. This is how the price of each security is set, and why security prices change, as buying and selling orders for a particular security dictate. When buyers are eager, sellers reluctant, prices go up. And vice versa.

Q. Is the New York Stock Exchange regulated?

A. I'd say we are about the most regulated body in this country. We're subject to the Federal Securities Exchange Act of 1934, to certain regulations of the Federal Reserve Board, and to the laws of New York State, not to mention securities laws in every other state. In addition we have our own rules which in many cases are more stringent than any law.

Q. Does that mean that the Stock Exchange vouches for any stock which is traded there?

A. Let me put it this way. We make no representations as to the value of any stock. Before a stock can be traded on our Exchange, however, it has to be admitted to our listing. And no company is admitted unless it is an established, profitable, going enterprise.

Q. In other words, not all stocks are traded on the New York Stock Exchange?

A. That's right. Many are traded on the American Exchange, and many others in regional exchanges, or in "over-the-counter" transactions—which means, really, on a telephone network. Many excellent stocks are not traded on our exchange. It's important to keep in mind, however, that one advantage of buying a stock that is traded on a big exchange is that it's liquid. You can always buy it or sell it quickly.

Q. Have you any special advice for an inexperienced investor?

A. Besides getting the best advice he can? Yes. I'd suggest he take a real and sustained interest in his investments. Buying stock isn't something you do in an offhand moment. It's a serious decision and one with which you should continue to live. A stockholder ought to read the financial pages and follow general business conditions, and he should keep an eye out for announcements concerning his company. He should read carefully the annual reports he gets. He should vote his stock—that is, actually exercise his rights as a part owner of a business. He should keep in touch with his broker.

Q. Will buying stocks involve special kinds of tax problems?

A. Yes, but not overly complicated ones. You will pay income tax on the dividends and interest you receive from almost all securities. But at its last session, Congress approved a special credit for divi-

dend income, so that you pay no income tax at all on the first \$50 of dividend income you receive. Furthermore, you get a 4 per cent credit on dividend income above \$50. So tax-wise, dividend income gets a better break than it used to. The purpose, of course, is to encourage people to buy stocks so that American business will have an ever-widening base of ownership.

Q. How about capital-gains taxes?

A. When you sell a stock at a profit, you do have to pay a capital-gains tax. If you have held the stock for less than six months, the gain counts as your regular income, and you pay regular income-tax rates on it. But if you hold a stock longer than six months, you only pay your regular income-tax rate on 50 per cent of the gain, or you pay 25 per cent of the total gain, whichever is less. Once again, your broker can easily explain to you how taxes will affect your profits.

Q. Do you think that stock ownership is a necessary part of a retirement plan?

A. Yes, I do. To plan for retirement, a man needs not only the security of an annuity or a pension which will pay him a fixed amount, but he needs the flexibility of an investment that will keep pace with living costs. I feel that common stocks are the best way of getting that flexibility, because through common-stock ownership you can participate in the dynamic progress of the American economy as one of its many owners.

Mr. Funston, I want to thank you on behalf of COSMOPOLITAN's readers for your frankness and for your valuable advice. You have helped clear up a complicated and important subject. THE END



They've Done the Most for Your Child

Photos by Bernie Cleff



Children's Hospital of Philadelphia, which started out one hundred years ago with just twelve beds, now treats 20,000 youngsters a year, and has established a unique record in conquering diseases of childhood and banishing fear and loneliness for young patients. The day may come when your child will owe his life to work done here

BY WILLIAM PETERS

The pretty seven-year-old girl lay peacefully on the table in the green-tiled operating room at Children's Hospital of Philadelphia. She was awake, though drowsy with sedatives, and she smiled when the doctor in gown and mask showed her the rubber anesthesia bag and then pointed to an amber latex mask.

"Let's try blowing up the balloon, Nancy," said the doctor, Margery van

Norden Deming, senior anesthesiologist.

Nancy took a deep breath as the latex mask was brought closer to her face. She blew into it and then took another breath. In a moment, the heavy gases falling gently to her face from the mask had put her to sleep, and only then did Dr. Deming fit the mask more snugly over the child's nose and mouth.

For Nancy, undergoing anesthesia was a pleasant experience, free of fear and

tension; moreover, it is unlikely that the child will remember the incident. Before entering the operating room, she had been given, among other sedatives, scopolamine, which causes patients to forget incidents occurring while under the influence of the drug. On the operating table, she had not been restrained in any way. And after her inflamed appendix had been removed, the surgeon closed the small incision with thread that would not have to be removed and thus remind her of her operation. The hospital had taken every measure to make certain that Nancy's stay was a happy one.

Anyone who knows that in some U.S. hospitals a child may be brought wide awake to the operating room, strapped to the table, and forcibly restrained while an anesthesia mask is held tightly to his face, might assume that Nancy was a special patient. Actually, however, she was only one of more than twenty thousand children from twenty states and several foreign countries—over one-fourth of them bed patients—who last year received the unique care that characterizes Children's Hospital.

Children Not Little Adults

These children and their parents were merely the most recent of thousands upon thousands of beneficiaries of an idea that had its origins in 1855, when Children's Hospital was founded, a year in which no other children's hospital existed in the United States. That idea, which one hundred years ago was a striking, new concept in medicine, today sounds deceptively simple: *that children are not little adults, that their illnesses require special skills and facilities.* Yet it was this concept that one hundred years ago roused interest in the study of child health in this country, and it was in the twelve-bed institution in a small Philadelphia house, the first site of Children's Hospital, that American pediatrics had its beginnings.

Today, on the eve of its one hundredth birthday, Children's Hospital occupies more than a city block in South Philadelphia and is one of the nation's most

important centers of treatment, training, and research. Its Virus Diagnostic Laboratory, where polio, influenza, mumps, and other viruses are identified from specimens sent in by puzzled doctors, is one of only a few such laboratories in the country. Its Serum Exchange, where serums for whooping cough, mumps, and other diseases are manufactured, ships its products to public-health centers and hospitals here and in 18 other countries.

The work of the hospital in fighting such diseases as nephritis, nephrosis, rheumatic fever, asthma, tuberculosis, and crippling polio—diseases which menace children—has gained medical recognition throughout the world. By affiliating itself with other child-care agencies,

the hospital is today spearheading the development of the Children's Medical Center, Inc., formed in 1952 to effect administrative and medical economies that can be passed on to the parents of children in need of care.

Hospital Needs Parents' Help

To parents of sick children, however, Philadelphia's Children's Hospital is much more than an important medical center. It is a hospital where fear has been all but abolished, where children with chronic diseases return again and again without reluctance—and often with delight. It is a place where parents feel useful. It is a hospital with a heart.

Charles was only four years old when

a seemingly harmless cold developed rapidly into pneumonia. On the ride to Children's Hospital with her husband, Charles's mother held him and tried to close her mind to the moment when he would be taken from her. She tried not to think what would go through her son's mind when he called for her and she didn't come.

At the hospital, Charles was quickly put to bed under an oxygen tent in a private room. His mother and father waited anxiously to talk to the doctor. When he had examined the little boy, the doctor told them he felt sure that Charles would be all right. And then he asked Charles's mother whether she would like to share her son's room, to sleep on a cot

(continued)



HYDROCEPHALUS, one of the cruelest of childhood diseases, had doomed Billy Markward to idiocy or death when only three months old. His life was saved by a miraculous new surgical technique devised by Children's Hospital surgeons. Now a happy, healthy, perfectly normal four-year-old, Billy romps here in the woods near his Modena, Pennsylvania, home.

alongside his bed. She could hardly believe she had heard the doctor correctly. When he added that he would like to have her help with feeding Charles and even help in caring for him, she had difficulty containing her feelings of relief.

Later, walking through the hospital, she saw the older children taking their meals together around a large family-style table in the center of the ward. It looked more like a birthday party than a hospital scene. She watched through the glass partition as the children played on each other's beds with a freedom she would not have believed possible in any hospital. She was surprised to learn that besides the "play ladies" who regularly entertain the sick children, a public-school teacher conducts daily school classes for the hospital's young patients.

Laughter Not Tears

But her greatest surprise came the first day when she found herself wondering how a hospital of one hundred and fifty beds exclusively for children under the age of twelve could be so quiet. And then, suddenly, she realized that she had yet to hear a child cry. Hers was a common experience at Children's Hospital.

"We know that having to come to a hospital can be a real emotional problem to a child," says Dr. John A. Rose, the psychiatrist in charge of the hospital's department of psychological pediatrics. "and we believe that problem is just as much our concern as the illness which brought him here. That's why we urge mothers to spend as much time as possible with their children and why visiting hours, which as recently as 1932 were one day a month, have been liberalized to four hours a day in wards and ten hours a day in private rooms. The family-style tables in the children's wards give the patients a chance to help each other over the emotional hurdles of being in a hospital.

"Parents, also, want a concrete feeling of being needed—and they really are—when their child is sick. One of our hopes for the future is to have mothers and fathers come to the hospital each night to put their children to bed. It would be one more step toward removing the feeling many children have of being abandoned or punished when they are hospitalized."

The conviction that children should not fear treatment is held by every member of the staff and permeates the entire hospital. It means that throughout the hospital, whenever possible, drugs are administered by pill rather than by hypodermic. It accounts for the playroom atmosphere of the hospital's waiting rooms and the special equipment designed to make the giant X-ray machines less formidable to a child's eyes. In the out-



POISONED by boric acid, Michael Levinson, twelve days old, was saved by flushing blood through his body.

patient department, where thirty-eight separate clinics treat children for every illness which doesn't require hospitalization, an appointment system has been established, abolishing the long lines of waiting patients so often seen in other hospital clinics. Besides making treatment more convenient for outpatients, the appointment system allows children returning to the hospital for checkups after their discharge as bed patients to see the same doctors who cared for them in the ward.

Dramatic Impact on Pediatrics

The advanced treatment and special efforts to make the hospital experience a pleasant one for every child are only part of the story of this remarkable hospital: for Children's, with its program of training for large numbers of undergraduate and graduate medical students, resident physicians, and student nurses, has had, over the years, perhaps the greatest teaching impact of any institution of its kind. All over America, mothers are taking their children to hospitals influenced by the concepts of children's medicine emanating from Children's Hospital and from the doctors who trained there.

Research, from which have come so many of the dramatic advances in pediatrics, is served at Children's by no less than sixty-five scientists, physicians, nurses, technicians, and administrative workers currently attacking some fifteen to twenty medical problems. And it is in research that the hospital has made striking contributions to medicine.

Early in the 1930's, for instance, expectant mothers dreaded premature birth.

Premature babies, comprising between 5 and 8 per cent of all births, had a terrifyingly high mortality. The mites had great difficulty adjusting to changes in temperature and humidity, their lungs were weak, and they had a tendency to become dangerously dehydrated. Worst of all, they were highly susceptible to infection. Attempts had been made, at Children's and other hospitals, to minimize these dangers by placing preemies in special rooms in beds heated by light bulbs and humidified by pans of water. Nevertheless, large numbers of them died.

It was a problem which worried Dr. Charles C. Chapple, in 1930 a young resident in training at Children's, today a senior physician at the hospital. "In the two years of my residency," he says, "I saw only one baby come out of the premature nursery alive. You can imagine the heartbreak of the mother whose tiny, premature baby survived its early birth only to succumb to infection."

Dr. Chapple knew that what was needed was a means of stabilizing the preemie's environment to preserve the precious store of strength so often used up in fighting temperature and humidity changes. That meant an enclosed bed. In the early years of his practice, Chapple began sketching his ideas for such an incubator. Later, he built a cardboard mock-up, and finally, he persuaded a friend, Philo Farnsworth, the television pioneer, to help construct the incubator.

In 1937, Dr. Chapple brought the first model of his incubator to Children's Hospital, where the need for it had first been apparent to him. It was a closed, insulated box with two round ports on the side to which were attached long cloth sleeves, closed at the ends by elastic bands. The wooden front could be opened to admit the tiny infant, but until he was strong enough to be removed, all his needs could be met by a nurse who could thrust her hands through the sleeves into the box. An electric heater kept the temperature constant, and a motor-driven blower picked up air outside the hospital, carried it over heated water, then fed it into the incubator. Oxygen could be administered through a special opening. Transmission of germs by air or by contact had been eliminated altogether.

The success of the Chapple incubator was noted with the first premature infant placed in it, though statistical proof of its merit was yet to come. When five hundred preemies had been cared for in the various incubator models installed in hospitals in the Philadelphia area, Dr. Chapple was able to report that there had not been a single case of infection.

Of all children's diseases, crippling polio is undoubtedly the one most feared by parents. About the time that Dr. Chapple was sketching his ideas for the



LAUGHTER AT CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL is more familiar than tears are, thanks to play lady Frances Ackerly. Family-style meals, group games, and a gift for friendship are just a few ways that help transform the hospital ordeal into a happy adventure. Introduced as an experiment in 1953, two play ladies are part of the permanent hospital staff.

new incubator. Dr. Joseph Stokes, Jr., physician in chief of Children's Hospital and head of the pediatrics department of the University of Pennsylvania's School of Medicine, with which the hospital is affiliated, was working with a group of associates on a possible way of preventing this devastating disease. Inoculating children with whole blood collected from a large number of adults, brought encouraging results. The adults had built up antibodies in their blood from harmless exposure to polio in the past, and these antibodies seemed to produce a passive immunity in some of the children. The trouble with the method was that too much blood had to be injected to get enough antibodies into each child to make it practical.

But in 1941, it became possible to separate from blood, gamma globulin,

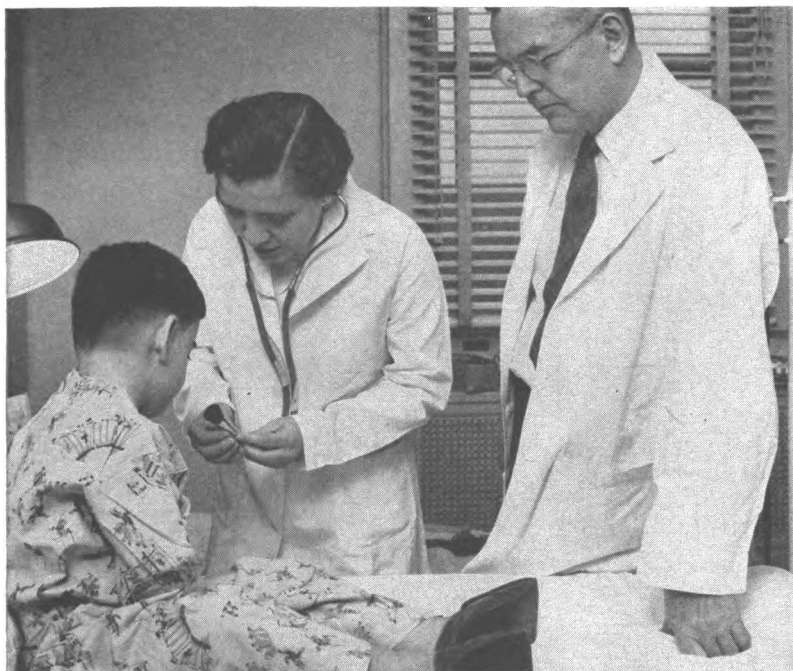
the fraction containing the antibodies in a concentration twenty-five times that of whole blood, and Dr. Stokes and a colleague, Dr. Werner Henle, soon demonstrated that injections of gamma globulin would protect mice from polio virus. Dr. Sidney Kramer, of the Michigan Department of Health, confirmed their work.

Polio Prevention

By 1951, with a great deal of additional knowledge about its potentialities, Dr. Stokes and Dr. William McDowell Hammon, of the University of Pittsburgh's Graduate School of Public Health, asked the research committee of the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis to co-operate in a controlled test of gamma globulin in children. That summer, a pilot study in which five thousand children were inoculated was made in Utah.

The results of that study and the much larger one which followed it in the summer of 1952 are now well-known. Gamma globulin was shown to be effective in protecting youngsters from crippling polio during the period of an epidemic. Since 1952, children in epidemic areas have received the protection of gamma globulin, and only a few months ago it became generally available throughout the country for individual doctors to use at their discretion. During the polio seasons following this important advance, thousands of parents have breathed more easily because of the work begun in 1932 at Children's Hospital.

There is hardly an area of children's medicine to which doctors at Children's have not made important contributions. Dr. Neva M. Abelson, today director of the hospital's Serum Exchange and of its



DR. JOSEPH STOKES, JR., physician-in-chief, with Dr. Neva Abelson, authority on the Rh factor. She helped develop a test that tells doctors when an Rh baby needs an exchange transfusion, and how much blood will be required.



THE RESEARCH CENTER expands scientific horizons for Dr. Werner and Dr. Gertrude Henle, brilliant husband-and-wife team. Working in a cramped basement room, they developed the first successful vaccines against influenza.

blood-grouping laboratory, helped to develop a test for the Rh factor in human blood, which, in 1940, was found to be the cause of a disease that killed many infants. Later, in collaboration with Dr. Thomas R. Boggs, Jr., she went on to perfect a test that would indicate whether an Rh baby needed an exchange transfusion, and if so, how many and when they should be given. These tests are helping today to save Rh babies throughout the United States and to give expectant mothers with Rh-negative blood a peace of mind they never had before.

Pioneers in Virus Research

Much of the research currently under way at Children's Hospital centers in the modern, six-story research building formally opened last year. It is here that Doctors Werner and Gertrude Henle, a husband-and-wife team widely known for their work on virus diseases, have their well-equipped laboratories. Before the new building was completed, though, they, with three other medical researchers, shared a tiny basement room which all referred to as the hole. In this cramped basement laboratory, the Henles developed the first successful influenza vaccines.

"Influenza is not usually a serious disease today," Dr. Werner Henle says. "With the antibiotics, we can now control the secondary infections to which people often succumbed in the great influenza epidemics of the past. But a disease need not be a killer to warrant prevention, and the vaccine gives us a means of preventing epidemics that might otherwise sweep through schools and hospitals, affecting hundreds of children in a few weeks."

Not all medical developments take place in the laboratory, and one of the most dramatic to occur recently at Children's Hospital came about because of an urgent need observed within the hospital itself. In 1947, Dr. C. Everett Koop, newly appointed surgeon-in-chief, brought to the hospital Dr. Eugene B. Spitz, one of the first neurosurgeons in the country to specialize in children. "I had seen," Dr. Koop says, "that 20 per cent of the hospital's beds were filled with mentally deficient children, many of them cases that could have been treated for preventable damage to the brain if their conditions had been diagnosed early enough."

One of the conditions which the two surgeons tackled was hydrocephalus, often referred to as water on the brain. Until then, hydrocephalus, a disease in which an abnormal amount of spinal fluid literally squeezes the brain while at the same time swelling the head, had resulted in death within the first two years of life for almost 90 per cent of

its tiny victims. Most of those who survived were mentally deficient. Previous surgical attempts to drain off the excess spinal fluid had either failed or been only partially successful.

Under controlled conditions, the two surgeons utilized a variety of procedures in their initial attack on the problem of these tragic hydrocephalic babies. As with anything new, there were failures, but each failure led to changes, and the changes led, eventually, to a surgical procedure which offered more hope than anything tried before. It involved the insertion of a special plastic tube into the infant's spinal canal with the open end—fitted with a plastic tip like the cap of a salt shaker to prevent clogging—draining into the abdominal cavity. When the pressure of the fluid dropped to that of the abdominal cavity, the drainage would stop. An important part of the surgery was the removal of a fatty tissue attached to the intestines—the omentum—which otherwise would grow over the tube and stop up the holes—the drainage outlet—at its tip.

Over the next few years, Dr. Spitz and Dr. Koop perfected their technique, and before long they could say that in at least 80 per cent of their attempts, they could successfully control the condition, if the babies were seen during the first few months of life. They had performed many of the operations when last year, Bobby Brown, a month-old baby, was brought to the hospital with hydrocephalus. He had seemed a perfectly normal infant until he was three weeks old. Then he developed a fever and refused his bottle, and his mother noticed for the first time that the fontanel, or soft spot, high up on his forehead, was swollen. Their doctor, immediately suspecting hydrocephalus, urged the Browns to take their baby to Children's Hospital as quickly as possible. Without losing any time, they flew to Philadelphia the very next day.

Attacking Brain Diseases

Early diagnosis is essential in hydrocephalus, since a delay in treatment means progressive damage to the growing brain. When the Browns arrived at the hospital, Dr. Spitz and Dr. Koop confirmed the diagnosis. They told Mr. and Mrs. Brown about the operation. "There are some cases," Dr. Spitz told them, "in which there is a block between the fluid in the spinal column and that within the brain. Normally, the fluid can flow from one area to the other. Where there is a block, relieving the pressure in the spinal column obviously won't help the brain. Fortunately, Bobby's condition is what we call communicating hydrocephalus, with no block present, and we have seen him before his brain was badly damaged. In his case, the operation should help."

Faced with an alternative of death or idiocy, the Browns unhesitatingly told the surgeons to operate. Bobby began to improve almost immediately after the surgery. The swelling fontanel went down, and he began to take food. When they left Children's Hospital, not long ago, Dr. Spitz assured the Browns that Bobby's case had been caught in time and that his development should not be affected. Mrs. Brown, like many a mother before her, felt the Children's Hospital doctors had performed a miracle.

But the doctors at Children's Hospital do not speak in terms of miracles. Saving the lives of children is their business. Their pride in Children's Hospital is a quiet thing, and they know that the dramatic contributions which Children's Hospital has made over its hundred-year history to the health of America's children have often been the result of months and years of painstaking and exhaustive research, of trial and error, of blind alleys and discouraging results, before the final triumph.

Distinguished Basic Research

Behind almost every striking advance in medicine lies a groundwork of basic research, and in this area, Children's Hospital doctors and scientists have made

and are today making their mark. The current studies of Dr. Seymour Cohen and his group of workers and of the Doctors Henle on the interaction between living cells and their virus parasites have already begun to open approaches to the control of virus diseases and possibly even of cancer. The work of the Doctors T. N. Harris—another husband-and-wife team—and Dr. Fred Karush are basic to our knowledge of the body's method of producing antibodies and the control of rheumatic fever. The same may be said of the work of Dr. T. F. McNair Scott and others at Children's Hospital in the understanding of how certain viruses attack cells.

Reaching into Your Life

The work of all these men and women of Children's Hospital, and those who preceded them, has had a deep and abiding effect on the lives of virtually all Americans. For whether you have ever been within five hundred miles of Philadelphia, whether you have even heard of Children's Hospital, the achievements in children's medicine made there over the years are almost sure to have reached into your life and the lives of your children and made them richer, longer, and infinitely safer.

THE END



FOUR-HOUR-OLD Michael Silva was rushed to Children's Hospital with an intestinal obstruction. Daring operation saved him. Dr. Charles C. Chapple examines him convalescing in the Isolette incubator he developed for preemies.

The Last Word

IS SOMEBODY PSYCHIC?

Perth Amboy, New Jersey: I chuckled when you intimated in your excellent article [November] that John Wayne might get married again. Then I read the papers and blanched. Tell John to throw away his saddle; he's done been headed off at



Newlyweds: John and Pilar Wayne

the pass! Cosmo even picked the right gal—Pilar Pallette. Is that crystal ball for sale?

—LARRY CALAHAN

COSMOPOLITAN and author Martin Scott deny all knowledge of crystal balls.

—The Editors

Providence, Rhode Island: I resent your calling John Wayne a homely, balding man.

—D. CONNELL

FRUSTRATION AND MRS. LANGTRY

Sharon, Massachusetts: Please bring back the complete mystery novels to which I

have looked forward since I have been a subscriber! I can't bear to be left dangling.

—MRS. GEORGE STEINBACHER

Milwaukee, Wisconsin: I've been buying *COSMOPOLITAN* for a couple of years now, ever since I discovered it, and I can't remember its ever before having a serial story. That is the ultimate in frustration. Especially in such an exciting story as "Take the Stand, Mrs. Langtry" [November—December]. I've never written to a magazine before, because I always contended that people who do are usually egoists who hope to see their name in print. I'm not. All I want is a letter of humble apology for ruining your November issue by splitting up a superb story. Please promise you won't do such a dastardly thing again!

—GLORIA ADAIR

COSMOPOLITAN's apology is equally frustrated. "Mrs. Langtry" was too long for one issue, too good to pass by. We hope by now even Miss Adair agrees the second half was worth waiting for. Anyway, we promise.

—The Editors

SCHIZOPHRENIA

Chicago, Illinois: Your article on "Schizophrenia" [November] was the most realistic discussion of this enormous problem I have ever read. One of my immediate family suffered from the disorder years ago. If we had had the knowledge and spirit of understanding contained in your article, we would have been able to help much more than we did. Let us have more articles like this.

—ALICE MULCAHEY

HATS OFF TO HOUSEWIVES

Denver, Colorado: I remember reading in a past issue of *COSMOPOLITAN* that Michael



Michael Drury

Drury is a woman, so I wasn't too surprised to see her name on "Proudest Profession of Them All" [November]. Only a woman—one with understanding and a real sense of values—could have written this profoundly true article. I'm sure many other wives and mothers are grateful to you, too.

—MARGARET KIEB

COSMOPOLITAN PROGRESS

Zanesville, Ohio: I have found two very interesting copies of *COSMOPOLITAN*. One is April, 1897, issued at ten cents a copy; the other is February, 1895, at fifteen cents a copy. The 1897 issue contained the first part of "The War of the Worlds" by H. G. Wells. The 1895 issue told about the new diphtheria serum that had just been tried in the U. S. We had loads of fun looking at the clothing, furniture, and bicycle ads. After comparing these magazines with your present-day magazine, all I can say is, "I'm glad I live in 1954."

—MRS. JOHN McFERRIN

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Looking into February



GEORGE GOBEL—Critics from Hollywood to New York rate this dead-pan young man as the funniest comedian to turn up on television. Don't miss the inside story of how and why Gobel dares to be different.



"GOD HELP ME," Harry Reeves moaned silently. "I should kill myself for what I'm thinking now." A grim yet strangely tender story of a bank robbery and the courage and weakness of average people, E. J. Heath's "Violent Saturday" is a suspense novel you'll read in one sitting.

the boy and the Star

He is old enough now to know that the ornament on the tree is more than simply a star . . . to understand the deeper meaning of Christmastime.

Now he knows that it is love that has been shining on the tree year after year, the love that has wrapped and held him . . . that has given him food and warmth and laughter and the promise of joy to come.

Life's great reward is the privilege of giving security to those we love—yet it is possible only in a country like ours.

And, think: When you make *your* home secure you are also helping make America secure. For the strength of America grows as the number of its secure homes increases.



Saving for security is easy! Read every word —now! If you've tried to save and failed, chances are it was because you didn't have a *plan*. Well, here's a savings system that really works — the Payroll Savings Plan for investing in U. S. Savings Bonds. This is all you do. Go to your company's pay office, choose the amount you want to save—a few dollars a payday, or as much as you wish. That money will be set aside for you before you even draw your pay. And automatically invested in Series "E" U. S. Savings Bonds which are turned over to you.

If you can save only \$3.75 a week on the Plan, in 9 years and 8 months you will have \$2,137.30. If you can save as much as \$18.75 a week, 9 years and 8 months will bring you \$10,700!

U. S. Series "E" Savings Bonds earn interest at an average of 3% per year, compounded semi-annually, when held to maturity! And they can go on earning interest for as long as 19 years and 8 months if you wish.

If you want your interest as current income, ask your bank about 3% Series "H" Bonds which pay interest semiannually by Treasury check.

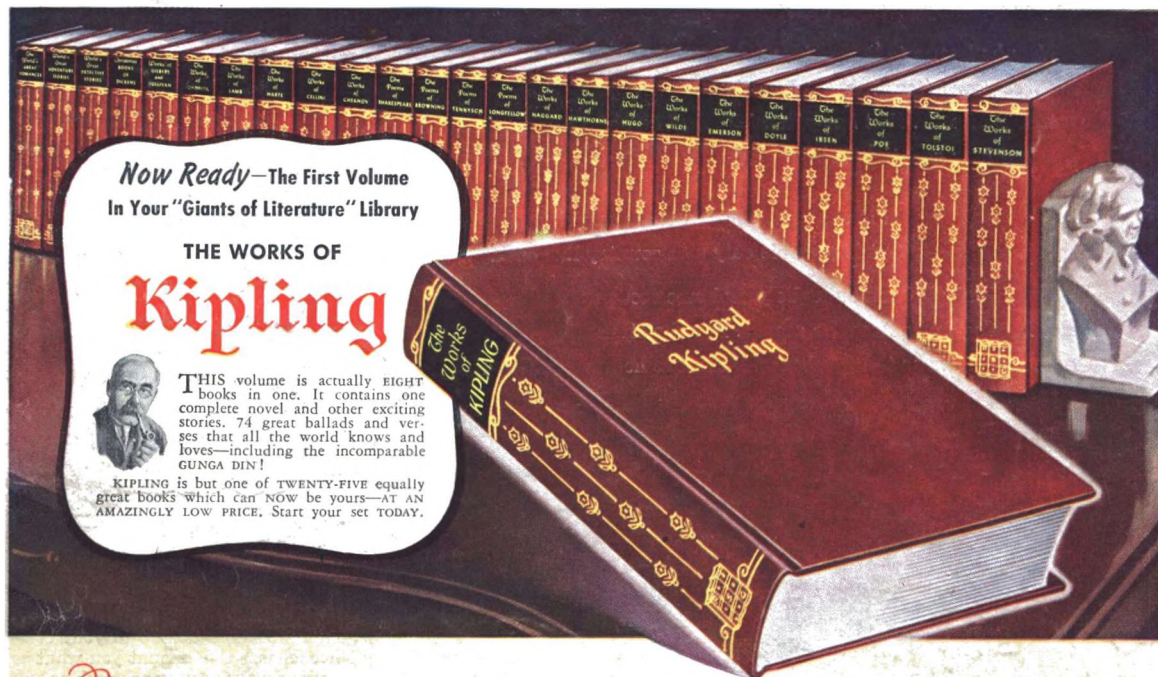


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