COSMOPOLITAN

SPECIAL ISSUE JANUARY, 1960 ● 35¢

Fascination of the Unknown

SPIRITS, DREAMS, AND APPARITIONS
THE LURE OF SECRET SOCIETIES
SEARCHERS FOR THE UNKNOWN
SCOTT CROSSFIELD–SPACE TRAILBLAZER
DRUGS AND THE POWER OF YOUR MIND
ATLANTIS–THE LOST CONTINENT
WHAT THE STARS SAY ABOUT YOU IN 1960
SEEN THE JERSEY DEVIL LATELY?

NON-FICTION FEATURE

LUCILLE BALL:
"My Serious Life With Desi Arnaz"

SHORT STORIES

The Old Neighborhood . . . . *William Iversen*
Assigh . . . . . *Mary Lavin*
Love Me, Love My Mother . *Ethel Edison Gordon*
From Here to Squaresville . . . *Eileen Jensen*

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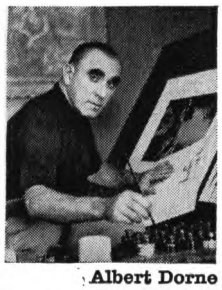
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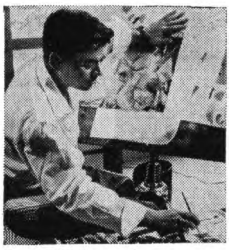
Al Parker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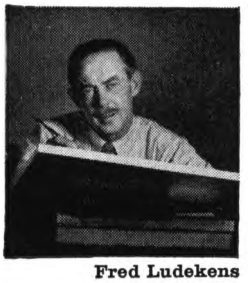
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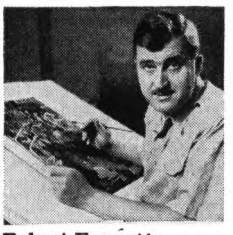
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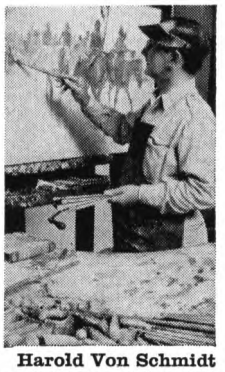
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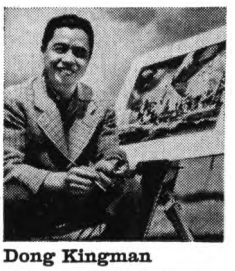
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*We're looking for people who like to draw

IF YOU LIKE to draw, America's 12 Most Famous Artists want to help you find out whether you can be trained to be a professional artist.

Some time ago, we found that many men and women who could (and should) have become artists never did. Some were unsure of their talent. Others just couldn't get professional art training without leaving home or giving up their jobs.

A Plan to Help Others

We decided to do something about this. Taking time off from our busy art careers, we pooled the extensive knowledge of art, the professional know-how, and the priceless trade secrets which we had learned through years of successful experience.

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Our training has worked well. It has helped thousands find success in art.

Gertrude Vander Poel, for example, had never drawn a thing until she enrolled with us. Now a swank New York gallery sells her paintings.

Typist to Fashion Artist

With our training, Wanda Pickulski was able to give up her typing job to become the fashion artist for a local department store.

Stanley Bowen had three children to support and was trapped in a "no-future" job. By studying with us, at home in his spare time, he landed a good job as advertising artist. Now he has a wonderful future ahead.

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When Kathryn Gorsuch left her dull, clerical job to have a baby, she made good use of the waiting months by studying art at home. At the time the baby was seven months old, Kathryn was able to go back to work for the same company—this time as a well-paid commercial artist.

Harriet Kuzniewski was bored with an "ordinary" job when she sent for our talent test. Soon after she began our training, she was offered a job as a fashion artist. Today, she does high-style fashion illustration in New York.

Earns Seven Times as Much

Eric Ericson worked in a garage while he studied nights with us. Today, he is a successful advertising artist, earns seven times as much . . . and is having a new home built for his family.

"I now have extra money for trips and a bank account to do with as I please," says housewife Doris Hagen. "Without your Course, I would not have had a profession."

Virginia Tootill writes: "The sale of my paintings has more than paid for my Course. It's building an addition to the house for our new baby."

Send For Famous Artists Talent Test

To find other men and women with talent worth developing, we have created a special 12-page Art Talent Test. Thousands of people formerly paid $1 for this test. But now our school offers it free and will grade it free. People who reveal talent through this test are eligible for professional training by the School. Simply mail the coupon today.

Famous Artists Schools
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COSMOPOLITAN

JANUARY, 1960 Vol. 148, No. 1

SPECIAL SECTION: FASCINATION OF THE UNKNOWN

NONFICTION FEATURE

FICTION

COMPLETE MYSTERY NOVEL

ENTERTAINMENT

PEOPLE AND PLACES

SERVICES

OUR COVER—*Half a face is better than none, we think, and when that half belongs to coral-topped comic Lucille Ball, we think it's wonderful. So do the millions of viewers who have loved Lucy ever since she appeared, with her husband, Desi Arnaz, on TV screens from coast to coast. Their affection has enabled the former Garment Center model and her Cuban companion to become not only the most talked-about husband-wife team in the nation, but the rulers of a show-business empire dubbed Desilu Productions, Inc. If half of Lucy looks unusually wide-eyed, it may be that she's peeked behind our cover at the tales of monsters and miracles which fill our fascinating issue on The Unknown. Photo courtesy of CBS Television Network — Westinghouse Desilu Playhouse.*

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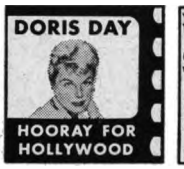
5. A Night on Bald Mountain, Steppes of Central Asia, etc.

6. Bess, You Is My Woman Now; It Ain't Necessarily So; etc.



17. Over the Rainbow, Night and Day, Easy to Love, 9 more

34. "... the music is all extraordinary" —Boston Daily Record

33. This brilliant musical painting is an American classic

10. A brilliant new performance of this popular concerto

13. But Not for Me, Fascinatin' Rhythm, Man I Love, 9 more

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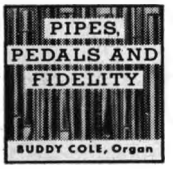

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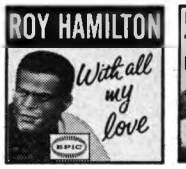

40. I Miss You So, Speak Low, Time After Time, 9 more

36. A musical landscape . . . "spacious, noble"—High Fidelity

26. Blue Moon, Fools Rush In, Don't Worry 'bout Me, 9 more

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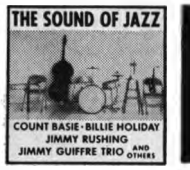

4. Wild Man Blues, Fine and Mellow, I Left My Baby, 5 more

37. "Most exciting recording of this work"—Time

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7. One Kiss, Will You Remember, Song of Love, 9 more

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P-BC

The Cosmos at Cosmo

We dropped plumb into the middle of that mysterious science—astrology—when we went to a cocktail party at Carlton House given by Mary J. Roebling for world-famous astrologer, Carroll Righter. Between bites of canapés hot and cold, we learned that something like forty million Americans are devout followers of astrology; that they firmly believe astrology can predict their economic, emotional, and physical health; that they spend one hundred million dollars a year finding out *how* healthy they will be; and that we definitely prefer hot canapés to cold.

Jeanette MacDonald, we also discovered, is, like us, Gemini. Mary Roebling is Leo, and so is editor Jim Palmer,

The starry set: Mary Roebling, H. La B., James Palmer, and Jeanette MacDonald.

who handled the article "Is Your Fate in the Stars?" which tells what the new year holds for such folk as Khrushchev and Nixon. For *your* fate, see page 40.

What's in a Name?

Editors are born with suspicion in their bones. They cannot rest until they have, working tenaciously, uncovered the true meaning of each word that goes into their magazine. This can, on occasion, lead them into many a bog—at the moment, an Irish bog.

When COSMOPOLITAN decided to publish Irish writer Mary Lavin's short story, "Assigh" (see page 80), we realized we did not know what the word "assigh" (possibly Gaelic? possibly a typographical error?) meant. Almost at our deadline, we telephoned the Macmillan Company, publishers of the story in Miss Lavin's collection, *Selected Stories*. We were informed that the editor who handled the story was, lamentably, out of town; *they* did not know.

We then turned to the staff at the Irish Consulate, who obligingly consulted their Gaelic dictionary. No luck. Next, we appealed to Dr. Mario Pei, noted philologist at Columbia University. Dr. Pei ultimately referred us to the outstanding authority on Gaelic, Professor John Hughes, St. Peter's College, Jersey City. Professor Hughes, who is also lecturer in Irish at Columbia University, suggested three possibilities whose Gaelic pronunciations are similar to that of "assigh": *astigh*, which means "inside"; *aisti*, meaning "away from her"; and *i suidhe*, meaning "sitting [and waiting]." Any of these, in this story of a father's sudden cruelty to his daughter and its effect on the man who loves her, could apply. But *did* one apply?

Hurriedly, we sent cables to author Mary Lavin in Ireland, hoping that a bicycle-riding postman would pedal posthaste to the Lavin farm in County Meath near Dublin, and an explanation would reach our office in New York in time for publication. But no. Could our message have been misunderstood?

Currently, still in this bog and sinking fast, we are composing a cable to Miss Lavin, this time in Gaelic. (If *you* know the answer, please write us.) But by whatever name the story is called, it's surely a minor masterpiece in the tradition of Liam O'Flaherty, Seán O'Faoláin, and Frank O'Connor, the group to which a writer of Miss Lavin's caliber belongs.

Artists and Models

The girl who drew the monsters for our "Monsters Around the World" article on page 56 is no monster herself. Marie Nonnast is, in fact, a long-legged beauty who often acts as model for magazine il-

Marie Nonnast and domestic beast.

lustrations by her artist-husband, Paul Nonnast, winner of several Gold Medals at the Philadelphia Art Directors' shows.

The Nonnasts live in a Victorian brick house in Bucks County. They met a dozen years ago when Paul was teaching at Philadelphia's Moore Institute of Art and Marie was one of his students. "The school used to be called 'The Philadelphia School of Design for Women,'" Paul told us, "but it was usually referred to as 'The School of Designing Women.'" So they were married.

The monster illustrations represent Mrs. Nonnast's first excursion into the world of Abominable Snowmen and sea serpents. After viewing a footprint of one of the Snowmen, in the interests of research, she stated firmly that it is a world she is happy to stay out of. Anybody who wants to look for the Jersey Devil or the like can go without her. —**H. La B.**

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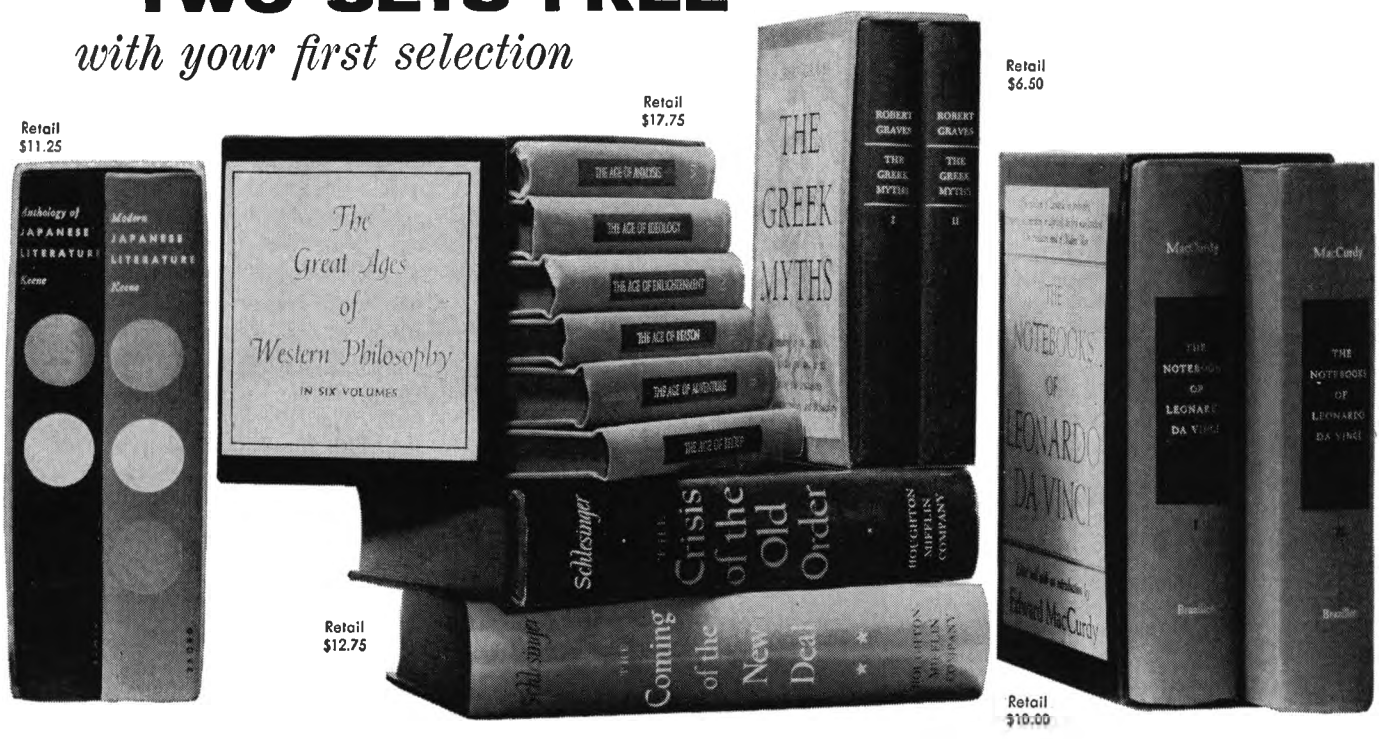

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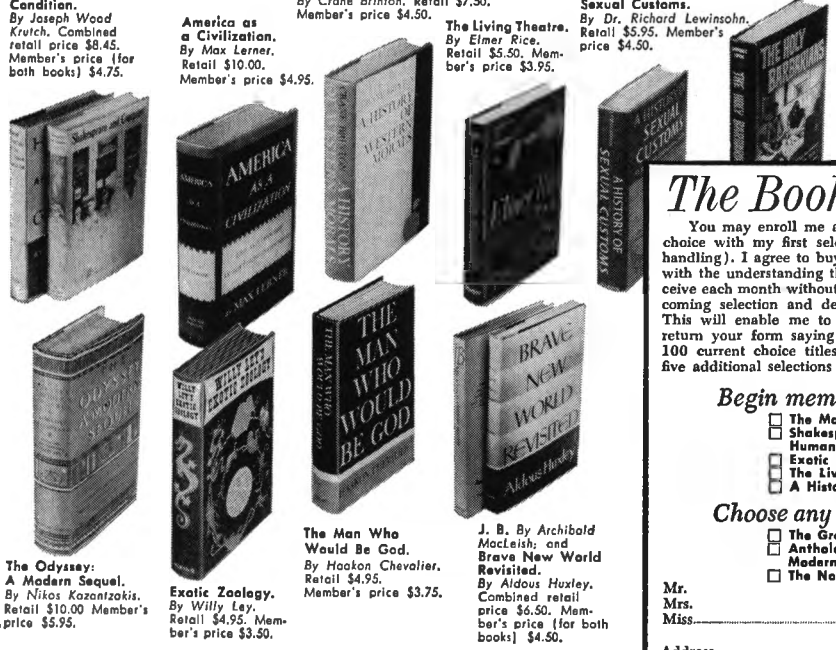

The Odyssey: A Modern Sequel. *By Nikos Kazantzakis.* Retail $10.00 Member's price $5.95.

Exotic Zoology. *By Willy Ley.* Retail $4.95. Member's price $3.50.

The Man Who Would Be God. *By Haakon Chevalier.* Retail $4.95. Member's price $3.75.

J. B. *By Archibald MacLeish;* **and Brave New World Revisited.** *By Aldous Huxley.* Combined retail price $6.50. Member's price (for both books) $4.50.

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OUR READERS WRITE

The Bead Stringers

ON OUR SIDE

Minneapolis, Minnesota: I regret that I did not at once write to tell you how superb was your August issue devoted to Writing. I do so now and take issue with two of your critics ("Our Readers Write," November):

So Mr. Marquand should not classify writers as maladjusted! Does your correspondent not know that it is the wounded oyster that mends its shell with pearl? (Christopher Morley) Undoubtedly those who string words together like so many beads feel no pain. Their work appears in the myriad publications devoted to the trivia of life. But the writers who create memorable men and women locked in cells not unlike our own, these writers are no bead stringers.

The caustic attack upon Mr. Gehman loses substance in Mr. Gehman's reply and still more in the words of Mr. Louis M. Lyons, curator of Harvard University's Nieman Fellowship program. He pointed out that though newspaper men as a whole are today better paid than they were in pre-Guild days, there is less money available to reward exceptional talent, and the talent seeks other markets. Managing editors, he said, find it difficult to weed out the misfits and the unqualified. The only relation to the profession of journalism borne by many of these employees is that they work in the same building. —CLARA W. NELSON

TICKETS PLEASE

New York, New York: We were truly delighted reading your report "Great Theatres of the World" (November) . . . especially pleased with the part dealing with the Burgtheater.

We are sure you will not mind if we use this occasion to point to a minor error in the picture layout. The photo

Georg Meyer—Hanno

The Deutches Volkstheater

identified as the former Max Reinhardt Theatre (now the Deutsches Volkstheater) is actually a view of the Burgtheater in Vienna. —KURT HAMPE, DIRECTOR, AUSTRIAN INFORMATION SERVICE

Sorry for the slip. ***—The Editors.***

SUZY PARKER'S CRIME

Tacoma, Washington: It is an absolute crime for any woman to be that flawlessly gorgeous! I'm referring to Suzy Parker [*Cosmopolitan*'s November cover girl], of course.

Suzy Parker in T. B. O. E.

—MRS. M. F. BAKULA

TIGHT SQUEEZE

Ottawa, Canada: One thing puzzled me in Harriet La Barre's fascinating round-up of great world theatres (November). About the Comédie Française she writes: "Today these clothes [originally worn by seventeenth-century noblemen are] so incredibly small that they will not fit even the smallest actress at the Comédie . . ."

Have they simply shrunk that much, or are all today's French aristocrats that much larger than those of three centuries ago? —PAUL A. GARDNER

Frenchmen and all of us are that much larger. ***—The Editors.***

THE HARD ROAD TO SUCCESS

Washington, D. C.: Just a word about that highly interesting article entitled "Multi-Million-Dollar Talent Racket" (November).

The young people who fall for such rackets are usually trying to avoid hard work. They don't realize the years of training and experience required before success is attained.

The National Academy of Broadcasting has any number of applicants who want to be "disc jockeys" or to play leading roles in TV plays. When confronted with a twenty-five-hour-a-week schedule of classes in diction, foreign language pronunciation, script writing, journalism, radio and television drama, music programing, production, and other subjects, they are aghast.

They do not realize that their first experience should be in a small station and that it is to their advantage to know about all phases of the broadcasting profession.

Since broadcasting these days offers so much security and since there are so many opportunities for employment, extroverts with artistic leanings would do well to come to grips with reality and not be deceived by those who promise sudden fame. —ALICE KEITH, PRESIDENT, NATIONAL ACADEMY OF BROADCASTING

MORAL CODE

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania: In the September issue of your magazine Mrs. Claire Ridder writes attacking the article "Our Sterilization Scandal" (published in the July COSMOPOLITAN). She claims that a state has no legal or moral right to compel a woman to bear a child conceived in criminal rape or incest and ends her letter by asking, "Must a woman have a baby? Who says so?" As a government major in college may I attempt to answer her difficult question?

The judicial system of the United States is based upon the Christian concept of morality as inherited from Europe, which in turn took many of its principles from Judaism. This Judeo-Christian code of morality considers abortion a crime against both God and the state. This concept of morality further considers such an act outright murder. If the United States wishes to change the foundations of its moral and legal systems, then it would be possible to have constitutional laws permitting abortion and sterilization. But so long as we cling to the philosophy of government and law which we now hold, we cannot legally or morally pass such laws. To do so would be a contradiction so great as to shake the legal system to its core. We must remain true to those basic principles of which we Americans are so proud. —JOHN T. BOGART

PARENTS AND EDUCATION

Santurce, Puerto Rico: The real theme of your excellent feature article, "Don't Push Your Child Too Far," in September's COSMOPOLITAN, is the implied problem—the failure of many of our college students to attain "maturity and independence" because of a complexity of unhealthy parent-child relationships in the pre-college years. It would be impossible to overemphasize those early influences which produce the insecurity of the college student who lacks the inner strength to accept disappointment, the anxiety of the student who is unable to concentrate on his studies, etc.

We hope that parents read the article carefully enough to discover that the seeds of college breakdowns are probably sown long before their children ever set foot on a campus, and we hope that your final appeal for more widespread psychiatric help is effective. —MRS. A. CATTAN

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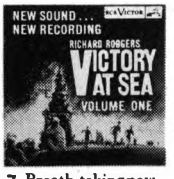
3. Blues types, rhythm backing. *Hallelujah I Love Her So,* 11 others.

4. Original soundtrack recording from Rodgers and Hammerstein film hit.

5. All-time classical best-seller by most talked-about pianist of recent years.



7. Breath-taking new recording of best-selling suite from dramatic TV score.

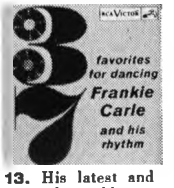
8. New recording of Kern-Hammerstein classic. Gogi Grant, Howard Keel.

9. Operetta film stars remake their 12 biggest hits. *Indian Love Call,* etc.

10. Lanza sings 12 Italian classics. *Funiculi' Funicula', Santa Lucia,* more.

11. Miller-styled modern repertoire. Ray McKinley. *Birdland,* 11 others.

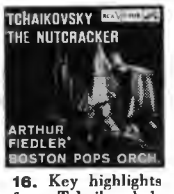
12. New remakes of their biggest hits. *Jalousie, Skaters Waltz, Liebestraum.*



13. His latest and most danceable set yet. Ballads, lindys, waltzes, Latin, etc.

14. Fresh versions of 12 harmony hits. *Paper Doll, To Each His Own, Cool Water.*

15. Lilting versions of *The Blue Danube, Artists' Life, Emperor Waltz,* 9 others.



16. Key highlights from Tchaikovsky's enchanting masterpiece for ballet.

17. On-the-spot recording. Yes, includes *Day In—Day Out* plus 14 others.

19. Lush, rhythmic, exotic instrumentals. *Valencia, Granada, Delicado.*

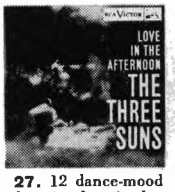
20. His 12 biggest hits, newly remade. *Green Eyes, Linda Mujer, Adios,* etc.

21. Compote of Latin rhythms, cha chas, jazz. *Lullaby of Birdland,* 10 more.

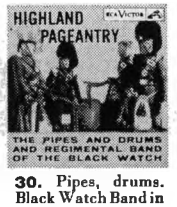
22. New Broadway star, top tunes from top musicals, *Flower Drum Song,* etc.

24. 12 pop favorites and light classics. *September Song, Warsaw Concerto, Diane.*

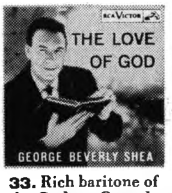
26. La MacKenzie sings 12 ballads. *Hey There, Ebb Tide, Too Young, Moonglow.*



27. 12 dance-mood favorites by trio plus strings. *I'll Get By, Dream,* etc.



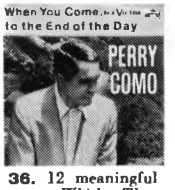
30. Pipes, drums. Black Watch Band in a sock sonic treat! Marches, folk songs.



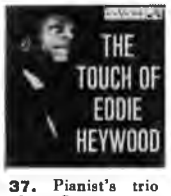
33. Rich baritone of the Graham Crusade sings some most-requested songs.

34. Fantastic sound, realistic atmosphere, familiar songs, virile singing. Different!

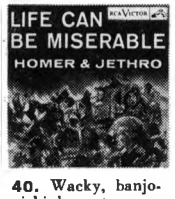
35. *My Man, Young and Foolish, They Say It's Wonderful, Yesterdays,* 8 more.



36. 12 meaningful songs. *Whither Thou Goest, Scarlet Ribbons, Only One.*



37. Pianist's trio plays *Summertime, The Man I Love, All of You, Cherry,* etc.



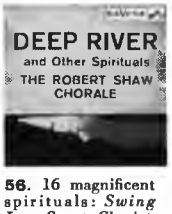
40. Wacky, banjo-pickin' country comics raise havoc with hits and specials.

42. Modern big-band jazz; top West Coast stars. *Chances Are,* other hits.

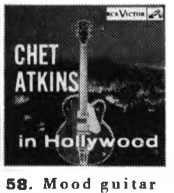
48. Riotous musical satire, slapstick; wry commentary by TV's Henry Morgan.

50. Tony Martin, Gogi Grant enhance the Academy Award winning film score.

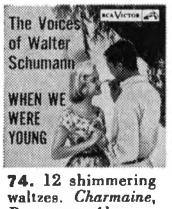
54. 15 varied strutters. *76 Trombones, Semper Fidelis, Colonel Bogey,* others.



56. 16 magnificent spirituals: *Swing Low, Sweet Chariot; Dry Bones;* others.



58. Mood guitar with strings. *Estrellita, The Three Bells, Greensleeves,* 12 in all.



74. 12 shimmering waltzes. *Charmaine, Ramona, Always, Would You,* etc.

89. Exciting, exotic African rhythms and themes, sometimes blended with jazz.

97. Gershwin plays his own *Rhapsody in Blue* in hi fi! Other vintage piano rolls.

100. 12 Gershwin treasures in fresh, modern manner. The best-selling version.

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37	40	42	48	50	54	56
58	74	89	97	100		

Perry Mason and a Waylaid Wolf

BOOKS • BY GERALD WALKER

Erle Stanley Gardner has been fascinating readers with his own ingenious blend of the unknown ever since 1933. That was the year he took time out from his California law practice to publish the very first Perry Mason whodunit. Now, twenty-seven years later, *The Case of the Waylaid Wolf* (William Morrow & Company, Inc., $2.95) is not only the sixty-first casebook in Perry Mason's files, it is the hundredth Gardner mystery novel, all told. Thus, Erle Stanley Gardner has become not just a popular and prolific author, but a literary institution.

In addition to chronicling the courtroom maneuvers and deductive gifts of lawyer Mason, lawyer Gardner has authored the "D. A." series and the adventures of private eyes Bertha Cool and Donald Lam (written under the pseudonym A. A. Fair). According to his publisher's estimate, the collected works of Erle Stanley Gardner have sold to the tune of more than 110,000,000 copies in the United States and Canada. This does not include magazine serializations or the British and other overseas editions in sixteen foreign languages.

Clues Plotted at "Hideouts"

Now in his mid-sixties and the undisputed dean of American mystery writers, Mr. Gardner still has the prodigious energy which has enabled him to set and maintain a pace of four books a year. He reels off his crime puzzlers into the dictaphones with which each of his quartet of California "hideouts" (including one three-thousand-acre ranch) and handful of house trailers is equipped, requiring the services of five full-time secretaries to transcribe his words.

Shifting our gaze, however, from the man back to his work, let us suppose that somewhere in these fifty states there is a reader who has never been exposed to a Perry Mason mystery. If he opens *The Case of the Waylaid Wolf*, what will he find?

For one thing, he will encounter a fast-paced story characteristically complicated by a bewildering maze of false clues and intellectual zigzagging guaranteed to jab the reader off balance every page of the way. The underdog in this instance is an attractive one, Arlene Ferris, a conscientious young secretary employed in the offices of the Lamont Rolling, Casting and Engineering Company.

The book wastes no time in getting under way. Within the first few pages, Arlene's car stalls mysteriously as she is about to leave the company parking lot after work, and she accepts a lift offered by Loring Lamont, playboy son of the company president. Tricked into accompanying young Lamont to an out-of-the-way lodge, in short order she is, as Gardner's no-frills description has it, "startled at the change in his face. There was no longer any mask of polite affability. There was savage, primitive passion, and a ruthlessness which frightened her."

Woman of Action

Successfully out-wrestling Loring Lamont, Arlene hops out the door and into his car, which she then drives back to the city, leaving him behind. To give vent to her annoyance, Arlene parks the car squarely in front of a fire hydrant near young Lamont's apartment building and then goes home to try to forget that the incident occurred. This she is

Raymond Burr as Perry Mason cross-examines Greta Thysson in current film.

unable to do. The next day, Loring Lamont's body is discovered at the lodge, a butcher knife imbedded in his back. When Arlene realizes that someone might have seen her in Lamont's car, thus connecting her with the murder, to whom does she turn for help? Perry Mason.

Readers meeting Perry Mason for the first time will discover that he and his sleuthing cohorts, Della Street and Paul Drake, live in an inbred, ritualistic world all their own. When Drake enters the Mason law offices he doesn't just knock at the door, he gives what Mr. Gardner calls a "code knock." And when Mason is setting up an appointment through his secretary, he doesn't just say that the meeting will take place at a certain time, he goes through all the marvelous rigmarole of split-second synchronization of watches.

Most of all, however, new Perry Mason *aficionados* will be impressed with his integrity. For example, when Paul Drake suggests that Arlene Ferris needn't "tell the *whole* truth because some of the details would be embarrassing," we are told that Mason's face turned "granite hard." Then the defense counsel responded, "Whenever she tells her story on the witness stand, Paul, it'll be the truth. It won't be the story that's most expedient. I think that the truth is not only the most powerful weapon, but as far as I'm concerned it's the only weapon."

Not that the attorney-hero is unwilling to stretch a point occasionally if it will foster the best interests of his client. As he says at one point, "We're going to skirt the outer periphery of illegality. It is a crime to suppress evidence. It is a crime to do certain things in connection with subtracting evidence. But as far as I know, it's not a crime to add, provided it is done in the proper manner."

In other words, Perry Mason is not *so* honest that he is a colorless do-gooder. And even in this he has a purpose. Take his practical-minded response to the remark, "You certainly seem to handle your cases in a spectacular way."

"I try to make them interesting," Mason said. "Jurors are human. They'll pay attention to something that interests them. If you start droning through the usual routine of handling a case they'll lose interest and you'll lose the case."

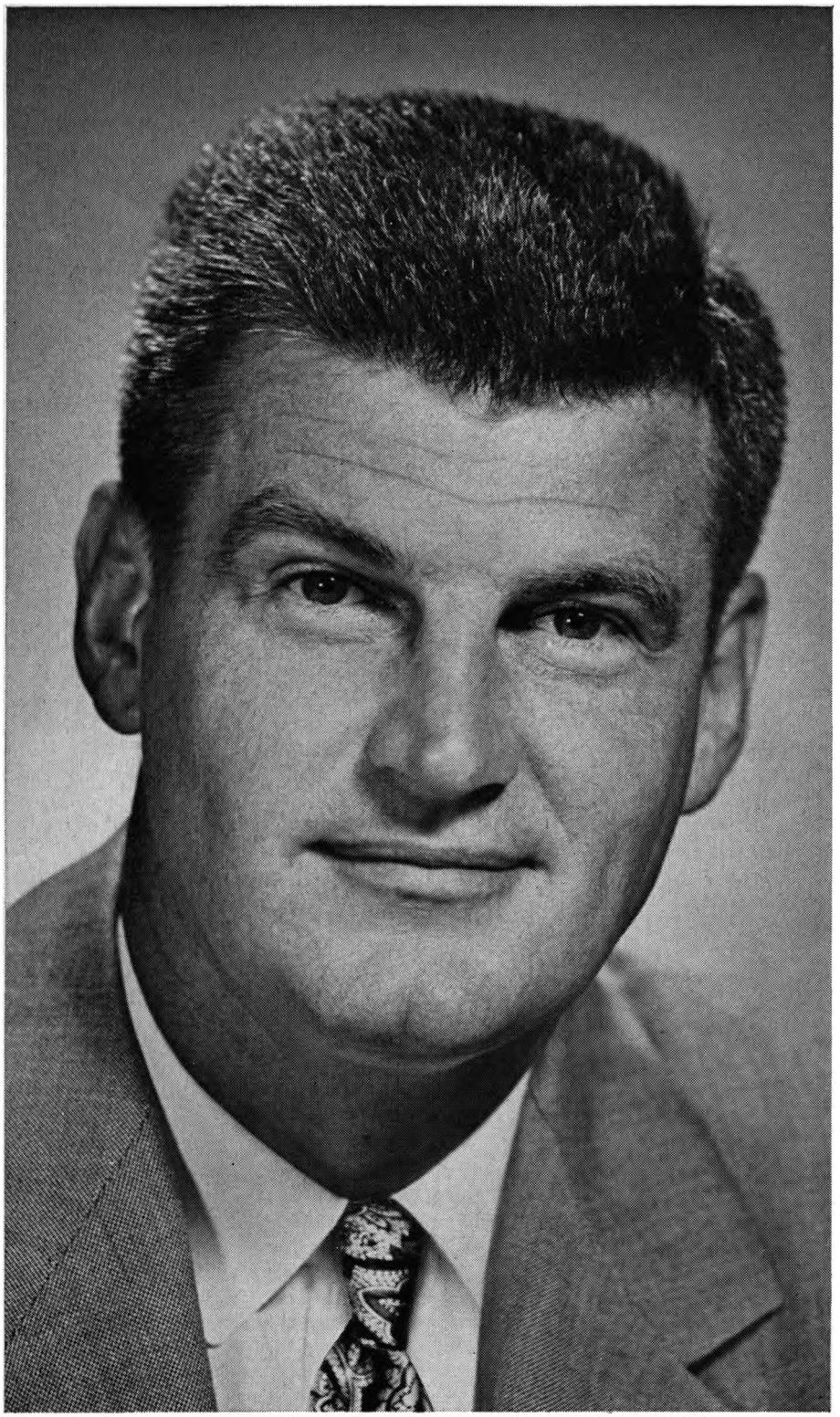
This statement could also apply to Erle Stanley Gardner's way of writing a mystery novel. The dialogue at times may be a trifle strait-laced and formal, the characters utterly lacking third-dimensional linkage to real life, so that it's all a good deal like a dramatized crossword puzzle, but maybe that is the secret of Mr. Gardner's nearly universal appeal: he intrigues, mystifies, never disturbs, and *always* interests his readers. Perhaps that is why, after a hundred books, he has so many fans.

CHARLEY IS MY DARLING, by Joyce Cary (Harper & Brothers, $3.95). First American publication of this early Cary novel, an affectionate evocation of the boyhood of an artistically inclined scamp who will remind many of the author's now-legendary Gulley Jimson.

ENOUGH GOOD MEN, by Charles Mercer (G. P. Putnam's Sons, $4.95). A sturdy historical novel spanning the course of the American Revolution and centering upon the fortunes of young Micah Heath who, like his country, progresses from indentured servitude to freedom. THE END

Charlie Smith

The big gamble in Alaska—Part II



"More than a year ago, we wrote here: 'Now that Alaska is on the verge of statehood, the petroleum industry is gambling that it will be a richer source of oil than it has been of gold.'

"Two-and-a-half million dollars later (Union Oil's cost in a joint exploration with The Ohio Oil Company), we discovered a rich, natural-gas zone in a 15,000-ft. well that we drilled near Anchorage.

"Since there was no set-up for distributing gas in the area, it looked as though we'd have to cap the natural gas, leaving it unused.

"But a city election was held; as a result, a local company was created to distribute the gas. The field will be developed further, a transmission line and distribution system built.

"This will cost some twenty million dollars. But when the job is finished, Anchorage will have gas for its homes, businesses and industries—at a lower price than it paid for heating oil.

"This seems to me a good example of our free enterprise system at work. Because we had a realistic incentive, we were willing to gamble that we'd find oil in Alaska. Although the well yielded no oil, it may return some of the money we've already spent in Alaska."

* * *

Charlie Smith is manager of operations for our Alaska division. He mentions the incentive for our Alaskan exploration. That incentive is profit—the backbone of U.S. economy.

So long as the incentive exists, our national economy will prosper. In the Anchorage exploration, it led to an unexpected source of wealth for the common good. We hope to recover our investment eventually and have more funds for continuing our oil search in the 49th State.

The big gamble in Alaska has started to pay off—and the story is not yet over.

YOUR COMMENTS INVITED. *Write: Chairman of the Board, Union Oil Co., Union Oil Center, Los Angeles 17, California.*

Union Oil Company OF CALIFORNIA

76

MANUFACTURERS OF ROYAL TRITON, THE AMAZING PURPLE MOTOR OIL

Lee Strasberg presides over Actors' Studio classes where performing is part of class work. Students analyze each other's performances. Mr. Strasberg sums up.

School for Stars

One of the most exciting and controversial theatrical organizations in the theatre world of today is now located, appropriately enough, in what was once a Greek temple at 432 West Forty-fourth Street in New York City. It is the Actors' Studio, and while it is a long way off Broadway and only about one hundred and thirty-five members have a right to enter its portals, its influence on young American actors and on the theatre arts in general is incalculable.

The Actors' Studio was founded in 1947 by producer Cheryl Crawford and directors Elia Kazan and Robert Lewis, who were then and are still among the most successful people in the American theatre. They felt an obligation to pass on to a younger generation the advice, help, and encouragement they themselves had once received from older theatre craftsmen. This artistic altruism took the form of the Actors' Studio, a theatre workshop where young actors could develop their talents under expert guidance.

Currently the Studio's membership list is providing the New York stage with some of its brightest stars: Anne Bancroft, Julie Harris, Paul Newman. Two members, Joanne Woodward and Marlon Brando, have won Academy Awards for outstanding motion picture performances.

Anyone over eighteen may apply to the Actors' Studio for an audition. If accepted, he or she will be given a lifetime membership in the Studio without the payment of any fees. Final auditions are held twice a year, and out of the one hundred and fifty one actors who performed in them last spring, only four were accepted.

The Actors' Studio sustains its activities through voluntary contributions. "As things stand now," states Mr. Strasberg, "we are helping as many actors as we possibly can with our limited and volunteer staff."

While the Studio has made a real contribution to the present-day American theatre, it is soundly and savagely denounced in certain quarters. Some of its critics claim it is the place where actors are instructed and urged to "mumble, grumble, slouch, spit, scratch, and be so carried away by their emotions that they forget themselves and do each other physical harm"; they say that Studio actors jeer at the audience, sneer at Shakespeare and the classics, and raise the banner of a violent realism; and they maintain that there is madness in "The Method," the term used to describe the Studio's system of instruction.

Concerning that much maligned and often misunderstood system called "The Method," Mr. Strasberg has observed: "The Studio is not the repository of 'The Method.' The Studio has a method of work, certainly. But so do the Old Vic, the Barrault troupe, and other theatre units and schools. The methods of the Studio derive from the work of Stanislavsky and his pupil, Vakhtangov, with modifications based on the work of the Group Theatre and other work since then. The Studio does not pretend to speak in the name of Stanislavsky or anybody else."

A Flexible "Method"

"The people at the head of the Studio," he continued, "do not adhere to, or agree on, any rigidly set rules or laws. They work as they see fit. The actor uses any method of work he pleases, so long as he achieves the results to which he aspires. Suggestions are made to help him, but these are ideas to be tested in practice and are valid only when they lead to sound results."

In sum, the Actors' Studio is the greatest exponent of the realistic school of acting in the world today. And what is the realistic school of acting? Perhaps the best way to describe it is through two contrasting quotations. The first is a flossy set of rules for actors in eighteenth-century England which appears in Louis

Kronenberger's excellent book, *Kings and Desperate Men.* It reads: "In Astonishment and Surprize arising from Terror, the Left Leg is drawn back some distance from the other. Under the same Affection of the Mind, but resulting from an unhop'd for meeting with a Beloved Object, the Right Leg is advanced to some distance before the Left. Impatience and Regret . . . may be heightened by shuffling of the feet."

The second is a quotation from a New York drama critic's review of a play starring Shelley Winters, a member of the Actors' Studio. Mr. Strasberg likes to believe it accurately describes the Studio's contribution to the modern American theatre:

"What walked out onto the stage when the curtain went up on *A Hatful of Rain* was a controlled, thoughtful, conscientiously purposeful young artist whose most striking quality was an ability to suggest enormous emotional responses without ever giving way to them. . . . It is a performance that somehow knows more than the author has written and more than the audience can define—a shower of overtones catches you unaware. a reservoir of personal meaning wells up and overflows. Your response seems out of proportion to the preparation that has gone into it. Miss Winters now knows how to conserve her power, and how to release it; what she does is theatrically effective but it is also subtle and true."

At the moment the Actors' Studio is conducting a campaign to raise $200,000 which it needs to expand its activities and which it richly deserves. But whether this goal is attained or not. the Studio will go on, since one feels that the three directors, veterans of the gallant Group Theatre of the thirties, and the other members share Victor Hugo's belief that all that is needed to create good theatre is "passion and a plank."

—RICHARD HARRITY

MOVIES

Dogpatch, U.S.A.

In *Li'l Abner* Paramount has come up with a colorful musical charade about those "amoosin' and confoosin'" denizens of Dogpatch. U.S.A. Al Capp's cartoon characters spring to life in all their lovable, ludicrous madness. The screen version of this stage musical is bigger, better, and much funnier than the original.

Operation Petticoat, starring Cary Grant and Tony Curtis, is the story of the rescue of a quintet of Army nurses from a Pacific Isle by a damaged submarine. All in all it adds up to sub-surface hilarity. —R. H.

RECORDS

That's Real Jazz, George

A month or so ago a press-agent friend called up and said, in that whaddyethink voice affected by members of his breed, "Do you know that this is George Avakian's twentieth year in jazz? Think of that!!"

I thought of it, and nothing could have impressed me less. Who, after all, cares that George Avakian, a record producer and recording director, is celebrating his twentieth year in jazz? Well, I apologize. This month, as some new Warner Brothers records came in, it struck me that George Avakian is about the only record producer at a major company who's got a real jazz program going.

Some of the Warner's records, Avakian-produced, I've been listening to with pleasure recently are: *Warren Barker Is In*, which presents the brilliant young arranger flexing his muscles; *Saxophones, Inc.*, in which about ten saxophones take all the parts—except rhythm, of course; and *Donald Byrd With Strings*, which shows the progressive trumpeter against a fine background.

The great thing about all this is that George Avakian, after twenty years, is just moving into gear. Watch Warner's.

—MEGHAN RICHARDS

CASE HISTORY

When an Ulcer Is a Killer

To John Carter, as we'll call him here, ulcer was no stranger. He'd had his for half a dozen years. He thought he had it under perfect control.

For almost five years now, he had been free of the pain below his ribs, of the exhausting three- or four-times-daily cycle of gnawing distress. Skillful medical management—special diet, frequent feedings, antacids, and a drug to reduce the secretion of gastric acid—had brought relief after the first attack, and the ulcer had healed. There had been a relapse a year later, and intensive treatment had worked again.

And, after that second episode, Carter, a thirty-four-year-old department store executive—ambitious, hard-working, and hard-driving—had watched his diet faithfully and had been living a more relaxed life.

But had he become forgetful lately? Had he, after so long a time without trouble, been indulging in fancy foods and frenetic living?

The questions—and guilty answers to them—popped into his mind when, one night, that deadly serious complication of an ulcer badly out of control—a massive hemorrhage—occurred.

He was still bleeding profusely when he was brought into the University of Minnesota Medical Center—unaware that he was to become one of the first patients with massive hemorrhage to benefit from an ingenious and long-needed new technique.

He was largely unaware of anything upon admission to the Center—in a state of shock now from loss of blood. He was given blood transfusions to try to restore his blood volume to normal and bring him out of shock. But, even after five units had been infused, there was no progress. He was losing blood from internal bleeding as fast as he was getting it.

It was at this point that the distinguished surgical team working on him—Dr. Owen H. Wangensteen, Chairman of the University of Minnesota Medical School's Department of Surgery, and Drs. Harlan D. Root, Peter A. Salmon, and Ward O. Griffen, Jr., all members of the surgical staff—determined to try on Carter what they hoped might be a life-saving new method of stopping the internal hemorrhage, a simple nonsurgical method they had devised.

The Ingenious New Process

They wrapped an empty balloon—the ordinary five-and-dime-store variety—around the end of a long tube. They lubricated the tube and applied a local anesthetic inside Carter's mouth, and then they had him swallow the balloon.

When the balloon had reached the stomach, they blew it up. Then, with the aid of a pump and a refrigeration unit, they circulated through the balloon a water-alcohol solution at a temperature slightly below the freezing point of water.

The hope: that cooling the stomach would stop the hemorrhage.

They put another tube up through a nostril and fed it down into the stomach to evacuate blood and to help determine whether the bleeding was slowing.

A Careful Watch Is Kept

The machine pumped and the cooling liquid circulated. And as this went on, the doctors kept taking measurements of Carter's blood pressure and determinations of hemoglobin in his blood to assess the response to the local stomach cooling. They used a constant-reading electronic thermometer to watch his temperature. And they applied external heat to keep his temperature normal. And they kept transfusing whole blood.

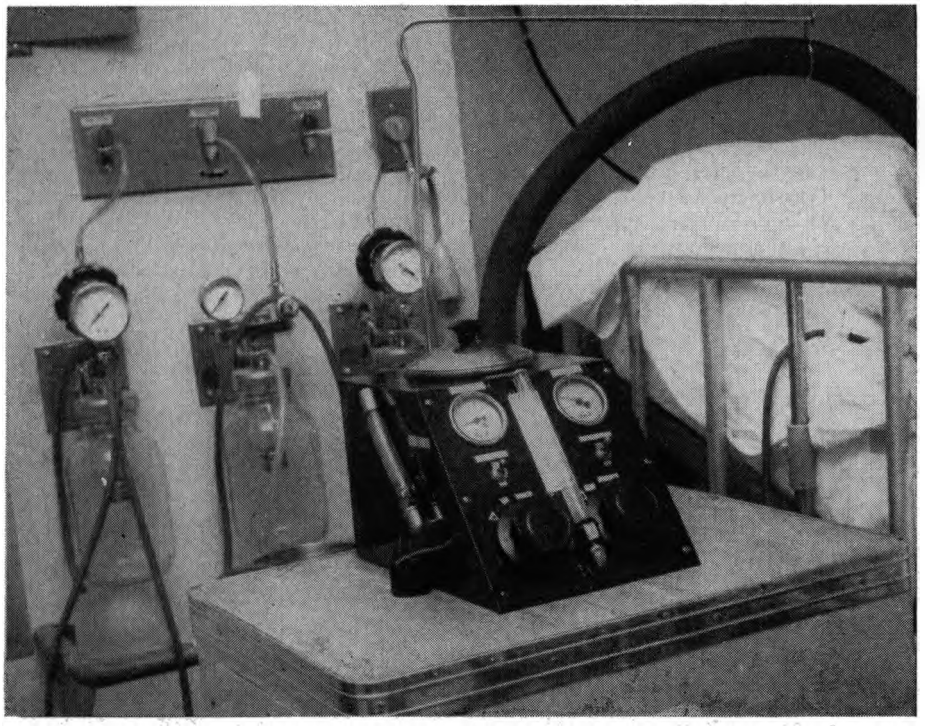
Would it work? If it did, it would mark a major advance.

Peptic ulcer—an open sore either in the lining of the stomach or of the duodenum, the first six inches or so of small intestine after the stomach—has come to be looked upon as almost commonplace. According to Dr. Walter L. Palmer of the University of Chicago, about 10 per cent of the American people have an ulcer at some time during life. About one in four ulcer victims is sick enough to seek medical assistance; in the other three, the ulcer heals of its own accord.

With care, most ulcers can be controlled and made to heal, and even though there is a tendency to recurrence, most victims can live relatively normal lives.

When massive hemorrhage occurs, emergency surgical treatment may help—but it carries with it a formidable mortality rate. For, as in John Carter's case, hemorrhaging patients are usually in shock, their blood volumes are markedly reduced, and they have great difficulty tolerating the added stress of surgery. Moreover, because the exact site of bleeding often is unknown, surgery may be complicated and prolonged. Any measure that would make it possible to avoid surgery in the midst of massive hemorrhage would be of tremendous importance.

The cooling technique that the Minnesota surgeons were trying on John Carter had been evolved over many years. Twenty years before, Dr. Wangensteen



THIS MACHINE, which pumps a cooling solution into a balloon in the ulcerated stomach, offers a new technique for controlling massive internal hemorrhage.

had had a patient with a stricture of the esophagus, an abnormal narrowing of the passageway. Although the cause had been unknown, Wangensteen had suspected that a back-flow of gastric juice from the stomach had attacked the esophagus, partially digesting, inflaming and contracting it. And an operation on the stomach had helped the patient.

Following this, Wangensteen and his colleagues had studied gastric juice intensively. They had taken gastric secretions from patients with peptic ulcer, dripped them onto animal esophageal tissue, and seen the secretions eat through. Then they had tried cooling the gastric juice and the animal esophagus tissue—and they had noted that the cooling kept gastric juices from eating through. They had a clue. Numerous experiments using the cooling technique on animals followed. They were successful.

Next came experiments with human volunteers. A man would swallow a bit of meat wrapped in a wide-mesh gauze sack and this would be retrieved four hours later. Then another bit of sacked meat would be swallowed and retained for an equal period, but this time the stomach would be cooled through a balloon. The weight loss of the meat—indicative of how much of it was digested—was 55 per cent the first time, but only 18 per cent the second time. Here was more proof that cooling slowed digestion.

Other studies using human volunteers showed that cooling the stomach reduced gastric secretions by 80 per cent.

These long, painstaking experiments had led up to the trial of the balloon technique on John Carter—and the hope that as cooling reduced gastric secretions, it might stop the hemorrhage.

It did. Even within the first few hours, the surgeons could tell, as they pulled up blood through the nasal tube, that the bleeding was diminishing rapidly.

The cooling continued and the transfusions now began to catch up. At six hours, there was very little blood coming up. At eight, almost none.

After sixteen hours, there was a normal level of hemoglobin in Carter's blood, and only then did the doctors deflate the balloon and retrieve it. They kept Carter under close observation to see whether there would be any recurrence of bleeding. There wasn't.

Healing the Ulcer

After that, they introduced a tiny tube, via the nose, into Carter's stomach and, through it, dripped a constant flow of cold skim milk, night and day, over a period of several days to hasten the healing of the ulcer that had caused the hemorrhage.

The cooling technique has now been used on eight other patients bleeding from duodenal ulcer, and has brought a prompt cessation of hemorrhage in all of them. —LAWRENCE GALTON

Courtesy of Hamilton Wright

On Margarita, one of the world's largest fishing grounds, tourists can join native pearl divers and keep any pearls they find.

Take an Adventurous Vacation

TRAVEL WITH DON SHORT

All over the world there are fascinating places made more so by a cloak of mystery, a legend with ancient roots in truth, a promise of hidden fortune or the lure of vicarious adventure. Most of them are fairly easy for any traveler to reach. You need not launch an expedition or be a physical superman to enjoy the fun.

One such area is Superstition Mountain, near Phoenix, Arizona, where the fabulous Lost Dutchman Gold Mine is located. Thousands of amateur and professional fortune hunters have sought this mother lode but, so far as anyone knows, none has ever found it.

The Lost Dutchman acquired its name and its legend from Jacob Walz, a German immigrant who followed the gold and glory trail westward in the eighteenth century.

Old Jake's Secret

One day old Jake and his burro came out of the weird, shifting shadows of massive Superstition Mountain and headed for the wooden Assay Office in frontier Phoenix. He had a little canvas sack of pure gold nuggets, which he cashed. But he didn't file a claim.

Jake put his money in the bank, got himself a room in a small hotel across the street, and parked his burro in the back yard. When Jake's bank account ran low, he bought some trail grub and, one morning, early risers saw the familiar figures of Jake and his burro far in the distance, heading for Superstition Mountain. He was back in a few days with another little bag of gold nuggets.

Over the years there were numerous attempts to trail the old prospector. When he finally died of natural causes in his little hotel room, the legend of his mine began to grow.

Every year, in late February or early March, the Dons' Club of Phoenix conducts an all-day Lost Dutchman Gold Mine Trek. Anyone able to sit a horse and pay a small fee may go along.

The Dons' Club is a social organization composed of Phoenix, Arizona, businessmen. They have a common interest in horses and in preserving the Spanish tradition of the old southwest. On ceremonial occasions they dress in the striking velvet, silk, and silver-trimmed costumes of the Spanish rancheros. Their bridles and saddles are trimmed with silver; their horses are perfect examples of equine form. They follow well-marked trails and explore enough of the mountain to give visitors a picture of the southwest. There is a big barbecue for all hands; the Navahos perform some of their tribal dances; there are games and fancy riding.

There is less mystery but an equally magnetic uncertainty about the treasures to be found at Margarita, the Isle of Pearls, largest of the seventy islands which comprise the state of Nueva Esparta, Venezuela. As far as we know, this is the only place in the world where an amateur skin diver may purchase a license to hunt pearls—and keep his catch.

Margarita is about a one-hour flight from Venezuela's capital city, Caracas, and may be visited independently or included in one of the package trips offered by TSA-Transcontinental or Real Airlines. There is a modern hotel (The Bella Vista), a choice of fine beaches, excellent fishing, water skiing.

Those who regard pearl diving as a bit too adventurous can do their treasure hunting on land. The island was once the home of Pierre Dauton, reputedly the wealthiest of pirates, whose descendants are still living on Margarita. Tales of buried pirate treasure are plentiful; the favorite hunting spot is Clown's Cave (La Cueva del Bufon).

One of the strangest and most interesting cities in the world is Manaos, one thousand miles up the Amazon River in Brazil. It bears an odd relationship to Central City in the Colorado Rockies. Both were boom towns built on sudden wealth: Manaos on rubber, Central City on gold.

Ghost-Town Comeback

When these cities were remote frontier settlements, both built opera houses and paid fabulous fees to bring the great voices of the world to their stages. Today, they are, in a sense, ghost towns, but neither died as completely as other boom towns. Their key to continued life was a yearning for something more than wealth: a desire for the spiritual bulwark of good music.

The Manaos and Central City opera houses are still operating. The opera season at Central City brings thousands of visitors to its lofty perch each summer. The Manaos opera comes to life every winter, when cruise ships tackle the three-day, up-river cruise through the jungle.

One of the least-known natural mysteries in America is provided by the Oregon Vortex, a weird prank of nature located about four miles from Highway 234, between Grant's Pass and Medford.

As you walk through the Vortex, you find yourself leaning more and more toward magnetic north. Snapshots show people careening at impossible angles. All life within the Vortex is affected in the same way. Trees and shrubs slant northward. Turn around and walk south and you find yourself bending over backwards. To explain this phenomenon, some scientists cite the theory that the whole universe is a whirlpool of force. This small spot in Oregon is supposed to be a bit that somehow got misplaced. How or why, no one seems to know.

Yes, even in this jet age there are still hundreds of fascinating unknown places in the world which beckon irresistibly to the curiosity that keeps mankind forever on the move. THE END

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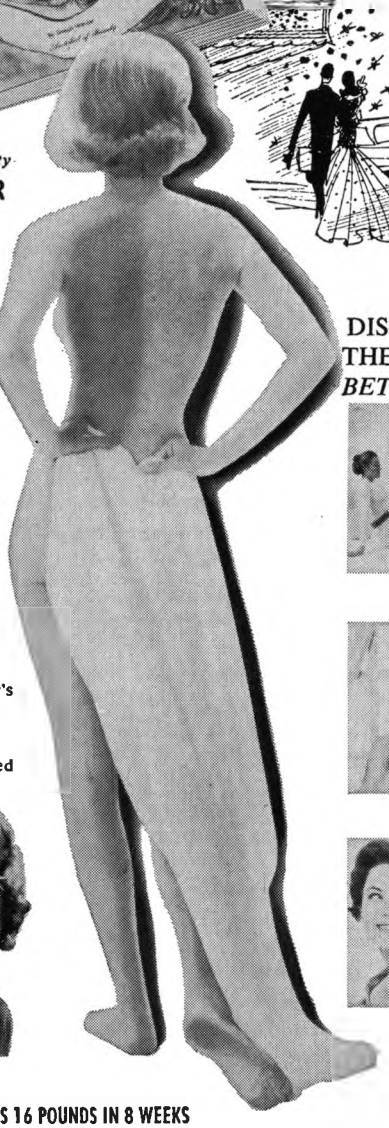

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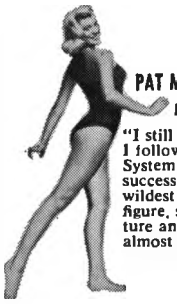

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HIGH POINT of film is Caron's jig with a beat balloon as partner. *Subterraneans* was shot in San Francisco, where beatniks turned cellars into poetry-and-jazz clubs.

The Subterranean Miss Caron

BY JON WHITCOMB

If the manufacturers of a well-known bosom appliance are planning an advertisement captioned *I Dreamed I Ran Through Chinatown in My Maid-enform Bra*, they can drop the idea right now. They've been scooped. Miss Leslie Caron did it in San Francisco for a night scene in M-G-M's *The Subterraneans*, the Jack Kerouac novel about beatniks.

The script called for the star to run naked down a crowded Chinatown street. In order to get the once-only shot, director Ranald MacDougall faked a scene with some extras and then, in order to divert attention, made a speech to the actors and local policemen thanking them for their cooperation. Then, when nobody was expecting it but the camera crew, Miss Caron flung off a protective coat and began some broken-field running down four blocks of sidewalk. On the way she ricocheted off unsuspecting bystanders, dashed between amazed couples, and unwittingly raced a full block beyond the roped-off camera lines. Not even the police were prepared for this athletic event.

Actually, of course, nobody this side of Paris, France, ever works in pictures stark naked. And nobody did in this instance. The studio says Leslie was wearing "a nude-colored leotard." Actress Janice Rule, who used to room with Leslie when they were both dancers and new to Hollywood (and who has a fat part in the picture) says, "It may look like nudity, but she was wearing so many garments you wouldn't believe it."

'Way Out—in Living Color

Besides its racy subject matter, this study of the Alcohol, Marijuana and Cool Jazz Set will boast the most interesting pictorial treatment Hollywood has dished up in years. The sets I saw, to be filmed in CinemaScope and color, should not only wow Kerouac, the high priest of beatniks, but Miró and Picasso as well. One whole wall of a coffee-house was covered with an expressionist abstraction painted in screaming oranges, violets, and reds. Among the props used in the movie were dress forms sprayed shocking pink, a cash register full of peanuts, a crystal chandelier hung with rubber gloves, and a $1,500 café-espresso machine flown over from Italy. Sets recreating San Francisco joints like The Spaghetti Factory, The Place, and The Mission of Bread and Wine sat side by side, bearing on their walls graffiti reading HELP STAMP OUT REALITY! LEAVE THE CABLE CARS! ALCOHOLICS CANNOT MAKE IT ON ROOT BEER. My guide through these rather bizarre sets was costume designer Moss Mabry, who told me that among the costumes he had created for the film was a dress made of forty-nine cents' worth of burlap. But the silk lining cost $185 for materials and labor.

On the day of my visit, four of the principals were working on a set representing Miss Rule's studio. Roddy McDowall, sound asleep, sat cross-legged on the floor with his head on a stool. Another boy lay on his back on a couch, staring at the ceiling. Miss Caron, who became a blonde for her role as Mardou, the heroine, stood beside an easel clutching a balloon on a string. Redheaded Janice, her hair wrapped in a turban, was painting a self-portrait. Mabry introduced me to Bill Shanks, the assistant director, who said that before filming began, the cast was sent to San Francisco to mingle with and do research on the beatniks in local rathskellers. "We got a liberal education," he said. "Randy MacDougall and I did the joints with a vice squad cop as our guide. Leslie knew all about the French existentialists, but she wanted to find out what the American versions were like." "I was with her in Venice," Moss said. "We went to The Gashouse together, and she started right in acting like a 'beat generation' character. She thinks her new blonde hair makes her look very tarty. Up in San Francisco, nobody recognized her. She left off the make-up and went out in a trench coat and a bulky

sweater Rex Harrison had given her. In one joint, a couple of beatniks tried to pick her up."

The Subterraneans is Jack Kerouac's second novel. Only 111 pages long, the book has sold over forty thousand copies exclusive of the paperback edition, and is a surrealist study of the angry young men and the psychotic young ladies who roll "sticks," smoke "tea," admire far-out jazz, and despise "squares."

Written in a sort of dam's-broken-run-for-your-life English, a torrent of stream-of-consciousness prose with a minimum of punctuation, Kerouac's output has been called by one critic "cut-rate Thomas Wolfe."

As for narrative, *The Subterraneans* takes Leo Percepied, a paranoiac young writer, and Mardou Fox, described as a crazy-mixed-up young girl who reports now and then to a psychoanalyst, through a steamy, manic-depressive affair full of marijuana, drinking, and sex. Bent on experiencing everything, they end by rejecting everything, including each other.

How did Robert Thom manage to extract a workable screen play from the meager story line of *Subterraneans?* Janice says, "That's easy. My husband is a genius. Leo is Kerouac, anyway, and Bob just expanded the plot with incidents from his life."

A Year to Get Ready

Thom worked on the job a year, as did Producer Arthur Freed in casting the leads. He decided he wanted Caron for Mardou, and he had to wait for her while she finished making two other movies. Roddy McDowall, returning to movies after eight years of TV and stage roles, was picked for the part of the novel's poet-saint, Yuri. Husky, blond, six-foot George Peppard, a veteran of two Broadway plays and three films, was cast as Leo. In the picture, one love scene between George and Leslie requires him to leap up to an awning support and kiss her while hanging upside down by his knees. Another scene has him running at top speed up one of the steepest hills in San Francisco; this is followed by a shot in which he plays leapfrog down a block of parking meters.

From here on, the film's characters were supplied by Thom's imagination, such as Janice Rule's Roxanne, the man-hating artist who paints her face dead white, circles her eyes with kohl to keep off evil spirits, and lures Leo away from Mardou. Another invention is a sax-tooting minister, Joshua Hoskins, played by jazz musician Gerry Mulligan.

Both the picture and the sound track have been liberally steeped in jazz of a very special type known to connoisseurs as West Coast Jazz. M-G-M's André Previn composed most of it, and the studio expects the record album to be a collectors' item. Another item of particular musical interest in Miss Rule's unique version of a torrid Afro-Cuban routine. The accompaniment is supplied by Russ Freeman on the piano, Shelly Manne on the bongo drums, and Previn on the harpsichord, setting a new high in odd orchestration."

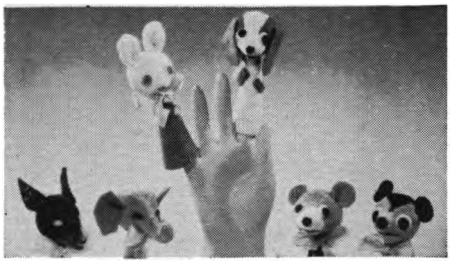
According to Roddy McDowall, whose hobby is photography, cameraman Joe Ruttenberg is an absolute master. "We have a big scene in a 'beat' club where we do a routine called 'blabbermouth,' " he told me. "The customers take turns telling their fears and personal problems—sort of a public confessional. Ruttenberg shot the whole long scene using about a thousand feet of continuous film. Colored spotlights pick out speakers, leaving the rest of the crowd in shadow. It looked sensational in the rushes."

"I've run into beatniks everywhere," he went on, "not just in the big cities. They may not think of themselves by that name outside of Grant Avenue and Greenwich Village, but they're just the same anyhow — egocentric, introverted young kids who want things different from whatever they are. There are lots of them in Los Angeles, the boys with chin whiskers and the girls in black stockings and ballet shoes. The role of Yuri is a good one, and I'm finding out all over again how much harder acting in the movies is compared to the stage. As I see it, a movie actor has to be as sharp at eight in the morning as at five in the afternoon. Whatever you do on film is permanent,—whereas if you're doing a stage play and sag a bit during the matinee, you can always pull yourself together and try to do it better that night. Incidentally, wide-screen movies require technique a little less intimate, a little closer to stage technique than the old small screen required."

Bumpy Beginning

The Subterraneans did not exactly get off to a flying start. After it had been in production ten days, the director was replaced by Ranald MacDougal. This put Janice Rule in a tough spot at home, since her sister Emily is married to director number one. "After we started over," she says, "I'd have to answer all sorts of questions when I got home from work, like 'What changes are they making?' and 'What are you doing differently?' Also, I was afraid Randy MacDougall might be worried about my attitude, so I marched into his office one day and told him it was all right, he could count on me for complete support."

The day before her second daughter was born, Janice had make-up tests and went to the hospital wearing her new red hair. After the birth next day, a nurse came into her room carrying the baby. Said the nurse, "Oh dear, she's not a carrot-top like her mother!" Janice snorted, "You don't think this color is real, do you?" Five days later, she was working in the picture. THE END



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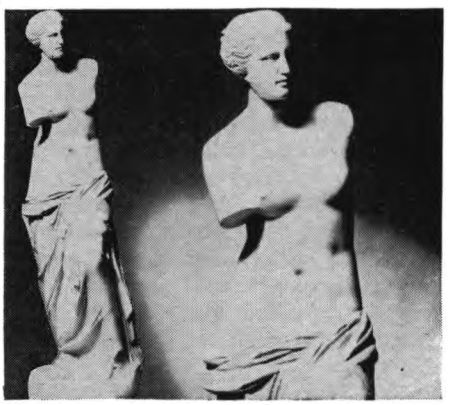

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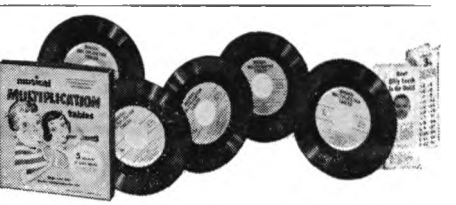

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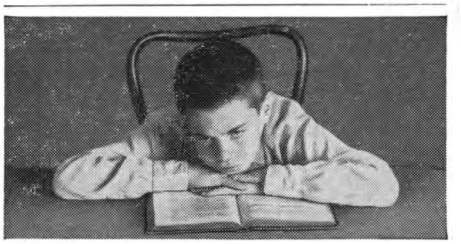

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BY CAROL CARR

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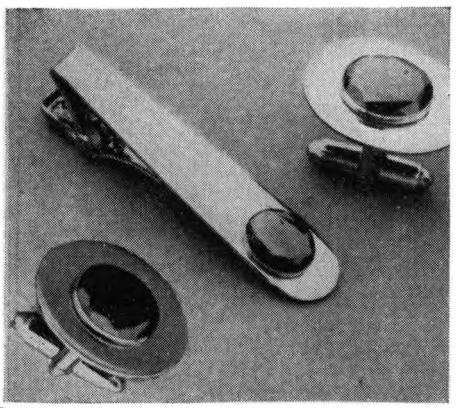

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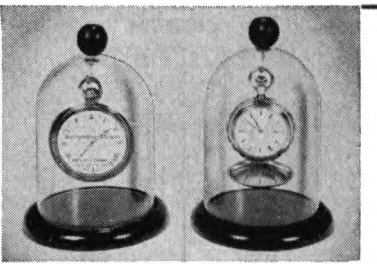

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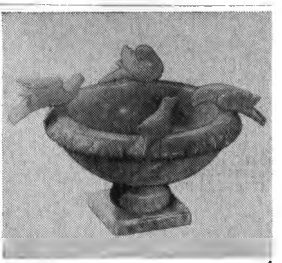

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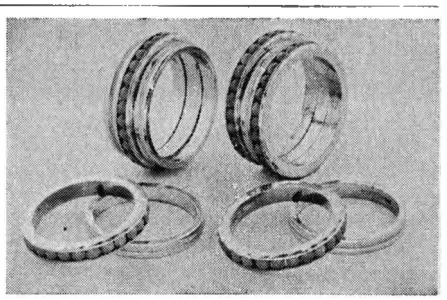

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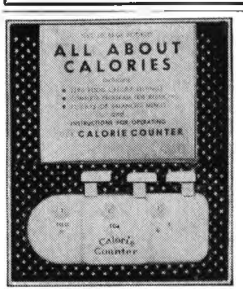

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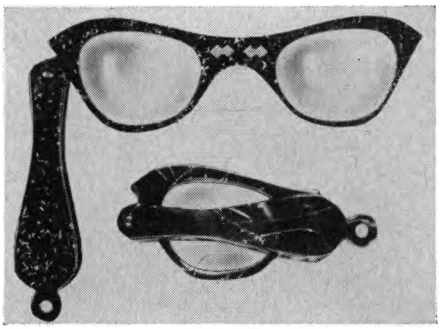

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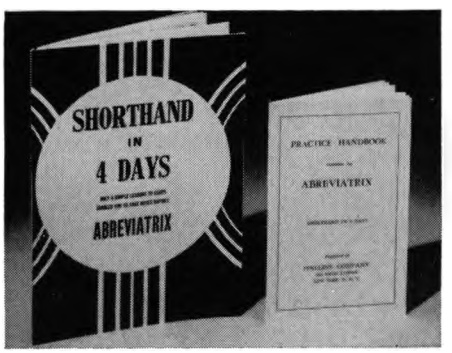

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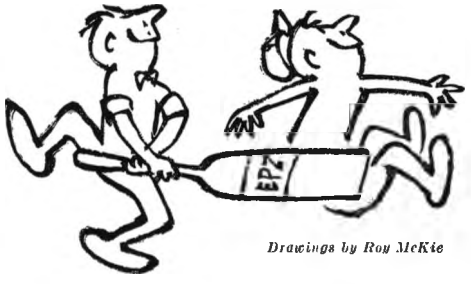
Breast Feeding and Class, Hazing Makes Them Happy, Space Man or Groundling, And Your Handclasp Habit

BY AMRAM SCHEINFELD

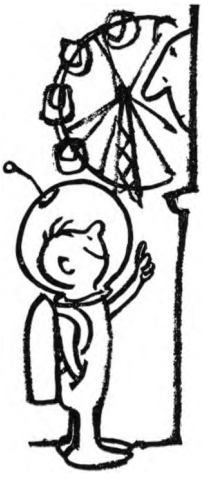
Breast feeding and "class." An interesting shift has been taking place in the attitudes of American mothers towards breast feeding. As reported in the *Journal of Public Health*, a generation ago there was a marked trend away from breast feeding by upper- and middle-class mothers, while lower-class mothers continued the practice. Today, increasingly more of the educated mothers are breast feeding their babies, while in the less-educated group there has been a new trend toward bottle feeding. Perhaps the recent stress on the psychological importance, as well as on the healthful benefits, of breast feeding has influenced many of the enlightened mothers. But nursing expert Hazel Ross (New Zealand) also points out that these mothers have become increasingly aware that "breast feeding is the most remarkable labor-saving device there is."

Hazing makes 'em happy. One reason why college fraternities and some other secret organizations go on having severe and sometimes painful initiations is that—oddly—it makes the victim more appreciative of membership. Psychologists Elliot Aronson (Stanford University) and Judson Mills report an experiment with coeds who sought to get into a special discussion group. Some were forced to go through an ordeal (including reading embarrassing material aloud), while others were spared this. The coeds who had the severest initiation turned out to be the ones who were keenest about the group they joined.



Drawings by Roy McKie

"Space man" or "groundling"? Which type you are may be guessed simply by how you react to amusement-park rides, says psychiatrist Michael Balint (University of Cincinnati). If you just love the swings, aerial rides and shaker-uppers, you're a "space man," or what Dr. Balint calls a "philobat"—someone who sees the world as consisting of friendly expanses filled with objects which he feels he can control. This type has excelled in such activities as mountain climbing or sailing, and may also show great skill and independence in mental spheres. But if you *loathe* amusement park devices that get you up in the air, consider yourself an "ocnophil"—someone who's comfortable only with the security of firm ground beneath him, and for whom this li'l ole earth is good enough, thank you, and the moon is to look at, not land on.



Getting off on the wrong FOOD. Someone important is coming at the last minute for pot-luck, and the main dish already prepared is—well—*blah*. "Oh, well," you say brightly, "I'll fix up something real yummy to start with . . . avocado with shrimps . . . or caviar canapés . . . or French onion soup . . ." But will an intriguing first course make the main dish more acceptable? Quite the contrary, according to experiments made by food psychologist Joe Kamenetsky of the U.S. armed forces. When a poor quality food was tried out on seven hundred civilians and military personnel, those for whom it was preceded by something good rated it much lower than those who'd had a poor quality item to start with. In other words, if your guest's expectation and appetite are stimulated by the opening course, there'll be a letdown when the main dish is so-so. Better stick to tomato juice.

Your handclasp habit. As you read this, first clasp your hands together (intertwining your fingers); then note whether your right thumb or left thumb is on top. Whichever it is, it may not be just a habit, but a trait influenced by heredity or by prenatal factors, according to three Brazilian geneticists, N. and A. Freire-Maia and A. Quelce-Salgado (University of Paraná). They found that while right-thumb-up persons are in the majority, the proportion is greater among females than males, and among children than adults. Moreover, there appears to be a racial difference.

Among whites in Brazil, 55 per cent have the "right-thumb-up" trait in handclasping; among Negroes, close to 69 per cent; and among Mongolians, from 61 to 63 per cent. A trend toward right- or left-thumb-upness seems to run in many families. However, whether you're a right- or left-thumb-upper has no significance with respect to other traits. THE END

Our Spirit World

Does something in us survive death? The rationalists among us say No, but even they admit there is no theory which completely explains the noises, flashing lights, apparitions, and messages from beyond the grave which from time to time disturb our neat, scientific world

BY EUGENE D. FLEMING

Since that day, several aeons ago, when the first men abandoned their sequestered valleys, and crossed the forbidding ridge to plunge into the mysterious land beyond, men and women have been irresistibly attracted by the fascination of the unknown. Sometimes the fascination has led to catastrophe. When monstrous seas swallowed or burning deserts consumed the explorers, conservatives shook their heads, and intoned wary aphorisms—"the grass is always greener on the other side"; "a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush." But the impulse to extend and develop our powers of mind and body, to possess mysterious continents or new realms of knowledge, is too deeply rooted in our natures: neither failure nor cautionary phrases could eradicate it. The result is the modern world, with all the continents mapped, and the secrets of nature, from the physiology of the human body to the physics of the atom, revealed and harnessed.

Infinite Unknown

There have been moments, as the full fruits of our scientific conquests fell into our hands, when we had the heady feeling that we knew it all, there was nothing left to learn or conquer. A rocket, soaring out of the Russian steppes into the unknown world beyond our sky, abruptly shattered this illusion. Around the same time two young scientists at Columbia University in New York performed an experiment which annihilated the law of parity, one of the basic suppositions of modern physics. Not long after that, the nation was startled to learn about a house on Long Island where mysterious, invisible forces flung pottery against the walls, upset furniture, and rang bells at all hours of the day and night.

The truth (grim, or exciting, according to your point of view) is simply this: we have come a long way in the trek from our isolated valleys with their dark cave shelters. But we still have a long way to go. The unknown still challenges us—both in the heavens above and in the unexplored corners of our own minds.

No area of human experience is more fascinating—or more baffling—than that collection of mysteries which we shall, for ready reference, call the spirit world. Men have been writing and thinking about it since the dawn of philosophic thought because its phenomena are inextricably entangled with one of the most absorbing questions we have ever asked ourselves: does some part of us survive death?

By the rules of modern science the answer to this question should be a blunt, coldly certain "No." Religious beliefs to the contrary, our scientifically-conditioned, show-me times impose on us all the nagging, unwanted suspicion that death may well be extinction, the absolute annihilation of our identities. For the hard-headed, the proudly rational, death, therefore, augurs nothing less than catastrophe, an outrage that aborts the personal worth of everything an individual has endured, done or dared, the final absurdity of a life dominated by accidental, uncontrollable circumstances. But how, it must be asked, are we to fit into this stoic scheme of things occurrences such as the following:

After Death

—A little girl, playing with friends on an apartment house roof, is about to scramble over a dividing wall when, suddenly, she is confronted by a strange man wearing a blue, brass-buttoned uniform. "I am Bill Johnson," he says sharply. "Don't do that!" Startled, the girl stops, just in time to save her life; if she had climbed over the wall she would have fallen five stories to the ground. Later, when she recounts the incident, the girl is told for the first time that she is an adopted child and that the name of her deceased natural father was Bill Johnson. He was a railroad conductor and, of course, wore a blue uniform with brass buttons.

—The night following the death of a woman who has promised to try to show evidence of her survival after death, a long-unused flashlight on a shelf in the home of her neighbor, a college professor, mysteriously lights up. The professor turns it off, tries to light it again, but can't. The next night, at exactly the same time, the flashlight comes on again.

Evidence

These two cases, both from the files of Dr. Joseph B. Rhine, Director of Duke University's famed Parapsychology Laboratory, were reported by reliable persons. There is little reason to doubt that *something* strange actually did happen. But, as with countless other cases of a similar nature which Dr. Rhine has collected during thirty-seven years of intensive psychic research, it is no simple task to establish the exact nature of that "something." First of all, mystical occurrences usually don't lend themselves to objective investigation; unlike scientific experiments, they are spontaneous and not repeatable at will. Consequently, investigators have to take someone's word for what has happened, and they have no foolproof way of sifting imaginative elaboration from fact. This is further complicated when the events observed are not recorded in writing until days or sometimes years after their occurrence; in such cases much room is left for "retrospective falsification." Then, too, there is always the possibility that hallucination or even coincidence, rather than spirit personalities, may have been responsible for the phenomena. The little girl, for example, terror-stricken by the sight of the sheer, five-story drop, *could* have hallucinated, name and all, the for-

Roderick Horne

gotten, protective image of her father, an image buried in her unconscious since infancy. Or, again, coincidence *could* have accounted for the flashlight's coming on twice, despite the astronomical odds against such an event.

Because so little has been scientifically established, hysterics, half-wits, and frauds have been capitalizing for years on their "occult powers," their contacts with the "other" world, and their "mystical experiences"; all of them merit the serious attention either of psychiatrists or police but should be, and usually are, ignored by the sane and sensible among us. Unfortunately, their ill repute taints the work of legitimate, scientifically minded psychic researchers, such as those associated with the Society for Psychical Research in London, its American counterpart in New York, and the Parapsychology Foundation, also in New York. Over the years, these groups have attracted the interest of men of integrity in virtually every profession, scientific and otherwise. For instance, Dr. Gardner Murphy, now Director of Research for the Menninger Clinic, holds that same position with the American SPR.

But even for legitimate psychic researchers, the question of the existence of an after-life is, in another sense, too broad. Disregarding the tales of quacks and quick-buck artists, there have been reports of so many distinctly different types of unusual experiences that it is extremely difficult to fit them all into a coherent hypothesis. Let's take a closer look at the various pieces in the puzzle.

A Battle Refought

In August of 1951, two young Englishwomen were spending a holiday at Dieppe, in France, the site of the tragic World War II raid in which almost a thousand Canadian soldiers were killed. Before dawn on the morning of August 4, both women were awakened by deafening sounds of battle—the sharp din of heavy small-arms fire punctuating the angry roar of exploding shells, the shriek of dive bombers, and the wild yelling of soldiers. The cacophony of combat ebbed and flowed realistically until finally it faded away at daybreak. The women had rushed out onto their balcony when the sounds had started, but at no time did they see anything. Although no one else in the house where they were staying had heard a thing, the two women, fortunately, had had enough presence of mind to take notes while the "battle" raged, noting the exact time it started, when it seemed to let up, when it seemed at its worst. Three days later they sent a report to the Society for Psychical Research in London. Investigators there meticulously checked their report against detailed accounts of the actual raid; the time sequence of the intensity and the lag of battle as recorded by the women was correct in almost every instance.

Echoes in the Ether

It is possible, of course, that this phenomenon has nothing to do with survival after death at all, but is some little-understood aspect of the natural here-and-now. The most plausible, though necessarily imaginative, theory advanced to account for it postulates the existence of a "psychic ether," something like a TV tape on which is recorded everything that happens. A strange occurrence involving television provides a parallel support for this theory. At 3:30 P.M. on September 4, 1953, the call letters of station KLEE-TV of Houston, Texas, appeared on the television screen of Charles W. Bradley in London. Later that month, the same letters were seen several times on the television screens of Atlantic Electronics Ltd. of Lancaster, England. There have been many instances of freakish long-distance television reception; but the peculiar factor in this particular case is that the signal had been transmitted in Houston over three years before. In July, 1950, KLEE-TV became KPRC-TV, and the former call letters were never televised after that time.

High Tides and Flying Objects

Poltergeist phenomena have been attributed to a natural, and much less far-fetched, theory. G. W. Lambert, President of the Society for Psychical Research, believes that the mysterious slamming of doors, sliding of furniture, and breaking of dishes sometimes superstitiously believed to be the work of malicious spirits are due one-fifth to illusion and four-fifths to unusually high tides swirling into underground river beds and caverns. The inrushing water causes imperceptible rumblings in the earth which shake the foundation of the "haunted" house, setting movable objects in motion.

Much less amenable to physical theory is the case of the delightful seventeenth-century English spinster who turned up in St. Louis, Missouri, in 1913, via a Ouija board. On the evening of July 18 of that year, Mrs. Pearl Lenore Curran, a young housewife of about thirty-one, was toying indifferently with the board to satisfy the interest of a friend, a Mrs. Hutchins, when this message was spelled out: "Many moons ago I lived. Again I come—Patience Worth, my name . . ." When the two women began to talk excitedly, Patience interrupted: "Wilt thou but stay thy tung? On rock ribbed walls beats wisdom's waves. Why speak for me? My tung was loosed when yours was yet to be." During the course of subsequent sittings over the next few years, Patience's "tung" loosed streams of gay repartee, pithy proverbs, wise sayings, lyric poetry, poetic dramas (including a complex sixty-thousand-word blank verse tale of medieval England called "Tekla"),

(continued)

A four-year-old scribbles, and his doodles turn out to be a shorthand message from his dead father. Coincidence, or a pen guided by the supernatural?

and several lengthy, intricately plotted novels (*The Sorry Tale; Hope Trueblood*) which received favorable reviews in the New York *Times* and other leading newspapers.

Since Patience could communicate only when Mrs. Curran was at the board, there was inevitably some doubt as to whether Mrs. Curran was faking the whole thing, or, more charitably, whether Patience was some sort of unconscious masquerade that had released in Mrs. Curran an unsuspected creative gift. Careful investigations made at the time concluded that, if Pearl Curran consciously or unconsciously produced the works of Patience Worth, then we have on our hands a phenomenon more baffling than spirit communication. Mrs. Curran's education had ended with the eighth grade; she had read few books, had shown no literary inclinations, and had never traveled or associated with bookish people. Her chief interest was singing. It seems inconceivable that she could write familiarly and accurately, as Patience did, of the English countryside and everyday seventeenth-century life, to say nothing of composing a formidable body of literature and coining profound statements.

The Search for Patience Worth

There are similarities between the discredited reincarnation case of Bridey Murphy and that of Patience Worth, but they are only superficial. In the former, Ruth Simmons was commanded while under hypnosis to go back beyond her birth to a previous existence and, as is common with hypnotized subjects, she did her best to comply. Piecing together scraps of forgotten information from her hypnotically activated unconscious mind, she became, as requested, a previous reincarnation named Bridget Murphy, complete with brogue, biographical data, and intimate knowledge of Ireland in the mid-nineteenth century. Pearl Curran, however, was not under hypnosis; Patience Worth was a spontaneous manifestation. Moreover, while reticent about her personal history, Patience accomplished a prodigious literary feat far beyond the ability of unlettered, provincial Pearl Curran even in a self-induced hypnotic state.

The only other natural explanation of Patience is that Mrs. Curran had a multiple personality, as did Eve in the best-selling *The Three Faces of Eve*. But, whereas only one of Eve's three distinct personalities was manifested at any one time, Pearl and Patience were conscious at the same time and frequently talked to each other, with Patience impatiently referring to her less gifted associate as "Follytop."

But if Patience Worth was truly a visitor from the other world, we must ask ourselves two questions: Why did she bother to communicate with us poor mortals, and why isn't communication from ghostdom more common?

Mediums, who disdain guesswork in these matters, contend that only "sensitives" like themselves, who are attuned to the spirit world, can receive communication from it. Regrettably, however, since at least 99 per cent of the professional mediums who claim to be sensitives are no more than hokum specialists, their testimony is, to say the least, slightly suspect.

The eerie trappings of a typical séance are a perfect setup for hoodwinking the gullible into believing anything. Invariably, the room is dark, or, at best, dimly lit. Curtained off in one corner is the "cabinet," consisting simply of a table on which are several noisemakers—a bell, a tambourine, a guitar. The sitters, more often than not bereaved persons hoping to contact a deceased relative or friend, are solemnly asked to grasp the medium's hands and place their feet firmly on his (or hers). This is supposed to eliminate the possibility of fraud, and also to pump "vital energy" from the sitters into the medium.

Dramatically, the medium goes into a trance, and then starts trembling and shaking like a rock 'n' roller with convulsions. While the sitters are manfully trying to keep the medium from wriggling and writhing right out of the chair, the guitar suddenly starts playing "Home Sweet Home," the table hops up and down, and the bell rings. The spirits have arrived.

What Makes a Table Dance?

Thoroughly engrossed since the medium's first twitch, the sitters do not notice that they are now holding each other's hands, or all are holding the same hand of the medium. He, meanwhile, is as busy as the proverbial one-armed paper-hanger ringing the bell, setting off the music box in the guitar, and beating the tambourine, all with the aid of a small, telescoping, black steel rod with a hook on the end of it. His foot will also be jigging like a jazz-band drummer's as he shakes the table, while the sitters are playing footsie with each other.

"Mental" mediums, in contrast to the noise-making "physical" type, claim to be possessed while in trance by a spirit "control" who speaks through them. The control, often a famous historical character among the less subtle charlatans, gets in touch with a requested dear-departed. Some mental mediums have been known to employ private detectives to gather personal information about a deceased whom a sitter wants to contact. When the medium spouts this information, the sitter is convinced it could only come from "beyond." Usually, though, the medium's messages are impossibly ambiguous expressions of hope and encouragement which only the sitter's pitiful desire to believe makes plausible.

Unhappy Mediums

A few critical investigators have concluded that all mediums, bar none, are either deliberate shams or sincere hysterics, whose trances are self-induced hypnotic states and whose "controls" are secondary and occasionally regressed personalities. It is true that many honest mediums (those who accept no fees and/or refuse to guarantee "contact") have had unhappy, very often severely disturbed, childhoods, a fact which often supports the belief that they are emotionally unstable. It is also true that many spirit messages are gobbledegook.

But this doesn't account for any of the truly amazing feats with which not a few mediums have been credited. In 1868, for instance, the famous English sensitive D.D. Home floated out a third-story window of Ashley House on Victoria Street in London, hovered in mid-air, and then glided back in through another window. This incredible performance was witnessed by four people, including the Earl of Crawford, a Fellow of the British Royal Society. Another time, according to a report in the London *Daily Telegraph*, "kneeling down, he placed his face among the glowing coals, moving it about as though bathing in water. Not even his eyebrows were singed." Home conducted séances in bright daylight and, incidentally, was the only one of many mediums tested by the British SPR who was never discovered faking. Significantly, despite the Soci-

ety's standing offer of £250 to any medium who can produce physical phenomena, none has been willing to perform since 1947, when the Society obtained an infrared telescope which would enable investigators to see in pitch darkness.

One striking demonstration of mediumistic power is the experience reported by Dr. John S. Thomas, a widower. A "personality" had represented itself through a medium as his late wife, and Dr. Thomas set out to see whether this "personality" could prove its identity beyond question. He published his findings in 1937, in a book called *Beyond Cognition*. Over a period of six years, 1,720 statements were received through twenty-two different mediums. Many of these were references to the married life of Dr. and Mrs. Thomas, names of people they had known, ball games they had attended; others referred to Dr. Thomas' life after his wife's death, and a few dealt with occurrences in the early life of Mrs. Thomas, which Dr. Thomas hadn't even known about. Most of the séances were not attended by Dr. Thomas; the majority took place in England while he was in this country. A stenographer who knew nothing about Dr. Thomas' personal life transcribed the statements of the mediums. Of the 1,720 statements, 92 per cent were correct.

Stimulated by earlier examples like this, up until the 1930s psychic researchers relied heavily on mediums. Innumerable baffling messages were received. Uneducated mediums in trance discussed learned subjects and made references in Latin and Greek when purportedly in touch with deceased scholars; one medium wrote in the handwriting of a deceased member of the SPR; mediums told of personal effects of dead people which no one alive knew about.

Tests Are Inconclusive

Yet, despite the extent of the evidence, the net result of the scientific study of mediumship can only be described, as Dr. Rhine says, "as a draw." Why? Because, Dr. Rhine explains, "the spirit theory was not the only explanation of the results. What was needed was a thorough examination of the recognized counterhypotheses of telepathy, clairvoyance, and precognition, since they, too, were extrasensory methods of gaining knowledge, such as mediumship implied. . . ."

Because of this keener awareness of mental telepathy, the search for survival evidence has turned to spontaneous occurrences, in which there seems to be a purposeful communication of information unknown to the person receiving the message. Dr. Rhine cites a near-perfect case, reported by a student at Northwestern University. One evening when he was four years old, he was aimlessly scribbling on a note pad in the lobby of a small Oregon hotel owned by his mother. After he finished, he dropped the papers into his mother's mailbox. A clerk discovered them the next day, noticed that the marks looked like shorthand, and, out of curiosity, showed them to a stenography teacher.

Automatic Writing

It turned out that the scribblings were a message in old-fashioned square-type shorthand, with not one extra mark or mistake. Deciphered, the message began, "Dearly Beloved," and told of valuable papers in a safety deposit box in New York City. The boy's father, who had always addressed his mother "Dearly Beloved," and who had learned the old-fashioned shorthand in his youth, had died suddenly in New York two weeks before, leaving the family in financial difficulties. The discovery of the safety deposit box ended the crisis.

Even if all evidence of messages seemingly received from beyond the grave is discounted, the question of survival after death is not closed. The answer can hinge on logical possibility alone, as well as on evidence, and that possibility, ironically, finds its best support in extrasensory perception. Since the body obviously does not survive death, the only aspect of man that could survive would have to be nonphysical, mental qualities; these naturally include consciousness, and consciousness of self. or identity. But if mind and brain are one and the same, nothing will survive. ESP, however, establishes the fact that man possesses a mental faculty independent of his body and senses, a spiritual entity which is not subject to decay. Does this survive death?

Perhaps the best answer to that question is another piece of evidence, reported by Sir Auckland Geddes to the Royal Medical Society of Edinburgh in 1937:

"On Saturday, 9th November, a few minutes after midnight, I began to feel very ill and by two o'clock was definitely suffering from acute gastroenteritis, which kept me vomiting and purging until about eight o'clock. . . . By ten o'clock I had developed all the symptoms of very acute poisoning: intense gastrointestinal pain, diarrhea; pulse and respiration became quite impossible to count. I wanted to ring for assistance but found I could not, and so quite placidly gave up the attempt. I realized I was very ill and quickly reviewed my whole financial position. Thereafter at no time did my consciousness appear to me to be in any way dimmed, but I suddenly realized that *my* consciousness was separating from another consciousness which was also me. These, for purposes of description, we could call the A- and B-consciousnesses, and throughout what follows the ego attached itself to the A-consciousness. The B-personality I recognized as belonging to the body, and as my physical condition grew worse and the heart was fibrillating rather than beating, I realized that the B-consciousness belonging to the body was beginning to show signs of being composite, that is, built up of 'consciousness' from the head, the heart and the viscera. These components became more individual and the B-consciousness began to disintegrate, while the A-consciousness, which was now me, seemed to be altogether outside my body, which it could see.

"Gradually I realized that I could see, not only my body and the bed in which it was, but everything in the whole house and garden, and then I realized I was seeing, not only 'things' at home but in London and in Scotland, in fact wherever my attention was directed, it seemed to me; and the explanation which I received. from what source I do not know, but which I found myself calling to myself my mentor, was that I was free in a time-dimension of space, wherein 'now' was in some way equivalent to 'here' in the ordinary, three-dimensional space of everyday life."

The Bystander

The experience ended when steps were taken to revive the patient: ". . . I saw 'A' enter my bedroom; I realized she got a terrible shock and I saw her hurry to the telephone. I saw my doctor leave his patients and come very quickly, and heard him say, or saw him think, 'He is nearly gone.' I heard him quite clearly speaking to me on the bed, but I was not in touch with my body and could not answer him. I was really cross when he took a syringe and rapidly injected my body with something which I afterwards learned was camphor. As the heart began to beat more strongly, I was drawn back, and I was intensely annoyed because I was so interested and just beginning to understand where I was and what I was 'seeing.' I came back into the body really angry at being pulled back, and once I was back, all the clarity of vision of anything and everything disappeared and I was just possessed of a glimmer of consciousness, which was suffused with pain.

"What are we to make of it?" the Honorable Mr. Geddes asked the Royal Society. "Of one thing only can we be quite certain. It is not a fake. Without certainty of this, I should not have brought it to your notice." THE END

Fascination of the Unknown

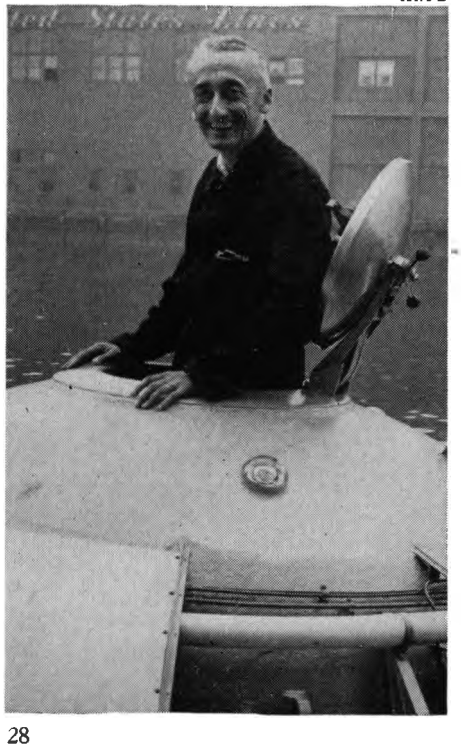
From the depths of the seven seas, the farthest reaches of the galaxies, and all the mysterious worlds between comes a continuous dare to discover more than we know. In every generation there are men and women like these who find the challenge irresistible.

BY LYN TORNABENE

Jacques Cousteau

It is one man's dream that someday science will produce a "manfish"—a man enabled by surgery to live beneath the water—and thus reverse "the divine movement of evolution." This is only one of his dreams, and its owner considers it not in the least bizarre. The man is Jacques-Yves Cousteau, French oceanographer known here primarily for his best-selling book and Oscar-winning film, *The Silent World*. He is one of the world's foremost undersea explorers and easily the most exciting adventurer of our time. He has sailed a quarter of a million miles through the 71 per cent of the earth's surface that is covered by water. In the aqualung of which he is a co-inventor, he has made over five thousand free dives (i.e., carrying his air supply with him). He has made the deepest anchorage ever achieved by seafaring men: 24,600 feet to the bottom of the Romanche Trench off Africa's Ivory Coast. He has recovered sunken archeological treasure from the coral reefs off Saudi Arabia, searched for oil off the "Pirate Coast" of Trucial Oman, examined a previously unexplored atoll in the Persian Gulf, surveyed the ocean floor between Spain and Arabia. All of this (and more) has been done since 1950, when he bought the *Calypso*, an American-made, 141-foot British minesweeper used in the war. Most of his voyages are jointly sponsored by the French government and the U.S. National Geographic Society. Cousteau himself is an ex-officer of the French Naval Academy. His beautiful blonde wife travels with him, and they have a chef and wine cellar on the *Calypso* along with multitudes of Jules Vernesque equipment for probing "inner space." Next on the Captain's agenda: explorations 600 feet down in a new undersea vehicle dubbed the "Diving Saucer" (shown at left). What will he find down there? "If I knew," Cousteau says, "I would not go."

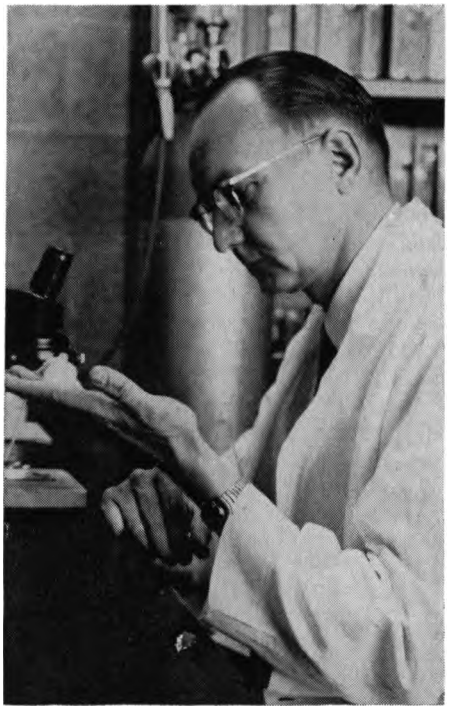
HNPL



Robert Huseby

It is estimated that forty million Americans now alive will develop cancer during their lifetime unless a cure is found. Such is the Damoclean sword that hangs over the heads of men like Dr. Robert A. Huseby, as they hunch and squint into the secret world of our most feared disease. There have already been many remarkable achievements in cancer research. Twenty years ago, one cancer patient in four was alive five years after his disease was diagnosed. Today the ratio is one in three, and there is available a means that could save one in two if every patient were diagnosed and adequately treated at the earliest possible moment.

Dr. Robert Huseby's seventeen-year research has been in the field of hormone therapy. During basic animal research as well as caring for patients, he has concentrated on finding the relationship of hormones to cancer, and in 1946 reported considerable success with endocrine treatment of advanced breast cancer. He has written more than fifty papers on original cancer research, is Associate Professor at the University of Colorado School of Medicine, and consultant to the office of the Surgeon General. Just recently he was named chief cancer consultant of the Eleanor Roosevelt Institute for Cancer Research in Denver, the first hospital to combine free cancer care with clinical and basic investigation. "Perhaps we shall find the long-sought answers and the cures at our new hospital," says Dr. Huseby. "It would be rewarding and appropriate. But of course it does not really matter where they are found."



Black Star

Leona Marshall

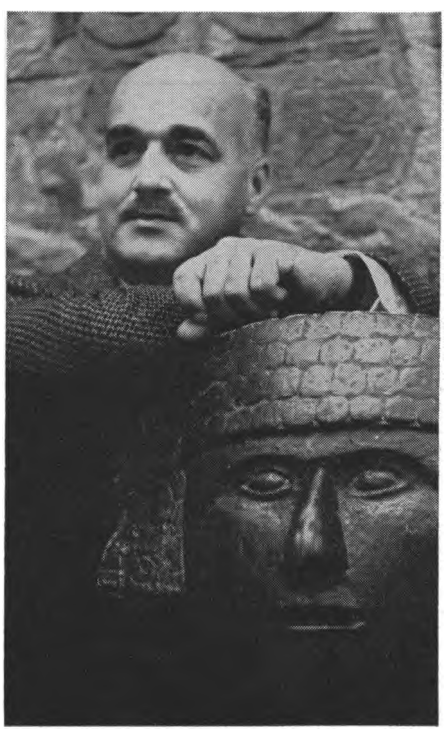
In an office at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology there is an empty bottle of $1.39 Chianti, with twenty-three signatures and December 2, 1942, marked on it. It is undoubtedly the most famous wine bottle of all times. The lead signature is Enrico Fermi's, and the bottle of wine was to celebrate man's achievement of the first sustained nuclear reaction—the birth of the atomic age. The third signature on the bottle reads "L. Woods," Leona Woods Marshall (not then married), the only woman among the "Manhattan Project" scientists. Leona was then twenty-two, and already completely immersed in the mystery of protons and neutrons, which still absorbs her energies six or seven days a week.

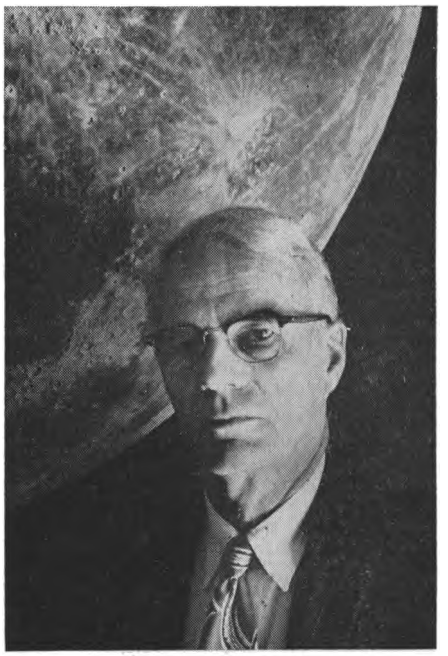
Dr. Marshall, Assistant Professor of Nuclear Physics at the University of Chicago, is currently on leave to do fundamental research at Brookhaven National laboratory in Long Island, New York. A unique operation in itself, Brookhaven was established at a cost of $25,000,000 to produce only one thing: knowledge. Across the country, at Los Alamos, Dr. Marshall's husband is part of another research team of nuclear physicists; their end-product: hydrogen bombs. "I don't think it's up to a scientist to be concerned about bombs," says Leona, who has two sons in prep school. "It is the responsibility of a scientist to be right in what he does and report it. What other men do with what is reported is their responsibility." Dr. Marshall, who also studied astrophysics but found it frustrating because "you can't prove anything," says the most exciting thing about her work is bringing off the next experiment. Her secret ambition: to be a consultant on television space shows.

Victor von Hagen

Archeologist and writer Victor von Hagen is irresistibly drawn by the remnants and ruins of worlds that were—specifically, the Mayan, Incan, and Aztec civilizations, about which he has written a dozen books. His first, *Off With Their Heads*, was a study of the headhunters in Ecuador and the Galapagos, who interested him because their ancestors had repeatedly vanquished the Incas. How did he study them? "I lived with them, of course," he says. "We got along beautifully. I gave them machetes made in Connecticut; they shrank a head for me so I could film it. Not a human head. But the principles are the same." Later von Hagen became convinced the Incas had had a highway system earlier than the Romans did—and a better one, too. He spent two years in Peru excavating for it, found it, and wrote two books, *Highway of the Sun* and *The Realm of the Incas*, about it. One of his early expeditions was made because a bird caught his imagination: the quetzal, a creature of brilliant plumage held sacred by the Aztecs, but never seen by civilized man. Von Hagen camped alone in the Honduran wilderness, where he calculated it might be. Not only did he see quetzals, he brought several back alive.

The explorer has also thrown literary light on the lives of the Tsetchela and Jicaque Indians, several archeologists, and the mistress of Simon Bolivar, a fascinating woman who, says the writer, was as mysterious as the quetzal bird. "I explore what intrigues me in this world," says von Hagen, now off to his home in Lima. "I live by a simple rule: if there is something you want to find, look for it."



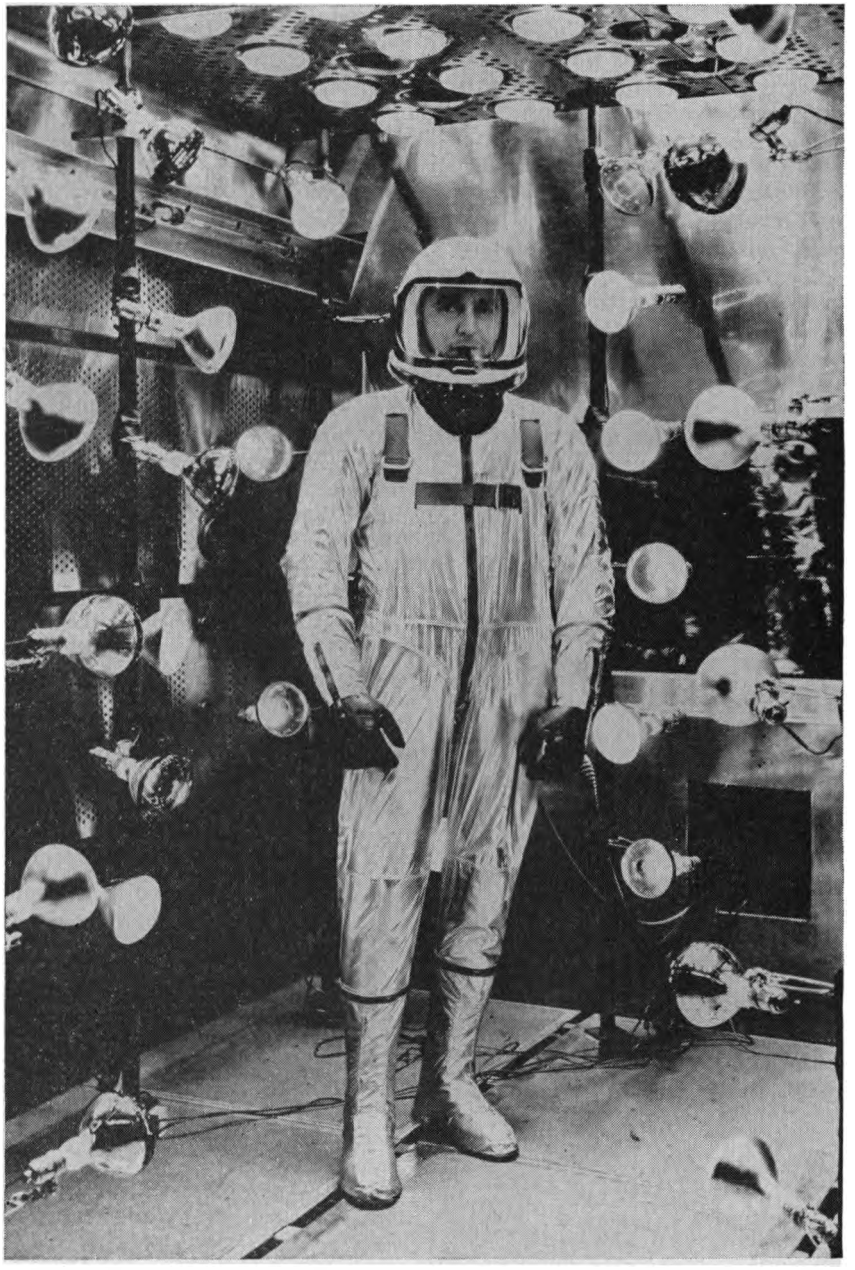


Ira Bowen

To begin to understand the expanse of Ira Sprague Bowen's workshop, you must stand outdoors on a clear night and look long and hard at the sky. It is a cliché, but it is true, that every man feels awed by the stars. Dr. Bowen has been staring at them for a lifetime, and every decade he sees more and more. As the director of the Mount Wilson and Palomar observatories in California, this world-renowned astronomer is keeper of the most remarkable telescope known to man: Big Schmidt (named for its inventor). Half the size of its giant brother, Big Eye, which is the largest in inches in the world, Big Schmidt shows the viewer two hundred times as much of the heavens. In 1956, using Big Schmidt, Palomar astronomers completed a giant photographic map of the sky that has contributed immeasurably to scientists' knowledge of the universe. This Sky Atlas is only one of a long list of astrophysical feats Dr. Bowen has witnessed or accomplished since 1927, when, at twenty-eight, he presented what is still considered final proof that all elements in the universe also occur on this earth. During the war he was associated with the Office of Scientific Research and Development, doing research on rockets and on cameras that increased the accuracy of aerial reconnaissance and bombing. When he took over Mount Wilson in 1946, he became keeper of the 100-inch Hooker reflector. Then Palomar also came under his direction and with it a 200-inch reflector, the world's largest. Horizons continually grow for such stargazers. While an increasing number of men set their sights on a single object, the moon, others like Bowen are probing far beyond it to realms no man yet dreams of reaching. THE END

Scott Crossfield Space Trailblazer

At the controls of the experimental space-conquering X-15, this human guinea pig is making the most spectacular aerial assault since the Wright brothers first learned to fly. His credo: "Barriers exist only in the minds of men."



COOL MAN *in a heat chamber, Scott tests five-layered aluminized space suit he worked on, says, "A man could go to the moon and back in it."*

BY ADAM DOUGLAS

Photos by Magnum

Is it possible for man to create a vehicle that can explore the virgin realms of space? Once having created it, can man himself control such a vehicle—make it respond to his command in an environment where he is not naturally the master? These were the questions asked in 1952 by the National Aeronautics and Space Administration. Seven years and 135 million dollars later we know that the answer to both questions is—yes. The craft: thirteen thousand pounds of half-missile, half-plane, known as X-15; the pioneer who proved it can be navigated: 150 pounds of half-pilot, half-scientist, known as Scott Crossfield.

The X-15 is the only plane ever built of a nickel-steel alloy called Inconel X that can withstand temperatures ranging from 1200 to -300 degrees Fahrenheit. It cannot "take off" from an airstrip like a conventional jet; it is not launched from a pad like a rocket; it is carried aloft under the wing of a B-52 bomber and "dropped" at an altitude of about 38,000 feet. Nor is it the stuff Buck Rogers fantasies are made of. It will not fly a man to the moon; it will not orbit the earth. But it will take man higher into space than he has ever been—an estimated 100 miles or more, faster than he has ever flown—possibly 5,000 mph. It will go up and come down in less than an hour, and in that hour man will learn how to shuttle between the earth and space.

Alfred Scott Crossfield, thirty-eight-year-old test pilot for North American Aviation, the company that constructs the X-15, is nearly as unusual as "The Bird" he was the first man to fly. "Low-key, intellectual, clinical as a surgeon, an iceberg, a flying egghead," his co-workers have called him. About as fond of pub-

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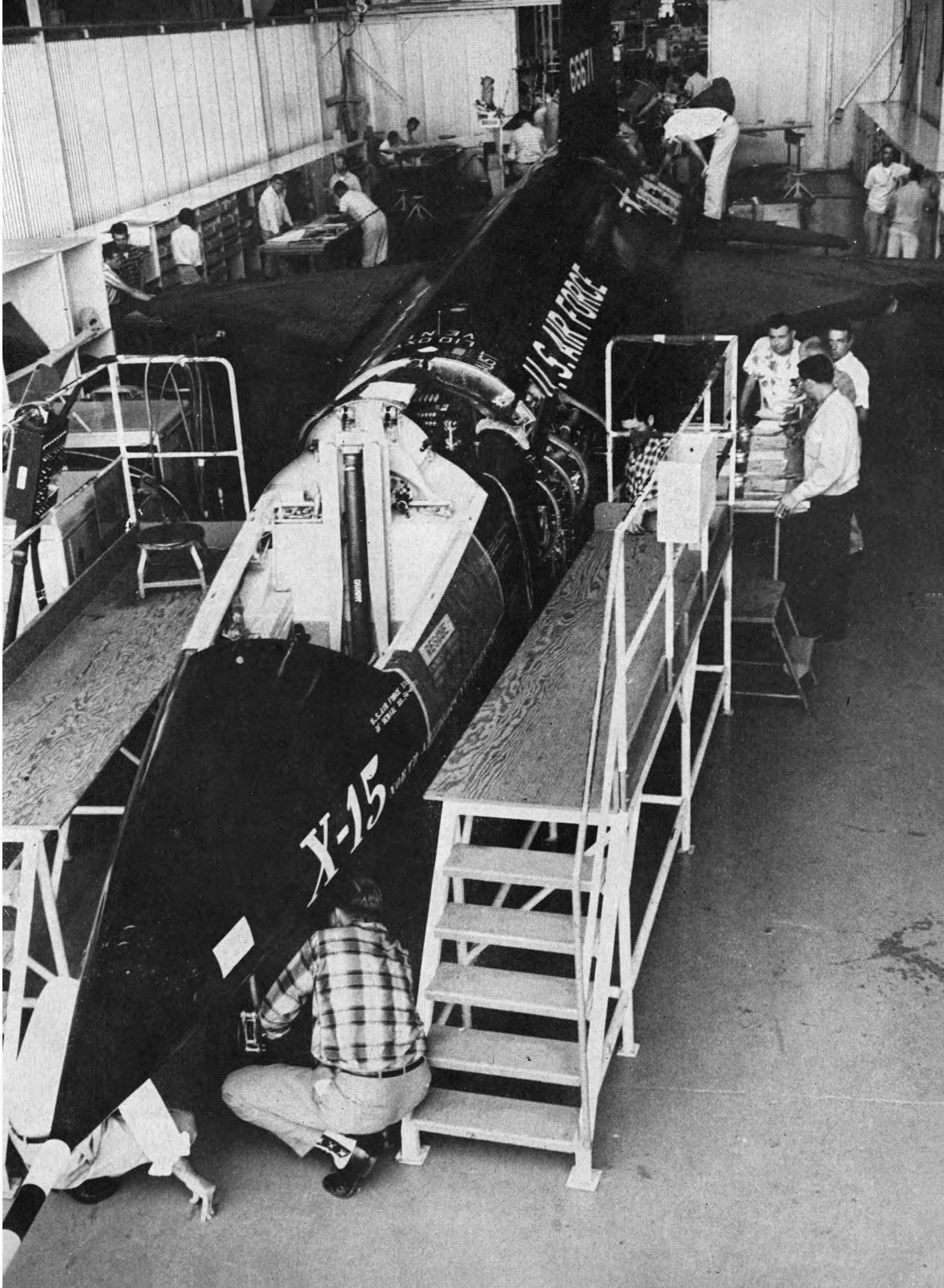
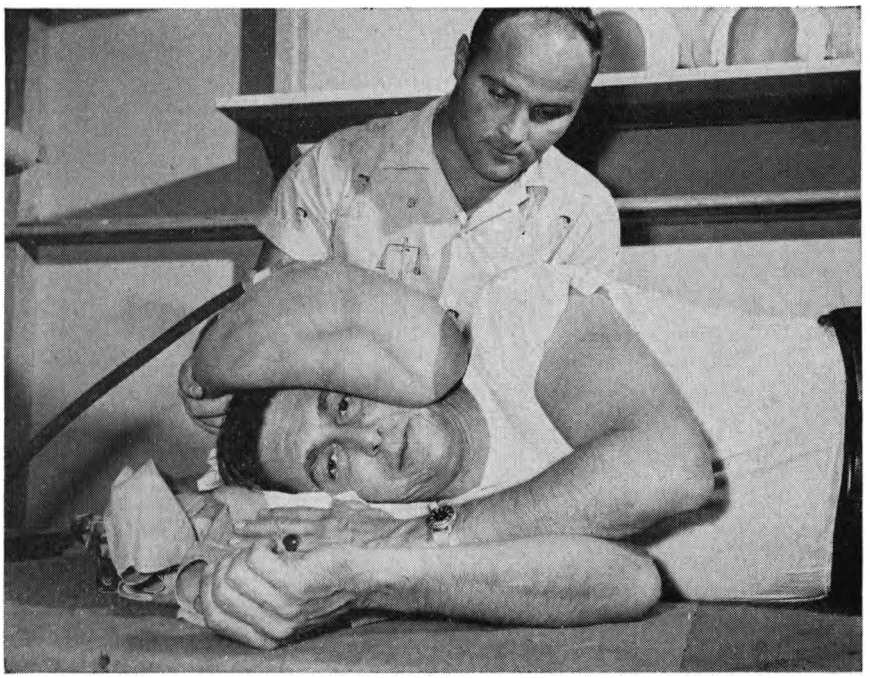
HAND-CRAFTED *X-15 represents two million man-hours of engineering.*


U.S. AIR FORCE
X-15

To learn to master the X-15's landing quirks, Crossfield flew deliberately damaged, "dirtied-up" jets daily for a year.



CUSTOM FITTING *was essential for every inch of Crossfield's space uniform. Here, he has a mold made of his head for helmet he wears in X-15.*

FINAL CHECK *is made before Crossfield is locked in under the wing of B-52 that launches the X-15. The over-all shape of the stubby, fifty-foot manned vehicle is result of 4,000 hours of wind-tunnel runs of model planes.*

licity as Greta Garbo, he submits to interviews about his work because he feels he has to, but refuses to allow his personable wife or his five children to be queried or photographed. Crossfield commutes seventy miles to his work in his own four-passenger Cessna, insists he is "just a man with a job." When he has time off, he often goes flying with his wife. Persistently debunking the image of test pilots as swashbuckling heroes, he says, "About the best test pilot I ever knew wasn't the convivial, party-going type at all. His main interest outside his work was raising apricots." Most of Crossfield's co-workers were stunned at the casual banter that passed between him and a chase pilot during the first power flight of the X-15. "Nice and easy, daddy," counseled Major Robert White, Air Force pilot and close friend of Crossfield's. "I'm an old pro, daddio," Scott replied.

And "old pro" he is. Crossfield had his first flying lessons at the age of twelve in payment for delivering newspapers to an airport manager in his home town of Wilmington, California. For years after that, Scott "flew anywhere and anytime" he could. "I was pretty much of an airport bum," he says. During World War II he was a Navy flight instructor, after which he studied aeronautical engineering at the University of Washington, got his Master's Degree in Aero Science, then a government job as an aeronautical research pilot. In 1953, flying a research plane, he became the first man to fly at Mach 2.01 (twice the speed of sound: 1,327 mph). When the X-15 project was assigned to North American Aviation in 1955, Crossfield went with it.

Crossfield's title of "design specialist and engineering test pilot" on the X-15 is typical of the current trend of giving the men who fly the planes a large part in the ground-work of designing them. The "shop" work Crossfield has done on the X-15 exceeds his flight time by about a thousand to one.

What about the danger? According to Crossfield, there isn't any. "You could see fright in Crossfield's face if you asked him to drive a bus down Broadway," a friend has said, "but not in anything that flies." Just a few months ago the X-15 caught fire in flight and Crossfield had to jettison fuel for an emergency landing in it. When he brought in the damaged craft, which he never considered abandoning, he apologized "for the delay in flying this will mean."

As proved, there is still plenty of

(continued)

TESTS *of X-15 escape system are made on dummies. Though pilot could not escape in space because he would burn, ejection is possible on re-entry into the atmosphere.*

X-15 ENGINEERS *in control room of North American Aviation's hangar at Edwards Air Force Base listen to pre-countdown chatter between B-52 operator and Crossfield.*


X-15

A favorite Crossfield-ism: "If we didn't have such a moral outlook about risking lives we could do a lot more than we're doing."

danger in test-flying the X-15, ground-tested though it is. Most hazardous is the landing, made at two hundred miles an hour. Instead of conventional wheels, the X-15 has skids under each wing, and a nose wheel. It touches down "on its heels," nose up, and literally skids to a stop. No man-made runway in the United States is big enough for it, so landings are made in the desert.

Three X-15s have been completed. The first two should have been turned over to the Air Force by the time you read this. The final plane will have the most powerful engine, one that supplies fifty thousand pounds of thrust—more horsepower than two ocean liners of *Queen Mary* size. Crossfield, by contract, is not expected to break either altitude or speed records in the plane he helped design. He will be the first man to fly with fifty thousand pounds of thrust, however, and what will happen when he does is what everyone interested in space travel is anxiously waiting to see. THE END

UPI

TEST PILOT'S *big test came last November when fire broke out minutes after the X-15 was launched on its third power flight. Crossfield made landing uninjured but the impact fractured the ship's fuselage five feet behind cockpit.*

BURNING MIDNIGHT OIL, *Scott (feet on desk) discusses countdown procedure. Far left is test engineer Sam Richter; behind him, Bill Berkowitz, the launch panel operator on the B-52 who works with Crossfield during flight.*

CROSSFIELD GETS READY: *"I don't consider this adventurous. It's something I have to do and want to do."*

Is Your Fate in the Stars?

Every year Americans pay astrologers $100,000,000 for advice on romantic problems, personal dangers, ways to get ahead. Are they wasting their money? Or is astrology, as a New York judge once ruled, really "an exact science"?

BY J. P. EDWARDS

"In mid-April there is a strong possibility of a female death in your family, probably a child."

To the young engineer whom we shall call George Andrews, these words—part of a forecast made in January, 1951, by astrologer Charles Jayne—could mean only one thing: danger for his eight-year-old daughter, Maryann.

He did not tell his wife of the prediction. No need, he decided, to worry her with his fears. Besides, he had a strong suspicion (and a fervent hope) that astrology would prove to be exactly the sort of meaningless hocus-pocus people said it was.

January and February passed. Maryann remained in perfect health. In March, however, she complained of a sore throat and was taken to the doctor. The diagnosis: her tonsils were infected and would have to come out.

Andrews asked the doctor to delay the operation until the end of April, when the danger period would have passed. On April 15, however, he returned from an out-of-town business trip to find his home locked and deserted. A neighbor told him what had happened: the hospital had had no rooms for the end of April, so they had decided to go ahead sooner. Maryann was having her operation that day.

A Matter of Life or Death

"I drove like a madman," Andrews recalls. "When I got there, I found my wife in hysterics. Maryann had been in the operating room more than two hours. The doctor came out. His clothes were covered with blood. When he saw us he said, 'We couldn't stop the bleeding.'

"Maryann was still alive, but just barely. When they wheeled her out she was like a little wax doll. You couldn't even see her breathe. For the next thirty-six hours I never left her bedside. . . ."

That night, as he watched, the child suddenly stiffened and rose to a half-sitting position, then fell back on the pillow, inert and apparently lifeless. "It was a death spasm," Andrews says. "In that moment she actually died. I'm certain of it."

"Astrology Saved Her"

He shouted for help. The floor nurse, an intern, and several doctors came at once. Frantically, they worked over the child, giving her artificial respiration, injecting stimulants, and finally administering a blood transfusion. Several long, anxious minutes later Maryann stirred faintly, began to breathe again.

"She hasn't been sick a day since," Andrews says. "But she wouldn't be alive today if I hadn't known the danger and sat with her that night. Astrology saved her life."

Whether or not you agree with this interpretation of events, one thing can be stated with certainty: George Andrews is no crackpot. Rather, he is a sane and scientifically informed individual who frankly admits: "I was a skeptic for years, but now I am convinced that astrology is a valid science." Today he has become an important advertising man (his job change was shown a year in advance in his horoscope) and is an executive producer for one of the biggest shows in television.

There are many like him. For, while astrologers' clients include a number of neurotics, cranks, and get-rich-quick gamblers, they also include:

—Business executives like New York buyer Muriel E. Gleason, who purchases one million dollars' worth of merchandise a year for a large department store chain.

—Writers like Erich Maria Remarque, who refused to allow his best-seller, *Arch of Triumph*, to be published until the heavenly signs were exactly right.

—Psychologists like Vernon Clark of Evanston, Illinois, who recently tested a group of astrologers for ability to match the birth dates of unknown individuals with their professions—and found their scores substantially higher than might be expected by chance alone.

—Homeopathic physicians like Dr. William M. Davidson of Chicago, who is himself an astrologer and who gives lectures on the influences of the planets on health.

Astrology has been practiced for thousands of years and numbers among its advocates a long list of world figures from King Solomon to Adolf Hitler. Today, however, its popularity has reached unprecedented proportions. According to Dr. Adrian Ziegler, President of Astrologers International, consultations in the United States are now in excess of ten million a year.

Prim and Proper Prophetess

Much of this upsurge stems from the efforts of one woman: a prim and proper Bostonian named Evangeline Adams. Miss Adams, a descendant of John Quincy Adams, arrived in New York March 16, 1899, to set up shop as a reader of horoscopes. Twenty-four hours later she was famous—for having foreseen one of the worst disasters in the city's history.

Checking in at the old Windsor Hotel on Fifth Avenue, Miss Adams was asked by the owner, Warren F. Leland, to read his horoscope. Looking at his chart, she saw what she later described as "danger so imminent that it seemed the man in front of me was being pushed into the very depths of disaster."

Alarmed, she told him of the terrifying aspects confronting him and warned that tragedy was indicated for the very near future, perhaps the following day.

Leland, a heavy Wall Street speculator, immediately considered the possibility of a market crash. But he reassured both himself and Miss Adams: "Tomorrow's a holiday. Stocks can't go down."

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"IN 1960 *startling things will happen to you," astrologer Righter tells Arlene Dahl. "Your career will soar." Righter advises many stars; some will not go out of their homes without his say-so.*

Lou Jacobs, Jr.

A horoscope can cost 50 cents—or 500 dollars.

The next day (St. Patrick's Day, 1899) there was no trading in securities, because the exchange was closed. Tragedy struck, however, from another direction. That afternoon, as the annual paraders marched up Fifth Avenue past the Windsor, flames suddenly burst from the upper windows of the old hotel. In a matter of minutes, the building was ablaze.

A few hours later the once-elegant Windsor was a smoldering ruin, and New Yorkers were counting the toll of the worst hotel fire the city had ever known. Scores of persons had lost their lives; many more had been injured.

For Warren Leland, however, there was still another dimension to the tragedy. For among the dead were his wife and twenty-year-old daughter, Helen.

Pictorial Parade

J. P. MORGAN *often got his stock market tips from a noted astrologer.*

Miss Adams herself narrowly escaped. Like the other guests, she lost most of her valuables. But, for her, the Windsor fire was not without its fortunate consequences. Next morning, when she read the papers, she discovered she had suddenly become a celebrity. Leland had told reporters of her prediction. Overnight, her reputation was made.

Illustrious Stargazers

Thereafter, for more than three decades, people from all parts of the world flocked to her doorstep. Her clients included Reginald Vanderbilt, Tallulah Bankhead, Eva Le Gallienne, naturalist John Burroughs, Seymour Cromwell and Jacob Stout (both of whom had been president of the New York Stock Exchange), Enrico Caruso, Mary Pickford, Geraldine Farrar, and Mary Garden. J. P. Morgan came to her regularly for financial advice. And a well-known madam who retired in splendor, after having cannily evaded the law for years, credited the shocked lady from Boston with her success. "Whenever my horoscope showed that I was coming under bad conditions," she said, "I took double precautions against the police."

In 1914, Miss Adams, with a courage that would have done credit to her illustrious ancestors, tackled the toughest assignment in all astrological history. She went on trial.

In the state of New York, fortune-telling is against the law. Earlier, a charge accusing her of telling fortunes had been thrown out of court. When she was charged a second time, however, she decided to fight. "Don't attempt to get the case dismissed," she told her attorney. "I want to be *tried*."

The day of the trial she appeared in court "with a pile of reference books that reached nearly to the ceiling and a mass of evidence that reached as far back as the Babylonian seers." She showed the judge exactly how she took a birth date, looked up the position of the planets for that time, noted them on her circular chart, and, on the basis of their placement, arrived at her conclusions. As a clincher, she asked permission to cast a horoscope then and there.

The judge gave her the date of a person unknown to her, and instructed her to tell him what she could about that individual.

She gave her reading—and quickly won the case.

The judge was in an excellent position to evaluate her accuracy. The date he had given was the birthday of his own son. In his decision he said: "The defendant raises astrology to the dignity of an exact science." Thanks to this ruling, in New York today, although fortune-telling is still outlawed, astrologers can practice freely. They even advertise in the yellow pages of the telephone directory.

Despite her successes, Miss Adams is revered by present-day practitioners more for her historical importance than for her forecasting skill.

"I knew her well," astrologer Myra Kingsley says, "and, while she was right most of the time, she *did* make some terrible errors.

"For instance, she told my mother that her brother-in-law (her sister's husband) was going to die in the near future. Mother was utterly convinced that this was going to happen. She was building a house on Riverside Drive at the time, and she changed the plans, adding a special wing so there would be room for her sister's children."

For once, however, the stars were wrong. The brother-in-law did not die on schedule. "He lived on," Miss Kingsley observes wryly, "for many years after that."

Miss Adams was unruffled by occurrences of this kind. "Astrology is infallible," she was fond of saying, "but astrologers are not." In other words, the truth is always in the heavens—for those who can read it correctly.

You Are Master of Your Fate

Modern astrologers are careful to point out that planetary positions indicate only a *tendency*, not a definite future event. Carroll Righter of Beverly Hills prefaces each of his daily newspaper forecasts with the words, "The stars impel. . . . They do not compel. What you make of your life is largely up to you." And another astrologer says, "Even the worst planetary aspects can be overcome through prayer."

This attitude is not the only way in which, astrologically speaking, times have changed. In her day, Evangeline Adams was almost alone in the field. Today, there are approximately six hundred full-time professionals in this country, plus more than one hundred thousand others who pursue astrology on a part-time basis. At rates ranging from two dollars to as much as five hundred dollars for a reading, they gross an estimated $100,000,000 a year.

One of the top earners is Bruce King, known professionally as Zolar ("zodiac"

plus "solar"), whose stargazing brings in a reported $150,000 annually. King gives no private readings. Instead, he runs a thriving publishing company which he calls "the General Motors of astrology" and which distributes 70 per per cent of all the mass-printed horoscopes sold in this country.

King, a onetime securities dealer, first became interested in astrology during the Depression, when "it seemed astrologers were the only people with any money." Not long afterward he invented the Astrolograph, a vending machine that sold millions of ten-cent horoscopes to patrons of movie theatres and penny arcades. Today he publishes more elaborate horoscopes (one for each day of the year) which are sold throughout the world, principally at newsstands and ten-cent stores. He sells five hundred thousand of these a year, at prices ranging from thirty-five cents to one dollar. All told, he estimates he has sold more than fifty million horoscopes.

Every Seer a Specialist

Old-time stargazers dealt with matters of every kind: world events, human relations, health and business problems. In contrast, the modern practitioner tends to concentrate on one or more of astrology's specialized fields.

The most popular of these is personal, or natal, astrology. The personal astrologer concerns himself with human relationships, career opportunities. individualized service of all kinds. Often his ability as a psychologist is as necessary as his skill at reading a chart. Manhattan astrologer Pauline Messina tells of a client who brought a friend along when she came for her reading. Afterward, she remarked to the friend: "You see? Mrs. Messina gives you the same kind of help you'd have to pay a psychiatrist twenty-five dollars an hour to get, and she's much less expensive."

One of the personal astrologer's most important functions is warning individuals of particularly lucky or unlucky periods in their lives. Carroll Righter, whose personal clients have included Clark Gable, Lana Turner, Robert Cummings, Tyrone Power, Peter Lawford. Dick Powell, Van Johnson, Rhonda Fleming, Arlene Dahl. and many other film stars, once told Marlene Dietrich: "This is a bad day for you, Marlene. Don't go to the studio."

Miss Dietrich, who was making a film at the time, went anyway. On the set, she tripped over a toy fire engine and broke her ankle.

Later, when her daughter, Maria Riva, was expecting a baby, Righter was asked to predict the date of its birth. He studied the charts of Miss Dietrich. her daughter, and her son-in-law, and noted that a period of unusual excitement for all three was indicated on May 11. Mrs. Riva made a bet with her doctor that the baby would be born on that date. She won the bet.

Another time, Righter warned actress Maria Montez that the first week of September was an adverse time in her chart, and that at this time it was likely that danger would come to her from water. On September 7 of that year, Miss Montez fainted while taking a very hot bath, and was drowned.

Personal astrology deals not only with alarms, but with reassurances as well. Hellene Paul, who deals with both personal and financial matters, once helped put a mother's mind at rest after her son had run away from home. After studying the boy's horoscope, she came up with the following information: He had gone to the Southwest. He was presently earning enough money to take care of himself. However, between June 10 and 20, the boy would contact his mother to tell her that he was slightly injured and that he had no more money.

On June 15, Miss Paul received a telephone call. "I just got a telegram from my son," the mother said. "He's in Texas. He was working in a machine shop till he hurt his foot and had to give up his job. Now he hasn't any more money and wants to come home."

Heaven Only Knows the Market

Results like this are derived from the chart of a particular individual. However, predicting events in the lives of humans is not the only use of astrology. It is also possible to set up a horoscope for a nation, an organization, or a business—which brings us to the second major field of forecasting: business astrology.

When he was president of the New York Stock Exchange, Seymour Cromwell once told Evangeline Adams: "I believe you hold in your hand the key to the rise and fall of the stock market." He was only one of the many Wall Streeters who, throughout the years, have turned to the stars in an effort to understand market movements.

Today the busiest astrologer in this

(continued)

Pictorial Parade

SUSAN HAYWARD *considers stars an aid to stardom, once was wakened in the wee hours to sign a contract at the exact moment her astrologer had advised.*

Is Your Fate in the Stars? (continued)

field is a securities analyst, known in stargazing circles as Technicrat, but who, under his real name, writes a weekly market letter which is sent to more than one thousand investors. Clients who follow his suggestions have no idea that they are acting on information revealed by astrology. "As far as they are concerned," he says, "all I know about astrology is the difference between the moon and the stars."

Results Rate Respect

Whatever they might think of his methods, Technicrat's clients have no cause to complain of his results. His record as a short-term forecaster has been astonishingly accurate. In many cases, his predictions of temporary tops and bottoms have been correct to the exact day.

He has made a number of errors, too. "But," he explains, "in each case I was able to go back over the record and see why. That's the great thing about market astrology. You have the entire record of price movements right there in black and white, and you can study it. Since planetary movements are also known, all you have to do is work it out. I'm learning more about it all the time, and I am convinced this is an exact thing. It's a big job, though. If I had a couple of assistants I could *really* go to town."

For Technicrat, as for all business astrologers, the inevitable question arises: "If you're so good at this, why aren't you rich?"

"Maybe I will be one day," he says. "But my personal chart shows that nothing will ever come easy for me. I have some very bad aspects." Evangeline Adams had a similar answer. "It isn't in my stars to be rich," she said.

The most famous business astrologers in history were W. Kenneth Brown and L. Edward Johndro, who worked as a team and who, in the 1930s, charged clients from five hundred to fifteen hundred dollars a year for their services. Brown, a trained psychologist and personnel worker as well as an astrologer, was once retained by a large Manhattan bank which had been losing money. He did astrological charts for the bank and its key employees, then ordered shifts in personnel in accordance with his findings. Once the changes were made, the bank quickly moved out of the red and into the black, where it has continued to operate ever since.

A third major field is medical astrology, which is used by a number of homeopaths in diagnosing and treating their patients and which has also aroused the interest of some psychiatrists. Dr. William M. Davidson, who teaches as well as practices medical astrology, was once consulted by a well-known architect whose son had recently shown an alarming susceptibility to exhaustion. The father was puzzled by this. "Why, my son is a college athlete," he said. "He was accepted into the Navy without question."

Diagnostic Horoscope

The following week the boy collapsed in a dentist's chair and was brought to Dr. Davidson for examination. A horoscope was quickly drawn up. "Neptune conjoined Saturn in Leo." Dr. Davidson says, "clearly showing what physical diagnosis did not reveal—a leak of vitality over the area of the heart." Subsequent

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What do your stars say for 1960? Will you fall in love? Be promoted?

ARIES

March 21 to April 19

This is a year when you can pretty much do what you want. The year 1959 found you pretty dependent upon others, but now your pioneering qualities can have more range and freedom of expression. Go after your personal desires and let friends be more aware of your deep-seated longings. But protect your credit and take no chances with your reputation. Friends back you loyally but officials demand your meticulous compliance with all laws and regulations.

GEMINI

May 21 to June 21

You want to be constantly on the move this year and will have many opportunities to do so which will be easy for you. But you have obligations and responsibilities from the past—some of them material as well as in emotional matters—which require that you listen closely to understand the suggestions given by experts in both financial and also personal advisory fields. Considerable public acclaim is possible for you through demonstrations of your talents to the public.

LEO

July 22 to August 21

This is certainly your year to walk the chalk line! You ricochet between pleasures and duties of a confining nature. If 1960 is to bring you the advancement possible, you need to schedule your weeks and months so that the utmost productivity is obtained from them. Social functions delight you and you can attend many, but be sure that you keep your purse zipped so that your overgenerous impulses will not cause a lessening of your financial security.

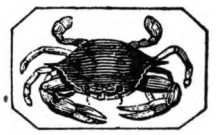
TAURUS

April 20 to May 20

Some very startling and dramatic events can occur at your own residence that require that you act with unusual thoughtfulness and consideration in that vital realm of your existence. But there is an expansive quality to your thinking, and any chance afforded you in 1960 to travel or extend your acquaintances and knowledge should be eagerly grasped. Your close partner acts in a strange manner, but you can handle this by your own accurate intuition now.

CANCER

June 22 to July 21



Your whole year seems to find you dependent upon others and their whims and moods. However, you yourself are not too eager at this time to branch out for yourself, and if you accent the power that others have over your affairs now, it is just because you want to feel imposed upon. Avoid making a religion of self-pity. Otherwise this is one of your best years, and you can join forces with long-time companions to open new horizons. But be very exact in money matters.

VIRGO

August 22 to September 22

This is an extremely important year. You are far more in tune with what you actually want and the means by which you can get the good will of relatives, neighbors, and all close business and personal companions by thinking more in terms of their basic goals. A splendid year for all studies, shopping, opening shops or places of business, or taking a new position more in keeping with your special aptitudes. Most of all, much happiness at attractive outside places is now yours.

medical tests revealed that he was correct.

The most spectacular of all forms of stargazing is mundane, or world, astrology. Here the emphasis is on prediction of major national and international events.

In ancient times, virtually every important ruler had his own astrologer whose duty it was to pick the best possible times for making war. Sooner or later, these early stargazers would make an error and fall from grace.

Does this mean that astrology itself was to blame? Not in the opinion of modern practitioners. "The old rulers always wanted to fight," one of them explains. "If the astrologer advised against war he often was imprisoned. If he advised in favor of it and the emperor lost, he was imprisoned, too. Under a set-up like that, astrology never had a chance."

Recent evidence seems to bear this out. Adolf Hitler, a firm believer in the power of the stars, had no fewer than five astrologers charting a course for him. And the most celebrated of them, Karl E. Kraft, died miserably in a concentration camp—reportedly because his advice turned out badly.

Benito Mussolini, too, kept close watch on planetary aspects through a certain Signor Rosconi in Milan. Rosconi had first attracted attention in 1918 by predicting that World War I would end in November of that year. At that time, this appeared so unlikely that he narrowly escaped being shut up in an insane asylum.

An even more startling forecast of Rosconi's is detailed in a book published several years ago. He predicted that another war would break out within ten years and that, on this occasion, Italy would annex some new territories. The book containing this prediction was published in 1933.

Are We Moon-Struck?

In astrology, as in all other types of forecasting, successes like this tend to be remembered, while the errors often are conveniently forgotten. Nevertheless, certain scientific findings in recent years suggest that the planets *may* have at least a limited effect on earthly life.

At the University of Pennsylvania School of Medicine, Dr. Leonard J. Ravitz has conducted experiments which indicate that both people and birds may be affected by the moon. In measuring the electrical output of their bodies, he found that it fluctuates according to certain definite rhythms and that these rhythms correspond to phases of the moon. More important, he noted that changes in electrical output are marked, in humans, by changes of mood and, in birds, by increased activity.

In an earlier experiment at Yale, Dr. Ravitz made similar studies on 430 people, among them a pair of male adult schizophrenic twins. All showed a similar pattern: "Predictable variations, one of which approximates the full and new moons."

When the moon was new or full, he could be certain that the twins would be at their worst. They would begin to preach, threaten to "slay the wicked," have vivid dreams, and try to escape. Between moons they tended to be calmer, saner. This confirmed something Dr. Ravitz had already observed for himself:

(continued)

Take a trip? Here's what astrologist Carroll Righter predicts for you.

LIBRA

September 23 to October 22

Your ability at neat touch and fine finish is now at a peak, and any labor you perform that requires such a type of expression can now be very successful for you. Progressive and unusual friends can give you much support and very interesting times. Be with them as much as you can. Confusion in money matters should be replaced by exact accounting of obligations and analysis of assets. Be more than usually conscientious at home. Show devotion to your own clan.

SAGITTARIUS

November 22 to December 21

You open 1960 with a desire to fly high, wide, and handsome and it is a very good time to do so. Be just as personal as you like in going to people able to help, and let them know exactly what your biggest ambitions are. Be less independent and be willing to accept the suggestions or the help they extend—and do so with a smile for best results. Fine for traveling, changes, new outlets of all kinds. Don't let material obligations keep you from thinking and getting big!

AQUARIUS

January 21 to February 19

You will need to keep in mind throughout the year those fine humanitarian ideas and lofty hopes and wishes which are strongly a part of your nature as a "gregarious Aquarius." You are constantly thinking of serving others, but it needs to be on a very sober and practical basis if you are to be successful in this desirable course of action. Being held down by behind-the-scenes duties is necessary, but good friends and highly original and progressive associates lighten the burden.

SCORPIO

October 23 to November 21

This can be one of your best years if you are especially careful not to yield to a temptation to blast officials or any persons in positions of power and influence. You are even more certain of what you want; you find that those connected with large institutions or corporations are willing to lend you a hand; you have many interesting invitations to relieve any monotony; and you discover that your daily existence is improved by routines working out very much to your satisfaction.

CAPRICORN

December 22 to January 20

This can certainly be your year to get pretty much what you want—especially those long-range goals which require organization, system, method, and co-ordinating the various departments of your life in a very down-to-earth, workable plan. You are naturally serious-minded, you do not like to take chances, and you want a very solid and secure foundation. And this is exactly that type of year for you. Understanding friends can aid greatly. Avoid hasty financial commitments.

PISCES

February 20 to March 20

If you don't spend your time fussing, fuming, and fretting about what you can't help, this can be one of your most productive and successful years. Your formula for success is to combine basic ideals with the modern way of doing things. You have more than usual charm, are alert to what is going on about you, have the backing of understanding and experienced friends. Be sure you always keep attractive art and other articles of beauty about for real peace of mind!

that at Duke Hospital and at the Veterans Administration Hospital in Roanoke, Virginia, there invariably was more unrest in the psychiatric wards during new and full moons. His conclusion: Whatever else we may be, we are all electrical machines. . . . Thus energy reserves may be mobilized by periodic universal factors (such as forces behind the moon) which tend to aggravate maladjustments and conflicts already present."

Another study which seems to indicate at least a slim basis for astrology was conducted in 1936 by Dr. William F. Peterson of the University of Illinois College of Medicine. He compared case histories of twenty-five thousand individuals—one group of them highly successful, the other unsuccessful or criminal—with their respective birth dates.

Although Dr. Peterson's report makes no mention of astrology (he was concerned with weather conditions as a prenatal influence), it does show that your chances of keeping out of jail, out of debt, and of being generally successful are much better if you were born between September and March than at some other time.

He also found that feeble-minded persons tend to be born during the first half of the year.

Better-Than-Average Guessers

Granted that weather, the moon, or even distant planets may have some slight effect upon earthly life, have astrologers found the key to interpreting it? A recent study by psychologist Vernon Clark, of Evanston, Illinois, indicates that, at the very least, they are better-than-average guessers.

Clark devised a matching test which he gave to twenty leading astrologers. It consisted of ten birth charts and a list of ten professions: herpetologist, musician, bookkeeper, veterinarian, art department chairman, art critic, librarian, artist-puppeteer, prostitute, and pediatrician. The astrologers were asked to indicate which birth chart represented an actual individual in each of the various professions.

In their total scores, fifteen of the twenty astrologers performed above the level of chance. Clark says: "The results are *not* spectacular. They are, however, positive (in favor of astrology as a technique) and consistently so. They demonstrate that astrologers, in performing their task, exhibited a clear, unmistakable, and significant tendency to move in the direction of correct judgment."

For Future Reference

The ultimate test, of course, is not whether astrologers can perform above chance in tests of this kind but whether they can actually predict specific events as they claim. COSMOPOLITAN has asked several leading astrologers to go on record now with their forecasts for the coming year. Here are some of the things they predict:

The next President: According to Dr. Adrian Ziegler, "The trend is strongly Democratic." Pauline Messina agrees. "It looks like a Democratic sweep," she says. "Hubert Humphrey's chart is not promising. Lyndon Johnson's is good, Kennedy's is better. But the winner may be a dark horse. Nixon," Mrs. Messina continues, "looks like the Republican nominee. His astrological chart shows that he has Saturn on his sun. (Both FDR and Ike were elected with Saturn on their suns.) However, Nixon's chart also shows a bitter disappointment for 1960. It could be loss of the election. Rockefeller's chart is afflicted. He shouldn't even try."

Myra Kingsley adds: "There are several important men in government—all of them Cancers (or Moon Children)—who are going to be under a cloud in 1960. In each of their charts Saturn will be in opposition to the sun sometime during the year. These men include Nelson Rockefeller, Stuart Symington, Henry Cabot Lodge, and Governor Meyner of New Jersey."

Hellene Paul says: "It is Richard M. Nixon's chart which indicates the greatest possibility of success throughout the entire year. Of all the Presidential possibilities, he stands the best possible chance of success. However, there is always the chance that a dark horse will come in as the winner."

The stock market: Technicrat observes: "The early part of 1960 looks like a good trading market. Industrials should fluctuate in wide swings as they did from 1955 to 1957, although not at the same price level." Zolar is more concrete. "The first ten days of January," he says, "will be a good time to take short-term profits. The market should sell off during the middle of the month and continue sluggish to the end of January. During the first weeks of February there will be a slow recovery culminating in a strong rally from February 27 to 29. Lower prices in March, with a rally during the last ten days of the month."

Controversy Over Khrushchev

World affairs: Hellene Paul says: "Nikita Khrushchev's chart is extraordinarily favorably aspected for 1960. He will undoubtedly have his way in anything he sets out to accomplish—especially in dealings with our country. His chart reflects tremendous scientific advances that will be made with continued and increased prestige for Russia."

Zolar does not entirely agree. "Between now and 1962," he observes, "Khrushchev stands in greater danger of being ousted from his top position in the Soviet Union than the Western Allies do of being forced out of Germany. A strong bid to oust him will be made within the next two years. However, this will be no solace to the Allies, because it appears his successor may be far more dangerous to the free world than Khrushchev has been."

Charles Jayne concurs. "Within the next five years," he says, "or perhaps a slightly longer period, Western nations will take the first steps toward political and economic union. Russia, on the other hand, will be torn by internal difficulties and strife."

In a more specific vein is the prediction made by Dr. William Tucker, president of the Federation of British astrologers. After a careful study of Queen Elizabeth's horoscope, he announces: "Her Majesty will have her baby at 10:30 in the morning on January 17, 1960."

Seven years ago, when Albert Einstein announced his Unified Field Theory, the New York *Times* paraphrased his conclusions as follows: "A universe not governed by cause and effect is an incomplete theory, and . . . eventually laws will be formed showing a continuous non-dualistic universe, governed by immutable laws, in which individual events are predictable."

Apparently, Einstein believed that a key to the unknown does exist. But have astrologers found it? As the major events of 1960 unfold, we should have a better idea of the answer than ever before.

The END

An Illinois psychologist tested twenty astrologers, found "a clear tendency toward correct judgment."

Drugs and the Mind's Hidden Powers

Sacred mushrooms, "holy" cactus berries, and modern man-made drugs have the power to alter the emotions, evoke visions, dispel fears, restore sanity. Are they, as some researchers believe, the key to complete control of the functioning of the human mind?

BY ALEX SEVERUS

A remote village in the mountains of Mexico . . . In the ceremonial room of a native hut the priestess began her incantations: "Am I not good? I am a creator woman, a star woman, a moon woman, a cross woman, a woman of heaven. I am a cloud person, a dew-on-the-grass person . . ."

For New York banker R. Gordon Wasson and photographer Allan Richardson, the bizarre, voodoolike ceremony—witnessed in June, 1955—was the culmination of a longstanding dream, an arduous search. Now, in a few moments, they would become the first of their countrymen ever to taste Mexico's legendary "divine" mushrooms.

They had traveled far to reach this isolated spot, but their true journey was yet to begin. For the mushrooms—so they had been told—would transport them across vast distances of space and time, perhaps to the very frontiers of the human mind.

Divine Mushroom Rites

The room was dark and crowded. Some twenty worshipers—all of them Mexican Indians except Wasson and Richardson—had gathered for the rites. The priestess, still chanting, passed the mushrooms through the smoke of the altar flame. Thus sanctified, they were ready to be eaten.

Both of the Americans were given a dozen. Eating them, they found the mushrooms had an acrid flavor, a lingering and unpleasant aftertaste. Meanwhile the priestess had begun to sing, clapping her hands in weird, hypnotic rhythms. A half-hour passed. Suddenly Richardson leaned toward his companion and whispered, "I am seeing things!"

"The visions came," Wasson says, "whether our eyes were open or closed. They began with art motifs, such as might decorate carpets or textiles or wallpaper. Then they evolved into palaces with courts, arcades, gardens—resplendent palaces all laid over with semiprecious stones. I saw a mythological beast drawing a regal chariot. Later it was as though the walls of our house had dissolved and my spirit had flown forth. . . . I felt that I was now seeing plainly, whereas ordinary vision gives us an imperfect view; I was seeing the archetypes, the Platonic ideas, that underlie imperfect images of everyday life."

Three days later he ate the mushrooms again and saw "river estuaries, pellucid water flowing through an endless expanse of reeds down to a measureless sea, all by the pastel light of a horizontal sun. This time a human figure appeared, a woman in primitive costume, standing and staring across the water, enigmatic, beautiful, like a sculpture except that she breathed and was wearing woven garments.

"The visions," he adds, "must have come from within us. But they did not recall anything we had seen with our own eyes." And he wonders: "Were they a transmutation of things read and seen and imagined? Or did the mushrooms stir greater depths still—depths that are truly the Unknown?"

This is a question which scientists today are earnestly attempting to answer. The two most active ingredients in the mushrooms (psilocine and psilocybine) have now been isolated and are being tested in medical centers throughout the world. So far it has been found that, like a number of other drugs, they unfailingly produce visions of the sort described. But the exact way in which they do it, and the significance of the visions, if any, remain among the great unsolved mysteries of human experience.

All-Seeing Mystical Powers

Like drug cultists in other parts of the world, the Mexican Indians feel their chemically induced transports are a source of all-seeing mystical powers. They "consult" the mushrooms about problems of every description.

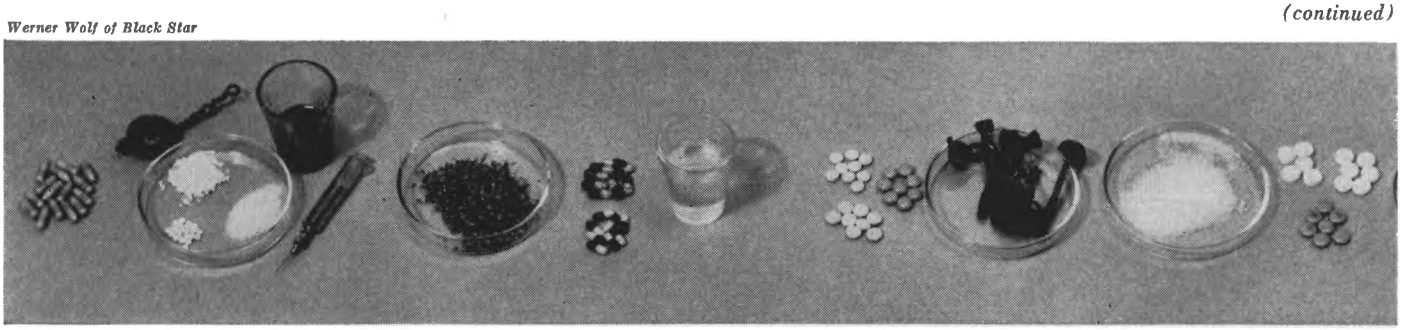
Eunice V. Pike, a staff member of Mexico's Summer Institute of Linguistics, tells how one of her old servants, who had become ill, said one day: "Medicines don't do me any good. I'm going to see what the mushroom has to say."

He went to the priestess of the region who gave him several of the mushrooms, which he immediately ate. In the vision that followed, he said aloud, "I shall not live much longer. They have come for me; soon they will take me away."

What followed may have been fulfillment of a prophecy, mere coincidence, or even a poisonous effect from the mush-

(continued)

Werner Wolf of Black Star



In one picture: pills, powders, and prescriptions that can do virtually anything to the human mind. They are (from left) Sodium Amytal, a so-called "truth serum"; morphine; heroin; cocaine; laudanum (tincture of opium); marijuana; Benzedrine and Dexedrine; lysergic acid (LSD), which produces visions; "psychic energizers" iproniazid (Marsalid), nialamid, phenalzine; "divine" mushrooms; mescaline, another vision producer; and the tranquilizers Equanil, Thorazine, and Miltown.

The hope of the future: that drugs may be used to improve memory, stimulate creative powers, perhaps even heighten intelligence.

rooms themselves. But, according to Miss Pike, a very short time thereafter the old man died.

Belief in the power of the mushrooms goes back centuries and is detailed, among other places, in the records of church court proceedings. The Mexican National Archives contain a case dated May 11, 1630, in which one Gonzalo Perez successfully used the mushrooms to locate his missing wife, Ines.

Vision of a Lost Wife

He had returned home one day and found her gone. He ran outside and began frantically searching for her in a nearby forest. There he met one of his father's servants, who suggested he consult the mushrooms.

Perez had never eaten the mushrooms before, but was persuaded to do so. In the ensuing vision he saw a serpent who spoke to him, saying, "Look about you and you will see your wife." He turned and suddenly saw before him the interior of a house belonging to his cousin, Petrona Gutierrez. (Actually, the house was more than a mile distant.) In the vision, his wife was there and Petrona was busily picking lice from her scalp.

Perez rushed to the home of his parents and told his mother what he had seen. She cried out in alarm that he had had traffic with the Devil (Indians like Joseph might consider the mushrooms divine, but Perez and his family were Spaniards and had other ideas). She quickly threw a rosary around his neck, cursed the prophecy, and rushed to Petrona's house to see if it was true.

Sure enough, just as the vision had indicated, upon arriving there she found her wandering daughter-in-law, who was caught in the inelegant act of being deloused.

Perez, suddenly smitten with fear at what he had done, made a clean breast of his mushroom eating to church authorities (which is why the case has come down to us) and confessed to having had commerce with the Devil.

Despite the seriousness of his transgression, he seems to have gotten off with a mild rebuke. And it is noteworthy that the general belief in the power of the mushrooms was so great that no one thought of questioning his story.

The Mexican Indians are by no means the only people who credit vision-producing plants with divine powers. In Siberia there are six primitive tribes which use hallucinogenic mushrooms in their religious rites. So do the Dyaks of Borneo. (And in India there is one religious group which claims that Buddha at his last supper ate mushrooms and was forthwith translated to nirvana.)

In the United States and Canada members of the Native American Church —200,000 Indians of various Plains tribes—use peyote buttons (the fruit of a cactus that contains the vision-producing drug, mescaline) in much the same way. They adhere to a Christian ethic, but combine traditional worship with all-night peyote-eating sessions in which they see visions, hear strange sounds, and claim they speak directly to God as their ancestors did to the Great Spirit.

A number of outsiders have tried the drug (either as peyote or as mescaline), among them writer Aldous Huxley who, in 1953, swallowed four-tenths of a gram of mescaline and saw "a slow dance of golden lights . . . sumptuous red surfaces swelling and expanding from bright nodes of energy."

Huxley saw no landscapes, no human figures, but he did have what might be called a transcendental experience of reality: he felt he saw the inner light, the presence of the Godhead, in external objects.

"I took my pill at eleven," he says. "An hour and a half later, I was sitting in my study, looking intently at a small glass vase. The vase contained only three flowers—a full-blown Belle of Portugal rose . . . a large magenta and cream-colored carnation, and a pale purple . . . blossom of an iris.

". . . the little nosegay broke all the rules of traditional good taste. At breakfast that morning I had been struck by the lively dissonance of its colors. But that was no longer the point. I was not looking now at a flower arrangement. I was seeing what Adam had seen on the morning of his creation—the miracle, moment by moment, of naked existence."

The Ultimate Reality

Other mescaline-takers report emotional changes, auditory hallucinations and outright visions. R. C. Zaehner, who participated in an experiment at Cambridge University in 1955, was taken to a cathedral where, he said, "the whole choir rolled gently like a ship, sometimes in time with the organ which was playing." A year before, also in England, Mrs. Rosalind Heywood saw "a god (like a Hindu deity) shooting his arrows, millions and millions of him shooting his arrows . . . dancing."

These experiences sound dissimilar. Actually, they have an important factor in common. For, whatever their specific sensations, individuals under the influence of vision-producing drugs feel they have found the true significance of life, the ultimate and all-embracing reality. As Thomas De Quincey, the most famous drug-taker of them all, wrote of his reactions to opium: "What an apocalypse! . . . Here was the secret of happiness, about which the philosophers had disputed for so many ages, at once discovered."

Wisdom's "Jewel"

Are these feelings valid? Can drugs actually lift the mind to a higher plane where the riddle of the universe can be solved? William James offers a telling commentary on the subject in describing the experiences of one of his correspondents, a certain Colonel Blood. Under ether, Colonel Blood concocted what he felt represented "nineteen centuries of brain-sweat crystallized in a jewel five words long." In his stupor he wrote the "jewel" down. Looking at it later, he read: "The universe has no opposite."

Oliver Wendell Holmes had a similar experience, also under ether. "The veil of eternity was lifted," he says. "Henceforth all was clear; a few words had lifted my intelligence to the level of the cherubim. As my natural condition returned, staggering to my desk, I wrote down the all-embracing truth still glimmering in my consciousness. . . ."

What he wrote was: "A strong smell of turpentine prevails throughout."

Whatever their worth may be as vision-inducers, there is no question of the fact that drugs can do many strange and wonderful things to the human mind. For example, they can not only produce hallucinations, they also can dispel them. In the past four years, new research chemicals have succeeded in turning great numbers of warped and twisted Mr. Hydes back into kindly Dr. Jekylls.

One of these cases is Ann Stewart (not her real name), a vivacious and attractive twenty-nine-year-old housewife who appears to be a model of good adjustment. She has a quick mind, a ready sense of humor. Meeting her for the first time it is difficult to believe that she has passed through the valley of the shadow of death. Yet a few years ago she tried to take her own life.

"I swallowed about fifty aspirin tablets," she says. "Fortunately, that wasn't enough to do it. I had this terrible feeling of depression. There was no reason for it. My marriage was happy and I had two wonderful sons. But somehow I just didn't want to go on living.

"After my first attempt, I didn't try suicide again. But I thought about it plenty. Every time I'd get into the car I'd pray there would be a wreck and I would be killed. I'd stand at the window of our apartment and try to work up the nerve to jump. I cried constantly. At night I'd get up and wander from room to room. I'd look at my husband and my two boys and I'd say to myself, 'You have everything to be happy for. Why do you feel like this?' And I couldn't find an answer.

"Analysis? I tried it—for more than four years—it didn't help. I was completely disorganized. I wouldn't wear make-up or comb my hair. I wouldn't talk to people. My clothes were worn out but I wouldn't buy new ones. Finally they induced me to go to a shoe store, but when I got there I couldn't tell the clerk my size or what kind I wanted.

"At last things got so bad that I told my husband: 'I'm not responsible any more. Send me to a mental hospital if you want to. Commit me.' "

It was at this point that Ann Stewart and her husband learned about drug therapy. In a magazine article they read about Dr. Nathan S. Kline, research director of New York's Rockland State Hospital, and his work with a new drug called iproniazid. "My husband called him," she says, "and made an appointment for the next day."

Psychic Energizers

"Dr. Kline started me out on another drug, which made me feel better but didn't relieve the depression completely. Then, after six weeks, I started taking iproniazid, and continued to take it for three months. Actually, the very first pill I took did the trick. I took it in Dr. Kline's office and rode home on the subway. By the time I got there my whole world had suddenly changed. I was contented and happy again—and I've been that way ever since. It was as if somebody walked into a dark room and turned a light on."

Iproniazid is one of a group of drugs known as "psychic energizers" (roughly, they are the opposite of tranquilizers) which are the current white hope of the medical world. In use only two years, they are in many ways an unknown quantity; but ultimately, it is hoped, they will offer important dividends not only to sick minds but to normal ones as well.

One of the things they seem to do is release creative energy and perhaps even heighten intelligence. "There was a young artist, fairly well known," Dr. Kline says, "who had been unable to produce any new canvases for over a year. Iproniazid appeared to 'break the dam,' and in the course of a single summer, after taking it, he produced a huge number of sketches, oils, and watercolors—more than one hundred in all."

Two Days' Work in One

Dr. Kline tried iproniazid on himself for several months to test its effect. "I felt great," he says. "I slept only four to five hours a night, but it was good, sound sleep and I awoke completely refreshed. I was unusually alert and perceptive. Often I was able to accomplish two days' work in one."

Another doctor who has personally tested one of the new mind-affecting drugs is Dr. James M. Dille, of the University of Washington School of Medicine. In the course of his research, he has taken more than twenty doses of LSD, a vision-producing chemical derived from ergot. The effects: "I feel a great power, experience creative urges, and feel I have great insight. I become very articulate and can express myself much better than normal. It seems to permit a person to strip away his physical hindrances."

Marijuana, while not technically a drug, seems to be, for some, another source of inspiration and energy. Jazz musicians have sworn by its uplifting effects for years. And one successful musical arranger tells of doing a complete orchestration in a single night under its influence. "Ordinarily a job like that would have taken me several days," he says. "But it was like I was on another plane of existence. I saw the whole thing in its entirety. All I had to do was write it down."

"You don't believe it's any good? Well, just listen."

The recording speaks for itself. He may have been mad when he made the arrangement, but there is no madness in the music. It is sane, sensible, beautiful.

The phantasmagoria of drugs is clearly felt in the poems of Poe and Baudelaire. It is present, too, in the works of Arthur Rimbaud, who took up narcotics as a means to that "systematic disordering of the senses" which he considered a requisite for both visionary powers and great art. Ultimately, he was able to say: "I have mastered the art of hallucination. Now I can look at a factory and see a mosque."

The most striking example of all is that of the British poet, Coleridge, who composed his immortal poem, *Kubla Khan,* in the course of an opium dream. Awakening from his reverie, he recalled it in its entirety—a work of "from two hundred to three hundred lines"—and hastily began writing it down.

There was a knock at the door. A man had come to see him on business. A long and tedious discussion followed. When the caller departed at last, Coleridge attempted to continue his visionary composition. But he found that it had left him "like images on the surface of a stream into which a stone had been cast."

He was never able to recapture it, either with or without the aid of opium. Even as an unfinished work, however, the fifty-four-line fragment that remains is one of the acknowledged masterpieces of English literature.

Inherent in the whole matter of drugs, of course, is the problem of addiction. De Quincey devoted an entire section of *The Confessions of an English Opium Eater* to "The Pains of Opium," describing his own withdrawal symptoms as "the torments of a man passing out of one mode of existence into another, and liable to the mixed or alternate pains of birth and death." Throughout the ages, men who have sought the supposed insight, the elevation, that drugs can give have paid for their moments of exaltation with months, even years, of suffering.

Must the price always remain so high?

What of Addiction?

Today, for the first time in human history, there is a possibility of a new and hopeful answer. Opium, cocaine, and the older drugs remain as dangerous as ever. But the newer ones are a different matter.

"So far," Dr. Kline says, "I have seen no evidence whatsoever of addiction with any of the newer psycho-pharmaceuticals." The one problem the drugs did present at one time was that of dangerous side-effects. This has been overcome by controlling dosages. Gordon Wasson says of the "divine" mushrooms: "The Indians who eat them do not become addicts: when the rainy season is over and the mushrooms disappear, there seems to be no physiological craving for them." The peyote-eaters, too, seem to escape with no particular ill effects.

If these things, not yet conclusively proven, turn out to be true, then we may be on the threshold of an era such as Huxley anticipated in his 1932 novel, *Brave New World,* in which entire populations will solve their problems, both temporal and spiritual, by means of a prescription.

The men now exploring the frontiers of consciousness question whether the day will ever come when complete happiness and peace of mind—not to mention religious ecstasy—can actually be purchased in a pill. But they are convinced that mental miracle drugs can be powerful aids in man's perpetual search for these spiritual goals. THE END

The Riddle of ATLANTIS

Was there a super-civilization flourishing 12,000 years ago? Did it sink, intact, into the sea? For centuries, scientists, historians, and adventurers have spent their lives tracking legends of the world's most mysterious piece of real estate.

BY ARTURO F. GONZALEZ, JR.

There was an island in the sea
That out of immortal chaos reared
Towers of topaz, trees of pearl
For maidens adored and warriors
feared.

Long ago it sank into the sea;
And now a thousand fathoms deep,
Sea-worms above it whirl their
lamps,
Crabs on the pale mosaic creep.

—Conrad Aiken

The 1,495-ton British steamship *Jesmond*, westbound from Messina, Italy, with a cargo of dried fruit, was some two hundred miles south of the Azores one winter's day in the year 1882 when her skipper suddenly ordered the craft to heave to. Just ahead, amidst a murky sea of rotting vegetation, dead fish, and mysterious mud, lay a steaming island unmarked on any of Her Majesty's admiralty charts. Twelve miles from the unmapped shore, the ship dropped anchor in seven fathoms of water—where the charts indicated there should have been an ocean depth of more than two thousand feet.

Cautiously, forty-three-year-old Captain David Robson (holder of Masters Certificate number 27,911 in Queen Victoria's Merchant Marine) sent a shore party to the steaming chunk of land. On the muddy beach, the fearful crewmen carried out a thorough investigation, uncovering a puzzling collection of artifacts —flint arrowheads, bronze swords, spearheads, bows, and a weird, mummylike figure in a stone case encrusted with pumice and marine shells. Reluctantly, as bad weather approached, the shore party, carrying this booty, reboarded the *Jesmond*, weighed anchor and left the mysterious island behind, dutifully inking it in on their charts at latitude 31° 25′ N., longitude 28° 40′ W.

Their island was never seen by human eyes again!

Like the Dogger Bank and several other vanishing islands recorded in Atlantic Ocean history, the mysterious piece of earth had apparently been cast up briefly from the pitch black ocean's bottom by a sharp volcanic thrust—only to plummet down into the deep again.

Was this discovery a hoax? It's not likely. The ship's master made no effort to convert his exploration of the strange island to monetary advantage for himself, and the existence of the island was never disputed or repudiated by any of the several dozen seamen and officers in his crew. Moreover, his ship's log describing the island (a log unfortunately later destroyed during the London blitz) was wholly accepted by the shipping line employing him.

The Legend

The discovery's significance? The island, some say, *could* have been the "lost continent" of Atlantis, perhaps the most famous piece of legendary real estate in human annals.

History has swallowed up the *Jesmond*'s strange story as the sea swallowed the island. But the legend of a lost Atlantis lingers on. A national convention of British journalists recently ranked a verifiable re-emergence of Atlantis as one of the most important newspaper stories a newsman could ever hope to write—even more compelling, in their opinion, than the second coming of Christ. Such is the fascination of the unknown that in an era when hitting the moon is a *fait accompli*, the thought of finding this lost land somewhere beneath the earth's enormous ocean surface still attracts intense interest.

To study the legend of Atlantis is to journey back in time to 9,000 or 10,000 B.C. onto a magnificent continent of antiquity . . . to hear the cry of vendors in the crowded markets of the capital city . . . to listen to the clang of armor and weapons as the imperial guards troop by . . . to see the glitter of royal crowns amidst thousands of cheering subjects. This is the vision of bygone beauty which has impelled countless scholars, scientists, poets and philosophers to make a lifelong search for the seaweed-encrusted remains of a centuries-old continent—which indeed may never have existed.

Atlantis has never been really identified or pinpointed on the earth's surface. Numerous scientists have periodically amassed mounds of conflicting evidence to locate the mysterious continent "definitely and indisputably" and variously in south, west and north Africa, the Azores, the Canary Islands, Palestine, the Caucasus, Ceylon, Spitsbergen, Crete, thirteen thousand feet up in the Andes, and just a few miles off Helgoland in the North Sea. Racial experts have credited Atlantis with fathering both the Spanish and the Italian races, and one of Hitler's hack philosophers in the thirties actually tried to trace Aryan supremacy back to the glorious Atlantans, locating the island just a few miles off the Nazi coastline.

As recently as 1950, no less than three costly expeditions were simultaneously exploring different world sites in a futile search for the remains of Atlantis. Depth charges and sonars were bounced off the ocean bottom near the Azores; a descendant of Leon Trotsky tried skin-diving off Bermuda—both were a part of the global hunt for the lost continent. Just last spring, the *Discovery II*, a British research ship, charted a steep-sided, twenty-mile-long protuberance in the sea bed, 2,400 feet under the Atlantic's surface, thirty miles off the coast of Spain. Officially called the Galicia Bank, it is the latest alleged site of Atlantis.

The continuing confusion of such claims and counterclaims is understandable. The very first written mention of Atlantis is rambling, vague, and confused. Therefore, scholars since antiquity have been adept at selecting the particular aspects of this earliest legend which support their own particular theories, feeling free to ignore other details of the

story. To date, more than two thousand academic books, tracts, and theses have been researched and written, each purporting to locate the missing civilization.

In truth, the western world owes all its basic knowledge of Atlantis to some talkative Egyptian priests, a note-taking Athenian lawmaker, and a Greek philosopher who was fond of creating fictional allegorical situations to make an ethical point. Finding a real Atlantis from their guide posts is like trying to find buried treasure from a pirate's map drawn in invisible ink.

Plato's Account

In his dialogue, *Timaeus,* the famed Greek philosopher Plato records the story of Atlantis in the words of an ancient Egyptian priest who is supposed to have told it to Solon, an Athenian wise man. Solon, forced to flee Athens after having revised and recodified Athenian law, was one of seven Greeks in Egypt from 570 to 560 B.C. Eventually he returned to Greece with copies he had made of these conversations dealing with the reigns of the early Pharaohs. Among them was one Egyptian legend dating back some nine thousand years:

". . . Our [Egyptian] histories tell of a mighty power [Atlantis] which was aggressing wantonly against the whole of Europe and Asia, and to which your city [Athens] put an end. This power came forth out of the Atlantic Ocean for in those days the Atlantic was navigable; and there was an island situated in front of the straits which you call the Pillars of Hercules [the Straits of Gibraltar]. The island was larger than Libya and Asia put together. . . . Now in this island there was a great and wonderful empire which had the rule over the whole island and several others as well as over parts of the continent, and besides these, they subjected the parts of Libya within the Pillars of Hercules as far as Egypt, and of Europe as far as Tyrrhenia [Italy]. . . . In later times there occurred violent earthquakes and floods, and in a single day and night of rain all the warlike men in a body sank into the earth, and the island of Atlantis in a like manner disappeared and was sunk beneath the sea."

While other Greek historians and philosophers of this era do not verify Plato's account of Atlantis' end, there are many references in classical literature to mud and debris which clotted the Atlantic beyond Gibraltar for several decades at this time. This seems, to many scientists, to spell out the existence of a sunken island, and, to a few of them, it confirms Plato's story.

Plato, however, did not stop with his description of the disappearance of Atlantis into the sea. In another lengthy dialogue, *Critias,* he devoted more than twenty pages of text to a minute portrayal of the daily life and majestic folklore of this lost civilization. Myth, history, and philosophy are all artfully interwoven in Plato's description of this ideal commonwealth, and many scientists, charlatans, historians, and occultists have spent much of their lives in vain struggles to separate the fact from fiction in this imaginative account.

Of Gods and Mortals

The island of Atlantis, Plato wrote, belonged originally to the sea god Poseidon, who populated it with mortal men and women, among them a beautiful earth maiden named Kleito. To make love to this terrestrial beauty undisturbed, Poseidon surrounded the hill on which she lived with three broad, deep moats and two giant walls, and this site later became the gold- and silver-encrusted palace of the Atlantan kings—five sets of identical twins who were the children of Poseidon and his earth maiden, Kleito.

The ten kings ruled jointly and in harmony over a beautiful land rich in all sorts of livestock, including elephants, and some sixty thousand farms, each exactly the same size, and each watered by a magnificent and ingenious irrigation system. These farms were all on a great plain which surrounded Atlantis' capital city—a metropolis where palaces, mansions, temples, race tracks, docks, bridges so high that giant triremes could sail beneath them, canals, and a great harbor marked the dwelling place of hundreds of thousands of people. Ten thousand chariots and the brave warriors to man them stood ready to defend Atlantis' honor in time of war. Twelve hundred fully equipped war vessels were shipshape to go to sea in the country's defense at all times.

The kingdom was ruled wisely, well,

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EARTHQUAKE AND FLOOD ravage Atlantis in a painting by Alexander von Volbarth. The artist was interpreting Plato's description of the great island's fate.

Two contemporary scientists have declared that the ruins of Atlantis are not on the ocean floor, but at the city of Tiahuanaco in the Andes.

and peacefully for generations, Plato recorded. The citizens met in general assembly every fifth year to make the decisions necessary for administering the commonwealth—a democratic government which preceded ours by centuries! Their code of laws was engraved on an amber monument for all to read—perhaps the first public constitution in human history. But then the portion of Poseidon's divine blood in the ruling classes began to be diluted by intermarriage. Civil wars and savage invasions of Europe and Africa erupted. Plato went on to explain what followed.

"Zeus," he reported, "the god of gods who rules with law and is able to see such things, perceiving that an honorable race was in a most wretched state and wanting to inflict punishment on them that they might be chastened and improved, collected all the gods into his most holy habitation which, being placed in the center of the world, sees all things that partake of a generation. And when he called them together he spoke as follows . . ."

And here Plato's story mysteriously breaks off, adding one more element of suspense to the Atlantis puzzler. Did Zeus order the waves to swallow up the city or are there chapters in the Atlantis legend still unrecorded?

Answering questions like this is a labor of love that has consumed the entire lives of more than a few dedicated fanatics pursuing the Atlantis legend through theory after theory. These experts don't presume to hunt for the allegorical Cave of which Plato wrote in another classic, nor for his allegorical Republic. But such is the fascination of Atlantis that they take this particular legend of his as gospel and pursue historical verification for it.

Four Moons Theory

One of the most bizarre Atlantis theories was first advanced by Hanns Hörbiger (1860-1931), an Austrian cosmogonist, and the theory is currently defended by Professor Denis Saurat, a sixty-nine-year-old French philosopher living in Nice on the Riviera not far from where several Atlantises have been "discovered" in recent years. The two locate the original Atlantis not on the ocean bed at all, but high in the Andes mountains, on the banks of Lake Titicaca, Bolivia, where today the strange ruins of a lost city called Tiahuanaco lie. Saurat insists that 300,000 years ago the earth was circled not by one moon but by four. Two disintegrated and crashed into the earth, and finally the third began its descent, too. Coming in, the menacing, ominous, red orb circled lower and lower, day after day, pulling all the ocean tides towards the equator and piling up a twelve-thousand-foot-high mountain of water which eventually overran the hillside villages around the city of Atlantis, cutting it off from civilization and depositing a mysterious 450-mile-long line of fossilized ocean creatures high up in the Andes mountains. With the moon's destruction, the waters receded, and Tiahuanaco-Atlantis emerged in the condition in which the Incas and Spanish *conquistadores* found it—the mysterious remains of a wrecked civilization high and dry, completely unexplained in local legendry.

Underwater Ruins

Jürgen Spanuth, the German pastor of the Lutheran Church at Ost Bordelum, has another theory—that Atlantis' ruins lie under the North Sea just a few miles off the coast of Helgoland. In the middle of 1952, Spanuth, along with a local historian and a Swiss archeologist, motorboated out to a point six miles off the German coast. Spending four days anchored over a carefully selected site, they sent a diver down and he came back to report that, as expected, he had found a series of man-made stone walls and ditches twenty-five feet below the surface. The trio of scientists claim unqualifiedly that these are traces of Atlantis, sunk in 1200 or 1300 B.C. (Spanuth disputes the traditional view that Atlantis sank in approximately 10,000 B.C. and estimates instead that the disaster occurred in 1200 B.C.)

He summed up his claim for me thus: "During my studies of Egyptian antiquities, I found in the Temple Medinet Habu of Pharaoh Ramses III the old Egyptian writings and documents which the Egyptian priests used as proof of Atlantis' existence when talking to Solon so long ago. These old Egyptian originals are documents of the highest historical value. They alone contain the key to the solution of the Atlantis mystery. . . . The documents contain exact information of the location of the island country, and also of the king's island which sank during the natural catastrophes. With the help of this information I found the ruins of the sunken fort *exactly on the indicated spot*—and in three different expeditions thoroughly examined it. In upper Egypt I photographed the inscriptions and wall pictures (one showing a sea battle between the invading Atlantans and the Egyptian defenders) which served as proof for Solon's Atlantis story."

But honest scientists like Spanuth are perhaps not the most fascinating Atlantis seekers. Far more amusing are the theories of the many charlatans, cosmogonists, faith healers, and crackpots who see in Atlantis a nondebatable historical proof for every variety of strange philosophy they may espouse. Atlantis attracts the same kind of people as those who spend their entire lives trying to prove that Bacon wrote Shakespeare's plays. The Atlantis theme has, over the years, been tied variously to romanticism, racism, pacifism, theosophy, socialism, communism, and spiritualism. Crackpots have linked it with cannibalism, Cyclopses and flying saucers, as well.

Saurat, the Frenchman who supports the four-moon theory of Atlantis' inundation in the Andes, also proposes that the continent existed in a bygone era when the earth was inhabited by giants twelve feet tall—the result of the moons' increased gravitational pull on the earth's surface, which stretched mankind upward to the heavens. He supports this interesting conjecture with the evidence of giant jaw bones discovered in Java and South China, "giant's" tools uncovered in Syria, twenty-one-foot-tall statues in the Andes, and oversized monuments like Stonehenge in Great Britain.

Parting of the Red Sea

A Russian cosmogonist named Velikovsky insists that Jupiter erupted millenniums ago and spewed up a fiery comet which sped past the earth in 1600 or 1500 B.C., swamping Atlantis in the same roaring tide which parted the Red Sea and conveniently allowed the children of Israel to pass into the promised land. He explains that human history makes no record of this historical event with the convenient rationale that the race suffers from "collective amnesia."

The most monumental Atlantis hoax was perpetrated by Paul Schleimann who, in 1912, conned the New York *American* into running a lengthy feature story entitled "How I Discovered Atlantis, the Source of All Civilization." This not only sold newspapers by the thousands to startled New Yorkers, but so befuddled the academic world that many texts and source books on the Atlantis

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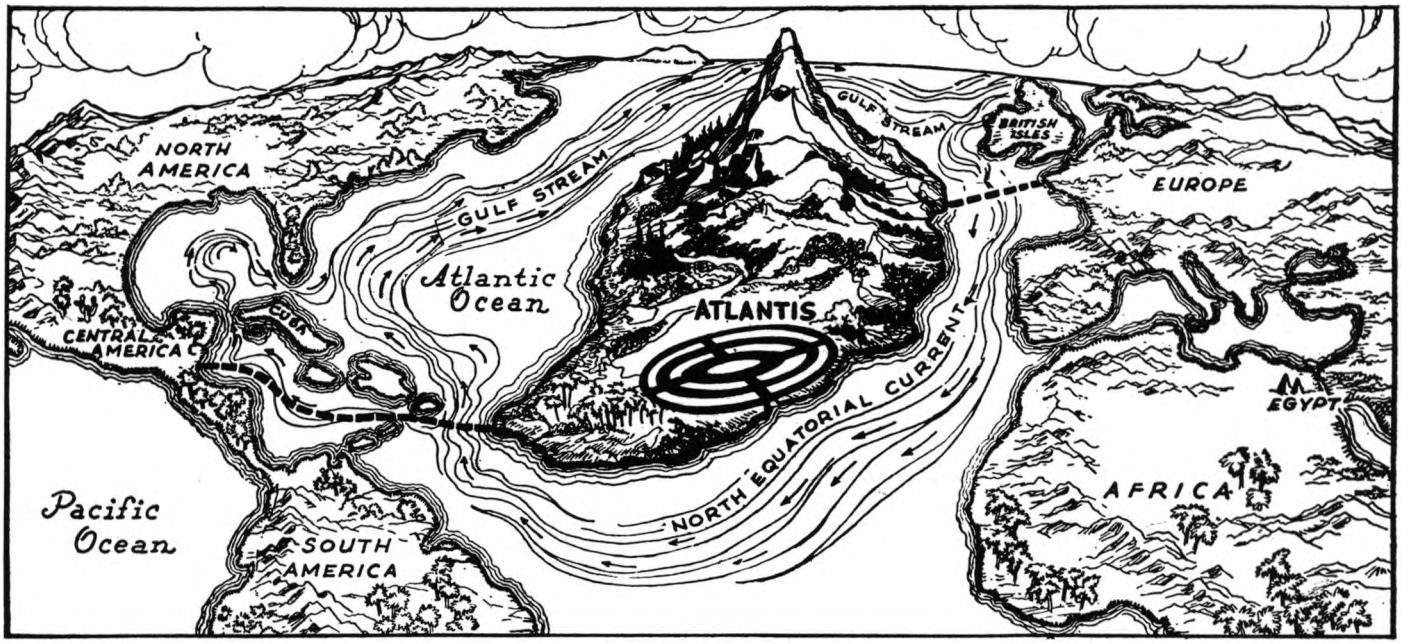

THE EXACT LOCATION OF ATLANTIS has never been established. The most popular theory, dating back to Plato, is the one pictured above, which places the continent in the Atlantic. It has also been located in other oceans.

legend still list facts and figures from Schleimann's daring piece of science fiction as accurate and useful data.

Perhaps the most colorful Atlantan hoaxer of them all was fat and fifty-ish Helena P. Blavatsky, a Russian emigré living in New York City at the turn of the century, who was yearning for some new, romantic piece of occult belief to transport her to the world of bright lights, success—and money. She had already done quite a bit of living in this world: she had been, successively, the wife of a Russian general and the mistress of a Slovenian musician, an English trader, and a Russian nobleman; she had been a circus bareback rider, professional pianist, factory worker, business executive, and spiritualist medium.

Legend Turned to Sucker Bait

The legend of lost Atlantis took her right out of this world, and she took with her a new playmate, respectable, righteous Henry Olcott, who left his successful law practice, wife, and several sons to go with his paramour Madam Blavatsky to India. Here Madam B. began holding séances, selling her high-priced services to suckers who wanted occult help. Her act was to hold conversations with invisible Atlantan mahatmas, swapping verses with them from her new bible, *The Secret Doctrine,* which supposedly was written in the lost Atlantan language on palm-leaf pages (and which was, of course, available to the suckers—also at a very high price). The downfall of the island was caused by the discovery of the pleasures of sex, the colorful charlatan insisted until her dying day. (Apparently Madam B. took a dim view of sex after she grew too old to enjoy its pleasures herself.)

Four-armed Cyclopses and doomed, fornicating Atlantans aside, however, was there ever a real Atlantis, an actual lost continent bearing a civilization unique in human history and separated by disaster from the main stream of human growth?

Many thoughtful men since the beginning of history have had theories about Atlantis. Aristotle called it "imaginary." Voltaire said its existence was "doubtful." The mapmaker Mercator, the mystic William Blake, and the minister Cotton Mather have all gone on record with the theory that Atlantis was "an Atlantic island." Francis Bacon insisted it was North America.

"None of them is right," says Dr. Bruce Heezen, a highly respected oceanographer at Columbia University's world-renowned Lamont Geological Observatory. "There was no Atlantis. The books and papers on Atlantis are essentially fiction. Fascinating fiction, but fiction nevertheless.

"Eleven thousand years ago the ocean level all around the world was perhaps three hundred feet lower than it is today. The eastern coastline of our United States, for instance, was some one hundred miles farther out in the Atlantic Ocean in that bygone era."

The Inundation

"Then suddenly, about eleven thousand years ago, the Ice Age was over. The ice caps receded dramatically, and billions of gallons of ice and snow poured into the sea. The result was a dramatic, sudden, and terrifying rising of the sea level all around the world—an inundation which we have verified by half a dozen different types of research available to us today. This rise undoubtedly caused the flooding of many low-level seaside communities where primitive man had chosen to build his early towns and cities."

Memory of Truth and Beauty

"Atlantis, I am sure, is the legendary name of some such coastal town in Africa or Europe which died a swift, horrible death in the rising sea.

"Mu, Lemuria, the Portuguese 'Green Island,' the Breton city of Is—these drowned cultures, too, were probably inundated by the same rising sea, because every inch of shoreline on every continent in this era felt the terrible impact of the ocean's rise.

"But a real lost continent called Atlantis? No, I'm afraid not."

But if the truth is that there was *no* real Atlantis, why the hard-to-kill legend of this lost continent?

Perhaps this is the answer: Because the world around early man was a universe of war and injustice, ugliness and fear, he invented his own Atlantis as a dreamlike Eden where peace and beauty reigned supreme—a peace and beauty to be remembered and revered, but a peace and beauty forever swept beyond his reach by the cruel caprice of nature. Perhaps in the last analysis, then, our Atlantises, Edens, Utopias, Lemurias, and Mus have always been meant to be lands lost to the human race . . . memories of truth and beauty sunk forever in the human subconscious as shining ideals—ideals in whose image we may hope to rebuild our often crass, cruel and commercial civilization. THE END

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SHRINERS, most playful and most benevolent arm of the Masons, parade through Detroit. Today's Masonic orders descend from groups which had such celebrated members as George Washington, Benjamin Franklin, Patrick Henry.

The Lure of Secret Societies

Twelve million Americans revel in mumbo-jumbo, pomp and philanthropy of secret fraternal organizations. They join because they are curious, lonely, or convinced a brotherly high-sign can clinch a business deal.

BY THOMAS B. MORGAN

When a ranking official of one of our largest secret fraternal orders admitted recently that the basic reason he had never married was that he wanted to keep his nights free for lodge work, one might have concluded that here in our time was the apogee of that well-developed passion for mystical brotherhoods, secret societies, and pseudo-religious cults characteristic of many Americans. Such a conclusion isn't justified, though, because this perennial fascination with the knowable-unknown (you find out by joining the organization, brother) has had all sorts of points—high and low—which have been equally symbolic of the depth of feeling involved in belonging to an American secret order.

Secrecy or Death

There was a time when men were not only willing to stay single, but also ready to threaten murder to keep certain mysterious words and signs inviolate. Here is a typical example, a section of the oath of the order of the Knights of the Golden Circle, a secret group, now defunct, which flourished in the eastern part of the country circa 1854:

Whoever dares our cause reveal,
Shall test the strength of knightly steel;
And when the torture proves too dull,
We'll scrape the brains from out the skull,
And place a lamp within the shell,
To light his soul from here to hell.

No record survives to tell us whether the Knights of the Golden Circle were serious or merely engaging in lighthearted tomfoolery, but their oath must have had a particularly ominous ring in its day because of a suspected murder in Batavia, New York, which was still fresh in the memory of most adults then living.

The dead (or misplaced) man was one Captain William Morgan (no kin of mine) who resigned from the order of Ancient Free and Accepted Masons, which in colonial days and the early years of the republic was a potent, liberal political force. Captain Morgan forthwith announced publication of a book called *Illustrations of Masonry*. He had said it would reveal the most intimate secrets of the society, which was already world-famous. Before publication day, Masonic influence (it was said) was responsible for Morgan's being arrested on a charge of petty larceny. A few nights later, he was hustled out of jail by masked men and carried off in a closed carriage, never to be seen alive again. Next day the shop in which his book had been printed was smashed. The publisher, Colonel David C. Miller, was roughed up a little, though not seriously injured. The book itself was widely circulated.

The introduction, written by Colonel Miller (obviously a man who knew the beauty of understatement), begins: "In the absence of the author . . ."

The text includes purportedly authentic information about the Masonic ritual, signs, and grips: "The pass-grip [Morgan wrote] is given by pressing the thumb between the joints of the second and third fingers, where they join the hand; the word or name is TUBAL CAIN. It is the pass-word to the Master's Degree." Accompanying such descriptions are illustrations, impressive in their detail.

The Morgan Incident

The "Morgan incident" set off a rumble roughly comparable to the Black Sox scandal or Teapot Dome. After all, Benjamin Franklin and George Washington were Masons. The former helped bring Voltaire into the order. Thomas Paine, Patrick Henry, John Paul Jones, and Paul Revere were Masons, too. Generally, it has been assumed that a group of Masons from the St. Andrew's Lodge were the "Indians" who executed the Boston Tea Party. That an organization with this kind of tradition could be in any way involved in a desperate effort to preserve its secrets shocked Masons and non-Masons alike.

The spirit of dear, departed Bill Morgan provided a platform for the Presidential candidacy of one William Wirt, who ran on an anti-Masonic ticket opposing Henry Clay and Andrew Jackson, a Mason. Wirt carried only Vermont, though, while Jackson swept the country. After that victory, which was in effect a vote of confidence for Masonry as well as a triumph for Jacksonianism, the Masons regained their composure and prestige. But Morgan was never forgotten.

Passion for Secret Orders

Ever since the Morgan incident, the burning passion for secret orders has flamed in millions of American breasts. In 1860, Masonry had two hundred thousand members. Its steady growth and cohesion suggested to others that secrecy, ritual, and costumery were effective aids in building associations. Thus the Knights of Pythias was formed in 1864. Fearing that they might be subversive, President Abraham Lincoln directed an undercover agent named Kelly to join the order and report back on the nature of its ritual and purposes. Kelly's report was so glowing that President Lincoln himself said that he would join the order after the war.

When the war ended, the pace of organization quickened. In December, 1865, six men in Pulaski, Tennessee, organized a fraternal order whose meeting place was to be called a "Den," whose leader was the "Grand Cyclops," and whose name was Ku Klux Klan. It had no purpose other than amusement. To show how much fun they were having, the members wrapped themselves in sheets (as they had done on Halloween as boys)

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With sheets and hoods and burning crosses, the Ku Klux

and wildly rode through the streets of Pulaski. Their ghostly costumes had an unexpected effect: they terrified the newly freed Negroes, who believed in banshees and ghouls and the night-time depredations of the dead. Soon, the fun-loving members of the Klan found that racing around the countryside at night kept Negroes indoors and sent those who were about after dark scurrying for home when the eerie night riders approached. Frightening Negroes became the chief sport of the Pulaski Klan, and the word of their success spread through the South, which was suffering the agonies of Reconstruction. Among these agonies was the organization of a Negro secret order, known as the Loyal League, which was armed and which, to Southerners at least, seemed to be threatening a race war

The Invisible Empire

The existence of the Klan coincided with the need felt by white Southerners to protect themselves. By 1867, the "Invisible Empire" was established underground in every state below the Mason-Dixon Line. A Grand Wizard ruled at the top, and a Grand Dragon headed each state order, or "Realm." Lawless, they declared war on both Negroes and carpetbaggers whom they adjudged lawless. They used the whip, the noose, and the pistol. In Unionville, South Carolina, for example, three members of a forty-man squad of Negro militiamen shot and killed a one-armed ex-Confederate soldier named Matthew Stevens. At least fourteen members of the militia were arrested. Klansmen made two separate raids on the county jail at Unionville with this result: eight Negroes were shot, two were hanged, three escaped, and one was spared. The Klan prized its secrecy above all and dealt fiercely with spies. In Tennessee, one spy was discovered just prior to his initiation. Trustingly, he assumed that the barrel the Klansmen were stuffing him into was merely part of the initiation ritual. The lid was fastened down tightly, however, and the barrel was rolled down a hill into the Cumberland River where, for all anyone knows, it rests today.

In each Southern state in the late 1860s, the Klan went through various stages of development, beginning rather chivalrously and gradually degenerating into disorder and viciousness. The remnants of good reputation it had managed to retain were destroyed by common hoodlums who donned white sheets and performed hold-ups, robberies, and murders in the name of the Klan. In addition, certain Negroes disguised themselves as Klansmen and used terror tactics on both whites and Negroes, adding further to the general confusion. At last, state and federal law began to take hold, the conditions that had spawned the Klan abated, and white supremacy seemed firmly established—all of which led to a final dissolution of the Invisible Empire. Sometime in the 1870s, the Klan more or less faded away—to be revived again another day.

While the Klan was following its mercurial career, a much gayer and more stable secret society was being nurtured in New York City. Informally, a group of men in show business began meeting at a friendly tavern. They called themselves the Jolly Corks and their leader, the Imperial Cork, was C.A.S Vivian, a comic singer. Each member had a bottle cork in his pocket ready for the initiation of a new member. A novitiate received a cork of his own, after which the Imperial Cork announced that all corks would be placed on the bar. At the count of three, each man was to grab his cork. Last man to pick up his cork had to pay for the drinks. On three, everyone did grab, but only the novitiate actually *lifted* his cork. Since he was the only one to pick up a cork, he was also the last, costing him a round. As a member of the Jolly Corks, the new brother was eager to initiate another innocent to get even with the game. Thus, the cork trick became the focus of a growing, congenial group, which finally incorporated itself into the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks. Membership today: 1,200,000.

The Order of Elks is only one of a multitude of benevolent secret societies (as opposed to militant or subversive orders) formed in the past century. Some have been strictly fraternal, while others have offered insurance policies embellished with fraternal ritual. Among the latter have been the Ancient Order of United Workmen, the Woodmen, the Foresters, and The Maccabees. The Knights of Columbus, the largest Catholic order, began as an insurance society.

The Urge to Belong

Across the country, lodges have been sacred meeting places for the menfolk. Brothers meet in the street and exchange high-signs, pass-words, and intricate handclasps, which require considerable manual dexterity. Uniform makers have made fortunes tailoring gorgeous costumes which drip with braid and jewelry. And the wives, daughters, mothers, and sisters of fraternalists, as might have been expected, have joined in the fun.

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Klan terrorized the South for decades after the Civil War.

Male and female, total membership in fraternal organizations today is close to twelve million, with quite a lot of overlapping. The editor of one fraternal publication boasts membership in ten orders!

Negro Fraternities

Few fraternities, however, have been so brotherly that they have offered membership to Negroes. Most of the major orders are Jim Crow, and the race question has been a constant source of embarrassment to their high-minded principles. At best, members have apologetically explained that "Negroes have their own secret societies," which is true. Negroes have formed scores of organizations precisely patterned after the white groups from which they have been excluded. In 1898, the Negro Elks began in Cincinnati. Not without some battles with whites, it has grown into the largest Negro organization in the world, with six hundred thousand members and more than five hundred lodge buildings. Dozens of Negro Masonic-type lodges have been started in spite of legal opposition from white, orthodox Masons. Negroes have organized their own Shriner group, too, with the name of "Ancient Egyptian Arabic Order of the Nobles of the Mystic Shrine for North and South America." At times, some of the Negro orders have seemed to be more in parody of the white brothers than in imitation, but they have thrived, and their members make up a substantial percentage of the total estimated secret-society membership—although this percentage is not as high as the percentage of Negroes in the population as a whole.

As it happens, one of the newest secret societies in America is a pseudo-religious order of about eighty thousand Negro men and women led by an artful zealot named Elijah Muhammad. More militant than benevolent, the organization is known as the "Temples of Islam" or "The Moslems" and uses the element of secrecy with consummate skill as part of a drive for influence among American Negroes. Muhammad's message is that the Negro must prepare for the day when the "colored peoples" take over the world. This day will come about 1970, he predicts, following a hydrogen war which will finish off white civilization. Those whites who are left alive, he says, will get what is coming to them. To catch and hold his membership, which has been growing in most urban centers, Muhammad has developed a secret ritual complete with a "bible" which he contends was communicated to him by Allah. With fezzes for men and white gowns for women, and a doctrine that is so secret that it must be passed by word of mouth and never written down, Muhammad and his order have begun to worry both federal officials and Negro leaders. The quality of The Moslems' discipline seems a portent of trouble to come: members do not smoke, drink, eat pork, or otherwise indulge; they boycott white businesses; they pray toward Mecca five times a day even if it means falling on their knees on a busy street.

One watchful observer (necessarily anonymous) has summed up the attraction Muhammad's order has for certain Negroes in this way: "The 'Temples of Islam' is built on the resentment and insecurity of Negroes who have moved from South to North in recent years. These melancholy slum dwellers are rootless and friendless, ignored by whites and Negroes alike. Therefore, they respond almost gratefully to the secrecy and pageantry found in the Temple. Moreover, the order gives them attention; they get things to do even if it merely means walking on a picket line or tithing 20 to 30 per cent of their weekly incomes. These things are asked of them while nowhere else in life is anything asked of them. The order gives them a sense that someone cares about them. Even the dietary laws are reassuring—they show that someone at least cares about what they eat. They are told they must help protect Muhammad, who is God's emissary, so they don't mind when part of the Temple ritual includes a thorough frisking by the guards before they enter a meeting. The purpose of the frisking can't really be security, though, because Muhammad himself walks the streets in New York or Los Angeles without a bodyguard. It seems another way of telling members they are important, that someone is actually afraid of them. Above all, Muhammad gives his followers that ineffable sense of being in on a secret, which gives them a sense of power that they have never known before. Secrecy is the glue that binds them together."

The Grip of Secrecy

Obviously, secrecy holds a fascination for Americans which is not limited by economic class or race. Secret societies, however, are not peculiar to American life. In ancient Greece, as Charles Ferguson, a historian of U.S. organizations, has said, the grip of secret societies on the social life of the day "was hardly short of scandalous. Affiliation with one or more of the secret societies of Athens was essential to political success."

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Fraternity facts: "joiners" are richer, better educated, more charitable than "non-joiners."

Severe initiations, cruder than those of certain college fraternities, have long been required prior to admittance to tribal sanctums. "Knocking out the front teeth as a normal part of inducting the candidate into the mysteries is a quaint practice of Eastern Australian lodges to this day," Ferguson states.

The "Kozge"

And certainly the idea of the lodge is as old as mankind. Alaskan Eskimos have the *Kozge*, a building for men only where they live the clubhouse life. Anthropologists have found primitive secret lodges organized by men mainly to terrorize women. The California Indians used their fraternity to keep the squaws in subjection, to protect husbands' rights, and to teach the girls "chastity, obedience, and industry." When the women were allowed in, by the way, not only the lodge but the whole California Indian civilization fell apart.

This primitive instinct—the need to belong to something—echoes in all of us; but in America, many of us don't belong. The fact is that, in secret or in the open, we aren't the "nation of joiners" suggested by Will Rogers when he said, "Any time more than two Americans meet on the street, one of them is sure to begin looking around for a gavel to call the meeting to order." Recent studies by Dr. Herbert Hyman and Dr. Charles Wright, Columbia University sociologists, based on data collected by the National Opinion Research Center, show that Will and the others were, if not wrong, at least a bit off. The impression may be that every American belongs to something, but the truth is that only about *half* of the people belong to an organization of any kind, including labor unions! The percentage of brothers and sisters in secret organizations is no more than 10 per cent of our adult population.

With the exception of a small minority that belongs to militant orders, the membership of secret societies is concentrated in benevolent organizations. Why do they join? While it is true that the societies draw on all economic groups, the NORC data seems to indicate that more white-collar workers than blue-collar workers are members, that members make more money, are better educated, more often own their own homes, live in urban or suburban areas, and are more inclined to give to charity than non-members. As small-"o" organization men have been saying for years, it seems that many of the "best" people belong. What do they get out of membership in a secret society? The motives seem to be mixed, to say the least.

Simple pageantry and peacockery have a great appeal. "Let's face it," one fraternal executive has said, "joining gives an adult a chance to wear a colorful uniform and a lot of people want that."

Fraternal recruitment officers have been well aware that another simple motive—the prospect of being let in on secrets—is a major attraction for new members. Curiosity—the same that kills cats and makes women terrible poker players—has brought thousands of brothers into mystic folds.

Altruistic Fulfillment

Most secret orders also offer a man altruistic fulfillment. "The satisfaction comes," Charles Ferguson has said, "because the lodge properties and the lofty sentiments and this glowing raiment and those incommunicable secrets are actually the signs, the enrobed ideas, the vivid demonstration of the conduct for which the group stands." For example, take the Mason who dons his apron as "a protection against the vices and superfluities of life." Or consider the vast

UPI

NEGROES have formed their own fraternities because they are not accepted in most white orders. Biggest is The Improved Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks with about 600,000 members. Here its officials visit Eisenhower.

charities in which a brother can participate: the Shriners operate seventeen children's hospitals, the Knights of Columbus sponsor innumerable youth activities; the Elks spend millions for charitable and educational causes, the Moose have built a model community for homeless boys and girls in Mooseheart, Illinois.

Doubtless, some men join secret orders for business reasons. A salesman knows a lodge button in his lapel may help him gain the confidence of a customer when all else fails. And, all other things being equal, a brother may choose to patronize another brother rather than an outsider.

Equality in the Lodge

Others may join because of needs created specifically by life in America. As de Tocqueville pointed out, Americans have greater equality and more freedom to compete with all other men than do men in any other nation. Because of this, the nation has prospered, but at the same time individuals are confronted with a feeling of loneliness and isolation which the bonds of secret brotherhood can help dispel. The goal of life—the definition of success—is the attainment of "equality of condition," but men have never been able to obtain as much success as they desire. De Tocqueville wrote, "It perpetually retires before them . . . without hiding itself from their sight, and in retiring draws them on. At every moment they think they are about to grasp it; it escapes at every moment from their hold. They are near enough to see its charms, but too far off to enjoy them; and before they have fully tasted its delights, they die." Morbid thought, yes, but membership in secret orders has offered a realization of "equality of condition." All men are equal in the lodge.

Beyond all this, for some men, secrecy has value for its own sake. It is, after all, a matter of procedure and is not crucial to the purposes of a benevolent society. As Georg Simmel, the German sociologist, suggests, the use and effect of ritual secrecy is involved with a man's will to power. A child, for example, adds to his own importance by saying, "I know something you don't know." He is elevated by the envy and curiosity of his friends.

Until recently, this combination of motives (there must be many more) was strong enough to withstand a number of stout blows against the idea of secrecy. In the twenties, Sinclair Lewis flung a thunderbolt that electrified fraternalists from coast to coast. At one point in *Babbitt*, he lets the hero deliver a speech, clearly designed to hoist him with his own petard: ". . . the ideal of American manhood and culture isn't a lot of cranks sitting around chewing the rag about their Rights and their Wrongs, but a God-fearing, hustling, successful, two-fisted Regular Guy, who belongs to some church with pep and piety to it, who belongs to the Boosters or the Rotarians, to the Elks or Moose or Red Men or Knights of Columbus or any one of a score of organizations of good, jolly, kidding, laughing, sweating, upstanding, lend-a-handing Royal Good Fellows, who plays hard and works hard, and whose answer to his critics is a square-toed boot that'll teach the grouches and smart alecks to respect the He-man and get out and root for Uncle Samuel, U.S.A.!" Fraternalism withstood *Babbitt*; indeed, Lewis himself later on in life wrote a letter to Rotary congratulating that organization on its good works.

Fraternalism also withstood the Depression, although some organizations' membership lists plummeted like a stock market chart. The Knights of Pythias dropped from nine hundred thousand to less than four hundred thousand and has yet to recover its lost brothers. At the same time, the secret orders had certain phenomena working *for* them: the adult population was moving up steadily, creating more potential members; the urbanization of America which, according to Drs. Hyman and Wright, has been closely related to the creation of associations, progressed rapidly; and many brothers who had joined a lodge during Prohibition merely to get a drink stayed on because they liked the life. On balance, the secret orders survived two wars, the Roaring Twenties and the Depression, very nicely—and with the passion for secrecy still intact.

Since the war, however, there has been a cooling of the passion, a subtle but insistent change in the attitudes of both fraternalists and non-fraternalists. A national magazine was allowed to photograph and publish pictures of what had been the most sacrosanct Masonic rites. The Elks officials have strongly emphasized the good works of their order while emphatically de-emphasizing the secret rites, which were minimal to begin with.

Klan Revival Fizzles

Even the attempted revival of the Ku Klux Klan in the late forties failed because its secrets had lost the power to mystify or terrorize. When Klansmen marched in Southern streets, robed in the familiar white hoods and bed sheets, plain people actually burst out laughing and ultimately drove them to cover. In Gainesville, Georgia, a parade of Klansmen passed the home of a Negro woman sitting on her front porch.

"Send us your sheets, white folks!" she cried. "We'll wash 'em!"

And Negro children danced behind the parade, banging on tin pans. The Klan has never been the same since.

While modest, the decline in secrecy is readily apparent. Militant orders have found it next to impossible to get going. Benevolent orders have suffered a decline in the rate of acquiring new members, if not in over-all total memberships. Officials of many orders complain of the difficulty in interesting young people in fraternalism. Some brothers blame competition: television, cook-outs, do-it-yourself projects, suburban goings-on, and the second car distract a man from any interest he might have had in lodge affairs, while bustling service organizations which eschew secrecy offer to gratify most of his gregarious needs without consuming so much time and money. If a man gets what he wants from Rotary, he can forego the pleasures of secrecy. If he is a member of a secret order, he may become impatient with mysticism. "I'm for cutting out all the mumbo-jumbo —the way B'nai Brith did," one highly placed fraternalist told me, "and for doing something important." (B'nai Brith is the largest Jewish fraternal order; it has no secret rituals.)

Secrecy Has Lost Its Kick

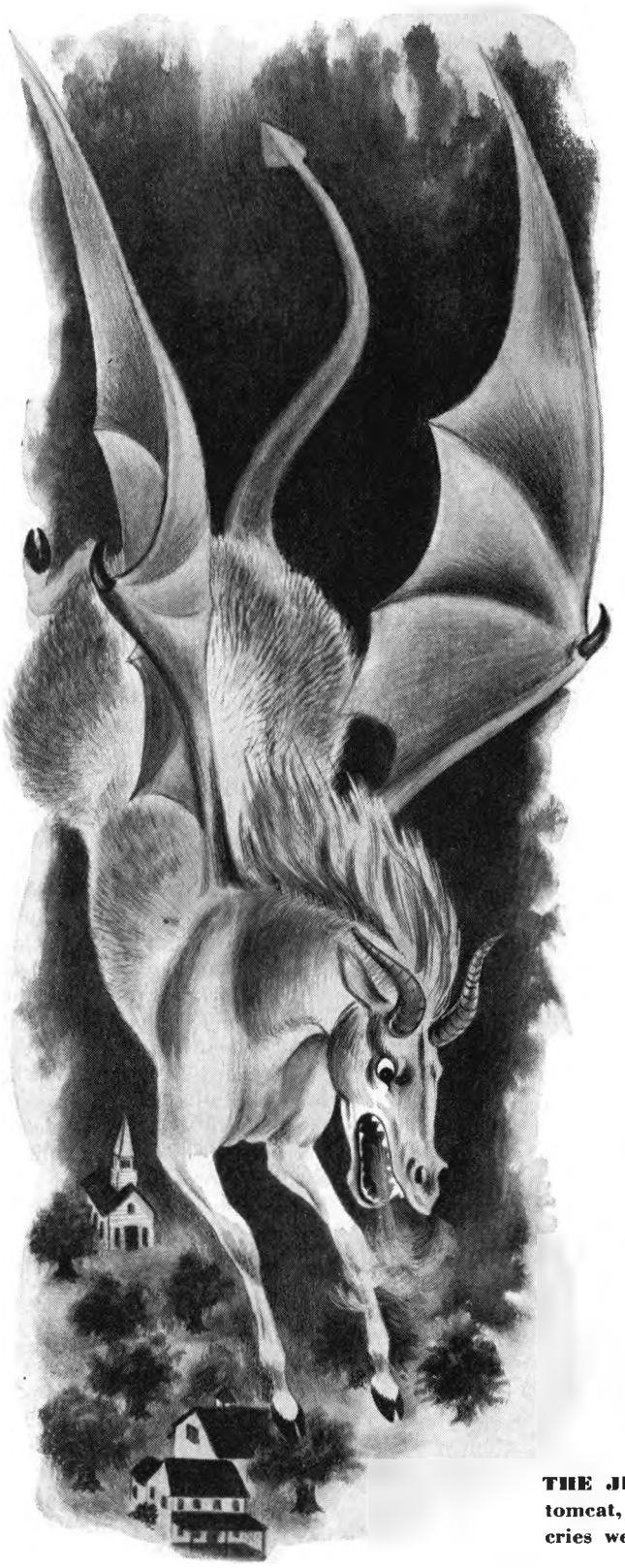
A more sophisticated view holds. Simply, that secrecy just doesn't seem as important or as useful or even as satisfying as it once did.

The other view states flatly that secret rituals are the very essence of secret orders. As William H. Pierce, Supreme Chancellor of the Knights of Pythias, has said, "We are convinced that fraternalists make the best civic leaders and that men of fraternal mind can best promote the cause of peace. Of course, our ritual—impressive to Presidents and Premiers, as well as to the average citizen, plays a part in all this. Ritual makes a good man better. It helps sublimate him in accord with the ideals of the group. If the ritual were discarded and secrecy no longer obtained, the fraternal order would either cease to exist or else become merely another service group."

The secret society as it has been known in America is due for modifications as the climate changes. It seems certain, barring excursions into politics, that the shrill controversies of the past will not be re-hashed; a good satire about a "joiner," significantly, hasn't been written in years. It is a dead issue. Perhaps this lack of opposition and criticism itself will promote a further cooling of the passion for secrecy.

Regardless of how one feels about it, one can't help but regret that we've seen the last of such unyielding believers as, say, Admiral Peary. He achieved the real apogee when just beneath Old Glory atop the North Pole, he ran up the flag of Delta Kappa Epsilon, his college fraternity. THE END

Monsters Around the World



These baffling beasts have played peek-a-boo with us for years. Men are still trying to catch one—and may be getting closer every day.

TEXT BY STEPHAN WILKINSON
DRAWINGS BY MARIE NONNAST

In this era of space satellites and moon-shots, our own planet still holds many unexplored areas. Men wonder what lies beyond the boundaries of space, yet few have ever been in the valleys of the Himalayas; few know what strange creatures the oceans or jungles hold, or what is hidden in the great evergreen forests that still cover much of the North American continent.

Have you ever seen an abominable snowman? Or a sea serpent? Or any of the other fantastic beasts that are supposedly roaming the world today? If you haven't, don't ridicule the people who have—men like the officers of the S.S. *Santa Clara*, the Grace Line's crack cargo-passenger liner, who swore their ship had struck and wounded a large sea serpent; or William Roe, a trapper in the Canadian Rockies who, in 1955, found himself face-to-face with one of those huge, hairy men British Columbians call "sasquatch"; or the crew of the *Rival*, a modern Scottish fishing boat, whose electronic depth sounder recorded the image of a monster swimming in the depths of Loch Ness in 1954.

In spite of all the logical arguments that can be marshaled against the "legendary" beasts seen by sailors, adventurers, and mountain climbers, there still is a hard core of monster sightings that can't be explained away. The strange case of HMS *Daedalus* is one of these.

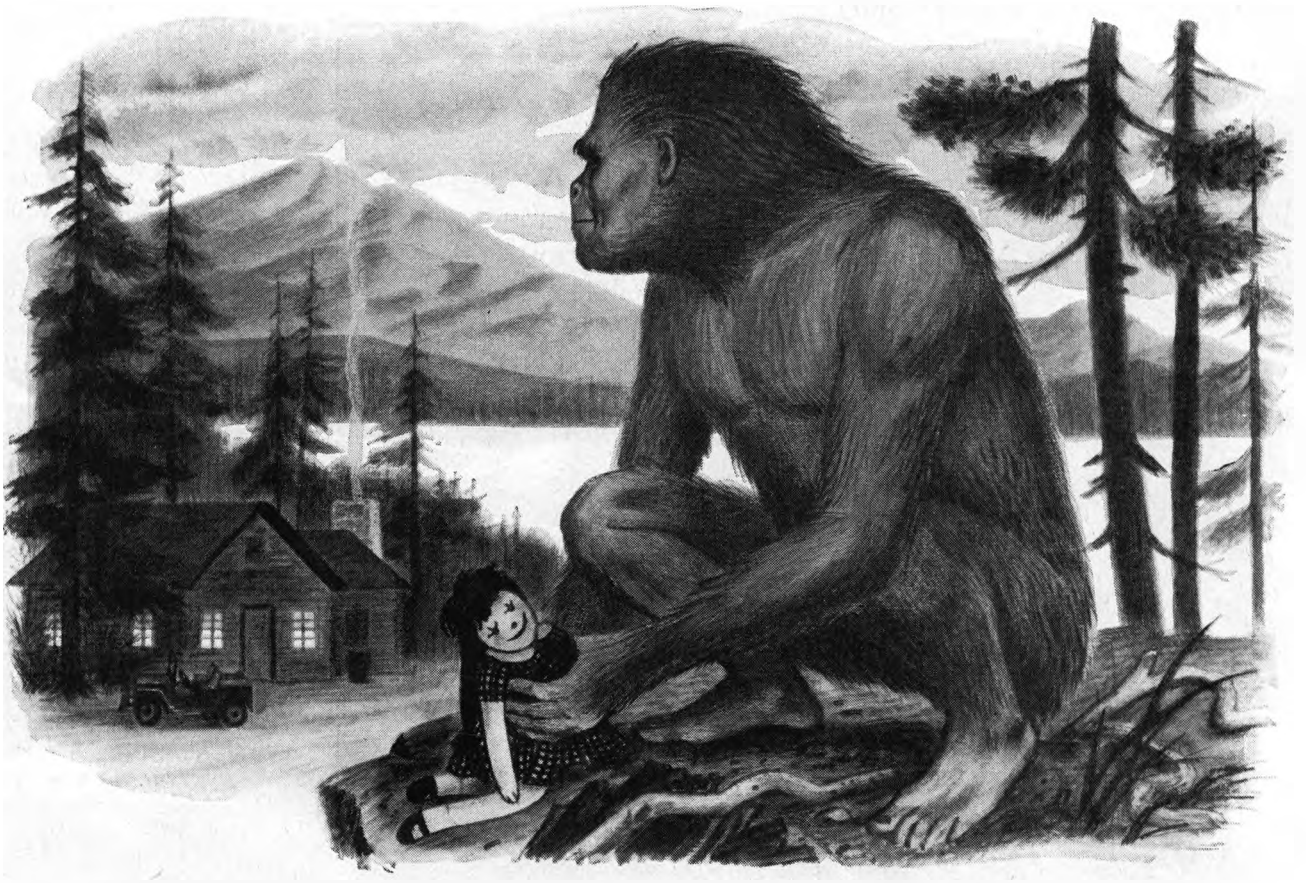
The Daedalus Monster

The *Daedalus*, an English warship, was cruising near the Cape of Good Hope on August 6, 1848, when her captain and five of her crewmen saw a sixty-foot-long monster with a snakelike head swim majestically by their vessel. "It was so close," said the captain, "that had it been a man of my acquaintance I would have easily recognized his features."

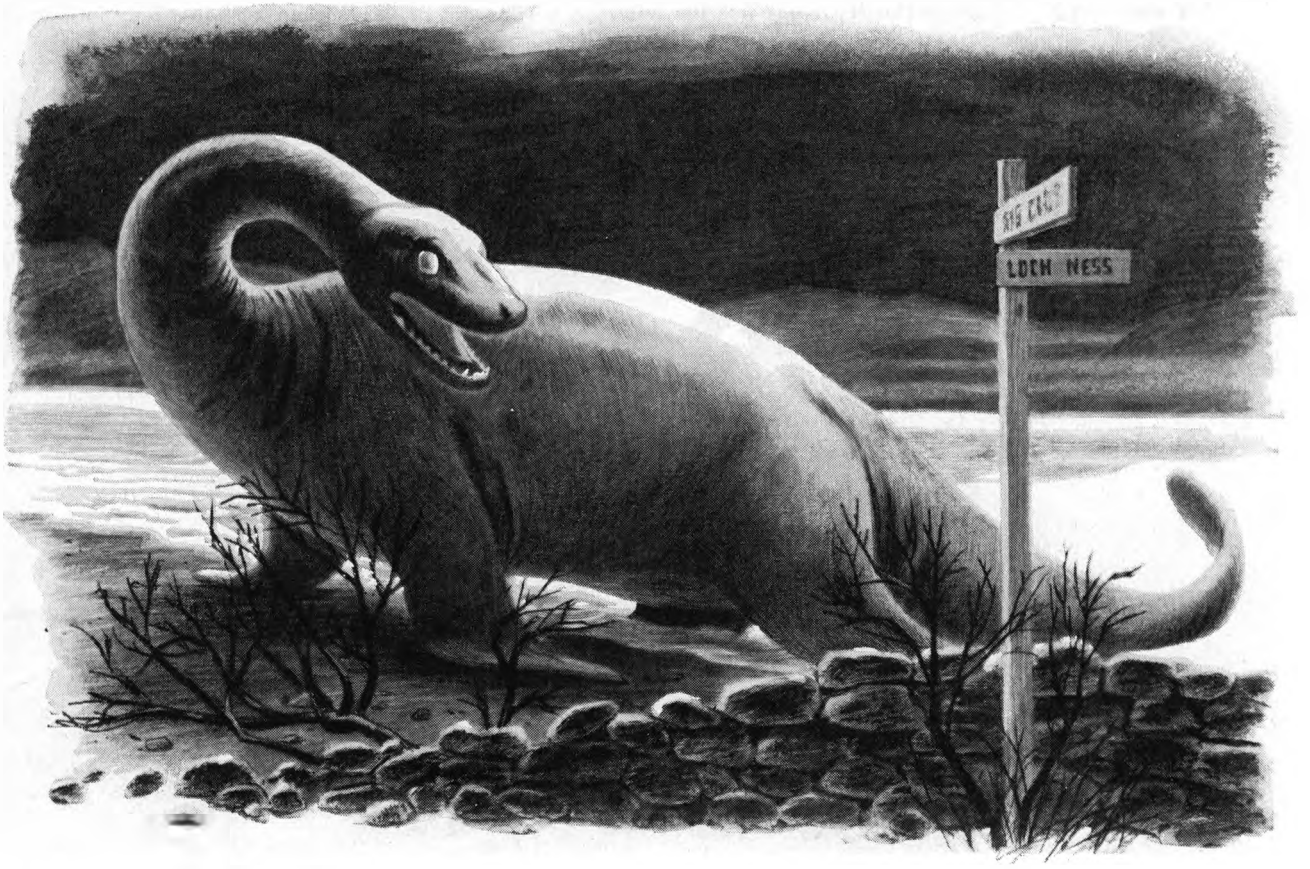
Nobody has yet explained just what it was that came up out of the depths of the South Atlantic to shock the Royal Navy 112 years ago, but today there is some scientific proof of the existence of huge ocean-roaming ser-

(continued)

THE JERSEY DEVIL. This fire-breathing beast yowls like a tomcat, has been seen periodically since the late 1700s. Its eerie cries were last reported in 1951, near Pine Grove, New Jersey.



SASQUATCH. These strange gorilla-men roam the mountains of western Canada, bothering isolated settlers. Queen Elizabeth, during her 1959 Canadian tour, listened to an eye-witness description of the Sasquatch.



LOCH NESS MONSTER. These monsters, seen by more than a thousand people since 1933, are said to be the descendants of deep-water fish cut off from the ocean and stranded in the Loch by prehistoric earth movements.

SEA SERPENT. The Massachusetts coast was the lair of a sea serpent in 1817, when a 90-foot-long humpbacked

TATZELWORM. Often glimpsed but never captured, this creature lives in the rocks and marshes of Switzerland's Alpine valleys. It has attacked men and cattle, and looks like a European counterpart of the venomous Gila monster.

monster was seen every day for months off Gloucester.

pents. In 1930, Dr. Anton Bruun, now one of the world's most eminent marine biologists, netted what has been identified as the larval form of an immense deep-water eel—a six-foot-long "baby" that could have grown to a whopping seventy feet in length.

The Loch Ness monster has been seen by enough sober and honest people to make it obvious that there is something in that dark Highland lake. As for the abominable snowmen, none has ever been photographed, but we do have a photographic record of the next best thing—a long trail of clumsy footprints high up in the snowfields near Mt. Everest, believed to have been made by this ape or primitive man. Because of this and other evidence, scientists are trying to find out what the Yeti are, instead of wondering whether or not they exist.

"Show Me a Monster!"

Most monster theories and speculations are glowingly romantic or coldly practical. There are those who say, "With so much of the world unexplored, anything's possible!" And there are many who answer, "Maybe so—but I won't believe it until I see it. Show me a monster."

So far, nobody has been able to offer much more than a tuft of hair, or a set of footprints, or a few photographs of shadowy shapes in the depths.

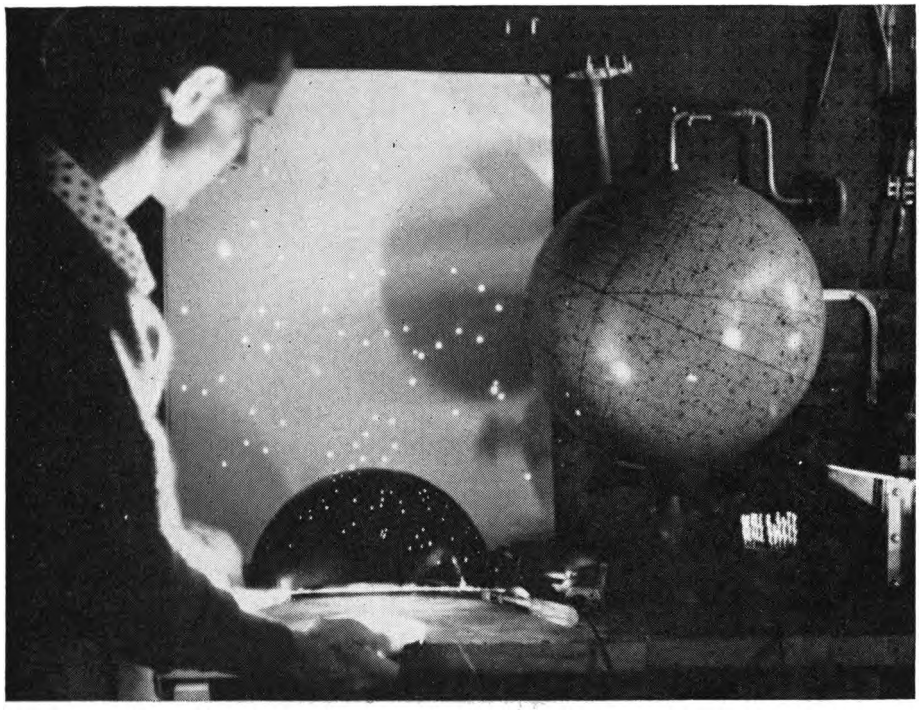
COSMOPOLITAN offers this rogues' gallery of monsters around the world to help you decide for yourself whether they are fact or fiction. THE END

ABOMINABLE SNOWMAN. It is "a new kind of ape or a very primitive man," say experts. One Tibetan monastery displays a Yeti's scalp and hand.

Scientists in Blue Jeans

Solar furnaces, radiation studies, digital computers, missile-tracking, space survival methods. . . . These are but a few of the projects under way at this unique West Coast experimental center, where the frontiers of science—once restricted to mature theorists—are now being explored by boys and girls still in their teens.

WORDS BY JAMES PALMER • PHOTOS BY LOU JACOBS, JR.



SEVENTEEN-YEAR-OLD ASTRONOMER *Charles Jones, Jr., has been studying the heavens since he was eight, recently built this planetarium, in which lights inside the half sphere cast moving star patterns on a small screen. He is currently working on a much larger model that will project constellations 30 feet to a dome.*

One day in the not-too-distant future you may be able to cure a cold, clear up polio or TB—put an end to any communicable disease, in fact—simply by spending a few painless moments in front of an electronic machine, soaking up its magic "rays."

Such is the hopeful hypothesis suggested in recent experiments by eighteen-year-old Bill Eroh, one of America's amazing teenage scientists.

In his tests, Bill began by injecting rats with certain active bacteria. The animals were then placed within range of the machine, which sent radio waves of carefully determined frequency through their bodies.

The waves promptly destroyed the bacteria. The rats, however, were unharmed. They remained alert, active, and apparently undisturbed by the experience.

Bill, with the help of Tyrone Christianson, another teenage scientist who helped him make the wave machine, is now running further tests, not only on bacteria, but on viruses as well. The ultimate outcome (he hopes): an effective "death ray" that will destroy germs of every kind.

Encouraging him in this ambitious research program is an organization known as Future Engineers of America whose purpose is sponsorship of scientific talent at the precollege level. Organized only three years ago, FEA has grown at a fantastic rate and now has seventy-five chapters throughout the United States.

One of its most active units is California's San Fernando Valley Council, some of whose four hundred members and their projects appear on these pages. The Council has its eighteen-room Science Center (provided by the Los Angeles City Board of Education) on the grounds of Birmingham High School in Van Nuys. Here, on week nights and Saturdays, members pursue their various activities in electronics, biology, physics, and related fields. They are building a digital computer, a celestial tracking solar furnace (which will use reflected sun rays to attain temperatures of 3,000 to 5,000 degrees Fahrenheit), and are working on a large-scale project in telemetering (the science of transmitting data from a moving object, usually a plane or missile).

Industries with a growing need for trained scientists have been generous with men, money, and equipment for the Science Center. A number of top companies have provided talented instructors from their own staffs. Gifts of equipment have exceeded $40,000 in value in the past two years.

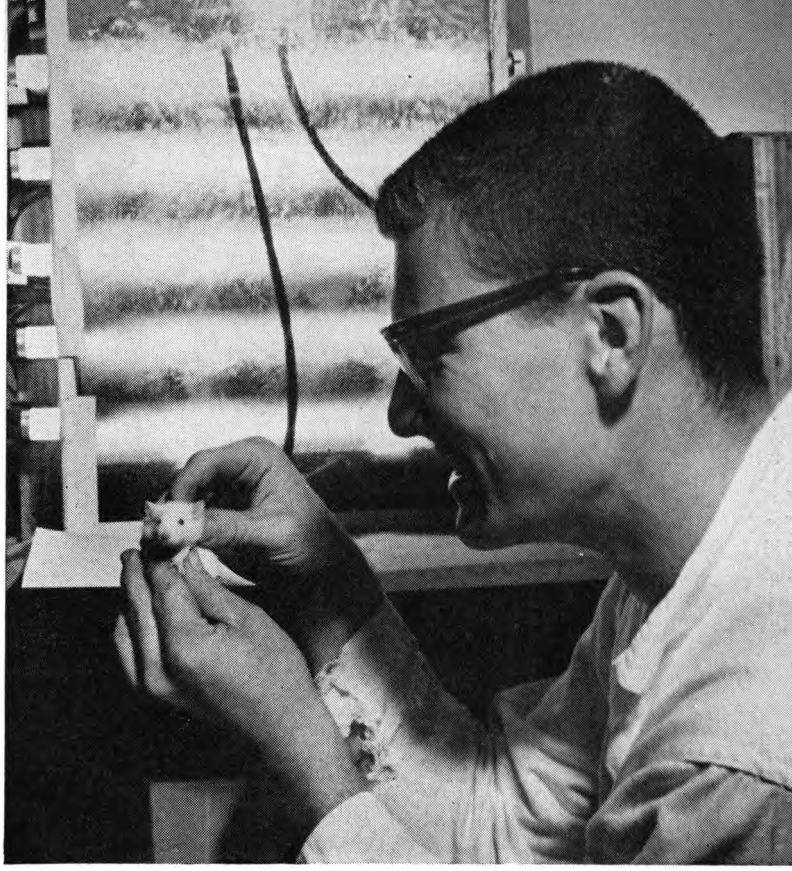
The seriousness with which their efforts are regarded has imbued the young scientists at the Center with a keen sense of their future responsibilities, of the continuing need for new discoveries. One night recently a group of them completed a complex control board they had been toiling on for weeks.

Someone shouted. "It works!" There was a moment of general elation.

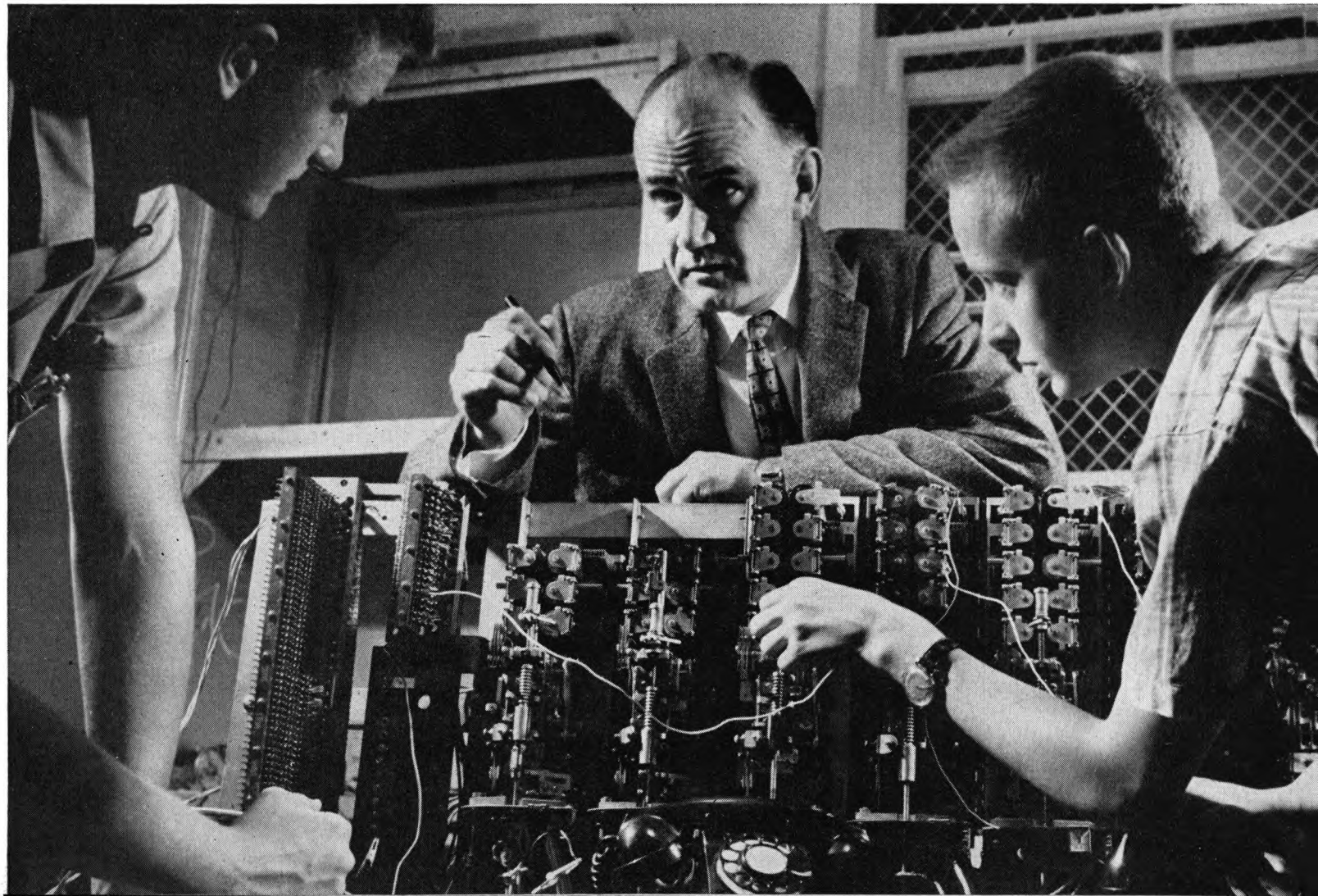
"So . . ." the same youth continued, "it's already obsolete."

TELEPHONE *system is explained to Bret Huggins (left) and Dan Nelson by Richard E. Johnson, of Bell Telephone Laboratories. Johnson is one of several industry men who teach at the Science Center at least one night a week.*

AT SCIENCE CENTER *in Van Nuys, California, Mary Justice (left) and Nancy Magyar set up equipment for a chemistry experiment. Like the other boys and girls on these pages, they do most of their work at the Center, are enthusiastic members of a new science organization for precollege youths called Future Engineers of America.*



"A TOTAL BIOLOGICAL WORLD" *is what Brian Tiep, eighteen, calls his photo-synthetic gas exchanger. Algae in tank behind him convert carbon dioxide to oxygen, which is piped to airtight cage containing a rat. Rat produces carbon dioxide, which feeds algae. Space travelers may use such systems to provide oxygen.*



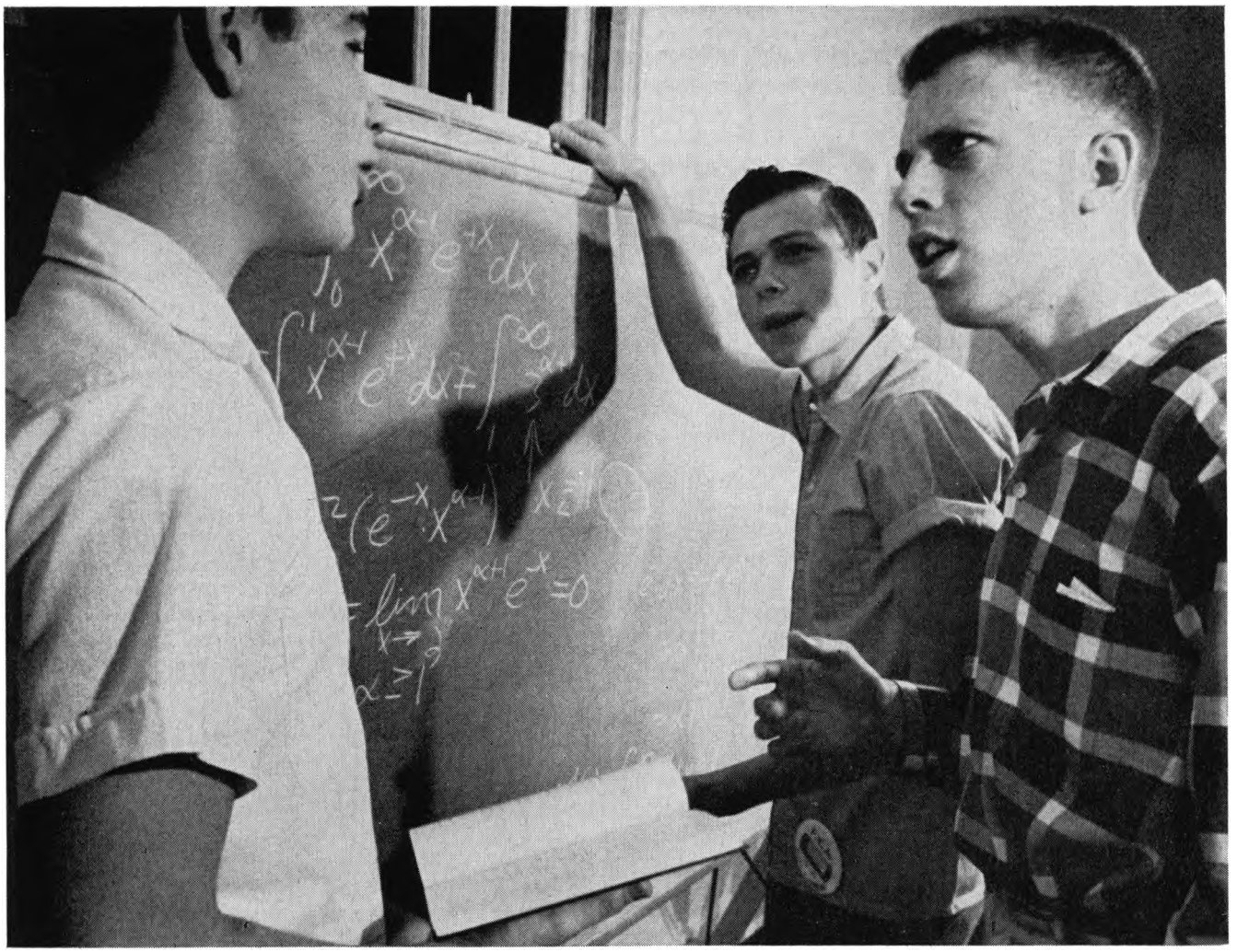
A SPECTROHELIOGRAPH, *for observing or photographing the sun on a single wavelength of light, is under construction by Tim Townsend and Bob Stewart. Here, Bob adjusts the spectroheliograph's mirror, lens, and slide.*

BOA CONSTRICTOR *held by Mary Justice is part of Paul Key's experiment to determine how humidity affects the behavior of snakes. Paul has also installed a microphone in his "snake pit" to enable him to investigate reptile sounds.*

Industry provides the Science Center with skilled instructors, over $20,000 worth of equipment a year.

GOVERNING BOARD *of San Fernando Valley Council discusses teenage science projects. Under the leadership of its president, physicist Gerald B. Speen (second from left), this group has become one of the nation's most active FEA units.*

AN OLD FOLDING CAMERA *rigged to a microscope enables Joe Guth to photograph micro-organisms. He is studying mutation produced in them by x-rays, has transferred mutations from one strain of bacteria to another.*



AMONG YOUNG PHYSICISTS, *a blackboard full of equations and a stream of jaw-breaking technical jargon are standard features of conversation. Under debate here: the derivation of the gamma function.* THE END

The Gehman Calendar moves the holidays back each year. By 1963, snow should fall in July.

Who Says It's 1960?

Several Popes, Julius Caesar, and our jet-age pilots helped create the calendar mixup we have today. Now it's our turn to add to the confusion.

BY RICHARD GEHMAN

One sun-flooded day in early November, 1959, as my wife and I were sitting around the pool of the Beverly-Wilshire Hotel in Beverly Hills, California, lunching on the local food and wine (figburgers washed down by date milkshakes), my eyes happened to drift upward, and fixed on a startling sight. Some pieces of red and green material, intermixed with what appeared to be boughs of shaggy evergreen, were being hoisted up a pole outside the wall which surrounds the pool. The "thing" had a monstrous look: it looked like the dying villain in an insect film made for the insect trade.

In Hollywood, reality is unreality, and vice versa; after a time there, one becomes accustomed to seeing a cleaner-and-presser housed in a mansion patterned after Monticello, a building shaped like a derby, a dressed-to-the-nines actor who turns out to be a corporation lawyer, an impostor prince running a restaurant. Nevertheless, I was not sure I could trust my eyes.

"Look," I said to Betsy. "That thing—what is it?"

She regarded the monster calmly. "Christmas decorations."

Admonishing her not to be silly, I looked at my calendar-watch. "This is only the fourth of November," I said.

"Of course."

"Christmas decorations so soon?" I persisted.

"Why not?"

Holiday Hangover

"It's not even Thanksgiving yet," I protested. "We've only just finished with Halloween. I've scarcely recovered from Labor Day."

"Christmas will be here before you know it," she said.

The demonstrative, unrelenting sun helped me fall into a reverie populated by a cast that included a shadowy figure tagged Female Reason, a jumble of skeletal numbers that formed a calendar, and a kind of continuum-like haze marked Time. I sighed the sigh of a man thinking hard, imponderable thoughts, and fell asleep.

When I awoke, the Christmas decoration was firmly fastened in place on the pole, and two fake silver bells were hanging ready (I imagined) to toll for me.

"Something is wrong with a society that lives ahead of itself," I remarked to the mature sexpot on the *chaise* at my left.

"Let me sleep," she snorled.

I ordered a lime milk punch, with vodka. Something ought to be done about the calendar, I thought as I drank the punch. I have been thinking about the calendar a good deal ever since. It is out of joint, or I am. Time itself seems out of joint. Last January I got aboard a Pan-American clipper and went to Japan,

losing a day en route as the big ship crossed the International Date Line. After tarrying a few days in Japan, I proceeded westward around the world. I will never get that day back unless I proceed eastward around the world and recross the Date Line, which seems like a good deal of trouble to go to just to regain a lost day.

No, the day is lost for good; and so is the hour which Daylight Saving Time took away from me last summer. At the beginning of the season, we turned our clocks forward. In early October, again through courtesy of the Pan-Am lines, we flew to Switzerland. By the time we came home, everybody else had turned his clock back to Standard Time.

"What happened to my hour?" my wife demanded.

"Same thing that happened to my day," I said, pretending it didn't matter.

My Time Is Your Time

It didn't, actually. I am not accountant enough to make a fuss at the Final Judgment over twenty-five hours I didn't get to live, hours that rightfully belonged to me. In order to put on a spurious face of charity, I shall reflect that some other fortunate soul, someone who went around the world west to east, lived at least twenty-four of my twenty-five hours. Whoever he is, he's welcome to them.

The trouble is, how do I mark off this nonexistent date on my calendar? I never will. I might as well forget it—except that I can't do that, either. Once a man becomes interested in the calendar and the measurement of time, he finds that he is hooked as if by heroin. The *Encyclopaedia Britannica* bears eloquent testimony to this fact, for the article headed CALENDAR in my edition runs from page 568 to page 583. It is a clear enough piece, but it serves to confuse me more. About the only things I can remember from it are these: the early Mayans had calendars, the Babylonians and Assyrians did, too, and so did primitive man, the Egyptians, the early Chinese, the Romans, and the Greeks. The word *calendar* comes from the Latin *calendae*. All calendars are based on the actions of the earth revolving around the sun and the moon revolving around the earth (I think). The trouble is, these revolutions are irregular, so that nearly every calendar ever devised winds up with years that have too many days in them to fit into a perfect mathematical scheme. This should make clear why confusion set in almost as soon as I began to read the article. If you are looking for real grief, go and read it yourself. Or go and read the CALENDAR section of the admirable *Columbia Encyclopedia*. It, too, is perplexing, but at least it is shorter.

The calendar we are now using is roughly that devised by the Greeks and revised by the Romans. Up to the time of Julius Caesar, the *pontifices*, whoever they were, had the power to regulate the calendar, and they sometimes lengthened or shortened it as a means of extending or cutting short the terms in office of political officials they liked or disliked. By the time Caesar came into office, January was falling in the autumn. This was a state of affairs similar to that which exists today: on October 16, 1959, at John Alden's, a hardware store on North Elston Street in Chicago, I saw a show window displaying Christmas trees.

Et Tu, Pope Gregory!

With the help of the astronomer, Sosigenes, Julius Caesar altered the calendar, adding ninety days. This caused the spring of 46 B.C. to begin in March. He made some other alterations, too, but please, let's not get into those. Pope Gregory XIII later made some changes of his own, and the calendar we now use is as much his as it is Caesar's; in fact, it is probably more the former's than the latter's.

No one is more irritated by the fluctuating state of the calendar than is Miss Elisabeth Achelis, a sprightly and single-minded lady of New York City who has been carrying on a one-woman campaign for calendar reform for thirty years—ever since the day in 1929 when she heard a Dr. Melvil Dewey offer a plan for a thirteen-month calendar. Miss Achelis did not believe that a calendar based upon the number thirteen, an indivisible number, would simplify life. She thereupon threw herself into a vigorous campaign in support of a new arrangement called the World Calendar.

"If you fly west over the International Date Line you can kiss one day goodbye."

"If the Romans hadn't made a shift, Thanksgiving might come in the spring."

She did this partly because of the confusion created by the Gregorian calendar. Some months have five Saturdays, for example. The holidays never fall on the same day of the week two years in succession. In Leap Years, the extra day adds to the mixup.

Well-Nigh Perfect Year

Miss Achelis's World Calendar is—the italics are hers—*well-nigh perfect*. "Its twelve months are arranged into equal quarters of ninety-one days," she writes in her forceful book, *The Calendar for the Modern Age*. "Each quarter is further subdivided into three months of rhythmic 31, 30, 30 days; thus each quarter totals an even thirteen weeks. Each quarter, beginning on Sunday and ending on Saturday, is a prototype of the completed calendar year that will always begin on Sunday, January 1, and close on Saturday, December 30. To complete the year, however, the necessary 365th day is placed after Saturday, December 30. It is called Worldsday and is the new world holiday, dated December W. This new holiday is as far-reaching in its benefit as was the leap-year day introduced into the Julian reform. And the leap-year quadrennial day, the old February 29, becomes another world holiday, placed after June 30 and before July 1. This new Leapyear Day is dated June W."

The two world holidays, says Miss Achelis, are bound to exert a unifying influence on all nations. She is especially fond of thinking what December W will do: "During its twenty-four-hour-day observance, there will radiate a spirit of greater solidarity, of understanding, of amity, and of good will . . ." Miss Achelis has tried to get the United Nations to adopt her plan, but although many diplomats and public officials are interested, no action has yet been taken.

(continued)

Who Says It's 1960? (cont'd)

Everett E. Mumaw, of Kingsville, Ohio, is another calendar reform man—I am almost positive. When I first began digging into calendar lore, I wrote Mumaw and asked about his calendar. He sent me a copy of the Spectrum Calendar, which seems to color the days as well as number them: red for Monday, orange for Tuesday, yellow for Wednesday, green for Thursday, blue for Friday, indigo for Saturday, and violet for Sunday. I always had thought that Monday was blue and that Sunday was the first day of the week, but Mr. Mumaw disagrees.

The International Association of Characters, Ltd., of Phoenix, Arizona, James T. Ownby, Founder, and Jimmy Durante, Honorary President, distributed a calendar of its own last year, made up by Butler Enterprises, Incorporated, of Winston-Salem, North Carolina. It is my favorite among all the proposals for calendar reform, and it ought to win acceptance among business folk. It is called The Anti-Ulcer Calendar, and must be seen to be appreciated (please examine our artist's facsimile on the next page).

A Time for Everything

Before Miss Achelis, Mumaw, and other calendar reformers protest, it ought to be explained that this calendar was worked out on a most sensible basis, as follows:

"1. We all know that every job is a RUSH job. Everyone wants his order delivered yesterday. This new calendar will help you do even better—with it, a customer can order on the 7th and have delivery on the 3rd.

"2. All customers want delivery by Friday at the latest, so two Fridays are provided.

"3. To handle end-of-the-month rushes and sales contest closings, there are seven extra days at the end of the month.

"4. This calendar makes bill paying unnecessary. The 1st, 10th and 25th have been completely eliminated. No more non-productive Saturdays and Sundays. These time-wasters have been abolished.

"5. We have added a new day—General Day. On this day, orders may be cancelled, changes made in quantities, or delivery instructions and any other questions reopened. For instance, a cancellation mailed on the 8th may reach you on the 5th, but you can oblige even though the goods were shipped on the 6th."

There is no question but that this calendar solves many pressing problems, but there is nothing in it to prevent the tide of season-rushing that threatens to engulf every rational man. I now refer back to the opening of this piece, in which I was nettled by Christmas's all but taking place before Thanksgiving. I am still nettled by this chronological displacement, and by others that have struck

me in the past. Has anyone ever noticed what, in mid-July, the department stores display in their windows? I have: fur coats. Last February I was sitting in my living room, thankful for the fire warming me against the bitter cold outside, when I happened to notice the cover of the magazine my wife was reading, a cover plainly dated "February." On it was a picture of a girl in a bikini.

Efforts are being made to stem these outbursts of untimeliness. It is significant that the date for income-tax filing was moved forward from March 15 to April 15 two years ago (or was it three?), and that Thanksgiving, which kept jumping around all over November for a while, seems to be firmly fixed in place. Still, there is Easter adding to everybody's dilemma. Who among us knows when Easter will fall in 1960? For a few years, now, I've been ignoring Easter until it arrives. Then I greet it, observe it, and enjoy it.

Except that one simply cannot forget the fact that Christmas is still being celebrated before Thanksgiving. That this is a conspiracy of the women and the department stores, no one will deny. As I write this, it is November 3. Guess what beloved American journalist's wife has all her Christmas shopping done, all the packages wrapped, all the cards addressed? We've even had Christmas carols on the phonograph. The autumn leaves are unraked outside, but a Yule log is crackling pleasantly on the hearth.

Perfect Solution

There is only one way to beat the whole system. We must reform the calendar to meet the needs of those who are reforming it behind our backs. The Gehman Calendar, which probably should be called The Gehman-Wilson Calendar since Earl Wilson, the Broadway columnist, had a similar idea some years ago, is designed to set everything straight. The principal holidays celebrated around this house are, in order, New Year's Day (not so much celebrated as endured), Lincoln's Birthday, Washington's Birthday, Memorial Day, Fourth of July, Labor Day, Halloween, Thanksgiving, and Christmas. You will note that Easter is not in there; for reasons mentioned above, I try to forget Easter until it forcibly reminds me of itself.

The Anti-Ulcer Calendar

Gen.	Fri.	Fri.	Thurs.	WED.	Tues.	MON.
8	7	6	5	4	3	2
16	15	14	13	12	11	9
23	22	21	20	19	18	17
31	30	29	28	27	26	24
38	37	36	35	34	33	32

"Two Fridays are provided for customers who demand delivery by the week's end."

Every Day Is April Fools'

As of 1960, in our house, Lincoln's Birthday is going to be celebrated on January 1, Washington's Birthday is going to be on Lincoln's, Memorial Day is going to be on Washington's Birthday, the Fourth of July is going to be on Memorial Day, Labor Day is going to be on the Fourth of July, Halloween is going to be celebrated on Labor Day, Thanksgiving is going to be on Halloween, and Christmas is going to be on Thanksgiving, as it already is. New Year's Eve will be observed on Christmas Eve.

This will satisfy the women and the stores, but only for the moment. As soon as these holidays are out of joint, they will go on rushing the season as usual. In other words, they will begin preparing for the Christmas that falls on Thanksgiving roughly around the former time of Halloween (which falls on Labor Day). Therefore, in 1961, the holidays will be moved back another step. Christmas will be on Halloween that year. The following year it will be on Labor Day, thereby giving people a chance to begin thinking about it on the Fourth. By 1963 it will be appropriate for the old film, *Christmas in July*, to be shown in theatres across the nation, and this is a warning to the distributors: both Earl Wilson and I expect a modest percentage of the gross.

In 1964, Christmas will have Memorial Day as its date, and it will keep on working backward until it goes around the corner of the year and reaches the proper December 25, which, as I calculate it, will occur around 1967 or 1968, depending upon Leap Years. Then they can begin all over again. The only possible objection to this plan that I can foresee is that it may provoke a few arguments in Heaven. I can hear Theodore Roosevelt, some October 27, saying to George Washington, "Excuse me, but isn't that *my* birthday they're celebrating in *your* name down there?" And Washington replying, "If I've got your birthday, who's got mine?" Possibly they will call in Julius Caesar (or, if he isn't there, Pope Gregory XIII) to settle the issue.

Actually, I have no hope that The Gehman Calendar will ever be adopted. It is much too logical, much too orderly. I can only hope; I can only advocate. Meanwhile, I can worry over what happened to my twenty-five hours. THE END

Lucille Ball's Serious Life With Desi Arnaz

Lucille Ball, pie-in-the-face, money-in-the-bank girl, says her oft-patched marriage to one of TV's most powerful men isn't all laughs.

BY FREDERICK CHRISTIAN

Desi Arnaz lifted a telescopelike viewer to his eye and squinted through it, watching his wife, Lucille Ball, and comedian Milton Berle creep along a gravel path and dart into the side door of a cardboard wedding chapel. This was a rehearsal of a Milton Berle show, which Desi was directing. Around him stood nearly two dozen technicians, waiting for him to issue his commands.

"Do it again," he said.

Lucy (nobody ever calls her Lucille, Miss Ball, or Mrs. Arnaz) and Milton Berle got down on all fours and did it again.

"Okay," Arnaz said. "Do it that way tomorrow, when we shoot."

"Can we break for lunch now?" Lucy asked, rather plaintively.

"Go ahead," Arnaz said, shortly. He was studying a script, speaking with his secretary, and giving directions to a lighting man.

Bright Clothes—Dark Mood

Lucy, wearing a white slack suit with a brilliant yellow jacket over it, the yellow contrasting with her bright orange hair, tucked her script under her arm, picked up her cigarettes, and walked out of the huge sound stage to a small bungalow across the narrow studio street, where her maid was fixing her lunch (steak, vegetables, salad). Her face plainly showed the effects of the hard work she had put in that morning. I walked with her—I'd been hanging around the set that morning, talking to her and Desi and Berle and others whenever they had a minute.

"Look at this," she said, indicating the sitting-dining room of the bungalow, which was furnished rather like the rooms in an old Hilton hotel. "We thought we were going to move to another lot, and I took the pictures down. But we didn't move, and I've been too busy to fix up the room. I'm too damned busy to do anything these days but work and sleep."

Too Tired to Eat

Desi appeared in the doorway briefly and asked a question about the script. He was tense. He kept fiddling with the viewer hanging from a string around his neck.

"You want to eat, dear?" Lucy asked her husband.

"No. No time." And he left as abruptly as he had come.

"Him," she said to me, resignedly. She shook her head. "I'm worried about him; he's working much too hard."

This was the first indication I had that there is a serious side to the life of Lucille Ball and Desi Arnaz. Before I interviewed the pair, other writers had told me, "They're just the same off-screen as on."

I Love Lucy, later the *Lucille Ball-Desi Arnaz Show*, has been, since its inception in 1951, one of the funniest, and therefore one of the most popular, programs of all time. Arnaz and his wife, Lucille Ball, have utilized every trick of slapstick: they have hit each other with pies, fallen over furniture, hung from swinging cranes twenty stories above the street, got vases stuck on their heads—have done everything, in fact, but belabor each other with baseball bats. Once, watching a segment in which the meringue threatened to spill out of the screen, Bing Crosby turned to his writer, Bill Morrow, and remarked quietly, "This show's got a lot of heart."

Because of the very nature of the show, people have always taken Desi Arnaz rather lightly. Thus it has come as something of a surprise to many to learn that this man, whose real name is Desiderio Alberto Arnaz y de Acha III, has become one of the most respected—and, incidentally, one of the most powerful—men in the entire television industry. His contemporaries used to regard him not only as a minor talent supported mainly by Miss Ball's remarkable gifts, but also as a clown who approached his work with the air of a cavalier. They laughed when he sat down at those bongo drums he used to play, and they scoffed when he got up from them and announced his intention to become a producer. Only Lucy believed he could accomplish what he had in mind. She knew him as the intensely serious man he has proved himself to be. "When Desi makes up his mind to do something," Lucy says, "it's no laughing matter. He does it."

Triple-Threat Detergent

Nobody is laughing today. Money, enterprise, and power combine to wipe smirks off Hollywood faces. Never, in recent years, has this triple-threat detergent been used more effectively. Probably the most graphic example of Arnaz's status is the telegram he received from Arthur Godfrey on the eve of Godfrey's first program of this season. The message asked Desi to find time to watch the show. "Would like your opinion," Godfrey added with humility. But it is not merely the respect of his fellow performers which has remade Arnaz's image. To some TV viewers it must seem that

ALL SMILES, *the Arnaz family goes aboard a plane for Hollywood after a month of "vacationing" in Europe. But, says Lucy, Desi took his work along.*

(continued)

Lucy, on Desi: "I've watched a brilliant mind blossoming." Partial results of the flowering: a 1959 business gross of over $20,000,000.

Desilu Productions, which is the name of the firm of which Arnaz is president and Lucy is vice-president, is producing everything in sight, for their output is spread over all three networks and innumerable small, independent stations. It is not true that Desilu produces everything. Screen Gems is active; so are Four-Star Playhouse, Ziv, and others. But no company's growth has been more phenomenal than that of Desilu.

"It even amazes me," says Lucy. "And it scares me a little, too, because it's grown so big."

. . . And Greater Expectations

In July, 1959, Desilu announced that its gross for the year just ended was $20,470,361, as opposed to a gross of $4,668,660 in 1954, the year it was organized. Its profit for 1959 was $249,566; the net for 1958 was only $92,336. This actually means that the company has not yet begun to move, for its real profits will come from re-runs of films now being made and others made previously. At present it has 560 half-hour films to be re-run, and by the end of the year it will have 944. The company has three types of production operations: its own shows, for which it supplies all facilities and talents; shows in which it is associated —that is, by supplying some of the creative talent and the facilities in return for a percentage of the production company; and "below-the-line" shows, for which it supplies no talent but rents out its studio facilities. In all, Desilu is involved in twenty-seven shows, and rents studio facilities to three others.

Shows produced and filmed wholly or in part by Desilu include *The Lucille Ball-Desi Arnaz Show, Lucille Ball Special Show* (she will do two "solo" shows this season), *Desilu Playhouse, The Ann Sothern Show, The Texan, Whirlybirds, Walter Winchell File, Sheriff of Cochise, U. S. Marshal, This Is Alice, Grand Jury, Official Detective, Those Whiting Girls, Willy*, and *The Untouchables* (the latter was a two-part "special," each part an hour long, made last season and now being released in foreign countries as a feature-length film; out of it came a new television series that makes its debut this season).

Shows in which Desilu is associated are *The Californians, The Betty Hutton Show, The Barbara Stanwyck Show, The Danny Thomas Show, December Bride, The Lineup, Love and Marriage, Man With a Camera, The Millionaire, The Real McCoys, Life and Legend of Wyatt Earp*, and *Yancy Derringer*.

Shows that rent facilities from Desilu include *Lassie, Fury*, and *The Gale Storm Show*.

All this activity goes on in a plant that is now the largest studio in the world. Desilu currently owns the huge lot once known as Motion Picture Center (seven acres, nine sound stages) and the old RKO studio (which has two plants, one in Hollywood with fifteen sound stages and fourteen acres, and one in Culver City with eleven sound stages and a twenty-nine-acre back lot). Arnaz bought the two lots in January, 1958, for $6,150,000. Most of this was his own cash, raised by selling 180-odd *I Love Lucy* episodes to CBS for $4,300,000. The series previously had earned a profit of $1,170,000 before taxes.

A little over a year ago, at Del Mar race track, Clint Murchison, the Texan who sometimes seems to have invented oil, offered Desi eleven million dollars for his properties. The offer was made casually but sincerely. Desi is fairly casual himself. "Not enough," he said. He believed then, as he does now, that the company will be worth a great deal more within a few years. A good many other people must believe it, too, judging by the way its stock was gobbled up when it was offered on December 3, 1958. The stock went on the board at 10, shot to 29 almost at once. It dropped back, as usually happens; now (as I write this) it hovers between 16 and 18.

The most remarkable fact about the company is that it is almost entirely a one-man operation. Lucy, although listed as vice-president, is exclusively a performer. She defers to her husband's decisions in virtually all matters, and deliberately keeps out of the executive functions.

Arnaz as Others See Him

The Desi Arnaz one encounters on the set at Desilu is all but unrecognizable to anyone who has seen him previously on the TV screen. To the home viewer, he appears as a fairly short, rather unobtrusive man with slick black hair, carefully plastered down. At the studio, dressed in a yellow open-necked shirt, brown slacks, and brown cloth shoes with thick rubber soles, he is a burly, broad-chested hulk with ruffled gray-white hair (his hair began graying when he was nineteen; he dyes it for each show and washes out the dye immediately afterward). He looks like a Latin American dictator, relaxing in sports clothes. He behaves rather like a dictator, too—not a relaxing one, but a hard-working, demanding one. The transformation is amazingly complete. The only constant in both characterizations is the strong Cuban accent, which many believe is affected for the TV role but which is authentic. In life, the accent is liberally embellished with American profanities, but they constitute a kind of working language and are used mainly for emphasis and for release.

Desi's accent is so strong that there are times when even Lucy cannot quite understand him.

"What do I say here?" she asked one day during a rehearsal.

"You say, 'I can't.'"

"*Can*?"

"*Can't.*"

"Are you saying 'can' or 'can't'?"

"I'm saying *can't*, dammit! *Can't*!"

The Ups and Downs

During rehearsals, Desi is all over the sets like an unruly school child at recess, squinting through his viewer, shouting orders, conferring with light- and propmen and other technicians. His movements are acrobatic. One instant he will be up on a ladder; the next, he will be on the floor on his hands and knees, showing where he wants a gravel walk to be laid: "Put it *here*. Use different-colored gravels."

When he is faced with a problem that requires concentration, he sinks his chin to his chest and begins to rub his thinning hair, as though stimulating his brain into action—or he drops into a canvas director's chair and hides his face in his hands. These periods last only for a second or two; then he is up, flailing his arms like a Latin windmill, shouting orders, muttering to himself. One day last fall, throwing his arm wide in a directing gesture, he rammed his hand into a running electric fan. It sheared off the fleshy tips of three fingers.

Working with actors, he hops in and out of the field of action, placing them forcibly in position, showing them where to walk, sometimes twisting his face into the expressions he wants theirs to assume. The viewer goes to his eye so often it would be more practical for him to have one that he could screw into place

Pictorial Parade

IN THE DEN *of their recently sold San Fernando Valley home, Desi listens critically as Lucy rehearses a script. As a director, Arnaz is such a perfectionist that he often works himself into a frenzy by the time a show is filmed.*

like a jeweler's loupe. He plans every detail of the production in rehearsal, and it is not uncommon for him to learn, without meaning to, the lines of his fellow actors and actresses.

"Nothing goes out of this shop without Desi putting his fine Cuban hand into it," says Howard McClay, a Desilu executive.

Lucy bows to Desi not only in business but in artistic matters as well. When they were rehearsing the show with Milton Berle, Desi had Lucy and Berle play one bit of business five times. It was a bit that would last no more than thirty seconds on the screen, but the rehearsals alone took thirty minutes. At the end, Desi said, "Now we go through it one more time."

"Aw, come on, Des," Berle said.

"No," said Lucy, flatly. "We'll not do it again."

"Come on," Desi repeated. "we do it one more time." They did it one more time. Lucy pretended to be angry, but she put herself through her part dutifully. Some measure of her regard for her husband may be gathered from a remark she made later that day. The night before, she had ordered a run-through of a revue that was being staged by the young performers who are attending a talent-development school she has started at the studio. She had asked Desi to watch it with her.

"When he said he liked it," she said, "I was happy. I knew we were going in the right direction. I hadn't been sure, before that."

The Chief

If Desi is manic in rehearsal, he becomes downright frantic when it is time to shoot. He uses three cameras, sometimes even four or five. Now and again he orders all cameras to shoot simultaneously, then selects the appropriate shots later, when he is editing.

When the cast and crew knock off for lunch, Desi races back to his office, and absent-mindedly eats a sandwich while disposing of various problems. In one fifteen-minute period I watched him consult with his script editor; look through a catalogue of performers with a casting-office man; talk to the prop-man about a bar for a set; call in the set designer for consultation; and listen to a man who was trying to sell him an electric golf cart. He handled all these callers with consummate assurance and dispatch. He listens to advice carefully and encourages his producers and directors to discuss problems in his presence; but the final decision is always his.

The admiration of Desi's staff for the boss is shared by other professionals, among them, Berle. "I was so struck by the way he handled everything on his own show," Berle has stated, "that I asked him to direct a show for me. He's got a tremendous flair for comedy; there's almost nobody like him around. He's a driver, a perfectionist, and he usually knows 95 per cent of what he

(continued)

wants. I think he can do more serious stuff as well. I have great respect for his ability to handle people and for his knowledge of what plays and what doesn't. Look what he did for Lucy. She's the greatest comedienne in the world because she's one of the greatest actresses. He saw that in her and helped to bring it out." Coming from Berle, whose ideas are firm and definite (once, at a Berle show rehearsal, I saw him demonstrating to an Irish tenor the proper way to sing "The Wearin' of the Green"), this is high praise indeed.

She Calls Him Nostradamus

The person most impressed by Desi is his wife. "Over the years," she says, "I've watched a brilliant mind blossom. He surprises me—I think he even surprises himself. He's intuitive; he lives from minute to minute. But I call him Nostradamus; he seems to know what'll happen next. And he learned every job in our set-up before he hired anybody else to do it."

The Lucy-Desi courtship, marriage, divorce, and remarriage is by now so familiar a story that it need only be sketched here. He is forty-two. In Cuba, where he was born, his wealthy father was mayor of Santiago, and a member of Congress. The father was imprisoned during the revolution of 1933, and Desi and his mother fled to Florida. When the father finally reached Florida, the family lived in a garage. Desi drove trucks and taxis, worked in a pet shop cleaning out bird cages, and finally landed a job singing with a rhumba band. Xavier Cugat hired him and featured him as vocalist, and after a time he went out with his own band. George Abbott, the Hollywood producer, saw him and gave him a good part in the musical *Too Many Girls*. That eventually took him to Hollywood, where Lucy, former citizen of Jamestown, New York, and onetime garment-district model and chorus girl, was a star at RKO. She is two years older than he, and when he began asking her for dates during the filming of *Too Many Girls*, she turned him down. "He frightened me," she said. "He was so wild." He did not frighten her altogether; she accepted his proposal of marriage in late 1940, just after she had given a fan-magazine interview for an article to be called "Why I'm Not Ready for Marriage."

Long-Distance Living

As it turned out, she was not. Nor was he. Most of the time, they were separated. She had picture commitments and so did he. When movie roles were scarce, he was on the road with his band. When they were together, they bickered. Later, in 1951, announcing their decision to become a TV team, Desi said, "In eleven years of marriage, we were together only three. Also, we were out $29,000 in telephone calls." Desi's Army service, shortly after they were married, widened the gap between them. He hated his work (as an instructor), and chafed to get into action. Four years after they were married, Lucy saw the divorce lawyer. "Desi thought I started World War II," she told me recently, "and I had to divorce him to prove I didn't." They were officially separated for only three months. "The day I got the interlocutory decree, I went home and there he was," she said. They decided to make a new start. Five years later, they made another. The first time, they had been married by a Justice of the Peace in Greenwich, Connecticut; in 1949, they were married again, this time in church.

Still, there were problems. Lucy was in radio, with *My Favorite Husband*, and making an occasional movie. Desi was still a bandleader. In 1950 they decided to team up professionally with an eye toward television. Before they took the big step, they put together an act and tested it in vaudeville all over the country. Then, in 1951, they went on over CBS. They were an immediate hit as the nation's newest comedy team.

Lucy says that she first became aware of the changes that were taking place in her husband shortly before their second television season. "Desi has a mathematical mind, but he had never used it much up to that point. Then CBS sent over this budget, and he began to study it. He said to me, 'They've made a million-dollar mistake.' I said, 'That's impossible.' 'No,' he said, 'I know there's a million dollars more in here for us to spend on production. They've got their figures wrong.' The next day he took the papers in to CBS and said, 'You've made a million-dollar mistake.'

"They said, 'That's impossible. Look, Desi, stick to your acting. We'll handle the business details.' So then he spread their papers out all over their office. He proved to them that they were wrong; there was an extra million in there to be used for production. From then on, when he talked, they listened. That gave him a boost of self-confidence."

Employees Dictate Action

Desi is loyal to his workers—he doesn't like to fire anybody. Indeed, it was partly Desi's original concern for his employees that gave him the impetus to develop the organization he heads. "In the beginning, we gave ourselves a five-year plan," Lucy says. "We said, 'We'll try it for that period; then we'll take our money and run and sit back and live on the re-runs.' After the five years had passed, we said to ourselves, 'Well, this is it. We've done it. Now let's quit.' Desi looked at me and said, 'Gee, we just *can't* let all these people go.' The jobs of about two thousand people depended on what we were doing. So here we are."

Where they are, currently, is in Beverly Hills, in a Williamsburgian Colonial house next to one occupied by Jack

IN 1955 *on the* I Love Lucy *television show, Lucille Ball did some of her most superb clowning. She performs with such gusto that she once dislocated an arm.*

Benny, in the same area where the Ira Gershwins, the Oscar Levants, and the Jose Ferrers live. Considering their income, they live modestly. There is a nurse to take care of the children—Lucie, eight, and Desi, six—plus a maid, a cook, and a gardener who comes in from time to time. They have a place in Palm Springs, where they have an interest in a hotel, and another at Del Mar, near San Diego.

The only concession Desi makes to his former, or pre-tycoon, life is in his churchgoing. He goes to mass regularly at the Church of the Good Shepherd in Hollywood, and also goes to services when he is in Del Mar or Palm Springs. Lucy is not a Catholic, although she took instruction when they were married the second time. The children are Catholics. Lucy wears a Saint Christopher medal and a ring on a chain around her neck, but both actually belong to Desi. "He lost two sets, rings and medals," she says. "I found the second set, and now I wear it—waiting for him to lose the third."

Spectator Sport

Desi gets practically no exercise, although he does play an occasional round of golf with such friends as Phil Harris and Bob Hope. (His handicap is nine.) He loves to go to the races and the Dodger ball games. He also is a Los Angeles Rams fan. In September, when the Dodgers, Giants, and Braves were neck and neck in the National League pennant race, he arrived at the studio one morning and asked who had won the ball game the night before.

"The Dodgers lost," a friend said, gloomily.

Desi threw his hands in the air. "Those bums! Why they had to move out here, anyhow? I was having enough trouble with those Rams, without the Dodgers adding to my grief!"

Last fall, as the new production season opened, Desi found himself with more problems on his mind than he had ever had before. At the end of his twelve-hour day he was not only exhausted, but was also so keyed up he could not relax. The single highball he customarily drank before dinner did not seem to help. He needed more, and the drinks hit him harder than they might have hit a man accustomed to that amount of alcohol. One night in September he was picked up by police on a "simple" drunk charge.

Lucy was frankly concerned. "He meets everything head-on," she told me. "It's taken its toll, as I knew it would. He's working much, much too hard—he's much too tired right now."

Friends were concerned, too. They noted that in the summer of 1959, for the first time since their second marriage, the two did not take their vacations together. "I had three months off," Lucy says, "but I spent most of it working with the kids in our training program in the little theatre, helping them put together a revue. And I spent as much time as possible with our children—I took them to Del Mar a couple of times, to Disneyland, Marineland, and helped them with their French lessons."

Desi went to Europe—but to work. And when he got back, except for an occasional trip to the races, or an afternoon watching the Dodgers, he worked.

"I believe he's going to go to Europe for a month," Lucy said to me in mid-September, sounding as though she were speaking of some casual acquaintance. "I hope he does. He ought to go by himself—get away from everything. But he'll work when he's in Europe, too."

Lucy herself has agreed to do a play in New York in the late winter or early spring, and the official announcement probably will have been made by the time this article is in print.

When Lucy told me about the play, I reminded her that rumors of separation would pop in morning gossip columns throughout the land, loud enough to drown out the snapping of breakfast food. She shrugged. "Some people live on rumors," she said. "Desi and I have been in this whole thing long enough to be accustomed to them. We've got through that kind of thing before, and we'll get through it again. Maybe it's good for some couples to be separated for a time—maybe it can renew and refresh a relationship."

"Or wreck it completely," I suggested.

"Yes, there's always that chance," she said. Her face was grave.

Later, walking back to the Desilu gate with Howard McClay, I pondered what she had said. McClay is straightforward and truthful, which makes him an anomaly in the press agent business. When I asked him, bluntly, if he thought there was a possibility that Desi and Lucy might split up, he did not hedge.

"I don't believe there is. Don't forget, they've got a big vested interest in each other—not only the family, the kids, but this whole thing." His sweeping arm indicated the huge Desilu plant. "No. No, I don't think so."

Two Worried Faces

Driving back to my hotel, I kept seeing their faces: Desi's lined and intense, Lucy's drawn, tired, and worried. I thought of their businesslike, perfunctory conversations, with Desi hovering in the doorway of Lucy's sitting-dining room. And again I thought of Bing Crosby's comment: "This show's got a lot of heart." It does. And some of it may be broken. THE END

From Here to Squaresville

He'd lost his girl to a bearded genius who offered her free love, free pretzels, and unintelligible Art. Bitterly Jim decided it was enough to make a man turn Beat!

BY EILEEN JENSEN ILLUSTRATED BY FREDRIC VÁRADY

She was a tall girl with good bones and a swinging fringe of silky gold hair. Her name was Star Light. It really was. Her sister's name was Dee. Good thing they didn't have a brother. They probably would have called him Tail. Jim Bevington never figured to meet a girl like Star. He would have considered himself the luckiest photographer on State Street just to have her pose for him. That was a pretty wild idea, too, because Jim didn't do high fashion. This story is not about her.

Jim's clients were girl graduates, brides, and young matrons who came into the department store photo studio and ordered a dozen brown-tones for their relatives. He had a good thing going for himself but it had taken all his savings plus what he could borrow to swing the franchise. Do you realize banks consider a bachelor a poor risk?

"Just because I'm twenty-seven and still single I'm unstable?"

Della was busy filing yesterday's negatives.

"You get your pay check on time, don't you?" he asked her.

"I'm related to the sponsor."

She'd get mad if I said that, Jim thought. Della Drew's uncle had sold him the shop but that wasn't the reason Jim had kept her on. She was better than good at retouching and oil tinting and she knew how to keep the kids from bawling while they waited their turn in front of the camera. Sometimes when she leaned over the counter Jim thought he would have hired her just to look at her legs. The first time he asked her to dinner—almost four months ago now—she had looked him straight in the eye and said, "You understand I don't go with the shop, Jim."

He had reddened from the edge of his white collar to the roots of his brown crew cut. He wondered if he'd ever get used to the way these Chicago girls talked. 'Way ahead of you all the time. "All I'm trying to buy is your dinner."

She gave him a flash bulb of a smile. "I eat like crazy, man."

After that they dined together regularly Thursdays and Saturdays at Henrici's. Jim liked having her cheerful pixie face across the table. He thought it would be pleasant to have her there all the time. One night he told her so.

"We ought to fall in love, Della."

She tapped her forehead. "You're spending too much time in the dark room."

"I'm twenty-seven. The bank's getting restless."

"The bank?" She cocked an eyebrow.

"You're attractive, Della."

"Sure. I'm a living doll."

"Comb your hair with an egg beater maybe, but it's natural blonde."

She fluffed it out. "I'll have you know this is the third-floor beauty salon special —the bubble cut."

"Forever blowing."

"Wow. You're dating yourself."

"I'm one of the old young men."

She shot him a keen look. "I know." She put her hand on his arm. "I get the message, Jim. It's spring and you're ready. You think I'm a good, clean, bright, all-American girl who talks jazzy, thinks straight, knows photography. What's wrong with this picture? You want to go to a play reading?"

Jim blinked. "I missed a page in there somewhere."

She stood up. "Pay the check and come on. You'll see."

She took him way out on Stewart Avenue. It was one of those nondescript rusty old brick houses with the high front steps. The upstairs apartment turned out to be as modern as a missile—all black and white and turquoise with a statue in the hall, a sunken living room with pillows instead of chairs, big bare windows glistening like jet mirrors at the back, and lights that looked like tin cans hanging from the ceiling. You could tell Dee was a decorator.

The reading was in progress. People were draped around listening to a big, long-haired young man perched on a high stool in the center. He glanced up when Della entered and his pulsing voice faltered. Jim felt the tremor pass through her body. *Aha.* Bubbles inside her head, too, Jim thought. He knew now what was wrong with the picture.

The rich voice resumed and Della whispered a couple of introductions before she moved away. Somebody shoved a beer into Jim's hand. He lounged against the wall at the edge of the crowd listening

"We're celebrating," Della glowed. "Bo's play has been optioned!"

to the uneven rhythm of the intense voice spouting blank verse. After a while, Jim stifled a yawn. His beer got warm—he didn't like beer—and he began to wonder where the exits were. He wandered through a doorway onto a little balcony and poured his drink into a flower pot.

"My poor drunken geraniums."

Jim whirled and found a beautiful blonde watching him. Even a Kankakee boy could see she was strictly champagne. Swathed in something white and gauzy all the way up to her throat and that fringe of silky hair falling against the chiseled cheekbone.

He tried to think where he had seen her before. "You know me?"

"I thought you knew me."

"I want to."

She patted the cushion beside her and Jim sat down. She smelled like a garden of roses—and spice. "I'm the hostess—or rather, my sister is. Why aren't you sitting at the poet's feet?"

"I don't dig that stuff. I'm square."

"Welcome to the club." Her soft hand felt like white velvet. Jim held on to it. "Dee thinks he's great. She's looking for somebody to back his play. Who dragged you here?"

"A girl." Jim's voice grated. "*His* girl, it turns out."

Star's laugh rippled like a muted flute. "Don't fret. Bo's not the marrying kind."

"That's what worries me."

"You want her yourself?"

"I entertained the idea."

"Like love?"

Jim nodded.

"You're one up on him right there. To Bo there's no such thing. It's merely a biological urge."

"That's beat talk!"

"You dig."

Jim's eyes widened. He knew the breed—he had been exposed to them during his army hitch—guys so afraid of the mushroom cloud they retreated into their shells like nervous turtles, abandoning the rat race, escaping reality in a bottle, a needle, a horn, a woman. His square jaw tightened. *Not Della,* he vowed.

Star sighed. "He's wildly attractive. It's strange the way a woman always feels drawn to a rascal. The lure of the black sheep, I suppose. The challenge. We're always so sure we can make him over, bring him back into the fold."

Della came through the doorway onto the balcony and Star excused herself.

"Bo wants to cut out early," Della said. "Do you mind, Jim?"

He looked at the sunny halo of her hair and the soft pink mouth. I mind, he thought. "Would it make any difference?"

Della bit her lip. Jim looked over her head at the guests thronging around Bo.

"I've seen better haircuts on a sheepdog. What's he got besides a deep voice?"

"Talent."

"Does he work?"

"He's a poet."

"I know that. Has he got a job?"

"He's an artist!"

"He's a bum."

"He's—serene."

"Yeah. A serene bum." Jim knew the serenity pitch. He didn't buy it. With a gentle forefinger he turned Della's face up to his in the dark. "Remember this, bubble-head—you don't owe me anything—but you're not in his debt either." He lowered his head and kissed her then, intending it to be a casual, good-old-Jim-you-can-count-on-me kind of kiss, but her lips tasted sweet and wet and all of a sudden his body had a mind of its own and he was holding her tight, crushing her against him, going for broke.

She pushed him away so hard he knocked a pot of geraniums off into the street. It fell with a crash but neither of them heard it. Della stared at him, lips parted.

Jim's breath came hard. "Now you know."

She put her hand over her mouth. It was the first time he had seen her without a ready quip. She backed away from him, turned and fled, almost running.

Jim sagged against the doorway watching her cross the room. She spoke to Bo, who was waiting, and they left together. Now we both know, Jim thought. To find her and lose her in the same moment—Jim felt as if the lights had gone out.

The scent of roses and spice told him Star was standing beside him. "You seem to have lost that round," she said.

He took a deep breath. "Don't count me out."

Star smiled. "I'm in your corner."

Jim grinned. "Why haven't we met before?"

"It's now that you need me."

"Sounds like a song title."

"I'm a glib girl."

"Sounds like a soap commercial."

"Are you always so brittle?"

"Only when my heart is breaking, unquote."

"Laugh, clown, laugh—and all that trash."

The corners of Jim's mouth drooped. "This isn't quite as gay as we're trying to make out."

Star's long fingers rested on his arm. "I understand. I really do."

He studied her face. "What's with you? Ordinarily I'm a clam. Tonight I spill my troubles like a sophomore."

She smiled again. "That's the story of my life."

Jim walked all the way home. Twenty-two blocks. He wanted to think—and he was not a man who did his thinking in bed. The wind off the lake whipped across town, chilling the warm spring night, speeding him along. He remembered the soft feel of Della in his arms. Our first kiss, he thought, and I had to go ape. No wonder she ran out on me. He wondered how she would act when she came to work tomorrow morning. Would it be awkward? What should he say to her? The best thing, Jim decided, was to ignore the whole incident.

This sound decision evaporated when Della came limping into the photo shop the next day.

"I jumped out of a cab and turned my ankle," she explained.

Jim eyed her well-shaped foot. "Leaping for safety?"

She got so mad he knew he was right on target. "You and your Kankakee mind!"

"That beatnik looked sexy to me."

"He's no beatnik!"

"He looks like one."

"All you see is faces."

Jim shrugged. "Faces are my business."

"There's a person underneath."

He raised an eyebrow. "This is a scoop?" he asked.

Della slammed the appointment book on the counter. "Stop needling me!"

Jim touched her arm. "Della, why are we quarreling?"

She gave him a troubled look. "I don't know. Because you kissed me, I suppose." She always went straight to the point. "Now nothing is the same."

Jim ruffled her hair. "Oh, you're making a big thing. It was just a biological urge."

She gasped. "That's a horrible thing to say!"

He threw his head back and laughed out loud. "One thing sure—*you're* no beatnik." He went into the dark room, whistling.

It was a busy morning in the shop. Ordinarily they worked together smoothly—an efficient team. Today they kept getting in each other's way. They bumped heads, they dropped things. Bulbs burned out, fuses blew, people were late for appointments. The easy-going camaraderie of the last four months was indeed gone. Instead, they were carefully polite with each other. Della behaved with the injured dignity of a small girl who has been unjustly spanked. It was all Jim could do to refrain from shaking her—or hugging her—or both—right in front of the customers. When the closing bell rang, he heaved a great sigh and suggested their regular dinner at Henrici's.

"I'm sorry," Della said. "I have a date."

"But this is Thursday!"

She looked away. "It's Bo's birthday."

"You mean he was born?" Jim's voice grated. "I assumed he sprang full grown from the brow of Buddha."

Jim could have kicked himself. Great job I did ignoring the incident, he brooded as he walked up State Street alone. The five o'clock crowd poured around him. Everyone hurrying to meet someone, Jim thought—everyone but me. To Della I'm just part of the furniture—a tripod—as long as the camera doesn't fall down, she doesn't know I'm around.

He stood in front of a florist's window feeling lonely and sorry for himself. His glance lingered on the display of roses in the window. Star's fragrance. The tripod straightened up. *Star.* Why not?

Star moved in a fancy set of people but Jim had observed that a girl rarely refuses dinner. He pushed through the plate glass door of the flower shop and ordered two dozen extra-long-stemmed red roses delivered immediately by courier. Thirty dollars! Jim winced. He waited till the flowers had had time to arrive and then telephoned. Star thanked him for the beautiful roses but she said she was busy tonight. "How about tomorrow?" he asked. She said she was sorry. He persisted. "Saturday?" Why, yes, she said—could they meet at 7:30 at the Pump Room?

The Pump Room! Jim took a deep breath. *Me and my big fat roses.*

On Saturday afternoon Jim emerged from a sitting in the studio to find a message scrawled on the telephone pad on the counter: *Star says she'll be a little late tonight. Make it 8:30 at the Pump Room.* He could feel Della's eyes, like two blue lenses, watching him as he read it.

Her smile was thin. "You kids live it up on Saturday nights."

Jim felt himself blushing. It's a fact that you can't send a girl thirty dollars' worth of roses and then ask her to stand in line at Henrici's—but it's also a fact that you can't explain that to the girl who has been standing in line with you.

Jim could see that the Pump Room was home to Star. She was completely at ease with the incredible satin-turbaned maharajahs who waited tables, brandishing blazing swords over their heads. Jim was nervous. He braced himself to keep from ducking the fiery spears going by, expecting to get his ears singed any minute. If you've got to go, he thought, I suppose a four-alarm *chateaubriand* is as good a way as any. He could see his epitaph carved in stone:

Here lies Jim Bevington—
Burned at the steak.

What made him sizzle was the check.

"Reminds me of an old joke." Della said the next day. "Know the difference between Chinese and Cantonese food?"

Jim knew. "Eight dollars a plate."

"You kited the tab. The answer is two."

"You've heard of inflation."

"Have you borrowed on your insurance yet?"

"Just call me Diamond Jim."

Again, it wasn't as gay as it sounded. Jim couldn't afford Star, and while it was pleasant having her on his arm (he was male enough to enjoy the attention she attracted), they had few interests in common. She liked the first nights and the jazz basements. Once she invited him to be her guest on a friend's yacht for a weekend. Jim was seasick.

Della grinned wickedly. "I can see you now—whispering sweet nothings—leaning over the rail."

"What hamburger heavens do you and Bo inhabit?"

Della was candid. "Mostly we go to people's houses. The drinks are free. There's a bar over on the north side. And sometimes we wind up at his pad."

The beat jargon sounded strange on her soft pink lips. Jim grasped her shoulders, looking into her clear eyes. "Don't get hung up with this cat, Della."

"Don't worry. I've got four generations of puritan blood coursing through my veins." She looked away. "He needs me, Jim. Can you understand that?"

"I need you, too. Can you understand that?" he said.

"Oh, you're perfectly adjusted," she said. "Look what you've done for the shop. Practically doubled business! You're as reliable, as rigid and sturdy as a tripod. You'll always know how to get what you want, Jim."

She laid her hand on his arm and her touch sent an electric thrill shooting up his shoulder and down his spine. "I keep telling myself it ought to be you." She sighed. "My uncle used to say that's why photographers make proofs—so the customer can choose the wrong one."

Jim went behind the partition into the studio. A good photographer, he thought, leads the customer around to the right choice, subtly pointing out certain angles of light and shadow which reveal the subject's true character. If Bo's really beat, he told himself, Della's in trouble. If he's only striking a pose the way I was posing as a man about town with

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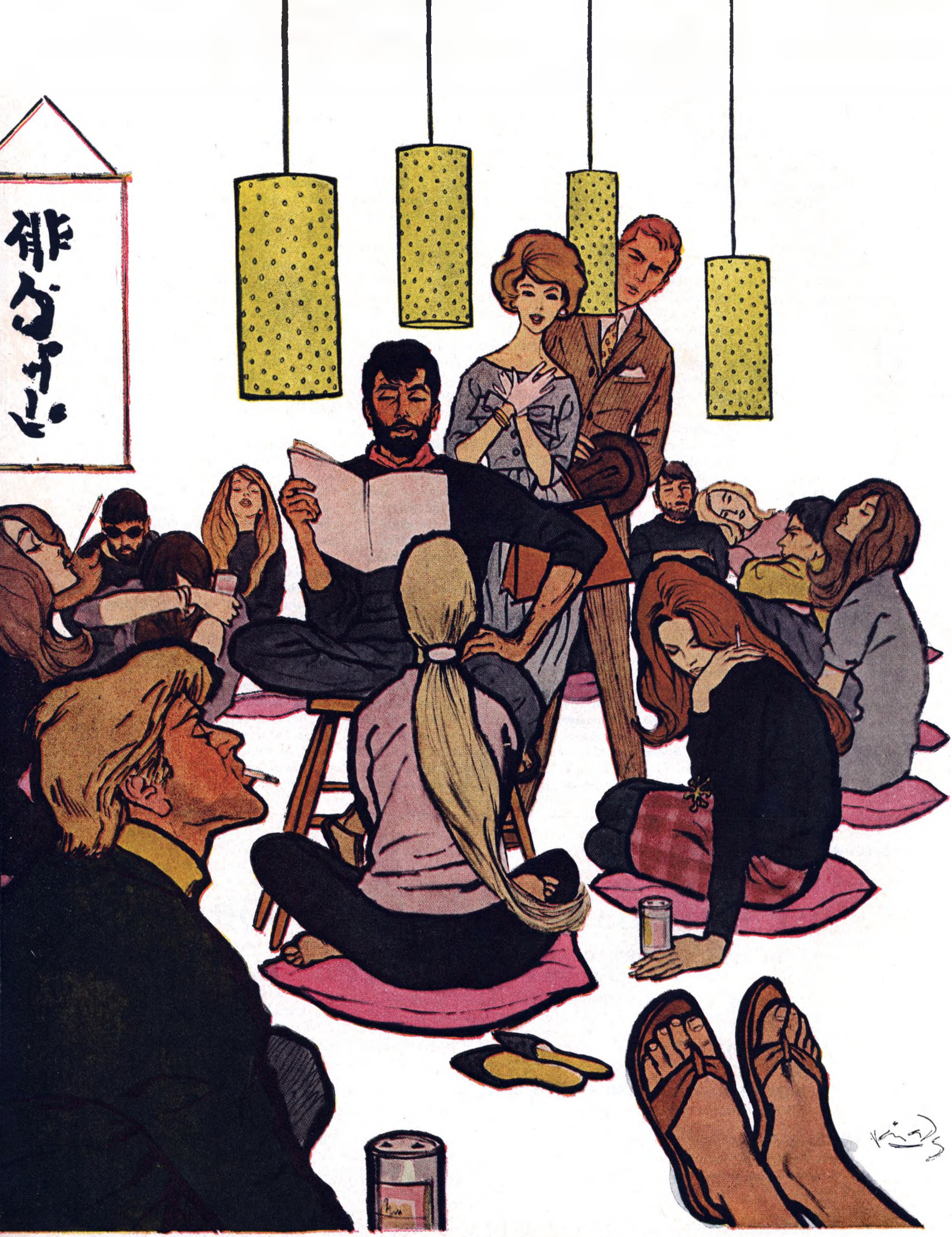

They sprawled about in rapture. The bearded poet read. It was awful, Jim thought.

Star, I'm in trouble. If he's really a talent, a major undiscovered poet—Jim shivered.

Jim began to haunt the north-side bar. Kirby's was one of those smoky jazz basements with raw red brick walls hung with paintings—some good, some bad, all strong. Rugged beams supported the dark ceiling and a little combo wailed the sinuous melodies of the blues from a platform crowded up high behind the bar. Most of the patrons were young. They lounged around over their coffee and beer arguing about Dylan Thomas and Jackson Pollack and whether any other sax man could blow like the Bird. After a while somebody invariably recited poetry.

Star balked. "I don't mind coming occasionally for kicks, Jim. But I'm up to here with poets and hoodlums and junkies. It's Nowheresville!"

Jim grinned at her through the haze. "Just when I was planning to buy a motorcycle."

"Oh, sure. I can see us whizzing down Michigan Boulevard—you in your black leather jacket and me in my white chiffon."

He laughed at the picture. "I admit you're not the type."

"Neither are you."

"Oh, I don't know." Jim's eyes narrowed. "I used to think these characters were just lazy, but the more I listen, the more I'm impressed. The trouble with me is I'm too well-adjusted." His eyelids drooped. "I'm a dupe, a fall guy, a square—blindly accepting empty goals like work, love, marriage, wealth, security. What does it all mean?"

It was the first time he had seen Star with her perfect mouth standing open. She stared at him. "You sound like Bo!"

"If you can't lick 'em, join 'em. What's happened to the great man? I haven't seen him around."

"Ask him yourself. Here he comes."

Jim turned to see the bright pompom of Della's head moving toward them through the smoke. Della seemed to glow all over.

"We're celebrating!" she announced. "Bo's play is optioned! He leaves for New York next week!"

Jim felt as if a truck had hit him. He could feel his toes curling up inside his shoes. Della was looking at the tousled giant at her side, pride beaming incandescent in her eyes. Jim saw the look. He saw, too, that Dee had been right—Bo would go far—and take Della with him. Jim looked at the dark, insolent face under the ragged haircut. *The lure of the black sheep, the challenge.* Jim stood there pretending to listen to what they were saying around him but his mind worked like an enlarger. He suppressed a grin. It was a Kookie idea—but he was desperate. The tripod was going to fold.

The next morning Della eyed Jim's unshaven face when he entered the photo shop. "Oversleep?" she asked pointedly.

He rubbed his chin. "I'm growing a beard."

"Why?"

"Why not? It's natural for a man to have a beard. Who needs razor blades? Why should I support the steel industry?" He took off his coat and dropped it on the floor.

Two lines indented Della's forehead as she looked him up and down. "A tee shirt?"

Jim shrugged. "I'm decent. A collar and tie is a drag." He unzipped his brief case and took out a can of beer. He opened it.

Della's frown deepened. "Drinking? In the morning?"

"I'm thirsty. You want a sip?"

"On the job?" She pushed him behind the partition.

Jim braced himself. "Quit pushing me around. I don't like to be pushed around." He took a swig of beer. "I especially don't like to be pushed around by women."

She flushed. "I'm not *women*—I'm Della."

"You're no different from any other woman." He heard the sharp intake of her breath. "All you chicks are alike."

"You're drunk."

"Cold sober. Stone cold sober in the market. I'm hip, I'm cool, I'm swinging. I finally broke through, Della, and it's good, it's way out. When I walk, I walk easy and when I sit, I sit loose. I'm free. For the first time in my life I don't care. I'm serene." He smiled serenely, swinging the can of beer. It sloshed a little.

She gasped. "When did all this happen?"

"I've been sitting in Kirby's for two weeks. Thinking. Listening." He snapped his fingers in rhythm, swinging. "Those cats are with it! What do you say we sell the shop and sink the loot in Bo's play?"

Della's voice shrilled. "After all the work you've done?"

"Work? Who needs it? Time spent in harness."

She blinked. "What about the future?"

"Baby, now is all there is. You got to go, go, go!" He continued to rock. "What future?"

"Stand still!" she sputtered. "*Your* future—as a business man, a husband, a father, a citizen!"

Jim hooted. "Suburbia? The split-level house with a picture window overlooking the graveyard? Bubble-head, what kind of a deal is that?"

Della closed in on him, her voice intense—low but distinct: "It depends on who's waiting for you in the split-level, Jim. If the right person is there creating a home, a niche, a shelter—for you—it's the best deal in the world."

Jim's hand shook as he set the beer can down. I'll buy that, he thought. He permitted himself to show a small doubt. "I don't know. I'm confused." He wrinkled his forehead. "Would you care to lay that out for me at dinner tonight?"

"Dinner?" She put the beer can under the counter. "In your tee shirt?"

"We'll go to Kirby's."

"I've had it with Kirby's."

"I thought you dug it the most."

"It's fine for Bo. Not for you. I *care* what you do."

Jim's heart chugged. He gripped the edge of the counter. "Then why are you leaving?"

The pink mouth softened. "Bo's leaving. I'm not going anywhere. I have to stay here and get you off this beat kick." She moved in on him like a zoom lens. "Poets are fine. The world needs them. But somebody's got to mind the store. Bo's a moonshooter—maybe I helped him find the target—but you, you're the army of occupation." She put her arms around him. "I'm with you."

Jim buried his face in the lemon silk hair. "You could have fooled me."

She rested against him. "You don't understand about Bo. He's brilliant—but alone. He can't share—and I'm sorry for him because that's what life is: sharing. When you're beat you're cold—dead—buried inside the walls of yourself. You're not free then, you're locked up inside the prison of your loneliness. I couldn't stand to see it happen to you, Jim."

He smiled to himself over the top of her head but he was careful to keep his voice plaintive. "Will you help me?"

Her arms tightened around him. "Always."

After a while she pulled away from him and wiped the pink lipstick off his face. "Now, about this model—"

"Star?" Jim brushed it off. "Strictly a paper doll, a magazine cover. A woman to look at—not to live with."

"I saw you that first night nuzzling her out on the balcony."

"I was watering the geraniums."

"A likely story."

He crossed his heart and held up his palm. "So help me Luther Burbank."

"A regular Johnny Appleseed, aren't you?"

He kissed the top of her chrysanthemum head. "The only blossom I want is you."

Della snuggled against him. "We'll make beautiful pictures together."

"Anything might develop."

They looked into each other's eyes and laughed. THE END

ASSIGH

A lark began to trill as if it were the voice of her heart singing out for all to hear. As her father bargained with the handsome stranger, the lass knew he was really making a match for her.

BY MARY LAVIN ILLUSTRATED BY TOM LOVELL

Only once in all the years did he say anything about it, and that was a few days before he died. He was lying so still she thought he was asleep, but he was staring at the rags on her legs.

"Does it trouble you much?" he said. Just that, but her fear of him flared up as fierce as on the day he struck her, and ill though he was, and helpless—dying—she wanted to lie to him; to say it didn't trouble her at all: to exonerate him.

But the saturated rags wrapped round her leg would show up the lie.

"Only a bit, Father," she said cautiously, "not much."

"It was the brass of the buckle that did it," he said, as if it were only yesterday. It was a sort of apology. She knew that at once. But not for his action. Never for that! Only for its unfortunate outcome.

"There must have been verdigris on the buckle," he said. "And, verdigris is poison! If your mother was alive she'd have put something on it to kill the poison."

He must have turned to look at her again, but she was looking out of the window herself and she didn't notice. He rapped on the table by his bed.

"Did you know verdigris was poison?" he cried, and he rapped again on the table. "You didn't know it!" he cried accusingly. "Well, you know it now!"

And then, as unexpectedly as he opened them, he closed his eyes again, and she realized that whatever need made him break the silence of twenty years had now been fully satisfied.

He was asleep almost at once, in one of the heavy, unnatural sleeps that came down so often upon him. They would soon close in upon his consciousness altogether. She looked at him. He couldn't last much longer. It would be over then, the long imprisonment of their lives with him. She took no pleasure in the thought, but it passed frequently through her mind. To put it away she looked out at the fields.

Closed in by summer, the fields were deeper and lonelier than ever, and the laneway out to the road was narrowed by overhanging briars. Away in a far field down by the river, her brother Tom was scything weeds. He was cutting away with an easy rhythmical movement, but as she watched he stopped to put a new edge on the blade, and when he reached down for the whetstone she was startled to see how stiff he was, and awkward. Why, the man on the bed was suppler than him.

A feeling of pity for his dried and wasted years assailed her, but suddenly her leg throbbed. It may have been that her father's words had wakened the pain, for it was so bad it might have been, again, the moment it happened, when he came upon her suddenly in the churchyard, from behind the vaulted yew trees, and before all the other stragglers—and there were plenty of them—raised the head collar in the air and swung it over her head. Sparkling like a star in the day sky the buckle held her eyes for an instant, and then it darkened down upon her.

She fell with pain. And as she fell, she saw Jake take to his heels across the slabstones. But her father didn't give him a glance.

"Get up!" he said to her. "Get up!" and, as if she was a beast that had fallen, he struck her again to rise her. Not that he was a man that ever ill-treated a beast. For that matter, neither was he a man that had ever objected, before that, to her having a word now and then with a man. You might say he used to give her a sort of coarse encouragement.

"Better watch your step in that jacket, my girl," he'd say sometimes when she was going out for a walk, even when she was too young to know what he meant. She used to feel there was a queer meaning in his words but she didn't want to uncover it. She'd run out of the door, laughing. Sometimes he used to bring her into the town on the eve of a fair, and buy her dresses that made the neighbors click their tongues.

"It's easily seen you have no mother, you poor child." That was said to her more than once when he decked her out as if it was Sunday, on a plain ordinary day of the week. She couldn't play in the kind of dresses he got her. Maybe that was how she got the habit of standing about, drawing looks on herself like the looks she got from over the wall in the school yard that divided the boys from the girls, and later on, the bolder looks from their own workmen; particularly Jake. It was behind her father's back for the most part that she got those looks, but he knew about them all the same, and he never seemed to mind. She even used to think he put some construction of his own on them; that they were a measure of something in his mind.

In her own mind, that was all they were, a measure: a measure of her attraction. Obscurely she knew, even then, that nature made use of small affinities

It was only looks between them, but suddenly she was sure.

to prepare the heart for the fatal, the immortal affinity of love.

And so, when there was a sound of wheels rattling over the cobbles of the yard one day, a week before she was seventeen, and a spanking back-to-back trap drove up to the yard door, she was drawn to the doorway by something more compelling than mere curiosity.

"The name is Mellors—Tod Mellors," said the owner, jumping down and going to meet her father who came out of the cowshed at the sound of the wheels. She was left standing at the yard door. But he had seen her. And if she knew in that instant what she had been waiting for—although it was only a short wait—there was a look in his eyes that made her feel that he too had come to the end of some kind of waiting. In his case, though, it had been a longer wait, he being a mature man, owning a big farm of his own.

Because he announced outright that he had just bought the farm next to them.

"The two divisions," he said proudly, "and it's the best of land, but it was overstocked at the back end of the year, and I'm thinking I'll be short of hay. I'm told you have a field of second-crop meadow for sale on foot."

"It's for sale all right," said her father slowly, "but I was thinking of making it up myself." His shrewd eyes were trying to sum up the stranger, but afterward she knew it was for other reasons than she thought at the time. He had paired them up in his mind in that first moment.

Of course, it was all only looks. But in the silent fields, living close with the mute beasts, there was perhaps more meaning to be got out of looks and glances than there was for people in the towns. She used to think sometimes that for people like them, her and her father and Tod, words only ran alongside looks—as the song of the stream runs alongside the meaningful ripples. But there were times when words had their full potency too, and never more than when men were making a deal.

"Will you give me the first refusal of it one way or another?" said Tod Mellors that day.

"Do you want to have a deal here and now?" said her father.

"That depends on what you're asking for it," said Mr. Mellors.

"How much is it worth?" said her father.

They moved across the yard toward where a gate led into the meadow. Her father leaned back against the gate, facing away from it, for he knew every blade of grass that was in it. But Tod Mellors leaned forward, looking deep into the grasses that swelled like a sea, and were as green as the sea, with not a blotch of blossom marring it, from mearing to mearing, but only darker clots of green where the cow pads had coarsened the growth. And standing to one side of him, she could see how he coveted the grass with his eyes, and how his eyes took pleasure in its moisture and richness.

Then the bargaining began again involuntarily.

"Well, what is it worth?" said her father.

"Do you mean to me, or to you?"

"What's the differ?" said her father, surprised.

"Oh, there's a big difference," said Mr. Mellors. "And what's more, I'd say you were a man that sets a steep value on anything you have to offer."

Her father laughed. And seeing her beside him, he flung out an arm and put it round her waist, like he might have done perhaps with her mother when they were early-married.

"I can afford to ask a nice price," he said. "I never put anything on the market that I'm ashamed to stand behind!"

Mr. Mellors looked for a minute into her father's eyes, and then he looked into hers, and again she felt the fated weight of the moment, like when he first rode into the yard, and she knew that it wasn't altogether the meadow grass they were talking about, either of them. Although it was no longer the olden times, when such things were commonplace, but her own day, when such things were laughed at and mocked, they were for all that making a match for her there and then: both of them.

And she wanted it that way! She wanted it. And her heart was so filled with joy that when just then, high up in the blue sky over their heads, out of sight, a lark began to trill, it seemed as if it was the voice of her heart singing out for all to hear. She looked at Tod Mellors. And he looked at her.

"Well, I'm not a man that's ashamed to pay a good price for a thing if it's true to its worth," he said. "But there's no hurry, I suppose." He nodded at the grass. "It can go a while longer, wouldn't you say?"

"Oh, a good while longer," said her father. He was glad he could be prodigal with something. "You can take your time. You have the first refusal anyway. I promise you that!"

They shook hands then, and the clasp of their hands was so strong it dipped them forward and downward as if they were middle-sized men for a moment, instead of the tall men they both were. Tod Mellors straightened up.

"Goodbye, sir," he said to her father. "Goodbye, Miss!" he said to her. No more. The next minute he was spanking down the road. And standing in the yard, for as long as they could hear the sound of the mare's feet, they could see the tip of his whip over the road hedge.

"Well, that's that!" said her father. He was in great spirits. "I told you that was the best bit of meadow in the countryside," he said to Jake, who was coming against them as they moved back into the middle of the yard.

"Did he make a deal?" said Jake.

"No," said her father, "but I put out a feeler and I'm well satisfied."

When her father bent and went into the cowshed, Jake looked at her queerly.

"What did you think of the fine Mr. Mellors? He'll be looking for more than the meadow before long, I'd say!"

"I don't know what you mean," she said coldly.

"Oh, not you!" said Jake sarcastically.

She walked away from him, toward the meadow gate, and she stood for a minute looking over the gate where they had all stood together. And she remembered the covetous look in Mr. Mellors' eyes. Her own eyes seemed to see the beauty of the land for the first time. Was I blind before? she thought wonderingly. Then she followed her father into the cowshed.

"Well, girl?" he said gaily, when she went up to him in the dimness that was slatted with light from the loosely jointed boards.

They never got on as well together as in the few weeks that followed, and even Tom didn't seem to rub him the wrong way as much as usual.

"What has him in such good form lately?" said Tom to her one evening.

"I don't know," she lied. "Why don't you take heart, while he's in good humor and tell him about you and Flossie?" she cried quickly.

For cautious and all as Tom was, she knew Flossie Sauren and he were meeting more than an odd time; on Sundays, and in the evenings. If her father knew it he'd flay him. He gave him no encouragement at all. She didn't know why he made this difference between them, unless it was that he was able to identify something of himself again in her that wasn't in Tom. It might have been her impudence! He had plenty of impudence himself in his young days, especially for women. A cattle dealer in the town was talking to her one day, and he said he knew her when she was only a sparkle in her father's eyes. Her father laughed.

"And she has the same sparkle in her eye, I can tell you!" he said, meaningfully.

But there was no sparkle in Tom's eyes. Still she didn't see why he was so covert about his meetings with Flossie.

"He can't kill you!" she said. "Tell him, why don't you! He might think more of you for it."

But it terrified him to talk about it.

"Take care would he hear you!" he said, and he looked over his shoulder, although their father was out in the fields, counting the cattle.

"He'll have to know sometime," she said, but she said it lightly, because, already, she was letting her mind run ahead. When she was married, she thought, she'd have some authority over their father, and she'd talk straight to him about Tom. She'd have Flossie to the house, too, and she would have them all meet naturally. And Tod would put in a word for them.

For Tod Mellors had bought the meadows, and called a few times to bargain about the aftergrass.

"He means business," cried her father, making no disguise now about his meaning, and pulling her hair with an affectionate gesture. "Aftergrass indeed! No beast could want for aftergrass that had the sweet pickings his can get any day down between the flaggers in his own river fields. If he takes our aftergrass, there's more in his mind than he's declared!"

As if she didn't know that. The old collie in the yard knew it! He had given up barking at Tod, and he a cross dog that barked at many people that passed the place every day of their lives.

But she would have liked if Tod Mellors showed his hand more plainly, or showed it to her instead of only to her father. She couldn't settle her mind to anything. She hung about the yard most of the day, or stood at the door to listen if there might be a trap coming up the road with the tip of a whip showing over the hedge. And even when he didn't pass, it was good to stand looking out over the fields. How sweet must be the moment when feelings roused by such beauty were shared with another soul! She was impatient, though, for that moment of sharing to come. And it was slow in coming.

For one thing Tod never came to the place unless he had business with her father. She would have begun to think there was nothing between them and that it was all only her own imaginings, if it weren't for Jake. She was able to draw confidence from his impudent looks. Since Mellors had appeared on the scene, Jake had got bolder. He felt he was playing safe. More than ever their flirting was no more than a whiling away of the long summer evenings.

But her father suddenly seemed to take a different view of things, and several times she and Jake met at the pump in the yard, or when he came to the door of the kitchen to get the pig feed or the hot mash, she saw her father staring at them. But she feared her father then, no more than she feared the covert advances of the laboring man, for she felt wiser and more knowing than either of them. For all the fears the farmers had of their daughters mixing with the laboring classes, and those below them, it was nothing to the fears the fellows themselves had of getting into a situation that would make trouble between them and the men that gave them their hire. Oh, she knew Jake! She knew him better than her father knew him.

And that day in the churchyard, if her father only knew it, it was talking about Mellors they were! Jake was going on about him, and teasing her.

She was coming out from the service, and going through the churchyard, down the grass path to the stile that led into their own fields, when she saw Jake standing to one side of the path, under one of the old yew trees that vaulted it. He was probably going back to the yard to rinse the milk cans, a job that was often left till after the service on Sunday; and when he saw her he waited for her.

"I suppose you'll be going home by the other path soon," he said, and he nodded back toward the main path that led out to the road. And she knew Tod must have been going out that way because she had seen him in the church. He left before she did, and although she hurried out quickly afterward, she couldn't see him anywhere. Or at least she couldn't see him without stopping and looking around, so she was glad to come upon Jake. He gave her an excuse for lingering for a minute or two longer, and while she was talking to him she could look back casually over her shoulder. She wouldn't care then if he saw her. It might even provoke him to a bit of life. Because Jake might be only a workman, but he was a fine man, and young blood didn't make the same distinctions as old blood!

Jake wasn't one for hanging back, though. He wanted to get back to the yard and get his work done. He was going to a football match after dinner.

"Are you coming home?" he said.

"What's the hurry?" she said, stealing a backward look. Tod was still in the churchyard all right. He was standing at the gate talking to an old woman from a cottage near him, who did a bit of baking and washing for him. He was facing her way, but she couldn't be sure if he saw her. "What's the hurry?" she repeated absently. But Jake gave her sleeve a pull, and his voice was rough.

"I know what's in your mind," he said. "And you're not going to make a teaser out of me!"

She turned back to laugh at him, but when she saw the look in his eyes she felt ill at ease and restless. If only she could bring that look into the eyes of the other one!

It was at that moment her father came over the stile.

Her first feeling when she saw him was only a simple surprise. He ought to have been far away in the upland pasture putting a head collar on the mare to bring her down to the home fields. What brought him back? And what brought him this way?

The next minute he raised the head collar.

"Don't," she screamed, when she realized why he swung the strap in the air and she saw the buckle glittering in the air. "We were only talking, Father," she screamed.

For one instant it seemed that the glittering buckle was stayed in the air, and she saw, too, by his eyes that her father did, perhaps, in that moment believe her. But she knew him well; and she knew that her innocence wouldn't save her. He had caught a glimpse of her from the fields, by the yew tree, talking to someone, and he thought it was Tod Mellors. Then when he came up on them and saw it was not him, but Jake, he was disappointed, and it was for his disappointment she would suffer.

She wasn't sure to this day if he missed or not with that first lash. She fell down, but that could have been cowering as much as anything else, cowering before the blow and the temper in his eyes.

"Father, Father! Do you want to make a show of me before everyone?" she cried.

It was the wrong thing to say. He threw a glance beyond her to where the few people that were still about the churchyard had drawn together astonished, not knowing what to do or say.

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And among them, rooted to the ground with astonishment, was Tod.

And then, before he lifted the head collar again, she cowered again, covering her face and chest. Oh, she knew him so well: He would strike her now for sure. He was in the wrong, but it was she who put him in the wrong, and he'd strike her for it. Mortified at what he had done, and unable to undo it, he would do it again, putting himself altogether beyond the comprehension of gaspers and gossipers.

It was the second blow that did the harm. It fell on her leg and it tore open the skin. Yet even then, at the time she didn't feel any bitterness. If anything, it was pity for him that she felt, pity for the damage he had done through her to his own secret vanities and ambitions. But then, none of them, neither her father, nor herself, nor Tod, nor any one could know the cut was going to fester the way it did, and fail to heal.

In the days that followed, he must have been looking at it covertly though, times that she didn't know, because about a week afterward—the next Sunday it must have been—when she was getting ready to go out, he shouted at her.

"Pull off that stocking!" he said. "Do you want the dye to get into the cut and destroy you altogether?"

It meant she had to stay at home, but she wasn't sorry that day. But after a few weeks, tied to the house all the time, it was a different matter. And one evening, about a month later, it was such a lovely evening she decided to take a walk even if it was a little limp of a one.

He was in the yard when she opened the door. He looked at her.

"A person would think you'd want to hide your shame, instead of going out to show it off!"

The tears rushed into her eyes. How could he speak to her like that: him that did it? How could he? But she had a lot to learn. She didn't know then all the years that lay ahead when it would have been a relief if he sneered at her instead of the terrible silence that came down on the house in respect to her infirmity. Not only her father and Tom, but not one in the whole parish ever spoke of it directly to her. Only Tod. He always asked about it, right from the start.

The first night, the night it happened, he came straight up to the house to ask how she was. Her father was out, and Tom and she were in the kitchen.

"It's Mellors," said Tom. "You'd better not let him see you," he said to her. But she limped to the door.

"How are you?" he said, as soon as he caught sight of her, and his eyes went at once to the rags she had tied around her leg. It was an old sheet she had torn up into strips and wound around it.

"You saw what happened?" she said.

"I only saw him strike you. I didn't see why he did it."

"You saw all there was to see!" she flashed. "I was only talking to Jake Hewett."

He looked unbelievingly at her.

"He'd hardly strike you for that!" he said, and his voice was harsh. But she hardly bothered to clear herself any more because such a feeling of joy went through her at that harsh note in his voice.

I know now that he cares, she thought.

"Don't you believe me?" she asked.

"I don't know," he said. "I don't know!" And he turned and went away, without once looking at Tom, who was standing there like a fool.

"I thought he wanted to see Father," said Tom.

"Did you!" she cried, and she laughed at him. "That's all you know!"

And if it weren't for the aching pain of the cut she'd have thought it was all for luck what happened. It could be the cause of bringing things to a head. And she went back to the kitchen and rolled down her stocking and looked at the leg. Maybe it might be a good thing to stoup it again, she thought, because she felt it would want to heal quickly if she was to follow up whatever advantage she had gained by it. It would surely be better in a few days.

But the pus formed in it again and again, no matter how often she stouped it. No matter what she did, no scab stuck to it long enough for it to dry.

At last one day about six months after it happened, when her father and Tom were at the three-day fair of Ballinasloe, she got herself taken to the dispensary in the town. Even then, she didn't put much stock on what the doctor told her.

"Is an ulcer a bad thing, Tom?" she asked cautiously, the morning they came back, when they were alone together for a minute in the kitchen.

Tom was sharpening the scythe up, drawing the whetstone slowly along the blade, as if it was to get music out of it he was doing it.

"In a beast, is it?" he asked absently.

"Man or beast," she said weakly.

"They say it's bad," he said. "Why?"

"Oh, don't mind!" she said dejectedly.

Tod knew all about ulcers though.

"Is that leg no better?" he said one day irritably, when he met her in the town. "Would it be ulcerating?" he said. "Did you see a doctor about it? Ulcers get incurable if they're neglected at the start."

His voice was cruel, but she knew what made it cruel, and she wouldn't have it any other way.

"You believe me now, Tod, don't you?" she said softly. "It was only because he was a workingman that my father was annoyed with me for talking to him, and—"

"I know," he said sharply. "I believe you." But there was a look on his face that made her heart go slow. It was a look she had seen once on Tom's face when they were children. He had a new watch that their father gave him for his Confirmation, and they were playing in the fields when suddenly his face got white.

"My watch is lost!" he said.

All afternoon they looked for it in the fine fringe of the meadow, and in the strong high grass of the headland. And then, just as they were going to go home, she heard him draw a breath like a cry.

"What's the matter?" she asked, running over to him, where he was standing on a plank that ran across one of the ditches, and served for a rough bridge.

"I've found it!" he said, but she thought he was going daft, because instead of looking pleased he looked—well, he had the look on his face that Tod had—

The watch was on the bottom of the ditch, under a foot of water.

"But you've found it!" she said.

"I wish I didn't," he said.

That's the way Tod feels about me, she thought. He wishes he didn't believe me! Now that I'm useless to him. It would have made it easier for him.

Because she knew by then herself that the leg was never going to be better. It didn't come against her too much: she could work about the house and the inner yard; she could churn and bake, but she'd be no use at all for calf rearing and pig feeding, and the heavy jobs of a farmer's wife.

A fierce resentment went through her. That was the country for you! If they lived in the town it would have been different. In the country, all that men thought about was breeding a family, and getting as much work out of a woman as a beast. But then she remembered the first day Tod drove across the cobbles, when their eyes met; and she knew she was doing him an injustice, or a bit of an injustice anyway. He wanted a bit of romance in his life too. But he wasn't prepared to have it at the cost of everything else.

He came less and less often to the house. Sometimes he didn't call for months, and he always had a strict purpose when he called. Now, though, instead of being glad to see him, her father found it hard to be civil to him. She didn't even see him in church, because although for a long while she used to sit behind him but on the other side of aisle, so she

could glance at him slantways without being seen, he must have felt her eyes upon him, for he took to sitting at the back of the church. And he went out quickly and drove away. He had given up the trap. He was one of the first in the countryside to have a motor. The motor seemed to take him out of her life still further. She hated that motor. She knew too that it would keep him eligible a long time yet for the young girls growing up around them, in spite of his aging appearance and his solitary ways.

He was aging fast; she could see that on the rare occasions she met him and her heart was stabbed with sadness for them both.

But he never married! In this thought her heart exulted, and in its implications. Standing at the window sometimes still, she was unable to stem the little false feelings of hope that stirred in her, above all in summertime, the time she first met him. Then, when the fields were rich and flowing, the hedges flecked with blossom, and the scent of the clover sweetened every breath in the air, she used to argue with herself in her heart.

It ought to be enough, she thought, the beauty and the peace of it all. But it wasn't enough. It seemed impossible to think it was not meant to be shared.

Her leg had become a lot less troublesome after a number of years, and sometimes she looked around her in the church, and it seemed to her that the forced rest she had got from having to mind it, had left her, in the end, a younger-looking woman than the women that had been girls with her, and that were married, and worn out with childbearing and work.

Even Tod remarked on it one day in the town.

"You're looking well," he said, and although it was a mild enough remark, she knew it meant she was looking well indeed.

"I'm feeling well!" she said. And she laughed. "I was thinking in church only the other Sunday that I'm wearing better than a lot of my neighbors."

It was a flash of her old boldness, a boldness that had gone utterly from her spirit much less her tongue. But Tod turned aside abruptly.

"They had their strength when they needed it," he said. Somehow she didn't feel humiliated or hurt. He did care! she thought, and it came into her mind that if she really knew—for certain—not just by hints and insinuations, but in words—that he had loved her then, and that that was why he never married—and never would—she'd be satisfied. He'd be hers in a kind of way then.

It wouldn't satisfy some people, but it would satisfy her—or she thought it would. But if she did know it for certain would she be able to keep it a secret, she wondered? Wouldn't it only be like her dreams and imaginings over again if she didn't tell it to someone? Just one person? And who would she tell? Flossie Sauren was the only one who might understand.

"Don't, Father!" she begged. "We were only talking!" Then the cruel strap fell.

Poor Flossie! She and Tom had never married either, so although she and Flossie didn't meet often she felt there was a bond between them. Not that she had much sympathy with Flossie. It seemed to her that whereas she and Tod had been kept apart by inmost, unknowable causes hidden in the human heart—Tom and Flossie were unmarried because they hadn't any spirit.

There was one evening she tried to goad Tom into doing something about it. It was once more the eve of the three-day fair in Ballinasloe, and for the first time in their lives their father was not going to it. Tom was going on his own.

"He mustn't be feeling well if he's not going. Will you manage by yourself, Tom?" she asked nervously. He would be buying springers; a knacky job.

He didn't answer, and she saw how stupid she had been. He was glad to be going alone. He looked younger and livelier than he'd done for a long time, and he was excited; he was almost queerly excited.

"You'd think you were going to a wedding," she said.

She didn't often make jokes, but she ought to have been cured forever by the look he gave her. "What made you say that?" he said, and he stopped up in the middle of blacking his shoes and stared at her.

"Don't look at me like that!" she said. "I was only thinking how well you looked. And, anyway, I don't see what harm it was! By rights it ought to be a wedding—your own." She ran to him.

"Oh, Tom, I'm not standing in your way, am I? You know what I mean! If you're waiting for me to go, and leave a place for you to take in a wife, then you'll never marry, because I'll never be gone. It's not my fault though, you know that, don't you, Tom? But I wouldn't be in anyone's way. You can tell that to Flossie. I'd be good to her; I would. I promise you!"

He was blacking the other shoe by this time, but he left down the blacking brush and took his foot down off the chair and pointed toward the yard where their father could be heard clattering about the cobbles.

"What life would she have in the house with him?"

It was true.

"Here, let me do those shoes for you," she said, in a fit of compassion.

"They're done now."

They were shining like laurel leaves. She could not help exclaiming.

"Aren't they very light shoes for wearing to the fair?"

He was so touchy, though, she could have bitten out her tongue for noticing them.

"I want something besides hobnail boots to wear in the evenings in the lodging house parlor, don't I?" he said.

"That's right, Tom," she said weakly, thinking that when their father went with him, it was very little he saw of the parlor, but was sent off to bed like a gossoon, to be up at the first screech of daylight.

He'd be a new man if he was left on his own, she thought. And where she would have felt guilty thinking of the gain to herself if anything happened to their father, it seemed different altogether to think of the gain it would be to Tom.

How long will it be till he gets the place? she wondered. But it seemed that their life must go on, day after day, as it had always done, until it was less of a duration than a kind of immediate successiveness: a kind of eternity.

Ah, well, he'll enjoy the fair, she thought, and she watched him go next morning in the dawn with a little excited feeling. Maybe he'd have things to tell her when he came back. She tried to imagine the lodging-house parlor.

Would there be any young women there, playing the piano to amuse the farmers and the dealers? It would be hard on poor Flossie if he put his eye on one of them, but somehow she couldn't think of him making advances to any young woman, but only sitting down, pleased with being away from home, and proud of his shoes, shining like the laurels. She was longing for him to come home, and tell them all about it anyway.

Her father too was looking forward to him coming home. The fair seemed to gain in importance for him by his being unable to go to it. He never quit reading the account in the newspaper of the weights of the beasts, and the prices they made.

"I ought to have gone," he said, "no matter how I felt. He'll buy backward springers; that's what he'll do. He has no experience."

Tom didn't buy backward springers though. He bought none at all.

"They were going too dear," he said, and she thought he said it lamely.

"You didn't buy any beast at all?" she echoed.

She was nearly speechless with surprise.

Their father wasn't speechless though; far from it.

"Four days' food and lodgings and nothing to show for it," he shouted. "God damn it, what kind of a fool are you?" He looked as if he might strike him. Then he sat down heavily on the chair behind him.

"Are you all right, Father?" she cried. "Tom! Tom! There's something the matter with him! Quick!—hold him."

It was a stroke.

She forgot about Tom and Flossie for many a long day after that. For seven years he never left the bed. She thought about Tom and Flossie now and then, but she never liked to mention it again. The matter was linked in her mind with her unfortunate joking the night before the fair. And when, after years, she ventured to mention it to him again, he cut her short.

"I've had enough of that!" he said crossly.

She felt he too was reminded of the night of the fair, and he didn't want to be. But later, he spoke of that night himself.

"I feel I killed him!" he said.

"Nonsense," she said. "And he's far from dead anyway," she added.

But he wasn't so far from it. The next day was the day she caught him looking at her leg and that was the day he asked about it.

The next day he was dead.

As she stood beside the bed, after the priest had gone, and she was waiting for the undertaker, she found herself pondering on the changes that would come. Already the house was filling with people. One by one the neighbors had congregated. It was almost like the way, one by one, cattle are drawn over to a part of the field where something unusual has happened, like a tree falling, or even one of themselves getting lame and unable to rise.

At first the voices were subdued, but as the house filled up, and as the neighboring women saw small tasks to be done, and set about doing them, there was a lively air about the house that it had not had for years; if it ever had.

It was like a breaking of ice. And like, sometimes, when the ice of winter is breaking, and the growth of spring has already started underneath it, she felt within her a great expectancy. Expectancy of what? She didn't know, but she did wonder if Tod would come to the funeral.

He didn't. He stayed away. He was the only one for miles around that wasn't seen at the house or in the cemetery.

"A nice neighbor, that fellow!" said Tom, when all was over and they were alone on the day of the burial.

"He never forgave Father," she said.

Tom stood up abruptly. He was still in his best clothes, but he was restless, and didn't have much fancy for sitting talking. Above all, he didn't seem to fancy the turn the talk had taken.

"I think I'll change my clothes," he said.

She knew what that meant. He was going out with the old scythe to cut weeds. He's married to that old scythe, she thought, partly bitter, and partly amused. And a few minutes later, when she heard steps in the yard, she thought it was him coming back to the house for something: the whetstone, or the can of grease.

But it was Tod.

"You didn't come to the funeral," she said, for the sake of saying something. She didn't ask him in, but stood up and went toward him, and they both stepped out into the yard.

"I never forgave him," he said.

They were the words she had used only a moment before to Tom.

"For what he did to me?" she asked carefully.

He looked straight at her face.

"—and to me," he said deliberately.

Like a lark in the sky—like when she was young—her heart sang out for joy. But under a hedge of the field in front of them, a corncrake made himself heard with a harsh sound, not like a song at all, more like the sound of the clappers at Tenebrae.

"He came between us: he spoiled everything for us."

It was true, she thought. At last, after all the years it was said. Not in the words of youth, not in the way she would once have wanted to hear it—but in his own way, in the only way it could be said now perhaps—he had said it. She looked at him with gentleness and pity.

He saw the look in her eyes, and stepped toward her, but she moved back. She had condemned him long ago for not thinking love was enough, and for thinking only of breeding and rearing up a family. But now, when the days of her own fertility were over, she saw things in another light. Her heart was still filled with the old feelings she knew now so well, the feelings of hope and premonition, but she realized, at last, that it wasn't from Tod any more that she looked for their fulfillment. It was too late.

In the intensity of this realization she could think of nothing else for a moment. Then her mind seized urgently upon her brother Tom! He was younger than her, and Flossie was years younger. She made a rapid calculation, for practical reasons, of Flossie's age. There was time yet surely for them to be fruitful in their marriage.

I must talk to him, she thought, but it was no longer a vague romantic notion that animated her mind. It was not their satisfaction either that she looked for from their union. It isn't ourselves that matter any more, she thought, Tod or I: or even Tom or Flossie. It's those that come after us.

Looking past Tod, she filled her eyes with the beauty of the sight beyond her —or even one small creature, gripping her hand—Oh, the joy of it!

Impatient suddenly, she put out her hand to Tod.

"Thank you for coming up," she said, and she shook his hand. He looked as if he were going to say something else, but she gathered her coat closer around her. "I must see Tom," she said. "I was on my way down to him when you came." He had to stand aside to let her pass, and when she walked quickly away he had nothing to do but to go back out to where he had left the car on the road. Once she looked back at him, but he didn't see her. She was taking her leave of him at last in that backward glance. Then she hurried down to the river.

They must get married at once, she thought. They mustn't wait at all; not even in decency to the dead.

"Tom! Tom!" she called to him, as she drew nearer. Already she had forgotten about Tod Mellors. He was unimportant to her at last.

"Oh, Tom, I couldn't stay in the house," she cried, as she reached him. "I had to come down to you. I know you hated me saying it the last time, but it's different now, isn't it?" She hesitated, but only for a minute, "—about you and Flossie, I mean?"

He had stopped scything when she first called, but when he took in the words, he assumed the stiffness of a stranger. Then, deliberately, and without answering her, he began to pull the scythe heavily through the reeds again.

She tried to take his silence for attentiveness.

"You'll have to wait a little while, I know that," she said apologetically, "but we could have everything planned." Her excitement rushed back and overwhelmed her. She didn't notice the pronouns she had used. "You could talk it over with Flossie, and we could begin to get things ready without anybody knowing, and if you told her that I was in the know then she could come up here, and we could both be getting the house ready. We could—"

Tom stopped scything again, but he took up the whetstone.

"Well, Tom?"

He drew the whetstone across the blade.

"Take it easy," he said then. "Take it easy, will you!"

"Oh, but Tom! How can you say that? After all the years that have been wasted. Time is so precious for you now—for both of you."

But her eagerness seemed to annoy him.

"Take it easy, for God's sake, will you?" he said again. "I suppose I'll have to make a few changes now. Death always brings some changes anyway. But there's no hurry. There is no hurry I tell you," he repeated, and this time he said it so positively and meaningfully that she felt there was more to him than she had ever known.

"I know it wouldn't be the same as long ago," she said less confidently, "but surely it would be—"

"—better than nothing. Is that what you mean?" he said bitterly. He was so bitter she began to get frightened.

"No," she cried, all the same, "that's not what I mean. Wouldn't you like to have a family growing up around you? Wouldn't any man?"

He pondered that for a minute or two and her hopes rose, but he looked her in the face with a strange expression.

"I'll have no family," he said shortly. "I can tell you that now."

"How do you know?" she cried. "You never can tell. I—"

He put out his hand and caught her by the arm, and his fingers pressed her like a vise.

"How do I know! How does any man know? My father thought I was a gom; I accepted that," he said, "but I didn't know you took me for one too. I may have been afraid of him, afraid to face up to him openly, but that didn't say I let him own me body and soul. When I said we'd have no family I knew what I was saying. Don't look so stupid! You know what I mean!"

But as her mind tried to follow him, he sneered at her.

"Oh, it's not what you think now!" he said. "It was all respectable and as it ought to be; or as near as we could make it like what it ought to be. We're properly married and all that, but it's not the cause for rejoicing that you seem to think it: not now anyway."

They were standing near an old thorn tree, and she sank back against it weakly. She was utterly confounded by what he had said. Looking at her he felt bad: he could not see what injury he could have done her, but he wanted to make amends.

"I was going to tell you a couple of times, but I thought it was safer for your own sake too—not to know anything about it. And then as the years went by—"

She looked up quickly. "Years? How many years?"

"Oh, I don't know," he said indifferently, but then he made an effort. "It was before Father got ill—it must be seven years ago, or eight maybe. As a matter of fact I thought you had got wind of it. It was the night I was supposed to be going to Ballinasloe to the fair." Suddenly he put his hand up to his forehead in a mild distress. "You remember, I didn't buy the springers—and he flew into a rage—it brought on the first stroke he got—I used to think for a long time that it was my fault he got it. Because I wasn't at the fair at all. That was the time we got married; we went up to Dublin."

The fair: the thin shoes he was polishing for the lodging house parlor! She thought him odd that night: she remembered it well. So that was what he was up to that night. He hadn't gone to the fair at all! She looked at him. She never thought he would have had it in him.

And at the surprise on her face, he felt a momentary flash of the liveliness and spirit that had led to his one solitary escapade. But it died away at the thought of the long, unproductive years, ushered in by that brief bravado.

"Well, that's the way things are," he said tiredly and dejectedly. "You see what I mean when I say there's no hurry. There'll be changes all right, I know that—but I don't know what changes they'll be yet—I doubt if Flossie will want to come to live here, being so used to living near the road—it's lonely here you know. I might go and live in their place because there's some talk of her sister going to live in Dublin. That might work out all right. Their place is small, but we'll have no use for a big place." He looked at her suddenly. "There's you to consider, of course," he said. "It'd be very lonely here for you on your own.

"But there's no hurry. And now, will you leave me alone and let me get on with the scything. You know it's the only bit of pleasure I get."

There was no choice for her but to turn and make her way back to the house. Evening was coming down quickly, and the western sky glowed with so fierce a light that as the homing rooks flew across the path of the setting sun, they were made for a moment as transparent as glass birds.

At the door of the house she stood and looked back. The light of day had not yet faded, but a few stars had made their way through the heavens. Their beauty stabbed her through and through. She used to want to share that beauty, first with Tod, and then, in a last hysterical longing, she wanted to share it with anyone—anyone—even the unborn. But now there would be no one to share it with ever. Why did she have this terrible need? We try to make it a part of our life, she thought, and sure what are we all only but a part of it.

She looked back toward the river field. It was almost too dark to see Tom, or for him to see what he was doing, but he was still swinging the scythe expertly from side to side, slicing through the reeds and the wild grasses, with a gesture so true and natural it might have been a branch swaying back and forth in the wind. THE END

THE OLD NEIGHBORHOOD

To Dad the place was a Garden of Eden, a heaven on earth—but the City Fathers condemned it as a vile slum, and prepared to tear it down.

BY WILLIAM IVERSEN ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES WILLIAMSON

I suppose you might call this a love story, but it's not about kissing and girls. There's not even a wedding, unless you include my mother's and father's, and that happened years before I was born. If they haven't lived happily ever after, at least we get along fairly contented—except on those occasions when my father starts Viewing with Alarm.

A few weeks ago, for instance, we were sitting around our living room in Green Meadow, Long Island, on a quiet Saturday night. My father was reading the newspaper, my mother was watching TV, our cocker spaniel, Elvis, was chewing a rubber bone, and I was working on a chess problem to keep in trim as captain of my high school team. Suddenly, out of a clear sky, my father let out a groan.

"Condemned!" he groaned, lowering the paper like he was stunned. "I can't believe it—condemned!"

"Don't worry," my mother replied, thinking he was referring to the guy on the suspense show she was watching. "He'll come out all right in the end."

"It's a crime!" my father insisted.

"Shh, it isn't," my mother shushed. "The fella he shot was a crook from the syndicate. He fired in self-defense."

That's how my mother talks these days. Five foot one, with gray hair and bifocal glasses, she wouldn't cross the street against a red light, but from watching television all these years, she's an expert on homicide, blackmail, forgery, and theft.

"Never mind the syndicate," my father said, handing her the paper. "If you want to see a real crime, just look at this!"

My mother glanced quickly at the page and handed it back to him. "That's nice," she commented. "They're tearing down some old slums."

"Slums?" my father echoed in a deep, dark voice. "Did you see where it is they're tearing down? The Old Neighborhood!"

"The Old . . . Neighborhood?" my mother said, turning suddenly pale. She took the paper back from him, and started to read more carefully. "I can hardly believe it."

Reading over her shoulder, I could hardly believe it myself.

Though we had lived on Long Island since 1952, and in Brooklyn for ten years before that, my father had never stopped talking about the Old Neighborhood on Manhattan's Lower East Side. It was there that he and my mother lived when they were just starting out. My two married brothers had been born there, and it was there that my father had opened his first store. To hear him tell it, the Old Neighborhood was a regular Utopia. In no other place on earth were the people so friendly, the bagels so fresh, and the home life so happy. It was a paradise with pushcarts, and the milk of human kindness flowed like a river through the streets. Number 147 Peach Street was our ancestral home, and though I had never seen it, the address was as famous to me as Number 10 Downing Street. Now they were going to tear it down! Three whole blocks had already been wrecked. CITY COMPLETES RELOCATION OF 2300 FROM SLUM, the headline said.

"So many people," my mother murmured. "Where could they all move in a hurry?"

"The city finds them new places to live," I said, pointing to the paragraph that explained it. " 'Comparable housing has been found for displaced persons in other neighborhoods,' " I read.

"This is ridiculous!" my father butted in. "No two neighborhoods can compare. A neighborhood isn't just buildings, it's also friends and neighbors. The buildings are just roofs over their heads, like hoods on automobiles. That's what the word 'neighborhood' means—a *hood* for neighbors!"

"So they'll have new neighbors for a change," I said, trying to make him see the bright side.

"That's right," my mother agreed. "They'll make new friends."

"New friends aren't the same as old friends," he declared with a chip on his voice. "Why should they have to move, anyway?"

"Because the property has been condemned," I told him. "According to the paper, it's not fit to live in any more."

"What does the paper know? Does it make sense to say that on all those streets there wasn't one building fit to live in?"

"Each building wasn't condemned by itself," I tried to explain. "They were condemned as a group. The law allows the city to do this."

He gave me such a sharp look, it was like an x-ray through my head. "A fine law!" he thundered. "God forbid the day should come when the city could do the same with people!"

"Peach Street hasn't been torn down yet," my mother said, anxious to calm him down. "Peach Street is still standing, Sam."

He paused to light his cigar, thinking while he puffed. "Still standing," he mused. "I wonder how much it would cost?"

"Peach Street?" my mother asked weakly, figuring she had enough to take care of. "All those houses you want to buy?"

"Not all," he said with a shrug. "Just one I'd like to own—Number One-Forty-seven."

"You couldn't buy it for love or money," I said, in spite of myself. "They

wouldn't sell you a condemned building."

"How do you know, Checkers?" he replied dreamily. "Tomorrow we'll drive to the city and see."

"Drive?" my mother asked, looking worried. "Couldn't we take the train instead? Otherwise, we'll have trouble parking."

"Not on Sunday," he assured her. "Tomorrow we take the car!"

Before going any further, I should explain that my real name is Irving. By calling me Checkers, my father wasn't casting aspersions on the fact that I like to play chess. Long before I knew the game, he was calling me Checkers, and the reason he occasionally does so stems from the Secret of My Birth. According to my birth certificate, I was born in a hospital, but the truth is I was born on the *way* to the hospital—in a taxi on Avenue U in Brooklyn. Which is why my father calls me Checkers, deriving the nickname from the name of the cab company in whose taxi I first arrived in the world. In the news photo taken at the scene, my mother is holding me wrapped in a coat and is waving from the cab window, while in the background hospital attendants are putting my father in the ambulance in a state of total collapse. You can't see his face, only his feet, but it's a very good likeness of my mother. Why she still feels embarrassed about it, I haven't any idea. Personally, I think I was lucky. Better to be born in a taxi than in our own car—especially if my father was driving.

My father is the worst driver I've ever seen in my life, which is why my mother suggested we take a train to the city. When she said we would have trouble parking, she wasn't thinking of whether it was a Sunday or Monday. My father would have trouble parking any day of the week. Every time he backs out of the garage, even, he scrapes off a piece of the car.

"Here, hold this," he said, as I climbed into the car the next day. He tossed me a door handle that had just come off in his hand. With that he stepped on the gas, and away we lurched around the corner. The trip was like one of those chase scenes in an old silent movie, and all the way over the Queensboro Bridge he was pointing out the sights.

"Look at the Empire State Building!" he shouted, like we hadn't seen it a million times. "Directly beneath us is the river. Look down; you'll notice boats."

"You could see just as good from a bus," my mother said with a sigh. "Next time we should walk across. I'll pack a lunch, and we'll eat in the middle."

"Why walk, when you can ride in comfort?" he said gaily, coasting down off the bridge. Then he made a stunt turn heading downtown, with thrills and chills every inch of the way till we got to the tenement district.

"Take it easy," my mother warned. "You shouldn't hit any kids."

Block after block, the streets were jammed with kids. Sitting on the front stoops and leaning from upstairs windows, older people were talking, or doing nothing whatsoever but looking at the street. It was shabby and dirty and very poor, but at least it was full of life. Not like the sight that greeted our eyes when we came to that part of the Old Neighborhood where the buildings had been torn down. For three solid blocks it was leveled flat, like a bomb had blown up in the middle.

"If an enemy did such a thing, today we would be at war," my father muttered angrily. "Only this is no enemy—New York is blitzing New York."

"What's going on across the street?" my mother asked, pointing to the shell of a building that was already half wrecked. "Look how they put all the doors outside."

The doors had been nailed to the wooden scaffolding to protect people from falling debris. Old and battered, they were lined up one after another where the second story had been, so it looked like a crazy hallway hanging against the sky. Standing behind it was a section of wall, showing part of a green-painted room. It was a little sad to think that somebody had once lived there. It made me feel almost grateful that Peach Street was still in one piece.

My father put down the paper with a groan. "A neighborhood," he cried, "is more than just roofs! It's friends, it's home, it's everything! They can't do it!"

"Turn left here," my mother said, when we got to a corner.

"No, the next," my father corrected. The street signs had been taken down, and a barricade said, "No Trespassing," but he drove right around it, finding his way to the place by instinct, like a bee or a homing pigeon.

"Well, here we are!" he announced, pulling up in front of a vacant tenement. There was a small store on the ground floor, and a rusty iron fire escape zigzagged up to the roof.

"Everything still looks the same," he said, as we all piled out. "All it needs is a little paint."

"It needed paint twenty years ago," my mother reminded him.

"Too bad the store is locked," he said, trying the knob. "But we can see in the window."

I put my face to the glass and peered in through the grime. Inside it was a mess, with dirt and junk all over the floor.

"It could still be fixed up," my father said buoyantly. "A man could start a nice business here, with new apartments coming!"

I had never seen his eyes so bright, or a smile on his face so big—he looked at least ten years younger.

"Let's try the upstairs door," he said, and this time he had more luck. The lock was completely broken off.

"That's easily repaired," he murmured, fiddling with the latch. "All right, come in, everybody—follow the leader."

As we felt our way up the dark stairs, my mother hung onto my jacket. Ahead of us on the landing, my father struck a match.

"Please, no fires!" my mother called. "One little spark, and the whole place could burn down!"

I felt the same way about it. I'd never seen such a firetrap, and when we got inside the apartment, things didn't get any better. Empty light sockets hung from loose wires, and the walls were peeling and cracked. In the front room was a broken sofa, a pile of old rags, and a cardboard box full of rubbish.

"Careless tenants they must have been, leaving such a mess," said my father. "Not like when Mama and I lived here. Against that wall was the piano, over here was my chair, with clean curtains on the windows, and everything spick and span."

Having furnished the room as it used to be, he started to sit on the broken sofa, the better to admire the sight.

"Don't sit!" my mother warned. "That thing is full of bugs!"

"Bugs? I don't see any bugs," he said, examining the torn upholstery. "We never had any bugs in the old days."

"Maybe not us, but the neighbors all did. The only way we kept them out was by having each week the exterminator."

"Exterminator?" he said nonplused. "This I don't remember."

"Not you, perhaps, but *I* do," my mother said with a frown. "You remember Mr. Sterling, don't you? He used to be around so much, he was getting to be like one of the family."

"Mr. Sterling, of course!" my father said with a fond smile, leading the way into the bedroom. "I remember when I was sick with pneumonia, he went out and got us more oil for the heater. A nice man, Mr. Sterling. They don't come like him any more."

From behind a crate in the bedroom, something streaked along the baseboard and out into the hall.

"A rat!" my mother gasped.

"Are you sure?" my father asked, bending down to stare at the hole. "It looked like a big mouse to me."

"Any place the mice are that big, I don't want to stay, thank you," she said. "Come, let's get out of here."

"I'll close the door, so he won't get out," my father said, pulling it shut. And then he stood there looking at it, his hand gently rubbing the knob, like it was a magic lamp. "A thousand times I've shut this door," he said thoughtfully. "A thousand times at least . . . to let the room get nice and warm, when the children went to bed."

We made it safely down to the street, with my father trailing behind. Though I couldn't see him in the darkness, his footsteps sounded slow and unwilling, as if he didn't want to leave.

Stepping back from the curb, he looked up at the front of the building, measuring it with his eye, like he wanted to put it in the car and take it back to Long Island. When he saw that we were watching him, he scowled and acted a little embarrassed that the place had turned out to be such a dump.

"So it needs a few repairs," he said gruffly, reaching for the car door. "Now what happened? Where's the handle?"

"It's on the back seat," I told him. "You asked me to hold it, remember?"

"Why aren't you holding it, then?" he said, storming around to the other side. "It's too much trouble to hold a handle?"

"Shh, shh," my mother said. "Across the street is a man."

It took a few seconds to find where he was, because he was so grubby-looking he blended right in with the dingy background. Even so, I couldn't see all of him, since he was bent over an ash can, rummaging in the bottom. As we started away, he looked up with a startled expression.

"It's Hymie Farkel!" my father shouted, pulling to a stop.

"Duck down!" my mother muttered. "Don't let him see you!"

"Hello, Hymie," my father called, getting out to greet this guy. "You remember me, Hymie? You remember Sam Pitkin?"

A smile broke out on Hymie's face, so he looked like a skinny Santa Claus, and he and my father shook hands.

"Who's Hymie Farkel?" I asked my mother.

"A lazy, no-good junk man," she said scornfully. "On top of which he was always a sponger. Your father could never stand him."

Seeing them come toward the car together, it hardly seemed possible. With his arm around Hymie's shoulder, my father gave the impression that they were the two musketeers.

"You remember my missus, Hymie," he said, gesturing in the window. "And sitting in back is my youngest son."

My mother nodded and I smiled, and Hymie touched his cap.

"A beautiful automobile," he murmured in admiration. "You own it? It belongs to you?"

"It's all mine," my father said. "Hop in, I'll give you a spin."

"I don't think we have time, Sam," my mother said in a voice full of hints. "We have to be getting home to dinner."

"Perfect!" my father responded. "Hymie can come home to dinner with us. We can talk over old times!"

Up until that moment, I never realized how powerful the urge to recapture the past can be. According to modern psychology, the driving forces are always such things as hunger and the will to survive. But here was my father inviting Hymie home to dinner against my mother's wishes. He must have been berserk with nostalgia to even suggest such a thing.

"Where are you living now?" he asked, as Hymie climbed in back.

"The same place," Hymie answered. "Over on Delaney Street. I'm the only one left on the block, but you shouldn't mention a thing. Officially, I already moved."

"Who would mention?" my father said, laughing. "I have to hand it to you, Hymie—you didn't let them dislocate you!"

"Two rooms they found for me," Hymie said sadly. "Fifty dollars a month. For old newspapers alone, I need already two rooms."

"Don't worry, Hymie," my father told him confidentially. "After we have dinner, I'll figure something out."

Knowing my father, I could just imagine what it would be—especially since my room had an extra twin bed. To make matters worse, I began to feel sorry for Hymie. He stared at the scenery like a

child, clutching an old paper bag that looked like a bundle of lunch.

"You live in the woods?" he asked in surprise, when he saw the trees on our street. "With so much grass, you could keep a cow."

"Drive up the driveway, we'll sneak in the back," my mother whispered to my father. "Otherwise, the neighbors might wonder."

"Why sneak?" he replied. "I'll park in front of the door."

"Suit yourself," she said icily. "But if anyone asks any questions, remember —he's *your* father, not mine!"

No matter which entrance we use, we have to fight our way past Elvis, who clobbers you with doggy affection every time you come in the house. This time, he nearly went out of his mind with love, because he seemed to be under the impression that Hymie was a special present that we had brought him to play with.

He leaped around, nipping at Hymie's coat, like he wanted to shake him up and drag him to his secret lair in the hall closet. He was so ecstatic, he didn't begin to calm down until my mother served dinner, when he disappeared under the table in the hope that Hymie would sneak him a tidbit. But Hymie was so busy eating and hanging on to his paper bag, Elvis would have done better begging from my father. My father hardly touched his food; he was feasting instead on fond recollections.

"You remember how it was, Hymie, before old man Katz sold the bakery? What bagels Katz could make—they melted in your mouth!"

"Katz's bagels I had to chew, the same as anybody else's," Hymie said through a mouthful of pot roast. "Besides, Katz didn't sell the bakery. He lost it from going bankrupt."

"Naturally," my father agreed. "He used nothing but grade-A butter and eggs. No wonder he went broke."

It wasn't the butter and eggs that broke him," Hymie said, helping himself to more gravy. "His oldest son stole his money."

"His oldest son—the one who got married?"

Hymie held up two fingers, like V for victory. "Twice he got married to two different girls. Both at the same time."

"Is that so?" my father said, disappointed to hear it. "I remember he was going around with Horowitz's daughter."

"Her he never married once." Hymie said with a shrug. "Horowitz tried to arrange it, but by that time the damage was done. It almost broke the poor man's heart."

"No wonder," my mother murmured. "Under such conditions, who wants to be a grandfather? Have some more pot roast, Mr. Farkel?"

She actually smiled when she asked the question. For the first time in all these years, she had someone to back up her own opinion that life in the Old Neighborhood hadn't been quite as wonderful as my father liked to believe. Every time he recalled a happy event, Hymie brought up some little point to puncture his rosy dream.

"Anyway, it's all over now," my father said regretfully. "But why do they have to tear everything down?"

"It was bound to happen," Hymie said. "The neighborhood was going downhill. Even the junk was getting so bad, I felt ashamed to pick it up."

He shook his head and sighed, like the boom days for junk had passed. From the sympathetic looks he was getting—especially from my mother—I just knew Hymie was going to be my roommate.

"Where are you going to live now?" she asked. "After the building is torn down, you can't sleep in the street."

"I don't know what I'm going to do," Hymie said pensively. "Only one thing I'm sure of—I never had such a tasty dinner. But now, if you'll excuse me, I better be getting home."

"Don't go yet," my father said, as Hymie started to rise.

"Stay awhile," my mother insisted. "We have an extra—"

Her words were cut short, as Hymie sank back in his chair with a look of sudden agony.

"Help me, help me!" he gasped.

"What's the matter?" my father asked.

"My bag is gone," Hymie moaned, feeling around on the floor. "Please, somebody, help me find it!"

"Hymie!" Dad called joyfully to the old guy by the trash can. "That no-good junkman!" Mother muttered. "In the old days, your father couldn't stand him."

"You had it just a minute ago," my mother said, kneeling down to look for it. "How could it disappear?"

"I don't know," Hymie said from under the table. "Unless I find it, I can't go home!"

Since he put it that way, I began to search in earnest. A happy growl from out in the hall sent me dashing for the closet, where a trail of tattered brown paper led to Elvis's hiding place behind the rack of coats. I grabbed his collar and dragged him out—in his mouth he was holding what looked like a green brick.

"Drop it, Elvis!" I commanded. And when he refused to obey, I gently pried his jaws loose from the fattest wad of money I had ever seen; I ruffled the corners, and the double zeros on all those hundreds blinked at me like startled eyes.

"Is this what you're looking for?" I asked Hymie.

"That's it," he said wearily, crawling out from under the table. "Don't worry about the bag. I have an extra one in my pocket."

"Where did you get so much money?" my father managed to ask.

"From selling my building," Hymie said, almost apologetically.

"I didn't know you were the owner," my mother said, staring at the wad. "Shouldn't you put all that money in the bank?"

Hymie nodded. "Tomorrow it's going, definitely. Ever since I cashed the check, I haven't slept a wink. Meantime, I'd appreciate it if you could give me change of a hundred, so I can have carfare home."

"Forget about it," my father said brusquely, putting on his coat. "Better I should drive you home. At least you'll get there safe."

Mother looked at the door. "A souvenir," she mused, "of how hard it is to be poor."

I went along to keep my father company, but there wasn't much company to keep. All the way into the city, he never uttered a word, and from the careful way he drove, I could tell his heart wasn't in the trip.

"You'd better drop me off here," Hymie suggested cautiously, as we approached the Old Neighborhood. And when my father stopped the car, he climbed out clutching his paper bag. "Thank you for a nice dinner," he said.

My father nodded. "Good night, Hymie." But Hymie still leaned on the door, as though he had something else on his mind.

"Only one thing I'd like to ask," he mumbled shyly. "Do you want this any more, Sam?" I could maybe . . . buy it from you?"

He held up the door handle that had broken off that morning, and my father slowly shook his head. "No, Hymie, you can keep it. We still have three on the car."

"Thank you, Sam, thank you!" Hymie said. And from the way he looked at the shiny chrome, you would have thought it was the most valuable thing he had ever owned. Stuffing it into his pocket, he almost dropped the paper bag, and I had a peculiar feeling that if he were forced to choose between treasures, Hymie would have taken the handle. Picking up junk was his profession, his whole way of life, and finding such a prize piece meant more to him than cash.

"I thought I told you to hold that thing," my father grumbled, as we drove away. But I knew he really didn't care. He was just feeling grouchy from having the past brought back to him as it really was. For years he had been painting a picture of life in the Old Neighborhood in beautiful, glowing colors, and now he had nothing but a lot of old snapshots in everyday black and white.

"Do you still want to buy the old homestead?" I asked.

"Maybe not all, but just a part," he said, keeping his eyes on the road. "I've come to think you're probably right. They wouldn't sell it for love or money—especially not for love."

That was the last he said about it. But two weeks later the doorbell rang, and when I went to answer, I saw a truck outside.

"Mr. Sam Pitkin?" the driver asked. "Where do you want the door?"

"What door?" I inquired. "We weren't expecting a door."

But when he pulled it off the truck, I recognized it at once. It was the old, white-painted bedroom door from Number 147.

"Why should he buy such an old door?" my mother wondered, when she came home.

"I guess it's just a keepsake," I told her. "A souvenir from the old days."

She looked at it with a pensive smile. "If he needs a souvenir, by all means he should have it," she said. "But let's put it someplace out of the way, where it won't always be reminding me of how hard it is to be poor. Those days are over, thank God, and now I'd like to forget."

At dinner that night, she casually mentioned, "The door came today, Sam. It's standing down in the basement."

"That's good," he said quietly, and went right on with his meal.

As far as I know, he has never once bothered even to go down and look at it. I suppose the only reason he bought it was to save it from being nailed outside on the wooden scaffolding, when the wreckers came to tear down Peach Street. After seeing all those other old doors lined up in front of that half-wrecked building the Sunday we went to visit, he probably made up his mind that he didn't want that to happen to this door—the door he had opened and closed so often.

Though he no longer talks about the glories of life in the Old Neighborhood, don't get the idea that my father has given up recalling the past. He still goes on and on about it, but now the Old Neighborhood has changed—mostly for my benefit, so I should realize how hard he had to work to Pull Himself Up by His Own Bootstraps from a Life of Poverty in the Slums. From this, I'm supposed to learn The Value of a Dollar, and appreciate such luxuries as food and hot running water. To hear him tell it, he lived on nothing but crusts of bread and never had a hot bath, until he became so successful he could afford to buy his own home.

I mean, Hymie Farkel may have been the last man on his block, but eventually Hymie had to move. My father, however, will never move. You can't evict a man from his dreams. even if you condemn them. And so he keeps wandering back to Peach Street—a Peach Street that never quite was.

Personally, I feel fortunate that I'm not built that way. I'm more inclined to dwell on the future, rather than the past—which may be another good thing about being born in a taxi. No matter how hard you try, it's almost impossible to form a sentimental attachment to a means of public transportation. Besides, it's symbolic of my nature—always on the go. But if you should ever hail an old cab in the vicinity of Avenue U, in Brooklyn, remember that it may be my birthplace, and give the driver a nice, big tip. A little extra—for me. THE END

LOVE ME...LOVE MY MOTHER

Her children, though they were grown and married, came running whenever she called—it was hard for a mere daughter-in-law to understand the woman's hold on them.

BY ETHEL EDISON GORDON ILLUSTRATED BY DICK STONE

The cable was addressed to both Mr. and Mrs. Warren Selden and so it couldn't be about that . . . that Dudley Park again, but she felt a sharp thrust of fear anyway as she looked at it. Warren shouldn't be upset now, he mustn't be, not now when he was just beginning to pull himself out of his depression and to forget about Dudley Park and to look about him with new interest and even pleasure. This morning he had actually set out on the road behind the house, heading for the view made memorable by many artists, the one of the red clay roofs cascading behind dark cedars to the arc of the Mediterranean between Cannes and St. Tropez. He had taken the box of water colors she had optimistically slipped into their luggage in the hope that he might pick them up when he felt better; it was working out so well, he mustn't be set back now.

Her fingers ripped at the cable. It said: "Mother had slight stroke. Recovering." The name below the message was Henry Remick. Dr. Remick was the elder Mrs. Selden's doctor, but he was also the doctor who had advised Warren to get away from Dudley for six months; he knew how close to a nervous breakdown Warren had been, and he would never have cabled if he hadn't felt it important enough to let Warren know.

She would have to tell him, and of course he would go to her at once. Bright sunlight sparkled on the graveled terrace of the little rented villa and camouflaged the stains on the bleached orange cushions strewn over the chaise; the narrow, parched garden was beginning to turn green and orderly since Warren had taken to working at it; when she had seen him borrow the gardener's tools to prune and cut back the dead wood of the old shrubs, she had known for the first time in months that he would snap out of what was troubling him and get better. Already orange trumpets were starting to appear, and purple blossoms were unfolding along the vines—and now he would go back.

She pushed at the gate with the iron letters *Villa Serenata* over it and climbed the steep dirt road that wound up to the col, her fingers smoothing the cable she had involuntarily crumpled. She couldn't even remonstrate with him about the wisdom of their returning; she couldn't bring up the question of Patty and Beth in their camp just over the Swiss border; she couldn't mention the fact that his mother was recovering. With another man these might be arguments, but not with Warren, not when his mother was concerned. It was the same with Sara, his sister; Sara's first husband had complained bitterly that he saw less of his wife after their wedding than before—she was always rushing back to her mother in Dudley. Sara was probably with her mother now, and poor husband number three—he had been married to her only a year. There! She was beginning to sound shrewish and spiteful, and that was the worst of it; she was fond of Mrs. Selden and enjoyed her company, but she found herself becoming jealous and possessive, and resentful of the old woman's hold on Warren.

Warren was in the clearing; his face was flushed from the sun, and he looked fit and brown and vigorous. "Hi," he said, without turning his head. "I watched you come almost all the way from our house. In fact, I've put your yellow skirt in the picture." He was working fast because the sun dried the colors too quickly, but he finally put the brush down and lifted his head. His expression changed when he saw her face.

"Nothing serious," she said at once, speaking hastily. "This came just now." She held the cable out to him.

He read it and said, looking up, "We can get a plane at Nice. All we need is a couple of hours to get ready."

"You think it will be all right, leaving the children?"

"The director said not to visit again till the end of June, didn't he? They're in good hands."

He packed up the paintbox and carried his sketch back to the villa. Two hours was all they needed, to make the reservations and phone the children and put some clothes in one valise and give orders to Françoise, who cleaned and cooked for them. It almost felt as if they were leaving for a day, and this made it less painful; they did not even lock the house behind them because Françoise was still there and would lock it when she left in the evening.

But when they were in the taxi that was to take them to Nice, Warren turned and watched the faded rose villa with the blue shutters until it was out of sight, and on his face was genuine regret. Unreasonable hope sparked in her: "It isn't too late, Warren. And after all, Dr. Remick said she was getting better. By now she may be—"

"If anything happened to her while I was here, I'd never forgive myself," he said, turning back and fixing his eyes firmly on the red cloud of dust that the wheels scoured up all the way to the national road that sped to Nice. "I told you this was one of the problems of getting too far away from home. She has had one stroke already and you know she's almost seventy."

"I was going to say that she may be out of bed and walking around by the time we get there."

"If it had been any of us, she'd be at our place by now."

Yes, without any doubt she would. The point was irrefutable. She settled back; at least he had regretted leaving the villa, she could hold on to that much. They had been happy here, the way they'd been happy the first years of marriage, living not far from New York where Warren was building. And then Mrs. Selden had heard of a large tract of hillside that could be bought rather cheaply; she had known how anxious Warren had been to plan a whole community of advanced houses, the kind he had been experimenting with singly in Westchester. Only this small and conservative corner of New England hadn't accepted Warren's radical concept of what a small house could be like, and the summer people who might have been more receptive weren't ready to pay the price of a year-round house for a summer house. She'd argued this with him as a possibility, but Warren had been infected with the enthusiasm of a crusader, and Mrs. Selden had shared his excitement. A dream had gone into Dudley Park, as well as almost three years of planning and work, and all his money, and a good deal of hers. It was Warren who insisted on calling it her money, even though she wanted it to be his; she wanted him to think of it as his. But he couldn't, and remembering her reservations about the project had added to his sense of humiliation.

And now they were on their way back. Her spirits sank painfully as the plane lifted clear of the ground. The blues and pinks and reds of Nice and the green Alps behind it faded into the ponderous gray of the Atlantic. Idlewild was swept by rain, and when they reached Rutland there were chill, sodden fields, and patches of gray snow on the mountains.

A taxi drove them directly to Dudley. Apprehensively she waited for the car to reach Dudley Park, which it must pass before they entered the village; now she could see its ambitious sign swinging in the wind in front of a hillside where the trees stood bare and solitary with the brush cleared away; she could see the five houses, desolate and abandoned, the carefully planted shrubs, dead from lack of care, and even some of the windows broken by children.

Warren's eyes met hers and he flushed. "We ought to pull that sign down," he said. She reached for his hand.

And this was Dudley, the mill, the green, the Victorian summer hotel, three churches, Morrison's Department Store, and up this street was the Selden house, kept spruce and painted by Warren and Sara, even the small front garden as tidy as an old-fashioned bouquet. Warren had a key; Mrs. Selden insisted that both he and Sara keep their keys. They put their valise down on the wide floor boards gleaming with wax, there was white paneling, and the sheen of brass—

"Warren! And Liz, too!"

Sara had come out of the back parlor which Mrs. Selden used as her bedroom; she ran to kiss them, smart, thin, and pretty, with the dark alive eyes that were her mother's, and Warren's, too. "She's better, Warren! She can even smile the way she used to; her face is completely better."

Warren went ahead into the bedroom; Liz put her arm through Sara's. "You must have had a fright."

"Liz, it was ghastly. There was some paralysis, you know, but it went right away. It's always on my mind, something like this."

"But it shouldn't be. How can you enjoy anything if you're anticipating, brooding over what hasn't even happened?"

"It's easy for you to say that. You're far away."

"Not so far that we couldn't be here within a few hours," Liz said evenly. She pretended not to notice how impatiently Sara freed her arm. "Where's Fred?"

"Home. He's leaving tomorrow for the West Coast. There's a convention there, and he had to get things ready."

She sounded defensive, and irritated for having been made to feel that way. Liz went on into Mrs. Selden's bedroom; it smelled of wood smoke from the small corner fireplace. In her narrow mahogany bed Mrs. Selden looked as fine and precise as a doll; only her eyes, dark and vivid and keen, expressed her greeting.

"You look fine, Mother. Just wonderful. We're so relieved."

Mrs. Selden's voice was blurred, as if she had not gained complete control of it yet. "I hate the thought of your coming this far, interrupting your vacation. And Warren looking so well, too."

"Forget about that, Ma," Warren said. "You're the patient, not me."

"I often wonder what I did to earn such children," said Mrs. Selden faintly.

Liz turned away. It was so easy to believe she meant it; it took real effort and determination to resist her. No wonder Warren and Sara hovered over her bed with such solicitude. Liz stared at their faces; they both looked younger, and curiously happy. They were home. My own girls aren't ever going to look at me like that, she thought, and I'm not sure I'd want them to. It's too consuming.

Agnes had come in with a cup of tea and a bent glass straw. "There's tea in the living room for everybody," she said. "You drink this nicely now, Mrs. Selden."

Even Agnes. Liz slipped out and went into Warren's old room where Agnes had brought their valise. She hung up her extra dress and blouse, and Warren's warm jacket; deliberately she had taken this little, as if to ensure their quick return. But even now that she could see Mrs. Selden was better, Liz had the fear that somehow she would contrive to keep them here, so subtly that she could never exactly determine how it had been done. But she wasn't going to do this to Warren again; there would be no more of what went on during those dreadful months when the development had plainly failed, when Warren spent almost every evening at his mother's while Liz stayed home with the children, and if he was home, there was the telephoning back and forth, the endless talking, Warren's head in his hands, his face strained, the soft, endless soothing of Mrs. Selden's voice in the receiver. Now there were the children in their camp at Lausanne, there was the shabby, amusingly pretentious villa in the hills above Cannes, where he'd put the failure of the development far behind him, where they were as inseparable as they had been in the first years of their marriage. In a week they would go back. In just one week.

Within two days Mrs. Selden was on her porch where the sun was warmest; wrapped in a blanket she lay on the *chaise longue* while Sara and Warren and Liz sprawled near her on the steps. Mrs. Selden made a small sound of remonstrance. "Why don't you go and do something, instead of watching me like policemen?"

"You don't get rid of us that easily," Sara said, and leaned over to tuck in a straying corner of her mother's blanket.

"Warren, you take Liz and go for a walk at least. You always liked the river road, Liz."

"Would you like to, Warren?" Liz said.

"Okay," he said, a little tentatively. "Are you staying with Mama, Sara?"

"*All* of you go," said Mrs. Selden, lifting her head with sudden energy. "Agnes will be back from the store in a few minutes. Besides, this sun is making me drowsy, and you're not letting me sleep!"

"I think Mother really wants some peace," said Liz.

Reluctantly Sara stood up and brushed

Lovingly they hovered at their mother's bedside. "You shouldn't have come," she said faintly.

off her narrow skirt; Liz drew her arm through Sara's and with Warren strolling behind them they walked down to the corner and across the iron bridge, past the Dudley Dairy Farm and down to the river path. The river, swollen and white, swept through the banks of laurel, and there was the pungent, memory-filled river smell. Liz squeezed Sara's arm in sudden lightheartedness. "Now tell me everything. We haven't really talked since you and Fred were married."

There was no brightness in Sara's face, as there had been when she told them she was getting married. "Fred's fine. We go out to the theatre a lot. Fred took an oriental rug out of storage and it looks surprisingly good with my modern things. The decorator suggested it, and at first I said no, but it did turn out well. I don't know!" she cried. "It's hard to build a marriage when you're past thirty-five and you've had two miserable experiences and you can't even have children!"

Warren's voice behind them sounded disturbed and impatient. "Sometimes I think you give up before you start," he said. "Fred's a nice guy, the best you've had. You might try working at it."

Sara's lids reddened. "That's a mean thing to say."

"He thinks being a brother gives him the privilege of being mean," said Liz hastily. "We'll ignore him." She glanced warningly behind her. "It *is* harder for you, Sara. We all know that. We just want so much for it to work out right."

"Fred resented my coming," Sara said. "Well, not exactly my coming, though he did act as if I had planned it this way, but when I told him over the phone I wouldn't be back in time for his convention he was completely unsympathetic and unreasonable. As if there was anything I could do about it."

"Now that we're here—"

"I didn't know Warren would actually come back. You rented a house; the children are there."

"But we did come," said Warren.

Sara turned on him, flaring, "If you must know, I didn't think it was right of you to go that far away in the first place. Not when Mama has already had one stroke!"

"Warren had to go that far away," said Liz. "It was important that he have

a complete change; Dr. Remick was the one who advised it."

"My psychiatrist insisted I go away, too, after the divorce. But I didn't. Doctors don't understand everything. We owe our mother too much. I can't get out of my mind the picture of her standing in that freezing, drafty Morrison's, on her feet all day, selling shelving and buttons and sticky candy, just so she could keep our house for us. And even after she got that library job, handling those stamps and cards and printing with her fingers swollen twice their size with arthritis. So I could go to business school. And Warren to college. Maybe Warren's too young to remember."

"Of course I remember," said Warren. "But Mama wanted it that way."

"She wanted it for us."

"Don't all mothers?" said Liz. "And fathers? We want the best for our children. But I wouldn't expect our children to spend their lives making it up to us for what we did for them. That's too much to demand."

"Mama doesn't demand!"

"That *is* the truth, Liz," said Warren, and his voice was curiously gentle.

She stopped; she said uncertainly, "Then why doesn't she let you go? Doesn't she see that the best thing for both of you is to make a life apart from hers? Your mother can't be with you forever. Where will that leave Sara? She needs a good, fine marriage—"

"This conversation is in bad taste," said Sara furiously. She spun around and started back rapidly.

Liz stared after her in consternation; she found herself trembling.

Warren said quietly, his jaw hard, "Leave her alone, Liz."

"I want to help—"

She hated bringing him the message that would send him flying back to his mother.

"Liz, you're doing her no good, breaking her down," he said tightly. "Don't you see?"

"No, I don't!" she cried passionately.

He met her stricken eyes; he put his arm around her shoulders and drew her after Sara. "Come on," he said. "I don't want my mother to see her walking in alone."

They overtook Sara; they followed her rigid, narrow back which moved unyieldingly all the way to the Selden house.

A man was sitting on the rocker beside Mrs. Selden. Only the small sound Sara made, and her start of recognition, made Liz realize it was Fred. He came forward down the steps to meet them, heavy-set and graying, an anxious look in his pleasant eyes as if he weren't sure of Sara's reception. He put his hands on her shoulders and kissed her.

She drew back, shaken. "How did you manage to find the time?"

"I can make a plane back to New York that'll catch the West Coast flight tonight." He said, "Your mother was saying she's so much better there's no reason why you can't come with me."

"That's Mama for you," said Sara, her voice high. "If it were up to Mama, all she'd want from us is a Christmas card and some flowers on Mother's Day."

"Sara dear," said Mrs. Selden, "I do have Agnes. There's no point to your staying, especially since Liz and Warren are here."

"Mama, Liz and Warren have to go back to Europe."

Liz said quietly, "We are going to stay the week."

"A *whole* week?" said Sara, underlining it. "Really!"

"Cut it out, Sara," Warren said.

"Look, I'm sorry I brought it up. Forget about it, everybody," Fred said. "Maybe it isn't that important after all." He pushed his hands deep into his pockets and furiously jingled keys and coins.

"Warren, will you help me in?" said Mrs. Selden. "I'm beginning to feel a little tired."

Warren hurried forward and lifted her in her blankets; Sara held the door for him and then followed him inside. Liz glanced at Fred; again the furious jingle of coins.

"When this is all over maybe you and Sara can get away by yourselves."

"It's not just the getting away, though that isn't too easy with the kind of one-man business I run. A lot of the men are bringing their wives to the convention; there's a good deal of socializing in the evening, banquets, shows, private parties. I know I could find company, but I don't want that; I can't pick up with anybody," he said, and flushed. "Hell, it may come to that, too."

"Give her a chance, Fred," she said

in a low voice. "She needs a little time."

"What kind of a mother does she have, anyway?" he burst out. "Sure I'll give her a chance; I love her; but what kind of a chance do I have, with her mother always pulling her back to Dudley?"

I know, she said silently, I've been here before, myself. "Sara feels a great sense of obligation," she began, but he cut her short.

If that was what it was, wouldn't she resent it every once in a while; wouldn't that be natural? No, it's more than that," he said. "I feel sometimes that she wants to be here, that she's happier with her mother than with me."

The same black thought had darkened those years in Dudley for her. But Warren *had* been happy with her before those years, and he had been happy again at the villa; he hadn't wanted to leave! She could cling to that, at least.

Sara looked distracted that evening at dinner, and Liz almost believed she might go with Fred after all. But she didn't. Later when Fred was putting on his coat out in the hall Liz heard her say, "Maybe I'll make it down for the last weekend."

"That will be nice," he said, and went past her into the living room to say goodbye to Mrs. Selden. "You'll be on your feet in no time," he said, forcedly hearty.

Mrs. Selden put both her hands around his and held them. "I'm sorry, Fred," she said, but not lightly, her speech thicker than it had to be. "I'm sorry."

It was so easy to believe her, Liz thought, believing her. And Fred believed her, too; he said, plainly moved, "It's just an outing for us, and not that important. You get well; that's important."

Warren was waiting in the car to drive him to the airport; Sara went with them. Liz and Agnes helped Mrs. Selden to bed, and while Agnes got her ready for the night, Liz cleared the dining room table and began to wash the dishes, unable to cast off the memory of Fred's words, which evoked her own feelings so sharply. Agnes came back into the kitchen before Liz had finished and took the dish towel from her hands.

"I'll take care of these. You go in and talk to Mrs. Selden a bit before she goes to sleep. She's feeling low."

The lamps were out, and there was only the small wood fire that Mrs. Selden liked lit in the evening until the weather turned really warm. Liz approached quietly, thinking that she might already be asleep, but Mrs. Selden's voice from her bed said, "Liz? How nice of you to come in."

Liz pulled the chair closer to her bed.

"Tell me now, how do you like France? The holiday seems to be doing Warren so much good."

"He seems almost himself again. I suppose it's too soon to tell, but he has mentioned building again, borrowing some money and starting somewhere like Connecticut, or even Washington."

"I'm very glad," said Mrs. Selden. "I've never worried about Warren, since he married you."

It was so easy to believe she meant it!

"I wish Sara could have been as lucky," said Mrs. Selden. "But I'm afraid for her. I'm afraid it may never turn out right for Sara." Her last words were so faint as to be barely audible.

Liz hadn't meant to say anything; nothing was further from her mind when she came in, but moved by Mrs. Selden's words she heard herself cry out, "Then help her!"

Mrs. Selden was very still on her pillow: Liz wished she could see her face clearly. "Wouldn't I do anything to help her, if I knew how?" said Mrs. Selden.

"Sara should have gone with Fred tonight, Mother."

"We used every argument we knew."

"It isn't enough." She hesitated, and then she let the words come hurriedly, "You have to let her feel you don't need her."

Firelight glowed suddenly in Mrs. Selden's dark eyes: she half lifted her head from the pillow. "You can't believe that, Liz!"

"I've seen it for myself. Not just with Sara," said Liz tightly.

Mrs. Selden sank back, and turned her head away. "And I thought you understood," she whispered. "But Warren couldn't tell you, of course, it was still too close to him—" Her words were coming more rapidly now, and Liz grew alarmed.

"We'll talk about it again tomorrow."

"No," said Mrs. Selden, and caught Liz's hand as if to hold her there. "Let me say it now. Don't you see? Sara thinks that she's failed! She's failed at marriage, she's failed at children, she's failed with everything and everyone, except with me! Except with me. Here with me she hasn't failed!" Her fingers held Liz's hand so tight that it seemed incredible she should still have this much strength. "Here she can feel needed, and important, and she *has* to feel that. I have to let her believe it, I can't take that away from her too. I don't know how else to help her, don't you see that? Isn't it hard enough for me to realize this about my own daughter? Could you actually think I would do this to her?" Mrs. Selden began to cry, breathlessly, awkwardly.

Shocked, for several moments Liz could only stare down at her in dismay, while a whole fixed pattern of thought shattered into bits and then, piece by piece, shaped itself into this new relationship. At last she roused herself sharply; she found some tissues to push into Mrs. Selden's hand; she murmured, still stunned and with an awakening contriteness, "I'm sorry. I was stupid. I really didn't see. . . . Please, Mother."

Outside, the car swung into the driveway; Mrs. Selden heard it too, and hurriedly wiped her eyes, and smoothed her hair, and arranged her head on the pillow so that the least possible firelight fell on it. But Sara sensed something, hurrying in and then pausing, looking at both of them.

"Mama?" said Sara. "Is anything the matter?"

"I was just about to fall asleep," said Mrs. Selden. "Liz was keeping me company."

Sara whispered to Liz, "What have you been saying to her?"

"*I* was the one who talked, Sara. I've been feeling very bad about Fred. He was so disappointed. He wanted you with him, Sara, and I can't blame him, wanting to show off his wife to his friends—"

Sara laughed. "What's there to show off? Except to you, Mama."

"I'm very tired," said Mrs. Selden, and her voice sounded tired. "I'd like to sleep."

"Go on to sleep then," said Sara. "I'll just sit here a little while where I won't disturb you."

Mrs. Selden turned over on her side.

"Show me off," said Sara. "Why should he? Though he certainly did make a fuss here, getting you upset, getting everyone upset. I never thought it could mean that much to him." Mrs. Selden said nothing, but Liz could see her dark eyes open; she was listening. "I did tell him I might run down for the last few days. If I really see you're better tomorrow, I may phone and see if I can get a seat on the plane. Making such a fuss . . ."

Liz went out quietly.

Warren was sitting on the porch step, the young limber line of his back silhouetted against the street lamp. She sat down close to him. She said slowly, "It wasn't that she needed you. You were the ones that needed her."

He said, "Did you finally make her say that?"

She was silent, but then she cried out, "You had *me*, Warren. Why wasn't I enough?"

He reached out for her and pulled her against his shoulder. "Sometimes you don't want the clear light of truth. You don't want the eyes of reason. Pretty eyes, did I ever tell you?" he said, and kissed them. "Someday you'll have it too, what my mother has. It's not standard equipment on wives under thirty, but it'll be there, for when our kids need it."

THE END


SHIMMER II

Cosmopolitan's Complete Mystery Novel

THE TUG OF EVIL

She was lovely—the apple of her mother's eye—but she was bad. Her delight was in destroying the unwary, and not even her mother's husband was out of bounds.

BY JOHN D. MacDONALD ILLUSTRATED BY BERNIE FUCHS

The Jamison house stood on the bay side of the north end of Riley Key, partially screened from the traffic on the lumpy sand and clay road by a grove of live oaks.

There was a shell path from the sleeping house to the road edge where a big rural delivery box, lacquered pale blue, stood solidly on a redwood six-by-six. Aluminum letters spelled out D. Troy Jamison.

The dulled edges of the broken white shell bit into the tender soles of his big-city feet, and he walked gingerly, a squat man named Mike Rodenska, half-bald, with a fleshy nose, a solid thrust of jaw, brown eyes, with a flavor of gentleness, set deep under the grizzle of brow. He wore dark blue swim trunks with a wide white stripe down the sides, carried a big white beach towel, his cigar case and lighter. He had arrived the previous Monday and he had used five days of perfect Florida weather with such diligence and effect that a deep brown-red tan over a natural swarthiness of coloring disguised the softness and the bloat of desks and offices.

He followed the path on down to the beach. The morning sun was low behind him, so the Gulf was not yet the vivid blue it would be later.

He spread his white towel. The Jamison cabana, of enduring, tidewater cypress weathered to a silver gray, stood on thick pilings. He could see glasses standing on the porch railing, glinting in sunlight, a few with an inch of amber in the bottom, stale forgotten liquor from last night's party.

He walked along the beach, its wet sand cool on the soles of his feet, and came suddenly upon a line of footprints that led directly into the water—narrow feet with high arches. He saw her towel and beach bag on the cabana steps. He stared out and at last spotted, at an angle to the south, the tiny white dot of a swim cap over a half-mile out.

He waded in and swam, making a great splashing and snorting, losing his wind with a quickness that hurt his pride. When he looked for her again he saw her about two hundred yards out, coming in, using a slow and effortless crawl, rolling on the beat for air, sneaking her brown arms into the water. There was a pleasure in watching her. She stood up and waded ashore, and he admired the width of shoulder and slenderness of waist before—as she took off her white cap and fluffed that coarse black, white-streaked hair—he realized it was Mary Jamison.

"Good morning, Mike."

"What year was it you won the Olympics?"

"Oh, pooh! What would you expect? I could swim as soon as I could walk. That makes forty-one years of practice."

"You do this every morning?"

"When it gets too cold I use the pool."

"You looked so alone 'way out there, Mary."

"That's the good part of it," she said, and added quickly, "How does coffee sound?"

"Hot and black? Like a special miracle, but you shouldn't go all the way back . . ."

"Just to the cabana. Sugar?"

"Maybe a half-teaspoon, thanks," he said. "Help you?"

"Stay in the sun, Mike."

He watched her walk up to the cabana. A little heaviness in hips and thighs. A little softness in the upper arms and in the shoulders. Otherwise, it was a girl's body. Make them all swim, he thought.

Troy's letter hadn't said much. But the implication was he had landed neatly on his feet in this marriage. "Mary and I want you to come down, Mike. We've got a beach place with plenty of room. We built it three years ago. You can stay just as long as you want."

And so Mike had been prepared for a younger Mary, a second marriage type, golden and loaded. Not this gracious woman who had greeted him with genuine warmth when they arrived, after Troy had driven all the way up to Tampa in the big Chrysler to pick him up and bring him down to Riley Key. She was obviously the same age as Troy or a little older, with strong features—a hawk nose, flat cheeks, wide mouth, dark eyes that held yours steadily, rosettes of white in the boyish cut of her curly black hair. He found himself thinking—not without a twinge of guilt for the implied disloyalty—that Troy had received better than he deserved.

She came down from the cabana with a tin tray, quilted in the Mexican manner, with fat white beanwagon mugs of steaming coffee, and a battered pewter bowl full of triscuit, and big soft paper napkins weighted down with her cigarettes and lighter.

As she put the tray in front of the towel and sat beside him, she said. "I took a chance you might share one of my vices. There's just a dash of Irish in the coffee, Mike."

He grinned at her. "I'll force myself."

"What did you think of the party?"

"Good party, Mary. Who was the boy with your daughter?"

"Oh, that was Rob Raines with Debbie Ann. A local lawyer."

They left silently, like thieves. Mike felt sick at the thought of Debbie Ann and Troy in that cabin.

"You notice lawyers get younger every year? Doctors too. Old guys you want, full of dignity and wisdom. So you get a kid looks like a bat boy, and how can he have had time to learn enough? There was one guy treated Buttons."

A familiar bitter twisting of his heart stopped him, and he sipped the coffee, gave a savage chomp at a triscuit and outstared an optimistic gull who walked back and forth ten feet away with all the assurance of a city pigeon, staring at him with alternate eyes.

"You try to be casual and it doesn't work," she said gently.

He could not look at her. "Also," he said, "you don't expect anybody to understand at all. And when they do, just a little, you resent them, maybe. The special arrogance of grief, Mary. You know. I hurt worse than anybody ever did."

"Mike, I wanted you to come down, very much. Troy and I talked it over. There was never any question. But I don't want you to think that I expect that you have to . . . sing for your supper by talking about private things. But if you ever want to talk . . ."

He overrode her with a heavy insistence. "I was talking about the one guy treated her, a kid, you would think. But old around the eyes in the special way the good ones have. And he leveled with me. I appreciated that. None of the mighty-mystery-of-medicine jazz. He gave me time to brace myself by saying—no hope. And I never could lie to her and get away with it, so she got the message, too, and had time to brace herself, so toward the end that hospital—well, like a big airline terminal where the flight is a couple weeks late and you got time to say goodbye in all the little ways, and nobody is too surprised when they announce the flight."

"Mike," she said.

He could look at her then, and see tears standing in her eyes, and he could fake a Hemingway grin and say, "Knock it off, lady."

"Mike, it fades. It really does. Oh, it always comes back, but not as sharp."

"They keep telling me that. How long ago was it for you?"

"Seven years. 1952. I was thirty-five and Debbie Ann was sixteen. Haven't you got a boy about that age?"

"Close. Micky is seventeen and Tommy is fifteen."

"And three years later I married Troy and we've had four wonderful years."

He stared at her until her chin came up a little, in a small motion of pride and defiance, and then he said, "Until when?"

"I don't know what you mean!"

"Mary, Mary! I know the guy. Five years I didn't see him. Does he turn into somebody else? I'm not so wrapped up in my own grief I suddenly get dense about people."

"It has nothing to do with you. Excuse me, but it has nothing to do with you. You're here because you're Troy's best friend. And because it's good for you to be here at this time."

"You said to me if I ever want to talk . . . Okay, I give you the same deal."

She looked angry, then suddenly smiled. "All right." Just then an old car came clanking and chattering up the key from the south and turned into the Jamison drive. Mary stood up and shaded her eyes against the sun. "That's Durelda already. Oscar brings her. She works a half day on Sunday. I should go up and get her straightened away on the food. Sunday is a vague day around here. Mike. People come and go, and pick their own indoor and outdoor sports. I do absolutely no hostessing. The only standard item is a big brunch-lunch-buffet deal by the patio pool, from noon to three. Eat when you please and make your own drinks. Introduce yourself to anybody who looks interesting. When you're finished would you put the tray in the cottage?"

"Sure."

Mike was left alone in the morning sun, thinking about Troy's second wife, and Troy's first wife, and how you always knew when the flavor of marriage was not just right. This one was not just right, and it could be permanent wrong or temporary wrong.

A hundred feet offshore a black monster, flat as a plate, burst high out of the water, seemed to pause at the top of the leap, then fell back with a resonant crack of leathery wings against the water. Taken completely by surprise, Mike's first thought was, I'll tell Buttons about that.

And he knew immediately that Buttons had been in the ground since the second day of March. Something happened inside him that was like tumbling down stairs, and he caught a fist of sand and squeezed it until his knuckles popped.

Whom do you tell?

He lay prone in the sun on the white towel, his eyes clenched against the dazzle, while he walked back through the corridors of memory to the time when he had first met Troy Jamison.

He'd been twenty-three that year, and he knew he would never be any older or wiser. He was in a twenty-bed ward in a military hospital outside Melbourne. It was near the end of 1942, spring in South Australia. He had all his hair, a ring of quinine in his ears, jungle ulcers on his legs, and a peach-sized piece of meat missing from his left thigh, high and on the outside, and the gray pallor of the jungle campaigns, all souvenirs of a tour of duty as a combat correspondent assigned to the First Marines.

On the third day between clean sheets, the day the news that he had a son caught up with him, thirty days after Micky's birth, the major in the bed on his left died, quietly, absentmindedly, as though thinking of something else, and Second Lieutenant Troy Jamison was put into the bed a half-hour after they wheeled the major out.

In the days that followed there was time to talk. Jamison was with the First, commissioned in the field, still nervous about suddenly being an officer. He'd graduated from Syracuse, and had been working in an ad agency in Rochester when the war came along. They were both twenty-three. Jamison was a big underweight blond, with sallow skin pulled tight across high, hard cheekbones, green eyes set slanty in his head.

It was quiet talk between them, guarded and casual, and the warmth was slow in coming, until one day when Captain Fritz Irely was brought in with a foot missing. Irely was Trade School Corps. Semper Fi all the way, and unreservedly glad to see Fearless Rodenska, the poor man's Pegler. It was the cachet of acceptance, and after that, Troy Jamison let there be warmth.

When Jamison's smashed shoulder and Rodenska's chewed thigh were well enough, they got passes, scrounged a vehicle, went into Melbourne and got steaming drunk on Australian ale, and talked endlessly.

Troy was engaged to a Rochester girl —Bonita Chandler, called Bunny—and wished he'd had the sense to marry her before shipping out. Mike told Troy about his wife and how she got her name. "She was maybe eight and they had one of those things, bring your hobby to school, so she brought hers and the bottom fell out of the box and it was buttons all over, so the name stuck. Buttons, from collecting them."

The friendship grew. Mike was shipped back to the islands first. He was assigned to a different outfit. He was out of touch with Troy. In 1943 Mike got back to the States for three weeks, and he was back in the islands, in 1944, when Tommy was born, but by then it was a different war because you knew how it was going to end.

He ran into Troy again at Naha, Okinawa, two weeks before Hiroshima. Captain Troy Jamison, recently relieved of line duty and serving on General Billy Rice's staff. They met in an officers' club, and took bottles down to the docks in the chilly evening and talked most of the night through.

Troy had seen more than his share.

As a company commander he had lost a lot of his people, and rarely had it been his fault. He had protected and saved a lot of people and usually that had been his design, within the limits of his orders.

Troy, drunk in the first dawn grayness, hurled the empty bottle into Naha Bay and said, "I've got to go back and write copy about new shopping centers and kiss Bunny and wheel a baby buggy and mow a lawn and pretend it's important, Mike."

"It will be."

"Oh, sure. I wanted a lot. In a dreamy way. Now I want a hell of a lot. I want my share and more than my share. And one way or another, I'll get it, boy. What do you want?"

"Mom's apple pie? That's what we're fighting for, soldier. Me, I want by-lines, Buttons, beer, and babies. Alliteration."

"Mike, am I going to be all right back there? Am I going to be able to make it?"

"You'll do fine."

"I'd like it in writing . . ."

"You seem to be breathing," the girl said. Mike rolled onto one elbow and stared at her. She sat cross-legged in the sand beside his towel, wearing a yellow swim suit. He had been so far away it took him several sun-bleared moments to remember where he was and identify her as Debbie Ann, Mary's pretty daughter.

"Hello. Slow reaction time. I was fighting an old war."

"That's where you and Troy got to know each other?"

"That's right." He could not avoid wariness where Debbie Ann was concerned. He knew she was twenty-three, but she managed to look fifteen. Her voice was thin and high and childish, and he suspected that the effect was intentional. She had been Deborah Ann Dow, and then she had, without warning her mother or stepfather, left Wellesley to become Mrs. Dacey Hunter of Clewiston, Virginia, for two years. Debbie Ann had her own money from Bernard Dow's estate. Last August Mrs. Hunter had come back to stay with them and, six months later, in accordance with the Florida divorce laws, she had become Mrs. Deborah Dow Hunter.

But she looked fifteen, and she was very pretty, and she looked like trouble. She was a little girl, with rusty-blonde hair and delicate, rather pointed features. She had a flavor of wanton mockery about her, of sexual cynicism.

On the way back from Tampa, Troy had said, "I don't know how long she'll stay, but Mary is happy to have her home again. The two of them stopped off with us for a week in fifty-seven when they were on a four-month honeymoon. Mary was sick about it. Hunter was about thirty-five then. Big, red-faced type. Traveled with a lot of expensive gear. Bottle-a-day man. Called up friends all over the country. Gave Debbie Ann a belt across the fanny every time she got within reach. Then he took her back to his horse farm to live."

"Why did they break up?"

"She's never said. I'd guess that after sex wore a little thin, he bored her."

Debbie Ann slowly scratched a bug welt on a perfect shin and said, frowningly, "I get the scoop that Daddy Troy was on the heroic side. Or is that a new family legend?"

"He was good. He had a squad and then a platoon and then a company, and he earned it every time."

"Somehow it doesn't fit."

"He was twenty-three when I met him, Debbie Ann."

"Oh, I don't mean age. I'm not stupid, Mike. Anyhow, after my own father, Troy seems more like my generation. It made Mary a little jumpy at first, marrying Troy, worrying about what her friends would think, I guess. Daddy'd been dead three years, and he was nearly sixty when he died."

She sat there on the beach and talked about her father, and about Troy and about where she had gone after last night's party and about Rob Raines.

It seemed to be aimless chatter, but as it went on and on, and became more intimate, more graphic in the accounts of school-day indiscretions with Rob Raines long ago, he realized, uncomfortably, that it was a form of provocation. He realized that she was trying to shock him, that she was playing her own devious little game with him, watching him most carefully.

Finally, as if suddenly bored, she rose lithely to her feet and smiled down at him. "Be good and later I'll tell you more. You can write it. The story of Deborah Ann, Girl Guide."

"I got the feeling it would be monotonous. I mean hearing all of it."

Her eyes narrowed for a moment before she regained her composure and made a face at him. She walked down toward the water. He watched the swing of her hips, the honey-brown of her shoulders, the narrowness of waist, the flex of calves.

A bald old guy, he thought. But she doesn't care. It's her kind of narrowness. There are businessmen and doctors and such—very dull guys who have no interest at all outside their work. So with her it's men, vocation, avocation and hobby. Intentional and unintentional provocation. I wear pants so I'm an audience. Legitimate. Somebody to practice on. The girlish confession was provocation. So is the way she leaves the guest bath we share. Full of steam and perfume and soppy towels. Poor Rob. She's a bad type, Rodenska. Don't sleep-walk. And subtle rebuffs aren't going to work, because she is really pretty stupid.

He thought of a way to give her a message. He liked it. So he got up, picked up towel, cigar case and lighter and, without a glance toward the Gulf, trudged back to the guest wing for his shower.

The large patio on the bay side of the Jamison house was half-roofed and completely screened. A swimming pool, about eighteen feet by thirty, took up a third of the available space.

Near the pool was a table with a white cloth, and stacks of paper plates, and a pattern of sunlight and narrow shadows across the chrome and copper and ceramic tureens under which blue alcohol flames burned, paled by sunlight.

There was no sea wall along the bay shore. Mangroves grew there, and had been cut out to provide vistas of quiet water and the mile-distant mainland shore speckled with pastel block houses. Just to the north of the house there was a sea wall and a boat basin where the Jamison cruiser, a thirty-eight-foot Huckins, sat hot and white at her moorings, glinting in the sun.

There was quiet music on the high fidelity system, from speakers hidden in living room and patio.

Mike Rodenska, ravenous after his shower and a change to sport clothes, ladled himself a plate of food so generous he felt guilty about it, and went to an empty corner and sat in one of the big redwood chairs and began to eat.

He ate and watched the Sunday people at the Jamisons', all the assured, sun-browned people, making inside jokes, drinking and eating and laughing. Troy and Mary kept introducing him to the ones he had not yet met.

He was pinned down for a long time by a savagely inquisitive woman named Marg Laybourne, a round woman heavily armored with junk jewelry. He tried to block and slip her questions, but she could have been anybody's district attorney, and when she finally left him, and he thought over what had been said, he realized she had pried it all out of him—his war service with Troy, his leave of absence from his job, the death of his wife, the age and location of his two children.

She had even pried loose the information about the money. He did not like to think about the money. Or talk about it.

He had not been in touch in any way with his stepfather since he had been twenty years old. He'd had no idea the old man had made out well, or had died,

She was not alone

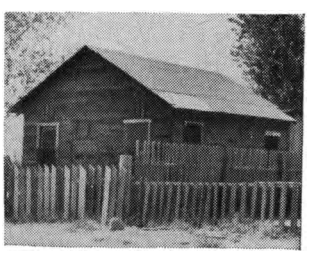
Sudden illness, especially mental, often disrupts a family. With the Vasquezes it brought them closer together.

If you had wanted to get in touch with Eva Vasquez three years ago, you would have had to travel some two hundred miles from her home on the outskirts of Bakersfield, California, to Modesto State Hospital for the mentally ill.

She was hospitalized there because she was tired of living and tried dying. Withdrawal, they called it, from reality.

The communists could have made quite a thing out of her story if they had known it.

What about "all men are created equal"? they might have asked. What about "unalienable rights"?



Clean, neat, but cramped, the Vasquez home is located in a mixed Mexican-Negro community near Bakersfield, California.

Here she was: Eva. Born a Mexican, another victim of pride, prejudice and poverty. Knowing no love in her own home, she escaped into marriage at sixteen.

Now, at twenty-nine, she was the wife of Juan Vasquez, mother of seven children and pregnant again.

Because of recurring bouts of illness, finally diagnosed at Kern General as malnutrition, Juan was only intermittently employed. Came cotton time, the whole family took to the fields—usually earning a total of $7.50 a day.

Worry over her neglected children and Juan led to Eva's breakdown. The feeling that she, alone, was faced with these problems only exaggerated her anxiety.

It turned out she was not alone. And that's where the Russian script ends and the American story begins.

During Mrs. Vasquez's hospitalization the family received relief and the children were provided milk by

a local school nurse. Juan was encouraged to study English in night school in hopes of finding a better job. To practice English he read comic books and watched TV in the two-room cabin he shared with the children.

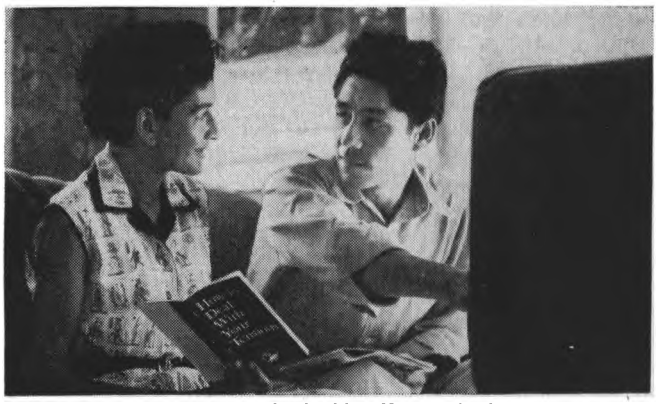
One day, and then again, he saw a TV message sponsored by The Advertising Council, urging people to send for a booklet entitled "How to Deal With Your Tensions," published by The National Association for Mental Health. Free.

He sent away for it and spent the next two months laboriously translating it with the aid of his comic books and a Spanish-American dictionary.

Among other things, he learned that Eva was not alone in her affliction. One in ten Americans suffers from mental illness. And 80% of those hospitalized, in the words of Dr. William Menninger, "could be out if enough of us cared."

The Advertising Council cared to the point of courageously sponsoring the Mental Health program during 1958 and 1959. Through the combined volunteer services and facilities of American business, advertising agencies, publishers, broadcasting stations, networks, outdoor and transit advertising companies, millions of dollars have been spent bringing that message to millions of people, more than 1,300,000 of whom have written in for the pamphlet.

People like Juan Vasquez, for instance, who cared enough to translate it painstakingly and sensitively, so that his wife would believe and understand and be restored to her family, rehabilitated. That happened on July 7, 1958.



Although Juan translated perfectly, his wife wasn't always sure he was giving her an exact interpretation.

The Mental Health campaign was supported by The Advertising Council because mental illness is "the number one disease of the country." And the Council is committed to making ours a stronger nation. Stronger in human and natural resources.

Through public service campaigns—adding up to 170 million dollars of voluntary support during 1959 alone—our country was bulwarked in many ways.

Through saving lives on the highways. Preventing forest fires. Fighting for better schools. Selling savings bonds, and helping our friends and allies abroad.

Not by standing still, certainly, nor playing it solo.

Rather, by people working together in the common cause of insuring our "health, wealth and happiness."

THE ADVERTISING COUNCIL . . . *for public service*

If you would like to know more about this work, this magazine suggests you write to The Advertising Council for a free booklet, 25 West 45th Street, New York 36, New York

The Advertising Council, supporting these and many other public service causes with men, materials and money contributed by American business, helps solve more problems and serve more people than any other single private institution:

AID TO HIGHER EDUCATION • BETTER SCHOOLS • CONFIDENCE IN A GROWING AMERICA CRUSADE FOR FREEDOM • FOREST FIRE PREVENTION • MENTAL HEALTH • NATO • RED CROSS REGISTER, VOTE AND CONTRIBUTE • RELIGION IN AMERICAN LIFE • RELIGIOUS OVERSEAS AID STAMP OUT PARALYTIC POLIO • STOP ACCIDENTS • UNITED COMMUNITY CAMPAIGNS U. S. SAVINGS BONDS • UNITED NATIONS

or that a law firm was hunting for Mike. They found him in December. And by then, if the net estate had been three million instead of one-tenth that amount, it couldn't have done Buttons any good. So the money was a special irony. He did not like to think about it.

It irritated him to have told the Laybourne woman about it. He had received but two reciprocal pieces of information. She had said that the Key was the last outpost of gracious living. And she had said, much less directly, and with veiled malice, that Troy's business venture, Horseshoe Pass Estates, was in serious financial trouble.

And so, with a fresh drink in hand, he located Troy and, knowing what he was doing, but unable to stop himself, he took out some of his irritation on his host.

He sneered at the gracious living routine, accused Troy of being too damn polite, remote and impersonal—not like an old friend. He told Troy that Mary was probably a better wife than he deserved, and then asked him how come his real estate deal had gone sour.

Finding himself unable to disturb Troy's poise, Mike slipped away from the party and plodded back to his room and stretched out on the bed, thoroughly ashamed of himself. If you couldn't abuse your friends, whom could you pick on?

The good friendships come in sequence, and the first one had been in the Pacific islands. The second one was in West Hudson, New York, one of those grimy towns indistinguishable from Poughkeepsie and Troy and Binghamton, where, right after the war, Mike had gone back into his profession, at Guild minimum, on the ancient, honorable, and somewhat self-important West Hudson *Leader*, settling into the usual rented house suitable to a newsman-nomad with Buttons and the kids, covering city hall, courthouse, police, doing Sunday features, doing an op. ed. column on local stuff, contented as a savvy flea who has just lept upon a new and satisfactorily hairy dog.

Sporadic correspondence from Troy indicated unhappiness with the setup in Rochester, so when an opening came along in the largest advertising firm in West Hudson, Mike phoned Troy about it. Two weeks later Troy and his bride, Bonita, were all set in a pleasant apartment Buttons found for them. Lycia, the first Jamison daughter, was born that year of 1946, on Christmas day, and with equivalently festive timing, Cindy was born on the first day of 1948. Those were good years, Mike thought. The four of them, having fun. There would have been more fun, if Troy hadn't been driving himself so hard. Drive, intensity, taste, talent, and a veiled ruthlessness. "I want more than my share," Troy had said. So it was inevitable that some of his more startling coups and ploys would come to the attention of one of the big New York outfits.

Both wives wept when the Jamisons moved to New York, moved toward the fat, bright gold of the future.

"Here you are," Mike said to Buttons, "stuck with a newspaper bum. Bunny gets to wear mink."

Half playfully she had clubbed him across the chops, but hard enough to make his eyes water. "You're worth fifty of him!" she had said. "Suppose he gets . . . everything, and it isn't what he thought he wanted? Then he'll fall apart. And he'll hurt everybody within reach."

Buttons had made him see Troy Jamison a little more clearly, and thus it was not quite as much of a shock to him when, four years later, at thirty-four, clever, driving, hungry Troy Jamison, a thirty-five-thousand-dollar-a-year man with Kelfer, Sorensen and Ryan, owner of a house in Larchmont and pocket full of credit cards, blew up in everybody's face.

Bunny had phoned, crying, asking for help. Mike was Assistant Managing Editor by then. They stashed the boys with friends and drove down through soiled sleet to a big shining house and a soul-sick woman bearing the bright marks of the cruel and drunken beating she had been given. It was a situation beyond repair.

All these things have patterns. It had started three months ago, she said. Restlessness, irritability, indifference. This grew more marked, turned to a savage cruelty. Then there was the drinking, and the woman. He had a hotel room in town, and stayed with her often. Jerranna Rowley, her name was. No secret. He used her as a club. Bonita was sorry she had bothered them. She spoke with bruised dignity. It was all over. She was going to get a Nevada divorce. Troy had gotten himself fired in some drunken, scandalous way, had beaten her up and moved out for good. It was over, thanks. No need to go see the woman. What good would that do? Yes, she was listed in the Manhattan book. And Bunny could give Mike the name of Troy's hotel. But what was the use?

But he went anyway, the next morning, a grubby, gray Saturday morning. He checked the hotel from Grand Central, but Troy's room didn't answer. So he phoned the Rowley woman. Just as he was about to hang up, a fuzzy, sleep-thickened, querulous voice answered.

"I'd like to speak to Troy Jamison," he said.

"Oh, God! What time is it anyhow?"

"Quarter of ten. Are you Miss Rowley?"

"Who the hell are you?"

"I'm an old friend of Troy's. Mike Rodenska."

"Oh, sure. I heard him say that name, I think."

"Can I speak to Troy?"

"Loverboy didn't come home to Jerranna last night. Jerranna got drunky with friends. I don't know where the hell he is. Try the Hotel Terr—"

"There's no answer there."

"Then check the old manse out Larchmont way. Maybe he crawled back to wifey."

"He isn't out there either."

"Then I can't help you, old buddy."

"Could I come and talk to you?"

"About Troy? I don't think you got the scoop, Mike. I can give you a message. You'd be wasting time."

"I've got a little time to waste."

"Okay," she said listlessly, "but don't show up in no half-hour. Make it about eleven-thirty, hey? And look, they drank me out of goodies, so you be a pal and show up with a jug or two of firewater, okay? It'll save me going out on such a stinky-looking day."

It was a third-floor walk-up a few doors from Second Avenue on East Fifty-first Street.

When she opened the door and took the brown paper sack from him and thanked him absently and turned toward the kitchen with long strides, saying, over her shoulder, "Siddown and make like it was home, Mike," he had cause to wonder why Troy climbed those stairs.

She was younger than she had sounded over the phone. Nineteen or twenty, he guessed. She had a round, rather doughy face, a careless mop of pale brown hair worn long, a rather small head, a very long neck, and narrow shoulders.

"Want I should fix you something?" she called from the kitchenette.

"Bourbon and water. A weak one, please."

He sat down in a sagging, overstuffed chair with a torn slipcover and unidentifiable stains.

He got up and thanked her when she brought his drink.

"Manners, huh?" she said, and grinned at him, and sat in a chair that half faced his and threw one long leg over the arm of the chair. "I suppose you're going to sit there lookin' at me like the cat brought me in, wondering where the hell to start saying what you came to say. So I'll save you the trouble. He's got a big career and a fine wife and a fine home and two darling little girls and it's a damn shame he has to get mixed up with somebody like me, so I should give him

up and go away quietly or something. That's where you have the wrong message, Mike. He can take off any time. I don't give a damn. I can get along. I have before and I will again, without him paying the freight. I don't love him and he don't love me. Now that's all over, what'll we talk about?" She grinned at him.

"Where did you meet Troy, Jerry?"

She frowned. "Jerranna. I always use the whole thing. It's my whole name and I don't like nicknames. I met him at a hockey game at the Garden. The boy friend I was with, he slipped on those damn steep steps and hit his head, and they took him away, and Troy was with some out-of-town guys, all a little high, and we went here and there and to and fro for kicks, me and those three guys, and Troy was the one lasted the distance and brung me home. That was . . . oh . . . months ago. I'm not so good on keeping track of time."

"Do you have a job?"

"Not right now. I give it up. It was a cafeteria on Broadway up near Eighty-sixth. But I'm not sweating. I can go get a job any time. I always have and I always will. Since I was thirteen, picking beans out in the Valley. And I'll always have boy friends too. Not so big shot like Jamison, maybe, but ready and eager to take care—you know how I mean."

Gradually he was becoming more and more aware of her in a physical-sexual way. The thick contours of her mouth, the convex line along the top of the careless thigh, a knowing, self-confident look of mockery in her bland, gray eyes. Yes, even the careless tangle of the brown hair, the thinness of a slightly soiled ankle, the bawdy and knowing tilt of the sharp, immature breasts.

"Say it, old buddy," she said. "What you're thinking."

"Could you . . . would you want to . . . send him on his way?"

She shrugged. "Why the hell should I? Anyway, I couldn't. He'd be coming back."

"So how does it end?"

"The way it always has. He'll get on my nerves. You know. Giving orders like he owns me. You can do this and you can't do that. No other boy friends. No ramming around town. Stay right here. Hell with that noise. That's when I quit."

"How?"

"How big is this town? I move four blocks and he can't find me. He can walk the streets howling like a dog, but he can't find me."

"How much longer do you give him?"

"You're pretty sharp, Mike. Oh, maybe a month."

"This has happened before?"

"Oh, sure. A thousand times. But not with a fella so rich like Troy Jamison."

"Why does it happen?"

She smirked. "You mean like whadda they see in me? Nothing you can't see right now, Mike. I'm not pretty. But I could always get fellas hanging around. I used to wonder. My God, how women hate the hell out of me! I'm the way I am. That's all. I like kicks."

Mike put his empty glass aside. "I better be on my way."

She didn't get up. She looked blandly up at him. The gray eyes were slightly protuberant. In the gray light he could see a slow pulse in her throat. "You in a big fat rush?" she asked.

Jerranna's voice was like fingernails being drawn down his spine. It was a persuasive, evil magic—a spell cast by a contemporary witch, a soiled, scrawny, decadent witch.

He shook himself like a wet and weary dog, and made his voice flat and hard and said, "I'll be going."

"Suit yourself," she said and got up and went to the door with him.

When he was in the hall, safe, like the swimmer caught in an undertow who climbs out onto a sandbar, he turned and said, "It's messed Troy's life up, Jerranna."

"So I'm bleeding? It wasn't me, Mike. He was ready to be messed up."

"What makes you say that?"

She lifted one narrow shoulder. "I just know. I can tell. I knew others like that. They get hooked, like on a drug. But they got to be ready. So don't blame me."

"You've got it all figured out."

"I've been here and there," she said, and winked with great solemnity and closed the door, opened it immediately and said, "Thanks for the jugs," and closed it again.

There was a bad taste in his mouth and a dull headache behind his eyes. Though not a superstitious man, he felt that he had been in the presence of evil. Not contrived evil, full of plots and connivings, but a curiously innocent and implacable evil.

As he reached the sidewalk he saw Troy paying off a cab driver a hundred feet away. As the cab pulled away, Troy turned and saw him. Troy looked lean and pallid, unpressed, unsteady on his feet. Mike wondered what in hell he could say to him. Troy whirled and went around the corner onto Second Avenue, almost running. When Mike reached the corner, he was halfway down the block. Mike did not follow him.

Mike had checked at the big advertising agency the same day and found that K., S. and R. had been delighted to fire Troy Jamison after he had disappeared for three days, then come back to the office, drunk, barged in on an important presentation, broken the nose of a junior partner, and irreparably alienated the important potential client. They had given him no time to clean out his desk. They had sent his belongings to his hotel by messenger.

Mike did not find Troy until two days after Bonita had closed the house and left, after arranging to leave the girls in Rochester with her parents while she went out to establish residence for the Nevada divorce. Troy was in Bellevue, in the drunk ward, and it was a week before he was well enough to be moved to a private institution.

Mike visited Troy there many times during the three weeks they kept him. Though he found it almost impossible to establish anything but the most casual communication with him, Troy seemed glad to accept Mike's offer to continue his convalescence in the small Rodenska home on Killian Street.

The doctor at the rest home said to Mike, "I can't classify Jamison as an alcoholic in the classic sense. This was a complete emotional breakdown, Mr. Rodenska. If you have liquor in your house, you won't have to hide it."

"Will this happen again?"

The doctor shrugged. "He pushed himself very hard."

"Should he stay long with us?"

"I think he'll leave when he feels ready, Mr. Rodenska."

Mike took him home. Buttons greeted him with courtesy but with little warmth. Troy's statement of gratitude and apology for the inconvenience was equally controlled.

After Troy had moved into the guest room, there were a few details to be settled—a change of mailing address, the retrieving of his clothes and personal items from the storage warehouse where Bonita had put them, the agreement—through his lawyer and tax man—to give Bonita the house and their savings, plus a percentage of his earnings, which would stop should she remarry.

In late June of 1953, Mike and Buttons got a letter from Bonita, postmarked Colorado Springs. There was a forced gaiety about it. At the time she wrote the letter, she had been Mrs. Robert Parker Linder for four days. She had met Bob in Reno—on the same mission. She and the girls were settling into his ranch, half dude and half working ranch,

twenty miles from the Springs. She had acquired a stepson, Jaimie, age sixteen, who appeared to adore her.

"If Troy is still there with you, and I hope he isn't, would you tell him this news. He should be pleased to be off the alimony hook. If he has left and you have his address, please write him the news. I would rather he heard this from you people. And tell him that when he gets back on his feet and is able to come out to see the girls, which he has the legal right to do, to write me so we can make arrangements."

Mike and Buttons talked it over, and decided the simplest method was to give Troy the letter to read. They gave it to him at lunch, just as he finished. He read it quickly, put it down and left without a word. He was not back by the time they went to bed. He had his own key.

Mike heard him come in at dawn. He put on a robe and went down. Troy was sober. And exhausted.

"I did some walking," he said. The withdrawn look was gone, Mike noticed. There was more alertness in Troy's expression.

"Want some coffee?"

Troy nodded. They went to the kitchen. Mike sensed that Troy would talk. And in a little while he did. "I thought we'd get back together, somehow. I never had a chance to say I was sorry, even. I could have written, I guess. I had to get used to her being married to somebody I never even saw."

"It's rough."

"Not as rough as she had it, Mike. Not that rough. I'm leaving . . . probably the day after tomorrow. I can't get back into the agency business. I'm cooked. I'm a legend now. My father was a builder. I'm good with my hands. I've got a little capital. I need some new scenery, Mike. A new place. So I'm going to try Florida."

"You're ready to do . . . all this?"

"Thanks to you, Mike. And Buttons. There aren't enough words to say it. It isn't a total cure. It never can be. I guess you know that. But it's the best I can manage."

Mike stirred his coffee. "Can you tell me . . . what happened to you, Troy? Why it happened? I'm not prying. If you don't want . . ."

"How do I know what happened?" Troy said harshly. "Everything was fine. And suddenly I stopped giving a damn. Like a motor stopping. I don't know."

"I talked to the Rowley girl."

"She told me you did. The last time I saw her. Before she disappeared. Until she told me, I thought I'd imagined seeing you in front of her place. I was imagining a lot of things. Don't blame her. I'd slipped a long way before I found her. She just was handy to help me slide the rest of the way."

"Strange girl," Mike said softly.

Troy stared into space. "I've wondered what would happen if I ever ran into her again. I'd either kill her . . . or it'd be the same thing all over again. But this next time . . . if there is a next time . . . there won't be so much at stake. A man can only lose . . . his work, his wife, and his kids one time."

"You'll mend, Troy."

"Will I? One big chunk of me is dead, Mike. It's just dead. That part won't mend. Not ever."

"All this that happened, Troy. I keep wondering about . . . delayed combat fatigue."

"Now there's a fancy idea!"

"I'm serious. Those islands twisted you. You changed your goals and values. It took you this long to find out that the new goals didn't fit you. When you found out, the roof fell in."

Troy went to the sink and rinsed his cup. "When I get hungry for excuses for myself, Rodenska, I'll come to you."

"You must be better. You're nastier."

In the months after he left, Troy's dutiful letters told them of his decision to try Ravenna, on Florida's west coast, of his purchase of a used trailer to live in, his job with Brail Brothers Construction. In August of 1954 he started his own small firm, doing foundation work on subcontract. By Christmas he wrote on his card that he had gambled on buying some land, and was putting up some spec houses to sell for ninety-eight hundred each.

In late March of 1955, after writing them that he had married Mrs. Mary Dow, a widow, he stopped writing. Elegant, formal Christmas cards arrived from Troy and Mary Jamison in 1956 and 1957—but in 1958 Mike knew about Buttons and he sent no cards to anyone.

Bonita arrived from Colorado two weeks before the end, the day after Buttons was taken back to the hospital for the final time. Bunny took over with a compassionate efficiency that made things a little easier than they had been. There was time for the two women to be together, and it seemed to make Buttons a little less scared of the blackness she could see dead ahead of her—not that she had ever let herself whine or whimper.

So he thought he was braced for it, but when it came, he was struck blind, sick and dumb—left utterly alone in a world of uncaring strangers. Bunny organized the routines of death, got him and the boys through it somehow. Bunny, in her wisdom, saw how painfully artificial was Mike's desire to hold the family unit together. If the boys had been younger, it would have been good for them, but at fifteen and seventeen, they would be three men in a forlorn house, desolately and perpetually aware of the empty chair, the empty room, the silences where her voice had been. And money had become—with a miraculous irony—no problem. So they got the boys into a good school, and Bunny drove up with Mike and the boys to get them settled. Then she went back to the ranch, to Bob and the kids, after making Mike promise that he would close the house and go away.

But after she had gone, he couldn't seem to stir out of his inertia. He lived in the emptiness of the house, and did not answer the phone or the door, and ate poorly and slept heavily and awoke exhausted.

When the letter came from Troy, it made up for the inexplicable silence. They had been on a cruise. Their mail hadn't been forwarded. He'd been unable to reach Mike by phone. He insisted that Mike come down and stay indefinitely as their guest.

So at last he had closed the house, stored the car, flown down and been met by Troy, and driven in a long gleaming car down through the tropic sunshine of St. Petersburg and Bradenton and Sarasota and Ravenna, down to Riley Key, to a house so beautiful, a wife so gracious, that it was difficult to understand Troy's remoteness and flavor of preoccupation.

On that nineteenth day of April, on that sleepy Sunday while the residents and their guests on the north end of Riley Key used the beach and each other's houses and cabanas, with a customary stop at the Jamisons', and drank, and played bridge and tennis, and while they made their vague arrangements about ending up in one group or another at the Key Club, later on, four men, thirty-five miles away, in another county, were deciding the financial future of Troy Jamison.

They had met, by prearrangement, at Purdy Elmarr's ranch, twelve hundred acres, part of it bordering the upper Myakka River. The old frame ranch house was set back from State Road 982, at the end of a straight sand road bordered by squat, elderly oaks. The infrequent tourists see the old house with the oak hammock beyond it, and the old trucks and implements corroding away in the side yard, and the gray soiled-looking Brahman cattle feeding in the flat pasture lands between the scrub pine lands and the overgrown irrigation ditches, and see a certain picturesqueness in a down-at-the heel ranch with

rickety sheds, sway-backed roofs, weather-worn paint. They might see Purdy Elmarr himself trudging out to his roadside mailbox, an old man in dusty work clothing, with a big, shapeless black felt hat, steel-rimmed glasses—and feel that pleasant pity which is born of a sure knowledge of superiority. Poor old fella.

They could have no way of knowing that Purdy lived exactly the way he wanted to live, that no matter how frequent his visits to his bank in Sarasota, wearing his drab city-suit and an old cloth cap with a long visor, the executive staff of the bank leaped to attention, and became excessively affable—a social and professional gesture that never elicited a shadow of response.

They had no way of knowing that had he wished he could have maintained great houses in the world's most fashionable places without putting any serious dent in his fortune. He liked living on the ranch. He had a good manager for the ranch who lived in a separate house out of sight of the highway. In spite of its appearance, the ranch made a comfortable yearly profit. Purdy Elmarr liked anything that returned a profit. He'd had a childless marriage and had been a widower for over twenty years. He had a couple who lived on the ranch and took care of him. He had a good riding horse and a pack of Blue Tick hounds, and two high-stake poker evenings a week. He got his turkey and quail and deer every year. At sixty-six he was in perfect health, and drank one full tumbler of prime bourbon whisky every night of his life. His granddaddy, a drover out of Georgia, had homesteaded a big chunk of land and bought more, ranch land and gulf land and key land and bay frontage. His daddy, with very little fuss or notoriety, had acquired a lot more. Purdy had to use the services of a sharp firm of attorneys and accountants. He had control of about twelve corporations, but he wasn't confused. He could read a financial statement with the same ease—and almost the same degree of pleasure—with which most men would read a dirty limerick. He drove a six-year-old car, listened to a twelve-year-old radio, underpaid his help, was generous with his friends, knew almost to the penny what he was worth at all times, and hated to see a month go by without adding to it. He was in citrus and celery, cattle and securities. motels and shipping. dredges and draglines, shopping centers and auto agencies. But the basis of it all was land. He loved land almost as much as he loved money.

The four men sat in comfortable old wicker chairs on the wide front porch of the ranch house. Purdy Elmarr was the eldest. Rob Raines was the youngest, twenty-seven, a solidly built young man with a small mustache, who had the manner of earnest reliability of the ambitious young lawyer, tempered in this instance by a deference dangerously close to obsequiousness. He had the wind and weather look of the sailing enthusiast, and after much thought he had worn a necktie, which he now knew was a mistake, but it was too late to take it off. It was his first time at the ranch. He sensed that his career was balanced on the sultry wedge of this idle afternoon—whether he would become in the far golden years Judge Raines, a figure of dignity, solemn with wealth—or ole Robby, that lawyer fella they say had his chance and muffed it, back when Purdy Elmarr was alive. Rob Raines wondered whether he had poured too much or too little bourbon into his glass. As the idle talk went on, with nobody coming to the point, he was getting more instead of less nervous.

It seemed as though J. C. Arlenton would drone on forever. He was Buddha-fat, pink-bald. with little short thick hands and feet. He wore khaki pants and a white shirt and carpet slippers, and he had driven out in a Cadillac that was as dirty as any car Raines had ever seen. Rob knew he had been in the state legislature one time, a long time ago, and since then had shoved a couple of governors into office. He had a lot of grove land over in Orange County, and he had a building supply business of good size, and he was known to be in a few things with Elmarr, and one of them was the regular poker session.

J. C. Arlenton sat hugging his glass with his little thick hands and arguing with the fourth man present, Corey Haas, about old land deals—who had profited and who had lost. Corey Haas had been the one who had gotten Rob Raines into the group. Corey had lost a land boom fortune so large he had spent the rest of his life trying to make it all back. Some said he had. He had thrown Rob some crumbs of legal business lately. And Corey was in with Troy Jamison on Horseshoe Pass Estates.

"You stop chawin' each other, we can get the business done and get back to drinkin'," Purdy Elmarr said quietly. "Start by telling me just how you went in with that Troy Jamison, Corey."

"It's simple. He married Mary Dow. You know I was in a few things with Bernard Dow, so when it was more'n she and Troy could swing, they came to me and I went in for forty-five thousand. Just for old times' sake, you might say."

Purdy looked amused. "Eight hundred acres of prime land right opposite Horseshoe Pass, and you got your money in it,

and it's in a big mess. Seems funny, Corey."

Corey looked sullen. "Jamison, he has the say. He's stubborn. Mary'll back him up with her vote. So I been waiting."

"I did me some rough figgerin'," Purdy Elmarr said. "A man could stick two and a half million into land purchase and engineering there, and sell off two thousand nice waterfront lots and gross thirteen million five. Wonder why it's so sour?"

Corey swallowed. "They only got three hundred thousand in it, Purd, mostly all her money, and he tried to engineer the whole thing at once, instead of a little at a time, and he ran out of money."

"They got more to put in?" Purdy asked.

"She could maybe liquidate everything and come up with another hundred thousand, maybe."

"And how much would it take, minimum, to get Jamison over the hump?" J. C. Arlenton asked in a silky way.

"Oh, maybe three, four hundred thousand," Corey said.

"So they came to you for more?" Purdy said.

"Well . . . yes, but my cash position isn't too good right now, like I told them."

Purdy and J. C. started laughing. After a moment Corey joined in. Rob Raines was confused. There were undercurrents he couldn't understand.

"Waiting for them to get more scared, then you come in and take control," Purdy said, "but you had no way of knowing I was going to get interested."

"Hell, I didn't even know you were going to find out about it!" Corey said, and it set them off again.

"Now we'll do it my way," Purdy said. He turned to Rob. "Take some notes on what we want, son. You'll set it up legal."

Rob diligently took notes. He was to set up a new corporation. His heart thumped when he heard he was to be given a small stock interest. Corey Haas was to sell out his stock interest in Horseshoe Pass Estates to the new corporation, and scare the Jamisons into selling out too, before things got much worse. After holding the stock over six months, the stock in the new corporation would be sold to one of Purdy's development corporations, at a fat capital gain to each individual shareholder.

All agreed that it was a good sound plan, perfectly legal. "Excepting for one thing," Purdy Elmarr said gently to Rob Raines. "You're getting this special business, boy, on account of you're close to them Jamisons and that Debbie Ann girl. We got to be sure Jamison don't get no he'p any place to bail himself out. You find out what Corey asked you to find out for us?"

"Yes, sir. Debbie Ann won't help him out. All the money her father left her is in trust, and she won't disturb it for any land deal. Troy asked her twice and she's told him no, in a strong way. She doesn't think he's smart enough to bet her money on."

"Now how about that foreign name friend staying there with them? He got any money he could put into it?"

"His name is Rodenska. Mike Rodenska. I heard he's got enough money, if he wants to go in with Mr. Jamison. I don't know if he's been asked."

Purdy gave him a thoughtful stare. "I've dried up every other place he could go to for money except those two. Boy, you stay close to that pretty little girl, and you talk to that foreign fella every chance you get, and you hint to both of them how sour that land deal is, hear?"

"Yes, Mr. Elmarr."

"You call me Purd, boy. Your little piece can be worth fifty thousand, and you do this right, maybe I can get that fifty thousand to work for you on something else one of these days."

"Mr. . . . uh . . . Purd, is there any danger of . . . another syndicate trying to move in? Like from Miami?"

The three men laughed until they were breathless. J. C. Arlenton explained, "The word has got around not to come over here and tangle with Purdy Elmarr, boy. They got so messed up with zoning, and injunctions against bay fill, and title trouble the last few times it was tried, they'll never be back."

"I guess we're all set," Purdy said comfortably. "Anything else?"

"I was saving one little old thing," J. C. said, lacing his fat little fingers across his stomach. "I don't know if it means anything, or if we can make anything out of it if we have to, but in a roundabout way I heard Jamison's got him a woman hid out at Shelder's Cottages on Ravenna Key, there on the bay side, just below Whitey's Fish Camp. Also I heard Jamison and Mary aren't getting on so good lately, maybe on account of that woman, and he's drinking heavy, which could be marriage trouble, or business trouble, or both."

"You hear something more, you let us know, Rob boy," Purdy said, getting to his feet. "Now ya'll fix fresh drinks and we'll go out back and look at the litter ole Gloria had last week. Eight pups, three male, and not a runt in the crowd!"

An hour later, after Rob Raines and Corey Haas had left, Purdy and J. C. were back sitting on the front porch.

After a long silence, Purdy spat over the railing and said, "That there young lawyer boy was right eager, seems to me."

"Sure was. I can't hardly wait until this is all sewed up so I can tell folks about that boy makin' big money just for hangin' close to a pretty little chunk like that Debbie Ann girl."

Purdy said chidingly, "Now you know, J. C., if you go telling that on him, people'll be laughing and pointing him out for the rest of his life around here. He'll just get no place at all, and that boy is anxious to get real big around here."

"I won't be able to keep from telling it."

Purdy spat again. "I know you won't, J. C. You're like a gossipy old lady, you know? Except when it could hurt you in the pocketbook. Anyhow, no man worth a damn would do what we're asking him to do. So it doesn't matter at all. It just doesn't matter at all."

The Key Club was a rambling old roomy frame building at the south end of Riley Key. There were beach cabanas on the Gulf side and a sizable boat basin on the bay side. It was fashionable, expensive, and exclusive. Sunday nights were known as Family Night.

On the occasion of Mike's first visit, the place was bursting with noise, confusion, sun-baked people and their children. After tussling for a drink he escaped the turmoil of the three-deep bar by edging his way to a doorway and going out onto a broad, deserted porch, into the relative quiet of the night.

He was looking through a window, watching the people in the bar, when a voice directly behind him, cheery and mocking, said, "Here he is!" Mike turned to face Debbie Ann, accompanied by a particularly handsome brunette with bangs and furry black brows, a look of insolence, and a broad mouth. "Watching our snake pit?" Debbie Ann asked.

"Busy as a horse room in there," he replied.

Both girls were in tailored slacks and seagoing blouses. They were the same height, both carrying drinks, both a little tight, but under control.

"Shirley, this is Mike Rodenska, our house guest. Mike, Shirley McGuire. Mike and I . . . I was about to say we're roommates, but that doesn't sound right. Wingmates. We're both in the guest wing. We share a bath. That makes us intimate, doesn't it?"

"You leave it like a swamp. It's like living in a sorority. Perfume, steam, hair in the sink. Soap."

"So I'm clean, but I'm not neat. I told you, Shirley. This may be an honest man."

"Nice to know there is such a thing," the McGuire girl said, smiling. She was almost a baritone. The contrast with Debbie

Ann's little-teeny-girl voice was startling.

Rob Raines suddenly appeared out of the darkness. "I've been looking all over for you, Debbie Ann. Good evening, Mr. Rodenska."

"Hello, lover," Debbie Ann said acidly. "Shirley, I'm not particularly interested in having you meet Rob Raines, but I guess it can't be helped. Shirley McGuire. Now why don't you go swimming or something, Robert? Go tweak girls."

Raines looked nobly pained. "Please, Debbie Ann. I'd like to talk to you a minute."

Debbie Ann turned to Shirley. "I'll have to humor him, dearie. Take Mike to the Devans' cabana. I'll join you there."

Mike left the porch with Shirley McGuire. As they walked toward the Gulf he said, "What's this cabana deal?"

"Sort of a cocktail party. I'm staying with the Tennysons. She's my aunt. So I got drug to the Devans' party. You know the Devans or the Tennysons?"

"I'm new here."

"So am I, Mike. And I'm tired of making conversation with elderly strangers. So let's just walk on the beach. Okay?"

He agreed. He was a little wary of her. When they reached the packed sand left moist by the outgoing tide, she took off her shoes and carried them. In a very short time his wariness faded. Her exotic appearance had misled him. She had a casual, friendly warmth about her, an unexpected wholesomeness.

They found a sea wall where they could sit and look at the Gulf. He learned that she was two years older than Debbie Ann, that she had been married five years and was in Florida getting a divorce. Her three-year-old son was staying with her mother in Richmond. She had been in Florida eleven days and had met Debbie Ann—through the Tennysons—ten days ago.

"I guess I'm sort of a project for Debbie Ann. She knows the ropes on this divorce thing. I guess it's the same with everybody. A . . . kind of odd, lonely, reckless feeling."

"No rules to follow?"

"Exactly, Mike! But I do have rules. My own, that I set for myself. I'm pretty tough. I didn't used to be. I won't go into nasty details, but if I didn't have the world's worst marriage, it came awfully close. So you toughen up, or resign from the human race. I have my own standards. I guess it's the difference in standards that's the big difference between . . . I shouldn't say this."

"Go ahead."

"You're too darn easy to talk to. Do you know that? I shouldn't say that . . . old-fashioned rules are the big difference between me and Debbie Ann. There's something . . . pathetic and defiant about her. As if she's looking for something and doesn't even admit she's lacking anything."

"That makes her . . . dangerous."

"Of course it does. We ought to get back, shouldn't we?"

They walked back slowly, talking of other things. As they neared the club, Shirley stopped and looked at him with a nice smile and said, "Mike, this has been good. Thanks. You listen well, even to a bunch of dull problems."

"I'll tell you all mine sometime."

"That's a date. Mike . . . this is none of my business, but don't give Debbie Ann any kind of a chance to . . . get into mischief with you."

In the club, Mike located Mary. Troy was overdue. Mary had a table for six reserved. They ate with a pleasant couple named Murner. Troy's empty chair made the excellent meal a slightly strained occasion. Debbie Ann filled the silences with brittle chatter. Rob Raines came over and joined them as they were having coffee. When they all got up from the table, Rob Raines steered Mike out onto the big porch.

"Sorry to bother you like this, Mike, but I know you're Troy's best friend. And you and Mary seem to be fond of each other."

"So?"

"Mary is a wonderful woman. Very loyal."

"What are you getting at?"

"It would be pride that would keep Troy from telling you this. And Mary's too loyal to tell you. But Troy is in trouble, Mike. Serious financial trouble."

"With that real estate thing?"

"He went into it without enough study, and without enough money. He wouldn't listen to the people who know the local picture. He did well enough as a small builder. This is just too big for him, actually. Unless something changes, he's going to lose the whole thing . . . and Mary's money right along with it. It's a damn shame."

"Have you told him this?"

"I've tried to, Mike. But he's a stubborn man."

"What do you think I can do?"

"I don't really know. I thought you should know about it, though. Troy has been trying desperately to line up additional financing. He's even tried to get hold of Debbie Ann's money. But she's scared of that project. Rightly. Troy has the idea a few more hundred thousand dollars will get it over the hump!"

"That much!"

"It will take much more than that, Mike. He could throw two or three hundred thousand more in the pot right now and all it would do would be delay the inevitable. And whoever goes in with him will take a fat loss. But I don't think he's going to find anybody."

"What can he do?"

"I don't know. It's possible that if he was willing to give the whole thing up, he might come out of it with a loss, a substantial one but not a crippling one. I've thought that, as a good friend of his you might find a chance to talk sense to him. Has he talked to you about investing in it?"

"No."

"He might, Mike. And he'll talk about the tremendous potential. If and when he does, you might say that you'd like to look into it. You get in touch with me and I'll introduce you to a man named Corey Haas. He's put money into it, mostly because he was a close friend of Mary's father. The loss won't hurt Corey. But he can give you the true picture of how deep Troy has gone. Then that will give you something to go back to Troy with—questions to ask that he can't answer. And if you wake him up, you may be doing him and Mary a great favor. I'd hate to see them lose everything."

"Couldn't he complete one small section at a time?"

"It's too late for that. I thought you should know the picture, Mike. He's licked and he doesn't want to admit it to himself. I suppose there's an emotional angle."

"How do you mean?"

"Nearly all of it is Mary's money. He could have plunged into this thing to make so much more that he wouldn't have any . . . feeling of dependence. And that could be why he can't look at it rationally. And why he's . . . perhaps drinking a little heavier than he should."

Mike looked at Robert Raines, at this sincere, competent, cordial, helpful, courteous young man—blocky, brush-cut, and photogenically weathered—who lounged in the rectangle of light that came from the nearby window, one haunch on the cypress railing, raw silk jacket sitting neatly on husky shoulders.

"Come down for a rest, Mike boy," Mike said wearily. "Just slop around in the sun."

"I beg your pardon?"

"You are talking to me, of course, because I am gentle and honest and strong, and very attractive to young women. They are dazzled by the gleam of my very high forehead. It goes way back. And my athletic structure—just like Alfred Hitchcock's. I'm a father image."

"What?" Raines said blankly.

"I'm touched the way people up and tell me things."

"I don't understand."

"Robert, one chugs along through life

Mike was fifty yards away when Troy hit her. It was a merciless, crushing blow.

and maybe picks up one or two survival ideas here and there. I've got one. They come at you from all directions, and there's no wall to put your back against. There is a footnote to this one, at the bottom of the page, in six-point Caslon, saying everybody keeps his powder dry."

"Mr. Rodenska, you sound as if you think I was trying to work . . . some kind of an angle. I've told you all this . . . I've been frank with you because . . ."

"I'm easy to talk to."

"Because Troy is in a jam and . . ."

"You'd hate to see me lose my money because I'm such a nice guy. Naïve, but nice. Thanks, Rob. Thanks a lot."

"Are you a little tight, Mike?"

"I'm just down here for a rest."

Rob stood up. He looked uncertain. "Well . . . I better see if I can find Debbie Ann."

"You're a lawyer. Lawyers have to maneuver people. I'll give you a message. When anybody looks directly at me, right into my eyes, which isn't normal, and doesn't do any fidgeting, which again isn't normal, and drops their voice level about a half octave and gets real grammatical, I just lie back and wait for them to bring out the three walnut shells and the rubber pea."

"Mr. Rodenska, you don't . . ."

"You go find Debbie Ann, and when you get a chance, you play poker. Play every night. Better stick to small stakes at first. They ought to teach it in every law school. You had a deuce down and an ace up, and you were convincing me you had aces back to back. Go find your girl."

Raines hesitated, and then left quickly. He looked back once. His leaving had the flavor of flight. Mike spat the tip of a cigar over the railing and lighted up.

When Mary appeared below him and looked up at the porch and said, "Is that you, Mike?" he had to wait two long seconds before he could trust his voice and answer her.

She came up the steps and said, her voice too casual, "I found out Troy was on Tim Gosnell's boat for a long time. Tim says he was a little swacked when he left, so maybe he got home somehow. We might as well leave, if you're ready."

"I'm ready. How about your daughter?"

"She just left with Rob. There's some sort of party down in Gulfway."

She gave him the spare set of car keys she carried, and he drove the Chrysler north up through the night silence of the key, beside the sighing Gulf. She asked him into the main house for a nightcap, and he was about to refuse her when he sensed the appeal in her voice.

They sat out on the screened patio with the drinks. Stars were reflected in the black surface of the swimming pool. They talked, too idly, about the club and the evening and the people. He told her about meeting Shirley McGuire.

Finally she asked, with a little more tension in her casual tone, "What was it Rob wanted to talk to you about so privately?"

Mike crossed his fingers in the darkness. "If I'm going to get into any kind of business down here, he wants to represent me."

"Oh. I guess he's reliable. He seems interested in Debbie Ann, right now, but there's a heaviness about him. No light touch. I can't feel he's right for her."

"He seems like a very serious young man."

"Mike?"

"Yes, Mary."

"I asked you in because I thought I . . . wanted to talk to you. Ask your advice, I guess. But I don't. Not yet. Do you understand?"

"Of course. I'll be right here. Any time."

"It's up to me to get myself straightened out. I shouldn't make it your problem."

"I'm a friend, Mary. Yours and Troy's. When you talk, I'll listen. Okay?"

"Okay, Mike."

They said good night. He went back to the guest wing. The night was very still. Jasmine hung heavy on the air, almost too rich. He was still awake when he heard a car drive in and stop. Debbie Ann came in and he heard her stirring around in her room. A little later he heard the sound of the shower running, and her thin, tuneless humming.

He built himself a few pink, soapy, explicit visions of her, then called himself an evil old man, erased the mental images, turned over heavily and slipped into sleep while the shower still ran. . . .

By eleven o'clock on Monday morning, Mike had been on the beach well over an hour. This day would complete one full week in Florida. Sun glared red through his eyelids. Sweat ran off him. When the heat became unendurable, he could go into the water again. The sun baked his brain into a dazed somnolence. It was the ultimate simplicity.

"Good morning, possibly," Troy said.

Mike sat up with an effort as Troy settled himself on the big beach blanket. Troy wore faded blue swim trunks and dark glasses. His hands trembled as he lighted a cigarette. There was a yellow-green tinge to his deep tan. There was a remaining hint of heavy-boned power about his frame, but the muscles were ropey and slack, the belly soft.

"No diligence today? No office hours?"

"Marvin, all by himself, can handle the thousands who'll show up demanding waterfront lots, waving their money. I must have had a very good time. Mary couldn't be more remote this morning."

"Let's say it was your absence made you conspicuous."

"I passed out on somebody's boat and came wobbling home at dawn. I walked all the way up the beach."

"Troy, I'm sorry I tried to give you a rough time yesterday."

"Maybe I needed it."

And in those few moments the old relationship was miraculously reestablished, Mike knew. No more withdrawal. No remoteness. He sensed that Troy was ready to talk.

And after a little while, staring out toward the Gulf, he did talk, quietly, dispassionately.

He talked first about Horseshoe Pass Estates, as if it were a disaster happening to someone else. Except for a very small amount of cash, for living expenses, and the cabin cruiser and the cars, and the equity in the house, they had put everything into the project. He had gotten into a jam because he had been too optimistic. It would take an additional two hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars to bail it out, and there was no place to go for that kind of money. Too bad, but that was the way it was. A man named Corey Haas was in with them. It had been a mistake to take him in. It seemed obvious that Corey wanted to freeze them out and steal the whole thing.

He said, softly, "You see, I don't give a damn, Mike. It's just like New York all over again. I can make a race of it, all the way to the clubhouse turn."

"Self-pity?"

"Self-analysis, Mike." He looked down, dug his fingers into the sand. "Like New York in another way too, Mike. This will charm you, pal. Jerranna Rowley is in town."

Mike felt the nape of his neck turn chilly. "Are you kidding?"

"Four months ago she was in a dentist's office out west someplace and looked at a builder's magazine a year old and saw a little article about me. It's one of those things that happen. She got here in February, with a friend named Birdy, a cousin or something, and holed up at the Shelder Cottages on Ravenna Key and phoned me at the office. So . . . I went out there. And I've been seeing her. They keep . . . borrowing money. They're into me for six or seven hundred. That's all."

He took off his glasses, pinched the bridge of his nose, his eyes squeezed shut. "It started to go bad when she showed up, Mike. So here we are again.

The same routine. The bottle and the babe."

"How about Mary?"

"I suppose she'll get the same sweet deal Bunny got. Only Mary loses money too."

"For God's sake, Troy!"

"Do you think I'm enjoying this? I . . . wasn't put together right, Mike. A sloppy assembly job. They left something out."

"Stay away from her! Can't you do that much?"

"I've tried."

"You told me once upon a time that if you ever saw that woman again, you'd kill her."

"I tried that too, Mike. But she laughed. She didn't give a damn either."

"How much does Mary know?"

"Nothing specific. But she's got a lot of suspicions."

"Now I should be inspirational? Tell you to buck up, stiff upper lip, be a man?"

Troy stood up and looked down at him. "I am a man, Mike. In a very limited sense." The smile under the blind look of the dark glasses was a terrible thing to see. "And the limited man needs a drink."

Shelder's Cottages were in a small, ramshackle business area on the bay of Ravenna Key, halfway down the length of the key. There were twenty ugly, box-like cottages, arranged in two rows of ten, with just enough space between the cottages in each row so that a car could be parked between them.

It was three o'clock on Monday afternoon when Mike Rodenska, after knocking vainly on a screen door under a sign that said Office, walked, squinting through the glare of the sun on the white bleach of bay shell, until he found a corded old man sitting on a porch oiling a fishing reel, who told him that the Rowley woman would either be in five, or just down the road at Red's Bar.

Mike walked through the heat of the afternoon, through the insect litany of siesta, to cottage five. A five- or six-year-old Mercury was parked beside the cottage. It had been chopped to sit low on the rear wheels, snout in the air. The windshield was cracked, the body rusted. Once upon a time it had apparently been given a two-tone treatment with cream and green house paint. It had a look of long roaring distances, of hundreds of thousands of dusty miles of going nowhere special, very fast.

He banged on the screen door of the small porch. The inner door was open. He could see into the cottage where an angle of sun struck a frayed grass rug, a soiled pink wadded towel, a Coke bottle on its side near the towel. He banged again. The place had the flavor of emptiness. He walked over and looked at the car. Torn upholstery. A plastic doll in a grass skirt hanging from a sun visor. Oklahoma plates. Bald tires. Comic books in the back seat.

He had a sudden odd feeling about the car. A presentiment of disaster.

He walked back to his car, and saw that Red's Bar was so close there was no point in driving.

He pushed the door of the bar open and walked into a dark and noisy place.

As his eyes adjusted and his ears sorted and identified the sounds, he realized that there were only four other people in the place. There was a scrawny man behind the bar with a rusty brush-cut and a white, eroded face talking to a brutish-looking young man in a white tee shirt and khaki shorts who sat on a bar stool. They both turned to look idly at Mike. The young man had an inch of forehead under a towering pompadour of glossy, wavy blond hair, small, deep-set simian eyes, a tender little rosebud mouth, and a jaw that bulged with bone and gristle. On his left biceps, across the cantaloupe bulge of his flexed arm, was the intricate tattoo of a pink rose in full bloom.

Jerranna Rowley was at the bowling machine, competing with a big, fleshy man in gas station khaki. Mike moved onto the stool nearest the door, ordered a draught beer, left the change from his dollar on the bar top. Red moved back to continue his idle conversation with the wavy blond. Mike half turned to watch Jerranna. He saw her bend, and aim, and concentrate and roll a strike and give a snort of triumph.

When she turned and looked toward the television, awaiting her turn, he saw her face clearly. What was she now? Twenty-five? So little change. The same round face and oddly small head, and welter of mussed tan hair, and the pale gray eyes that bulged a little, the fatty contours of the mouth framing the large, ridged, yellow-white teeth, the long neck and the narrow shoulders. She wore knee-length tight red pants, a jersey tee shirt of narrow red and white horizontal stripes, with the red of the shirt the wrong red to wear with the red of the pants. She wore dusty black ballet slippers, and her bare ankles looked soiled.

He noted the changes, one minor, one major. The minor change was a puffiness around her eyes. The major change was in her figure. She had that same scrawniness, the loose, indolent, shambling, somehow arrogant way of handling herself. Her breasts, small, high, sharp, immature, widely separated, obviously unconfined under the jersey shirt, were unchanged. The change had occurred from lean waist to knee, and was accentuated by the red pants. There, she had become heavy, rounded, bulging, meaty—a gross and almost obscene flowering. It was a startling contrast to the rest of her, as though she were the victim of a casual assembly of the major portions of two different women.

The game ended. She thrust out a narrow palm and he heard her crow, "Pay me, boy!" The voice was rawer, huskier, more ribald. The man paid her. She turned, grinning. Halfway to the bar she looked at Mike. And stopped abruptly. Lost the grin. Looked puzzled. Nodded to herself and found a grin of slightly different shape, more mocking, and came directly toward him.

He got up from the stool. "Always manners," she said. "I remember that. I know it's Mike, but the rest of it is gone."

"Rodenska," he said, and briefly clasped the skinny chill of her outthrust hand, noticing the fading saffron hues of a great bruise that reached from the edge of her sleeve to her elbow.

"I thought about you a lot. You were so cute that time. Honest to God, you were so cute, Mike."

"I was a doll."

The beefy man had gotten off his stool. He came over to them, thumbs in his belt, his face dangerous in its utter stillness.

"What makes?" he asked, his voice high and thin, unsuitable for him.

"An old friend, Birdy. Birdy, this is Mike."

"Haya," Birdy said. Muscles bunched the arm as he put his hand out. Mike braced himself for a childish display of strength that might be highly painful. But the hand in his was warm, dry, soft, so utterly boneless and flaccid it was like grasping a glove filled with fine loose sand.

"Where'd you know him?" Birdy asked.

"It was when I was in New York the first time, a long time ago. Five years, maybe. He was buddy with Jamison. Like I told you he told me an old friend was coming down but that was all he said and I didn't know it was Mike."

"How about that!" Birdy said.

"It's like they say, a small world," Jerranna said. They both smiled at him. Though the mouths and faces were in no way alike, there was chilling similarity in the smiles. They looked at him with a kind of joyous malevolence, an innocent evil, like two small savage boys—one holding the cat and the other holding the kerosene.

"You just happened to drop in here?" Birdy said wonderingly.

"Not exactly."

Birdy studied him. "Oh." He turned to

Jerranna. "Find out the pitch," he said, and went slowly back to his stool.

"Two brews here, Red," Jerranna called and got onto the stool beside Mike's.

She turned on the stool and forked her hair back with spread fingers and beamed at Mike. "It's good to see you, cutie."

She gulped the beer with automatic greed, her long thin throat working. The years had coarsened her. He had detected a certain sensitivity, a capacity for imagination, in the girl in New York. But the years and the roads, the bars and the cars and the bottles—they all have flinty edges, and they are the cruel upholstery in the dark tunnel down which the soul rolls and tumbles until no more abrasion is possible, until the ultimate hardness is achieved.

But the tug of evil was, if anything, stronger than before.

"Who is Birdy?" he asked.

"Sort of a kissin' cousin. We teamed up long ago. Over a year. We been all over hell and gone. When there's a couple you get in less jams. And it's easier to make out. What's on your mind, Mike? You trying to be a blocking back for Jamison again?"

"I guess so."

"He says he got in real bad shape after I took off. Drunk himself into a crazy house."

"That's right."

"But he's doing okay again, isn't he?"

"Do you care?"

"Sure I care! He's not a bad guy. But like I told you before, anything he does to himself isn't *my* fault. If a guy goes overboard, he goes overboard."

"Sure, Jerranna. Sure. And you came down here by accident and phoned him by accident."

She frowned. "Well . . . I didn't especially want to. But we weren't making out so good and I saw that thing about him and tore it out of the magazine and showed it to Birdy and told him about in New York and all. You know, you get older, you think of angles. And you know . . . if you've had a guy on the ropes one time you want to find out if you still got that old black magic."

"You found out you've got it."

"Sure thing. He came over to the cottage and I sent Birdy away, and for about fifteen minutes I thought I'd had it. Troy spent fifteen minutes marching back and forth, calling me everything in the book, yelling at me, acting like he was working up to beating me up. Those old jokers that live there must've got a real earful that night. The next thing I know he's hanging onto me and bawling into my neck and telling me how much he missed me."

"So what is this shakedown angle?"

She stared at him. "Would you kindly explain that, please?"

"Shakedown. How do you explain it? Money. He's given you money. There must be a reason. To keep you from going to his wife?"

She gave him a look of complete disgust, followed by a short explosive laugh. "Shakedown! I tell him we're running broke so we got to go over to the east coast and get jobs, so he gives me a hundred or one and a half and we stay."

"It's a living."

"Mike, don't get it in your head we'll stay in this stinking place the rest of my stinking life. One day, maybe soon, it'll be me or Birdy getting up and looking around and saying, 'Let's roll it.'"

"Suppose I could dig up a thousand dollars, Jerranna? That would take you two a long way."

"Why would you do that? You Jamison's brother?"

"Would you take it and go?"

"What if we were about to go anyway?"

"Then I made a thousand-dollar mistake."

"You wouldn't have it on you."

"Not exactly."

She studied him, chin on her fist. "We should trade that bucket. It's got a high speed shimmy. Drives Birdy nuts. I'm interested, Mike. But Birdy, he gets funny sometimes about the money thing. If he gets the idea anybody is trying to buy him, he flips. So let me put it up to him easy. He's got a lot of pride. You know. And I can let you know. You got a phone?"

"I better stop by."

"This is Monday. Come Thursday with the money. Bring it in tens and twenties, Mike, on account of it's hard for us to change bigger money. They always want to know where we got it. I'll be honest, Mike. If it isn't going to work, I won't take it. You going someplace? Aren't you even going to finish the brew? I can if you can't. See you Thursday, anyhow, hey?"

The door swung shut behind him. He took a deep breath and said a filthy word and walked slowly to the station wagon.

He drove into Ravenna, wired his bank for money, and got back to the Jamison house at dusk. Debbie Ann and Shirley McGuire were walking slowly from the beach toward the house, laden with gear, gleaming with sun oil.

He met them after he had parked the car and gotten out.

"You both look sweet, fresh, pretty, and decent. It's a sort of contrast I won't explain at the moment."

"Have you been out in the sun all day without a hat?" Shirley asked.

"Oh, this is just senility in action. It's a kick I'm on."

"Go sit by the pool, Ancient One," Debbie Ann said, "and pretty soon we'll be slave maidens and bring you something tall, cool, and delicious."

He had noticed the other cars were gone. "Where is everybody?"

"Troy is probably working. Mother borrowed my little bug to go to some kind of committee meeting. Durelda went home early with a toothache. We're on our own, buddy."

But Mary returned before the girls finished changing. They all had a drink as dusk turned to night. Shirley agreed to stay for dinner if she could help. She phoned her aunt and explained. Her call to her aunt emphasized in everyone's mind that Troy hadn't arrived and hadn't phoned, but no one spoke of it. They delayed dinner and finally ate, and after the women had cleaned up, they played bridge.

Shirley was Mike's partner. The talk was aimless, a bright and meaningless thread woven through the dark fabric of tensions. There was the clack and whisper of the cards, the bright cones of light, the idiot faces of kings and queens, the perfume of the women and the gleam of their hair—their light voices and the small formalities of their smiles.

I am alone, he cried, crouching and howling back in the desolated ballroom of his mind, his anguish echoing amid the bedraggled crepe paper and soggy balloons of the party that was forever ended. So damned awful alone. No kiss for the bruise. No apron to hide in.

"Mike?"

Shirley was looking across at him oddly.

"Oh! Where were we?"

"I dealt. Two passes to you."

He played the hand. Mary's lead could have defeated the contract, but she made the wrong choice.

"I've had enough," Mary said. "How about you people?"

"Golly, it's nearly midnight," Shirley said. "I didn't realize."

"Nightcap before I drive you home?" Debbie Ann asked.

"No thanks, honey."

After they left, Mary went to the edge of the living room and stood looking out at the patio. There was a rigidity in her stance. She stood with her head slightly tilted, as though she were listening to something very faint and far away.

His empathy for the little signs of agony made him feel ham-handed, dull, awkward. "Mary?"

She turned slowly, rubbed the back of her hand against dampness under her eyes, smiled in a crooked way and said, "Stupid, I guess."

"Is it?" he said quietly, watching her.

"It's . . . wondering what I'm doing wrong. Not knowing the right way to handle it."

"Believe me, you're not doing anything wrong."

"I've tried so many things, some of them must be wrong. Scenes. He walks out. Indifference. He doesn't seem to care. Where did he go, Mike? Oh, I don't mean now, tonight. He went away somewhere, inside himself. I love him. I can't find him. It's so damn difficult trying to be an adult. When he . . . shames me."

"It's a kind of sickness, maybe."

"He's never told me very much about . . . what happened to him in New York, before he came down here. It was pretty bad, wasn't it?"

"Pretty bad."

"Mike . . . if I knew all about it . . . if you could tell me, if it wouldn't be a kind of disloyalty for you to tell me . . . it might help me understand. We used to have such . . . fun."

He sat down with her, sat close beside her on the couch, and he told her. He stopped for a little while when they heard Debbie Ann drive in, but she went to her room without coming in. It was a long story, not pretty, and he tried to make it as factual as the ten thousand news stories he had written.

"And this," she said in a small dreary voice, "is the very same woman."

"Not a fatal fascination—not in the normal sense of the word, Mary. I can't explain it completely. But somewhere inside him, he hates himself. There's a guilt there. Big guilt. I think he's a good man. She's maybe . . . a symbol of punishment. Retribution for guilt. Both you and Bunny fell in love with . . . the goodness in the guy. But there's this sickness that makes him want to destroy himself."

"I won't let him! Why should he despise himself anyway?"

"I don't know. They couldn't get anything out of him when they tried psychiatric treatment."

She looked intently at him, her head tilted. "But you have a hunch, don't you?"

"It's a little bit theatrical, Mary. Maybe it isn't true."

"Tell me, Mike."

So he told her, and it seemed strange to be talking of such a faraway long-gone war in the night fragrance of a Florida patio. He told her about a sensitive, creative kid who tried desperately to become a professional killer, and made the grade. It never left any mark on the louts. But it was hell on the sensitive ones. They had too much imagination. So they usually broke. He told this second wife of the ways her husband had, in the unavoidable stupidity of all wars, lost many of his own good people. And how, in professional excellence, he had trapped and slain large numbers of people on the other side who, from any merciful viewpoint, were as good as his own people. Troy had not broken then—not until a long time afterward. The flaw was still there, pried open by forgotten steel, and he could break again.

"What can we do, Mike? Should I see that woman?"

"Why? No point in that. Maybe they'll leave Thursday, when I give her the money."

"But that's only part of it. Could we get him to a doctor?"

"All we can do is try. In the meantime . . . maybe all the money goes."

"That scares me, but not much. What's happening to him is the important thing. We can live on what he was making before, as a small builder. Debbie Ann has her own money. It would just be the two of us."

"I want to look into that land deal some more. There's something funny about it."

"Mike, Mike. You're here for a rest. And we all lean on you."

"Will you do something to help? You won't like it."

"Anything, Mike, if you think it will help."

So he told her to go away for a while, to leave Troy one less target for his compulsion to destroy. She argued against it, and at last agreed. Debbie Ann could drive her up to Sarasota, so that Mike could have the use of the station wagon.

They said good night then, and after he was in bed he felt annoyed with himself. Kindly old Dr. Fixit, self-appointed, meddling in people's lives.

He wanted, dolefully, desperately, to be back in the house in West Hudson. When you were in one room, it was as if she were in the next room. The little sounds of housekeeping. That wild little yelp of exasperation when she broke something or burned something—a sound that was almost, but not quite, a dirty word. The quick fragrance. The things around her that she touched and loved.

So lie in this strange bed and go over all the times you were cross and cruel, the times you made her cry, and all the gestures of affection you never made, the presents you never bought her, the days that had gone by without an avowal of love.

But there had been that one thing denied to so many others, the chance to say goodbye. "It's like I'm running out on you," she had said. "No time to pack. No time to sort things. No chance to clean the closets. You'll have to love your grandchildren enough for both of us."

He lay in the three o'clock darkness. A car went down the key. A night heron flapped by, hooting with maniacal derision. Tears, heavy as oil, ran out of his eyes. His hands were fists. His throat felt rusty. He heard an airliner.

He slept late on Tuesday. When he got up, the Chrysler was back and the Porsche was gone. Durelda gave him breakfast on the patio. She said her tooth was better. She said the mister was sleeping and the missus had gone away for a little trip.

After breakfast he drove into Ravenna and found a stationery store and bought a package of coarse yellow paper and some soft pencils. It was the special armor of his trade. Operating on the smallest hints and clues he had often, in the past, dug out stories that had nudged people in high places out of their upholstered niches in city and county governments. It was no special trick. It required merely sturdy legs, a consuming diligence, and the knowledge that to most people the sweetest possible sound is their own voice.

He went first to the small sales office just inside the pretentious entrance to Horseshoe Pass Estates and talked to Marvin Hessler, the salesman-employee Troy had introduced him to when he had shown Mike the property. He scrawled key words as memory aids on the coarse paper, folded twice, bulging the pocket. He looked at land which had been cleared and the land which hadn't. He saw half-dug canals with banks that were collapsing because the seawalling hadn't been done. He saw where the dredging had stopped, and where they had run out of fill.

The initial contact always gives you a lead to a few others. It is a geometric progression. He went to the office of the elderly, somewhat ineffectual-acting lawyer who had set up the corporation. He got some information from the lawyer. He had lunch, picked up his cash from Western Union, added a couple of hundred in traveler's checks, and opened a bank account at the Ravenna National Bank, where he talked for over an hour with an amiable, elderly, low-pressure vice-president about Florida real estate.

After he left the bank he talked to three real estate agents until he found one that suited his purposes, a brown, wiry, savage little woman in her fifties who had been born in Ravenna, who envied and despised the people who, through her efforts, had made large pieces of money in real estate, who was a confirmed and vicious gossip, and who seemed to know every local landowner and every parcel of land in the county, and every slick trick that had

ever been pulled on the unsuspecting. Her name was Lottie Spranger.

After talking a half-hour in her office they went across the street to a curiously tea-roomy sort of bar and drank Cokes in a booth.

"I'm not one to gossip, but I'll tell you just what happened," she said. "For your own good. Jamison is a fool came down from the north, built some little houses, nothing special, then married Mary Kail, who was married before to Bernard Dow and he died and left her a stack of money. Jamison got his hands on that money and got big ideas and went in too deep. I'd say it's a good buy for anybody right now, buying good lots in there at the price he's got 'em down to, but people can't see that. They haven't got patience. Pretty soon Jamison is going to be dead broke, and then he's going to have to unload his equity for whatever he can get for it, and the wolves are just sitting, watching, waiting to jump."

"Who are these wolves?"

"There's big ones and little ones. This deal will interest the big ones. Purdy Elmarr, Wink Haskell, J. C. Arlenton. They sit 'way back quiet, but they run Ravenna County. They make out like they're just old cracker boys, but they're made of money, and all that money started with land, and they still buy, swap, and sell land. And when any of 'em hankers to own a piece of land, there isn't anybody going to come in from the outside and grab it away."

"So you think somebody is after the Jamison land?"

"I do."

"Why do you think so?"

"Because he had too much bad luck for it to all be accidental. Dredge broke down. The work crew dug a whole canal in the wrong place and had to fill it up. They put fill too high around tree trunks and lost a lot of good trees. All this adds up to money, and he didn't start with enough at first. Then there've been rumors about how he couldn't give you a good deed to a lot there, and how it never would be finished. I tell you, when you're in the selling business, rumors like that can hurt bad. Somebody wants it. I don't know who."

"I was talking about this project of mine to a young lawyer named Raines. He said the whole thing would fall through, that Jamison couldn't save it. Was that an example of these rumors?"

He saw her shrewd eyes narrow. He listened to her add up the relationships, guessing, discarding, until finally she had the answer that satisfied her.

"Purdy Elmarr it would be," she said triumphantly, "and that sorry Corey Haas that goes in with him sometimes, both of them using poor Rob Raines. Nice lawwork *that* is!" She gave an evil snicker. "I may pick up a couple lots myself. Purdy gets aholt of it, it'll move fast. Anyhow, it's a little better'n Wink Haskell stealing it. Purdy isn't merciless. He won't let Mary lose everything like Wink would if he could."

The day was gone. He went back to Riley Key. The Chrysler was gone. Debbie Ann was prone on a poolside mattress, her sun top unlatched, her sun shorts rolled and tucked to expose the maximum area. As she was entirely in shadow, it was obvious she had fallen asleep. The scuff of his shoe on the patio stone awakened her. She lifted her head, then sat up, holding the bra top against her, craning her arms back and latching it. Her face was puffy with sleep, her light brown hair tangled.

She yawned widely and said, "Wow! I folded. Where've you been all day? I got back at two. I'm going out to dinner with Rob so I sent Durelda home. You wouldn't mind eating out, would you? Just go down to the Key Club and sign Mommy's name."

"Did you get Mary settled?"

"Yes. A very nice place up on Longboat Key. Corny name. Lazy Harbor. The phone number is in my purse. What's going on, Mike?"

"What did she tell you?"

"She said she had to get away for a little while to think things over. I asked her if she was going to think about divorce. She said no. She was pretty quiet on the way up."

"It's probably a good idea for her to get away, get some perspective."

"Meanwhile, Troy becomes a genuine alcoholic, keeps some tramp on the string, and loses the family fortune. It wasn't a *big* fortune, but it was comforting while it lasted."

"Are you really concerned about Mary's happiness?"

"I'd like her to have it. She had it and now she hasn't. Nothing I can do is going to turn it back on, like a switch."

"True."

"Speaking of frivolous, why don't we make Rob take us both out? He'd hate every minute of it."

"No thanks. I've got letters to write."

"Oh, I forgot! Two letters came for you. Durelda put them in your room."

He got up quickly. "Excuse me," he said. "Probably the boys."

One was from the boys, two letters traveling with one airmail stamp. Mickey told him Tommy had been very homesick, but he was getting over it. They seemed to like the school well enough. One of the boys had taken to calling Mickey Round-End-Ski and the fight had been broken up. They were taken to the headmaster who turned them over to the athletic instructor, who had put gloves on them and let them work it out. Now they were good friends. The work was hard. They were way behind the others, but they were getting special help so they could catch up.

The other letter was from a friend on the paper. After he read it, he reread the boys' letters. Poor lonely devils. He heard Debbie Ann in the bathroom, heard the shower running.

One minute after the shower stopped, his bathroom door opened. She stood in the doorway, draped in a big chocolate and white towel, her smile wide and utterly innocent. "Was it from your boys? Are they all right?"

"They're fine, thanks."

"That's nice. Won't you invite me in?"

"That's enough kidding around, Debbie Ann," he said gruffly. "Pack up and shut the door."

She widened her eyes. "My goodness! The man can't take a joke." She backed into the bathroom and shut the door, firmly.

"Have to beat them off with clubs," he grumbled. "Little old irresistible me." But he decided his reaction was right. It would do no good to try to joke with her on her level. She would just become bolder. They had the right words long ago. Trollop. Baggage. Wench. He wondered if Dacey Whatsis knew how lucky he was to get rid of her. And he hoped Mary would never see her daughter clearly. Mary deserved a lot more than she was getting.

He stretched out for a while, then changed and went over to the mainland and ate and went to a drive-in movie.

Troy wasn't home yet when he got back, but was home and sleeping when he left in the morning. He had sorted out the important pieces of information. He talked to two more men who contributed a little, more in the line of confirmation than anything new. He drove to where yellow bulldozers and draglines were working and talked to the man who had bossed the Horseshoe Pass Estates job. He questioned him closely about the bad luck he had had on the job, and when he became convinced the man was lying, and not interested enough to lie very well, he felt he was ready to tackle Corey Haas.

Corey Haas managed his varied business interests from a small office in a shabby old building on West Main in downtown Ravenna.

He was a gaunt, stooped man in his late fifties, with bad teeth, a threadbare suit, scurfy hair dyed a violent purple-black, an artificial affability in his manner. He had the gray, rubbery face of a retired comedian, and when Mike entered his office Haas greeted him with a firm, over-prolonged handshake.

"Aren't you the falla visiting Troy and Mary? Sit down, sit down. What can I do for you on this beautiful day?" Haas said with forced cordiality.

"I guess I wanted a little free advice, Mr. Haas. I got talking to Rob Raines the other night about the possibility of my putting some money into Horseshoe Pass Estates. I understand that you own some stock in it."

"Eighteen per cent," Haas said with a wistful smile. "They're right pretty stock certificates."

"Rob didn't recommend it, but he didn't want to say anything about his girl's stepfather, so he told me you're an honest man and you'd tell me the things he didn't want to."

Haas shook his head. "Now, I could paint a big wonderful picture for you and I could make it sound good, and maybe we could take your money away from you, Mr. Rodenska. But it wouldn't be right, and it wouldn't be fair. Frankly, I got stung. I figure I've lost my money. Oh, I may come out with some if we can ever unload the whole corporation, but I just thank God I didn't have more to put into it. I only got in on account of knowing Mary's daddy so well, and knowing her first husband—a lot older man than Troy, and I hate to say it, but a lot smarter man too. It's pitiful that girl has to lose her money that way. I could go into details that probably wouldn't mean too much to you, Mr. Rodinski."

"Rodenska."

"I'm sorry. Man likes to hear his name said right. Were you thinking of any sizable amount?"

"Three hundred thousand, maybe," Mike said.

He pursed his lips and shook his narrow head. "Wouldn't help. It's too late for that. Throwing good money after bad. Rob did right sending you to me. It would be a terrible mistake. I can go into details about what the problems are, but . . ."

In the cold, antiseptic glare, troopers went about the grisly job of cleaning up the mess.

Mike thanked him politely and left as soon as he could.

He placed a call to Purdy Elmarr from a drugstore booth. An hour later he was seated on Purdy's front porch, with a bourbon in his hand. The old man gave an impression of ageless strength that did not match the frailness of his voice over the phone. There was no cordiality in him. He looked out toward the highway, his face still.

"My basic deduction, the reason I came to see you, may be entirely wrong, Mr. Elmarr. So I can save both of us time by starting with a question. Are you interested in any way in Horseshoe Pass Estates?"

There was a long silence. The old man spat over the railing. "Keep talking."

"As I told you, I'm a newspaperman. Ex-newspaperman, at least for a while. I've done a lot of interviewing. I listen to what people say and how they say it. And I remember. Here's my guess about Horseshoe Pass Estates."

Except for the infrequent lift of the glass to the lips for a measured sip, the old man was as motionless as a lizard. Mike wondered whether he was really hearing any of it, or was far off in one of the misty reveries of senility. When he had finished, Purdy Elmarr stood up and went to the table and fixed himself a fresh drink, slowly, carefully. He went back to the chair, sat down and said, "He'p yourself any time you feel like."

"Thanks."

"One thing. That Raines boy bring up my name?"

"No. It was just a guess."

"Never liked newspaper people. Spent my life keeping my name out of the papers. Every time you open a paper, there's the same damn fools grinning out at you. So I never got to know one. Why'd you bring this to me?"

"It seemed like a good idea. And somebody told me you aren't . . . merciless."

"Have been. Can be again if I have to. What are you after?"

"I like Mary. I don't like Raines and I don't like Haas."

"I don't have to like the people make money for me. So you're just going around doing good?"

"Call it that."

"You could make a nice profit. They'll cut you in. Mary will anyhow. Nice girl. Haven't seen her in years. Funny you want to risk your money in something you don't know too much about."

"It isn't very important to me. When it could have been, I didn't have it. And got along fine."

"I got stacks of money, son. If there was twenty of me and we all went hog wild, we couldn't spend down to the end of it. Don't use it for anything special. Just like piling it up."

"I can see how that could be."

"I like you. You aren't the least damn bit scared of money. Most people come here act a little trembly, like I'd bite hell out of them."

"There are things I'm scared of. Money isn't one of them."

"I'm going to break a rule. I don't generally tell people my plans. Then if they don't work out good, I don't have to explain anything. I'll tell you a couple things. You keep them to yourself. I wouldn't tell you if I thought you couldn't. First off, put your money into that thing. I've give up wanting it. Second, you won't have no trouble of any kind. I'll talk to Corey. If there's trouble anyway, come to me and I'll tell you how to fix it."

"I guess you know why I don't say thank you."

"Do I?"

"Some of this is because you're probably a decent man, Mr. Elmarr. But you feel it's smart to play safe too. Because I'll be quiet. Otherwise I might be crazy enough and lucky enough to get the whole thing in print."

"You know, we got us a little poker group meets out here."

"I'm not that crazy or that lucky, Mr. Elmarr."

The old man thumped his thigh and gave a wild high cackle of laughter. "Damn if I don't like you some, son. Just tell me one thing. What got you started digging on this land deal? What got you to wondering?"

"Rob Raines acted too anxious about keeping me from putting any money in it."

"Ummm. Just another kid lawyer. New crop every year. But a man can't find him a good one any more. Seems like every year they're hungrier. Want to get rich right now, and don't give a damn how they do it, long as it's a little bit legal. They don't seem to have anything on the inside of 'em any more, any old-time rules of what a man can do and can't do. They wear everything on the outside. Raines looked possible, but damn if I felt right about a man willing to mess around with a girl for more than that one good old-fashioned reason. Guess I'm losing my judgment about folks. Want to take a look at some nice pups I've got?"

"Thanks, but I'd better be getting back."

The old man cackled again and said. "People just don't do that to Purdy Elmarr. I say come look at the pups, they say sure thing. I say go gnaw down that oak, and they say, 'How far up from the ground, Purd?' Anything to get close and cozy to where the money is. Maybe one time you could bring Mary out, just to say hello. Not her husband. Just her."

"Why not her husband?"

"He's got another woman, and I don't want a cheatin' man settin' foot on my prop'ty." He spat over the railing. "And he can't handle his liquor. And he was pig stupid about how to develop that land. You put your money in it, libby, you handle it yourself."

"You keep in touch with things, don't you?"

And once again he saw the barracuda smile as Purdy Elmarr said innocently, "Why, people just seem to keep coming out here telling me things."

Mike shook the spare leathery hand, and they exchanged conspiratorial smiles, and he drove away. The low sun glared into his eyes when, almost an hour later, he turned toward the bridge to Riley Key. It was five-thirty when he reached the house.

Durelda came to the carport just as he got out of the car and said rapidly, her eyes round and white in her dark face, "Miss Debbie Ann says I was to tell you case you come home 'fore my husban' comes pick me up the sheriff called twicet and final got hole Mizz Debbie Ann telling her the mister got hisself messed up on drunk driving and it was two hundred dollars cash money to get him out so Mizz Debbie Ann borrowed it here and there and took off maybe a hour ago to go down bail him free."

"Thanks, Durelda. Was there an accident? Anybody hurt?"

"Nobody said nothing about anybody hurt, but he went and messed up our bes' car some ways."

He went into the house and phoned the Ravenna County sheriff's office and got hold of a deputy who told him Troy Jamison had been released about twenty minutes ago.

"He was definitely drunk?"

"I wouldn't know, mister. He missed a curve on Ravenna Key and he put that Chrysler smack through one of his own big signboards, and he couldn't walk. This was two o'clock in the afternoon, mister, and he threw up in the patrol car, and when they brought him in here he was yelling that Marine Corps song but you couldn't hardly understand a word of it, so what do you think?"

"Oh. Where's the car?"

"I don't know, but that girl, that stepdaughter I guess it is, arranged something about it."

"And he wasn't hurt?"

"Man! Tomorrow he's going to feel like somebody's spooning his brains out with their thumbnail."

Mike thanked him and hung up.

The white Porsche, with the top up, snorted into the drive five minutes later.

Debbie Ann got out quickly, her face rigid with disgust. "It's somebody else's turn now," she said. "Anybody's." She turned and walked swiftly toward her room.

"Hold it!" Mike said sharply. She turned and waited for it. He took his time catching up with her. "Want to clue me?"

She seemed to relax a little. "They called up because he . . ."

"I know most of it. I talked to somebody in the sheriff's office. I just wanted to get a few details. He was still here when I left this morning. When did he get so . . ."

They were keeping their voices down. "I don't think he slept last night. He had a bottle in the bedroom. I didn't see him leave here, about eleven. Durelda did. She said he left woobly. Isn't that a dandy word? Woobly."

"How about the car?"

"It's been towed into Carson's in Ravenna. I didn't see it."

"How about a lawyer?"

"I phoned Rob. He wasn't exactly eager, but he said he'd take care of it."

"Does he need a doctor?"

"He needs a bath," she said, and, turning, opened the entry door to the guest wing and went inside.

Mike walked out to the car and opened the door on Troy's side. He sat slack in the bucket seat, staring ahead, slack fists resting on his thighs, mouth agape, coppery stubble on his jowls, his white shirt ripped and soiled, a purple bruise on his left cheekbone.

"Come on, boy. Get out." Mike took him by the arm.

After he got Troy cleaned up and into bed, he looked at the master bedroom. It was in shades of blue with a deep blue rug, and had wide doors that swung open into its own tiny private patio where there was a table, two chairs. Atop Mary's dressing table was a big colored photograph in a plain silver frame. He picked it up and turned it toward the light of the dying day. It had been taken on a boat, the two of them sitting side by side on the transom, Troy and Mary, brown, grinning, holding hands. The ensign was snapping on its staff—a fat white wake boiled through blue water—there was wind in Mary's dark hair—in the background, far away, was a tall sailboat, and close at hand a gull was caught in one teetering instant. Good composition. A vivid little piece of happiness, frozen in place by Kodak.

"Mike," Troy mumbled.

He put the picture back and went to the bed. This was a return of partial lucidity, right at the edge of sleep. He sat on his heels beside the bed and looked at Troy's puffed face. "What, boy?"

"Mary . . . took off. Gone two days."

"I know."

"Did . . . anybody get hurt? With . . . the car?"

"No."

Troy sighed heavily, closed his eyes. His next breath was a clotted snore.

After he left the bedroom, Mike used the number Debbie Ann had given him, and called Mary at the Lazy Harbor Motel on Longboat Key. He told her what had happened. She wanted to dash back at once. He had difficulty dissuading her.

"Maybe it scared him enough," he told her. "Maybe, like in any disease, this is the crisis. I'll know more about it after I talk to him tomorrow. Then I'll phone you again."

But she talked him into coming up, driving up to talk to her in person about it, rather than over the phone. He agreed, but said it might be Friday instead of tomorrow. Then he said he had talked to a man named Purdy Elmarr. This astonished her. She wanted to know more, but he said he'd talk about it when he saw her. He had her pretty well quieted down before he hung up. She sounded rested, more relaxed. She said it was a nice place, comfortable, just what she had needed.

Just as he hung up, Debbie Ann came in to inquire, somewhat haughtily, about Troy. He said Troy was now tidy and asleep, and complimented her on the way she had taken care of him. She said that her brief marriage had been an intensive course in the handling of sloppy drunks. But the compliment improved her mood. She said she had just cancelled a date with Rob Raines because she couldn't face another evening of humble attentiveness and hints about big legal deals. She said there was a steak in the deep freeze as big as a coffee table, and she could phone Shirley, and he could pick her up, and they could grill the steak over at the beach cabana, have just steak and salad, drink stingers and tell lies.

So, unexpectedly, it was a fine, relaxed time, beginning with a sunset and ending with a half moon at midnight. They settled all the world's problems. He felt like a benign uncle, accepting scullery work and devotion from two favorite nieces.

After Debbie Ann had yawned herself into a condition of collapse, he offered to drive Shirley McGuire home, but she said she would rather walk down the beach. It was only a mile. And he could walk along, if he felt energetic enough.

And so Mike Rodenska walked down a moonlit beach with a beautiful girl. And she talked to him about herself, seeking justification for breaking up her marriage. She told, in the unmistakable cadences of truth, of worrying about what it could do to a small child, seeing his mother hammered to her knees in front of his high chair. Mike, sickened by what people could do to each other, told Shirley she was doing the right thing. And that, too, was another responsibility. And he told her, through indirection, that she was a good person. You must feed the souls of the lonely and confused ones.

So, at the end of the walk, she turned to thank him, standing there on the bottom step, so that her eyes were level with his, her face luminous in starlight. Black bangs and heavy black brows, shadowed eyes, and a triangular paleness of face, narrowing to the broad line of the mouth.

"Mike . . ." she said. "Mike . . . I . . ."

And she kissed him, timidly, then not so timidly. He responded in an uncly way, then not so much in an uncly way, and it broke up right then.

On Thursday morning at nine when he walked into the main part of the house, Durelda told him Troy and Debbie Ann were still abed. The morning paper was on the table. He found the item on Troy on the bottom of page three headed, "Builder Arrested." It was short and reasonably fair, neither exaggerated nor underplayed. Estimated damage to the car was four hundred dollars, plus eight hundred dollars other property damage.

After he finished breakfast he went to the bedroom and looked at Troy. He didn't look as if he was about to wake up. There was a sour musty smell in the room. He decided he would have time to run in and get the cash for Jerranna from the bank.

It was a little after eleven when he got back. Troy was in the shower. He came out to the patio at eleven-thirty, in a blue mesh sports shirt, spotless beige slacks, clean-shaven, in an obviously ghastly condition, physically, mentally, spiritually.

Durelda came to the doorway and said, "Fix you up something, Mist' Jamison?"

"I'll try some black coffee, thanks." As soon as she left, Troy said, "Take a good look at a fun-loving playboy."

"Got any questions?"

"I racked up the car and spent some time in the drunk tank. Debbie Ann got me out. You got me to bed. Are those the essentials?"

"Yes."

"And I remember that nobody was hurt. Does Mary know?"

"Yes."

"I can't get in touch with her, but you can. Doesn't that make you feel important? Is she coming back because of all this?"

"She wanted to, but I talked her out of it."

"I couldn't stand all that unselfish, noble understanding today."

"I think you should see a doctor, Troy."

Troy studied him. "A head-shrinker? Your idea? Mary's? Or a joint effort?"

"You're sick."

"I haven't got time for the couch, buddy. I've got work to do."

"I've looked into that the last few days. What work? I think I know a way you can make out though."

"It's wonderful the way you have the idea you can run everybody's life for them, Mike. It must be a big comfort to you."

"Thanks. That's my excuse to walk out right now. Right out of your life for keeps, Jamison."

"Don't drag your feet."

"It isn't you talking. It's sickness. Irrationality. Self-destruction. And Mary is worth anything I can do to help. We were in contact with each other the other day. Now it's gone. Aren't you the least bit scared, Troy? Don't you know what's happening to you?"

"Just get off my back!"

"Just a little bit scared?"

Troy jumped up. The cup and saucer fell from the wide arm of the chair and smashed on the stone. "All right. So I'm scared! But I can't talk about it now, for God's sake! Give me a chance! Talk to me tomorrow. Give me a chance to unwind."

He left so quickly it was like flight.

When Mike arrived at cottage number five at two-thirty that afternoon Birdy was sitting on the porch floor.

"Go on in, hey," Birdy said.

He went in. Venetian blinds cut the white sunlight to thin slivers. The interior was a welter of clothing, magazines, empty bottles, unemptied ashtrays. She had been sleeping on the living room couch. She sat up.

"Sleeping in the day gives me a mouth like a bird cage," she said. "Dump the stuff off that chair and sit, Mike."

He picked the pants and magazines off the chair, tossed them onto another chair and sat down, facing her.

"I brought the money."

"I told you, Birdy," she called. "He brought it."

"That's nice," Birdy said sourly. "That's real nice."

"So what's the deal?" Mike asked.

Jerranna yawned again, and shuddered. "Somebody walking on my grave. The deal? It's another way to say I get pushed around."

"Not exactly. It's a thousand bucks. Does that hurt?"

Birdy came in, blocking the light from the doorway for a moment, and then leaned against the doorframe just inside the door. He patted his hair. "It's still a deal, buddy. You pay us and we say thank you sir oh thank you sir and blow."

"Don't you want it?"

"I talked it over with her," Birdy said. "I didn't think you'd come up with it. I said if you did, okay. You can give it to us. Like a present. Then after you give it to us, no strings, then we decide if we'll leave. Maybe we will and maybe we won't but that way we're not being pushed around."

"Do I look that simple?"

"Buddy, I don't know what you look like. You want her out. Did you ever think of asking real nice, no money or anything, please take off?"

"If that's what you . . ."

"It's too late for that now, buddy. That's what you do first. And if it don't work the money comes next. So you only got one choice left. Leave the grand and we'll think it over."

"If I *don't* give you the money, will you stay longer?" Mike asked, feeling confused and desperate.

"The way I feel, when both of us get ready to leave at the same time, we'll take off, and I don't know when. You don't get with things very good. You don't come on very fast."

"I feel like I'm dreaming." Mike said. He stood up and pried the packet of bills out of his pocket and looked at it stupidly. He sighed and opened the packet and slowly counted out five hundred and put the rest in his pocket, placing the five hundred on the table.

"What's that for?" Birdy demanded.

"It's a present." Mike said thinly. "For two lovely people."

"And we go or stay. It's up to us," Birdy said.

"Yes. This is . . . a gesture of undying friendship."

Birdy grinned. "Man, now you're coming on better. You could even get with it, you keep straining."

"Stick a gold star on my forehead." he said and walked wearily out. When he was ten feet from the porch Jerranna said something he couldn't quite catch. And then they both began laughing. Mike flushed. When he got to the station wagon, he could still hear the laughter, very faint and far away. He drowned it with an angry roar of the engine.

Conned, he thought. Conned out of five hundred bucks.

He went back to the house. Debbie Ann was still out. Troy was napping. So he went out and swam and fell asleep on the beach and awakened in time to see the last bloody segment of the sun slide into the Gulf.

On Friday morning he left the house at nine, before Troy was up, and while Debbie Ann was having breakfast, and drove up to see Mary.

He found the motel without difficulty, and found Mary out by the pool in a deck chair, in a white sheath swim suit that accented her tan. Her long legs were burnished with sun oil.

He went into an act with her, pretending that he was a conventioneer picking up a young girl, and that made her laugh, and it was good to hear her laugh. She said she had been whistled at, and it had made her feel terribly smug.

He moved over with her to a metal table in the shade of a big, florid umbrella, and there talked seriously about how it had worked out with Jerranna and Birdy, and how Troy was reacting.

"I should come home now, Mike. I sense that I should."

"I'm just a meddler, but give me a little more time. I'll say I'm not as sure as I was that you should be away, but I'll say it won't do anybody any good right now for you to be there. He doesn't want you there."

She had taken off her sunglasses. She looked at him with an odd expression. "I guess I owe you the truth, Mike. I'm striking a pose. I don't really *want* to be near him. I'm not that noble." Her voice hardened. "Maybe I don't want to understand him, even. He hurt me, Mike. With that woman. He's made me feel ashamed."

She turned back, struggling for control. "I'm so tired of being so darn decent about everything. When he begs for me to come back, then I'll decide whether I will or not."

"How much can you take?" he said gently. "More than your share so far. I understand. So I change the subject. We talk about big land deals, okay?"

He told her about the people he had seen, and what he had learned. She said if he was considering risking his own money, he should have his head examined. They had lunch together. For a long time there were no shadows of pain in her eyes, but they came back again as he was leaving.

"I *should* come back with you, Mike. I can pack in minutes."

"Stay here. Soak up the sun. Mike is taking care."

"But that isn't fair!"

"It keeps me busy, woman."

As he turned into the driveway of the Jamison house on Riley Key at four that afternoon, he glanced out at the beach and saw Troy stretched out in the sun. He had no desire to talk to him, to intrude and pry and take abuse. But after he had changed to swim trunks and settled himself at the task at hand, he walked over and found that Troy was gone. So he swam. And he stood winded in the clear water.

At dusk, after he had showered and changed, he walked through the main house and onto the patio and found Troy there, still in swim trunks, wearing a white shirt, unbuttoned, sitting with a

certain solemnity, an air of ceremony with bottle, glass, ice bucket and water pitcher.

Mike stopped and studied him and said, "Hold your hats."

But Troy, unexpectedly, looked at him with a wide, warm smile of welcome. "Get an extra glass and join the project, Michael."

"I am in the process of solving all of my problems. I am thinking them out. Alcohol is weakening my defenses. Who can tell? I might be over the hump."

As night came, Mike put on a few of the patio lights and the outside floods. And he sat, nursing weak drinks, and listened to Troy verbalizing the painful processes of self-analysis. It was maudlin. It was drunken. But, in this instance, it was constructive.

The girls arrived, unexpectedly, at eight. Shirley and Debbie Ann. They were both in shorts and sandals and sleeveless blouses, in pleasing color tones and contrasts. They had come from a cocktail party on the key. They stood just inside a high cone of light, both of a height, a fair one and a dark one, shapely, slightly flushed, close to laughter, twenty-five and twenty-three, the frosted cone of light picking up the highlights of perfect teeth and the fluids of their eyes and the fresh moistness of their underlips.

They had come laughing out of the night, out of the hot night, full of a practiced and conspiratorial mischievousness and excitement. Mike stared with a bland, smiling approval at the narrowness of waists, and the curved ripe mouths and the lilting eyes.

They both talked at once, the wee voice of Debbie Ann in contrast with Shirley's gamin croak. "A big dull party . . . gaudy goodies . . . and what are *you* people celebrating . . . smaller parties are much more fun . . . all you really have to do is invite us . . . I love smaller groups . . . same poison, Shirl? . . . let's put on some music . . . the lights are lovely . . . poor Troy's got the wooblies."

It became, in a limited sense—festive—with music and dancing girls. And a little later, with Shirley in a suit borrowed from Debbie Ann, swimming girls, accompanied in the small pool by Troy, while Mike located suitable ingredients and constructed a monster sandwich. The swim sobered Troy somewhat, and the girls seemed to maintain control—at least as much control as they had arrived with. The girls changed back to their shorts and blouses. Quieter music was stacked on the changer, and the volume turned down.

When Mike looked at his watch he was surprised to find it was a little after eleven. He had been sitting for some time in a double *chaise longue* affair with Shirley. They were in a far corner of the patio, shadowed from the lights by the broad leaves of a clump of dwarf banana.

Troy and Debbie Ann were at the other end of the patio, beyond the pool, and they had been talking quietly and inaudibly together for a long time and with a flavor of intensity that made Mike feel very uneasy, though he could not guess why.

After a long time of talk, Shirley swung her legs off the *chaise* and stood up. "Troy? Debbie Ann! Hey! They're gone!"

Mike stood up, too. "We better check the cars. That's the one thing Troy shouldn't get his hands on right now."

But the wagon and the Porsche were both there. Mike took the keys out of the Porsche.

"Maybe they're just walking on the beach," Shirley said.

They went back to the patio. They looked at each other and looked away, uneasy. "Mike, we shouldn't have left them . . ."

"Are they teenagers?" he demanded irritably. "Are we chaperones?"

"But . . ."

"Look. Do you like her?"

"I don't know, Mike. I don't trust her. Like her? You know, that's getting to be an old-timey sort of question, isn't it? Do people go around liking each other any more? I like you, Mike. But with most people—I just keep my guard up, and lower it as much as I dare. I don't understand the things people do any more. I used to think I did. I don't any more. I can't put myself in their place, I guess."

"I liked Troy a long time ago. I loved him. That's an old-timey word too, for a friendship between men. So once you love, in any way, you make a commitment. Give away a chunk of yourself. So he's calling the debt now. I don't like Debbie Ann. I think maybe she's a monster. I like Mary. And you."

"Thank you, Mike."

"Shirley, I got left behind somewhere. I'm put together of old-timey parts. I don't react modern. I'm still on this good and evil kick. If they're . . . misbehaving . . . then I'm just full up to here with outraged indignation, righteous horror. A real blue nose. Because it is evil. Rodenska is old-timey. That's my message to you."

"Evil," she said thoughtfully, "not because of the act itself, but who it can hurt. Mary, mostly. That's what evil is, hurting people."

"I don't like to think what it could do to Troy. A man who despises himself can do a lot of filthy things, Shirley. But what if he goes too far? What if he does something that really sickens him beyond his capacity to endure it? Then what does he do?"

She yawned. "The questions are getting too hard, Mike. You are so old and wise. And the party is over. So walk me home, huh?"

They went out into the night. They saw the running lights of something big, far out in the Gulf. The slow, meager swell curled lazily, thumped the beach, hissed and sighed.

Later, after all the horror was ended, Mike was to remember how casually Shirley, in faint moonlight, had looked over toward the boat basin and admired the *Skimmer III*, moored there, pallid and serene, and how innocently they had decided to board her, perhaps to stand on the flying bridge and pretend they were cruising to the far golden lands.

They walked soundlessly across the sand and stepped onto the concrete apron of the boat basin.

Debbie Ann's voice was shockingly audible, a conversational fragment that could not be misunderstood. That was the bad part—being able to find no other interpretation. Her voice came from the darkness of the cabin area of the big cruiser.

"Your wife would be very, very angry with you, Mr. Jamison. Don't you think so? Or is she terribly tolerant?" Her voice was teasing; yet there was a slight stain of fright in it, and a tremulousness of excitement.

"Shut up!" Troy said harshly. "Keep your mouth shut. Just don't talk."

Mike and Shirley fled with the swiftness and silence of thieves. They reached the beach and walked three hundred yards before Shirley slowed, walked up the beach and sat in the sand, working her lighter with a sound like a pistol being cocked.

"Messy," she said, as Mike sat beside her. "Messy, messy, messy."

"Charming girl," he said.

"And he's an utter doll. They won't get away with it, Mike. Even if we were the type to yak it up, we wouldn't have to. It will show on them, in public places. It's a perceptible tension. Mary will sense it. It stinks, Mike. And it makes me feel sad and sort of . . . sewery. I guess I'm old-timey too. I know one thing. I shall see no more of Debbie Ann. I'll knock our little divorce club off just as fast as I can."

"Good idea."

She stubbed her cigarette out in the sand. "Walk me home, Mike."

When he got back he did not want to go near the house. He sat on a canvas *chaise* on the cabana porch. He carried on a long, lazy, rambling conversation with Buttons. From her he learned that the grief did not hit as hard merely be-

cause he had accepted his involvement in the lives of Troy, Mary, and Debbie Ann, shouldered an emotional responsibility.

At eleven o'clock on Sunday morning, as Mike was on his second cup of coffee and had just lighted the first cigar of the day, Debbie Ann came out onto the patio and joined him at the small table. She moved quickly and smiled a cordial greeting.

"Durelda tells me you've eaten enough for three. She's very pleased with you. All I can manage is hot tea, and a small experiment with dry toast."

"Hung?" he asked.

"Uh*huh!* Totally."

He looked at her. She gave a superficial impression of daintiness, freshness, and good health. She looked not quite seventeen. He looked at her dispassionately and marveled at the duplicity and resilience of woman. Her mouth had a bruised and pulpy look. There were dark shadows under her eyes.

There was a smugness about her, a little flavor of accomplishment.

Durelda served the tea and toast and went back to the kitchen.

"Saturday night comes around a little too often," she said. "Somebody should change something."

"We lost track of you people around eleven o'clock."

She raised her eyebrows. "Oh, did you?"

"Where did you go?"

She had bitten into the toast. She took her time before answering. "Oh, we walked up and down the beach to sober Troy up, and me, too, I might add. And then we did a little moonlight swimming. Nothing very exciting. Is Troy up yet?"

"Who are you trying to kid, Debbie Ann? Me or yourself or Troy or your mother? Or everybody?"

She clattered the teacup down and stared at him. "Kid who about what? Make sense." Her eyes were wide and utterly innocent.

"Before I walked Shirley home we went over to take a close look at the boat in the moonlight."

"Oh," she said in a small voice. She turned dull red under her tan. "Oh! That's a little embarrassing, friend."

"Just that? Embarrassing?"

With narrowed eyes she said, "What would you like me to do? Tear my hair out? Beat my head on the wall? Set fire to myself?"

"Those aren't bad ideas, but maybe you could feel a little ashamed. A little guilty."

She shrugged. "Not particularly. It'd be better if nobody knew. But you do know. And I'm assuming it was an accident. It's too bad, but it isn't exactly the end of the world."

"All right. It isn't the end of the world. I'll buy that. But it's a filthy relationship. Shameful."

Her smirk didn't quite come off. "Moral judgments so early in the morning? Sooner or later it was going to happen, and it did. It isn't really meaningful, Mike."

He frowned at her, studying her. "I guess I don't understand. You can perform a vicious act, a damaging act, and have no more idea of the meaning of that act than a sand flea."

"Who are you to make with the sermon?"

"We can't communicate," he said. "Words don't mean the same things to us. It makes me scared about my two boys. I don't want them to get as far away from reality as you are, Debbie Ann."

"Reality! If anybody is living in a dream world, it isn't me."

"Are you absolutely sure of that?" Mike asked.

"Positive."

He stood up and looked down at her. The sun was bright on the table and on her hair. She looked up at him politely, with an assured half-smile.

"Honey," he said, "just you hope nothing happens to wake you up. Because if you ever wake up, you're going to have to look in a mirror. And you won't like it. That is my message."

He sensed that had he been within range, she would have raked his face with her nails. "It must be comforting to be so holy. What has anybody ever done for me? I'll do anything I damn please. I've got no obligations to anybody."

"You have to eat scraps and they beat you and beat you. Things are rough everywhere."

"I just can't understand all this fuss over . . ."

He didn't hear the rest because he walked away, sickened. He had alerted Durelda, but it was not until two o'clock that she came out onto the beach and told him Mr. Troy was up. Debbie Ann had gone boiling off somewhere in her car. Somehow the word had gotten around that the Sunday brunch routine at the Jamisons' was finished.

There was pedestrian traffic up and down the beach, but nobody stopped at the house.

Once Durelda had told him that Troy was up, he felt a vast reluctance to see the man, to talk to him. What could be said? Troy had been fighting, trying to find himself. But there'd been a little slip. Even with all his natural empathy, he could not imagine how Troy might be feeling on this day.

And so he waited too long before going up to the house. As he crossed the road, he glanced south and saw Troy walking down the road, a hundred yards away. He had a suit coat over one arm and he carried a suitcase in the other hand. He sensed at once that there was a finality in the departure, that Troy had been totally destroyed. These are the days when the monsters flourish, he thought. And the good ones. like Mary, like Shirley, are able to survive, thank God. But all the Troys are destroyed. because they are half weakness and half strength, and there is no room in the world for them any more.

He called, loudly, and knew that Troy heard him. But Troy did not turn. He had not expected him to turn. Maybe this was as good an answer as any.

Through the shimmer of heat he saw the car coming and soon recognized the Porsche, top down, Debbie Ann at the wheel, her hair tamed by a bright scarf.

"Don't stop," he said softly, beggingly. "Don't stop, girl!"

He thought for a moment she wouldn't; but she met Troy and passed him, and then stopped and backed up very competently, then kept backing up, matching his pace, evidently speaking to him. Then she increased the speed and stopped twenty yards beyond him and got out and stood waiting for him.

As Troy reached her and stopped and put the suitcase down, Mike began to run.

He was fifty yards away when Troy hit her. Though sweat had run into his left eye, he saw it clearly. It was not a slap. It was not one of those wild windmill swings of the angry. This had the merciless competence of the professional, despite the fact that it was a right-hand lead. Elbow close. Nice timing, starting from heels firmly planted, so the full power of legs and back and shoulders got into it. A straight jolt, upwards, and with a nice follow-through—happening so quickly she had not the slightest chance to duck or even raise her hands.

It was the noise that made his stomach turn over. You could achieve the same effect if you took a nylon stocking, packed the foot tightly with raw chopped liver, and then swung it three times around your head before slamming it against a brick wall.

Debbie Ann went up and back, a doll slow in the sunlight, landing rump-first across the hood of the Porsche to collapse there, supine, almost motionless for an instant before sliding forward, down the blunt pitch of the hood of the car, making one half-turn to thud face down on the sand and shell road, in front of the wheels, one arm pinned under her, the other extended over her head, legs sprawled, all of her utterly still. . . .

As Mike stood in the phone booth in the hospital, waiting for them to go out to the poolside and get Mary, he thought of Debbie Ann's face, the single glimpse he had had of it as they were putting her into the ambulance. The whole left side of it was bloodied and crushed inward, grotesquely. Dust and shell fragments clung to the blood. The rest of her face was a soapy gray, oily with sweat. Dust and shell fragments were clotted to her parted lips.

When he got Mary on the line he had a difficult time with her. She was convinced Debbie Ann had smashed up her car and been killed. He told her Debbie Ann had taken a bad fall, that she was alive, but painfully hurt. Mary asked him to let their family doctor, Sam Scherman, know, and she said she would come at once by taxi.

After he made the call, it was a half-hour before he was able to corner a huge young doctor named Pherson and get a report. Pherson had a round, bland face and a half-inch of orange brushcut.

"I can give you the word on this Jamison girl, and then you'll have to answer some questions."

"Of course."

"We just read the wet plates. She's semiconscious. She was hurting so bad, I deadened the areas of trauma. Sedation isn't indicated so soon after shock. She's got a cracked vertebra in her neck, a crushed left antrum, the cheekbone mashed back in, and the skin split over it, a simple jaw fracture, one molar knocked clean out and three loosened. There's no skull fracture, but there's indication of a dandy concussion. And a fracture of the middle finger of the right hand. She'll need to be watched close. I've ordered a special. We've fastened the jaw in place temporarily. We'll have to see if she's well enough to work on tomorrow. Who are you and what's the relationship?"

"Mike Rodenska. I'm just a house guest."

"*Her* house guest?"

"No. Her parents'. Her mother and her stepfather, that is. He's Troy Jamison."

"Oh. The builder. That place on Riley Key. Sure enough. That answers the question about the room. We've got a private room open right now, which is unusual, and we'll move her there from Emergency. Who's their doctor?"

"Dr. Scherman."

"I'll let Sam know. Where are her people?"

"Her mother should be getting here pretty soon. Will she be able to see her?"

"No reason why not, after we move her; but there won't be any conversation going on. Now we come to the bonus question. How did it happen?"

"She fell."

"Is that right?"

"She tripped and fell and . . . hit her face against the bumper guard on her car."

"She was standing by the car?"

"Yes."

"The car wasn't moving?"

"No."

"My friend, you can have a nice little chat with the law. Your story is feeble. I'll list this one as assault with a deadly weapon and let them worry about the lies you're telling."

"Okay," Mike said wearily. "I hope you'll keep this to yourself. Somebody hit her."

"With what? You're doing better," Pherson said.

"With his fist."

Pherson started to turn away and then turned back, dubious, skeptical. "You really mean that?"

"I swear it's the truth."

"His fist! Who is this joker? King Kong? Floyd Patterson?"

"Doctor Pherson, if a man is disturbed, if he's on the edge of some sort of breakdown, can he . . . be more powerful than he ordinarily would be?"

"How big is this guy?"

"Six two. Two hundred pounds. But not in good shape. Forty years old."

Pherson frowned. "When a normal man smacks a woman he almost always instinctively pulls his punch. If a man that big got crazy mad enough . . . and her bone structure is fragile, small . . . you're not kidding me?"

Rodenska, with a trained reporter's skill, told Pherson exactly what he had seen.

Pherson shook his head. "Okay. I believe. But you better get hold of the cops right now and have them pick that boy up. He came awful close to killing her with one punch."

"I'd rather not."

"So you *still* want to talk to the law."

"Doctor, this is a family thing. It was her stepfather. Her mother doesn't know that yet. I told you, I'm just a house guest. I'd really like to leave it up to Mrs. Jamison. Maybe she'll want to sign a complaint. I wouldn't know. But it's her . . . little problem."

The big doctor whistled softly. "My,

my, my!" he said. "Any other witnesses?"

"No."

"Well, she *did* fall off the front end of that car. That's when she popped the finger. I'll put it down as a fall. I'm going off now, right away, soon as I arrange the room and phone Sam Scherman. Should I tell Sam the score?"

"He'll believe you quicker than you believed me. And I guess he ought to know."

"Sam will have some ideas about who should work on that face. Is she a pretty girl? It's hard to tell."

"Very pretty."

"They'll watch her close tonight. You couldn't call her critical, but concussions are tricky."

Mike thanked him. Apparently the heavy traffic delayed Mary. Mike was glad it did, because it gave Dr. Scherman a chance to get to the hospital and check on Debbie Ann before Mary arrived. Sam Scherman was in his fifties, an irascible little man who spoke his own brand of verbal shorthand, in a quick, light, bitter voice. They were talking when Mary arrived. Dr. Scherman took her to look in on the unconscious girl. She had seemed on the edge of hysteria when she arrived, but she was under control as Mike drove her back out to the key, silent, thoughtful.

"People keep saying it was a fall. Where could she fall and hurt herself so bad? How? Why wasn't Troy at the hospital?"

"I'll tell you all about it when we get home," Mike said.

As he drove in, Durelda came hurrying out to meet the car, full of excited questions. Was Debbie Ann hurt bad? Was Miz Mary home for good now? Where was Mister Troy at?

Mary answered the questions as best she could as Durelda carried her suitcase in. They went into the bedroom. In a few minutes Mary came out onto the patio and said, flatly, "Troy's things are gone. The essentials. Is he gone for good?"

"I think so."

"Didn't you even *try* to stop him? Why did he go?"

He told her to sit down. He made some drinks. There, in the beginning of the night, he told her how he had happened to see Troy smash Debbie Ann's face with his fist, and saw Mary's eyes go wide and round with shock and astonishment.

"I . . . I can hardly believe it, Mike. He's dangerously sick! Debbie Ann is so sweet. How could he do a thing like that? Why would he want to hurt *her* of all people?"

"I don't know," he said uneasily. He knew he should tell her all of it. But he couldn't bring himself to inflict that final wound.

"Has he gone . . . to that woman?"

"Probably."

"I shouldn't have been away from here, Mike."

"You couldn't have stopped this, Mary." But that, too, was a lie. Indirect, but still a lie.

The phone started ringing early on Monday morning. The concerned, the curious. There had been a paragraph in the Ravenna paper, so brief and noncommittal that it merely whetted curiosity.

"Mrs. Debbie Ann Hunter of Riley Key, daughter of Mrs. Troy Jamison, was rushed to Ravenna Hospital yesterday afternoon after a serious fall. Her condition is said to be fair."

Mary took three calls herself, then instructed Durelda to take any others that might come in and say that Mrs. Jamison was at the hospital.

It was a little after nine when they arrived at the hospital. Her private room was on the third floor. Sam had already seen her, and he was setting up the operation for the following morning.

"Can Mr. Rodenska see her too?" Mary asked the floor nurse.

"As far as I know," the nurse said.

"Go see her alone," Mike said. "She'd like that better."

"I want you with me. Please."

"Okay."

The door was ajar. Mary tapped. The special nurse let them in, introduced herself, said the patient was feeling a little better, and left, after asking them to stay not more than ten minutes.

Debbie Ann's bed was cranked up a few inches. The left side of her face was shocking. The split skin had been stitched and dressed. But what had been a concavity was now a high mound of dark red discoloration. The eye was pinched shut. The swelling distorted the nose and puffed the left corner of the mouth. Her jaw was taped in place. Her finger was splinted. She wore a clumsy-looking neck brace. One gray-blue eye stared at them, wearily, bitterly.

"Oh, my poor baby!" Mary said. "My poor darling." She pushed a chair close to the bed, sat and took Debbie Ann's left hand in both of hers. "Do you feel just horrible?"

"I feel awful, Mommy." The high-pitched voice was very frail and muffled. "I hurt in a hundred places."

Mike stood behind Mary's chair. That single eye was not dulled. It was aware, and wary. Mike suddenly realized the girl had no way of knowing how much he had told Mary, and had good cause for alarm.

"It was a horrid, brutal, unspeakable thing for him to do. I think he was striking at me through you, darling."

"Have you seen him since, Mommy?"

"No, I haven't, dear. And when I do I'm going to tell him just what I think about . . . all this."

"I stopped because I wanted to talk to him and . . . all of a sudden he had a . . . terrible expression on his face . . . and there was a big kind of white flash, and . . . I woke up here. I thought . . . he'd shot me in the face." She slowly closed her eye.

"Darling! Are you all right?"

The eye opened just as slowly. "I'm all right."

"Why did he hit you? Have you any idea?"

The single eye glanced quickly up at Mike, then looked away. He knew the question in her mind had been answered. He felt his muscles tensing.

"I . . . don't want to tell you, Mommy. I'm ashamed."

"Ashamed of what? You must tell me."

The girl's voice was halting, remote—her diction impeded by the taped jaw. She had to speak through clenched teeth. "Shirley and I went to the Hutchasons' party Saturday night. Then we went back to the house. We . . . had some drinks. Mike and Troy were there, drinking. We sort of . . . went right on drinking. Troy was making my drinks. I guess they were . . . strong ones. I lost track. Then we were . . . walking on the beach . . . Troy and me. And he said . . . let's go look at the *Skimmer* in . . . the moonlight. We . . . went below . . . to see if there was any liquor aboard. When he grabbed me I thought it . . . was like a joke. And then . . . I knew it wasn't. I guess I screamed. But Shirley and Mike were playing records. I . . . could hear the music. 'Begin the Beguine.' He . . . tore my clothes. They're in . . . the back of my closet on the floor. Before he . . . finally let me go he made me promise I wouldn't tell . . . he said he'd kill me. By then . . . Mike and Shirley were gone. Yesterday . . . I went for a long ride to think things over . . . and I decided I . . . would tell. But first I wanted to find out . . . if he was sorry or anything. I saw him and he wouldn't talk. So I got out of the car, right in front of him. I said . . . we should both tell you what happened, Mommy. And he . . . hit me. That's . . . why he hit me. I think he . . . thought he killed me." She gave a long gasping sigh through clenched teeth.

Standing up so suddenly the chair banged back against Mike's knees, Mary turned blindly, her face like dirty chalk, and plunged toward the doorway. Mike looked at the wide gray-blue eye. In its expression he read smugness, mockery, satisfaction.

"Bitch!" he said softly, and hurried out the door after Mary.

He caught up with her at the hallway desk near the elevators. She had picked up a phone. The floor nurse was objecting. Mary was ignoring her, and requesting an outside line. When she got it, she dialed zero, waited a moment and then said, "Connect me with the police, please."

Mike leaned past her and pushed the cradle down, breaking the connection. She looked at him in complete fury.

"Stop interfering!"

"I want to talk to you first."

"Get away from me!" She pushed at him and dialed zero again.

Mike took a breath. As he took the phone out of her hand, he smacked her solidly on the cheek with his left hand, harder than he had intended. It staggered her slightly. The rigidity of outrage left her. In her eyes was the sudden comprehension of a person coming out of shock.

"Why did you . . ."

He hung up the phone, and grasped her arm firmly enough to cause a little movement of pain across her lips. He pulled her close to him and said, "Do I have any reason in the world to lie to you?" He made his face and voice angry.

"No, but . . ."

"I want to talk to you before you go off like a rocket."

"But he should be . . ."

"Make your call fifteen minutes from now if you still want to. Where can we talk privately, Nurse?"

"The treatment room is empty. The second doorway on the right."

He walked Mary down the corridor, pushed her in ahead of him, closed the door behind them.

When she turned to face him he could see that she was beginning to be furious again. "I know you're a good friend of Troy's, Mike, but you can't cover up something like . . ."

"Shut up! You're here to listen, not argue. I'm not protecting Troy. I'm keeping you from making a damn fool of yourself—from setting up a public scandal. The girl isn't worth it, Mary. She's lying. And she'll keep right on lying to you in that silly little voice, and if it ever came to the point of a trial, any punk little attorney Troy wanted to hire would tear her testimony to small, dirty pieces."

"But . . ."

"I know what actually happened. Shirley McGuire knows, and Troy knows and Debbie Ann knows. And you haven't the faintest idea what happened or what she's like. I was gutless last night. I should have told you what happened the night before. She didn't pull this act until she made damn sure I hadn't told you."

"How can you sound so hateful about that poor baby . . ."

"Listen, will you? And keep remembering I'm not grinding an axe for anybody. I'm the innocent bystander people keep shooting at."

So he told her. He knew he couldn't do it delicately, because then she would refuse to believe. It had to be a shock treatment. Harsh words. Factual. He put it all in. Her bath towel routine. Her anecdote about Rob Raines. Her public reputation. Her deviousness. After he had told her graphically about the visit to the *Skimmer III*, he repeated his conversation with Shirley, with Debbie Ann at breakfast, and finally with Troy.

Defiance had gone out of her. She sat in a hospital chair and stared with lowered head at the green tile floor.

"Check it out," he told her. "They talk about a wife or a husband being the last to know. It's the parent who is the last to know. I've seen them in court. They're terribly confused. They say to the judge, but Tommy was always a good boy. Or Janie was always so sweet and polite to everybody. Debbie Ann doesn't care if she maneuvers you into starting a grubby mess, demanding your own husband be picked up for rape. All she can think about is getting even with Troy for bashing her. She's not your sweet little baby, Mary. I'm sorry. She's a woman, married and divorced, idle and, I'm afraid, vicious."

She raised her head to look up at him. The lines that bracketed her mouth looked deeper.

"Aren't they going to leave me *anything?* Anything at all?" There was hopelessness in her voice. He knew he had won, if that was the proper word. But this sort of victory sickened him.

"She's only twenty-three. There's still time for her to grow up, Mary."

"Will you come with me to see her again?"

"This has to be all yours. I'll wait in the car."

She was so much longer with the girl than he thought she would be that he began to feel uneasy. It got so hot in the station wagon that he walked over to the shade of a big fern palm.

When he saw her coming, it was a sight that lifted his heart. She held her head high, the sun striking the glossiness of her dark hair, the strong planes of her brown face. She moved with a physical articulation which was, at a distance, a youthfulness which dropped her from forty-two to twenty-five. And there was no sense of letdown when she came closer. When in a woman full maturity is combined with character and with pride, it creates a special beauty unattainable by the very young. There was a look around her mouth of a person who has tasted something slightly spoiled.

It's pride, he thought. That rare and wonderful thing. A proud man will keep getting up. Break both his legs and he'll still give it a try. A proud woman won't whine. She won't give you the stifled sob and sheepdog eyes routine. She'll square her pretty shoulders and put a little swing in her walk, and spit right square in your eye.

He fell into step beside her. "I'm sorry I took so long," she said. "I ran into Sam in the elevator. The orthopedic surgeon will operate tomorrow. He's had a look at the x-rays and he thinks he can reconstruct that cheekbone so her face won't be lopsided. The concussion was minor. Results of the lab tests are good."

They got into the car and headed toward the key. He sensed she'd report on Debbie Ann when she was ready. And she wasn't ready until two-thirty that afternoon. He was floating a hundred feet from shore when he saw her standing on the beach in skirt and blouse, shading her eyes. He thrashed in, trying valiantly to look less like a stern-wheeler in reverse, and came up the beach toward her, trying to hold his stomach firmly against his back bone.

"I've made all the fool phone calls, Mike. I'm going back to the hospital now."

"I can get ready fast."

"No. I'll go in alone." She smiled in a crooked way. "And finish the job."

"Finish it?" he said, and thumped water out of his ear with the heel of his hand.

"I still had little tiny doubts, Mike. I had to be sure. So I used one of . . . her weapons. The lie. I let her think I'd reported Troy to the police. She was delighted. I sat and led her on. I made her embroider her nasty story. She contradicted herself. I looked concerned until my face felt stiff. Then I fell on her. I told her I hadn't called, wouldn't call. I called her a liar. I told her if she wasn't hurt, I'd thrash her. She got defiant. She said she would tell the police. I told her to go ahead. She could go ahead and I would see that Troy had a trial, and I would make certain that you and I and Shirley and Troy testified against her. I told her that Troy would then have a basis for civil action against her and he could very well take away most of that money she's so fond of. Then I got very motherly when she started to cry. My heart went out to her—almost. I told her to stop trying to get even with Troy in any way. I told her she had been very bad—that she had done a monstrous thing, and she should concentrate on getting well. I kissed her on the forehead and left. I found the special nurse and told her Debbie Ann might be quite upset for a while. I was so firm with her, Mike. So

cool with my baby. And so close to breaking down in front of her. But I couldn't let that happen. I know I shocked her terribly. She stared at me with that one pathetic eye as if she'd never seen me before."

"Maybe she never has."

"If she's well enough when I go in, she's going to get some woman talk. Woman to woman, not mother to daughter."

"You're quite a gal, Mary."

"Can I wish a nasty job on you?"

"Sure."

"See if you can find Troy. Tell him I'm starting divorce action immediately. Tell him about Debbie Ann and what I would have done if you hadn't had the good sense to stop me. It might scare him a little. Tell him that Durelda is packing the rest of his things and if he'll give me an address, I'll have them trucked to a storage warehouse and mail him the receipt. Tell him not to come near me on any pretext. Tell him I want the stock in Horseshoe Pass Estates signed over to me at once." She glanced at her watch. "Use Debbie Ann's car."

He watched her walk briskly up the path and across the road, light skirt swinging, red shoes marching in female cadence. Pride, he said to himself, wonderingly. A woman's armor.

He drove to Shelder's Cottages, parked in front of number five. The car was gone. When he found the door unlocked, he wondered if the three of them had taken off, but the musty litter inside was unchanged. He went into the motionless baking heat of the bedroom. Troy's suitcase stood in a corner. One of Troy's shirts was flung across a bed.

This, he thought, is his torment, his ceremony of purification. He can be content, because this is punishment for all his imaginary crimes.

He pawed casually through a litter of papers on the top of the rickety bureau and found that Troy had anticipated one of Mary's wishes. He found a copy of a legal document, indicating that the original had been signed and notarized today, transferring his interest in seven hundred shares of Horseshoe Pass stock to Mary Keil Dow Jamison. So he left Troy a note relaying Mary's other stipulations and arrangements. He hesitated, wondering if he should add some word like "luck" or "best wishes." But Troy wouldn't want the implied obligation of warmth. He was glad to leave.

They operated on Debbie Ann on Tuesday morning. She was moved back into her private room in the afternoon. After Mary visited her, she reported to Mike that the girl seemed very listless and groggy, but otherwise all right.

They had dinner that night at the Key Club. Mary skillfully parried the questions of the overly curious who stopped at their table. She said there would be talk about the two of them being together —stupid, inventive talk—but she did not care. They drank to that and drove home through a gusty night.

On Wednesday morning Mike drove Mary to the hospital and waited there for her, and then they drove into town and conferred with a lawyer.

Mary fixed dinner for them Wednesday night. They played cribbage after dinner. She was a resolute competitor, with all the proper desire to win.

The phone rang during the middle of the third game. "Don't stack the cards," she said as she got up.

"Yes?" he heard her say. "Yes, this is she. What! What is that? Oh! Oh, my God!"

He had gotten up quickly at the sound of her voice. He went to her. Her face was so bloodless her deep tan had turned a dirty yellow. She swayed. He pushed her into a chair. "Debbie Ann?" he asked.

"No. Troy!"

He picked up the dangling receiver.

The back roads of Florida are narrow and straight. The big produce trucks roar through the night. Back there in the black night are the lonely gas stations, the infrequent shabby motel, the nighttime beer joints with their quorum of dusty local cars and pickups. The rare towns are small islands, darkened houses and a brave spattering of neon. The cross-state traveler makes good time at night on the back roads, but there is a sameness to all of it, like crossing a dark sea. The headlights are hypnotic. A raccoon makes a very small thump against a front tire, and an opossum even less. So the cars whine down the roads, falling through the night, the lights picking up the wink of animal eyes and dead beer cans.

And sometimes in the lonely cottages set back in the piney woods, the sleeping people will be awakened by a sound like that of an enormous door being slammed. The first time it is heard it cannot be readily identified. But those who hear it the second time know at once what it means.

This one was only eight miles from the Tamiami Trail, on a big curve on State Road 565 that runs east-west and comes out about four miles below the Ravenna city limits. So there were people to hear it. A few. Not many. Sometimes the sound goes unheard, except by those for whom it is the final experience.

At twelve minutes after eight on that Wednesday evening in spring, a five-year-old Mercury and a nine-year-old DeSoto slammed that enormous door on a long and very mild curve on State Road 565

about twelve miles southeast by east of the city of Ravenna, Florida.

And in that instant of finality, in the construction of that sound audible in the still night over two miles away, seven brains, hearts, livers, spleens, burst like rotten fruit which had clung too long to the branch of a high tree.

The experts of the State Highway Patrol did their best to reconstruct it. There were no skid marks to measure, so speed could be but roughly estimated. The green Mercury had been heading west at an estimated ninety plus. For the driver, the long curve was to his right, so he should have remained in the lane on the inside of the curve. But the high speed even on such a gentle curve had induced a factor of centrifugal force which had carried him out so that he was straddling the double yellow line at the point of impact. On the other hand the DeSoto had probably been traveling at such a high rate of speed that the driver could not keep it in the lane on the outside of the curve without losing control.

So he had drifted in, cutting the curve, and had been straddling the center line at the point of impact.

A man was hurled through the windshield of the DeSoto, a woman through the windshield of the Mercury. In delicate irony, after each vehicle had come to rest, the ripped and broken bodies of those ejected two each lay closer to the car in which they had not been riding. This momentarily confused the investigation until one trooper noted in the floodlight glare that a body can make skid marks, in blood.

Moments after impact the DeSoto caught fire, and it burned briskly for over ten minutes before foam smothered the flames. By then there were four state patrol cars, two county cars, three ambulances, two wreckers, and a fire engine at the scene, as well as approximately fifty spectators who had parked their cars along the shoulders. The red dome lights winked. The bright floods cast heavy, shifting shadows. Men took flash photos. Other men stretched tape measures along the pavement and made computations. Another man was on the radio, relaying the Oklahoma and New York plate numbers to the message center to speed identification of the bodies. Newspaper reporters and photographers had arrived. The coroner arrived, stared, shrugged, and went home. A trooper gingerly worked a wallet out of a hip pocket in the Mercury. The hip pocket was not where one would expect to find it. In fact the hip was not where it should have been.

He held the identification cards to the light, then called his superior over. "Local guy. Address on Riley Key."

"Troy Jamison. Troy Jamison. I heard that name before. A builder. Or maybe he peddles real estate."

"Line up forty guys around here and twenty of them peddle real estate."

"Don't get wise with me, Russ. Tell Harry to call this name and address and phone in and tell them to start checking. They all loaded? Okay, you wrecker guys! Hook up and roll 'em."

Ten minutes later the long curve was once again empty and dark and silent. The infrequent car went by, taking the long curve, unaware of the insignificant stains of blood, the discarded film wrappers.

The process of identification continued. It was a full twenty-four hours before the four occupants of the DeSoto were identified. Had one of them not been thrown clear it could have taken longer. They were all male, all in their middle twenties, all Puerto Rican, all migratory workers. The Mercury was not as difficult. After a Mr. Rodenska at the Jamison home came on the phone and was given a description of the car he suggested the other two occupants might be a man and woman living at the Shelder Cottages on Ravenna Key. He gave the woman's name as Miss Jerranna Rowley, and he knew the man only as Birdy. His physical descriptions and estimates of ages matched the bodies well enough to warrant sending a team out to No. 5. The number of the Oklahoma plates matched the notebook records maintained by Mrs. Shelder. When the men brought back all personal possessions from the cottage for official storage, they reported that they had been unable to find any papers indicating blood relatives who could be contacted. As it happened, Mr. Rodenska was then at the morgue, having brought Mrs. Jamison in to make the necessary official identification of her husband.

Fortunately for Mrs. Jamison, of the seven victims only Mr. Jamison had escaped extensive facial abrasions and lacerations. His face was distorted, however, as though it were being viewed through a flawed pane of glass. A sheet covered the worse damage. From the position of the body in the wreck it seemed possible that Jamison had been asleep in the rear seat at the moment of impact.

Rodenska brought the woman in. She looked at the dead face. The lieutenant decided her face looked just as dead as his.

"Is there any special way I say this?" she asked calmly. "Any sort of legal formula?"

"No. Is that your husband?"

"Yes."

"Thank you, Mrs. Jamison. That's all we need. You can have your funeral director pick up the remains at any time."

She turned away and Rodenska took her out. He took her to the car. She got in. "Are you all right?"

"Yes."

"They want me to go back in there," he said.

"Why?"

"I don't know. I won't let them keep me long."

He went back in. The lieutenant said, "I can only ask you to do this and you can say no. But can you try to give me a tentative on the other two? I'll tell you they don't look very pretty."

"I'll give it a try."

"Thanks. They're back in here."

The bodies lay stripped on the slabs, side by side. He looked at a faded rose on a slack and ruptured biceps. And at the woman's pale brown hair, long neck, meatiness of thigh.

"I'm positive," he said. "Birdy and the Rowley woman."

"Thanks," the lieutenant said. As he walked back out with Mike, he sighed and said, "We'll check the plates with the Oklahoma people, and we'll check the prints through the F.B.I. files, but on that pair I got a hunch it'll end up no known relatives. There's money enough on them to bury them and some left over, and so that'll be stuck in escrow and their junk warehoused, and seven thousand years from now it'll be turned over to the state."

They had reached the outside door. Mike could see Mary sitting in the station wagon under the street light.

"They were all afternoon in a crummy joint ten miles east of where it happened, getting boiled. How come a guy like Jamison was running around with a pair like that?"

"I don't know."

"I knew you didn't know. I'll bet his wife couldn't figure it. I bet even he didn't know. You run into that every once in a while. A prominent man, he had to go off and get his kicks running around with trash. Funny thing when a man has everything."

"Correction. He had almost everything. And with some people that's exactly the same as having nothing."

"What?"

"I better get her home, Lieutenant," Mike said.

"Sure. Thanks for helping out."

He drove her back to the Key. She stood under the kitchen lights. "I think my personal timing is going to be just about right, Mike."

"What do you mean?"

"I'm going to cry my eyes out. It's just so far away from me, hanging over me like a . . . glacier. It's getting closer and there's going to be just enough time to get to bed before it falls on me. I'm going

to let it rip. I'm going to bellow like a herd of sheep. That doesn't sound right. A flock of sheep. And I guess they bleat, don't they? But that's a word with no dignity." She took a step closer and kissed him lightly and quickly on the mouth and stepped back. "I've got to stop thanking you and thanking you. It's getting to be a dull routine. Good night, Mike."

In the morning, when phone calls and callers threatened to drive them out of their minds, Mike, with sudden inspiration, got hold of Shirley McGuire, who said she would be happy to run interference. The morning paper had a grim page-one pic of the accident scene, a medium long shot that showed both vehicles, the working cops and the two bodies still on the road. Mike read the coverage with critical appraisal and decided it was both pedestrian and unnecessarily inflated. For the first time in a long, long time he had the quick, strong wish that he had managed the coverage.

Mary seemed quiet without seeming particularly depressed. Mike guessed her manner was the product of emotional exhaustion, of tears in the night. Yet when he offered to take care of all the routine and red tape of getting someone out of sight below ground level, she said that she could handle it herself, and do practically all of it by phone. She had done it before. She knew what you had to do. She knew the local customs and traditions, and the legal ceremonies about wills, insurance, lock boxes, joint accounts and so on. She told him he could do one thing for her, and it wouldn't be pleasant, but she just didn't see how she could make herself do it. Go tell Debbie Ann, provided some fool nurse hadn't already given her the morning newspaper.

Mike located Sam making his hospital rounds. He said Debbie Ann was well enough to be told, that in fact he had debated telling her himself and he had decided it would be easier for her coming from her mother. No, Debbie Ann did not know. The special nurse had used her head and commandeered the paper before Debbie Ann had seen it.

So Rodenska squared his shoulders, and marched to Debbie Ann's bedside. Her color was better. The left side of her face was heavily bandaged. Her hair was combed. She had been cranked up into a half-sitting position. The nurse went out and closed the door behind her, leaving them alone.

"What are *you* doing here?" The locked jaw put a hiss in her speech, an odd tonal quality. "Where's Mommy? Why isn't she here?"

"She sent me to visit the sick," Mike answered.

"This neck brace is driving me out of my mind! They fixed it so I can't breathe through the left side of my nose. And they took out a perfectly good tooth, a perfect tooth right in front, damn them, so I can suck the foul goop they give me through a straw. And the last thing I want to look at this morning out of this one eye is you. Go away!"

"Anybody could tell you're vastly improved."

"How did you all of a sudden make her start hating me? You're pretty damn smart, Rodenska. You sold her the whole story. Thanks so much. You destroyed her love for me. I hate you!"

"Not her love, kid. Just her liking for you, and respect for you, and pride in you. That's all. Love goes on. You don't turn that off."

"How comforting can you get?" she snarled.

"I didn't tell her anything until I had to. Then I had to do it the hard way, to keep her from having Troy arrested and charged with rape."

"Is that so bad?"

"It wouldn't have stood up in court. There wouldn't have been a conviction," Mike said.

"I don't care about that. I wanted them to pick him up and take him to a little room and beat him. That's what they do to rapists."

"Only on television."

"Anyway, somehow he's going to pay. Even if I have to hire people to do it. I want his face smashed the way he smashed mine. And crack his neck and break a finger, just like what happened to me. He didn't have to hit me!"

"What did you say to him?"

"He wouldn't talk to me. He just kept walking. I got mad. I stopped and got out. He told me to get out of his way. I asked him where he was going and he said as far from me as he could get. So I just said he didn't have to worry about it ever happening again. I said it had been pretty dull. Then he hit me. When you see him, you tell him I'll get even sooner or later. That's all you're good for—telling people everything you know. It makes you feel important. You stick your nose in other people's lives because it makes you feel like a big shot. Get out of here!"

"I can't tell him, precious. I can't tell him a thing."

"Why? Did he really go away? I thought it was just an act."

"He did just what he said he was going to do. He got just as far away from you as he could get. And you'll never get even."

"You think."

"I know. I can't give you this between the eyes, because there is only one eye. But I'm able to get a little bit of enjoyment out of this. He's stone cold dead, baby. It happened last night. Automobile accident. Head on. He's one of seven deceased. He didn't precisely kill himself, and you didn't precisely murder him. Let's just say that if you had any decency he'd be alive. And you wouldn't be in here."

The eye snapped shut. He saw her sudden pallor, the clenching of her good fist.

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the spasm of her throat—and he went running for the nurse. She came on the double, snatched up the wire cutters and hovered over Debbie Ann.

"Are you going to be sick, dear?" she asked.

"I . . . don't know."

"If you get absolutely sure you're going to be, nod your head yes and then spread your lips back out of the way."

They waited in tension and silence for thirty seconds. Just as Mike realized her color was coming back, Debbie Ann said, "I'm not going to be sick."

"Good for you, dear. I think you better go, sir."

"Stay here, Mike!"

"She's upset, sir."

"I'll be *more* upset if I don't hear more about this. Now get out of here, please, Parkins, and let us talk."

The nurse hesitated. "I'll be right outside the door. Please don't be too long, sir."

When the door shut Debbie Ann said, "Mommy wasn't involved in it, of course?"

"No."

"Was he with that Rowley woman?" she asked.

"Yes."

"And she was killed too?"

"Nobody could have gotten out of that one."

"How is Mommy taking it?"

"She knows the situation was bad. And she can't help knowing you made a bad situation a lot worse. You played games with her man when he was sick, mixed up and vulnerable. You gave him a guilt he couldn't live with. I don't see how she can help being aware of that. And I don't see how she can ever think of you again as her sweet little lovable baby. You asked me. I told you. But you didn't have to ask. You know all that."

"I should have been with him last night, Mike. That would have made it a hell of a lot neater. I wish I'd been with him."

"Don't tell me! Am I hearing right? Debbie Ann expressing remorse? Regret? Guilt, even?"

"Don't pound on me, please," Debbie Ann begged.

"Or maybe it's just an act. You want to soften me up for some reason. Remember, you're the golden girl. You can do anything in the wide world you want to do and it's right because it's you that does it. Everybody in the world is a slob except the infinitely desirable Debbie Ann."

"What are you trying to *do* to me? My God, don't I hate myself enough without you . . ."

"Not enough. Not yet. But you're moving in the right direction. Remember I told you about looking in the mirror. You haven't started to look yet. But maybe it's possible."

"Who were . . . the other people killed?"

"Stop changing the subject. Ask the nurse for the morning paper after I leave, which is going to be just about now. You've got a lot of time alone. Play this game. Be somebody else, looking at Debbie Ann, getting to know her. What would this somebody think?"

"I don't want to know."

"Yes, you do."

"I don't!"

"Do me this," he ordered. "Give it a try. You've got all day." He held his left hand out. The single eye had a baleful stare.

Finally she reached across her body with her uninjured left hand and took his. "Okay. But I have a feeling I'm not going to enjoy it."

"Who said it would be a pleasure?" he said, and walked out.

He went back to the house. When he had a chance to speak to Mary alone, he said, "She could grow up, that girl. A little delayed, but not impossible."

"How did she take it?"

"It jolted her."

"Maybe I kept her asleep so long, treating her like a little child."

"Well, don't treat her that way any more."

"How could I?"

At the moment there wasn't anything for him to do. So he basked on the beach. Swam a little—furiously. Found a shark's tooth, black as obsidian. Thought about Buttons. It shook him, but did not knock him off his feet.

Mike Rodenska. A chunky brown man on a lot of beach, balding, heavy-featured, and alone. He relit his half-cigar.

A pale gray crab came out of his sandhole home and squatted, completely motionless, staring at him.

"What do you need?" Mike said to him. "You got a hole there, and a hard shell. You want responsibilities? Hell, you're overprivileged already."

He flapped his hand. The crab popped back into his hole. Mike lay back and went to sleep.

Part of a letter from Thomas Arthur Rodenska to his father ten months later: "Micky and I have been looking at those pictures you sent a thousand times, I bet. And we can't hardly wait to fly down Easter. Last summer was sure a keen deal, being in Florida, but like you said in your letter to Micky it's one thing renting a place and another thing having your *own*. Are you sure the house will be done by the time we come down? Will it be ready to live in even? We have been having a big fat argument about what the surprise is. Finally I figure the way Micky does. In one picture you can see just left of the house a sort of thing that could maybe be the end of a dock. Could the surprise be a boat? Could it be a sailboat? I know you won't tell because you never do, but I'm asking anyway."

Portion of a conversation between Mike Rodenska and his bride one year later on a private hotel beach on the Costa Brava: A strip of canvas shelters them from a chilly wind. The Mediterranean sun bakes them into a hazy, lazy daze:

BRIDE: Florida beaches are nicer.

MIKE: Shuddup! This one is cheaper. I love you.

BRIDE: Wow! You got lucky and made so much money all of a sudden the Feds can't take out your file card without drooling, and you go looking for a cheap beach.

MIKE: It's romantic here. You know. Spain. Castinets. You should be a blonde and get whistled at, you'd love it here.

BRIDE: Ah, honeymoon! Nothing but sweet talk.

MIKE: The first one I had, I was highly nervous. Now I'm an elderly sophisticate. I take it in stride. Nonchalant.

BRIDE: I've *never* had a better time.

MIKE: Thank you, my dear. Thank you very much.

BRIDE: The way we talk. All the laughs. There's nothing wrong with anything.

MIKE: There is just one little thing irks me. I did not know we would run into so many punk kids on their silly fumbling little juvenile honeymoons. They don't know the score. They think they're really living. When they notice me at all, as sort of part of the background, they figure me for a dreary old buzzard trying to get cultured up. And if they knew I was on *my* honeymoon, they'd laugh themselves into convulsions.

BRIDE: And how about *my* haggy old face, lover?

MIKE: I go along with you're beyond the look of pubescence, doll, but just barely.

BRIDE: Just think, Mike, you could have been here with a much younger gal. I worked hard enough on that project.

MIKE: When you were trying to marry me off to Shirley McGuire?

BRIDE: I thought she'd be good for you. I'm nearly forty-five years old, remember.

MIKE: A kid like that? What would we talk about? You're good for me, in all the ways that are good for me.

THE END

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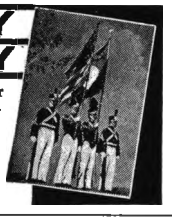

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