COSMOPOLITAN

March 1955 · 35c

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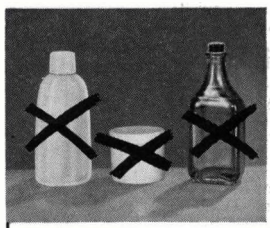
Scientists showed germs produced dandruff symptoms

Many leading skin specialists have long believed that much dandruff is an infectious condition accompanied by germs. Scientists have actually developed dandruff symptoms artificially by infecting people and test animals with germs (see picture above). When test animals were treated regularly with Listerine Antiseptic, dandruff symptoms disappeared. When they were not treated with Listerine Antiseptic, the dandruff symptoms remained.

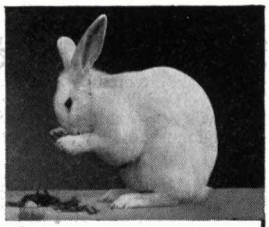
Listerine kills germs by millions—ordinary non-antiseptic "remedies" do not

Non-antiseptic shampoos, tonics, even lanolin do not kill germs like Listerine does. Listerine Antiseptic kills germs by millions . . . instantly. So if you have any of the symptoms of infectious dandruff—whether or not you use shampoos or tonics—remember, you should have *antiseptic* action to kill germs. Start . . . and continue . . . with the tested germ-killing Listerine Antiseptic treatment and massage.



Non-antiseptic shampoos, tonics . . . even lanolin . . . do not kill germs like Listerine does.

Listerine Antiseptic really gets down to work at the point where these non-antiseptic "remedies" stop. Listerine gets after germs themselves . . . kills them by millions.



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MARCH, 1955 Vol. 138, No. 3

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FEATURES

COMPLETE MYSTERY NOVEL

George Barris

COVER—*TV and movie star Eva Marie Saint tells writer Richard Gehman that in college she was named "Dream Girl of the Freshman Class." This was fitting; with her big TV roles and performance in the movie, "On the Waterfront," she is now the living dream of every young actress. "A dream from any angle," says Gehman, who seems to love his work. Photo courtesy of Columbia Pictures.*

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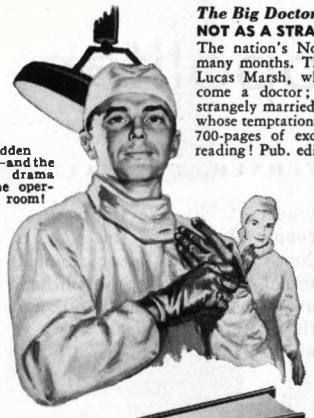

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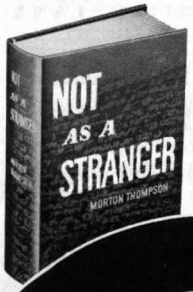

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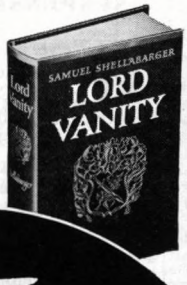

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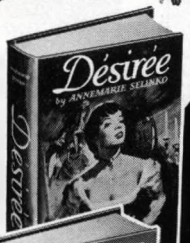

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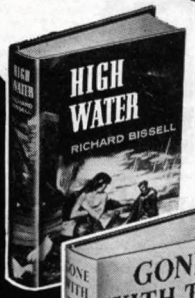

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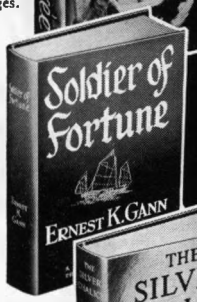

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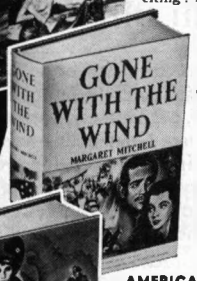

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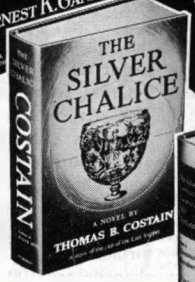

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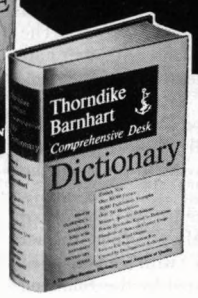

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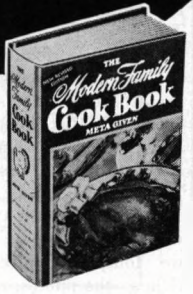

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What Goes On at Cosmopolitan

SUSPENSE WRITER, LANA TURNER, TAX TATTLERS

We've heard of people who lead a double life, but Bill Ballinger, author of our suspense novel "Tooth and Nail," leads a triple life. Three days a week, ex-farm boy Ballinger farms a seven-acre farm in New Milford, Connecticut, where he has a wife, five children, house, barn, and Swedish maid.

The other four days he lives in a $20-a-month cold-water tenement in New York City. Evenings he roves the Bowery in search of atmosphere and characters for his stories. Rough as his neighborhood is, he gets the same immunity as the neighborhood doctor and priest. "They're impressed I'm a writer, and figure what could be more harmless?"

Ballinger, who last year won a French literary award for his suspense writing, drew his main character for our story (page *90*) neither from the Bowery nor from the farm. Which brings us to Ballinger's third life. Daytimes, four days a week, he is an ad executive and TV producer whose friends are the daily lunchers at "21" and the Stork Club.

Pagan Priestess

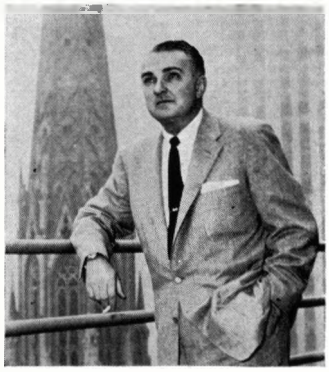
When Jon Whitcomb went out to Hollywood to make our sketches of Lana Turner as the pagan priestess of "The Prodigal," he found Lana with her hair cut short. To recreate the heathen look for COSMOPOLITAN's article, Whitcomb consulted Max Factor, for $100 had a long golden horsetail dyed, then drew Lana (page *28*) as she'll look in the 70 B.C. movie.

No unexpected expense was connected with our pictures of Miss Turner. In fact we found ourselves with unexpected riches—the photos, rated by the Johnston Office as too sultry for release, had been acquired earlier and were already in the works. Lana, wearing beads on her hips, is a COSMOPOLITAN exclusive.

Reward Hunters

Martin L. Gross's article on income-tax informers reminds us of the story of the man who, on the theory that most men are guilty of *something*, picked ten names at random out of the New York telephone book and sent them an unsigned telegram: "All has been discovered. Get out of town." Next morning four had left.

"Some tax informers," says Gross, "work on the same theory, sending in random names. They hope to collect a reward if their guess uncovers a tax evader. A city like Detroit gets only a couple of thousand tips a year, but in New York, the Lower Manhattan Internal Revenue office, which handles the area from Thirty-fourth Street down to the Battery, gets 30,000 tips a year; the area includes wealthy Wall Street, and the tipsters are feverishly busy, figuring better odds."



Bill S. Ballinger

Gross, winner of the Crusade for Freedom Award for distinguished articles, spent six days in Washington, holed up at the Bureau of Internal Revenue Service. "The chance of the average person's return being carefully checked," says Gross, "is only 1 to 30—unless an informer sends in his name; then the chances are 100 per cent."

The tax informer can be anyone from an envious neighbor to a jilted sweetheart. Meet him in the article on page *40*.

Buttons and By-lines

An editor is never entirely divorced from his profession. Winging Bermudawards aboard BOAC and chatting with a button manufacturer who had abandoned all thought of buttons since leaving New York, we were aware that ours was no special industry that could be put out of mind. Every time anyone moved or spoke, it was our business—the magazine business. In fact, no sooner had we settled ourselves at the Princess Hotel than we found ourselves studying the harbor view with an eye toward literary fish. All we saw was our manufacturer, chugging to sea with rod and reel. That, so help us, struck us as a good opening for a COSMOPOLITAN story. **H. La B.**

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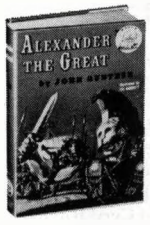

ALEXANDER THE GREAT
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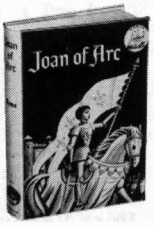
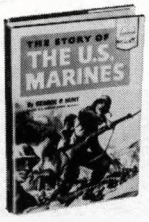
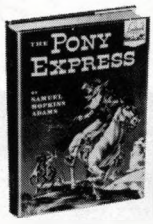
Illustrated by Isa Barnett



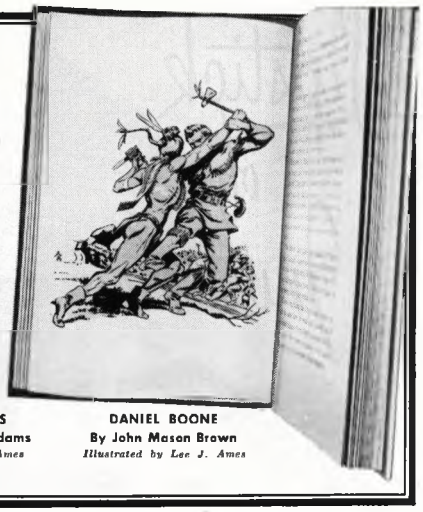
JOAN OF ARC
By Nancy Wilson Ross
Illustrated by Valenti Angelo



THE STORY OF THE U. S. MARINES
By George Hunt
Illustrated by Charles Mazoujian



THE PONY EXPRESS
By Samuel Hopkins Adams
Illustrated by Lee J. Ames



DANIEL BOONE
By John Mason Brown
Illustrated by Lee J. Ames

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Jazz for Cats and Squares

Mary Martin and her daughter make up for their roles in "Peter Pan" musical.

BY PAUL AFFELDER

NEW SOUNDS IN JAZZ. Fanciers of "le jazz hot" will soon have to enlarge their geographical vocabularies to include Danish, Italian, and Australian jazz alongside the more familiar species from New Orleans, Chicago, and San Francisco. Angel Records, which has just entered the jazz field, is importing its talent from abroad. Best of the four disks that have just hit the market is an exciting and novel one by ***Svend Asmussen*** and his Unmelancholy Danes, as happy, zany, and unpredictable a group as has ever cut a microgroove. ("Svend Asmussen and his Unmelancholy Danes." Angel 60000. $3.95)

Give an arranger a band of his own and you're bound to get some mighty striking results. That's what's happened with ***Pete Rugolo.*** His first disk effort. "Adventures in Rhythm," with its new and different instrumental combinations, should have been called "Adventures in Sound." ("Adventures in Rhythm." Columbia CL 604. $3.95)

Another label just beginning to tackle hi-fi jazz is Urania, which has come out with two disks devoted to ***"The New Jack Teagarden"*** in a group of informal jam sessions. The big trombonist is in top form when he's operating the sliphorn, not so distinguished when he's singing. Volume I, with an entire side brilliantly covered by "Lover," is the better of the two disks. ("Meet the New Jack Teagarden," Vol I. Urania UJLP 1001. $3.98)

SHOW TUNES. Most of the original-cast recordings are more enjoyable after you've seen the show. This rule applies to the score for the newest Broadway musical version of "Peter Pan," starring ***Mary Martin*** and Cyril Ritchard. Mary Martin's singing of "Neverland" is likely to move right up there beside Judy Garland's "Over the Rainbow." ("Peter Pan." RCA Victor LOC 1019. $4.98)

You don't have to see the show though to get a lift from ***Sigmund Romberg's*** warm-hearted melodies in "Deep in My Heart," the film version of his life. M-G-M's sound-track recording isn't always as bright-sounding as it should be, but the singing of Helen Traubel, Rosemary Clooney, Tony Martin, and others, brings many of the Romberg favorites to life in most pleasant fashion. ("Deep in My Heart." M-G-M E 3153. $6.95)

Another show disk that's easy to take is Decca's sound-track roundup of some ***Irving Berlin*** tunes from "There's No Business Like Show Business," with a cast that includes Ethel Merman, Donald O'Connor, Dan Dailey, Johnnie Ray, Mitzi Gaynor, and Marilyn Monroe. It's the old Berlin who outshines the new here, and the women who outsing the men. Lusty-lunged Merman puts all her customary zip into the title song and does a wonderful duet with Dailey in "Play a Simple Melody." La Monroe's Victor contract keeps her off this otherwise original-cast record; in her place is Dolores Gray, whose sultry singing in "After You Get What You Want, You Don't Want It," "Lazy," and "Heat Wave" helps make this disk a hit. ("There's No Business Like Show Business." Decca DL 8091. $3.98)

THE 1001 NIGHTS. Seven years ago, Eugene Ormandy and the Philadelphia Orchestra recorded Rimsky-Korsakoff's "Scheherazade." It was a pretty good job, too, good enough for some keen-eared folks to hear something the composer didn't put in the score—a dog barking in the distance. Since then such strides have been made in sound reproduction that a new ***"Scheherazade"*** was very much in order. Rimsky's musical retelling of "The 1001 Nights" has now been subjected to the full high-fidelity range of 50 to 15,000 cycles with striking consequences, allowing the shimmering score and the lush-sounding Philadelphians to be heard in all their tonal glory. (Rimsky Korsakoff: "Scheherazade." Columbia ML 4888. $5.95)

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Morning Blues, Uppity Girls, and the Happiest Years

BY AMRAM SCHEINFELD

Uppity girls. The old jingle about little girls being made of "everything nice," boys of the opposite—"snails and puppy-dogs' tails"—seems echoed in opinions given by youngsters to Sister Mary Amatora (St. Francis College, Indiana). When fourth through eighth graders rated one another's personalities, the girls judged their sex distinctly superior in almost everything—disposition, calmness, sociability, sense of humor, dependability, courtesy, etc. But little boys, especially the older ones, were much less biased in favor of their own sex, claiming only slight superiority in "energy and pep" and "good sportsmanship."

Neglectful papas. If a man ignores or avoids training his child in the early years, it may be futile or harmful to try to change the child's character later, says psychologist George W. Goethals (Sarah Lawrence College). His studies of many families indicate that men who esteem their wives join with them in raising children from the start; men with low opinions of their wives (and of what they consider "woman's work") make the mistake of disdaining to bother with children's training when they're babies, and attempting to take over only when they're older and less impressionable.

Morning blues. When you get up on the wrong side, feeling blue or down in the mouth, you probably have just had a depressing dream (whether forgotten or remembered), says Dr. Samuel A. Guttman. Most of these "blue-making" dreams involve episodes in which you were defeated or your self-respect was lowered. Often the morning blues disappear after you eat a good breakfast, an effect that may hark back to your infancy, when a feeding soothed you.

Happiest years. The older you grow, the more likely you'll be to regard your childhood as the happiest time of your life, say psychologists Jacob Tuckman and Irving Lorge (Teachers College). Responses of thirty-year-old and seventy-year-old women and men showed that while both groups considered childhood and early adulthood the most carefree and rewarding years, older people had the rosiest views of childhood.

Unwed mothers. Most unmarried mothers are victims not of faithless men, ignorance, or reckless passion, but of their own subconscious desires to have babies, specifically *without marriage* or romantic strings, asserts Professor Leontine Young (Ohio State University) in her new book, *Out of Wedlock*. After studying thousands of cases, she traces this abnormal attitude to suppressed emotional and sexual development, which makes the girl "act out what she must do, like a sleepwalker, with no understanding, real sex feeling, or love for the man involved, nor—as a rule—even any interest in the baby itself after it is born." Another investigator, Dr. Clark E. Vincent (University of California), says the belief that most unwed mothers are very young, poor, and uneducated may be based only on those cases reaching public attention. Among 137 unwed mothers privately delivered in California,

40 per cent had attended or completed college, over half were twenty-two or older, and fewer than 10 per cent were "poor" girls.

Men and pregnancy. Give a thought to expectant fathers, too, advises Dr. Thomas Freeman, British psychiatrist. Husbands already unstable may be pushed into insanity by the experience. The need of special psychological care for papas has long been recognized by many primitive tribes with the custom of couvade, whereby the father is put to bed at the time of the baby's birth as though he himself were bearing it.

Chess queen. Why is the queen in chess so much more powerful than the king, who mostly gets pushed around? Psychoanalyst Kenneth Mark Colby says:

Originally, when the game was introduced to Europe by the Moors, about 1000 A.D., the queen was of little account, not surprising considering woman's inferior position then and the warlike nature of the game. But about 1500 A.D. the queen suddenly became the most powerful figure on the board. The reason may be that man's subconscious need for a powerful and protecting "mother" figure was brought to expression by the existence at the time of a group of Amazonian women—Lucrezia Borgia, Isabella of Spain, Beatrice d'Este, and most of all, the warrior countess Caterina Sforza, whose nincompoop husband may have been the prototype of today's weakling king in chess.

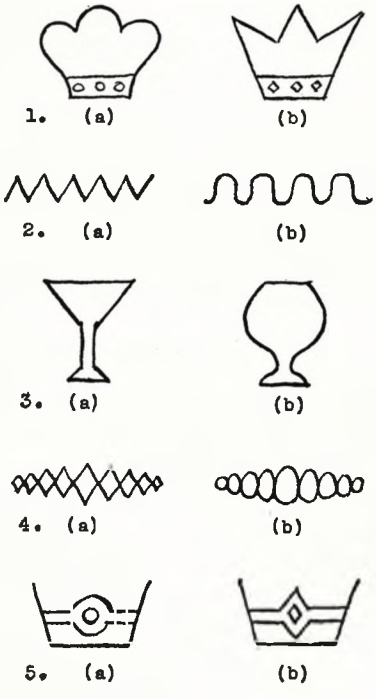
"Diaper dogmas" doubted. If you've been driven frantic by conflicting modern theories about infant training—well, you can relax! Checking on the validity of these theories, Professor William H. Sewell (University of Wisconsin) compared personalities and behavior of 162 five- and six-year-old children with the early training they'd had—bottle- or breast-fed; on schedule or when they wanted; weaned gradually or abruptly; toilet-trained early or late; slept alone or with mother during first year. Which training methods were used were found to have little to do with whether children later were neurotic or well-adjusted, happy or unhappy, or did or didn't stutter, had eating troubles, bad tempers, school problems. Any effects that were indicated mostly were counter to psychoanalytic theories. Professor Sewell concludes that what may count most are not the precise methods themselves but the *atmosphere* in which the infant is trained, and the attitudes and behavior

(continued)

LOOKING INTO PEOPLE (continued)

of the mother. (Important inborn individual differences among children must not be overlooked either.)

Preferred shapes. Of each of the following pairs, which of the two, (a) or (b), do you like best?



Explanation: After testing these designs on many men and women, psychologist W. A. McElroy (University of Sydney) says their answers bear out Freudian theories that males prefer shapes with curves, suggesting the female form; females prefer shapes with angles, suggesting the male form. Thus males most often choose 1 (a), 2 (b), 3 (b), 4 (b), 5 (a); females, 1 (b), 2 (a), 3 (a), 4 (a), 5 (b). How was it in your case?

Pirates' progeny. One of the most interesting of peoples in this hemisphere are the few thousand white inhabitants of the isolated Cayman Islands, south of Cuba, the descendants mainly of a small core of pirates, buccaneers, and shipwrecked British mariners who settled there two to three centuries ago. Studied recently by geographer Edwin Doran, Jr. (University of Texas), they were found to be generally vigorous and healthy, but their inbreeding showed in abnormally high incidence of deaf-mutism and inherited teeth defects.

Sexual responsiveness. What type of woman tends to be most responsive sexually? Professor Lewis M. Terman checked on the love lives of 556 married women who themselves or whose husbands had been members of his well-known Gifted Children group of 25 years ago. Two-thirds reported their sex lives as adequate, one-third as inadequate. Exploring personal backgrounds, he concluded that the women most likely to have satisfactory sexual responses were those who had had happy childhoods, good sex instruction, and who were more than moderately fond of both their parents without unusual attachment to or conflict with either.

How neighborly are you? Try this neighborliness test developed by Professor Paul Wallin (Stanford University). Consider as neighbors everyone who lives within a block in any direction from the block where you live. 1. Are two or more of your best friends people you met as neighbors? 2. Do you and neighbors sometimes entertain one another? 3. —go to movies, picnics, etc., together? 4. —talk over problems and have friendly conversations? 5. —exchange or borrow things? 6. Have you been in the homes of, or 7. —do you know by name four or more neighbors? 8. If you had a party for an out-of-towner, would you invite two or more neighbors? 9. Do you say "hello" or "good morning" to six or more of them? 10. In a large crowd, would you recognize by sight half or more of your neighbors?

Longevity race. Only tortoises and their turtle cousins now outlive man, reports zoologist Ross F. Nigrelli (New York Aquarium). Authentic records show a Galápagos tortoise living beyond 177 years; a Carolina turtle, to 138.

Known tops in other species: elephants, about 55; horse family, 35 to 40; cattle family, 25; pigs, 20 to 25; geese, 35; owls, 68; domestic pigeons, 30; golden eagles, 46; catfishes and eels, up to 60; gar pike, bass, and lake trout, 24; bullfrogs, 16; snakes, 28. (Claims that parrots live to 100 remain unproved.)

THE END

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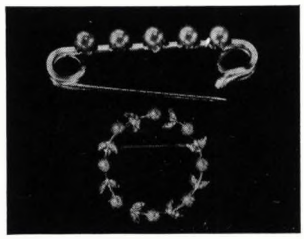
BY CAROL CARR



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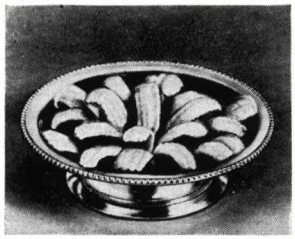

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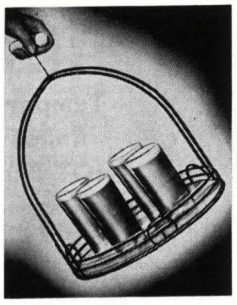

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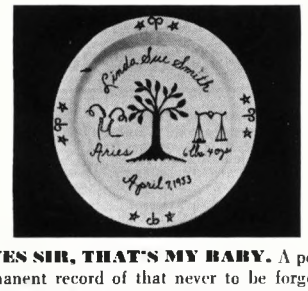

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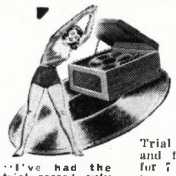

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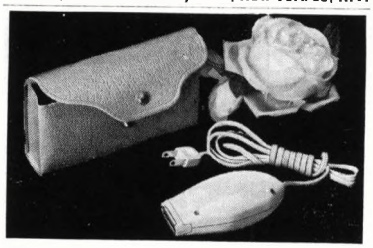

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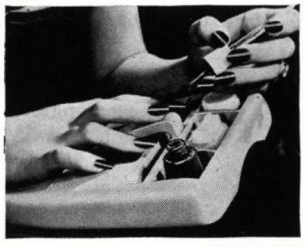

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H. Armstrong Roberts

The South celebrates spring with flower festivals and tours of its historic stately mansions.

Garden Tour in March

PRACTICAL TRAVEL GUIDE BY EDWARD R. DOOLING

Flowers and history are twin magnets for spring vacationists touring the eastern part of the United States. North Carolina starts the posy parade with the Azalea Festival, at Wilmington, and the Camellia Show at Charlotte, both in March. Edenton, New Bern, and Southern Pines enter the picture in April, when private gardens and historic homes there are opened to the public. All along the breath-taking Blue Ridge Parkway, azaleas bloom in late March and early April.

Maryland's old capital, Annapolis, said to contain more authentic colonial buildings than any other community in the country, will unlock the doors of privately owned homes April 13, 14, and 15. The Open House program will begin with a guided walking tour of the U.S. Naval Academy on the afternoon of April 13, to be followed by a special candlelight showing of the Chase-Lloyd House, built in 1769. This stately mansion was the scene of the wedding of Francis Scott Key to Mary Tayloe Lloyd, January 19, 1802. After the candlelight showing, a concert of eighteenth-century music will be presented.

Walking tours to the historic homes and gardens can be arranged all year, and motorboat tours of Annapolis harbor will be resumed on Thursday, May 19.

Privately owned historic estates throughout Virginia welcome visitors from April 23 through 30, the state's twenty-second annual Historic Garden Week. Members of the Garden Club of Virginia dress in colonial costumes and act as hostesses and guides.

Honeymooning on a yacht of your own, cruising among secluded islands in the Pacific, is possible—if you happen to be in Panama and are ready to shell out $100 a day. "Jungle Jim" Price, who also conducts alligator hunts and jungle jaunts, is the sponsor of this honeymoon special, which includes the services of a skipper who can cook.

Once in twenty-five years, the picturesque wine town of Vevey, on Lake Geneva, Switzerland, holds a festival. This is the year, and August is the month. Artists, writers, composers, and researchers have been working on plans for several years. A twenty-thousand-seat grandstand is being built, and special trains, busses, and boats will run on pageant days from such Swiss and French tourist centers as Geneva, Lausanne, Montreux, Evian, Zermatt, Bern, and Interlaken to Vevey, "Riviera of Switzerland."

THIS MONTH'S BUDGET TRIP

Neglected honeymooners who find it difficult to arrange a suitable wedding trip in early spring, before most northern resorts are open, are getting some attention from the New Haven Railroad Travel Bureau. Among its Pilgrim Tours, the New Haven now has a six-day honeymoon special to Niagara Falls, Montreal, and Toronto. Counting transportation, taxes, and estimates for meals and tips, the cost is about $129.27 per person.

You leave New York any morning at 9:30 for the all-day scenic train trip through New England and arrive in Montreal in the evening. You stay at the Berkeley Hotel, in a double room with bath. Next morning is free, and in the afternoon, you go on a conducted motor tour of bilingual Montreal, a city which is both modern and historic.

On the morning of the third day, you depart by train for Toronto. That night you stay at the King Edward Hotel; the next morning you can go shopping or sight-seeing. An afternoon train takes you to Niagara Falls, Ontario, where you stay at the General Brock Hotel, overlooking the falls.

After a full day at the falls, you leave the next morning for Buffalo and transfer to the train for New York. THE END

Against the Chronic Cough

Underwood and Underwood

BY LAWRENCE GALTON

For many thousands who suffer from coughing, even the most distressing and incessant type, a new agent promises effective relief—and without penalty.

Any one of a wide variety of causes may lie behind a cough. It may be a result of dust, smoke, soot, or auto exhaust fumes. Under emotional tension, the muscle that should close the larynx before swallowing may fall down on the job and coughing ensue. Exposure to cold winter air, if the lining of the respiratory tract is allergic to low temperature, can set off a paroxysm. Or a cough may come from organic disease or infection.

Any chronic cough deserves investigation to find the cause, for it can interfere not only with comfort and rest but with healing if disease is present. It can cause pain in the chest, exhaustion, loss of appetite, vomiting, headache, urinary incontinence. It may, if very severe, even fracture the rib or produce lung hemorrhage.

Safe, Effective Relief

Codeine has been the most widely used preparation for cough. However, codeine has its well-known disadvantages. It often relieves the cough only to produce such unpleasant side effects as nausea, drowsiness, and constipation. It has a strong tendency to be habit-forming, too.

Recently a new preparation, Romilar Hydrobromide, made by man instead of being derived from morphine, was studied in 144 patients with tuberculosis, acute and chronic bronchitis, bronchiectasis, bronchial asthma, lung abscess, and cancer. All had coughs, chronic in the majority of cases, very severe in many.

In 121 of the 144, the new agent produced gratifying relief. Even in the most distressing cases, a small dose began to act in 15 minutes and maintained its effect for up to 6 hours. In only a single case did the medication have to be stopped because of unpleasant side effects. Patients who took it four times a day for as long as six months developed no addiction. The new drug, report the investigating doctors, is a very effective cough-suppressing agent and, happily, a safe and pleasant one.

In childbirth, Dormison, first used as a sleeping medicine, has a helpful relaxing effect. Tried in 220 young women during labor, it produced a "pleasantly carefree feeling" instead of fright and tension. The good results were obtained without harm to mother or child. The more nervous the patient, the more relaxing the drug proved to be.

Infants whose growth rate and physical status are below average and whose appetites are poor may be helped by small additions of the essential amino acid, lysine, to the diet. The easily assimilated amino acid helps them to derive greater nutritional value from the food they eat and to obtain better growth.

Migraine sufferers, too nauseated to take ergotamine tartrate and caffeine tablets to help relieve an attack, can often tolerate the medication satisfactorily when they break the tablets between the teeth and hold the broken pieces between teeth and cheek. The medication is effectively absorbed by this route which has also proved effective in other patients who do not get relief, probably because of poor gastrointestinal absorption, when they swallow the tablets.

In psychoneuroses and allied mental illnesses, a relatively new drug, LSD, may be of value. Tested in England on 36 psychoneurotic patients over a period of a year, it brought about awareness of

repressed memories and other unconscious material, permitting patients to relive with great clarity events of emotional significance that occurred during childhood. Used with skilled psychotherapy, report the British physicians, the drug is a great help in treating obsessional and anxiety conditions accompanied by mental tension.

For trichomonas, a stubborn vaginal infection, desiccated thyroid gland has worked well. When 198 patients with lowered basal metabolic rates were treated with thyroid, ten in the group who also had trichomonas were relieved of symptoms, and tests showed a disappearance of the infestation agent. Subsequently, in all of a series of 40 patients with trichomonas, thyroid produced relief in 4 to 12 weeks. There has been no recurrence of trouble for as long as 4 years thus far except in 6 patients who stopped using thyroid against medical advice. They were promptly relieved again when they resumed taking thyroid.

New local anesthetics that act faster and longer than novocain and have little or no painful after-effect have been developed for dentistry and surgery. Derived from novocain, they're more powerful than the parent drug, produce deeper pain relief, and are less toxic. In dental patients, the new drugs caused no residual numbness which sometimes leads to accidental biting of the tongue.

High blood pressure treatment may be simplified and reduced in cost with a new drug, known thus far as Su-3088. One small tablet, taken before breakfast, has kept blood pressure down throughout the day. According to a report to the American College of Physicians after trials at Duke University Medical School and Hospital, the drug is not for severely advanced patients who have coronary, renal, or cerebral damage, but may prove helpful to a great majority of hypertensive patients. "and at one tablet a day should be a real financial saving."

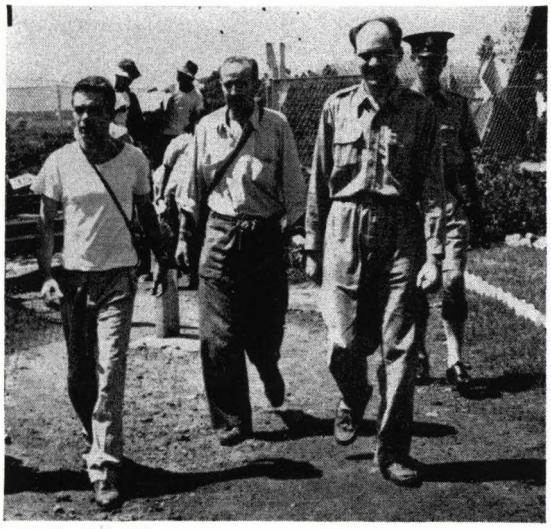
An exercising machine that can be used in a hospital bed after surgery promises to reduce post-operative deaths. Among 2,600 patients at the Medical College of Virginia and other hospitals where the machine was used, not a single death occurred from two major post-operative complications: shock due to fall in blood pressure, and blood sludging and clotting. The machine uses low-voltage, direct electric current to stimulate muscles of thighs and legs so that their contraction aids in pumping blood to the heart, keeping it flowing at safe pressures and helping to prevent thickening or clotting of blood. THE END

For more information about these items, consult your physician.

First smile after he was freed—"I thought it'd be bigger," Dixon says, "but the thing had lasted too long. There was something sodden, dull in our joy."

A Prisoner of the Red Chinese Comes Home

PHOTOS BY GEORGE BARRIS TEXT BY THOMAS J. FLEMING



Released September 15, 1954, Donald Dixon, Richard Applegate, correspondent for NBC, merchant-marine captain Benjamin Krasner entered free British Hong Kong later the same day.

For eighteen months Don Dixon, confined to a cell six feet wide and eleven feet long, lived on thin soup, a little rice, fish, and hot water. Dixon, a correspondent for International News Service, and two American friends were seized by a Red gunboat while on a vacation cruise from Hong Kong to nearby Macao. In their seven months' solitary confinement, shouting, sneering interrogators tried day and night to brainwash them into confessing they were spies. "After a while you didn't think about getting out," Dixon says. "You just tried to get from one day to the next." Finally, convinced Dixon and his friends would not cave in, the Reds yielded to diplomatic pressure and released them. Six days later, Don was home in New York. Here is how freedom looks and feels to a man who thought he had lost it forever.

Ecstasy for Dixon is a plunge in a New York City pool. During two blistering prison summers, he never had more than a cupful of water at once for washing, always suffered from prickly heat.

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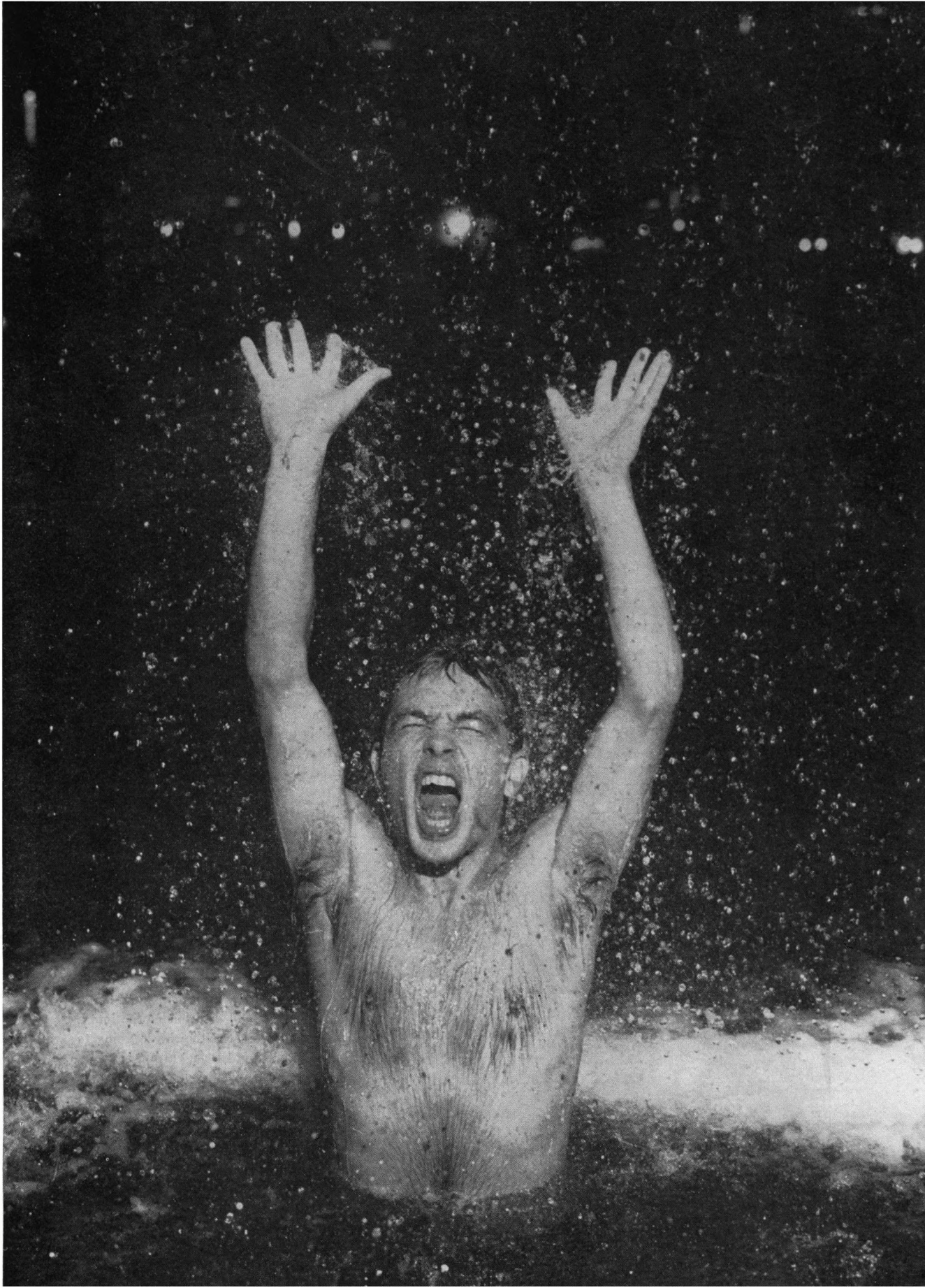
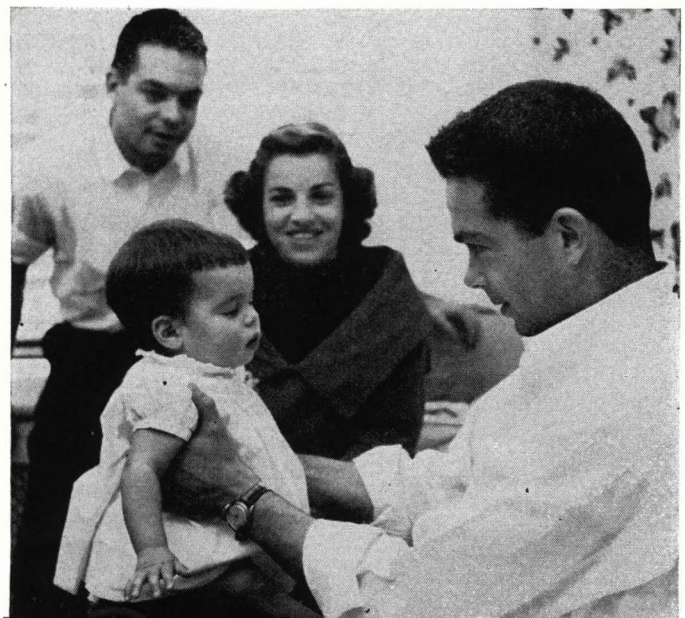


Rejoicing parents embrace their son. His mother said she was going "to lock him in a room and just look at him." His father, a Manhattan dentist, said, "If Don goes overseas again, I'll go with him." All the family helped win Don's freedom by ceaselessly bombarding UN and U.S. officials with phone calls and letters. "I knew they were fighting for me," Don says. "I couldn't tell the Red Chinese anything that would make my folks ashamed of me. So I told them I just didn't know the answers to their questions, that I'd written about Korean war brides and baking contests for GIs."

Prisoner Comes Home (continued)



Don's niece, Diane Dixon, born during Don's prison term, greets him. Dick, a year younger than Don, and his wife, Irma, introduce him. "There was just one time," Don recalls, "when I wished I were married and a father —the day they blindfolded and handcuffed me and then loaded me into a jeep. I was sure they were going to shoot me, but I wasn't afraid of death. In a Communist prison, life isn't worth living. But all of a sudden I was sorry I didn't have any children. I didn't want to go out so utterly. In your children you live again—and I did want that." Don, fortunately, was wrong about his jeep ride. When the soldiers took the blindfold off, he saw he was in Canton's main prison.

Sunday breakfast has always been a family tradition with the Dixons. It is the one time in the week when the seven children assemble without fail. Here on his first Sunday home Don leans back and contemplates the full table and smiling faces. "Nobody was hilarious," he says. "It was a comfortable kind of happiness." The Dixons had Thanksgiving Dinner the day Don arrived.

Younger brothers Jim (bottom bunk), twenty-one, and Steve, eighteen, give Don guest-of-honor treatment, let him have the single bed. This is a real sacrifice. Both became six-footers after Don left home to serve as a Korean War correspondent nearly four years ago. His brothers went on TV (with Dave Garroway) and radio to keep the public constantly aware of Don's plight.

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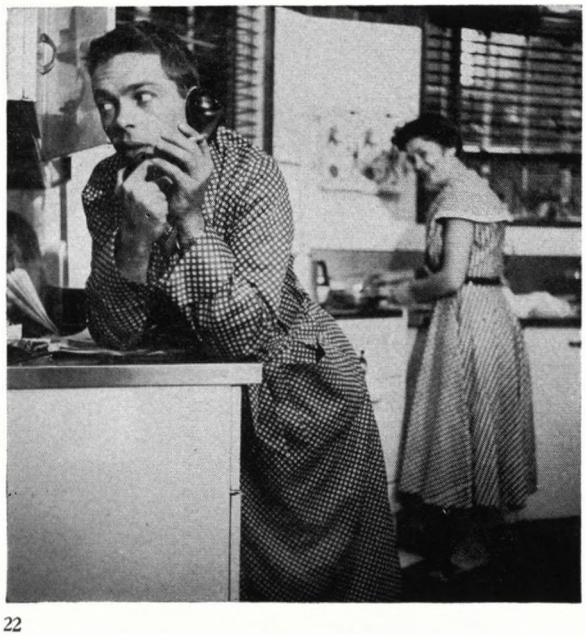
"At first I wanted to keep moving, laughing, talking. I didn't want to stop feeling free"



Driving a car was something Don yearned to do in prison. "To be able to step on the gas and go where you please is one of the best expressions of freedom in America," he says. Don drove around Manhattan several times, noting the changes, savoring the city's vitality. He bought half his new car with $1,050 won on TV quiz show "On Your Account."

Celebrating at a press-club party in New York, Dick Applegate and Don get gag awards: Applegate, a map of the Hong Kong area. Don, a book on how to improve his sex life, and both, a box of rice. Applegate owned the forty-two-foot yacht *Kert*, on which they were seized. The Reds did not return it.

The telephone hardly stopped ringing for two months. Friends called from as far away as California. Americans with relatives still imprisoned in Red China begged him for news, but he knew the fate of only a few. Here he turns down a request to appear on television. His weakened condition forced Don to decline dozens of radio and TV appearances.

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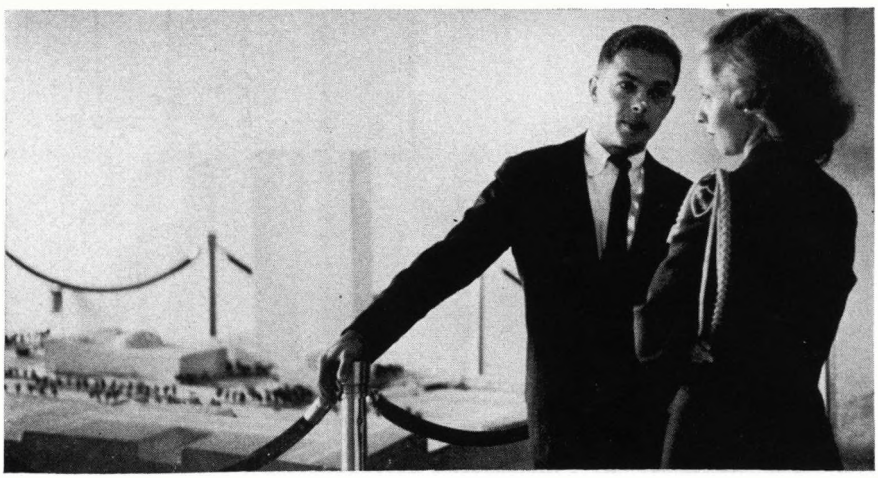

At the United Nations Don talks with Joy Price, pert young guide who was born in China. When Don left New York to cover the Korean War for I.N.S., in 1951, the buildings were not completed. Because the UN was instrumental in negotiating Don's release, he wanted to make a complete tour.

Thanking Henry Cabot Lodge, Jr., the U.S. ambassador to UN, for his help, Don shows him pictures taken after Don, Krasner, and Applegate were freed. Lodge demanded their release in several fighting speeches, and a British reporter whom Don had met in Korea persuaded Clement Attlee to ask about them last August when he toured China. September 14 the Reds told Don and his friends they were being "deported."

Relaxing at Grossinger's, well-known Catskill resort, Don tells Judy Goldberg how songs kept him and his friends in touch—from separate prison cells. Don used to whistle "East Side, West Side" ("on the sidewalks of New York") to identify himself, Krasner, "Jersey Bounce" for his home state. When the Reds discovered they were exchanging notes, Applegate whistled warning: "Stormy Weather." When Don came down with malaria and dysentery he whistled, "Playmate, I cannot play with you." In the Catskills, he gained back many of the twenty-two pounds he had lost. He rowed, ice skated, hiked, and rode horseback. "I wanted to get out in the country," Don says, "to see miles and miles of sky and grass and trees. In prison I used to sit for hours staring out at the patch of sky. Once a leaf blew in. I saved it for a week, until it crumbled apart."

A good look at a pretty American girl is something else Don spent many long prison hours dreaming about. Judy and Don did a lot of dancing and walking in the moonlight, but Don denies a romance. "It was good to talk to someone who didn't know me before," Don says. "It helped me forget a little." Don is deeply troubled because Ben Krasner's fiancée, Sheila Wong, who was seized with them, has not been released. The Reds said she was a "special case" because she was born in Shanghai. Krasner is still in Hong Kong, waiting for some word from her. In nearby cells in Don's prison were five American missionaries—three of them women—held since 1951.

(continued)

Vacation is over and Don, eager to get back to work, races for a plane to Washington, D.C. Much as he enjoyed two months' leisure, he got restless toward the end. He asked for a Washington assignment (covering the State Department) because he feels his experience will help him analyze and explain Communist moves. He also plans to make as many speeches, radio and TV appearances as work permits. "I learned two things in prison," he says, "that I feel an obligation to tell Americans. First I learned to hate—to hate with all my strength a system built on lies, malice, injustice. Second I learned to love—to love my family and my country." He is planning to ask for reassignment to the Far East soon. "I think it's the most important part of the world now," he says, "and the least understood. Something big happens there daily. What more could a reporter want?" THE END

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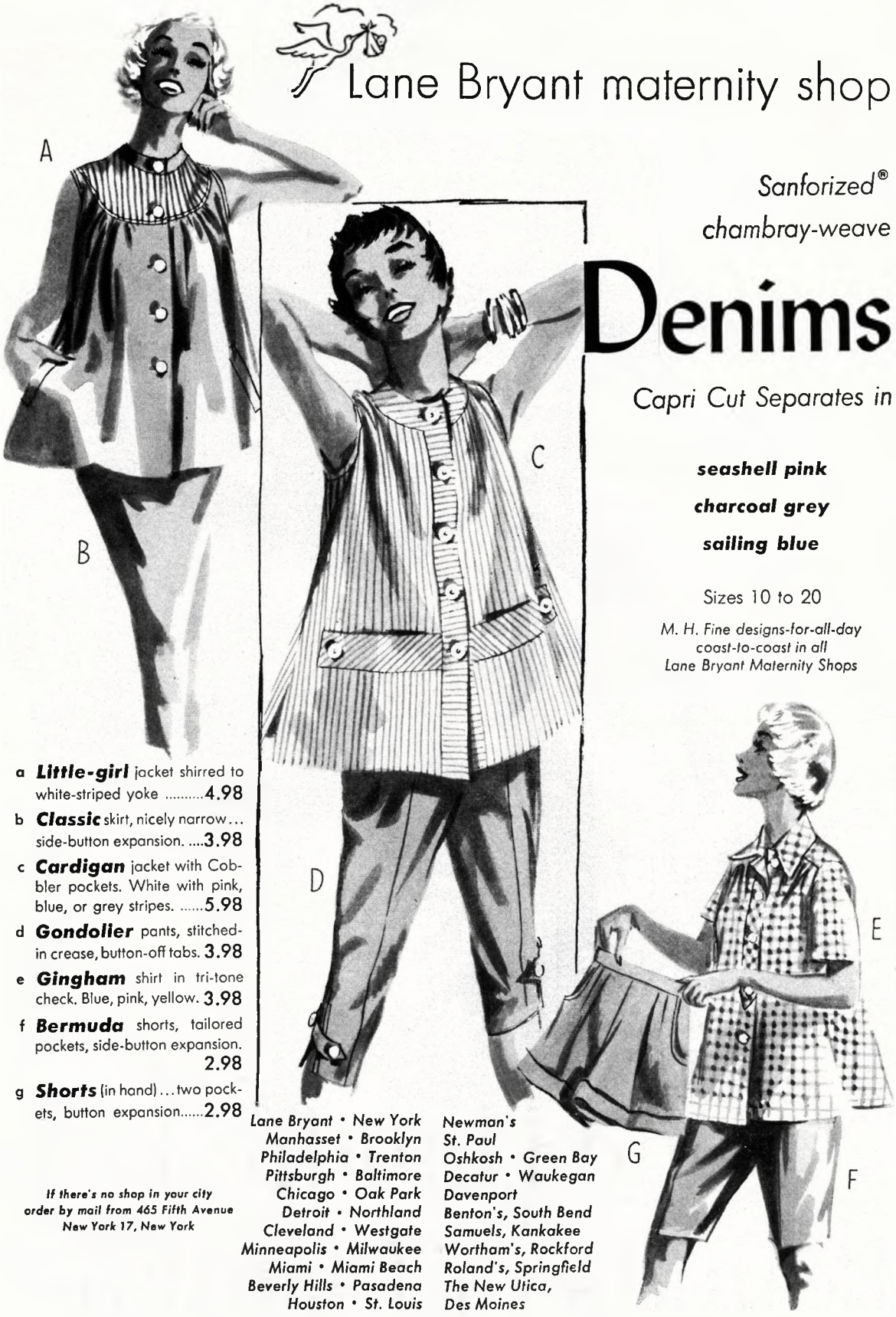

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One Hundred Pounds of Platinum

People who write about films have been complaining lately about a trend to homespun, girl-next-door stars. The fashion for folksy beauties who look and act like Sunday-school frumps leaves most cinema scribes and their public bored and yawning. Well, everybody can cheer up. There's a girl out in Hollywood who had color before Mr. Techni thought it up, who has been a sizzling star since her first smash hit in pictures, and who lives it up and loves it in the classical tradition. You've probably never seen anything like her next door, and you never will. Everything about Miss Lana Turner is overscale and superspecial. Her salary at M-G-M ($5,000 a week, forty weeks a year) enables her to dress the part of a babe who's loaded. She lives in an enormous Brentwood house which rambles over a hilltop, swims in a big pool beside a railroad-station-size *cabaña*, and has for a husband—as is only suitable—one of the biggest and handsomest men in Hollywood, actor Lex Barker. Some star actresses shed their auras and turn into plain Janes when they leave the studio and take off their shoes. Not Lana. Miss Turner is every inch the movie star even at home in a Mother Hubbard, as you can see by the sketch. She has the body to look it and the nervous system to maintain it, and by this time it comes as naturally to her as breathing.

Up to last week, I had never had a close view of this daughter of the gods except for brief glimpses of her at New York parties, and, when M-G-M invited me to watch her work, I accepted with considerable anticipation. In fact, the idea of meeting Lana Turner for the first time gave me something of the thrill associated with a college prom, with the gym decorated in smilax and the Number One campus beauty standing first in the reception line. Here the receiving

ARTISTS *flip over Lana's complexion, bone structure, and hair. Our man says, "She's as vivid as a poster, a Real Doll."*

Lana Turner, long-time admirer of COSMOPOLITAN, *has a face and figure which have been pinned up wherever males have walls.* COSMOPOLITAN, *long-time admirer of Lana Turner, returns the compliment with some pin-ups by our face-and-figure specialist, Jon Whitcomb, who flew out to Hollywood to bring you this report on the movies' number-one siren*

MALE VIRGINS *in Damascus had a rough time of it between Baal, a heathen bull-god, and Samarra, the temple priestess. Playing Samarra in "The Prodigal," Lana wears some chiffon and a handful of opals.*

line was in a darkened stage on the Warner Bros. lot where Lana was working on loan-out from Metro, acting a German spy in a John Wayne movie, "The Sea Chase." Flanked by stand-in Alice May, make-up man Del Armstrong, body-make-up girl Mary Hadley and hairdresser Myrl Stoltz, Lana was introduced and shook hands. And with her first remark any resemblance to a campus queen vanished, and I was face to face with adult, sophisticated poise. In that famous husky, sultry voice, what she said was, "Why did I have to wait so long for this?" As you might expect, I was her devoted slave all during luncheon.

We ate in a small dining room off the commissary. Lana had just returned from three weeks' shooting on location in Kona, Hawaii, and last year had done a picture or two in Europe. We compared notes on foreign travel. She learned the hula in Hawaii and was mad about Spain.

"Lex loved Paris," she said, "but I was hot for Madrid. I wouldn't leave once I got there. Lex kept saying, 'Let's go back to France,' and I'd say, 'Go ahead. You know where the airport is.' Later on, we found a place we both liked. He talked me into going to Majorca for one day. I fell in love with it and stayed two weeks."

While she was talking, I had trouble listening to everything that was said—too busy trying to figure out how her face is put together. She has high cheekbones and a jaw and chin that were made for the camera. Her eyes are blue-green and wide-spaced. Over them her eyebrows are drawn on in pale pencil. The eyebrows fascinated me. Shaved off for a Eurasian dancing-girl part years ago, they never grew back. Sometimes she wears eyebrows of real hair which are pasted on. She was wearing a short bob, a wig blended in with her platinum-blonde hair. Underneath, her hair is almost as short as a boy's.

Carousing Pays Off?

Over a salad, the conversation shifted to M-G-M's film "The Prodigal," which Lana had just completed on her home lot. "It's a spectacle built around juvenile delinquency," she said. I said I had spent part of the morning reading the Biblical version which producer Charles Schnee had, framed, on his office wall, and observed that the moral of the story made no sense to me. Lana agreed. "The prodigal brother carouses all over Damascus and goes home after wasting his money, and his father throws a big party for him," she said. "The good brother gets nothing." She stared at my wrists. "Those are certainly good-looking cuff links."

Automatically, I took them off and gave them to her. There is probably no male

IT TAKES *much more than this balloon-shaped housecoat to hide the charms of M-G-M's firecracker.*

extant who wouldn't have given her his shirt, too. (A couple of days later, I did. It was an orange sport shirt, and the make-up man admired it first. But it was Lana who got it.)

Whatever you may think of the inscrutable parables of Luke fifteen, M-G-M has laid out $5,000,000 to film this story of wickedness and virtue in Joppa and Damascus, with acres of pagan goddesses, fertility rites, and a flaming pool into which male virgins disappear as human sacrifices. A day or so before, I sat in a studio projection room and saw about ten minutes of completed film. There were two love scenes between Lana, as Samarra—the high priestess of the heathen idol, Astarte—and Edmund Purdom, playing the title role. The Eastman color was soft and sensuous, Miss Turner was soft and sensuous, and Mr. Purdom was properly bemused as they wrestled in a mist of floating veils on a 70 B.C. fur rug stretching from end to end of the CinemaScope screen. Still another scene showed Lana leading a procession through a mile-long temple corridor, with slaves holding a floating canopy overhead. Hips undulating, she marched up a long flight of marble steps to the lap of a thirty-foot image of Baal, accepted a huge pearl from a handsome male virgin, and watched impassively as he plunged into the flaming pool below. The film then cut to a long shot of the lovers, trailing red robes, descending another stairway to a temple floor paved with prostrate peasants. Halfway down, the symphony music on the sound track was distinctly embellished by a train whistle. M-G-M's George Nichols, in the next seat, bent over, smiling. "Rough print," he said. "That'll come out."

Lunch over, we went back to Lana's dressing room. I told her I had seen her sexy footage in the temple march.

"Spread the word," she said, grinning. "Lana's back on the runway."

In 1951 a magazine article authorized by Lana revealed some facts about her early life which seem incredible when considered as early history of the screen's plushiest temptress. Born in Wallace, Idaho, on February 8, 1921, Lana was the only child of an itinerant miner named John Turner. When he was murdered in San Francisco in 1930, a crime still unsolved, Mrs. Turner went to work as a beauty-parlor operator to support her small fry. Nine-year-old Julia Jean Mildred Frances Turner was occasionally farmed out in emergencies to a family in Modesto, California, where she worked for her keep as underage scullery maid. During this period of pure Dickens, she was frequently beaten. Occasionally, Cinderella found herself exposed to education sampled at random in the schools of San Francisco, Modesto, and Sacramento, but all this did for her was to give her a lasting aversion to scholarship. At fifteen she attended a Catholic convent long enough to flirt briefly with the thought of becoming a nun. You heard me, a nun.

We now dissolve to a soda fountain on Sunset Boulevard where the best-known historical event in the Turner saga took place, an episode which compares in movie lore to the discovery of uranium in Colorado. Bored with flunking typewriting at Hollywood High, a few blocks away, Lana was perched on a stool at the counter. (Somebody asked her recently what she was having. "Must have been a coke," she says. "I couldn't have had more than a nickel in cash.") History in the shape of Billy Wilkerson, publisher of the Hollywood *Reporter*, stepped up to her and asked if she'd like to be in the movies. She said No.

The Sweater Girl Arrives

A few days later, she played a single scene in the Warner Bros. film "They Won't Forget, a bit stunned at being on the payroll at $50 a week. She had not one line in it. All she did was walk alone down a studio street. Not until the preview did she and her astounded mother discover her significance to the film. She was the girl who got raped and precipitated a lynching. The film was a shocker and a nation-wide hit, and so was Lana. The publicity mills began calling her The Sweater Girl. At sixteen

(continued)

LIKE EVERYBODY ELSE, *Lana is sometimes dead beat after a hard day of shooting. Here she is shown under protest ("No more poses—I'm too tired") in a sleeveless silk sheath, bought on a location trip to Hawaii, and Oriental earrings*

she discovered Fun, and became officially and unofficially the Night Club Queen. She dated Power, Bautzer, Mature, and Hughes. Bautzer introduced her to Artie Shaw, and Lana's succession of husbands began.

Shaw tried to deglamorize her and make her read Nietzsche. She attempted going without high heels and lipstick, but the effort came to nothing. Furthermore, she and Nietzsche failed to hit it off. After four months and eleven days of ironing Mr. Shaw's shirts, the marriage ended for Lana in a nervous breakdown. When she recovered, she went to work immediately in "Ziegfeld Girl," a picture that is still her favorite. In it she wore the kind of clothes that would improve any girl's sagging spirits, and in addition proved to herself she was learning to act. The Night Club Queen had discovered a new objective. Since then, Lana has been Mrs. Steve Crane, a marriage which resulted in Cheryl Crane, now eleven; Mrs. Bob Topping, a union which gave her a rugged view of the difficulties of being married to a millionaire; and is now Mrs. Lex Barker, mother of three—"My one and his two." Lex's children of a previous marriage are Alexander, Jr., seven, and Lynn, Cheryl's age.

A Good Scout

Lana takes her responsibilities as a mother very seriously, goes to school recitals to hear her daughter play the piano, and has been known to haul Cheryl and her Girl Scout troop to Big Bear in a station wagon, delivering each little girl to her home after the trip. The ladies of the P.T.A., however, were turned down cold when they requested the loan of the Barker house for a benefit. Lana guards the private life of her brood with considerable ferocity. Not long ago she learned with mixed feelings that Cheryl's schoolroom was decorated with a newspaper clipping of Bob Thomas' A.P. story captioned "LANA'S CURVES THROW DIOR FOR LOSS," featuring a picture of Lana in one of the ultra-revealing costumes from "The Prodigal." Cheryl reported, furthermore, that other grades in the school had taken to borrowing it to pin up for an hour at a time!

In addition to the higher learning, Lana has an aversion to economy. Lex has introduced her to organized saving, and she is now a client of his business manager. But it's not unusual for Lana, after a conference on finances at which both she and Lex have agreed to economize, to go shopping for a pair of shoes. After finding a pair she likes, she may get carried away and order a dozen more in other colors. Budgets are something Lana likes to forget.

Lana, for whom the box offices toll, is cherished by M-G-M with a solicitude enjoyed by few other stars. Her dressing room on wheels, which goes with her even when she works on other lots, is a jewel-like apartment equipped with Venetian mirrors, coral-colored plush sofas, thick rugs, and built-in refrigerator and record player. Less coddled actors have been known to turn green with envy at the sight of it, and I saw one who did. I was watching Del Armstrong refresh Lana's make-up at the eight-foot dressing table when director John Farrow walked in with Alan Ladd. Lana pointed out some of the more opulent features of the place with considerable satisfaction. Ladd looked at them all briefly, then growled, "Say your lines and get out fast," and left abruptly. Lana chuckled. "He never had anything like this," she murmured.

U.P. Threw Some Weight

Lana is fiercely loyal to her friends, but never forgives an enemy. Her feelings were hurt by some pictures *Life* printed of her marriage to Topping. She has never posed for *Life* since. When "Betrayed," her European picture with Gable, was released, a United Press story called her fat. Lana was inordinately dismayed. Europe had been fun, and she was up a few pounds. The word struck her like a blow and she vowed that nobody would ever say that about her again. She went on a diet, lost twelve pounds, and is now at ideal weight. Lana has had the same stand-in for sixteen years. Her make-up man has been with her for twelve. Emily Torchia has been doing publicity for her since she first went to work at M-G-M, and accompanied her on the European trip.

The studio is unable to discover from her fan mail any difference in the amount of appeal she has for men and women. The teen-agers who write in are fascinated by her hair. "How do you get it that color?" Older women are interested in where she gets her brassières. The public likes Lana as a blonde, but

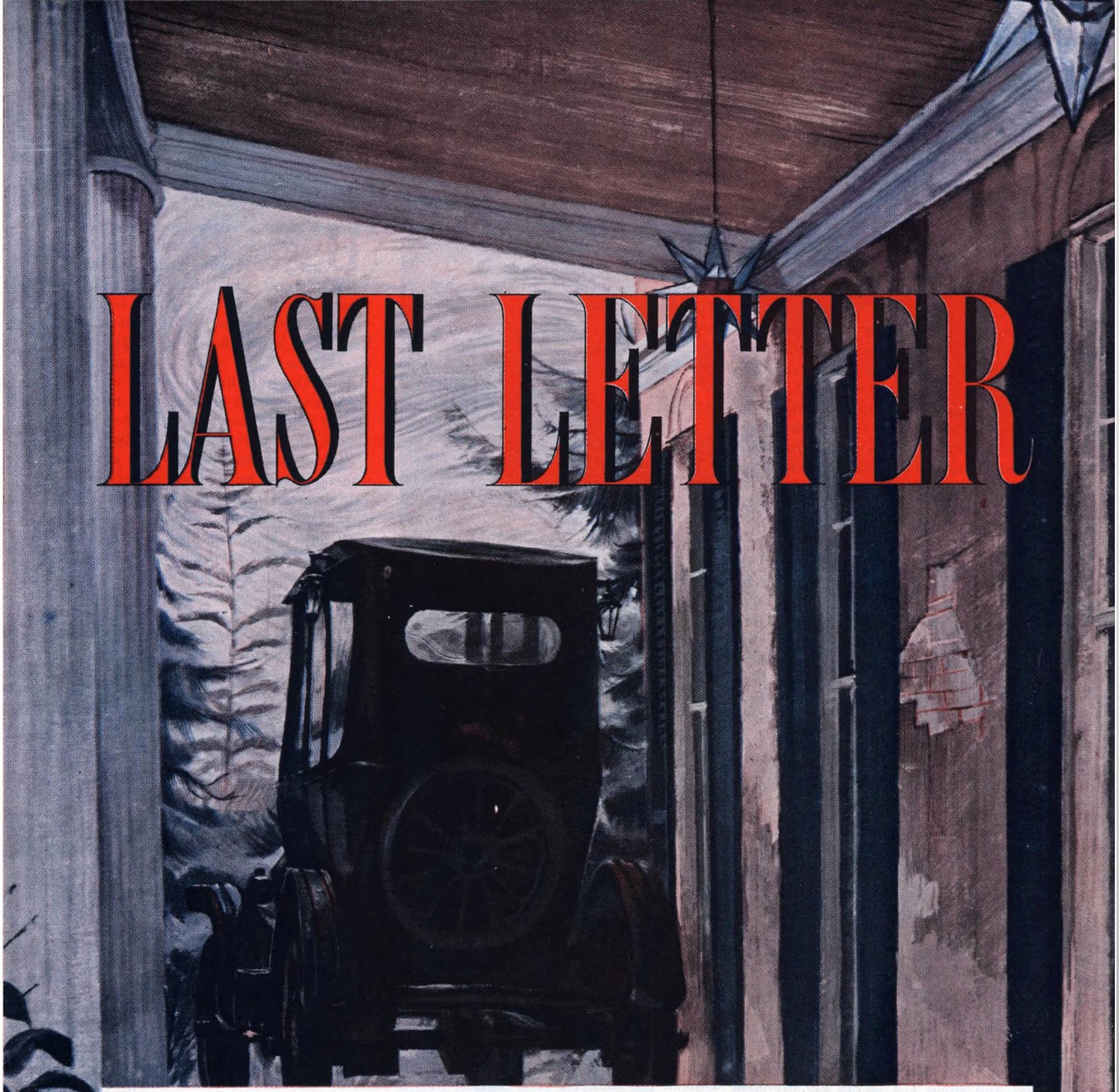
LANA'S STRAPLESS FIRE-OPAL GOWN *gives just the opposite effect of actual styles of the time. Figurines excavated recently in the Holy Land show the ladies used to cover themselves up to the neck—but leave bosom exposed.*

Lex prefers her as a brunette. Lana thinks wistfully of how easy life would be if she could skip the once-a-week ordeal of hair tinting.

The other drudgeries of movie acting bother her less. She is a quick study and has no trouble remembering lines. For "Green Dolphin Street" she had one speech that ran seven minutes on the screen. When I asked her to name her favorite leading man, she stuck her neck out. "Pappy Gable," she said.

According to the studio, Lana's biggest financial hits have been "Cass Timberlane" and "The Bad and the Beautiful"; in the latter film her acting was generally conceded to be of genius caliber. I wouldn't be surprised to see her cop an Academy Award one of these days. I can see her now, walking her famous walk up to the platform, holding out a flawless arm for her Oscar. Please be wearing those cuff links, Lana, honey —and maybe an orange shirt? THE END

LAST LETTER



Pitman's secrets had died with him long ago—all but these last few words . . . a few words . . . and they were worth a small fortune

BY ANN CHIDESTER ILLUSTRATED BY KEN RILEY

When Caroline Breedon read the General's advertisement in the morning paper, she remembered the letter though it was years since she had read it. She went up to the attic and rummaged among her father's old things, marveling all the while that she had not destroyed that letter when her father died. A real change of luck, at last! When her husband came home, she showed him the letter and the advertisement in the morning paper.

"I wish it were a different kind of letter, Henry. I never knew Byron Pitman." She had been trying to remember anything her father might have said about the famous explorer, but she could recall nothing except a curious, vague air of doubt in her father's manner which he had never explained to her. Of course, she remembered a few faded clippings about

"I didn't know there *were* any letters left," Pitman's widow said.

Pitman's second expedition: most people had doubted his story of the first expedition, fearing he had imagined the importance and wealth of the north country. There had been no survivors, so that Pitman had no witnesses to what he said he saw. Many feared he had a maniac desire for fame and fortune. It was too bad the men of that first expedition—Brünning, Schaeffer, the Talbot brothers, and the English engineer, Cunningham—had died leaving no records. That had cooled enthusiasm for a second attempt and Pitman, sitting in the Palmer House in Chicago, had made mad promises in an effort to win followers and investors. There was no doubting his magnetism, but her father had refused to go with him both times.

"Well, now," her husband said, "you do what you think, Caroline."

She knew what he was thinking—that the factory didn't pay much, that they had been unable to put anything aside for Timmy, and that Timmy, bright and as nearly perfect as any boy God ever made, deserved the best. They must do all they could to give him the best, too. It was that simple. "But we mustn't hope too much, Henry," she murmured. She wished it were a different kind of letter. Still, if this General was writing Pitman's biography, he would surely want the whole truth.

"Tell you what," Henry said reasonably. "Go see this General D'Olier. Leave the letter here safe. Then, if you don't like the deal, you can think it over. Give yourself time."

"All right," she said firmly.

By the time she reached the city that afternoon, having phoned the General, her uncertainties were gone. Whatever he was willing to pay would help, a start for Timmy, and she was not going to think of anything else. She was, however, amazed at the General's enthusiasm which he tried in vain to conceal. He paced the floor and stood before the big fireplace facing her, his feet apart and his face reddish-purple. He was a trim, aging little man who had pursued glory like an ardent lover pursuing a most marvelous mistress—whom he had never gained.

"You say this letter's genuine, Mrs. Breedon?"

"It was written to my father who was a guide and trapper in the woods for years. May 10, 1921, is the date."

"That'd be on the second expedition, right from the polar camp."

"He sent the letter to a trading post on Hudson Bay."

"I see. I *see!*" His whole face vibrated. He teetered slightly in his small, polished alligator shoes. "And why did he write your father—not anyone else?"

"His reasons are in the letter," she said.

He coughed, blinking his pale blue eyes. "A great man—Byron Pitman. If only those fools in Washington had listened to him! He held the key to better relations with Russia—with the entire Orient. He had vision. A pioneering spirit. And to think people have forgotten. How cruel and fickle the public is! If only his journals hadn't been lost! Well, I'm going to revive his memory now—in lectures and this book, you know."

"Yes." She felt cold in the big room. She almost never came to the city except at Christmas time when she and Henry brought Timmy to look at the windows.

"This, then, is his last letter. His dying words," the General murmured in awe. "But I must ask *why* he wrote the letter."

"My father was a well-known guide, something of a genius that way. Mr. Pitman thought no one knew as much as Father when it came to Nature."

"What a human being Pitman was, a great man bowing to an unknown genius." He seemed to be licking his lips. "Pitman was a philosopher as well. That's the thing to remember."

She studied the little General, surprised. "Well, he may have been an adventurer. I never thought them very important. But a philosopher—no," she said firmly. After all, *she* knew the contents of the letter.

"He's never been properly appraised," the General said stiffly. "He was a martyr to his age, a voice crying in the wilderness."

"But General D'Olier, what happens to some men when they leave civilization and live—well, like animals? Doesn't that transform them from heroes and philosophers into barbarians?" She would hate an old man like this to suffer disillusionment at her hands.

"Umm," he puckered his mouth, conscious of standing between the two charcoal drawings of Pitman, one in profile like a poet and the other full face with a parka collar showing like snowy mist about the soldierly face. "Byron Pitman was a natural man. He *felt* Nature. She was his mother and his good luck, so he could have lived anywhere—Africa or Arctic wastes—and always lived well, too. Other men might blow their fuses—not Pitman."

On the other hand, he was too old to be so worshipful of anyone but God, Caroline reasoned.

"Dare say Lindbergh and Byrd were the ones your generation knew best." He chuckled, continuing without giving her a chance to speak. He was slightly deaf. When he spoke of Pitman, he was totally deaf to all else. "*I* might become an animal up there. Not a man of such spirit. Look at his devotion. He had to arrange everything without government help. A little money and a hearty band of loyal followers. And the second time, they all reached civilization. He was the only one to perish."

"But they died afterward, on the way home or shortly after they got home. I wondered about that."

"You never saw him—your father's great friend?"

"I wasn't born until 1922. But Father knew him when they were boys up at Green River."

The General barked, "But Pitman spent his boyhood at the family mansion at Old Swords!"

"Oh, no." Caroline said softly.

"His wife's still there. I was given to understand—" he frowned, crossly. "You said you can prove this letter's genuine. Now, may I see it?"

"I didn't bring it with me. I—I didn't want to decide anything too quickly. Is it right to sell letters? And, well—"

"That's all understandable," he said quickly, but he was still cross.

"I'm sorry," she said.

"I'd pay a thousand dollars," he said quietly, studying her.

She felt her heart stand still. She wished she had brought it with her. A thousand dollars when she had expected, at most, a hundred.

"You're certain it's yours to sell?"

"Father left me everything he had." She hesitated. "Of course, I thought Mrs. Pitman was dead." Still this was a business matter, wasn't it, and why should Mrs. Pitman change anything?

"Of course, she lives in his memory. A lady, I'm sure—but hardly the wife one would expect for Pitman."

"I thought the place at Old Swords belonged to her."

"No, no," he said impatiently. "I went to see her, naturally, when I began this work. I saw Byron Pitman when I was active in the service, heard him speak. What glory! I never met him. I was only a major at the time, but later—well, I came to appreciate him. Strong, fearless, a man to lead others. Too bad he was never Army. Well, I went to see Mrs. Pitman. Shocking—really shocking."

"How, exactly, General?" He was a disappointment. She had expected him to be more intelligent. Instead, he had something brutal in him that made her uneasy. Also, he was very rich and could play around, as he wished, with the Pitman story. What would her father have thought? She was glad again that she had not brought the letter with her. And if she must think about Mrs. Pitman—then, it was more complicated than she and Henry had supposed that morning.

"What's that?" the General cupped his good ear.

"I mean, Mrs. Pitman might like—"

"Dare say she'll be all right," the General said, on edge.

Caroline rose. "Maybe I could call you in a few days?"

"But I've been counting on this letter since your phone call. I have his buttons, his parka. You've seen them. You—"

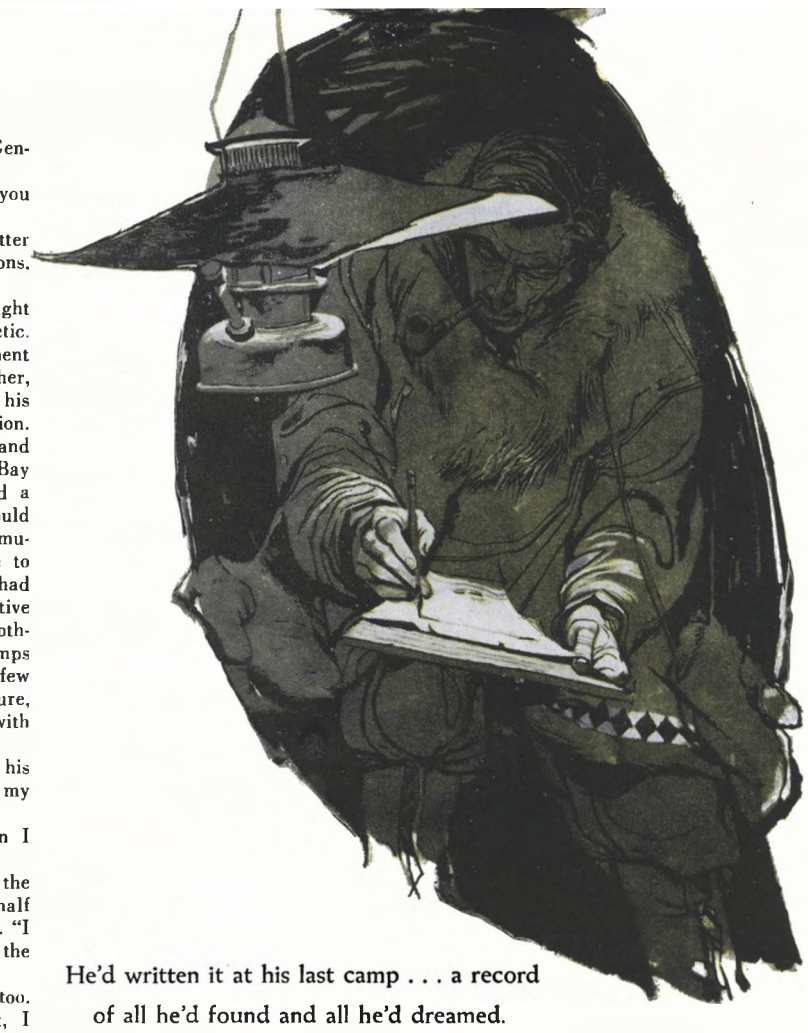
"Yes, of course," she said. He thought she wanted more money. He was pathetic. When she had come into the apartment an hour before, he had rushed at her, in need of an audience, a convert to his cause. He had showed her his collection. This letter, written on parchment and carried in a sealskin bag to Hudson Bay by a native who had been promised a bauble or some precious necessity, would be the crowning glory in his little museum which he would someday give to West Point. She wondered if anyone had honored Pitman's promise to the native letter bearer—certainly none of the others had, straggling into various camps and outposts and dying within a few weeks of scurvy, pneumonia, exposure, or malnutrition! They were through with Pitman forever.

The General, frustrated, tossed his large head from side to side. "Surely, my offer's fair. No one else will give—"

"Oh, no! A thousand's more than I had hoped for."

He led her to the door, motioning the maid aside and holding the door half open to delay her as long as possible. "I don't understand," he said sadly. "If the letter's genuine—"

"Oh, it is. And your offer's fair, too. You're the only one who'd buy it, I guess. And you were decent not to try to hide its value to you. No—I just want to think a bit."



He'd written it at his last camp . . . a record of all he'd found and all he'd dreamed.

"Well, then," he sighed and bowed. She knew he watched her as far as the corner, his lips moving soundlessly in an effort to voice his frustration. She had known, from the first mention of Mrs. Pitman, that she would go to Old Swords. If she did not find her there—"at my ancestral rock" he had called it in one of his long, rhymeless poems—she would continue thirty-three miles up the river to her grandfather's old home where her aunt now lived and then to the neighboring farm where she had always supposed Pitman spent his youth. He had been a wild boy, learning very young to forage for himself. It made her shiver to think of Timmy, his life and his future, and she could not help feeling that the money would guard him against savagery, would make things easier every way for him.

"You did right," Henry reassured her. "You're dealing with the dead. They have certain privileges, too. Having lived and all."

"If Father had only been more talkative, the kind of man to chat a bit, I'd know, maybe, what to do now." A man like her father, monkish in his tastes, would scorn the thousand dollars, she supposed, but women had to be more practical. It seemed she could not sleep or resume her daily life until she did something about the letter lying in her velvet jewel case. Henry said they could drive up there Sunday if she liked, but on Sunday the old car developed some mysterious trouble, and it was Wednesday before she could use it again. By then, she could no longer wait for Henry's free day, and she set out with a little snack prepared to eat on the way, driving through the moody morning light along the river road where she and Henry used to drive when they went to visit her father after they were first married. "Well, I'm lucky in so many ways," she thought as she drove. Still, she half hoped the General might be wrong, that Mrs. Pitman would be dead by now—not that she wished the lady any misfortune, but she must be almost eighty. She had a vague memory that Mrs. Pitman had been somewhat older than Byron, but there were so few facts known about the man's early life. His interviews had been masterly evasions, contradictions, and grandiose dissertations.

She turned into the old-fashioned square at Old Swords just before noon. The square was shady and full of station wagons and big, open cars. Old Swords had always been rich farming and horse-breeding country. Pitman had played the squire here, and in one newspaper article—she had pored over the library files these past few days—there had been a photograph of him in riding clothes walking through this very square, followed by two beagle hounds. She did not find the name in the phone book, so she asked the man in the drugstore.

"I don't know if you can get in there, Lady. Mrs. Pitman's a quiet, queer sort, y'know."

"I'm not going to bother her," she said. The man went out of the drugstore to point up the hill, telling her to turn at the fifth lane where there was a ruined

stone wall about a mile up that road. She drove slowly, remembering that she had been here once before with her father. The fields were fragrant from rains and pine needles that had come down on the warm winds from the upper north forests. Of course, Mrs. Pitman could not possibly make a difference, but this was a formality, a courtesy she must do before selling the letter which she carried in her handbag. She had not read it since seeing the General—as though in this way she might, somehow, change its contents and erase the image of Pitman that was growing too rapidly in her mind, transplanting it with the General's vision of a glorious, heroic man. "It's just because I'm a woman and can't appreciate Pitman's talents," she reasoned. "I'd just like to hear what another woman thinks and what he may mean to her. How she remembers him."

The stone wall fell away into a heap of rocks and beyond it Pitman's "ancestral" home of which he had been so inordinately proud stood in an equal state of decay—a four-pillared Georgian house with a broken rose fan above the door and a rusty old Ford rotting under the porte cochère. Somewhere, a child cried. Another child shouted. Had Pitman left any children? She had never heard. She touched the sagging gate and went down a wet, winding path through a jungle of bridalwreath and lilac bushes, dripping and fragrant.

When she reached the rough, open lawn, she heard a pleasant, low humming, like the sound of someone praying softly or like the droning of a huge swarm of honeybees. An old woman, tall and angular, lifted a long, browned face to study Caroline. Then, slowly straightening with a trowel in her left hand, she turned and waited in silence. She wore a printed cotton dress, a pale lilac color, with long sleeves trimmed in lace and a round lace collar, obviously homemade. Her hair was white, thin, and tangled, and she was awkward, like a girl in her early teens. She brushed aside her hair, smudging her forehead with earth-stained fingers.

"I'm looking for Mrs. Pitman." Caroline said. The woman's sentinel air arrested her progress toward the house. There was a shrill squeal of a radio. Then a little girl dashed out and climbed into the old Ford. The woman watched the child and, after a moment, turned to face Caroline again.

"What would it be for?" she asked.

"I'm Caroline Hull—Breedon. My father was Jervis Hull, a boyhood friend of Mr. Pitman."

"Yes?" The woman waited as though this had happened to her a thousand times before. She would know soon whether Caroline lied, and whether she came as a real friend or only out of vulgar curiosity.

"I just wanted to—" She stopped, frowning. "General D'Olier wants to buy a letter I have. Mr. Pitman wrote it to my father, and I wondered—I mean, if Mrs. Pitman would care—"

"I see." She bent, thrusting the trowel deep into a bank of damp earth, wiping her hands on some long, wet grasses and coming awkwardly over the garden patch. There was a waiting and listening silence in the house. "Well, I'm Mrs. Pitman. 'Madge' they call me. I recall your Dad brought you here once. You must have been about two—in a pink dress and dear little pink shoes. You wouldn't remember."

Caroline took the big hand that shook hers strongly and warmly. She could not believe this woman was nearly eighty—maybe more. "I can't quite remember that time."

"Yes, I knew your Dad's folks up at Green River."

"Yes," Caroline said, pleased. She followed the old woman, who walked in long, slow strides. She wore black overshoes, unbuckled. They made a flapping sound. "I thought she'd be beautiful, elegant, terribly aloof," Caroline thought. Now, she could be amused at the General's disdain for Pitman's wife, who seemed foreign and even curious beside the General's image of the man.

"Didn't know there *were* any letters left," Mrs. Pitman said softly. She leaned against a pillar of the porte cochère, kicked off her overshoes, and thrust her bare feet into faded sandals. Then, she opened the front door and led Caroline into a small room off the main hall. Here, the furniture was still beautiful but in sad disrepair. An old setter, sniffing, came to the door, and Mrs. Pitman said softly, kindly, "Go away, Pilot," and the old dog turned, obedient and mournful, going off like a ghost. "You say Byron wrote your Dad?"

Caroline nodded. She gave the details but not the content of the letter.

"Well, Byron knew he had a real friend there." She settled her long body comfortably in a wicker rocker. "He had too few real, good friends."

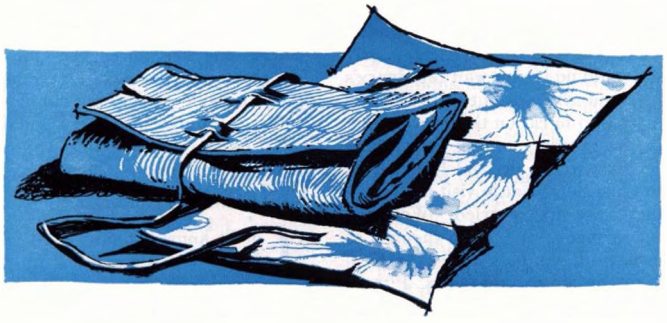
"The General offered me a thousand dollars for the letter."

Mrs. Pitman snorted. "He's a little mad, isn't he? Poor old chap."

"You think it's worth nothing?"

"No. To the General, it must be worth a thousand or he'd never have said so," she said sensibly. She rose, making no excuse, and disappeared for a moment. When she returned, she wore a clean, starched dress much like the first and carried a battered tray with coffee and fresh, warm bread. The butter dish was Meissen. Mrs. Pitman patted it, taking off the cover. "The children have broken most of the good things—not that I care. Byron loved nice things, though, and I did once, too. But after he went, I never cared again."

"I didn't know you had children," Caroline said. The coffee was excellent, and the room was beginning to suggest comfort and contentment, far different from the General's place. Caroline liked this woman enormously and was sorry that she did. Mrs. Pitman had not as yet asked what was in the letter.



Now, finally, she knew what she must do with the letter.

"A few people still come, mostly curious people with time to kill." Mrs. Pitman explained. "Oh, these are my daughter's children. I was married before, a family arrangement you might say. My first husband was well off—and lots older. Then, I married Byron. *He* was nine years younger. I had this place, quite a bit of land in those days, and some money. But it all went."

"You mean . . ."

"Explorers can't explore for nothing. And Byron always felt he'd strike it rich, pay me back tenfold. There are men like that. You go along. I never minded, and I don't really mind now. The children can make their own way. Do them

good. And I never cared what people said." She smiled. "Not many women know what I know—what it is to live with a man like that. A man that has a real fire, a real flame of living. He sets you on fire—awake and alive, too. Whether he was right or wrong, lucky or cursed, still he married me. And he'd have come back to me if there was any way possible." Here, then, was the source of her strength and peace, in this unwavering belief. "Yes," Mrs. Pitman nodded, "he came into this very room, Caroline, and asked me to marry him. So bold—"

"Then, this wasn't his real home?"

The old lady shook her head slowly. "He loved Old Swords and town life. He hated the farm at Green River—too many children. And he was scared of poverty. He never feared anything else but being poor, living in his own country a poor, unknown man. A man of his tastes and temper would have been destroyed by poverty. So he used to—well, to pretend, until he convinced himself of it, I think—that this was his ancestral home. It was my first husband's, you know." She chuckled and then gave a full, rich laugh. "You must not think harshly of him for this, Caroline. Some men remain boys in a lot of ways."

Caroline said nothing. She found it hard to look at Mrs. Pitman.

"Oh, he didn't have real friends—but then lone eagles seldom do, do they?"

"I guess not." The old lady continued to talk. For her, the bold and eager young man was still in this room, in this house. Here was Pitman's immortality, not in the General's legend, which was a lie. And what if she sold the letter? And then it was published and, possibly, caused a sensation? Or one day lay under glass at West Point for tourists to read? That bold young lover's ghost would never walk here again for this old lady. Caroline's lips trembled. Why was life always so complicated?

"But you mustn't feel sorry, Caroline—a woman like you. Byron died the way he wanted to die."

Carefully, Caroline set down her coffee cup. "The General's going to publish a book. He says he has your consent."

"Isn't he shocking?" She laughed heartily. "He'll never know Byron."

And Caroline thought, "Neither will you—or anyone else."

"Did you happen to bring the letter?" Mrs. Pitman asked, more out of politeness than interest.

"No," Caroline lied. "I'm sorry."

"Well, never mind. Sell it. I'd like you to have the money."

"Possibly it's not genuine, after all."

"Oh, I'm sure it is."

Caroline rose, murmuring an excuse. Mrs. Pitman protested. "But we have room here. It's too long a drive back. And I'd enjoy a good talk with you."

"I must go—my husband and my little boy—"

Mrs. Pitman rose, touching Caroline's arm. "But you'll come again?"

"Of course, Mrs. Pitman," Caroline said. "And thank you."

Caroline stumbled down the path, leaving Mrs. Pitman by the Ford. She heard the old lady laugh again and then a child's clear, delighted voice. She stood in the lane beside the car, under some shade trees where the ditch ran deep and dark with spring water.

She took out Pitman's letter that told her father he feared his men had turned against him and would desert him. He wanted to establish a base here among the natives, to live their life and learn their secrets. He had a native wife and two half-breed boys, now. His fear of being left there, without his own men, was coupled with a maniac need to remain where there was certain wealth—rare, unknown metals or gold or silver, a fortune in furs, a continent he might one day hold in the palm of his hand. "Think of it, friend. I shall be an emperor here. I am finished with everything back there. No one deserves to share this with me—except you whose friendship I need. No one knows a wilderness like you. Together we can conquer this country. You have nothing to lose—a kingdom to gain. And I shall never go back except as one of the richest men on earth—and famous."

"My loves are no better than hers," Caroline thought grimly. Her fingers trembled. Momentarily, she was too weak—remembering Timmy and Henry—to do what she must do, now or never. Then, she tore the dried skin into bits with a sound that was like a tiny whisper, a last breath. She dropped the bits into the stream, knowing that this was the only way she might avoid temptation in the future, when she began to worry again about Timmy's chances and their hopes for him. The bits of the letter looked almost like petals from some icy flower or like dry chips of unmelted snow. But she was pleased to see they did not look at all like a thousand dollars being thrown away.

"Thank God," she thought in relief, as she started the car. "Thank God, Henry will understand. I'm lucky that way, anyhow." THE END

Many a dodger and his dough are soon parted by informers' tips that bring Treasury $10,000,000 in a good year.

How the Income Tax Informers Work

Honest or not, you'll be looking over your shoulder after reading this inside report on how tax squealers pick up more than $600,000 a year tattling to Uncle Sam

BY MARTIN L. GROSS

A successful suburbanite got chummy with a neighbor over a few cocktails one sunny Sunday and "confided" that he had been "shrewd with old Uncle Sam." Shortly after, the braggart was visited by two tax agents who uncovered a long-time scheme of evasion amounting to almost a million dollars. In addition to his neighbor's hospitality, the informer collected a $45,000 reward.

This incident is a typical one involving income-tax informers—the jealous neighbors, disgruntled ex-employees, separated spouses, patriots, get-rich-quick artists and the ever-present crackpots who flood the sixty-four district offices of the Bureau of Internal Revenue Service with mountains of "squeals" against their fellow citizens.

Tips on everything—from the $30-a-week cleaning woman who hadn't filed a return in eight years to the cunning textile magnate who kept a duplicate set of books stashed away in his safe—are phoned, mailed, and delivered personally to grateful T-men around the clock seven days a week. During 1955, no less than 200,000 snooping citizens from all walks of life will lend—or sell—the Bureau of Internal Revenue Service a helping hand.

Claims-for-Reward Program

Every year the Congress of the United States puts up a bundle of $500,000 in cash as reward money for informers who have the goods on "forgetful" fellow taxpayers. This Claims-for-Reward program, as the Treasury calls it, is no new gimmick but an unpublicized law that has been on the books ninety years. Enacted during Lincoln's Administration by the Moiety Act of 1864, the law has really come into its own only in recent times. During fiscal 1953, for example, the man-in-the-street informing business was so brisk Congress had to raise an extra $150,000 so that 609 successful tipsters could collect $649,000 reward—well over $1,000 a "squeal."

We taxpayers may be bothered by the thought that these snoopers could include our next-door neighbor, the banker, or new car salesman. But tax informers are welcomed into the halls of the white marble building at the corner of 12th Street and Constitution Avenue in Washington, D.C., the national headquarters of the

Bureau of Internal Revenue Service. As one high-ranking T-man there, the former Intelligence Chief of the Baltimore, Maryland, office, put it: "Income-tax informants do an important job for the Government and the least we can do is reward them. We might not like them personally, but after all, the IRS is not the protector of the nation's morality. Our job is to collect taxes."

Fifty-four Million Recovered

Another official was quoted more candidly: "Ninety per cent of them may be skunks, but they bring the money in." The statistics would seem to back him up. Since 1937, the Government has recovered $54 million in income taxes, penalties and interest through the work of paid informers who collected $2.5 million for their trouble. Rewards ranged from $2.60 to $79,999, a check that went to four enterprising bookkeepers who put their heads together and turned in the boss. A corporation prexy, he had been cheating for decades by hiding millions in income through phony foreign subsidiaries. Dozens of otherwise ordinary Americans have collected five-figure rewards for tipping T-men to equally clever tax dodges.

The informer law provides a maximum reward of 10 per cent of the taxes and penalties collected (5 per cent penalty for paying late, 25 per cent for not filing, and 50 per cent for fraud), but in practice, informer's pay runs about 5 per cent of the loot recovered.

"If we just get a tip that someone is spending money like water in Miami Beach and it takes a lot of manpower to prove he's cheating, the informer may get only one per cent," a Treasury official explained. "But if someone walks in with

One eager informer took to working nights and raided files for tax info.

a duplicate set of doctored books—as has happened—he may get the maximum."

It hurts the tax men to admit it, but most tips are a result of jealousy, envy, spite, and revenge. Agents, however, learn to live with it for some of their best cases evolve from tips from top informers with the worst motives. "Wives, ex-wives, and especially neighbors call out of jealousy and envy," one agent explained. "And you'd be surprised how much your neighbors know about you."

Best way to hit jackpot is to slave over books, finger boss for cheating.

Tips from jealous neighbors often involve a fancy standard of living. "Those Robinsons across the street must be cheating on their taxes," one woman called up quite aggravated one day. "They get a new car every year and go to Miami every winter. Right now there's a truck in front of their house delivering a whole room of new furniture. And I know he doesn't make more than my husband."

Anonymous phone tips of this sort are immediately put into writing, and if the information sounds plausible, the last income-tax return of the accused is pulled and checked. In the case of Mr. Robinson, it showed that he had the means for all that luxury. He had declared a private income in addition to his salary. But other nosy neighbors have turned their jealousy into Government rewards.

Revenge-Seeking Tipsters

T-men, instead of the family minister, are often the first people called after a bitter family squabble. One young wife called up hysterically one day. Between sobs she explained that her husband had just run away with another woman. She wanted to turn the scoundrel in for tax evasion. The husband had recently gone into an auto dealership and was amazingly successful—so much so that he couldn't part with his new wealth. On his tax return every year he reported considerably less than he made.

The scheme worked smoothly until he started spending Uncle Sam's rightful cash on bosomy blondes, finally taking off with one of them. From the vengeful wife's tip, the Treasury recovered the amount due plus a 50 per cent fraud penalty and 6 per cent interest per annum. She received a welcome $9.000 reward.

Revenge-seeking separated wives and ex-wives living on alimony frequently turn informers, but their information is often worthless. "Some women who are sure their hubbies are making three times more than he'll admit keep calling and calling," one Washington T-man explained. "All we can tell them is that the claim is being worked."

Spitemonger's Vehicle

The informer program is a perfect vehicle for the "I'll-get-even-with-you" school of spitemonger. One embittered horse player lost a bigger bankroll than usual at his regular bookmaker's establishment. He decided that if he couldn't win, nobody would. He carefully made some poignant notes on the operation, then tipped the T-men to the bookmaker's real income. When a thorough investigation proved him right, he received a $4,000 reward, which more than covered his losses. Another informer, an angry housewife who had paid two dollars a pound for steak during World War Two, tattled to the T-men that her butcher wasn't ringing up the sales when he charged over-ceiling prices. The informer had her revenge and a $650 reward.

Love at first sight: she gets look at crooked books, boss turns on charm.

Law-enforcement officers supposedly detest informers, at least according to tradition. But just the mention of a bookkeeper-turned-informer brings the true light of love to a T-man's eyes. A thirty-year member of the fraud squad in a New York office of the Bureau of Internal Revenue Service explained:

"We get 30.000 squeals a year right here in this office. A lot of it is from crackpots and some of it is good information. We have a committee to screen it all—either "most likely" or "least likely" to bring in taxes, or "worthless." By far the best information comes from people

(continued)

in a confidential position—from bankers, lawyers, accountants, and bookkeepers. When the lawyers and accountants come in, it's a good one, but it rarely happens for it is considered unethical. But the bookkeepers—oh, they're wonderful!

"We have a case right now that's been going on for years that will probably bring in $5 million in taxes. The bookkeeper who tipped us off will get about $80,000 or more as a reward." The bookkeeper had joined a company twenty

Never underestimate a woman scorned. She may be a delightful aid to T-men.

years before. He was told to follow certain bookkeeping practices and he did. A few years later, he was promoted to an officer of the corporation and helped prepare and sign the firm's income-tax returns. Day by day, by closing his eyes to what was going on, he had gradually drifted into a situation where he was a reticent accomplice in a grand scheme to understate sales and defraud the Government. Finally he couldn't stand it any longer and went to an attorney.

Undercover Agent

"Become an income-tax informer," the lawyer advised him. "Tell the Treasury everything you know about the scheme. Get them facts and figures." The bookkeeper filed a Claim for Reward, made a clean breast of it, then stayed on at the company as an undercover informer for more than a year, working from the inside to break one of the biggest cases in the history of the Bureau.

A bookkeeper who waited too long was cheated out of a juicy reward by minutes. One of the two brothers she worked for in New York pretended to woo her to keep her from revealing a tricky bookkeeping system designed to cover up tax evasion. Everything went all right until her supposed suitor began spending some of his ill-gotten gains on other girls. She became suspicious and started to nag. Then one day she put the question right to him. "Are you going to marry me," she demanded, "or do I have to turn you in for cheating on your taxes?" When the startled young man hemmed and hawed, she reached into her desk drawer and pulled out a list of unreported sales she had been keeping, put on her hat and coat and walked toward the door, pausing only long enough to yell out: "I'm going to the FBI. I'll put you behind bars and get a reward for it, too."

"Voluntary Disclosures"

The two brothers frantically called their lawyer, who told them, "There's only one way out. You'll have to beat her to the tax department, turn in your records, and sign a full confession that this is a voluntary disclosure." (Such immunity for "voluntary disclosures" has been suspended for the present.) The brothers dashed down Broadway in a cab, ran into the Internal Revenue office, brushed past a receptionist and tossed their records down on the chief agent's desk. They signed a confession just as the bookkeeper—delayed, because she had mistakingly gone to the FBI—came running into the office. When she saw them, she sat down and cried from pure frustration.

At first blush an informer's life seems an easy way to pick up a pocketful of cash. There are, however, many pitfalls along the way.

"I get 4,000 letters a year from informants addressed to the Commissioner's Office here in Washington," says a veteran IRS employee who until the work was parceled out to districts in June, 1953, was in charge of the Claims-for-Reward program. "We acknowledge all letters, but if the people don't know about it, we don't mention the reward program. Most of the people who write in do know about the rewards, though. We get a great number of letters from the kind of informants who enclose a list of their local doctors and dentists with a note: 'Check them and send me the usual 10 per cent reward.' Such gossip and groundless accusations without proof are answered with a copy of our usual form letter."

Before they can fill out a Claim for Reward, the Bureau's brush-off letter says, their information "must be specific, factual, and about an identified person and not mere rumor or suspicion or information appearing in the public press. . . ." This helps eliminate informers like the crackpot who sent in fifty-four squeals in one month, or the envious old maid who sent in a list of every prosperous matron in her town. Those who pass the requirements of the letter, the first bureau barrier, are then entitled to fill out a Claim for Reward.

The average informer's claim takes three years to process. One tipster who filed in 1928 didn't get his check until 1946. The normal waiting is based on the fact that there is a three-year statute on tax liability. The government wants to be sure it collects everything coming to it before it pays the informer a nickel. Sometimes a tipster can hand in an air-tight case and still go hungry. Not every tax evader has the money to make good—and Uncle Sam is not handing out gifts, even to the most patriotic of its tipsters.

The Government, however, is never the worst of an informer's troubles. An informer's identity is secret, but most people who get an unscheduled visit from a T-man say: "I think I know who sent you here." For putting the finger on fellow citizens informers often face ostracism and even run the danger of possible loss of life or limb.

Lesson in Vengeance

One manufacturer in a small New England town, whose former bookkeeper turned him in (to the tune of $250,000) to get even for being fired, gave the young lady a lesson in vengeance. He

When the Joneses can't keep up, they often tip Treasury to find out why.

hounded her at each new job, telling her boss: "Watch out, she's a paid income-tax spy. She'll copy your books and turn you in to the Government." The young bookkeeper, canned from one job after another, eventually had to leave town to escape her one-time victim.

Many informers have been beaten up and one tipster, from a northwestern state, was shot and left to die by gamblers he had turned in to the Internal Revenue—but he lived to testify at their evasion trial. In another case, where a

cabbie and a lawyer figured in the denouement of a tax-evasion scheme, both men were attacked before the trial.

In a recent case, it was Uncle Sam who sought vengeance from one of his paid informers. On May 22, 1954, the *Philadelphia Inquirer* headlined: "WOMAN WHO EXPOSED CHEAT JAILED AS CHEAT!" "Back in 1949, a grateful Government handed Mrs. Marie A. Walsh of Harvard Avenue, Ventnor, New Jersey, a check for $10,923," the article read. "She had earned the 'informer's fee' by tipping off the revenuers that her late employer had been short in its income-tax payments."

Fifty-four-year-old Mrs. Walsh, the story went on to say, had not declared her reward money on her income-tax form. She was sentenced to sixty days in jail and her payments to Uncle Sam, including a $5,000 fine and tax penalties of $4,000, well exceeded her original reward.

"Reward money is taxable," emphasized the Washington chief of the vital Audit Division of the Bureau of Internal Revenue Service, which processes informers' claims. "We let these people know that in a statement that's mailed with the check. Our department then notifies the district office where the informant lives so they will have advance record of the amount of his reward."

An informer faces possible bodily harm, long delays, social reproach, but the pickings seem so easy that some tipsters try working the business full time. "I don't think we ever had a case of a successful professional income-tax informant," an IRS agent said. "It's not that kind of business. It takes detailed knowledge of someone else's affairs. Most informers have one and only one case. But that sure doesn't stop a lot of people from trying."

Some have come close. One amateur sleuth conceived the idea of shadowing check-cashing services. People trying to hide legitimate income might use such a service, then stash away the cash, he figured. He tried it for about a year, and by prudent eavesdropping at the cashier's window, was able to file six successful claims—but still not enough to keep him in steady food and beer.

Fabulous Amateur Shadow

Another would-be pro, flush from a $300-reward check, decided to quit his job as a clerk and hire himself out to various firms just long enough to get the goods on them. He went from job to job for months. Each time he delivered information on the firm's accounts to the T-men along with his Claim for Reward. The Bureau was torn between encouraging the fabulous amateur tax sleuth and a bad case of jitters. How would it look if people thought that the Internal Revenue Bureau was encouraging such tactics?

Finally, a report reached Washington from one of their agents that the informer

Chain reaction: lady squealed, was paid, then was hauled in for tax dodge.

was working overtime at his latest job—picking locks and rifling through confidential company files after everyone had gone home. A polite warning from the T-men that his activities were more likely to lead to a jail sentence than a reward ended this informer's brief career.

Critics of Treasury's Program

The Treasury gets an occasional boob, but it still seems to love every one of its informers. A few critics don't share this enthusiasm for the program. Paid informers, their argument runs, are alien to the American tradition. According to the Bureau, approximately 2,000,000 of the nation's returns go through a detailed audit check. Mr. Average American, the critics say, is an honest man and perfectly willing to take his normal chances on a visit from Internal Revenue intelligence agents. But why should he be singled out and embarrassed because some busybody neighbor who wants to make a few easy dollars has a big mouth?

And besides, the argument continues, Uncle Sam took in about $9,700,000 from paid tips during the last recorded year. Isn't this just an infinitesimal part of our billion in income-tax collection? Is it worth all the trouble and flirting with such base emotions as vengeance and greed?

This argument, over citizens' snooping on each other's tax payments, is—surprisingly enough—nothing new. The Romans lost much valuable Forum time debating the same issue. The Roman prototype of our tax snooper was the *delator* (common informer), who according to the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* was "one who gave notice to treasury officials of monies due." A Roman informer's life was a bit more hazardous (they were often stoned and killed by a victim's relatives), but he was considerably more prosperous than our modern-day tipster. A successful *delator* received one-fourth of all the accused's worldly goods as a reward. If he lost the case, he had to pay out the same percentage, but being struggling young opportunists, the *delators* had little to lose and everything to gain. By comparison, our twentieth-century tax informers forfeit nothing if their charges are false and their claims rejected.

Raised Eyebrows

The T-men's modern-day informer has led a much quieter life since first coming into existence in 1864. But he has been hounded. A Congressional investigation of the whole program in 1945, paraphrasing Cicero, warned that the program was not to be used for private gain. Representative John Taber of New York State, a Congressional authority on finances, has since made the point stronger. "I personally do not like the enforcement of the tax laws by informers. . . . The informer paid to betray a friend or relative is an abominable and un-American institution."

The Bureau of Internal Revenue Service raises its eyebrows at such comments. "Sure the informer program could be dangerous if abused," a spokesman for the Bureau said. "But it has not been abused. And it brings in a lot of information."

There's no denying that. For right now, in hamlets and cities throughout the forty-eight states—right or wrong—indignant patriots, would-be sleuths looking to make a fast buck, workers with pink slips in Friday's pay envelope, and

"Home, James" and "Take a letter" can mean a quick ride to the IRS.

plain down-to-earth, honest-to-goodness stinkers are sending the name of some alleged tax chiseler—maybe yours—into the eager hands of the T-men. THE END

BEST NEWCOMER—James Dean is superb as Cal Trask in "East of Eden," the Warner Bros.-Elia Kazan directed-produced film version of the John Steinbeck best-seller. Costarring Julie Harris as Abra (above), Raymond Massey, and Richard Davalos, this absorbing story of conflict between a father and his twin sons is admirably presented in WarnerColor-CinemaScope.

James Dean— New Face with Future

BY LOUELLA O. PARSONS

This month in "East of Eden," the Elia Kazan-directed Warner Bros. version of John Steinbeck's best-seller, you will see a young actor—James Dean, hailed as a second Brando—who, we predict, is going to be more than a meteor in the Hollywood sky.

No matinee idol of the Valentino-Barrymore-Gable tradition, James Dean belongs to the Marlon Brando-Montgomery Clift "school" of acting, the professionally unwashed, unmannered, unconventional actors' group that—East or West—flourishes under the brilliant direction of Elia Kazan.

How you will feel about "East of Eden" I'd rather not guess. You may regard the movie as one of the most adult and intelligent films in many a year, or you may regard it as sordid, tragic, and altogether unpleasant. Of one thing I am certain, however: You won't be able to forget James Dean as Cal, the originality, force, and certainty of his interpretation of a highly complex role.

I don't often go out of my way to meet young players, but I was so fascinated by Dean's work in the demanding lead of the Steinbeck story that I decided to interview him for COSMOPOLITAN.

New "School" of Naturalism

He was just a shade under two hours later than I had expected him for our first meeting. Looking at him, I couldn't figure out how he got past the first casting director. He is tall, thin, nearsighted—wears steel-rimmed glasses—and his blond hair looks as though he cuts it semi-annually with hedge clippers. His costume was a thick purple sweater, out at the elbows, and riding breeches, torn at the knees.

Then he smiled, and at that moment the warmth, vitality, and charm he generates on the screen flooded the room. He's no second anything. He's a "natural"—or a "primitive," if you prefer. Like great discoveries before him, he's what makes life in Hollywood exciting.

Born on a farm in Fairmont, Indiana, orphaned when a baby, and reared by an aunt and uncle, James Dean has been acting ever since the age of five. The turning point in his career, he says, was his meeting James Whitmore during his second year at the University of Southern California. Slightly dazed by his regard for Whitmore, I murmured that, after one picture, his future looked infinitely brighter than Whitmore's after several. This was heresy, I learned, and a young actor could do no better than study Whitmore's work.

So, trying to calm him, I asked why he and his "school" made such a point of dressing sloppily. He grinned. "I can play the Prince—if necessary. But I can't divert into being a social human being when I'm working on a hero like Cal, who is essentially demonic."

In the language of his generation, I'm sure James Dean is going to be a very big deal. But shades of the glamor boys! I am certainly going to miss them.

COSMOPOLITAN MOVIE CITATIONS FOR MARCH

BEST PRODUCTION—Columbia's "The Long Gray Line," West Point saga in Technicolor-CinemaScope directed by John Ford, stars Tyrone Power and Maureen O'Hara with an enormous cast.

BEST DOCUMENTARY—Filmed in color, RKO's "Quest for the Lost City" is the exciting adventure of the Lambs, Dana and Ginger, an American couple who find an ancient Mayan civilization.

BEST ADVENTURE—Rock Hudson and Barbara Rush star in a chapter from Ireland's fiery past, "Captain Lightfoot." Universal-International filmed it in Technicolor CinemaScope.

THE END

Kelly grabbed the pole with eager hands. He cast a couple of times and said, "I'm more of a bamboo-pole man myself."

A Very Spring Day

For twenty-eight years, successful, sensible B. Dunlop Kelly had driven the black sedan to his lush suite of offices. Then one wonderful, glorious day, he found himself barreling out the highway in the opposite direction—in a green convertible. How do you suppose *that* happened?

BY JOHN I. KEASLER ILLUSTRATED BY TOM LOVELL

On this particular day the busy little magic mist stayed busy hovering over the lawns and shrubs until eight-thirty, nine o'clock, despite a hot sun, and the insects hummed louder and happier than usual, it seemed, and the green of everything was very green. It was, in all, a bewitching morning, but that alone couldn't have been the cause of what happened because B. Dunlop Kelly, despite his last name, was not a man who bewitched very easily.

Furthermore, so far as he could remember, he had never consciously *wanted* a two-toned green convertible with windows which went up and down when you pushed little buttons. But he got one.

He got one and he certainly was surprised later, after the day was gone, each time he looked out his window and saw his bright green convertible.

Maybe Arthur Matts down at the automobile agency caused it all, for Arthur Matts, who had sold B. Dunlop Kelly a sedate, four-door sedan every other year for twenty years, was feeling sort of bewitched himself that morning or he would never have suggested the green convertible to Mr. Kelly, even in fun.

This all started probably at exactly 9:05 on this strange and shiny morning, B. Dunlop Kelly, who had a suite of offices at which he made money and who had a wife named Blanche to whom he had been married twenty-eight years, left his very nice home that morning to go to his office as always. This is so often the case. Quite often, as everybody reads in the papers, solid citizens like B. Dunlop Kelly (maybe not quite as solid—he had a *big* suite and made *lots* of money) leave nice houses as per always and go forth to embezzle funds, throttle other individuals, or join the French Foreign Legion or something.

This is not a very unusual story in that respect, because Mr. Kelly always had felt that fellows who emptied the till and ran off to Atlantic City, or perhaps Capri, to meet persons called Snookums or *Cherie*, respectively, were a little gooey to begin with. Anyhow, he was not a man to run away from things, and now that he was in what he liked to think of as the prime of life (mid-middle age) there was little chance he would change much on any permanent basis.

He loved his wife and his children and his two grandchildren, and he went dutifully about his business even when his business was dull and stuffy. His agenda this particular day promised to be both dull and stuffy, but that couldn't have caused it either for he had a lot of stuffy days and the one impending gave him little pause as he drove downtown and parked his black sedan.

"Lessee," Mr. Kelly said to himself, as he went striding down Fourth Street. "I'm early again."

He was early. He tried never to arrive at his offices before nine-thirty, because he was the boss and it was expected of him, but sometimes he had a hard time thinking of things to do until that late.

"I know," he said. "I'll drop in and ask Arthur Matts when I can expect delivery on my new car."

"You will get the first one, Mr. Kelly," replied the bright young salesman on the floor of Matts Auto Agency. That, ordinarily, would have been that, for the young salesman was a brilliant fellow and an excellent judge of human nature. He could recognize a man who knew what he wanted and, anyhow, Mr. Kelly always ordered the same type of car.

That would have been that, but along came Mr. Matts himself, who had gone to school with Mr. Kelly. Mr. Matts—this isn't as irrelevant as it sounds—was damn sick of *scrambled*

eggs *every* morning for breakfast and had so informed his wife a short time before. Then Mr. Matts had come to work through the misty green morning and got there feeling fine, but rather bemused with all the sameness of life and all the newness of life mixed up in his mind without his even knowing it.

Which is why, to his own considerable surprise, Mr. Matts said to Mr. Kelly, "B.D., why don't you buy this flashy convertible, now that you're in your second childhood?"

"Hm?" asked Mr. Kelly, astonished. "Me? That hot rod? What's the matter, you pirate? Aren't you soaking me enough for the sedan?"

"Everybody's in a rut," growled Mr. Matts, patting the convertible on its trunk.

Mr. Kelly said, "So long."

It was exactly 9:15. It was 9:15 when the last bit of mist over the city went "poof!" The day was clear, and bright, and clean, like a green glass marble in a pail of fresh well water.

Mr. Kelly suddenly *saw* the day, all around him. Something in his head went "poof!" as the mist had done.

Then he experienced about three minutes of whatever it is when you can't remember precisely what prompted you to do something. Not amnesia, for later he remembered how surprised the bright young salesman had looked when he went back and said he'd take the green convertible out for a trial, after all. Mr. Kelly remembered, also, how Mr. Matts had grinned broadly and looked all at once like a new man. Then Mr. Kelly found himself barreling hell for breakfast down the broad highway out of town and for some magic reason he did not know why and for some even more magic reason he did not care.

"Brmmmmmmmmm!" announced Mr. Kelly, bending low over the steering wheel and making noises like a hot rod. The top of the convertible was down, and he fairly sailed along, going, "Brmmmmm, brmmmm, brrmmmmmmmmmm!"

An elderly filling-station proprietor seated on an upturned drink box observed the bright green convertible go past with the well-dressed, middle-aged man hunched over the steering wheel. The filling-station man protruded his lip in brief contemplation of this, and then he said to himself, tentatively, "Brrmmmm, brmmmmm." It was that kind of day.

Let us not fret, not one bit, because this morning Mr. Kelly had an important appointment at 9:35, or because he had to get elected to a board chairmanship at 11:00, or because he had an appointment with a client at 2:00, or because he had to pick up his wife's sister at the depot at 3:49, or because he had to be dressed at 6:00 because folks were dropping in. Let us be content with the simple fact that he just, by damn, went.

Occasionally, he pushed the buttons that made the windows go up and down. After a while he crossed a river bridge and looked down and saw a little road alongside the river, and it was the road he was looking for, he realized, so he turned off the highway and drove down to the river road and along it, into the trees, until the river road turned into a cowpath. Mr. Kelly stopped his car and got out and walked into the woods quite a piece along the river, and it was very, very quiet.

The sun came down through the leafy boughs in fresh and yellow rays which played on the ripples that ran headlong up on the cool sandy bank and Mr. Kelly walked all through this and soaked up the sunshine and the freshness. Then it was time to take off his shoes. So he did.

"Ummmmmmm," breathed Mr. Kelly in pure delight after he had removed his brown English oxfords and wiggled his bare feet in the sand. He sat down and leaned back against an oak tree. This occupied him quite a while, for he found he could make his back itch by moving against the bark, and he could scratch it the same way, although quite a bit of time was required to execute the task properly. A fish jumped! Splash!

He stared into the depths where fish literally swarmed. Three fish. Graceful, powerful breams, big as a man's hand. But Mr. Kelly had no tackle. He sighed. He sighed, but with the wisdom of resignation he accepted the irrefutable fact. No tackle. With the serenity which follows wisdom he found a substitute for fishing. He thought of this substitute, this solace, with no trouble, for it was a magic day and such ideas were easy to come by. He would go swimming.

"Last man in is a rotten egg!" Mr. Kelly announced to his surroundings. He undressed furiously, and he piled his clothing on the rise at the sharp bend of the river.

Thus it was that at the precise time B. Dunlop Kelly was scheduled to be at a mahogany table accepting the plaudits of directors who had named him their chieftain he stood instead on this riverbank, gazing fearlessly down into the swirling waters two feet below.

He filled his lungs with great draughts of air. He sucked in his stomach, or tried his very best to. He took his nose between a broad thumb and a forefinger on which a lodge ring shone with quiet dignity.

And then B. Dunlop Kelly hurled himself into space in one of the most magnificent belly-floppers in recorded history. It wasn't so cold. His toe had been correct. Underwater he looked around briefly for the fish, but they had gone.

Quickly now the swimmer moved his limbs with lithe motions lest he go too far down. He surfaced. He snorted and then snorted again. It felt good.

"Mister," said an annoyed voice, a hurt voice.

"You scared the fish," said a second voice, a wounded voice.

Neck-deep in water, Mr. Kelly stood and gazed at his accusers on the bank. They had come from right around the bend. They were boys, about twelve years old. One had freckles and one was short.

"You fall in?" inquired the short boy. He wore dungarees and a T-shirt, like the other boy. With great relief, Mr. Kelly noted they were barefoot. He had not fallen among strange tribesmen.

"I did not fall in," Mr. Kelly replied coolly. "I belly-flopped in."

The boys looked at one another. The freckle-faced boy asked, "You all right, Mister?"

"I am indeed," said Mr. Kelly, mildly offended.

"You gonna do that many times?" asked Freckles.

"Scare the fish like that?" asked Shorty.

"We're trying to fish," said Freckles, plaintively.

"Tackle." Mr. Kelly thought greedily. "Fishing tackle. Play it cagey, Kelly," he warned himself. "Play it cool and cagey and close to the vest." He took the offensive.

"Why aren't you two in school?" he demanded.

They tensed. Freckles asked, "You know our Pops? You wouldn't tell on us?"

"What do you take me for?" asked Mr. Kelly, heatedly. "Besides, I don't know your Pops. What're your names?"

Shorty eyed him with great suspicion. "What's *your* name?"

"Pudd'n-tane," retorted Mr. Kelly. "Ask me again and I'll tell you the same."

The boys looked at one another blankly.

"Dig that crazy doubletalk," said Shorty.

"I'll make a deal," said Mr. Kelly. "I'll quit swimming if I can watch you fish."

They didn't like it much, he could tell that, but he had them. He really had them.

"O.K., Mister," said Freckles wearily. "Deal."

They watched him dress. The short boy said, finally, "Mister, how come you way down here at our fishing hole?"

Mr. Kelly thought this over. He said, "I'm playing hookey."

"Ahhhh," they said, disbelievingly.

Freckles asked shrewdly, "How could you be playing hookey? Grown folks don't go to school."

A tough question. Mr. Kelly thought again. He stated. "Postgraduate work."

"You going barefooted?" Shorty asked, surprised.

"I am indeed," said Mr. Kelly, and that broke the ice a trifle. He followed them around the bend, and when he saw the tackle he knew precisely how to play his cards because Freckles had a brand new rod and reel. Shorty had a cane pole. Mr. Kelly wanted the cane pole. However, he knew, simply to say "Let me borrow your pole a minute" would ruin everything. He remembered that. They would let him fish, all right, but begrudgingly, and then they would go away until he went away.

Mr. Kelly was a man of great restraint, Mr. Kelly decided, and a subtle man, a devilishly subtle man. "I'll play it close," he thought.

They had several thousand worms in a coffee can. Mr. Kelly, in absolute silence, and with amazing restraint, kept his mouth shut and watched them fish. Freckles, with his magnificent rod and reel, was hamming it up, as expected.

Freckles cast into the trees behind him, and occasionally into the river. He was using a new plug of polka-dot persuasion, a plug somewhat larger than most of the fish in the river, a plug of frightening demeanor. Freckles kept waiting for some comment on his beautiful equipment. Mr. Kelly said nothing. Freckles broke down, at last.

"Pretty nice outfit, huh?" he asked.

"It's O.K.," Mr. Kelly replied idly, looking at the sky and rocking idly on his heels. Triumph welled within him. He had won. Freckles was trapped.

"You want to try it, Mister?"

"If you want me to," said Mr. Kelly. He cast a couple of times and said, "I'm more of a bamboo-pole man myself."

"Here," said Shorty, eagerly, for he was obviously green with envy about the rod and reel and pitiably thankful for the compliment. "Here, try this one."

"If you want me to," said Mr. Kelly, shoving back the rod and reel and grabbing the pole with itchy hands. He tossed a crumb to Freckles. "Nice tackle. Very nice."

"My birthday present," said Freckles. "If I'm good at school, and mow the lawn regular, I get it as a surprise the twenty-seventh of next month. My Pop hides things in the hall closet. I take it out and try it once in a while. Works fine."

Mr. Kelly nodded and fished and fished. After a long while, Shorty began to make slight whinnying noises, and

pretty soon he began to say, "I want my pole."

"Inna minute," Mr. Kelly kept saying. "Inna minute."

Now comes the hard part to believe. He caught a fish. A bream nearly seven inches long!

At the exact time B. Dunlop Kelly was scheduled to dine a stockholder at the country club he was instead battling this monster, and he landed it unaided. He strung it up. There was wild celebration.

It was the only fish caught. By mid-afternoon even Freckles gave up. They ate lunch from paper bags the boys had brought along with them. They went looking for berries after lunch, but couldn't find any. They did, however, find a turtle. The turtle escaped after they went swimming. Nobody cared. The afternoon was passing, quietly, secretly.

"I'm tired of swimming," Shorty announced. "What can we do now?"

A problem, a problem. Mr. Kelly lay in the water and could think of nothing, nothing at all. Freckles had the idea.

"Our game!" he shouted.

"Sure!" said Shorty. "Mister, you like bulls?"

"Sure," said Mr. Kelly.

"We'll go let the bull chase us," Freckles said.

"Fine," said Mr. Kelly, and everybody put on his clothing in order to go get chased by the bull.

Actually, the bull was more of a cow. In point of fact it, or she, *was* a cow, but a cow of such antisocial temperament, such irascibility, that it made an excellent bull for bullfighting purposes.

What you did was climb the barbed-wire fence and wave your shirt at her, or him. When the bull started at you, you ran like hell and got back over the fence just in time while somebody else climbed over the fence at another point and started waving his shirt. It is really much more thrilling than it sounds. In addition it drives the bull downright batty.

"R-i-ppppppp," went Mr. Kelly's pants on his first hasty exit from the arena, and the area beneath his pants seat was damaged also. Mr. Kelly, however, was informed by his picadors, after close scrutiny, that the wound was but a fairly awful scratch, with no blood at all.

Mr. Kelly stood erect, his jaw jutted, and listened to the roar of the crowd as red roses, or whatever it is, showered down from the loge boxes where the *señoritas* sit. "*Ole!*" they shouted. "*Ole!*"

And so it was that this lovely day wore on, unnoticed, this beautiful, mysterious day of spring. It was slipping away, leaving silently and, it seemed, reluctant to say good-by and break up the party. That is why it becomes late so fast on such days.

Now it was late afternoon, and Mr. Kelly had retired from the arena to lean on the fence, a legendary figure, watching the young matadors with mixed affection and scorn. He straightened suddenly and called, "Hey, Jiggers!"

An agriculturist of lean appearance, and with a haste unseemly in one of his age, was bearing down the slope, shouting imprecations. He bore a forked tool. Ire was upon him.

"It's Old Man Smithers!" Freckles barked, vaulting the fence. "Get going!"

Get going they did. In the race toward the river Freckles led, Shorty placed, and Mr. Kelly was in show position. Mr. Smithers was rounding the first turn. Mr. Smithers seemed to be an alarmingly good mudder.

"Catch-lil-buzzards-running-mi-wham-bam-over-reaching-cow-I'll-skin-em-wham-bam-rears!" Farmer Smithers screamed to the heavens as he galloped. "Tole-you-n-tole-you. Wham-bam!"

There was a trying time when the livestock owner seemed to be gaining on Mr. Kelly, but Mr. Kelly shifted into overdrive and got low to the ground, streamlining himself. He thus made up the lead he had lost by inadvertently running into the river.

"Keep going, fellows!" Mr. Kelly panted, catching up with the boys as they stopped to scoop up their fishing tackle. "My car's right down thataway."

Keep going they did, and they succeeded in outrunning the valiant Farmer Smithers. So it was that the newspapers in Mr. Kelly's home town were deprived of what would have been an excellent human interest story—a story which would have interested many humans at many mahogany tables—about B. Dunlop Kelly, civic leader, being apprehended and charged before the seat of justice with running foot races with a milch cow. Barefooted.

So it was that Farmer Smithers never *did* figure out how that pair of brown English oxfords got on that riverbank. Must have cost fifteen, twenty dollars. Maybe more.

During the escape, Mr. Kelly dented a fender of his green convertible against an oak tree.

"Hey," said Freckles, as they drove toward the small town, a couple of miles away, where the boys lived. "Hey. You're barefooted."

"Oops," said Mr. Kelly. "Forgot my shoes."

"Going back after them?" asked Shorty.

"Not in a million years," said Mr. Kelly, thinking of the Smithers pitchfork. "Not in a million gillion years."

Freckles produced a dirty towel from his pocket and dried his hair so his folks wouldn't know he had been swimming instead of attending the halls of learning. Shorty dried his hair. They offered the towel to Mr. Kelly. Mr. Kelly declined, inasmuch as he was soaked to the waist and felt such action would be but a hollow mockery, an empty gesture.

"Vooden, vooden!" went Freckles, like a motor, bending over an imaginary steering wheel. "Some car you got here."

Then they neared the town and then they knew how late it was. To the boys came the strange, resigned depression which ends such days. Freckles hoped his old man wouldn't be home, so he could sneak the rod in. But he knew better.

"We're going to catch it," said Shorty, with quiet finality. And that, really, was that. It wasn't such a bad feeling, all things considered.

The boys got out at the highway fork, so they could go through back lots as if they were coming from school. The ritual had to be observed.

"Thanks, Mister," said the boys, as they climbed out, worried. And then, after the boys were gone, the day was nearly over. But not quite.

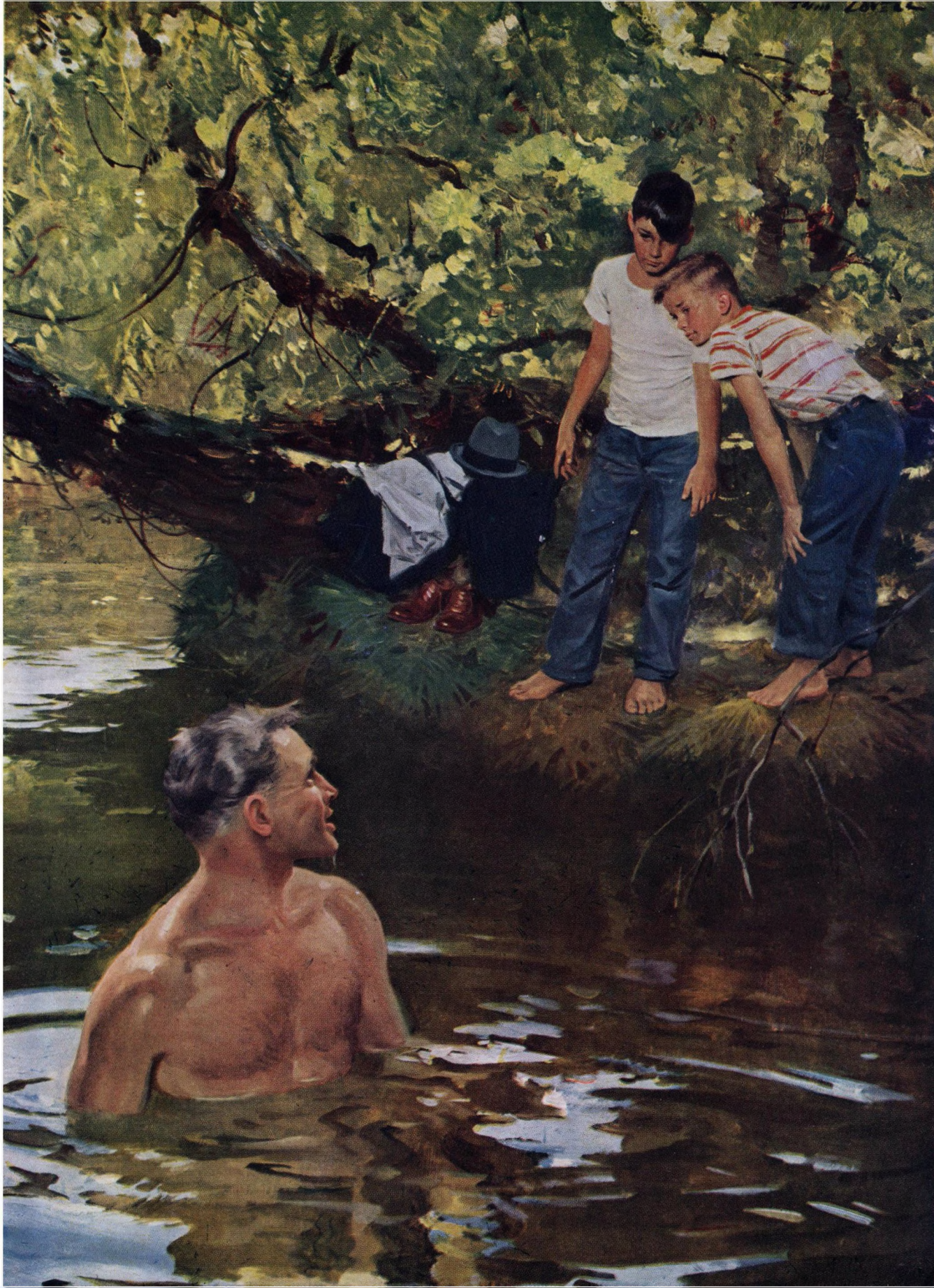
To prove what kind of day it was, it lasted. It held up. It had wonderful staying qualities. Mr. Kelly went back home fast and free, in the dusk, and *twice* he said, "Brmmmmmm."

He never told anybody about that day, really. Not that he didn't want to. It was just that the day passed and took the explanation with it. Poof! went the day as he turned into his driveway, wet and scratched and bedraggled in his green, his terribly green, convertible. Poof! and it was early dark. Poof! went the switch in Mr. Kelly's head and the consequences flooded in. Instinctively, he felt his hair to see if it was wet and he reached for his handkerchief. But he had a small fish in his pocket.

Quakingly, he thought, "*Man! Am I going to catch it!*" And he did, for that was part of the day.

But for quite a while after that, on his way to work, B. Dunlop Kelly would find himself—in the springtime once in a while—looking around at the lawns and the shrubs and the skies, for a second or two, to see if that day had come back again. THE END

"Did you fall in?" the boy asked, wide-eyed. "No," said Kelly. "I belly-flopped."



UNPAID CONSULTANT

Many a man has been ruined by his wife's quick rise to fame and fortune—but not Harry. He had a hidden talent...surprising and much more rare than Celeste's

BY KURT VONNEGUT, JR. ILLUSTRATED BY J. FREDERICK SMITH

Most married women won't meet an old beau for cocktails, send a Christmas card, or even look him straight in the eye. But if they happen to need something an old beau sells —anything from an appendectomy to Venetian blinds—they'll come bouncing back into his life, all pink and smiling, to get it for wholesale or less.

If a Don Juan were to go into the household appliance business, his former conquests would ruin him inside of a year.

What I sell is good advice on stocks and bonds. I'm a contact man for an investment-counseling firm, and the girls I've lost, even by default, never hesitate to bring their investment problems to me.

I am a bachelor, and, in return for my services, which after all cost me nothing, they sometimes offer me that jewel beyond price—the home-cooked meal.

The largest portfolio I ever examined, in exchange for nostalgia and chicken, country-style, was the portfolio of Celeste Divine. I lost Celeste in high school, and we didn't exchange a word for seventeen years, until she called me at my office one day to say, "Long time no see."

Celeste Divine is a singer. Her hair is black and curly, her eyes large and brown, her lips full and glistening. Painted and spangled and sheathed in gold lamé, Celeste is before the television cameras for one hour each week, making love to all the world. For this public service she gets five thousand dollars a week.

"I've been meaning to have you out for a long time," said Celeste to me. "What would you say to home-cooked chicken, Idaho potatoes, and strawberry shortcake?"

"Mmmmmmmmm," I said.

"And after supper," said Celeste, "you and Harry and I can sit before a roaring fire and talk about old times and old friends back home."

"Swell," I said. I could see the firelight playing over the columns of figures, the *Wall Street Journal*, the prospectuses and graphs. I could hear Celeste and her husband Harry murmuring about the smell of new-mown hay, American Brake Shoe preferred, moonlight on the Wabash, Consolidated Edison 3 per cent bonds, cornbread, and Chicago, Milwaukee, St. Paul and Pacific common.

"We've only been away from home for two years," said Celeste, "but it seems like a lifetime, so much has happened. It'll be good to see somebody from back home."

"You really came up fast, didn't you, Celeste?" I said.

"I feel like Cinderella," said Celeste. "One day, Harry and I were struggling along on his pay from Joe's Greasing Palace, and the next day, everything I touched seemed to turn to gold."

It wasn't until I'd hung up that I began wondering how Harry felt.

Celeste's success was amazing—TV had made her the nation's love goddess overnight.

UNPAID CONSULTANT (continued)

Harry was the man I'd lost Celeste to. I remembered him as a small, good-looking, sleepy boy, who asked nothing more of life than the prettiest wife in town and a good job as an automobile mechanic. He got both one week after graduation.

When I went to the Divine home for supper, Celeste herself, with the body of a love goddess and the face of a Didee-Doll, let me in.

The nest she'd bought for herself and her mate was an old mansion on the river, as big and ugly as the Schenectady railroad station.

She gave me her hand to kiss, and, befuddled by her beauty and perfume, I kissed it.

"Harry? Harry!" she called. "Guess who's here?"

I expected to see either a cadaver or a slob, the remains of Harry, come shuffling in.

But there was no response from Harry.

"He's in his study," said Celeste. "How that man can concentrate! When he gets something on his mind, it's just like he was in another world." She opened the study door cautiously. "You see?"

Lying on his back on a tiger-skin rug was Harry. He was staring at the ceiling. Beside him was a frosty pitcher of Martinis, and in his fingers he held an empty glass. He rolled the olive in it around and around and around.

"Darling," said Celeste to Harry, "I hate to interrupt, dear."

"What? What's that?" said Harry, startled. He sat up. "Oh! I beg your pardon. I didn't hear you come in." He stood and shook my hand forthrightly, and I saw that the years had left him untouched.

Harry seemed very excited about something, but underneath his excitement was the sleepy contentment I'd remembered from high school. "I haven't any right to relax," he said. "Everybody in the whole damn industry is relaxing. If I relax, down comes the roof. Ten thousand men out of jobs." He seized my arm. "Count their families, and you've got a city the size of Terre Haute, hanging by a thread."

"I don't understand," I said. "Why are they hanging by a thread?"

"The industry!" said Harry hotly.

"What industry?" I said.

"The catchup industry," said Celeste.

Harry looked at me challengingly. "What do *you* call it? Catchup? Ketchup? Catsup?"

"I guess I call it different things at different times," I said.

Harry slammed his hand down on the coffee table. "There's the story of the catchup-ketchup-catsup industry in a nutshell! They can't even get together on how to spell the name of the product. If we can't even hang together that much," he said darkly, "we'll all hang separately. Does one automobile manufacturer call automobiles *applemobiles*, and another one *axlemobiles*, and another one *urblemowheels?*"

"Nope," I said.

"You bet they don't," said Harry. He filled his glass, motioned us to chairs, and lay down again on the tiger skin.

"Harry's found himself," said Celeste. "Isn't it marvelous? He was at loose ends so long. We had some terrible scenes after we moved here, didn't we, Harry?"

"I was immature," said Harry. "I admit it."

"And then," said Celeste, "just when things looked blackest, Harry blossomed! I got a brand new husband!"

Harry plucked tufts of hair from the rug, rolled them into little balls, and flipped them into the fireplace. "I had an inferiority complex," he said. "I thought all I could ever be was a mechanic." He waved away Celeste's and my murmured objections. "Then I found out plain horse sense is the rarest commodity in the business world. Next to most of the guys in the catchup industry, I look like an Einstein."

"Speaking of people blossoming," I said, "your wife gets more gorgeous by the minute."

"Hmmmm?" said Harry absently.

"I said, Celeste is really something—one of the most beautiful and famous women in the country. You're a lucky man," I said.

"Yeah, yeah—sure," said Harry, his mind elsewhere.

"You knew what you wanted, and you got it, didn't you?" I said to Celeste.

"I—" Celeste began.

"Tell me, Celeste," I said, "what's your life like now? Pretty wild, I'll bet, with the program and the nightclub appearances, publicity, and all that."

"It is," said Celeste. "It's the most—"

"It's a lot like the industry," said Harry. "Keep the show moving, keep the show moving—keep the catchup moving, keep the catchup moving. There are millions of people who take television for granted, and there are millions of people taking catchup for granted. They want it when they want it. It's got to be there—and it's got to be right. They don't stop to think about how it got there. They aren't interested." He dug his fingers into his thighs. "But they wouldn't get television, and they wouldn't get catchup if there weren't people tearing their hearts out to get it to 'em."

"I liked your record of 'Solitude' very much, Celeste," I said. "The last chorus, where you—"

Harry sat on a tiger skin concentrating—rolling the olive in his Martini around and around.

Harry clapped his hands together loudly. "Sure she's good. Hell, I said we'd sponsor her, if the industry'd ever get together on anything." He rolled over and looked up at Celeste. "What's the story on chow, Mother?" he said.

At supper, conversation strayed from one topic to another, but always settled, like a ball in a crooked roulette wheel, on the catchup industry.

Celeste tried to bring up the problem of her investments, but the subject, ordinarily a dazzler, fizzled and sank in a sea of catchup again and again.

"I'm making five thousand a week now," said Celeste, "and there are a million people ready to tell me what to do with it. But I want to ask a friend—an old friend."

"It all depends on what you want from your investments," I said. "Do you want growth? Do you want stability? Do you want a quick return in dividends?"

"Don't put it in the catchup industry," said Harry. "If they wake up, if I can wake 'em up, O.K. I'd say get in catchup and stay in catchup. But the way things are now, you might as well sink your money in Grant's Tomb, for all the action you'll get."

"Um," I said. "Well, Celeste, with your tax situation, I don't think you'd want dividends as much as you'd want growth."

"It's just crazy about taxes," said Celeste. "Harry figured out it was actually cheaper for him to work for nothing."

"For love," said Harry.

"What company are you with, Harry?" I said.

"I'm in a consulting capacity for the industry as a whole," said Harry.

The telephone rang, and a maid came in to tell Celeste that her agent was on the line.

I was left alone with Harry, and I found it hard to think of anything to say—anything that wouldn't be trivial in the face of the catchup industry's impending collapse.

I glanced around the room, humming nervously, and saw that the wall behind me was covered with important looking documents, blobbed with sealing wax, decked with ribbons, and signed with big, black swirling signatures. The documents were from every conceivable combination of human beings, all gathered in solemn assembly to declare something nice about Celeste. She was a beacon to youth, a promoter of fire-prevention week, the sweetheart of a regiment, the television discovery of the year.

"Quite a girl," I said.

"See how they get those things up?" said Harry. "They really look like something, don't they?"

"Like nonaggression pacts," I said.

"When someone gets one of these, they think they've got something.—even if what it says is just plain hogwash and not even good English. Makes 'em feel good," said Harry. "Makes 'em feel important."

"I suppose," I said. "But all these citations are certainly evidence of affection and respect."

"That's what a suggestion award should look like," said Harry. "It's one of the things I'm trying to put through. When a guy in the industry figures out a better way to do something, he ought to get some kind of certificate, a booby-dazzler he can frame and show off."

Celeste came back in, thrilled about something. "Honey," she said to Harry.

"I'm telling him about suggestion awards," said Harry patiently. "Will it keep a minute?" He turned back to me. "Before you can understand a suggestion a guy made the other day," he said, "you've got to understand how catchup

is made. You start with the tomatoes out on the farms, see?"

"Honey," said Celeste plaintively, "I hate to interrupt, but they want me to play Dolly Madison in a movie."

"Go ahead, if you want to," said Harry. "If you don't, don't. Now where was I?"

"Catchup," I said.

As I left the Divine home, I found myself attacked by a feeling of doom. Harry's anxieties about the catchup industry had become a part of me. An evening with Harry was like a year of solitary confinement in a catchup vat. No man could come away without a strong opinion about catchup.

"Let's have lunch sometime, Harry," I said as I left. "What's your number at the office?"

"It's unlisted," said Harry. He gave me the number very reluctantly. "I'd appreciate it if you'd keep it to yourself."

"People would always be calling him up to pick his brains, if the number got around," said Celeste.

"Good night, Celeste," I said. "I'm glad you're such a success. How could you miss with that face, that voice, and the name Celeste Divine? You didn't have to change a thing, did you?"

"It's just the opposite with catchup," said Harry. "The original catchup wasn't anything like what we call catchup or ketchup or catsup. The original stuff was made out of mushrooms, walnuts, and a lot of other things. It all started in Malaya. Catchup means *taste* in Malaya. Not many people know that."

"I certainly didn't," I said. "Well, good night."

I didn't get around to calling Harry until several weeks later, when a prospective client, a Mr. Arthur J. Bunting, dropped into my office shortly before noon. Mr. Bunting was a splendid old gentleman, portly, over six feet tall, with the white mustache and fierce eyes of an old Indian fighter.

Mr. Bunting had sold his factory, which had been in his family for three generations, and he wanted my suggestions as to how to invest the proceeds. His factory had been a catchup factory.

"I've often wondered," I said casually, "how the original catchup would go over in this country—made the way they make it in Malaya."

A moment before, Mr. Bunting had been a sour old man, morbidly tidying up the loose ends of what remained of his life. Now he was radiant. "You know catchup?" he said.

"As an amateur," I said.

"Was your family in catchup?" he said.

"A friend," I said.

Mr. Bunting's face clouded over with sadness. "I, and my father," he said hoarsely, "and my father's father made the finest catchup this world has ever known. Never once did we cut corners on quality." He gave an anguished sigh. "I'm sorry I sold out!" he said. "There's a tragedy for someone to write: a man sells something priceless for a price he can't resist."

"There's a lot of that going on, I guess," I said.

"Being in the catchup business was ridiculous to a lot of people," said Mr. Bunting. "But, by glory, if everybody did his job as well as my grandfather did, my father did, and I did, it would be a perfect world! Let me tell you that!"

I nodded, and dialed Harry's unlisted telephone number. "I've got a friend I'd like very much to have you meet, Mr. Bunting," I said. "I hope he can have lunch with us."

"Good, fine," said Mr. Bunting absently. "And now the work of three generations—lock, stock, and barrel—is in the hands of strangers," he said.

A man with a very tough voice answered the telephone. "Yeah?"

"Mr. Harry Divine, please," I said.

"Out to lunch. Back at one," said the man.

"Gee, that's too bad, Mr. Bunting," I said, hanging up. "It would have been wonderful to get you two together."

"Who is this person?"

"Who is he?" I said. I laughed. "Why, Harry Divine is Mr. Catchup himself!"

Mr. Bunting looked as though he'd been shot in the belly. "Mr. Catchup?" he said hollowly. "That's what they used to call me. Who's he with?"

"He's a consultant for the whole industry," I said.

The corners of Mr. Bunting's mouth pulled down. "I never even heard of him," he said. "My word, things happen fast these days!"

As we sat down to lunch, Mr. Bunting was still very upset.

"Mr. Bunting, sir," I said, "I was using the term 'Mr. Catchup' very loosely. I'm sure Harry doesn't claim the title. I just meant that catchup was a big thing in *his* life, too."

Mr. Bunting finished his drink grimly. "New names, new faces," he said. "These sharp youngsters, coming up fast, still wet behind the ears, knowing all the answers, taking over—do they know they've got a heritage to respect and protect?" His voice quivered. "Or are they going to tear everything down, without even bothering to ask why it was built that way?"

There was a stir in the restaurant. In the doorway stood Celeste, a bird of paradise, creating a sensation.

Beside her, talking animatedly, demanding her full attention, was Harry.

I waved to them, and they crossed the room to join us at our table. The headwaiter escorted them, flattering the life out of Celeste. And every face turned toward Celeste, full of adoration.

Harry, seemingly blind to it all, was shouting at Celeste about the catchup industry.

"You know what I said to them?" said Harry, as they came up to our table.

"No, dear," said Celeste.

"I told them there was only one thing to do," said Harry, "and that was burn the whole damn catchup industry down to the ground. And next time, when we build it, by heaven, let's *think!*"

Mr. Bunting stood, snow white, every nerve twanging.

Uneasily, I made the introductions.

"How do you do?" said Mr. Bunting tautly.

Celeste smiled warmly. Her smile faded as Mr. Bunting looked at Harry with naked hate.

Harry was too wound up to notice. "I am now making an historical study of the catchup industry," he announced, "to determine whether it never left the Dark Ages, or whether it left and then scampered back."

I chuckled idiotically. "Mr. Bunting, sir," I said, "you've no doubt seen Celeste on television. She's—"

"The communications industry," said Harry, "has reached the point where it can send the picture of my wife through the air to forty million homes. And the catchup industry is still bogged down, trying to lick thixotropy."

Mr. Bunting blew up. "Maybe the public doesn't *want* thixotropy licked!" he bellowed. "Maybe they'd rather have good catchup, and thixotropy be damned! It's flavor they want! It's quality they want! Lick thixotropy, and you'll have some new red bilge sold under a proud old name!" He was trembling all over.

Harry was staggered. "You know what thixotropy is?" he murmured.

"Of course I know!" said Bunting, furious. "And I know what good catchup is. And I know what you are—an arrogant, enterprising, self-serving little pipsqueak!" He turned to me. "And a man is judged by the company he keeps. Good day!" He strode out of the restaurant, grandly.

"There were tears in his eyes," said Celeste, bewildered.

"His life, his father's life, and his grandfather's life have been devoted to catchup," I said. "I thought Harry knew that. I thought everybody in the industry knew who Arthur J. Bunting was."

Harry was miserable. "I really hurt him, didn't I?" he said. "God knows, I didn't want to do that."

Celeste laid her hand on Harry's. "You're like Louis Pasteur, darling," she

said. "Pasteur must have hurt the feelings of a lot of old men, too."

"Yeah," said Harry bleakly. "Like Louis Pasteur—that's me."

"The old collision between youth and age," I said.

"Big client, was he?" said Harry.

"Yes, I'm afraid so," I said.

"I'm sorry," said Harry. "I can't tell you how sorry. I'll call him up and make things right."

"I don't want you to say anything that will go against your integrity, Harry," I said. "Not on my account."

Mr. Bunting called the next day to say that he had accepted Harry's apology.

"He made a clean breast of how he got into catchup," said Mr. Bunting, "and he promised to get out. As far as I'm concerned, the matter is closed."

I called up Harry immediately. "Harry, boy, listen!" I said. "Mr. Bunting's business isn't *that* important to me. If you're right about catchup and the Buntings are wrong, stick with it and fight it out!"

"It's all right," said Harry. "I was getting sick of catchup. I was about to move on anyway." He hung up.

I called him back, and was told that he had gone to lunch.

"Do you know where he's eating?"

"Yeah, right across the street. I can see him going in."

I got the address of the restaurant, and hailed a cab.

The restaurant was a cheap, greasy diner, across the street from a garage. I looked around for Harry for some time before realizing that he was on a stool at the counter, watching me in the cigarette-machine mirror.

He was wearing coveralls. He turned on his stool, and held out a hand whose nails were edged in black. "Shake hands with the new birdseed king," he said. His grip was firm.

"Harry, you're working as a mechanic," I said.

"Not half an hour ago," said Harry, "a man with a broken fuel pump thanked God for me. Have a seat."

"What about the catchup business?" I said.

"It saved my marriage and it saved my life," said Harry. "I'm grateful to the pioneers, like the Buntings, who built it."

"And now you've quit, just like that?" I snapped my fingers.

"I was never in it," said Harry. "Bunting has promised to keep that to himself, and I'd appreciate it if you'd do the same."

"But you know so much about catchup!" I said.

"For eighteen months after Celeste struck it rich and we moved here," said Harry, "I walked the streets, looking for a job suitable for the husband of the famous and beautiful Celeste."

Remembering those dark days, he rubbed his eyes, reached for the catchup. "When I got tired, cold, or wet," he said, "I'd sit in the public library, and study all the different things men could do for a living. Making catchup was one of them."

He shook the bottle of catchup over his hamburger, violently. The bottle was almost full, but nothing came out. "There—you see?" he said. "When you shake catchup one way, it behaves like a solid. You shake it another way, and it behaves like a liquid." He shook the bottle gently, and catchup poured over his hamburger. "Know what that's called?"

"No," I said.

"Thixotropy," said Harry. He hit me playfully on the upper arm. "There—you learned something new today."

THE END

Eva Marie Saint—

BY RICHARD GEHMAN

The arrestingly beautiful, naturally blonde Eva Marie Saint is the first actress trained and developed in television who has also emerged as an authentic and important star of the legitimate stage and the movies. Her Broadway honors came in the short-lived but well-received "The Trip to Bountiful"; by midsummer, she had won sensational notices with Marlon Brando in the Columbia picture "On the Waterfront."

Soon after the movie appeared, she ran into an old friend on the street. "Well," he said, "now that you're a big name, I suppose we won't be seeing much of you on television."

Ordinarily, Eva Marie is as good-tempered as she looks, and she looks incapable of anger. The question made her blue eyes give off sparks.

"Quit television?" she cried. "Are you *crazy?* Why, where would I *be* if it weren't for television?"

Such refreshing candor should immediately mark Eva Marie Saint as someone special. She is. She differs from most living actresses in two ways: she unhesitatingly states her age, which is thirty; and she does not imply that her phenomenal success is due to some mysterious magic locked in her size-thirty-six bosom. She says simply it is because television taught her most of what she knows. She says she learned by doing everything in the medium—everything from opening iceboxes to playing floozies in mystery dramas.

Eva Heralds New Era in Drama

There are some professionals, among them "Bountiful" producer Fred Coe, who believe that Eva Marie may be representative of a new breed of American theatrical personality that will raise our drama to heights never before imagined. "Because the television actor goes right into the home," Coe says, "he *has* to convey an intimacy, an immediacy, and a conviction that the stage or the screen do not demand."

People who have worked with Eva Marie say she has this ability to a remarkable degree. She seems actually to *live* each part. "Belief shines right out of her eyes," one director says.

The fact that she is photogenic helps. Off camera she has well-defined cheekbones; the camera softens them and gives her face a frail delicacy. Her hair, which she wears shoulder length in defiance of the current mode, photographs as a shimmering halo. These features, combined with her soft voice and tender manner, produce an effect totally unlike that of any other actress.

"There hasn't been anybody like this girl since Vilma Banky," says writer Budd Schulberg, who grew up in the shadows of the Hollywood studios and should know.

Eva Marie herself is inclined to think her success has been due more to mental attributes than to physical ones. "It's all concentration," she says. "With the million and one things happening during a

a New Kind of Star

Her first picture brought a nomination for the Academy Award. A familiar face to millions of TV addicts, Eva Marie is the brightest new star of both mediums

Photos by George Barris

television program—three cameras on you simultaneously, electricians rushing around hell-bent, everyone calling to everyone else—you *must* concentrate. Television is a wonderful teacher because it forces you to be undistracted."

An assistant director says that when Eva Marie goes on the set, she falls into a yogilike trance. Once during a rehearsal, an agent rushed up to her and began rattling off details of a deal. "What do you think?" he demanded.

Eva Marie seemed to come to. "I—excuse me," she said, "I didn't hear you."

The playwright Sumner Locke Elliott, in whose works she has appeared, says her concentration is a kind of "creative tranquillity."

"She is a joy for a writer to work with," Locke Elliott says, "because, once absorbed, she finds nuances in a part the writer himself might not previously have suspected."

Still a "Dedicated" Student

To develop her talents further Eva Marie works twice each week at the Actors' Studio, in New York, where she has been attending classes regularly since 1948. A fellow student says of her, "You'd never know Eva Marie's as big as she is. Right now she's working on Nina in Chekhov's 'The Sea Gull.' The way she goes about it—so intense and *dedicated*—you'd think she was just a girl starting out, hoping for a break."

Eva Marie asserts that if she had not prepared herself at the Studio and in other classes she would never have been ready for the break when it came. "I shudder to think what would have happened if it had come ten years ago," she says. Her reason is the relatively sheltered existence she led in a well-to-do family for the first decade and a half of her life.

Eva Marie Saint is her real name, not a fabrication of a press agent to go with her saintly appearance. She has no nicknames except "Bubbles," which only her mother dares call her and which, understandably, she loathes. She was named for her mother, who was a schoolteacher in Vineland, New Jersey, until she married John Merle Saint, formerly of Marshalltown, Iowa, later (and now) an executive of the B. F. Goodrich Company.

The second Eva Marie was born in East Orange, New Jersey, on the Fourth of July, 1924, having been preceded by two years by a sister, Adelaide, who is as redheaded as Eva Marie is blonde and as extroverted as Eva Marie is introverted. The Saints have no idea where their daughters got their hair, for the father's is gray-black and the mother's is brown. Speculation on the sisters' locks has been a standing family joke for years.

She was a calm child, perhaps a trifle grave; her mother says she inherited her serenity from her father, a Quaker in temperament as well as belief. "People say you are pretty," Mr. Saint would say to his daughters, "but you are only as

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pretty as you behave." Eva Marie believes this helped shape her disposition and that her name did too. The name landed her a wearying succession of angelic parts in school plays.

"Mother was constantly making me little wings," she says, adding, "perhaps I unconsciously tried to live up to the name."

Turned Down for Her Class Play

She went out for her high-school senior-class play and failed to make it. The teacher had prophesied a brilliant theatrical future for Adelaide, who is now a research chemist and mother of two boys, and no future at all for Eva Marie. This did not trouble her; she had absolutely no acting aspirations and was not conscious of harboring any latent talent.

She was, in fact, shy, retiring, self-conscious, and withdrawn: "Groups of more than six frightened me," she says. Her reticence did not keep droves of young men from beseeching her for her time, in high school and in college. She followed Adelaide to Bowling Green State University, in Ohio. Adelaide had gone there for the natural-science courses, and Eva Marie tagged along a year later with a vague notion of becoming a schoolteacher. Bowling Green is near Toledo. If Eva Marie had wished, the male student body would have moved it to New York. Three weeks after she arrived, her sister reported to her mother on the telephone, "Boys were lined up at the station when she got off the train, and I haven't seen her since."

She was named queen of practically everything at Bowling Green, which helped her gain some self-confidence, but not much; it was not until later, she says, that she acquired anything approaching the assurance she has now. The first glimmer of her innate ability came when she starred in a college production of "Personal Appearance" ("I was a real Hollywood vamp"). Other triumphs on the scholastic stage and on the campus radio prompted her to switch her major from Education to Speech. When she was graduated, in 1946, she knew she would try to make a living as an actress. She went off to New York (by then her parents had moved to Long Island) and, after a family consultation, began looking for jobs in radio and TV.

In those days, she was extremely close to her parents: "Never made a move without talking it over," she says. She lived at home while looking for work, which was fortunate in one respect—she was not immediately confronted with the problem of keeping alive that makes life horrendous for most youngsters struggling to get ahead. In other respects, she was no luckier than her rivals. Producers were kind and sympathetic—and not frantic to hire her.

She Debuted As Applause

In late 1946, she made her debut on "The Borden Show," as the uncredited sound of applause (her salary: $10). She was in ecstasy. "She came into the house waving her first check," says her mother. For a while, parts of her had parts: on TV, her hands ladled mayonnaise. She demonstrated portable TV sets, put on hand lotion, and bought bottles of toilet water. She regarded these menial chores as wonderful experience, and when she got a steady job as a cheerleader in a tennis-shoe commercial ($28 per week), she felt she was really on her way. In September, 1947, she got a dramatic role on radio—two lines as a phone operator on a soap opera called "Rosemary."

Making the rounds of producers' offices is hard work. A reporter once hung a pedometer on Eva Marie and learned that she covered four miles in an average day. Her practical side became evident even then: she kept a day-to-day diary, visiting the offices on a rigid schedule, recording the names of people she spoke to, and setting down information that might be helpful in later interviews. She saved all she could and augmented her income with modeling jobs. She began attending acting classes and supplemented them with singing and dancing lessons.

Long-Awaited Chance

In the late summer of 1947, she got, or thought she got, the long-awaited chance. She read for and won the only female part in "Mister Roberts." At home, her mother pasted a star on her bedroom door. The day before the first tryout performance, the director, Joshua Logan, took her aside. He said he had decided her youthful, innocent appearance made the boyish actor opposite her look too lecherous on the stage. She was being replaced.

Eva Marie fled to a basement room. "I was completely distraught," she remembers. "One by one, the men in the cast came, and each told me about some experience he'd had." She felt a little better, but that night, when she got home and saw the star on her door, she broke down all over again. Today she is thankful for the experience. "Since then, I've realized that *no* job is worth getting upset about."

Now another complication arose. A young NBC employee, Jeffrey Hayden, had seen her several times in the actors' waiting room at the studio. He asked her to have coffee with him; she turned him down. He tried again and was refused again. The third time he suggested lunch, and this time her practical nature asserted itself.

Hayden was in a minor job at NBC and wanted to quit. Eva Marie had been hired as understudy to the actress who replaced her in "Mister Roberts" and was not enjoying this consolation prize. She was attracted to Hayden, a tall, deep-voiced young man with wavy hair. She liked his air of purpose: he *knew* he

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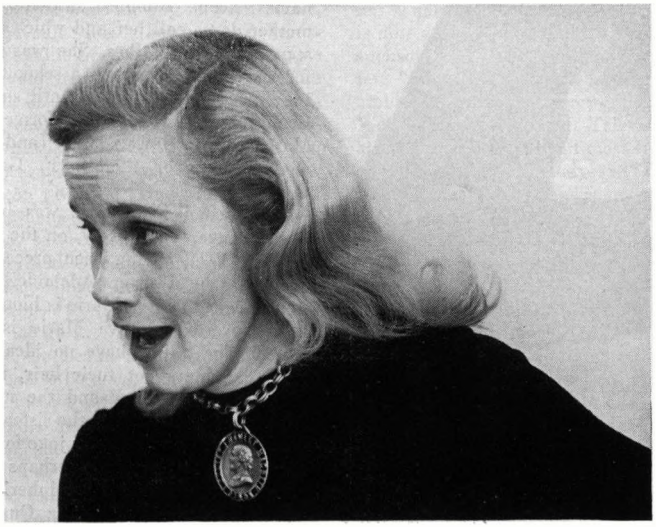


PRACTICAL *about acting, she says, "There's no use pretending a thing's good when it isn't. You have to be able to take criticism."*

EVA MARIE *credits TV with teaching her how to concentrate. She plans to stay in it and do movies occasionally.*

OF HER HUSBAND, *Jeffrey Hayden, a TV director, she says, "He knows me so well he can tell if I'm distracted for a second just by watching the screen."*

would some day be a director. At first, it was their mutual dissatisfaction with their respective lots that brought them together. Soon afterward they were going out with each other exclusively, and a little later on they began discussing marriage.

Eva's Psychological Quandary

Several things occurred simultaneously. Her parents were moving to Bryn Mawr, Pennsylvania; her father had been transferred again. Eva Marie did not see how she could go on without them. The thought of being alone in New York suddenly seemed terrifying. She took an $80-a-month apartment with another actress, and was miserable. Even a steady job she had been given on "One Man's Family" did not help. She found that all her old shyness, self-consciousness, and timidity had returned. One day during a rehearsal, the director made her go through a scene seven times. It called for her to cry; she could not do it.

Now she began to realize that something had to be done. Her emotional state was affecting her work, and while it persisted, marriage was unthinkable. Hayden, patient and understanding, suggested that she might benefit from psychiatric help. He had been in analysis himself. She became the patient of a psychoanalyst, and visited him regularly five times a week for two years. When she got off his couch, she was, she says, a new woman. She now asserts that talking out her worries and fears helped her become a better actress. "Before," she says, "I could work with emotions, but I couldn't get them out. It was always very difficult, and because I kept worrying about it, I couldn't concentrate on the part I was playing."

Her life changed swiftly. She married Hayden, who by then was rapidly making a name as a television director. (He is now a director of the "TV Playhouse," sponsored by Philco and Goodyear.) She left "One Man's Family" to take more ambitious parts in such programs as "The Web," "Danger," "Kraft Television Theatre," "Studio One," and most frequently of all, the Philco-Goodyear "TV Playhouse." Her performances on the latter program caused one critic to call her the "Helen Hayes of television."

From TV to Tryout to Broadway

"Playhouse" led her indirectly to her present enviable position. In the spring of 1953, its executive producer, Fred Coe, presented Horton Foote's "A Trip to Bountiful," starring Lillian Gish and featuring Eva Marie, who was selected, Foote says, "because of her ability to transmit an inner purity." That summer a longer version was tried out at the Westport, Connecticut, theatre, after which Coe decided to take it to Broadway. It opened in November. The play did not last long (only about twenty-nine days), but it gave Eva Marie the opportunity of being seen that her "Mister Roberts" experience had denied her.

While the play was running, three men came to town. They were Budd Schulberg, Elia Kazan, and Sam Spiegel, respectively the writer, director, and producer of a projected movie about the incessant trouble on the New York docks. Money was available for the picture. Marlon Brando was available to star in it, but the trio had not been able to find a female star.

"We'd looked at easily three hundred girls on both coasts," Schulberg recalls, "and we were awfully discouraged. It was a risky part: the girl had to be able to play a convent girl to set the plot in motion, but later she had to show a passion that could convincingly come from a slum background."

Eva Wins Over Film Scouts

The William Morris Agency urged the three to see Eva Marie in "Bountiful." Kazan had some vague memory of having seen her at Actors' Studio classes, and sent Spiegel and Schulberg as scouts. "She had a really lovely quality," Schulberg says. They arranged a meeting with Kazan next day. He decided she might do, but wanted to see her work with Brando before he made up his mind.

Eva Marie had no real confidence that she would get the part. Next day, when she went to work with Brando under Kazan's supervision, she still did not quite believe it. Kazan is a director who believes his actors should believe; he plunged her directly into a scene.

"Eva Marie," he said, "you have a sister, this boy's been dating her, your father's against it because the boy's wanted by the cops, your father says he'll turn the boy in. You're a religious girl, but there's something about the boy that appeals to you. . . ."

The experienced Brando and the rather nervous Eva Marie began to improvise a scene around Kazan's story. Schulberg, watching, turned to Spiegel in awe. "What do they need a writer for?" he asked.

The picture was shot on the Jersey docks. The weather was terrible. The extras were as tough as they appear on the screen. The hours were awful; Kazan frequently kept cast and crew working twelve hours overtime. Eva Marie loved every minute of it; she found the ability to concentrate that she had developed in TV served her well. Next to her marriage, she says, it was the high point of her life. When her work in it was finished, she wept. She brightened, however, when she heard Kazan, who is not extravagant with his praise, refer to her as "a wonderful young actress." Kazan has predicted a great future for her. He looks forward

to working with her again, he has said.

Aside from the fact that her price has gone up by four or five hundred per cent, her life has changed little since she has become a star. She and Hayden live in a small Greenwich Village apartment, one living-room wall of which is hung with curtains she made herself. She keeps house on a fairly strict budget. She does her own marketing (she is a fine cook) and housework, and she buys only clothes that will not go out of style for a long time. The apartment is furnished with pieces durable enough to be taken to the country place the Haydens hope to buy or build someday.

This does not mean that either she or Hayden is planning to retire. On the contrary, they are hoping to continue in their careers, and expect to do some work together this spring (he wants to direct her as Rosalind in Shakespeare's "As You Like It" on "Omnibus"). Few married couples share so many interests. They both love to ski and to sail; right now they own a twenty-two-foot Chris-Craft, in which they journeyed from New York to Block Island last summer. The boat is not constructed for a trip that long and it has no ship-to-shore telephone. Far out from shore, with no land in sight, a storm began tossing them about. Eva Marie confesses that she was terrified. "I decided," she said later. "I wouldn't let Jeff know I was worried." After three or four hours, every minute of which she fully expected to be drowned, they sighted Block Island. Later Hayden told her he hadn't known she was afraid. She regards this as one of her better performances.

Pregnancy No Handicap on TV

Now Eva Marie is looking forward eagerly to her baby—which will be born, she says, April 5. Thus far pregnancy has not handicapped her in TV; considerate directors have shot her from the waist up. Nor does she believe that having a child will hamper her in any way. If anything, the career will bow to the child, she says.

Some measure of the relative importance she places on each may be gleaned from an event that happened after last summer's cruise. Eva Marie was certain she was pregnant. She went to her friendly neighborhood druggist (a real one, not an actor) for a test, and fidgeted through the three-day waiting period. On the day the result was due, she was in the store bright and early.

"Mrs. Hayden, congratulations," said the f. n. d.

She had been wanting a baby for some time and was overjoyed. "You mean—?" she said eagerly.

"I mean," he said, "the reviews of 'Waterfront' were great."

The smile vanished. She looked crestfallen. "Oh," she said, "*that*." THE END

Photos by Maxwell Coplan

Leading psychiatrist, Dr. Clara Thompson, talks with our interviewer in her New York office.

What You Should Know About PSYCHIATRY

A revealing look into how it will be if you ever have to lie down on a psychiatrist's couch

BY MAURICE ZOLOTOW

Q. ***Dr. Thompson, I'm going to put to you the questions I think the readers of*** **COSMOPOLITAN** ***would ask you if they were privileged to sit here with you.***

To begin with, I think you'll agree with me that the average person is still in the dark as to just what people in your branch of the medical profession do.

A. Well, psychiatry is the treatment of diseases—disturbances of human functioning—but they are not organic or bodily diseases. They are diseases produced by something's going wrong in a person's life situation. Psychoanalysis is a specific method of treating such sick people. It was originated by Sigmund Freud as a technique of making people conscious of their unconscious difficulties. Freud had discovered while treating patients suffering from hysteria that a patient might have a paralyzed right arm, for instance, because of some severe emotional disturbance of which he was not aware. Freud discovered that if the unconscious difficulty could be brought into the open, the paralysis, or whatever it was, might improve.

Q. ***When do you think a person ought to consult a psychoanalyst?***

A. There are two types of people at the extremes of human difficulties. One is the person who is so disturbed and full of anxiety he will not respond easily to being reshaped except by deep therapy. It might be somebody with melancholia or depressions so bad he is close to suicide. That is one sort of patient who can be helped by psychoanalysis. At the other extreme is the person who is what I call a "going concern."

Q. ***By a "going concern," I take it you mean somebody who is holding down a job, who, though he may feel frustrated at the job or unhappy with his children or***

spouse, at least has some kind of home life?

A. That's right. An increasing number of people who come for analysis belong in this group.

Q. ***Do you think a person can determine for himself whether he needs analysis?***

A. Yes, and going a little further. I think the best patients are those who decide they do themselves. I would rather use the word "want" than "need." People who want to change, want to live more fully, creatively. Of course, the other group—the very sick—usually have to be pushed into analysis by their physicians, but nobody—not even the very sick—can be analyzed against his will.

Q. ***In addition to feelings of misery or unhappiness that may make a person want analysis—are there definite physical symptoms that indicate a need for analysis? I have in mind what we call psychosomatic diseases and such conditions as high blood pressure, ulcers, and migraine.***

A. No. In itself, no one of these diseases would indicate a need for treatment. We do know, however, that emotions—suppressed hostility, frustration, rage—can adversely affect breathing, blood circulation, and secretions in the stomach. But the patient with organic symptoms should consult his doctor first before considering undergoing psychoanalysis.

Q. ***Two expressions we hear all the time are "mental hygiene" and "mental illness." This would seem to indicate that psychiatrists treat the mind. Am I correct in assuming that what is being treated is more an emotional disturbance than an intellectual disturbance?***

A. Definitely. I think the word "mental" is a hangover from old-fashioned thinking. What one deals with is not the mind as such, but the interaction of the whole body under emotional stress.

Q. ***Is there any way a psychiatrist can determine whether a person coming to him for a consultation needs treatment? Or is there a feeling that everybody automatically could use a good analysis?***

A. Theoretically, everyone would benefit by psychoanalysis. But you have to consider several things. First, does the patient really want it after you have explained it to him? Secondly, is he open minded? Is he capable of change? In other words, one has to consider how rigid he is. The rigid person is not a good analysis risk.

Q. ***By "rigid," you mean . . .?***

A. Well, there are some men and women who cannot do anything out of their set routine—they just cannot do it. They're the kind of persons you can set your clock by, as the saying goes. Things have got to go the way they have always gone; they have to believe what they have always believed. Another thing you have to consider—in sizing up a person as a prospect for analysis—is the age of the person. Not so much in terms of his chronological age, but in terms of his flexibility, his potential development.

Q. ***Do you feel that some people lose the ability to grow and change at thirty and others can still grow and change at sixty?***

A. In some cases, yes, and in other cases it isn't just that they have lost the ability to change, but some people have succeeded in getting themselves into situations they cannot get out of. For instance, a woman who all her life has been too neurotic to accept herself as a woman and has been unable to get married comes for analysis at fifty. She probably can't get married even if you help her with her problem—it might be shyness, for instance. On the other hand, if the analysis is successful, the person will find vital, constructive substitutes, goals of life, ways to express herself, even if it is too late to be married.

Q. ***Is it correct that psychoanalysts do not as a rule take up the treatment of psychotics?***

A. In general, it is very difficult to treat psychotics outside of a hospital. It requires certain additional techniques.

Q. ***What is the difference between a psychotic and a neurotic?***

A. The exact difference in diagnosis of these two disturbances is very difficult to give in short simple language. The key to the difference is that the neurotic never loses his sense of reality, but the borderline between reality and unreality is pretty blurred for the psychotic. A neurotic patient may say to me, "You are acting just like my mother," or, "I feel as though you were acting like my mother." But a psychotic patient may actually have me *confused* with his mother.

Q. ***I've heard that if a woman is undergoing analytic treatment, she can't progress much unless her husband is also being treated. Is that true in the case of a married couple?***

A. Well, that depends how sick the other person is, and how much the reason that you came to analysis is based on your relation to him. A person could be a very disturbed person and be married by some good fortune to a pretty stable person who is also flexible and so can develop along with the patient without therapy.

Q. ***I had always thought that neurotics married neurotics.***

A. Often they do, but some neurotics are more able to help themselves than others, although I would say that your idea is correct that in most marriages the therapy comes out best if both are treated.

Q. ***Can a husband and wife go to the same analyst?***

A. There are different views about that. The late Dr. Oberndorf—Clarence Oberndorf, an outstanding man analyzed many couples and made quite a study of it and thought it a very useful method. Some analysts think the same analyst must never treat the two together. Some will treat one *after* the other. My own feeling is that when the same analyst treats the two, especially if they are at odds with each other, the problem of loyalties on the part of the analyst is too difficult. Each patient feels disturbed from time to time if any approval of the behavior of the other becomes apparent.

Q. ***How many times a week is it necessary to go?***

A. The classic analysts feel that true analysis can only be done on a four-time weekly basis. I prefer to think that one doesn't decide whether a treatment is psychoanalytic on the basis of the number of times but rather on the basis of the type of therapy. Analytic insight can be obtained in a twice-a-week therapy; in some cases, in once-a-week therapy.

Q. ***In psychoanalysis, how long is each session?***

A. Most analysts give from forty-five to fifty minutes.

Q. ***Now we have all heard how expensive psychoanalysis is. Is it really something only Texas oil-millionaires or movie stars can***

(continued)

afford? How about the average family—say, those with incomes between $3,500 and $6,000 a year? Is it possible for them to get the benefits of analysis?

A. Well, that figure is a little low for the average psychoanalytic treatment. But today there are, in connection with several institutes, low-cost services.

Q. ***I know there are several low-cost clinics in New York City—at least five or six. How about in other parts of the country?***

A. There is one in Washington and I believe also in Boston and Chicago—most of our large cities offer some low-cost psychiatric program. I think the number of clinics is growing. And these places will treat people who cannot pay $10 an hour. Clinic fees, based on family income, range from no fee to $9 an hour. Even present-day clinic facilities available, however, do not begin to fill the need for psychiatric treatment. We need many more clinics throughout the country and more analysts.

Q. ***The analyst in private practice, however—what is his average fee for a session?***

A. It is different in different cities. Most analysts have a minimum fee, which is $15 an hour in New York.

Q. ***Is it part of the treatment that the patient lie on a couch?***

A. That is the original method of Freud, and it is still considered essential by the classical Freudian school. Several groups, however, feel that it is not the most important part of the treatment. Some patients do better lying down and some sitting—and that is to be determined in the individual case.

Q. ***The room is never darkened, is it?***

A. Not that I know of. But, of course, each analyst has his own degree of light.

Q. ***Does an analyst take notes of what a patient tells him?***

A. Every analyst has his own system. Some do, some don't. Some take verbatim notes.

Q. ***Now during an actual session, what does the patient do? Does it all consist of talk? Does the analyst do much talking? Or does the patient talk mostly and the doctor listen? What would be a rough way to describe what takes place?***

A. Listening is certainly an important part of the analytic situation. But if listening is all the doctor does, he won't get very far, because as he listens he is trying to find out what this patient is doing with him or to him, as well as understand the obvious surface meaning of what he is saying to him. From time to time as the analyst sees beneath the words of the patient, he has to bring this all together and point out things to the patient the patient isn't aware of himself.

Q. ***If the proverbial man from Mars were to drop into an analyst's office where a patient was being treated, would he merely observe a conversation going back and forth? An exchange of words?***

A. Yes. There might be emotions present, too. There might be joy. There might be grief. In short, anything that can happen when one talks to a friend one trusts; what two people who feel close to each other and are trying to understand each other might be doing. Except that in this situation, the analyst is not concerned with talking about himself or his difficulties. He is there to help the patient for the patient's sake.

Q. ***How is it that what seems like a simple exchange of statements back and forth can frequently accomplish such great improvement in the patient. I know that this is more than just a talking-out.***

A. Yes, it's more than that, of course, getting something off your chest—catharsis—helps. But more important, or fully as important, is learning about the things you do with people which create difficulties in human relations.

Q. ***Well, let us take a familiar situation. A man loses job after job because he insults people, gets into fights with customers or his associates, can't get along with people, and he goes to an analyst and it develops that this fighting with everybody is an expression of a neurotic hostility which traces back to his early relations with his father. As soon as the patient knows this, will he stop getting into arguments?***

A. No. The analytic process is much more complicated than that. The first step is to realize it. It may take a long

time for a patient to realize how he is behaving and what he is really doing in his relations with people. Realizing this is what Sullivan called the big milestone in psychotherapy. It takes a long time to reach this milestone. The second step is to see oneself doing it in hundreds of situations. The patient during his visits reports what he has been doing since the previous session and what he is doing to destroy himself becomes pretty obvious to the patient. But he still doesn't automatically change. There comes a time, however, when he begins to have an emotional awareness before each time he is about to fight with somebody over something trivial. It's something he feels, not something he thinks. A new element enters in. He has a completely new human experience. And then some day he does not fight. His personality finds a better way of integrating with people. For the analyst this turning point of his patient is probably the most spiritually rewarding experience the analyst can have.

Q. ***Must the patient tell everything to the analyst?***

A. Yes. He is supposed to report faithfully everything he does and thinks.

Q. ***But isn't this difficult?***

A. Nobody tells *everything* ever—but that is the aim. The goal is to try to report faithfully every thought that goes through your mind. But in spite of everything, people censor their thoughts before speaking and it takes a long time in any analysis for one to reach a point where he is capable of complete frankness.

Q. ***What happens when a patient holds something back?***

A. It just wastes time. It holds up the whole process of cure. Sometimes a patient unconsciously holds something back. Sometimes he does this without realizing it. Sometimes it is deliberate.

Q. ***You have mentioned anxiety. What is anxiety?***

A. Anxiety is a very unpleasant bodily sensation—accompanied by sweating, rapid heartbeat, weakness in the knees, faulty breathing—as though one has been threatened very badly. Of course, there are varying degrees of anxiety. You feel afraid, but often you do not know what it is you fear.

Q. ***Are the defensive things people do in their relations with other people—like the man who picks arguments with everybody—ways***

(continued)

Peignoir by Schiaparelli

of handling anxiety, defence mechanisms for keeping anxiety out of your mind?

A. Usually, yes. It's the way you protect yourself from the unpleasant sensation of anxiety by doing something about it and that's called a defense. Often the things a person has become accustomed to doing as a way of checking his anxiety are self-destructive.

Q. ***Can a person carry on his normal routine at his office and home while being treated, or is it better to be hospitalized?***

A. It is better to stay in the natural environment, unless you are psychotic and need special attention.

Q. ***Do most American psychoanalysts believe that sexual maladjustment, sexual frustration, is the cause of neurotic difficulties in general?***

A. I doubt if any psychoanalyst thinks it is the only cause. Some stress sexual difficulties more than others. In general it is thought that sexual maladjustments are an expression of emotional disorders rather than the cause.

Q. ***Is psychoanalysis opposed to religion? Does it lead to a disbelief in God?***

A. I do not think that religion is anything that is really touched by analysis except in the sense that during the course of analysis people examine their values—what is important to them in life—what life means to them. This can conceivably lead to their finding their way into religion. If, however, their religion in the past was not genuine, it may tend to disappear altogether.

Q. ***How long does a treatment take, on an average?***

A. Three years is an average. But it depends on the type of psychotherapy and also how badly disturbed the patient was when he started treatment. You can sometimes get remarkable results in one year—and treatment could conceivably take ten. Most of us go to school at least sixteen years of our lives. Learning about our emotional development could take that long. I think that if we thought of analytic treatment as a re-education rather than as treatment for a disease, we would not be so shocked by the time required. Moreover, analysis doesn't end with treatment. A person can go on developing, learning, for the rest of his life.

Q. ***Do patients after analysis wind up hating their mothers and despising their fathers?***

A. I would say that is only a stage. They usually end up by understanding and liking their parents. That is, they go from the stage of expressing the hostility they never were able to express openly during childhood, and after that they are able to see their parents as mere human beings who have shortcomings like they do, and quite often end up by liking them.

Q. ***It is a part of the treatment involved, isn't it, to fall in love with the doctor? What is known as transference? Exactly what is transference?***

A. It's a phase in the treatment where the patient unconsciously acts out with the doctor his ways of acting with other people—he transfers his feelings and ideas about his parents, for instance, to the doctor and when this takes place, the doctor is in a position to correct the patient's distortions and errors in his relations with people outside the doctor's office. It is an important part of analysis.

Q. ***Can you change doctors in the middle of treatment if you find you do not get along with him, after six months?***

A. You can always change doctors, but before you go off in a huff, it is much better to have it out and find out whether you are just running away or whether you two are really incompatible.

Q. ***If the treatment fails, will a person be worse off than when he started?***

A. That is a very difficult question to answer. If the treatment was mismanaged or the doctor incompetent, one could conceivably be worse off, but I think very few treatments are complete failures.

Q. ***What is your opinion of group therapy compared with individual analysis?***

A. Group therapy is not far enough advanced to be really compared with individual analysis. It seems to me that it has possibilities that individual therapy lacks—in that one does learn to associate with and take criticism from one's peers.

Q. ***From people like oneself?***

A. Yes. Another important function of group therapy is that it helps to overcome

the great financial obstacle to treatment. Many people who cannot afford individual treatment can afford group therapy.

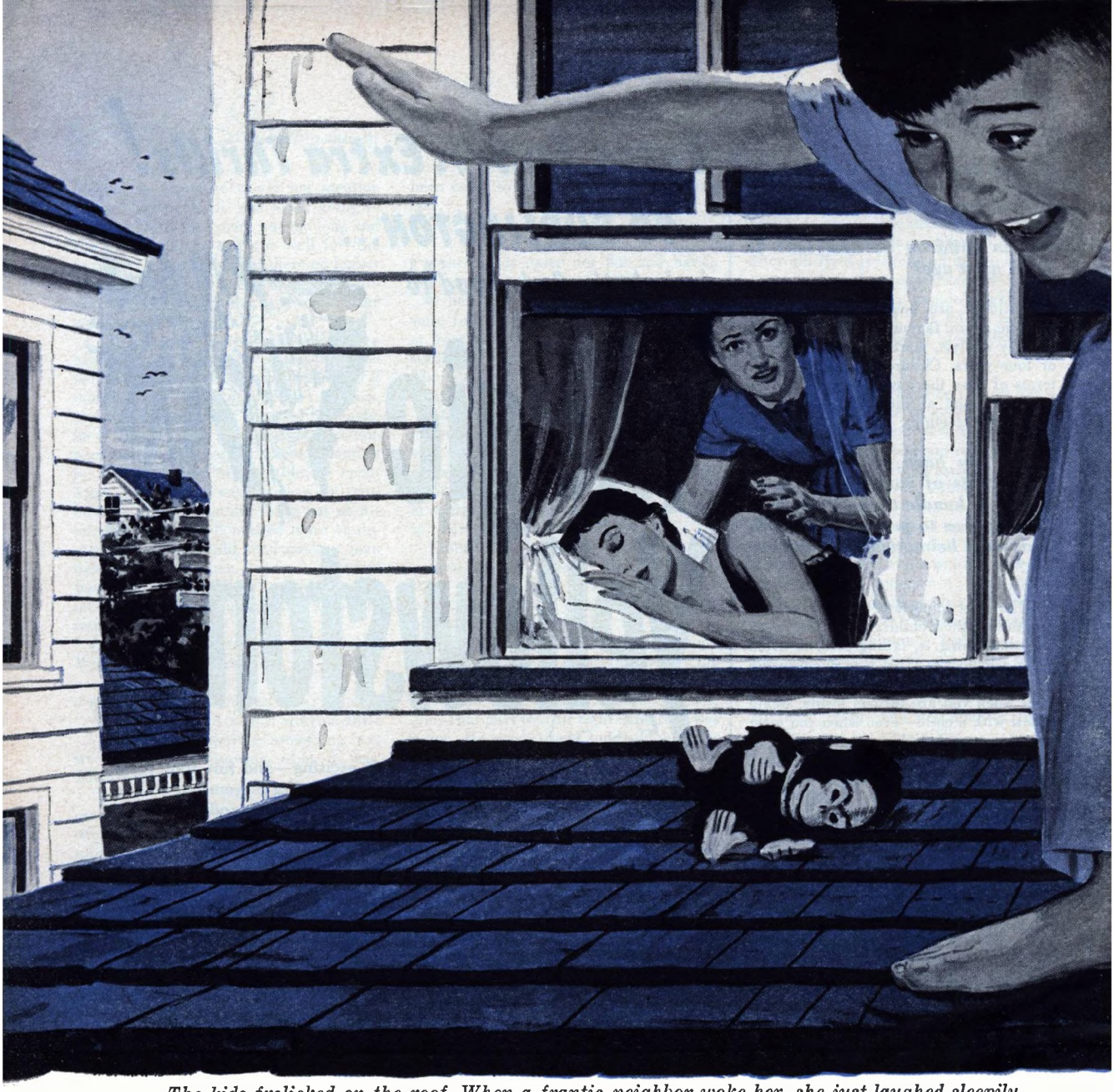
Q. ***Can children be analyzed? If so, at what age?***

A. Children are being psychoanalyzed. Melanie Klein, famous child psychologist and lay analyst, starts as early as three or four years. Children are analyzed in terms of play therapy since they do not have language at their disposal to describe their feelings.

Q. ***Do you have any suggestions for parents of young children as to how to handle their children in such ways as to prevent their children from being neurotics in later life?***

A. The most important thing is for parents to love their children. The next most important thing is, failing love, to avoid being a hypocrite. This is very confusing to a child—to have you pretend to be calm when you are furious inside. Being honest with a child—even when you must show him your boredom or anger—is better than faking some emotions you don't feel or striking some attitude you feel should be struck in the situation. But there is no substitute for genuine mother and father affection in making healthy human beings.

Thank you, Dr. Thompson. I am sure that* COSMOPOLITAN*'s readers will appreciate your taking so much time to clear up this complicated subject. THE END



The kids frolicked on the roof. When a frantic neighbor woke her, she just laughed sleepily.

Lydia's Fault

Is "money trouble" enough to break up a happy marriage? Lydia, who spent it, thought not, but Tom, who earned it, left her. Only a near miracle proved they were both wrong

BY JOE McCARTHY

ILLUSTRATED BY MAC CONNER

When Tom Grant pushed his way through the door to the crowded Commuters' Bar in Pennsylvania Station, he saw George and Estelle Lenardi with another couple. It was too late to avoid them. Estelle was waving and George was running at him with outstretched arms. "Great," Tom thought. "This was all I needed. This makes it a real red-letter day."

"Tommy!" George yelled. "For gosh sakes! Ain't this something? We was just standing here talking about you, just this minute, and I look up and you're walking in the door!"

"Well, well," Tom said. "How are things in Detroit?"

"Just fine," George said. "Oh, excuse me. Speaking of Detroit, Tom, I want you to meet Frank and Doris Walker. You and the Walkers have something in common. They live next door to us out in Detroit just like you and Lydia lived practically next door to us in the old development back in Glen Cove. Frank and Doris, this is Tom Grant. Tom's wife is Lydia Grant, the girl Estelle was just telling you about."

"That's right, Tom," Estelle Lenardi said. "I was just this minute telling them about the party Lydia gave that time. Honestly, that Lydia. Nothing ever bothered her."

"What party?" Tom said.

"*What* party? The party for your birthday. Don't you

remember how you two kids were broke that week—you didn't have a dime—and Lydia invited everybody in the whole neighborhood. So we all arrive at your house and sit around, and wait and wait and no sign of Lydia. And then in walks Lydia, loaded with stuff to eat and drink. She's been over in Hempstead, borrowing money from a loan company so she can buy the stuff for the party. What a girl."

"Priceless," Mrs. Walker said.

"Nothing ever bothered her," Estelle said. "Honestly, Tom, ever since George and I've been living out in Detroit, we've done nothing but tell people stories about Lydia. Isn't that so, Doris?"

Mrs. Walker beamed at Tom. "I loved that business about the cans of fruit."

"The cans of fruit?" Tom said.

"I told Doris how your kids used to go downstairs to the kitchen while Lydia was sleeping late in the morning," Estelle said, "and how they used to open up those big cans of fruit and empty the fruit into the sink. And what Lydia said about it."

"Priceless," Mrs. Walker said.

"Remember what Lydia said, Tom?" Estelle said. "All she said was, 'Isn't it wonderful the way these little kids of mine open up those cans of fruit every morning and never once have they cut themselves.' Nothing bothered her. And what a beautiful girl, too, Doris. Really stunning. The only girl I ever saw who could wear slacks like Katharine Hepburn. How is Lydia, Tom? And how are the children, Judy and Christy?"

Tom wondered whether to break the news now or to let it ride. He decided to let it ride.

"Fine," he said. "How do you like living in Detroit?"

"Great," George said. "Of course we miss Helen and Dave Fletcher and you and Lydia and the rest of the gang in the old development out in Glen Cove. Matter of fact, we're on our way to Glen Cove right now. The Fletchers asked us to dinner and we're going to show the Walkers what our old house looks like."

"Say, I tell you what!" George said. "The Walkers here have been dying to meet Lydia. I mean, they've heard so much about her. Maybe later on tonight, after we leave the Fletchers, we can drop in at your house, Tom. Just for a minute or two."

"We're not living in Glen Cove any more," Tom said.

"No!" George said. "What happened?"

"We broke up," Tom said. "Lydia and the kids are with her father and mother in White Plains. I'm staying with my mother in Freeport."

A silence fell upon the group. Mr. Walker ordered another round of drinks and did not have to fight anybody to pay for it. Then George said, "Gosh, Tom, this comes as a surprise. I mean, I never thought you two would ever—"

"Getting a divorce?" Estelle said. "Or is it just a temporary separation?"

"She can hardly wait to get to Glen Cove and discuss this with Helen Fletcher," Tom thought.

"Divorce eventually," Tom said. "As soon as one of us can afford to make the trip to Florida. It was just trouble between Lydia and me about money and bills. The arguments were getting worse all the time, and we decided it wasn't good for the children."

"Well, Tom, I don't like to say anything," George said. "But, now that you mention it, I do remember that you and Lydia seemed to be getting in pretty deep, and I said to Estelle one night, I said—"

Estelle caught George's eye and he broke off into silence. There was some small talk and Mr. Walker observed that if they wanted to catch the five-twenty-eight, they'd better shake a leg. After they had gone, Tom stayed at the bar and bought another Martini, which he drank quickly.

On the train to Freeport, Tom sat with his newspaper unopened on his lap and wondered if he would ever be freed from Lydia. She had been with him all that day. He had been away from his office most of the afternoon because of her, first to see the department store's lawyer about her bill, still unpaid after a year and a half, and then for the session with the income-tax men about his 1952 returns. In 1952, Tom had taken in more than $19,000, and he had nothing to show for it. He had found himself almost starting to explain to the tax men about Lydia. And now this meeting with Lydia's old admirer, Estelle Lenardi.

Tom pictured Estelle Lenardi regaling her friends in Detroit with stories about Lydia. One of them would be Estelle's account of how she discovered Lydia's two small children in their pajamas at ten o'clock in the morning running around on the sloping roof outside of the second-floor bedroom where Lydia was still sleeping peacefully. When Estelle rushed into the house and awoke Lydia to tell her what was going on, Lydia merely yawned and muttered, "I *thought* I saw some shadows going past the windows."

Another favorite of Estelle's was the one about Lydia's buying fresh asparagus in January at two dollars a bunch with money that Tom had given her to pay the overdue gas bill. She was unable to cook the asparagus because that afternoon the gas was shut off. Then there was the classic about Lydia's plan to economize by freezing strawberries from a farm in Riverhead where you picked your own berries for a small charge. Lydia hired the neighborhood handyman and the woman who did her ironing to help with the picking and paid them each eight dollars. She brought along a large and elaborate picnic lunch and a case of beer. The strawberries ended up costing as much as eggs.

All this undoubtedly sounded very funny when Estelle told it over rye highballs in Detroit. Tom was often told it would make great material for a family comedy show on television. But, as he had tried to point out to his mother and to Billy Ryan, his closest friend in the office, it wasn't so terribly amusing when you had to live with it day after day.

Tom's mother liked Lydia and refused to believe that money trouble could be enough to break up a marriage. Tom knew that there was no other reason as far as he and Lydia were concerned. Every day with an ache in his chest and throat he thought of Lydia's clean, casual, and always exciting good looks, her kindness and calm patience, and her warm and quick humor. On Saturdays, when he went to her people's house in White Plains, ostensibly to see the children but really in hope of spending a few minutes in the same room with her, he had to fight himself to keep from putting his arms around her. He succeeded in holding this guard up only by desperately clinging to his remembrance of the never-ending registered letters, telegrams, and phone calls from credit managers and collection agencies that he had convinced himself were inevitable in a marriage with Lydia.

Tom readily admitted that he was not much good himself when it came to handling money systematically, but he was unable to feel any understanding of Lydia's apparently hopeless inability to live within his earnings. When they sat down together to figure out a grocery bill, a vagueness would come over her mind, as it does with some people when they try to read an insurance policy or an essay on philosophy, and Tom could not reason with her.

When they were first married, the mystery of where his salary was going was a family joke. Then, as the bills never seemed to get paid and as the monthly expenses grew higher, there were bitter scenes almost every day and moody silences at night. Neither of them bought new clothes and they drove the same old car, but the money continued to disappear and Lydia could not account for it. Tom decided that the only solution was to leave her. She wearily agreed, still wondering what had happened, what the argument was all about.

Dinner was served promptly when Tom arrived at his mother's house. He wondered if Lydia was also being forced to eat with her parents at White Plains at this strange early hour of 6:45 instead of sitting down to a leisurely meal at eight o'clock after the girls had been tucked into bed as they had always done when they were together in their home at Glen Cove. He missed Lydia's bright and entertaining table talk and her wonderful meals cooked with garlic.

"Staying home tonight?" his mother asked. "There's a play on television with that girl you like."

"No television for me tonight. I've got work to do. I saw the income tax men today and they—"

"They're going to put you in jail?"

"Not yet. Actually they were very nice about it. They told me to dig up my canceled checks for 1952 and to go over them and see if I can't find some things that I might be able to claim as deductible expenses to help me out of this mess. So tonight I'll be busy with old checks. I hope I can find them."

"They're in that cardboard carton in the closet with your books and your golf clubs," his mother said. "I suppose you told the tax men that all this was Lydia's fault."

Tom said nothing.

"I don't know what you did with your money and I don't care what you did with it," his mother said. "But don't blame Lydia for everything. Say what you will about Lydia, but remember one thing —that girl doesn't have one ounce of selfishness in her. If she was extravagant, she wasn't spending money on herself. She gave everything to you and to your children. I wish I could say that about my own two daughters, but I'm sorry to say I can't."

"All right, Mom," Tom said.

"Furthermore, Lydia never cared about how much you were earning. When you quarreled with her about those bills. did she ever ask you why you weren't making more money, the way most wives would do? Not Lydia. Don't forget that she could have complained as much as you did. But she didn't."

"Let's drop it," Tom said.

The checks of the past five years filled a large box that Tom had fortunately held onto when he was moving out of the Glen Cove house. It was a wonder that they had not been thrown away. He pulled out a bunch at random and glanced at the dates on them. They had been written in April, 1953. He started to put them aside to search for the 1952 checks that he was looking for, but one of them caught his eye. He took another look at it.

It was a check to a toyshop for $14.50 he had spent on a dollhouse for his daughter Christy's third birthday. Tom smiled, remembering how Lydia had picked out the dollhouse and how she had walked all over New York selecting furnishings for it as seriously as if she had been decorating a new home of her own—and the wonderful expression on Christy's face when she saw the dollhouse for the first time.

Tom began to leaf through the other canceled checks of that spring and summer. Here and there, among the usual monthly payments on the television set and the washing machine and the mortgage and the refrigerator, he found a check that recalled forgotten incidents as vividly as an entry in a diary. This ten dollars to Dr. Slamin was for the stitches in Judy's head that night she fell in the bathroom, and that was the sixteen dollars Lydia spent on the dogwood tree for the front lawn, and there was the check Eddie Condon cashed for him when he and Lydia sneaked away from her brother's wedding reception and went down to the Village, just the two of them, to hear some jazz. Tom became so fascinated by this game of

Warmed by Kathleen Kane's admiring glances, Tom decided to forget about Lydia.

Lydia's Fault (continued)

living again in scenes of the recent past that he forgot his search for deductible expenses.

A check to the Gotham Hotel for $17.50 brought back to him the warm spring night when he and Lydia found themselves walking happily, hand in hand, down Fifth Avenue after leaving a college friend who had invited them into the city for dinner. Lydia persuaded him to call his mother, who was sitting with the children in Glen Cove, and ask her if they could take a room in a hotel instead of driving home that night. Lydia enjoyed his embarrassment as he explained to the room clerk that they had no luggage and she did her best on the way upstairs to convince the bellboy that they were not married. Tom thought of how excited they were that night by their spirit of adventure, how close and how pleased with each other. His eyes filled with tears.

But a moment later, Tom was frowning at the eighteen dollars Lydia had spent on lobsters when her cousins from Rhode Island were visiting her. He remembered how he had found the bill for the lobsters on the kitchen floor when they were doing the dishes. Lydia had not bothered to look at it when the lobsters were delivered from the market that afternoon.

Still shaking his head over the price of lobsters, he came across the check he had written to pay his June bill at the country club. The bill did not include dues and Lydia never went to the club, and so Tom realized that he himself had spent $72.50 that month on lunches, drinks, golf balls, and a few other small odds and ends. He could hardly believe it.

"But there it is in black and white," he said aloud. "Seventy-two fifty! Wow!"

The sound of his own voice in the quiet room startled him. He tried to account for the $72.50. Most of it was spent on buying drinks for other people. Tom's habit of insisting upon signing everybody's bar tab had become sort of an established tradition at the club, and there were always a lot of laughs about it in the locker room, especially when Tom went out of his way to order drinks loudly for two or three notorious tightwads in the crowd who never reciprocated. Until now, however, Tom had never really stopped to consider actually how much money his role of the jovial host was costing him.

He also realized uncomfortably that the amount on the check represented only a fraction of the total that he spent at the country club in an average month. It did not include caddy fees and tips and golf bets, and it did not include the money he lost playing gin rummy in the pro shop with Bernice Desautels.

Bernice Desautels was the exceptionally attractive wife of Herman Desautels, the very wealthy automobile dealer. Tom did not especially like gin rummy and he did not enjoy gambling, but he continued to play with Bernice every Saturday—for one reason only. Because she was regarded at the club and in the town as a mysterious and glamorous woman, he felt that being seen in her company gave him a certain unique prestige.

Looking again at the country club's check, Tom added what he had spent that month on drinks to what he had probably lost in the same period to Bernice Desautels. The resulting figure far exceeded the amount of Lydia's long unpaid department-store bill that he had discussed that day with the lawyer.

"Funny, I never looked at it that way before," he said to himself. "It just never occurred to me."

His game of recalling the high lights of his expenditures of 1953 was no longer quite as interesting, but Tom went on thumbing through the checks. One of them to a ticket agency for $54.80 he passed over quickly, knowing immediately what it represented and not wanting to remember it. He flushed with anger when he remembered Ned Joyce, his boss, saying to him, "It's all right, Tom, if you want to throw away fifty-four dollars and eighty cents to make yourself look like a big shot, but don't expect the office to pay for it."

He had spent the money on World Series tickets which he planned to present to a client from Detroit when the client appeared in New York, as Tom figured he would appear, on the day before the opening game. But the client never appeared, the tickets were not used, and Ned Joyce struck the $54.80 off Tom's expense account and made him pay the bill out of his own pocket after Tom admitted that the client had never actually said anything about wanting to see the Series.

Then Tom came upon the check for $150 made out to somebody named George Roberts. He stared at it in astonishment. He could not remember anybody named George Roberts. At first he assumed that George Roberts was a bill collector who had delivered an ultimatum and forced him to settle one of Lydia's debts in one payment. But Tom knew if something like that had happened, he would have been hurt and indignant about it for a week afterward, and he would be able to recall the incident clearly now. Yet he had no recollection of George Roberts. It seemed strange that he could write a check to somebody for an amount as large as $150 and have no memory of the person a year later.

He turned the check over to see how George Roberts had endorsed it. There was a signature in a hurried scrawl and under it the imprint of a rubber stamp in purple ink that said, "Two-Seven-Eight Club." It was then that Tom was able to remember George Roberts. To be sure about it, Tom looked at the date on the check. As he expected, it was October 31. Halloween.

When Tom had left that morning, he had promised Lydia he would be home early to take the children on a tour of the neighborhood in masks and costumes and to help with the Halloween party that would take the place of their supper that night. He explained this to Billy Ryan when Billy invited him that afternoon to stop for a drink at the Stork Club on his way to Penn Station.

"But this isn't just an ordinary drink I'm offering you," Billy said. "It's a cocktail party in the Blessed Event Room for Norbie Stearns, the new television comedian. The place ought to be full of interesting talent."

"Oh?" Tom said. "Well, in that case, maybe for just one quick look."

He knew that Lydia would be disappointed if he phoned her to say that he would be a little late, so he decided not to phone at all. He would merely arrive at home at 6:45 instead of at 6:00, as he had planned, and he would say that he had been held up unexpectedly as he was leaving the office. He would still be in time to help with the Halloween party.

But at 6:45 that evening Tom was still sitting at a table in the Blessed Event Room with Kathleen Kane, the blonde singer of Norbie Stearns' show, listening to a man with a French accent, whose name Tom did not catch, tell a series of fabulous stories about his experiences as a director in Hollywood. Kathleen Kane seemed to have singled out Tom as her companion and had not left his side since Billy Ryan had introduced them at the beginning of the party. At one point, when Tom went to the bar to get her another drink, Billy grabbed his arm and said, "What's with you and this Kathleen Kane dame? There's a lot of important guys here who could do her some good in TV, but she hasn't looked at one of them."

"I don't know what you're talking about," Tom said with a grin, feeling very proud of himself.

At 7:15 Tom decided that there was no longer any point in worrying about the next train to Glen Cove. By then he had learned that Kathleen Kane was a recent graduate of Northwestern University who did not go out much because she had few friends in New York and also because she preferred to stay at home in the

evening with a good book. She said this was the first big cocktail party she had ever attended in her whole life. She said that she was really quite a shy and retiring person. Tom told her that it was refreshing to meet a talented television star who was as genuine and as intelligent as she was, and she said it was wonderful for her to become acquainted with somebody as understanding as he was. He asked then whether she were free for dinner and, to his surprise, she accepted his invitation quickly.

"I tell you what," Kathleen Kane said. "I don't celebrate like this very often. I mean, I don't know why I feel so pleasantly carefree tonight. Instead of eating right away, let's go someplace else and have another drink. Do you know the Two-Seven-Eight Club? The girl who shares my apartment says it's nice."

As they were leaving the Stork Club, Tom realized that he was feeling no pain. His conversation in the taxicab with Kathleen Kane and their arrival at the Two-Seven-Eight Club, a small and overcrowded room on the East Side, were rather blurry. The next thing Tom knew they were sitting at a table with a large older man who seemed to know Kathleen Kane well. It also seemed that the man had expected to meet her that night at the Two-Seven-Eight Club.

"This is Georgie Roberts," Kathleen Kane was saying. "My best friend, who gave me my start. I got into television because somebody from NBC heard me singing two years ago in a place Georgie was running in Chicago."

"Two years ago?" Tom said. "I thought you only got out of Northwestern last June."

"You thought *what?*" George Roberts said.

"After we finish this drink, let's all go someplace and have dinner," Kathleen Kane said. "I could do with a steak. You don't mind if Georgie joins us, do you, Tom?"

"Not at all," Tom said. "Glad to have you, Georgie. Only thing is I seem to be running out of money. Got to get a check cashed someplace."

"The owner of this place is a friend of mine," George Roberts said. "He'll cash it. How much you need? Two hundred? Three hundred?"

Tom had been thinking of cashing a check for thirty-five dollars.

"I guess a hundred and fifty ought to be enough to cover me," he said.

"Make it out to me and I'll endorse it," George Roberts said. "That way Marty won't ask any questions. Know what I mean? Meantime, shall we have another round?"

They had two more rounds and then they went to an expensive night club for dinner. George Roberts and Kathleen Kane became deeply engrossed in a conversation about people and places that Tom did not know. While Tom was paying the check, Kathleen suggested dropping in at The Embers. "For a girl who has never attended a big cocktail party until tonight," Tom thought, "she seems to know her way around New York."

When they were leaving The Embers for a nightcap at a cute place Kathleen knew on Third Avenue, Tom announced that he had to get up early in the morning and said good-by.

It was after four o'clock when the taxi pulled into his driveway, and when Tom reached for his money, he found that only twenty-two dollars remained from the one hundred and fifty. As he walked toward the house, he heard the front door open. Lydia came out on the steps in her dressing gown and ran into his arms. She was sobbing.

"Gee, honey," Tom said. "I'm sorry about Halloween and the kids and everything. But I—"

He saw then that there was no need for the time being to make up a story about where he had been. Lydia was so grateful to have him home safe that she did not care where or how he had spent the night. Because he had not telephoned, she was sure he had had an accident.

Tom gazed thoughtfully again at George Roberts' signature on the back of the check and leaned back and sighed. He wondered why, during all those years that he had blamed Lydia for the strange disappearance of his money, he had never stopped to count how much he had spent on drinks for other people at the country club and in the city, how much he had paid for the privilege of being seen with the Bernice Desautels and the Kathleen Kanes. Apparently he had been going under the assumption that such a waste of money did not need to be answered for because it was a normal, necessary requirement in making yourself admired and well liked. "How well liked do you have to be," Tom thought. "Just how hard do you have to knock yourself out in order to qualify as a regular guy, a good sport, a big-time operator?" He propped the canceled check for $150 against a well-filled ash tray sitting on the table in front of him and smiled at it.

"Thank you very much, George Roberts, wherever you are," he said.

Then he lit a cigarette and smoked it and went downstairs to the telephone and called Lydia in White Plains.

"Do you suppose you could get your mother to take care of the kids tomorrow night?" he said to her. "I'd like to take you some place for dinner. I want to talk to you." THE END

Photos by Werner Wolff—Black Star

PAAR'S BELIEF "It's bright to be sincere" is catching. Vocalists Betty Clooney (Rosemary's younger sister) and Jack Haskell get on the beam.

Bad Boy Makes Good

Jack Paar is a comedian who cries, says what he thinks, and has always put his worst foot forward. Surprisingly, he has wound up being worshiped by nine million viewers who struggle out of bed early every weekday morning to chortle over his deft, barbed comedy

BY FLORA RHETA SCHREIBER

One Friday morning last November Jack Paar, CBS-TV's brightest new comic star, sat straight in the chair he occupies every morning as the host of "The Morning Show" and was utterly unconcerned with laughter.

A week earlier, the Baird marionettes, a regular feature of the show since its inception, had given their last performance. *Variety*, the entertainment newspaper, had stated that Jack had fired the Bairds and other papers had picked up the story.

"Yesterday," Jack said, "I had a call from a lady in Washington, D.C. 'You always seemed to be such a nice guy,' she said, 'but after reading of your brutal dismissal of the Bairds, I think you must be a hypocrite.' "

After a pause, Jack went on: "I want you to know my little daughter, Randy, misses the Bairds so much she no longer watches our show. I didn't let the Bairds go. I hope you believe me," he concluded, bona fide tears running down his cheeks.

Men, and especially comedians, don't usually cry in public, but Jack Paar made no effort to conceal his tears. In this instance, he did what he felt like doing—just as he has done throughout his career. And surprisingly enough, this tall, slender, blond thirty-seven-year-old with the gentle manner and the sly, biting tongue, has climbed into the top echelon of comedians despite his habit of saying what he thinks and doing what comes naturally.

He Inherited a Failure

When Paar took over CBS-TV's "The Morning Show," in August, 1954, he inherited a failure. He is quick to make clear, however, that the failure was not the fault of Walter Cronkite, his predecessor. "Under Cronkite," Paar says, " 'The Morning Show' was predominantly a news and commentary show. CBS changed to an entertainment format when they brought me on."

At that time it was generally predicted that there were just not enough people who would watch two morning shows, no matter how different, at the uncongenial hours between 7 and 9 A.M. Paar has proved them wrong. He has not only lured viewers from Dave Garroway's "Today" but has built an ardent audience of his own. This audience continues to grow constantly and now consists of some four million families, reached by fifty-seven stations on the East Coast, in the South, the Midwest, and in the Rocky Mountain area.

Paar receives an average of 2,000 letters a week. On one program he remarked that he had never seen a photograph of Marilyn Monroe with her mouth closed. He has since received over 2,000 such photographs. On another program he read a humorous letter written to him by the owners of a stable. The horsemen promptly countered by christening a newborn colt "Jack Paar." Much of Paar's mail is from women who mother him as if he were Liberace.

On camera, Paar is as casual as smoke rings. Indulging in playful strategy against Garroway, one morning Paar urged his viewers: "Don't watch chimpanzees [referring to Garroway's simian costar, J. Fred Muggs]. Be loyal to your

own kind [Jack Paar]. Do you want animals to take over the world?"

He Likes to Spring Surprises

Jack enjoys springing surprises. Once, all dressed up in a blue suit, he suddenly startled viewers by exposing his bare feet. When he lost his bet on the Cleveland Indians, his self-inflicted penalty was to sing "Babalu," a song about an African goddess. His supporting players, Pupi Campo, Jose Melis, Betty Clooney, and Hal Simms, shrieked with delight. And so did the studio audience, up at the crack of dawn to see Jack Paar in person.

But despite this camaraderie with an audience that worships him, Paar is no folksy character. He is aloof and introverted. He even dislikes shaking hands, and the only drinking cup he will use in the studio is a new paper one. His off-camera personality sometimes bristles the way some people's responds to hearing a piece of chalk being scraped across a blackboard.

He does much of his own writing, and his humor is cut from an altogether different cloth from that of the comedians who get their jokes out of files. Paar is original in the most fundamental sense —his humor springs from what he is as a person, from his instinctive flair for being himself.

Once when he was asked, "Who are the writers of your program?" he replied, "No writers. We have an electric typewriter; you just put a blank piece of paper in and set for FUNNY! I like the old-fashioned kind of comedy, the kind that is written by steam. Sounds great. You could get a good laugh and get your pants pressed at the same time."

His satiric darts are tossed at people and customs he considers phony, and he enjoys twisting the obvious. In this spirit he has staged mock radio and television shows—an amateur show in which the winner got three dollars and a two-week engagement in a coal mine. One weighty subject under discussion in a Paar mock forum was, "Will the pressure cooker replace the atom bomb?" And the speakers blurted, "I'll take either side—" "I'll take a cup of tea." "Who's got the dice?" "Please, don't ask such questions."

The Macabre Touch

His imagination often has much in common with a Philip Wylie diatribe or a Charles Addams cartoon. This imagination is at work, for instance, when Paar assumes the role of boy strangler in a topsy-turvy soap opera. The boy's mother gives him his first strangling cord and a Lucrezia Borgia poisoning kit as a loving birthday gift.

The postwar success story of this modern-day "Peck's Bad Boy" began in Hollywood, where his big chance came

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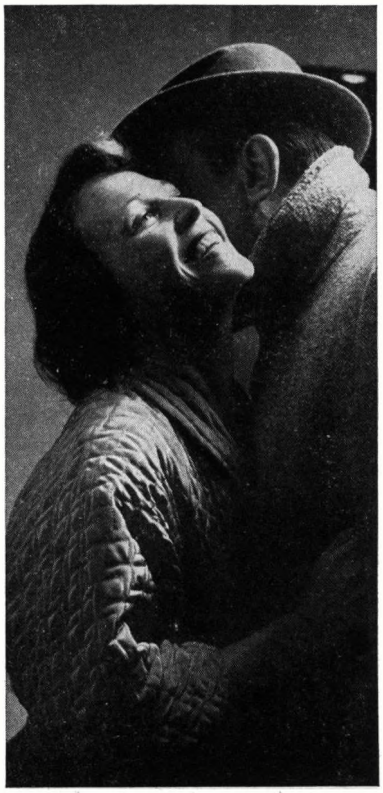


BEFORE DAWN, Jack kisses wife Miriam good-by. Home at one to work or paint, he goes to bed by seven.

along in the person of Robert V. Ballin, his neighbor and producer of "The Jack Benny Show." Ballin played Jack Benny an audition Paar had made for NBC. Benny remembered having seen Paar perform in a hospital on Guadalcanal. On the strength of the audition and the recollection, Benny picked Paar as his 1946 summer replacement. The extravagantly enthusiastic reviews Paar received led to a show of his own—"The Jack Paar Show," on NBC—and it looked as if he had arrived without even a struggle.

Then Came the Struggle

Then came the struggle. Ernest Walker, a researcher, was hired by the American Tobacco Company, the sponsor of the show, to study the laughs. Walker concluded that Paar got laughs, all right, but the wrong kind. The right kind would come only if Paar followed Benny's example and built his humor around a single character trait. Paar would have to find the equivalent of Benny's stinginess. Paar refused. He had not been a fixed character in Army shows and he had been enormously popular. He would not be bound by a strait jacket. So, when the contracted twenty-six weeks were over, "The Jack Paar Show" went off the air, and Paar, as he puts it, "joined the unemployed."

During World War Two, Paar had flashed into prominence as a GI performer whom Bob Hope, Jack Carson, and Jack Benny followed with reluctance on their tours. Saying exactly what he thought, Paar became a voice for the GI's thoughts, and they in turn made the twenty-six-year-old private their idol.

Caustic Quips

Once when Paar was on stage, a lieutenant kept talking. Finally Jack, interrupting his act, quipped, "Lieutenant, a man with your I.Q. should have a low voice, too." A troopship served poor food, so Sergeant Paar stepped into a lifeboat, took a microphone in hand, and in dulcet tones told the men, "The captain has asked me to tell you that there was a Jap submarine after us this afternoon. Unfortunately, the Navy gunners drove the sub off—unfortunately, because that sub was trying to bring us food." Jack still speaks of this as "my best joke."

In the spring of 1946, Jack returned to the States to rejoin his wife, Miriam. He had met her when the 28th Special Services Company was stationed at Indiantown Gap Military Reservation, near Harrisburg, Pennsylvania. The Hershey Chocolate Corporation had given a dinner-dance for the men. At the dinner, Jack was introduced to Miriam Wagner, niece of the founder of the Hershey company. "I don't dance," Jack said to her, "but will you talk to me?" They talked, and the very next day they had a swimming date, followed by dinner. The second day he proposed. She refused, but they went right on having dates, riding around the Pennsylvania countryside in her Cadillac, getting to know each other.

He did not mention marriage again. But she did. "When I told him I did love him and wanted to marry him," she says, "he protested that we had different backgrounds, that he had no money. He raised all the objections I had raised." But five months after Jack and Miriam met, they were married at the Hotel Hershey.

At one moment during the ceremony, Jack whispered to his Army buddy Jose Melis, who was the organist at the wedding: "Look, the show is dying. Do something." Jose obligingly swung two bars of a *rumba* into the wedding music.

Jack was to have had a four-day leave, but the day before the wedding, during a hard march, he asked his lieutenant, "Is this rat race going to continue much longer?" His wedding leave was cut to one day.

Born in Canton, Ohio, the son of New York Central Railroad executive Howard A. Paar, Jack should have had an easy, untroubled youth. But things were made rough by the death of Jack's older brother in an automobile accident, by Jack's own tuberculosis, which ended his schooling after the second year of high school, and by his stuttering.

At sixteen, however, speech practice with buttons in his mouth had improved Jack's pronunciation enough to make him the youngest paid announcer in the country. His performance on WIBM, Jackson, Michigan, was rated "highly professional." At nineteen, he was an announcer for the Cleveland Orchestra. Other announcing jobs followed in Indianapolis, Detroit, and Buffalo. First in Cleveland, and later in Buffalo, he had found himself upsetting the dull routine of disk-jockey patter to play for a laugh. "At the musical note it will be 8:15," he would say, and go on as though there had been no interruption. Or he would inject a Tarzan call during a record.

His Army success made it unthinkable for Paar to go back to the Buffalo radio station at a small salary. So he and his wife went to live with her family in Hershey, and he commuted to New York to knock on executive doors. He finally got on the Paul Whiteman program and did one of his Army monologues, a very sentimental number. His voice broke and he cried, as he later did when the Baird Puppets were dropped from his show. "Gee," exclaimed Arthur Willi, an RKO talent scout who happened to be in the studio, "a comic who cries. This is a hot property." Thus the tears Jack shed, coupled with publicity about his Army exploits, led to a contract with RKO.

Jack and Miriam went to Hollywood. Ribbing the industry at an RKO dinner, he aroused RKO vice-president Dore Schary's interest. Schary decided to make him the star of a new war picture. But shortly after that, Schary had a row with boss Howard Hughes, left RKO, and took the story with him. Apart from some B pictures Jack wrote and a movie in which he appeared with Lucille Ball, the three-year stay at RKO was watchful waiting.

Through the seven years between the NBC "Jack Paar Show" and "The Morning Show," Jack was the summer substitute for so many performers—Jack Benny, Arthur Godfrey, Eddie Cantor, even Kukla, Fran, and Ollie—that he referred to himself as the "oleomargarine of the business."

Always a Show Stealer

During this period, Miriam had polio and an operation, and their daughter, Randy, was born. Jack was called into the room to sign some papers, tripped over a laundry basket, and sprained his ankle. When he called the grandmothers to tell them of Randy's arrival, the talk shifted from Randy and Miriam to Jack's ankle. And everyone said: "Even when

his daughter was born, Jack Paar stole the show."

The going was hard in those days. Jack was then past thirty and was already considered a has-been. But he managed to catch on with "Bank on the Stars," a quiz show that he wrote and emceed. The show led to his CBS-TV half-hour morning show once a week. The half hour grew into a once-a-week, full-hour morning show, and led also to a half hour on Saturday night.

At this stage, Jack decided to try NBC.

"We'd make you an offer, but you're not free," said Pat Weaver.

"I think I can get away from CBS," Jack replied.

He had made up his mind to go to work for NBC, his old happy hunting ground. So one morning he telephoned several V.P.'s at CBS to tell them of his decision, could get none of them, and left his name. Then they began calling him back. "Gee, Jack, you heard it first," each said. "Congratulations."

Jack had been trying to get them at the very moment they were meeting to decide his fate. Instead of the release he was seeking, he got the contract as star of "The Morning Show" at an annual income of some $150,000.

He Gets up with the Rooster

The Paars now live in an eight-room, two-story garden apartment in Bronxville, a New York City suburb. The apartment is simply but tastefully furnished. Each morning Jack gets up with the rooster (which not so incidentally is the emblem of "The Morning Show") at 4:30, awakened by four alarm clocks—three electric, one manual—lest one break down. Miriam gets up, too, and prepares his breakfast. One morning she slept through all the ringing. Jack shook her soundly. "Oh, thank you, thank you, Jack," she murmured sleepily. Then Jack calls the Bronxville cabby who has agreed to drive him to the 5:29 train on the condition that Jack wake him each morning. At 6:08, Jack is at CBS Studio 41, in the Grand Central Terminal Building.

By one o'clock, Miriam is listening for the sound of Jack's quick, impatient footstep. When he arrives—his hat usually at a rakish angle, his face triumphant or perplexed according to how well the morning's show went—they have one of Miriam's gala lunches and discuss that morning's program.

After getting into English desert boots and his blue denims or his tan jump suit, Paar customarily spends the afternoon working in his upstairs study or in his ten-by-ten basement workshop.

His desk, with its rubber stamps, one marked "Ditto," one cautioning "Return to Jack Paar," is the very epitome of neatness. Here he writes or edits, sending "big-brother" notes to his writers, which he signs "Dad."

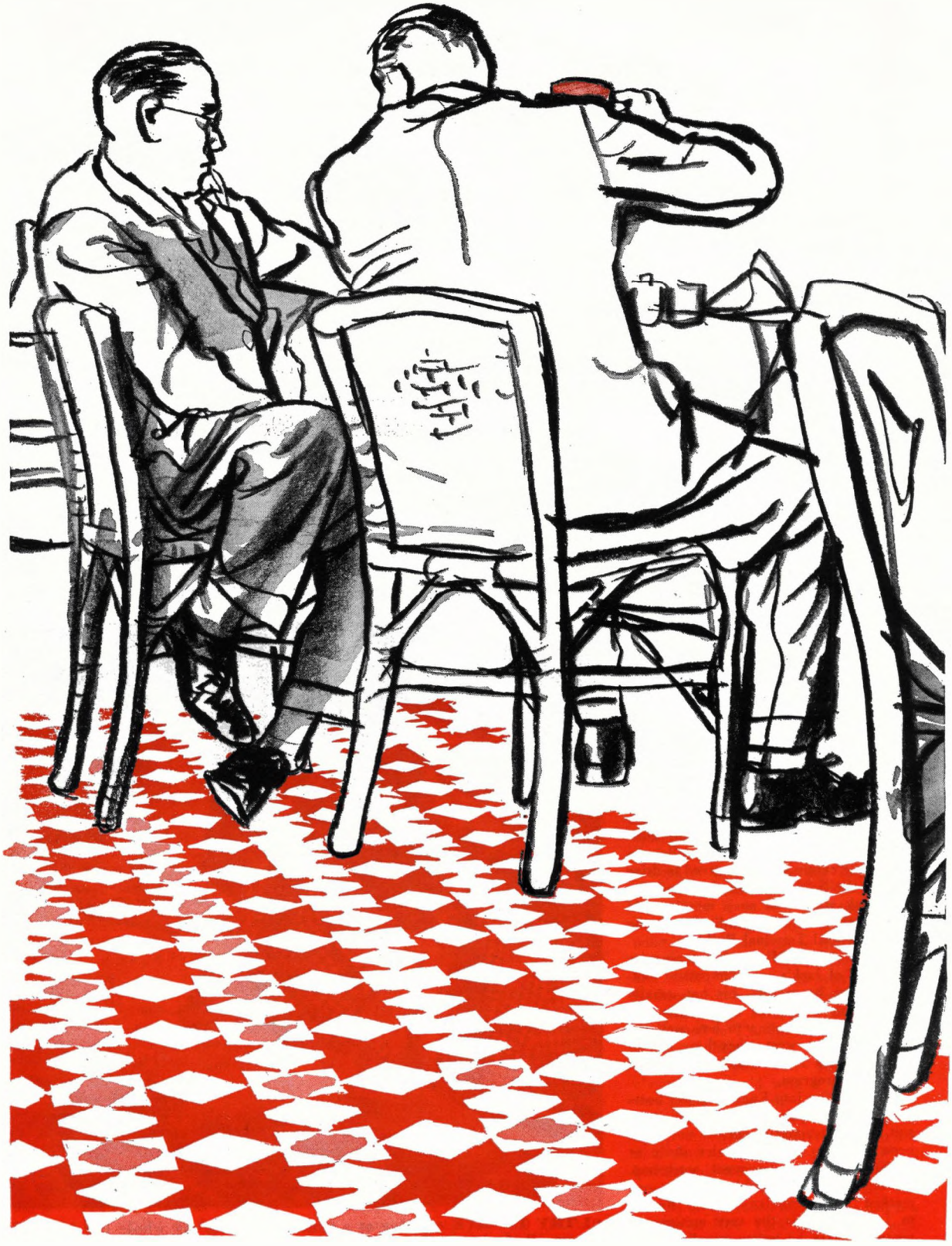
The maroon walls of Paar's study, on which hang K.L.M. Royal Dutch Airlines travel posters, photographs of Jack's long line of foreign cars—MG, Simca, Aston Martin, Jaguar—and his own oil painting, mirror his interests. Though a serious amateur artist—he studies painting via home study with the Famous Artists Schools of Westport, Connecticut—Paar insists his paintings are not very good, that "To me a straight line is what it is to an engineer—just a straight line. I'm too mechanically minded to be a good painter."

At four o'clock, Jack calls Wil Birdwell, who, as Jack says, "handles everything for me," to check on what may have happened at the office since he left at noon. At 4:15, Jack and Miriam have their cocktail hour. He puffs in peace on his Barling pipe and has two Highland Nectar Scotches on the rocks. He rarely drinks at any other time. At five, they have dinner. At six, he takes a bath and reads in the bathtub. He reads for information, dislikes reading for entertainment, and he reads magazines with contrasting points of view. A Bronxville stationer, seeing him buy the *American Mercury* and the *Democratic Digest* at the same time, remarked, "Can't you make up your mind?" At seven, Jack is in bed. Randy, his six-year-old blonde little daughter, comes in for a visit.

A Busier, Calmer Future

As for Jack Paar's future, it promises to be less stormy, professionally, than his past. His contract with CBS runs for five years. To play alter ego to Jack's erratic business sense, J. Richard Kennedy now manages his investments. Jack's check goes to Kennedy, who, in Jack's name, banks, invests, and otherwise disposes of it. Only a small budget—twenty dollars a week according to Jack, somewhat more according to Kennedy—goes to Jack himself. As by-products of "The Morning Show," Kennedy has plans in progress for Jack to star in one movie a year and to write a syndicated column. Kennedy represents Jack at business conferences. Sometimes Kennedy lets Paar sit in, too, but hopes that when Jack does, it is the new, 1955-model Paar and not the bad boy of the Army and Hollywood days who makes his appearance. And in the main, Kennedy has his wish. For Jack, tired of upsetting the applecart, says, "Frank, outspoken madness is now only a source of humor for me. As a way of life, I bid it fond farewell." THE END

"I TRY TO LIVE one day at a time, not tackle my whole life problem at once." At home, Paar likes to spin tales for his daughter, Randy.



"Boy, what a doll," the big man boasted. "Too bad you never met her."

Now he knew the truth—another man had been his wife's lover. In bitterness and hate he was going home to face her

BY MARIAN GAVIN ILLUSTRATED BY AUSTIN BRIGGS

Under him, the rails sang their clackety-clack, but well oiled and pleasantly because this was the *Blue Eagle* out of New Orleans, bound west. Joe Self was oiled, too, but not well or pleasantly. He had done his drinking before he got on, alone in a dim little bar that—deliberately twisting the knife—he had chosen because Duffy McDougal recommended it. Now for the first time in many a moon, he had the bitter mouth, the stopped-in-mid-air-and-about-to-come-down-with-a-crash feeling that was prelude to hang-over.

But, at least, he had everything planned. He'd just walk in and spit it out. She'd be waiting up for him; that was one of her sweet little tricks, always sitting curled up in the big red chair with the light turned low, not doing anything, just waiting for him with that sleepy smile on her face.

But the smile and the waiting up weren't going to stop him. He'd spit it out, every lousy bit of it. Then he'd stand there and watch her smile fade and her mouth fly open in denial. But just let her try to deny it, or say she didn't remember! Nobody forgot a thing like that, or a name like Duffy McDougal, or the man it belonged to. Six-foot-two Duffy with his red hair and rain-barrel voice, against Joe's measly five seven.

He was going to watch her squirm and try to say it wasn't true. Then he'd put his hat back on, pick up his two-suiter, and walk out. No real man could do less when he found out his wife was a lie, a sticky sweet lie from the word Go.

When he came back—if he decided to come back—everything would be open and aboveboard between them. No more of this feeling that she was a deep, still pool, where he could never touch bottom. No more helpless, awe-struck moments. No more Little Joe, and Irene, the Perfect. All these years. . . . He hadn't realized how much he'd given in and knuckled under. No big things, he had to admit that. But little things, a thousand little things because he had thought she was so wonderful. Because, in the first place, he'd never gotten over the fact that she had married him, that she had wanted to marry him.

A sound came up in his throat. But he wasn't crying over spilled milk. Oh, no. He was laughing. Laughing at the way she had fooled him, right from the beginning. Six years ago in Gulfport. Heavy salt wind and the tide coming in with a slap-slap and sun shining on the bright and dark streaked hair of a girl he'd just met . . . a girl who knew about sailing, who wanted to teach him, who was like a friendly boy with her dirty white shorts and clipped hair and snubby, sun-baked nose.

Then the night of the dance and the same girl, only different, wearing lipstick and a thin pale dress that pushed back against her as they walked out on the windy pier. A dress that matched the moonlight, and his heart going thuddity-thud against the cage of his ribs. The unbearable longing, the pain and the fury at his own inadequacy, and then her quiet voice saying, "You know I'll marry you, Joe. I couldn't—why, I couldn't do anything else, feeling the way I do."

So sweet, so innocent. Love's first blooming. . . .

But what about Duffy, earlier that same summer, before Joe got there?

"Hey, maybe you knew some of the crowd I ran with that summer. I wasn't down there long, but, man, what a time!" Duffy, his big red face and his red hair shining. Duffy leaning across the steak that Joe had decided to pay for, now the deal was closed and McDougal of Rendie Oil was satisfied his company was getting the best drilling equipment money could buy. Duffy, shooting out sparks of good fellowship.

"Man, there was a girl—and what a girl! Maybe you knew her. A sun-dolly with the best *rumba* this side of Brazil or wherever the fool dance started. Irene was her name. Irene DeBarr."

Caution had touched Joe, lightly with warning fingertips. He'd shaken his head. "Sorry, I met an awful lot of girls that summer."

"Man, you didn't meet Irene, or you'd remember her." Duffy was still riding his memory, hell-bent for leather, his eyes vivid. "Haven't thought of her in years, but she's still there, clear as the steak in front of me. What a time we had. Only

girl I ever knew that didn't try to hang onto a guy once the sand ran down."

Shock had held Joe motionless, the good-salesman smile frozen on his face because the meaning was as obvious as the man's red hair. And there could only have been one Irene DeBarr in Gulfport that summer. Duffy's sun-dolly and the sweet, innocent girl who had married Joe Self.

Damn! The explosion set off an arid, jeering echo inside his head, which already hurt abominably. He had gotten rid of Duffy after the interminable dinner and an interminable number of beers, and spent the rest of the evening until train time, with Duffy's contract heavy in his pocket, in the little bar that Duffy recommended. He had drunk doggedly and without discrimination, the thing going around and around in his head like a spiked wheel. Just before I met her, my wife knew another man. She didn't tell me, but now I know. If I had known . . .?

Ah, but the six years were gone anyway, wiped out. Little Joe and Irene, the Perfect, and Little Joe, the Second. He couldn't see his son's face. All he could see was the "little," like himself, against Duffy's six foot two. The big one that got away. It was the little ones who got caught. But now he knew, and he wasn't caught any more.

Getting gray with daylight outside the window. It would be late tonight, around ten-thirty, when he got there, and her curled up in the big chair with her sleepy smile. "Hello, Joe." Soft and sweet. Unsuspecting. Ought to get some sleep. Ought to have taken the Pullman so he could get some sleep and be on his toes when he got there. Have to be on his toes, but couldn't sleep . . . couldn't sleep. . . .

He woke, stiff-necked and dry-mouthed, to the gray of rain outside the window. He had slept, but the chill of the air conditioning had crept into his bones and driven a blunt wedge between his eyes so that he could scarcely see.

He groped and lurched to the men's room and met himself in the mirror over the washbasin. "Know what, Joe? You've got the nicest face I ever knew. It even feels nice in the dark." And how did Duffy's face feel in the dark? Or was it in daylight on a lonely beach with the sun beating down and the gulls screaming? You and Duffy probably liked it that way, in the sun—

Stop it, he told the taut, gray face in need of a shave. Stop it. It doesn't matter a damn now, because it's over and done with. All of it over and done with. Except watching her fall apart when he walked in and told her what he knew.

He got his razor and shaved and had breakfast in the diner just before it closed. Then lunch. The day crawled along like a gray snail. He wished he had taken a plane. He could have, but he had chosen the train to save the difference in fare. He had to laugh now, thinking of himself buying a train ticket so he could add the difference to the New Car Fund. He didn't use a car much himself; it was mostly Irene. Why had he ever thought she needed that bright red job?

But if he'd taken a plane, he'd be there now and nothing would be as he'd planned, her waiting up for him. That he had to see, just one more time.

When the sun came out and the sky cleared to a brilliant white-swirled blue, the leaden grayness left him for a moment and the night just past seemed an unlikely nightmare. Then he thought of Duffy and his sun-dolly on the empty beach, and, with a slow nasty roll of the stomach, he was back where he had started. The sunlight and the bright blue sky were a personal affront.

A big man went down the aisle, steering a baby blonde toward the club car. Her eager, ribald laughter floated back to him and in his imagination it was Irene laughing at one of Duffy's jokes. He hated the blonde and the man steering her so much that for an instant a red glare filmed his eyes. The blonde could probably turn on the sweetness, too, and the bright-eyed innocence. They were—all of them—like chameleons. Tricky.

"Is this seat taken?"

Light, friendly voice. Roughly, he shook his head and swam in an eddy of perfume as she sat down. For a moment he sat rigid, staring out the window. Then he stole a glance. Dark hair, short and ragged edged like they were all wearing it now; smooth, straight-nosed profile; not young but not old. Probably knew the score. He had never thought such things before, but he thought them now, doggedly, determinedly. He had been missing a lot, little Joe on his homemade leash. Might as well start right now, not missing things.

Then his dogged determination spun out into gray disinterest. Not now, he thought. Later when he could make sure Irene would know. She'd find out then how strong the leash was. Cobweb, that's what it would be. The same as it had been when she tried to hold Duffy with her trick of not wanting to hold him. The same as it would be with any real man.

Always responding like a plucked harp, that had been little Joe with his eyes full of stars. Plucked harp? Eyes full of stars? He was going nuts. But not enough to shut out her voice. "What do you think, Joe? Is it worth waiting until you're making more money, or shouldn't we go on and get married now?" They had gotten married. "Don't you think it's time for Little Joe, darling? Don't you?" Him up to his neck in bills and work, but it was time because she said so.

Of course he wouldn't take anything for Little Joe. A tightness gathered his throat. But it was just another example of how she had kept after him in that sweet, tricky way of hers. "What do you think about television, Joe? Is it worth it?" And now the car. "It's an awful lot of money, isn't it, Joe? But maybe, with the station wagon eating oil and gas like it does. . . ."

Oh, no, it would be a long hot day in January before he traded in the old station wagon. That red job could rot on the display floor for all he cared. The whole world would rot before he let himself be taken again.

"First call for dinnuh! First call for dinnuh!"

It had grown dark without his noticing. Wouldn't be long now. With the thought, something tightened inside him. Tightened, tightened. When the pressure became too great, he pushed himself up suddenly with the flat of his hands. He wasn't hungry, but he had to do something. Might as well eat again.

He had to get out past the woman's silken knees, exposed when she turned sideways in her slim skirt. She probably wanted him to ask her to dinner. For an instant he came near asking her. Then he thought, "To hell with her and all the rest of them!" He went swiftly down the aisle, his head splitting wider with each step. She was too tall anyway. Most of them were. That had been one of the things about Irene; she was shorter. She made him feel big.

He had to laugh, thinking of himself going around for the last six years feeling big. When all the time. . . . Oh, to hell with it! To hell with it.

His headache didn't lessen, but a measure of well-being returned after he had eaten. The fried shrimp, the soup, the brilliant green salad, tasted good, the first food he had actually tasted all day. He made it down the aisle to his seat, almost without lurching.

On second thought, he'd give her a chance. He wouldn't spit it out all at once. He'd walk in and take off his tie like he was going to stay. He'd show her the contract. He'd say the name quietly. Just the name. "Duffy McDougal of Rendie Oil. Big fellow, redheaded." And then it would be up to her.

A trace of sweat broke out under his arms. Would she, not knowing how much he knew, if anything, tell him about herself and Duffy? For a moment he felt an upsurge of hope. If she would tell him without his asking or forcing her into it. . . . But she'd already had a chance to do that. Six years full of chances. She wouldn't—

"Sorry, but I seem to be out of matches. Would you mind?"

He heard the soft, inquiring voice as though from a great distance. He lit her cigarette, holding his lighter carefully against the rhythm of the train, looking past her to the dark glass of the opposite window. Wouldn't be long now.

"Thank you very much." Softer now, a little more eager.

"Welcome."

Apologizing for the flatness, he flung her a quick smile, but he didn't actually see her or smell the warm invitation of her perfume. Against the darkened windows he was seeing a familiar, sleepy face and steeling himself against another, more familiar, perfume—that of soap and lemon-rinsed hair and sun-dried house dress. In sudden bursting pain and irritation, he thought, "Why'd I have to run into the guy anyway?" But that was crazy, the craziest thought he'd had all day. Wasn't he glad to know? To have the whole picture instead of lying caught, like a fly in a bowl of honey, as he'd been all these years? A dumb fly that didn't even have sense enough to know it was trapped.

When he stepped off the train, he thought for a moment that Irene had broken precedent and come to meet him. But it was only a girl with a jacket like Irene's and hair the same color. His hammering heart steadied to a slow, leaden beat. She wouldn't have come anyway. It was a long way and there was Little Joe with his habit of waking up for a second drink of water.

He signaled a cab and settled into it, determinedly. This was just like every other time he'd come home from a trip. Except that now he knew about Duffy.

It was, had always been, a long way out to West Sixteenth, but tonight the cab seemed to fly, a rattletrap demon through the neon-flowering dark. It was only a minute and he stood on the front walk, slowly tucking his wallet back into his pocket. The wrong pocket, he realized, but what did it matter? What did anything matter?

The house stood as he had left it, not big but solid, with a glow behind the drawn blinds of the living room. But what if, for once, she wasn't waiting up for him? The train had been a few minutes late; maybe she'd given him up and gone to bed. Maybe she was asleep, curled up in the old blue nightgown he'd given her when Little Joe was born. She always wore it, the first night he came home from a trip.

He wouldn't wake her, would he? If she was asleep. He'd wait until morning, wouldn't he? What point would there be in—?

He opened the front door with a feeling that would have been hope if there'd been anything left to hope for, if there'd been anything to doubt. Which there wasn't. He knew that, but the feeling persisted. It persisted until he pulled his key from the lock and pushed open the door.

"Hello, Joe." She was there, curled up, and her eyes were bright above the sleepy smile, half yawn, half welcome. She uncurled in a kind of reaching out to him. "I thought I heard you coming." She held the smile, waiting, expectant. "Good trip?"

"I got a big order." He said it hoarsely, standing there with his suitcase still clutched in his hand. "From Rendie Oil." It was going to be hard, damned hard, but the rest of it was on the way. *An old friend of yours. His name is Duffy McDougal. Remember him?* Just like that he was going to tear it all down, rip it out by the roots. Six years. . . .

Then, for the second time in two days, he was shocked into numbness by the unexpected.

"Joe, tell me, did you ever have mumps?"

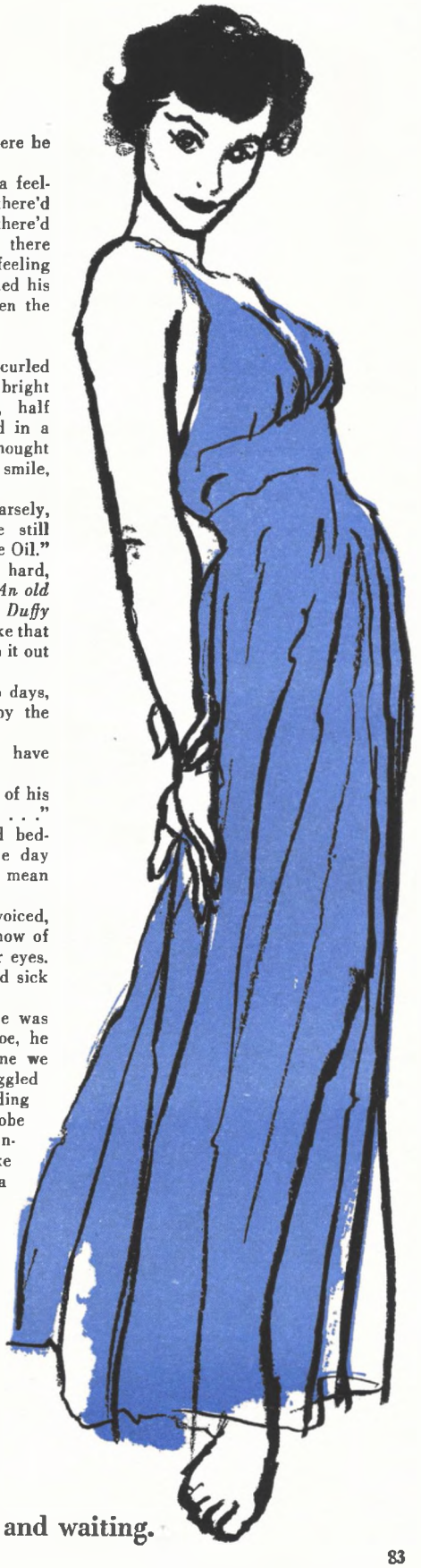
Her giggle slid down the surface of his numbness. "Because if you didn't. . . ." She nodded toward the darkened bedroom. "Little Joe. Came down the day after you left. That's why he was so mean at the station."

"When I called. . . ." Still hoarse-voiced, still clutching his suitcase, aware now of the tired bluish shadows under her eyes. "Why didn't you tell me?" The kid sick and she. . . .

"I didn't want to worry you. He was bad just the first night or two. Joe, he looked like a blowfish, like the one we saw in that magazine ad." She giggled again, close to him now, standing there in her sturdy red-plaid robe with the blue nightgown showing underneath. "Joe, wouldn't you like some cheese and crackers and a beer?"

Cheese and crackers and a beer. Little Joe's face swelled up like a blowfish. Mumps. Did he have mumps when he was a kid? He could not remember. The smell of her, clean with lemon and soap and sun. The old blue nightgown giving a little at the seams. Cheese and crackers and a beer. . . .

"Sure," he said, putting the suitcase down at last. Closing the door behind him. "Sure." Because all



She stood there motionless—lovely and waiting.

at once he knew he would not mention Duffy McDougal. He was never going to mention Duffy. Six years was too long and she had made the trap too well for him to escape it now. Standing there no higher than his nose, with the blue shadows under her eyes but smiling, pretending she wasn't dead for sleep.

"I'll forget it," he told himself with a high keening bitterness as he followed her down the hall to the kitchen. *I'll make myself forget.* It wouldn't be easy, and maybe he'd never manage it, maybe he'd always have this torn-up feeling, wanting to touch her and yet not wanting to. But there was all the time he spent away from her anyway. At least on trips he'd be able to put the thing out of his mind. If Rendie Oil needed more equipment, the office could send another man down. He'd ask them to, as a personal favor. He couldn't afford to lose the commissions, but he couldn't afford to run into Duffy again.

I might have killed him. Last night? Was it only last night?

"What's the matter, Joe?" Looking at him with a worried little frown, knowing something was wrong, but not knowing what it was. She'd never know.

"Nothing," he said, choking down crackers. "Nothing's wrong." But it wasn't enough, simply not to tell her. He'd have to do better than that. He forced himself to smile. It was going to be hell, but he'd been crazy to think it could be anything else.

"Let's go to bed."

The words came out flat and harsh, shocking even him. Color rose in her pale night face and her eyes were full of a startled-doe wariness. But at least he had said it. He'd get that part settled anyway, see if he could stand it. The girl that Duffy hadn't wanted for keeps.

"All right, Joe." She got up, a little uncertainly, but in a minute the cheese and crackers were back where they belonged, the beer can in the garbage. She went ahead of him down the hall. Stopped at Little Joe's doorway and went softly in. Turned on the night lamp.

From habit, he started to follow, then paused, caught again by the look of her tired, shadowed face as she bent over the bed, hands moving in a gentle ritual of pats and straightenings.

The little mother. It started out rough and sarcastic—and came out wondering and full of truth. Because she was, always had been, a good mother to Little Joe. That part was all right. And that was a lot. He was struck suddenly by how much it was, these days when some women found their kids too big a bother, hiring somebody else to look after them. Yes, that part of it was all right.

But the hard, hurting place that had smoothed out in him tightened again, painfully, when she snapped off the light and came toward him. Smiling. Abruptly he turned and plunged through the opposite doorway, into their own bedroom. Because he couldn't go through with it, after all. He'd just take off his things and go to bed, bed uncapitalized. He didn't want anything else, couldn't take anything else. If she'd just go on being a good mother to Little Joe, that was all he . . . .

"Hello, Joe . . . ."

Whisper so soft he didn't know for a moment whether he'd heard it or not. Then he turned and saw her standing there. The sturdy red-plaid robe was gone and thin blue silk clung lovingly, curving where her body curved, falling to the floor in swirls that gave her a look of joyous motion even as she stood motionless.

But it was her face that held him on a pinpoint of awe. Gone was the maternal tiredness and tenderness, the sleepy smile, even the blue shadows of fatigue. Gone was Little Joe's mother, the efficient housekeeper, the stanch budgeteer. This was not the snub-nosed girl in the tilting sailboat, or even the wife he had slept with the last night he was home. She was all these things and yet none of them, familiar and yet unfamiliar. . . .

She was a dream he had had, a dream of being loved and desired above all other men. His dream, but she made it come true, climbing a long flight of stairs labeled "Little Joe," "Mumps," "Mop and Bake," "Wait up for Joe. . . ." He didn't know how she had done it, but there she stood after that backbreaking climb, joyous and untouched as dawn. For him. She did it for him. Not for Duffy McDougal or any other man on earth, but for him, Joe Self who had been a crazy man for twenty-four hours, but who wasn't crazy any longer.

So maybe it had been true, she and Duffy on a lonely beach with the gulls and the beating sun. But what right had he to accuse her now? No right at all. He was a fool for thinking he could break into all the rooms she had ever lived in, however briefly and for whatever reason.

Duffy. Duffy was the fool for letting her go. Six-foot-two, red-haired Duffy, the poor dumb fool. Because it was Joe who was walking to meet her now, walking into that deep, bottomless pool where all the mistakes, the wrong turnings, the bad choices, the big and little scars, the hot spear of jealousy, would all be lost for a blessed while.

It was a pool called Love, and Duffy, the poor fool, would have drowned in it because he wasn't big enough. It was Joe who was big enough, bigger than all the Duffys put together. And who made him big? She did, and he was never going to forget it again. THE END

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COSMOPOLITAN'S EXCLUSIVE

Husband-and-Wife Diet

Only one of you may be on a diet—yet now you both sit down to the same meal! It can include your favorite foods, from mayonnaise to cake—yet each of you will get only the calories you need! With the experts' new plan, out goes the depressing old "special" diet

BY WALTER ROSS

If you are a husband or a wife trying to stay on a diet, the chances are good that nothing will drive you back to your old indulgences quicker than the sight of your spouse happily devouring favorite foods while you toy with toast cubes, tomato quarters, and water cress.

This agonizing situation is enough to break the will power of the most determined dieter, but it is even harder on the wife, who must run all over town shopping for special foods, try to prepare them in an appetizing manner, and, at the same time, cook a complete and separate meal for the non-dieting branch of the family. The result is general chaos, a tired wife, and—more often than not—a marital relationship as explosive as that of Jackie Gleason's "Honeymooners."

To solve this problem—one of the greatest obstacles to dieting—COSMOPOLITAN asked a trio of diet experts from St. Luke's Hospital in New York City to develop a scientifically sound diet that would enable a wife to diet while her husband didn't—and vice versa—without making it necessary to go to all the trouble of preparing two different meals.

The solution provided by our experts—Dr. Reginald A. Higgons, food chemist, Anthony A. Albanese, Ph.D., and Miss E. Alliene Mosso, St. Luke's Director of Dietetics—is certainly one of the simplest, most flexible diets ever made available to the public. Not only does it make it possible for a couple to eat the same food and for each to gain or lose as he chooses; but it requires no special planning, shopping, or preparation, outside of the accurate measuring of individual portions.

The secret of this new diet, prepared specially for COSMOPOLITAN and presented here for the first time, is an automatic system of listing calories which can be applied to the food you normally buy and prepare for your table. This system breaks down the foods you eat into specific Food Groups and tells you how many units from each group you must use to get a balanced diet and to accomplish your pound shedding.

Unlike most diets this new COSMOPOLITAN diet does not dictate your menus. It's a "choose-it-yourself" formula. You pick the foods—within basic requirements—and it lists the calorie count for you. This flexibility makes it a natural for husbands and wives with different dietary objectives—because each can eat the *same* foods and meet individual caloric requirements. As a time and money saver, you can't beat it.

Best of all, this diet sees to it that you are getting a balanced diet for good health as well as providing the means for moving your weight up or down. It is also so balanced it can be used for growing children with full assurance they are getting proper nourishment. For children, just include an extra pint of milk a day. All in all, it adds up to an "all-purpose" diet plan—a magic dieting formula for family health and happiness. Here is how it works:

STEP ONE

CHART 1 lists your desirable weight as determined by your height, sex, and body structure. This weight should be your goal when you diet.

STEP TWO

CHART 2 lists the calories necessary for a man and a woman to maintain their desirable weights of 154 pounds and 123 pounds, respectively. If you are naturally bigger than these typical subjects, your desirable weight will be above these figures. If it is, and you are a woman, add 12 calories to the **CHART 2** totals for every pound your *desirable* weight (not your present weight) exceeds 123 pounds. (For a man do the same for every pound his desirable weight exceeds 154 pounds.) The result will be the number of calories required each day to *maintain* desirable weight. If you now weigh more than your desirable weight—it will be necessary for you to lose weight rather than just maintain it. To do this Drs. Higgons and Albanese recommend cutting down about 200 calories per day for a week. Cut down on (but do not eliminate completely) your bread and your fat foods. If your weight does not go down a pound or so by the end of the first week, try dropping another 200 calories from these same groups. When you begin to lose, continue at the reduced calorie rate until you reach your desirable weight. Then increase the calories until your weight holds even.

STEP THREE

CHART 3 contains the specific foods you will serve at each meal, now that you know the number of calories you require. At the top of each Food Group list is the number of calories each quantity of food equals. For example, under FRUITS each quantity listed equals 40 calories, whether it is a small apple or half a banana. To get 80 calories, you double the quantity already measured for you. To get 20 calories, you halve it. To plan your meal, merely allow for enough servings to meet each person's adjusted calorie needs as indicated by **CHART 2.** You and your husband will thus be able to follow different diets from the same menu planned and prepared scientifically with minimum fuss and bother on your part.

Barris

SAMPLING THE NEW DIET, *Art Carney and Joyce Randolph of the Jackie Gleason show, "Honeymooners," choose hamburgers at 73 calories each. They selected foods they would* normally *buy.*

CHART 1

DESIRABLE WEIGHTS FOR MEN AND WOMEN OF AGES 25 OR OVER*

Weight in Pounds According to Frame (as ordinarily dressed)

MEN

HEIGHT (with shoes on) FEET	INCHES	SMALL FRAME	MEDIUM FRAME	LARGE FRAME
5	2	116-125	124-133	131-142
5	3	119-128	127-136	133-144
5	4	122-132	130-140	137-149
5	5	126-136	134-144	141-153
5	6	129-139	137-147	145-157
5	7	133-143	141-151	149-162
5	8	136-147	145-156	153-166
5	9	140-151	149-160	157-170
5	10	144-155	153-164	161-175
5	11	148-159	157-168	165-180
6	0	152-164	161-173	169-185
6	1	157-169	166-178	174-190
6	2	163-175	171-184	179-196
6	3	168-180	176-189	184-202

WOMEN

HEIGHT (with shoes on) FEET	INCHES	SMALL FRAME	MEDIUM FRAME	LARGE FRAME
4	11	104-111	110-118	117-127
5	0	105-113	112-120	119-129
5	1	107-115	114-122	121-131
5	2	110-118	117-125	124-135
5	3	113-121	120-128	127-138
5	4	116-125	124-132	131-142
5	5	119-128	127-135	133-145
5	6	123-132	130-140	138-150
5	7	126-136	134-144	142-154
5	8	129-139	137-147	145-158
5	9	133-143	141-151	149-162
5	10	136-147	145-155	152-166
5	11	139-150	148-158	155-169

**These tables are based on numerous medico-actuarial studies of hundreds of thousands of insured men and women.*

(continued)

The dieter's toughest battle, the psychological one, vanishes along with the gnawing hunger of a "restricted" diet . . . . And no more expensive shopping, wearying kitchen hours for the housewife

CHART 2

BASIC CALORIE REQUIREMENTS

BREAKFAST

Food Group	Calories
Fruit	80
Bread	274
Meat	73
Fat	180
Milk	85
Sugar—3 tsp.	60
	752

LUNCH

Food Group	Calories
Meat	146
Vegetable	36
Bread	272
Milk	170
Fat	180
Fruit	80
Sugar—2 tsp.	40
	924

DINNER

Food Group	Calories
Fruit	80
Meat	219
Bread	272
Fat	225
Milk	170
Vegetables	36
Dessert	300
Sugar—2 tsp.	40
	1342

Harris

ART AND JOYCE *toast their selection of a calorie-counted dinner with grapejuice. Joyce gets one potato to Art's two, half as much butter, one roll. Her calorie score: 630, a surprising low.*

CHART 3 FOOD GROUPS

VEGETABLES . . . *Each Quantity* = **36** *Calories*
One serving equals ½ cup

Beets	Pumpkin
Carrots	Rutabagas
Onions	Squash, winter
Peas, green	Turnips

FRUITS . . . *Each Quantity* = **40** *Calories*

Apple	1 small (2" diam.)
Applesauce	½ cup
Apricots, fresh	2 med.
Apricots, dried	4 halves
Banana	½ small
Berries	1 cup
Blueberries	⅔ cup
Cantaloupe	¼ (6" diam.)
Cherries	10 large
Dates	2
Figs, fresh	2 large
Figs, dried	1 small
Grapefruit	½ small
Grapefruit juice	½ cup
Grapes	12
Grapejuice	½ cup
Honeydew melon	⅛ (7")
Mango	½ small
Orange	1 small
Orange juice	½ cup
Papaya	⅓ med.
Peach	1 med.
Pear	1 small
Pineapple	½ cup
Pineapple juice	⅓ cup
Plums	2 med.
Prunes, dried	2
Raisins	2 tbsp.
Tangerine	1 large
Watermelon	1 cup

BREADS . . . *Each Quantity* = **68** *Calories*

Bread	1 slice
Biscuit, roll	1 (2" diam.)
Muffin	1 (2" diam.)
Cornbread	1 ½" cube
Flour	2½" tbsp.
Cereal, cooked	½ cup
Cereal, dry (flakes or puffed)	¾ cup
Rice or grits, cooked	½ cup
Spaghetti, noodles, etc.	½ cup
Crackers, graham	2
Crackers, oyster	20 (½ cup)
Crackers, saltine	5
Crackers, soda	3
Crackers, round	6-8
Vegetables (bread equivalents)	
Beans: lima, navy, etc. dry, cooked	½ cup
Peas: split peas, etc. dry, cooked	½ cup
Baked beans, no pork	¼ cup
Corn	⅓ cup
Parsnips	⅔ cup
Potatoes, white, baked or boiled	1 (2" diam.)

BREADS *(continued)*

Potatoes, white, mashed	½ cup
Potatoes, sweet, or yams	¼ cup
Sponge cake, plain	1½" cube

MEATS . . . *Each Quantity* = **73** *Calories*

Meat and poultry: beef, lamb, pork, liver, chicken, etc. (med. fat)	1 slice (3" x 2" x ½")
Cold cuts	1 slice (4½" sq. ⅛" thick)
Frankfurter	1 (8-9 per lb.)
Codfish, mackerel, etc.	1 slice (2" x 2" x 1")
Salmon, tuna, crab	¼ cup
Oysters, shrimp, clams	5 small
Sardines	3 med.
Cheese, cheddar, American	1 slice (3½" x 1½" x ¼")
Cheese, cottage	¼ cup
Egg	1
Peanut butter	2 tbsp.

FATS . . . *Each Quantity* = **45** *Calories*

Butter or margarine	1 tsp.
Bacon, crisp	1 slice
Cream, light	2 tbsp.
Cream, heavy	1 tbsp.
Cream cheese	1 tbsp.
French dressing	1 tbsp.
Mayonnaise	1 tsp.
Oil or cooking fat	1 tsp.
Nuts	6 small
Olives	5 small
Avocado	⅛ (4" diam.)

MILK . . . *Each Quantity* = **170** *Calories*

Milk, whole	1 cup
Milk, evaporated	½ cup
Milk, powdered	¼ cup
Buttermilk	1 cup

Add 2 fat exchanges if milk is fat-free

NEED NOT BE MEASURED

SEASONINGS: Cinnamon, celery salt, garlic, garlic salt, lemon, mustard, mint, nutmeg, parsley, pepper, saccharin and other sugarless sweeteners, spices, vanilla, and vinegar.

OTHER FOODS: Coffee, tea, fat-free broth, bouillon, unflavored gelatin, rennet tablets, sour or dill pickles, cranberries (without sugar), rhubarb (without sugar). You may eat as much as desired of raw vegetable. If cooked vegetable is eaten, limit amount to 1 cup.

Asparagus	Lettuce
Broccoli	Mushrooms
Brussels sprouts	Okra
Cabbage	Peppers, green or red
Cauliflower	Radishes
Celery	Sauerkraut
Chicory	String beans
Cucumbers	Summer squash
Eggplant	Tomatoes
Escarole	Water cress
Greens: beet, chard, collard, dandelion, kale, mustard, spinach, turnip	

Food preparation—Meats should be baked, boiled, or broiled. Do not fry foods unless fat allowed in meal is used.

Tally shared my dressing room. I taught her all I knew, and she taught me a love that was a new kind of magic.

Tooth and Nail

My name is Lew. When I was alive, I was a magician—a maker of miracles—an illusionist. I died too soon to become famous, but I accomplished something no other magician ever has. First, I avenged murder. Second, I committed murder. Third, I was murdered in the attempt

BY BILL S. BALLINGER ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE HUGHES

It all began on the day I met Tally Shaw. She was, that day, a complete stranger both to me and to New York, standing on Seventh Avenue in front of my hotel, arguing with a cab driver.

I stood in the center of the doorway, holding the door open, listening to the argument. Urged on by my curiosity, I stepped back to the sidewalk, letting the door close, but still following the conversation. "Look, Lady," the cabbie protested indifferently, "maybe you got dough, maybe you haven't. I keep the suitcase till you pay me or . . . I'll call a cop."

The girl was frightened. I discovered I was standing by the girl's side and, to my surprise, I heard myself saying, "If the lady will permit me, I'll pay the bill. Here it is . . . and give the lady her luggage."

The cabbie placed a large tan hatbox and a small leather satchel on the sidewalk; circling around to the driver's seat, he slipped behind the wheel and drove away. The girl remained silent.

I said, "There's no sense standing out here on the curb. Come on, I'll buy you a cup of coffee while you decide what to do."

The Delafield has a small luncheon counter, which is open twenty-four hours a day, and I headed for it. Picking up her luggage, I received a surprise; the small leather satchel could not have weighed more if it had been filled with fire plugs. "Don't you find this a little heavy to carry around?" I asked politely.

She agreed rather nervously. "Yes, but it's good exercise." Smiling, she shrugged it off.

We climbed on stools and she ordered a cup of tea. "Just as a beginning," I asked the girl, "do you know anyone in town you can phone . . . any friends or relatives?"

"No, I'm a complete stranger."

"The answer then is easy," I told her. "I'll lend you a few dollars and you can go back home."

"I . . . just . . . can't go back. . . ." Turning, she faced me, her eyes wide and set with determination.

"Why not?"

She didn't reply. Abruptly I realized I was wrong. What made her eyes so wide was not determination, but fear! I said, "All right, let's change the subject. Tell me about yourself. I'm not the Travelers Aid Society, but I'll do until it comes along."

It was then she told me her name was Tally Shaw. She was from Philadelphia and had no family; her last relative, an elderly uncle, had died the preceding week. She had taken what little money was left and come to New York. And here she was—no money, no friends, no job. While she talked, she held her eyes to the bottom of the tea cup—as if attempting to read the leaves. Occasionally she turned the cup slowly, around and around, in her fingers. There was an unconscious grace in the movement, her head arching on a slender neck, her profile lovely. She did not, however, possess what could be called a striking beauty, although that was an asset in itself. Her charm depended on a shyness, a quietness, a blending of softness and repose.

"What do you do?" she asked shyly.

"Through choice, if I have anything to say about it, I'm a magician."

"Can you do tricks?"

"Certainly. And someday you should catch me at them."

"I love magicians!" she exclaimed. "All my life I've loved to watch magicians and clowns."

"I agree with you," I said, "except personally I don't like clowns."

"You said your name was Lew. What is your real name?"

"Lew Mountain. Lately, I've been working under other names."

"Are you working in a show now?"

"I'm working in the floor show of a night club. As a magician I know it's unkind to my profession to admit we can't make money materialize from the air. So with that thought in mind, I hurry on to what I can do. By waving my hand in the air, thus," I faked a pass and palmed the key of my hotel room, "I can make available to you . . . tonight . . . all the secrets, all the mysteries and joys, the romance and glamor of the . . . Taj Mahal!" I held up the hotel key.

"What's that?" she asked.

"It's the key to a warm bath, a rather hard bed, four waterproof walls, and a doubtful ceiling and floor. It is the key to my room . . . number 302, situated in the Hotel Delafield . . . where we are now." She had been watching with a smile, but the smile disappeared. "Wait a minute!" I told her hurriedly. "Don't leap at the wrong idea. You must have a

place to stay tonight . . . perhaps for a few days. I rent my room by the month. You stay here, and I'll find a place to bunk for a couple of nights."

The smile tentatively reappeared. "Oh," she said. Then brightening, "Will it be all right with the hotel?"

"Not entirely," I told her. "The management would much prefer that I pay the double rate . . . and we live in sin. They're not moralists, you see, they're realists. But a little palm salve to the maid and the bell captain . . . and you could stay forever." Rising from the stool, I picked up her luggage. "Come on," I said, "I'll get you moved in now."

Max, the bell captain, was leaning against the newsstand reading the magazines. With the sure instinct of a man smelling a fast buck, he raised his head as soon as my eyes hit him.

"This is an old aunt of mine from Montreal," I told him, nodding to Tally. "Can you get her stuff up to 302 without the desk's knowing it and charging for a double?"

"I can get Yankee Stadium through the lobby without the desk's knowing it," he assured me.

Room 302 was located on the back of the building facing away from Seventh Avenue. It was a medium-sized room finished in plaid wallpaper, with all the wood trimming of the doors and windows painted white.

Tally surveyed it calmly. "The nicest thing you can say about the room," I told her, "is that it's paid up to the end of the month." Surprisingly enough, she patted my hand.

"You don't know how lovely it looks to me," she replied.

From under the bed I removed a locker with an electric hot-plate, a nest of plastic picnic dishes, cups, and a few pieces of silver, together with several aluminum pans, a coffee pot, and a small, flat, iron griddle. "There!" I exclaimed. "All the conveniences of dining in! I keep coffee, sugar, and canned soup under lock and key, and the cream outside the window."

She nodded. "Utilitarian . . . to say the least. I don't imagine you often have large dinner parties."

"Just during the height of the season," I said modestly, "and then never more than . . . oh, well . . . myself."

She smiled. . . . a sweet and inscrutable expression. "I'll find a job real soon."

"Take your time, kid," I told her. "Be choosey. Start at the top, if you can. Then you can always work down." Taking my hat, I stepped out into the hall. "I'll see you in the morning," I said, "around noon. And you can make me a cup of coffee."

"I'll be up before then," she said.

"Yes, but I won't," I told her. Walking down the street, deciding who was in town, and where I could find a place to sleep, I felt very good.

The judge of the Court of General Sessions, County of New York, smoothed down his black robe, deliberately arranged the papers before him and nodded to the Assistant District Attorney. The Assistant District Attorney was named Franklin Cannon. A man of middle age, of middling stature and undeterminable colored hair, he was a deliberate and unemotional man attempting to fulfill the obligations of his office. He disliked histrionics and prepared his cases on a basis of aloof detachment, carefully presenting his logic, facts, and evidence to a jury with an honesty and sincerity that often was severely damaging to his opponents.

Cannon walked slowly toward the jury box. Pausing, he seemed to be searching his mind. Slowly, almost kindly, he said, "You must remember that the man accused here is not bound to prove his innocence. It is the obligation of the state, my obligation, too, to prove his guilt. The State of New York will attempt to prove that he did kill a man known to him as Isham Reddick . . . an employee working for him as a valet and chauffeur.

"We will attempt to prove that the accused had a motive, and the opportunity. There are very few cases, particularly of murder, where the facts and evidence are not at least partly circumstantial. Possibly only in a case where there are eye witnesses to the very act itself, where the witnesses can identify both the victim and the accused, do you find a case without some circumstantial evidence. . . ."

Cannon nodded to himself. "It is the obligation of both myself . . . and my associate . . ." he turned and indicated Deputy Assistant Attorney Rickers, "to prove the *corpus delicti* in this case. In a homicide this term refers to the death of the person alleged to have been killed. In several notable cases, which I can quote, verdicts of guilty have been found without the actual physical presence of the victim's body, although evidence of a *corpus delicti* was proved beyond a reasonable doubt. Now, with these points in mind, let us return to the night of November twenty-second of last year."

The jury was listening intently. "It is the contention of the state," Cannon continued, "that on that date, sometime before midnight, the defendant killed a man named Isham Reddick. Reddick was employed in his household, an establishment located on East Eighty-ninth Street, here in the city of New York. Evidence will be introduced to show that Reddick had become a thorn in the side of the defendant; that Isham Reddick was blackmailing him, and the defendant had on at least one occasion . . . and probably on others . . . paid Reddick a substantial sum of money. On the night of November twenty-second, there was a meeting between the defendant and Isham Reddick ending in violence. . . ."

"Objection," stated the counsel for the defense. "That is a conclusion."

"Continue, Mr. Cannon," said the judge, "although I shall point out to the jury that at this time there is no evidence yet introduced to substantiate what you are saying."

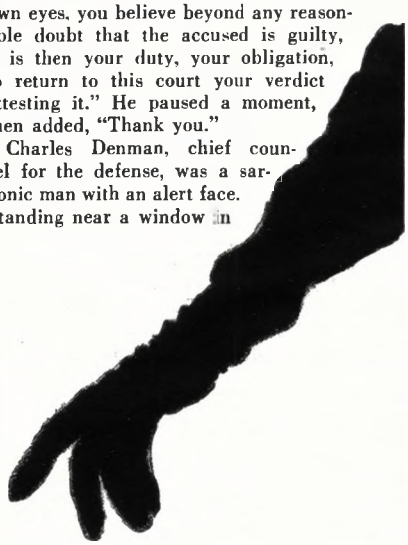
"Thank you," said the counsel for the defense. Returning to his seat beside the defendant, he continued to watch Cannon warily.

Cannon resumed his speech.

"During the night of November twenty-second, or on the morning of the twenty-third, sometime, the body of Isham Reddick was dismembered and destroyed in an attempt to remove all evidence of the crime! Fortunately for justice, however, all traces of the crime were not removed. All evidence of the body was not destroyed beyond recovery . . . and other indisputable proofs of the crime were preserved by the early appearance of the authorities.

"This evidence will be presented to you. You will appraise it, weigh it, consider it. If, after you have heard the entire case, seen the evidence with your own eyes, you believe beyond any reasonable doubt that the accused is guilty, it is then your duty, your obligation, to return to this court your verdict attesting it." He paused a moment, then added, "Thank you."

Charles Denman, chief counsel for the defense, was a sardonic man with an alert face. Standing near a window in



the courtroom, his figure was silhouetted against the light, and in the air behind him dust motes stirred sluggishly. "Usually," he said to the jury, "this is the time when the defense states what it hopes to prove . . . even while I again remind you that neither the indictment of the defendant nor the prosecutor's statements are proof . . . but I believe that we will delay revealing our defense," his voice dropped to a confidential level, "because, frankly, I don't believe the prosecution has soundness or merit in its case. At this time, theirs is the burden of proof, and there let it remain.

"You are going to be asked to listen to quite a story, in which someone has supposedly been killed. There is no corpse of the murdered person, there is no motive, and there were no witnesses. From this skein of gossamer fabrications you will be asked to decide . . . beyond all reasonable doubt . . . that murder has been committed.

"When evidence and exhibits are introduced into this case . . . and undoubtedly they will be introduced very impressively . . . ask yourselves what they prove. Please say to yourself, 'What does this mean? Is it evidence of fact? Does it actually *mean* anything when reviewed in the light of the entire case?' Many persons have been convicted by circumstantial evidence who were innocent."

Cannon was on his feet, interrupting. "Objection, your honor!"

"Objection sustained!" the court ruled. The judge instructed the jury, "You must overlook the last remark of the counsel for the defense."

Denman had been working hard, turning the sympathy of the jury away from the District Attorney. His client, in the present case, had maintained his innocence. Denman's clients seldom lied to him, and if he was convinced they were lying, he refused to represent them. But with this man, Denman was not sure that he knew the entire story; what he did know of it fascinated him.

"There is very little more that I want to add now," he continued, "except to remind you that my client has pleaded 'not guilty.' That means he *is not* guilty . . . until such time as the charges are irrefutably proven. And, Ladies and Gentlemen, that time will never come!" Denman stood before the jurors silently for a moment. Then he nodded gently, turned, and retired to the defense table.

The judge recessed the court.

On the morning after I met Tally, I returned to the Delafield around noon, and she opened the door. Her hair was combed, she had her make-up on, and she looked beautiful. The hot-plate and coffee pot had already been set up on top of the dresser, so we sat down and had breakfast—which included a sack of doughnuts I had brought along. "How did you sleep?" she asked.

"Great," I told her. "I slept with a guy's dog all night. He has this mutt which always sleeps on the extra bed; whenever anyone sleeps in it, the dog won't give it up. He shared it with me, but he insisted on the pillow."

She laughed, and in the morning it sounded as bright as the sunlight. "Did you work last night?"

"Sure. All three shows."

"Is it fun?"

"Not particularly," I told her. And then I realized it was just a pose . . . it was fun. It wasn't difficult to remember when I thought it was the greatest thing in life. So I started telling her about it.

Our house, on the farm, had been a great, square, frame house. My life was the same as many farm boys' and, I believe, it was better than most. Our farm was prosperous, and our way of life was good. But a farm, I think, is a lonely place unless it is truly part of your life. Unfortunately, although I lived on one, it was never part of mine.

When I was nine, just shortly before my tenth birthday, I saw a magic set displayed in the mail-order catalog delivered to us each spring and fall. I realized I had never really wanted anything before in my life!

The day the magic set arrived was a day which will never be equalled. Never again will the sunshine be so bright, nor the sky so blue, nor the world so beautiful. From that day on, I was never very far away from the set. As I grew older, I spent my allowance, and then my wages, on more complex equipment. I practiced in my room at every opportunity; in the barn and in the fields, I carried odd cards and silver coins to palm until my hands and fingers worked independently of my brain.

The summer I finished high school I was seventeen. In July a carnival played the Fourth at Oneida. That was our county-seat town—about ten miles the other side of Fairfax. A family named Murray, on the next farm, was going to drive over to Oneida and they offered to let me ride along.

We arrived at the carnival grounds after dark. Strings of orange, blue, green, and red lights swung in the velvet realm of night. My senses were assaulted—sight, sound, smell. In that first moment I was lost. I was drunk with excitement, with an exhilaration which I had never known before.

Quickly I separated myself from the Murrays. Guided by knowledge which I could not identify, I walked straight to a small red trailer parked on one side of the midway. A middle-aged man with bushy sandy hair and a heavily veined nose was seated on the steps.

"Are you the owner?" I asked.

He turned his heavy eyes slowly to look at me to acknowledge my presence. He grunted. It might have been either an affirmation or a denial.

"I want a job," I told him earnestly. "I want to work for you. I'll do anything."

"I don't need anything done. . . ." he replied. "Go on home, Son. . . ."

My hands had been thrust in my pockets, and now in my embarrassment I found a silver dollar in my hand, and removed it from my trousers. Passing my hand before his eyes, I made the silver dollar appear and disappear at will; it ran up my arm, stopped, rolled down to the palm and faded into the air. Abruptly the man rose to his feet, standing on the top step of the trailer towering above me.

"You ain't bad, kid," he said slowly. "You said you wanted to work?"

"Yes . . . yes . . . sir!" I stammered in eagerness.

The man shouted a name into the noise and confusion of the night. "Hey, Hym!" Immediately a figure materialized beside the trailer, a heavily muscled man, with thick bullish neck, and terribly scarred ears. "Hym, take a look at the kid. He's good." He motioned me to resume my palming.

Hym watched me from mean speculative eyes. "Yeah, nice clean yokel face. He'd do all right selling." He turned to the man in the trailer. "You talked with him?" The man with the red nose shook his head. "Okay," said Hym, "I'll talk to him."

We walked silently to the chow-top—the cooking tent—and sat at a planked dirty table. Hym rested his arms on the boards, and regarded me cautiously. "You live near here?" he asked.

"No," I replied, lying . . . not knowing why, except caution seemed to demand it. "I come from a town in Minnesota—about three hundred miles from here."

Hym grunted, pleased with the information. "Got any folks who might come after you?"

"No." I replied, resolutely shutting my parents from my mind.

He nodded. "Okay, kid. Here's the pitch. I'm putting you on as a ticket-seller. I start you at the girl-show 'cause the admission there is thirt' cents." Reaching in his pocket, he withdrew a handful of silver. "Like this, see. I'll show you. Make like I've already handed you your ticket—here, I shove it in your left mitt. Now you hold out your right mitt for your change. I count it for you . . . outa one dollar, sir, thirt'

cents, thirt'-five, fort'-five, fifty, seventy-five, and one dollar. T'anks!"

I found myself nodding instinctively to his counting; in my hand was a heap of pennies, nickels, and dimes. "Okay," said Hym with a wicked grin, "count it yourself, kid."

I did. There was fifty cents in my hand. There should have been seventy. Hym continued with his lecture.

Finally, he said, ". . . And that's it. Got it?"

Miserably I looked at him, and his eyes were fixed on me in a hard, expectant stare. As if reading my mind, he shrugged and lurched awkwardly to his feet. From a distance, I heard my voice saying . . . in mingled shame and excitement . . . "Yes . . . I've got it!"

"All right," said Hym. "You get your meals free in the chow-top, and you can find your own place to sleep in any of the sleeping-tops. You get paid ten bucks a week." He waited for my protest, and when it didn't come, his savage face relaxed. "Insida week, kid, you'll be stealing three times that much from me." He walked out into the excitement of the night.

"The witness will please take the stand," the clerk announced. Cannon approached the witness chair and asked conversationally, "What is your name?"

"Daniel F. Mikleson. I'm a lieutenant, attached to the Homicide East Squad."

"Do you remember what happened to you on the morning of November twenty-third of last year?"

"Yes, sir."

The lieutenant explained that he had been sent to examine the premises of a brownstone house located on East Eighty-ninth Street. After he had rung the bell for five minutes, the door had been opened by a man.

"Do you see that same man here in the courtroom?"

"Yes, I do." The lieutenant looked steadily at the defendant. "He is seated over there."

"Please go over and place your hand on his arm." The officer walked stiffly to where the accused was seated, touched his arm briefly, and returned to the witness stand.

"When you reached the basement of the house, tell me, what did you find?" asked Cannon.

"There was a large furnace room, together with a laundry and bathrooms." Mikleson added, "Also there were some other . . ."

"Let's concentrate on the furnace room, please."

"The house requires a very large furnace. It's a big place. That day was a warm one, but there was a real, blistering fire going," replied Mikleson.

"One moment, please," Cannon interrupted. "With the court's permission, and opposing counsel's consent, I would like to introduce the official weather reports. During the warm spell last fall, the official temperatures for November twenty-second were a low of 68 degrees, and a high of 74 degrees; on November twenty-third a low of 71 degrees, a high of 76 degrees." He held up a card and passed it to the jury. "All right, Mr. Mikleson, continue please."

The detective returned to his testimony. "The furnace was extremely hot . . . so hot I couldn't put my hand on it."

"Did that seem unusual to you?"

"Yes, it did. Because of the weather . . . it was so warm that hardly any heat was needed at all. Then I looked around the furnace room and saw that it just lately had been scrubbed."

"What else did you notice about the room?"

"From the marks on the floor and the wall, there were indications a wooden bench recently had been in the furnace room."

"With the overheated furnace, the water on the floor, and the missing bench, you decided to investigate further. What did you find?" Cannon asked Mikleson.

"Well," Mikleson said slowly, "on the floor, by the outside of the furnace there's a small area where the concrete is chipped away . . . about like a small saucer. Part of this shallow hole runs under the outer shell of the furnace a few inches. In that small cavity in the floor, nearly hidden from sight, I found part of a human finger!"

Cannon exhibited a medical vial. Within, floating in formaldehyde, was a section of finger approximately two joints in length. "Is this the finger you found?"

Deliberately, Mikelson identified it.

"Thank you, Lieutenant. That will be all," said Cannon. Then turning to the counsel for the defense, he asked, "Do you wish to examine, Mr. Denman?"

"Yes," Denman said, rising. He glanced at a sheet of paper, covered with notes, which he held in his hand, and leisurely approached Mikleson.

"Is it true, Lieutenant, that the Homicide Squad personally investigates all the trash and refuse burned in all the furnaces in this city?"

"It does if the furnaces got bodies in them!" Mikleson retorted grimly.

With an inward sigh, Denman returned to his examination of the witness.

At the club, the Martinique, where I was working, the first show went on at nine-thirty each night. Consequently, I arrived at the club before nine o'clock to get into my costume, check my props, and put on my make-up. But regularly each evening, I would meet Tally at the Delafield and we'd have dinner together in one of the inexpensive grab-joints along Eighth Avenue, and then wander over to Broadway.

In the evenings, after dinner, we walked hand in hand, talking, laughing, exploring. One night, while we were looking over the pictures in the lobby of a movie, I realized that Tally might have a chance to get on with the circus which had just opened its season in New York.

"I have an idea," I told her. "How'd you like a job with the circus? The pay for a show girl isn't bad—and you don't have to have any experience—just be beautiful. You get nearly nine months' work, room and board. Tomorrow we'll go over to the Garden and catch the matinee, and see the director about it."

"Were you ever with the circus, Lew?" she asked.

"Sure," I told her. "I was with it for two seasons. That was before the war. I was real young then . . . and it seems a long time ago. The circus is a life all to itself. There're people with it now who were old-timers when I worked with it."

She tucked her hand over my arm. "Tell me about the circus. What's it like?" We started toward the hotel, walking slowly through the crowds, while I told her the facts of life about the Big One.

"If I should get the job, you wouldn't consider coming along with me?" she asked.

"No," I told her. "I've spent too long now trying to build up my own act. If I ever went back, I'd have to return to clown-alley, and behind that clown make-up, no one would ever hear of me again."

The next day we stood in the great passageway, behind the arena, hugging the wall closely. Before us a great line was forming as the performers gathered.

For a moment Tally closed her eyes to the confusion, and, when she opened them, a clown was standing by her side watching her. She searched the grotesque face made up in red, white, and black. "Go on, you dig me?" the clown's voice croaked.

She laughed without embarrassment. "I'm sorry. You surprised me, that's all."

"This is Hammy Nolan," I told her. "I've known him since we were in the alley together. Ham, this is a friend of mine . . . Tally Shaw."

"Hi, kid." Ham acknowledged the introduction in his normal voice.

"Ham," I said seriously, "Tally here needs a job. Is Seaton still the program director for the show?"

"Yeah, still is."

"Do you think he needs any girls?"

Nolan shook his head slowly. A huge ruffled collar encircled his neck, and his ballooning costume magnified his size. "Now's not the time to ask him, Lew. The 'First-of-May'-ers haven't cleared out yet."

Tally glanced at me, puzzled. I explained. "He means the people who join the circus in the South, and stay with it when it comes north. They leave around the first of May when the show takes to the road."

"Wait another three or four weeks," Nolan advised.

"I guess you're right," I agreed.

Ham regarded Tally. "A good-looking gal, Lew. Are you still doing that magic act?"

"Yes."

"She'd sure dress up your own stuff. Why don't you use her yourself?"

That was the way I got a partner. After that day in the circus, I spent each afternoon . . . all afternoon . . . rehearsing Tally. I worked out special bits of business so she would have an opportunity to remain on stage. Basically, my act was built around three major illusions, and between the major illusions I had a number of shorter tricks which I worked . . . one after another . . . very quickly.

By careful timing and prearranged moves to catch the audience's eyes for a split second—Tally permitted me to work free of the audience's observation. Through this maneuver my act was better, faster, and could be more complicated.

I arranged for a costume to be designed and made for her, and the first time I saw her in it, she took my breath away.

I added the traditional black evening cape to my own evening clothes, made in such a manner that I could change the color of the lining from crimson to purple to yellow by opening and closing it. But it was my beautiful Tally who immediately put new color and new life into the routine.

After we were married, I moved back into the Delafield. I had been there only a few days, when I realized belatedly that something was missing. It was the small leather grip, the very heavy one which Tally had owned. "Hey, Doll," I said, "where's all the luggage?"

"What luggage?" At the moment she was digging out the coffee maker from under the bed.

"You know what luggage," I replied.

"Why, my hat box is in the closet, dear."

"Yes, but where's that little leather grip? The one you had weighed down with uranium or something?"

"Oh, that." She replied casually, not looking up from the floor where she was kneeling. "I got rid of it."

I don't know why I thought it was important; perhaps it was because she'd had only two suitcases in the world . . . and now she had only one.

I didn't pretend to know very much about women, but I still had enough sense to doubt that any woman . . . if she has a choice . . . ever leaves home with just the clothes on her back and a few pieces of lingerie.

Cannon was involved in the examination of Harold Lafosky, a member of the laboratory squad, who was a witness for the prosecution. Lafosky testified that he had arrived on the premises together with officers Meyers and Cane. They had examined carefully the furnace room, first, and later the rest of the basement. Finally, they had completed the examination of the upper stories of the brownstone.

"Now," said Cannon, "I am going to show you several objects. I want you to identify them if you can. First, do you recognize this?" He opened a flat, cardboard box and extracted a small, charred, nearly flat piece of metal. The lump of lead was stained darkly by fire.

"Yes," Lafosky identified it. "I found that bullet underneath the furnace, within the ash receptacle."

Cannon extended another very small box, not more than two inches square. "Open it, please, and tell me what you see inside."

Lafosky opened the box. "I see a tooth here."

"Have you seen it before?"

"Yes, sir." Lafosky continued, giving the location of the brownstone, the time, and the date he had found the tooth, underneath the firebox of the furnace, in the ash receptacle.

"I also submit this in evidence," remarked Cannon, picking up a brown manila envelope. "Please observe this envelope closely. Have you ever seen it before?"

"Yes, it contains a small amount of ashes," replied Lafosky.

"Where did you find these ashes?"

"Underneath the firebox of the furnace, in the ash receptacle."

"The same place where you found the tooth, and the bullet, is it not?" asked Cannon.

"Yes, the same."

"Thank you," said Cannon. He offered the envelope as evidence. Lafosky was excused, and Herman Meyers was called to the witness stand.

Meyers, a big man with an angry red face, identified himself as a policeman and said he had accompanied Lafosky and had been present during the examination of the basement furnace room.

"While Mr. Lafosky was examining the furnace, what were you doing, Mr. Meyers?"

"I was looking over the rest of the room. I was giving it a going over."

"Did you find anything?"

"I found a trash box. It was filled with odds and ends of junk. All kinds."

Cannon carefully unwrapped a roll of oiled paper. The package was about twelve inches long, and when it was opened exposed a length of bone, badly charred and so smoked that it resembled a length of black stick. Attached to it was a paper tag. "Do you recognize this?" He handed the roll of paper, wrapped around the bone, to Meyers, who identified it.

"It's a piece of bone."

Cannon continued. "Mr. Meyers, did you find anything else of interest?"

"Yes, sir."

Cannon handed him a small piece of two-by-four wood and a tatter of canvas, both badly burned. "You found these?"

"Yes," Meyers identified both. Meyers was then released from the stand, and Arthur Cane was sworn in. Cane testified that he had been with Lafosky and Meyers and had examined the rest of the basement, as well as some parts of the house.

"In examining the basement, what did you find?" asked Cannon.

"I took some scrapings of dirt from the cracks in the concrete floor. I put them in a glass vial, and on the vial I pasted a gummed sticker. I then wrote my name and date on the label."

"Is this the label? And is this the vial?"

"That is right."

"What did you do next?"

"In the basement bathroom I disconnected the trap in the drain below the wash basin, and from it collected some residue . . . such as is usually found in such places. This residue I also put in a glass vial, pasted a label on it, and signed my name and date. On this second label, however, I added the word 'bath-b.' This was to identify the vial as containing material found in the bathroom located in the basement of the house."

"Then," Cannon continued, "you examined other rooms in the basement. What did you find?"

"In the laundry room was a metal locker, or work box, which contained the usual household type of hand tools, including a hatchet."

"Is this the hatchet you found?" Cannon handed the sizable, claw-type hatchet to Cane; the witness examined the initials which he had marked on the tool and identified it.

"And now one final identification, Mr. Cane. This white envelope, containing a number of hairs, has your name and the date, November twenty-third, marked on it. Can you identify this envelope, and state where you found the hairs?"

"The hairs are from a brush owned by Isham Reddick, a chauffeur living at that address. The brush was found in Reddick's room, located in the servants' quarters on the top floor. I removed the hairs from Reddick's brush, placed them in the envelope, sealed it, and marked it with my name and the date."

"Thank you. That will be all," concluded Cannon.

Denman rose for cross-examination, recalling Lafosky to the stand. Denman concentrated on Lafosky's damaging evidence of the tooth while ignoring his other testimony—for the moment.

The attorney for the defense eyed Lafosky coldly. "As I understand it, you marked a tooth you found with nail polish? Is that correct?"

Lafosky squirmed uneasily. "Yes."

Denman continued his examination relentlessly, but finally dismissed Lafosky. He shrugged to himself, checked his notes, and then called Meyers back to the stand.

Tally and I were doing the three shows daily at the Martinique. It's a rather upside-down way of living, because by the time you get to bed it's nearly morning. Between shows there is very little to do. With not enough time to go very far, or do very much, the performers as a rule sit around backstage talking, or playing gin rummy. Tally and I shared a small dressing room. It was scarcely more than a large closet, with two straight-back chairs and a lighted make-up table.

Each night, in one way or another, she told me a little about herself . . . how her parents had been killed in an auto accident when she was a very small child, and she had gone to live with a great uncle and aunt. The aunt had died eight years later. "Then there was just Uncle Will and me," she explained. "Even then he was an elderly man, although somehow I never thought of him as such. He was an engraver, but he was really more than that. He was an artist. A real one. See . . ." she unsnapped a small bracelet from her wrist, and opened a tiny locket attached to it . . . "this is me . . . an engraving Uncle Will did of me on my fourteenth birthday." She handed the locket to me, and I tilted the flat golden surface against the light. Suddenly the face of a young girl was smiling into mine. It was the face of Tally as she had been years before; the miniature details of the features, the feather-like tracery of the lines were exquisite. Nodding silently, I snapped it shut and handed it back to her.

She continued, "He always wanted to be an engraver . . . a great one, in the tradition of Dürer. As a young man, he went to Europe to study there. Engraving as an art was beginning to die out; when he returned to this country, he married, and in order to earn a living . . . he became a photo-engraver."

"Is that what he did then . . . the rest of his life?"

"Yes." Her voice was tied by sympathy to the past. "He always had a job . . . and made good money. He kept an engraving bench and tools at home, and once in a while he'd start a steel engraving or an etching at home. When he had finished it, he'd pound it up or destroy it. Or he'd give it to anyone who said he liked it . . ."

On another night, in the dressing room, Tally was brushing the long velvet gloves which belonged to her costume.

"Tell me," I said, "about the house where you lived . . . the place where Uncle Will kept his engraver's bench."

Tally slipped her arm around my shoulder. Lighting a cigarette, I passed it to her. "Go on," I said. "Tell me all about it."

"Well," she replied, "we lived in Philadelphia on a little street. It was one of those streets of row-houses, and it was a small house. Downstairs, in the winter, Uncle Will glassed in the porch. We used to store our galoshes and umbrellas there. When Auntie was alive, she always wanted to find another house, but we never did."

One night I was in the dressing room reading the paper. There was a story about a con man who had been picked up for working the old sealed-envelope switch. I read the story aloud to Tally, and when I had finished,

Tooth and Nail (continued)

I chuckled. Surprisingly, she didn't join me. "No one ever pulled that on Uncle Will," she said, "but I guess it's the only one they missed."

"You mean the old man was a mark?" I asked.

"No, not that. He was always open to a hard luck story, and he was always an optimist; between the two, he was nearly always broke. All during the years he was working, he made a good salary, but we never had any money. Uncle Will would lend money to anyone who asked him. And he was forever buying things . . . things that would make a fortune overnight . . . and never did! Uncle Will was . . . he thought everybody was honest . . . like himself. Even when he was old and sick . . . and childish . . . he still believed in miracles."

She managed a smile. "It's funny," she said, "about the only two men in my life I have loved are you and Uncle Will. . . . And you are so different. Uncle Will was . . . a . . . was entirely unsophisticated. He lived in a wonderful world all by himself. While you . . . wise guy . . . know all the answers, don't you?" Standing on her toes, she locked her arms around my neck, and kissed me on the mouth.

"I love you, darling," she said softly, "and I'm glad you're in love with me." Gently, she loosened her arms, and took a step back. "I'd hate to be the person you really hated, Lew."

"Wait a minute!" I said, trying to laugh it off. "Where'd this conversation come from? I don't hate anyone. I love the world. I'm a do-gooder! I beat a drum."

"Yes, dear." Tally turned, smiling, and slipped into her coat. "I'm going out to get a candy bar. May I bring you one?" she asked, banteringly.

"No," I replied, "bring me an oyster instead. One with a pearl in it."

And so, for a while, that was the way it was. It was a life held tightly within itself, in the night.

The man in the witness chair was Deputy Chief Medical Examiner Howard M. Eggleston. He answered questions precisely and with authority.

Cannon addressed his witness. "Now, Dr. Eggleston, I have a number of exhibits. As I introduce them to the court, I will ask you to identify them. First, this hatchet identified by Mr. Cane; have you examined it in your laboratory?"

"I have."

"What did you find?"

"At the point of the 'V' where the claws on the hatchet come together, there were traces of blood and several hairs."

"Could you identify the blood as human blood?"

"Yes, sir. It was human blood known as type O," said the medical examiner.

"Was it possible to identify the hair?"

"The hair was identified as coming from a human head."

"Thank you. Now here is an envelope, also identified by Mr. Cane, which contains several hairs taken from the hair brush of Isham Reddick. Have you examined these hairs?"

"Yes, sir," replied Eggleston. "The hairs in the envelope are identical with the hairs found on the hatchet."

Cannon continued his examination. "Here is a piece of canvas, identified by Harold Lafosky. Have you examined it?"

"Yes, sir."

"What did you find?"

"The canvas had been burned by fire, and contained traces of paint, and stains of blood." Eggleston paused, then added, "It was human blood . . . type O."

After establishing the fact that the two vials of scrapings identified by Detective Cane contained type O blood, Cannon said, "This envelope was identified by Mr. Lafosky. It contains a sampling of ashes gathered from the ash receptacle beneath the firebox of the furnace. You have examined the contents. Will you tell the court what your analysis showed?"

The Deputy Chief Medical Examiner withdrew a slip of paper from his pocket, referred to it briefly, and then recited a long list of chemical properties, in a flat unaccented voice. When he had finished, Cannon turned to the jury and said, "Does that mean the possibility of human flesh . . . or rather, what might at one time have been human flesh?"

"That is correct."

There was a long moment of complete silence in the courtroom.

"Now, Doctor, another important point of identification," Cannon continued. The prosecuting attorney unrolled the sheath of oiled paper. Within was the length of charred bone, with a tag bearing the name of Detective Meyers.

"Can you tell me if you have examined this?" said Cannon. "And if you have, please tell me your findings."

Eggleston said, "I have examined it. It is a length of bone termed the *tibia*. It is of human origin and belonged to an adult male."

"Could you determine the height of such a male?"

"Yes, within certain limits. The male was between five feet ten and six feet tall."

"Thank you. And now, one final identification." Cannon presented the vial of formaldehyde containing the section of finger. Eggleston examined it, and stated that it was a section of a human finger, consisting of that portion between the middle joint and the tip of the finger. It

was from the third finger of the right hand. "Can you tell the court how it was severed from the hand?" asked Cannon.

"By a sharp instrument."

"Is it not true that a sharp instrument such as a hatchet might have done it?"

"It could have been done by a hatchet."

"Thank you, Doctor. That will be all." Cannon turned to Denman. "Your witness, Counselor."

"I will reserve the right to cross-examine the witness later," Denman replied without rising.

Cannon then called Officer Charles L. Risko to the stand. When Risko had taken the oath, Cannon asked him, "You are employed in the Bureau of Identification, of the Police Department, City of New York. Is that correct?"

"Yes, sir. That is correct." Risko then identified the print from the severed finger as belonging to one Isham Reddick, taken from his application for a license to drive a cab. He was then excused, again without cross-examination by Denman, and Cannon called Lincoln M. Means to the stand.

"You are employed in the Bureau of Licenses, Police Department, City of New York, Mr. Means?"

"I am."

"You have with you the original application made out by one Isham Reddick when he applied for a license to drive a cab?"

"Yes, sir."

"Will you please read the information regarding Isham Reddick's physical appearance that you have."

Reading from the original application form, Means recited aloud: "Sex, male; age, 36; eyes, blue; hair, black; weight, 175 pounds; height, five feet eleven inches."

"That will be all." Again, Denman waived his cross-examination, reserving the right to cross-examine later. Beside Denman, the accused sat, head partly bowed, hands folded on the table.

The next witness to take the stand was Stanley Boss, a doctor of dentistry. Cannon began examining him concerning the tooth found and identified by Detective Lafosky. "Can you say if you have ever seen this tooth before?" he asked Boss.

"Yes, sir. I am very familiar with it."

"Will you please tell the court how you can identify it?"

The dentist adjusted his rimless glasses nervously. Clearing his throat, he began . . .

"Mr. Reddick—a new patient—complained that his three back molars had been paining him. I took x-rays, but there seemed to be no reason for his distress. The patient, however, had a tooth missing from the front of his mouth. We discussed the possibility of replacing it. He told me it would depend on how much it cost, and I made him a very reasonable price to put in a removable bridge, and he accepted it."

"You then proceeded to make the tooth for Isham Reddick?"

"Yes, sir. I made it myself. I keep a complete record of all work done . . . measurements, and degree of coloring."

"So, Dr. Boss, when you saw the tooth which had been offered in evidence here, you could identify it as the same one you had made for Isham Reddick?"

"Yes, sir. It is the identical tooth."

Mrs. Boss, who acted as the dentist's nurse, was called to the stand next and testified that a blood-type record was made for reference in case of extractions and dental surgery.

"What blood type did Mr. Reddick have?"

"According to my record, Mr. Reddick had blood-type O."

To paraphrase a line of Porgy's, "Happiness is a sometime thing." I know, however, that those months of our marriage in New York, when we were working at the Martinique, were happy ones.

Only a few days before we closed there, I hurried back to the hotel with a new contract for five weeks at the Lark Club in Philadelphia. After I explained to Tally about it, she said, "Lew, I . . . wish you wouldn't take it. . . ." Her voice was so low as to be barely audible.

"Huh?" I asked.

Shaking her head slowly, she refused to meet my eyes. Then it came to me that beneath the impassive face she was struggling with other emotions . . . ones I couldn't name. Swallowing several times, Tally said, "It . . . isn't Uncle Will." She examined her hands, her head lowered. "Do I have to go with you?"

I lit a cigarette. "Sure, Doll," I told her. "The manager in the club at Philly said, 'I don't give a damn about that magician, but be sure the doll gets here.'"

The following week we closed in New York and began packing for Philadelphia. I had my old wardrobe trunk, and Tally had begun to accumulate a few things herself. She bought a set of matched luggage—two of the cases were standard size, and a third was quite small; it could be carried in her hand—a small overnight case.

We had been playing in Philadelphia for a week when the phone call came. We were staying at the Hotel McAndrews, which is another show-business hotel, located near the night-club district. Our room was on the top floor, on a corner, facing the front of the building.

When the day arrived . . . the one with the phone call . . . we were sleeping late. The phone rang, and I let it ring for several minutes hoping that Tally would answer it. But when she made no effort to do so, I pulled myself together sufficiently to reach out an arm and take it off the hook. Putting it to my ear, I said, "Yes? What is it?"

A peculiar quality of silence on the other end aroused me to complete consciousness. Instantly I was awake, listenening intently, although there was nothing to hear. "Hello! Hello!" I paused and jiggled the receiver. "Hello?"

After a long moment, over the line a voice said thinly, "I'll pay you twenty-five grand for 'em."

"Who is this?" I demanded. "You'll

For an instant a great flapping shadow covered the sun. Then death lay on the street beside me.

pay me twenty-five grand for what?"

"You know," replied the voice, and hung up.

Slowly I returned the phone to its cradle. Swinging my legs over the side of the bed, I reached for my cigarettes. I decided someone was trying to kid me . . . was trying to pull a gag. I shrugged the idea away, and now wide awake, began making some coffee. Tally awakened and sat up in bed. "Boy, are you a lousy maid," I told her. "Do you want a cup?"

"Oh, yes, please." Stretching her arms in the air, she shook her head, her hair fanning over the pillow as she leaned back. Taking the cup to her, I sat beside her on the bed. "Did I hear the phone ring?" she asked sipping the coffee.

"Those weren't the bells of St. Mary's."

"Who was it?" she asked drowsily, not really caring.

"A voice. A mysterious voice . . . and, if I sound corny, I can't help it."

"Stop fooling, darling," she replied. "Who was it? A wrong number?"

"Probably some fool's idea of humor."

"What did he say?"

"Whoever it was said, 'I'll pay you twenty-five grand for them.'"

"What!" Tally sat upright in bed, spilling her coffee. Leaping to my feet, I took the cup from her trembling hands. Her face was gray with fear, and she was unable to speak.

"Doll!" I placed the cup on the table and gathered her hands in mine. "Tally! What is it? What's wrong? Tell me!"

She pulled her hands free, and throwing her arms around my neck buried her face against my chest. We sat like that for a long time, not saying anything . . . just holding each other. Finally, she said, "Lew, I don't know . . . I don't know what to do. . . ."

"Tell me," I reassured her, "and whatever it is, we'll figure out what to do." I lit a cigarette, and pressing her back against the pillows, placed it between her lips.

"I don't know where to start," she said slowly. "I don't even know exactly when it started. . . . There was this man. We called him Greenleaf."

"Who was he?"

"I don't know . . . really, I never met him. I only talked to him a few times on the phone. . . ."

She began trembling, and I patted her shoulder. "All right, Doll," I said, "you talked to him on the phone. About what?"

"About the plates . . . the counterfeit engravings Uncle Will was making."

"You did what?" I stared at her, not believing her words. Her mouth quivered, and I said more softly, "Look, perhaps you'd better tell me . . . right from the beginning." Walking over to the dresser, I handed her a clean handkerchief. Wiping her eyes, she attempted a smile.

"Once," she said, "I think I told you how Uncle Will believed everyone. And everyone took advantage of him, with crazy ideas and plans to make money. When he was an old man, he didn't have anything left. . . .

"The company he'd worked for all those years was sold and the new owners let him go because they thought he was too old. At first, he just couldn't believe it. He'd sit around the house all day and pretend to read the want ads, and write letters to different companies, but . . . of course . . . nothing happened. After a long time, he just had to believe it. When he finally did face it, it broke his heart and his spirit, too. He was just an old man, too old to work, too useless to be worth his pay."

Hugging her arms around her body, she sorted through the memories of the past. Will Shaw didn't go crazy or lose his mind, he simply refused to live in the world the way it was. Little by little, he changed. Unimportant things at first; he began to stop shaving . . . skipping days, and then a week; he stopped wearing ties; his shoe laces would break, and he'd just tie them farther down the shoe.

"How'd you get along?" I asked.

Tally naturally had to find a job. Will Shaw had a very small old-age pension, but it didn't begin to be enough. She worked as a cashier in a store downtown, and on Saturdays and Sundays handled the cash register for the drugstore in the neighborhood. Working like that, Tally was away from home a lot and that left

Uncle Will alone. On nice days he'd sit in Washington Square, in the little park, which is right in the middle of the printing and publishing district, probably hoping to see some of his old friends.

Will Shaw came home one day . . . happy, walking on air. He was secretive, puffed up with pride, and let drop the fact he was going to get a job. Although he wouldn't tell his niece anything more about it, he hinted that it had something to do with the government. Very secret! She thought possibly he was making it up.

For several weeks, he talked about a very important man he had met. They would meet downtown and talk together in the Square. Finally, the old man came home with a check; it was made out to cash, and signed by a man named Greenleaf.

"How much was the check for?" I asked.

"For thirty-five dollars. At first, I didn't believe the check would be good. Uncle Will was very happy; he told me that Greenleaf was backing him and was going to lend him thirty-five dollars every week until he landed a big job. We needed the money so desperately that I decided to cash the check. Then I held the money . . . without spending it . . . in case the check was returned. But it wasn't returned; it was good. After that, each Friday Uncle Will gave me a check, and I endorsed it and had it cashed."

"Weren't you suspicious?"

"At first I was," she agreed, "but then . . . oh, I don't know."

For once someone was giving Will Shaw money instead of taking it, and they needed the money so badly. He began working in his little shop down in the basement, sometimes deep into the night. He kept the workshop padlocked, never letting his niece in, evading the subject of his activities. Tally, not wishing to hurt him, left him alone.

"And all this time you never met Greenleaf?"

"No. Several times he called on the phone to talk to Uncle Will, and I'd answer the phone if he was in the basement."

One night Greenleaf called.

Will Shaw picked up the phone and she could hear his part of the conversation. He'd finished whatever it was he'd been doing, and was now anxious to get his big, new job. The old man began arguing and Tally was surprised to see him crying. Just before he hung up, he shouted, "Nobody can have them until I get my job!"

Tottering to the kitchen, he sat beside the table. Putting his arms on it, holding his head, he sat there, babbling, half crying. She tried to calm him, and after a while he told her what had happened.

Will Shaw had met Greenleaf one day in Washington Square, quite by accident, and they had continued to meet after that as acquaintances. The old man had told his newly found listener that once he had been a master engraver. Greenleaf, in turn, confided that he was a personal friend of the head of the Bureau of Printing and Engraving in Washington, D.C., and promised to speak to his friend regarding a job for the old man.

Several weeks later, however, Greenleaf relayed the information from Washington that Will Shaw was too old. The spirits of Will Shaw plummeted to new depths of despair. Greenleaf eventually suggested a solution—one which the old man was in no condition to weigh or consider, but which he grasped eagerly.

Will Shaw was to make a duplicate set of plates; he was to make them so expertly that they would be indistinguishable from the original engravings. Greenleaf would take the plates to Washington and show them to his friend. When the Bureau was unable to tell the duplicate plates from their own, the proof would be before its eyes, and the job would be given to the old man.

Greenleaf offered to advance money to the old man to live on while he made the engravings, and cautioned the old engraver against the danger of hurrying the work. When Shaw finally was hired on a good salary in Washington, he could repay the loan to Greenleaf.

"Your uncle must have been pretty far gone to fall for it," I said. "It was an obvious confidence setup from the very beginning. Greenleaf met Will Shaw . . . accidentally . . . like a chicken-hawk meets a chicken!"

"Uncle Will was possessed with just one idea . . . to get a job. Lew," her voice was pleading, "you must remember that the old man wasn't . . . right . . . anymore. . . ."

"All right," I agreed. "He was sick and senile. Then what happened?"

When Tally finally understood, she made her uncle give her the key. Downstairs in his workshop were complete plates for five, ten, and twenty dollar bills. She was convinced that Greenleaf intended to use them himself, and realized she had to get them out of the house at once. It was still early in the evening, so she put them in the little leather bag and took them over to Doremus' Drug Store, putting the bag in her locker, and turning the combination. Worriedly, she sat at the fountain and had a coke.

She returned home; the house was quiet. Will Shaw wasn't around. She went into the kitchen where she had left him, and then looked upstairs in his room. Back in the kitchen again, she noticed that the door leading downstairs to the basement wasn't tightly closed, and a light was on. Immediately she thought that Uncle Will had gone down to his workroom. Opening the door to call, she saw him. He was lying at the foot of the stairs on the concrete floor.

"Dead?" I asked, but there was no question in my voice.

"Yes." She paused, then continued quietly. "I don't remember too much about the rest of the night. I called the doctor, and he notified the police. As far as the police were concerned, it was just a routine investigation of an accidental death."

"Wasn't it accidental?"

"At first I thought it was," she said. "Uncle Will might have fallen or stum-

Tooth and Nail (continued)

bled down the stairs . . . even had a stroke . . . and broken his neck."

"You didn't tell the cops about the plates . . . or Greenleaf?"

"No. I just told them about Uncle Will's growing old and ill."

"What made you change your mind about his death's not being an accident?"

"Well, after the police left the second time, I had a chance to look around the house. I was sure someone had been there and searched it. Nothing was missing, only it seemed to me that someone had been looking all through it. And the one time it could have happened was the night Uncle Will died, because I'd been there ever since. It frightened me because I didn't know what it meant. A girl I knew agreed to stay with me until after Uncle Will's funeral. Afterward she returned home. The following day, the phone rang—and it was Greenleaf."

"Could you identify Greenleaf's voice right now if you heard it?" I asked.

She thought a moment. "No. I'm not sure that I could, although, as I remember, it sounded affected."

"Affected? Was there something distinctive about it?"

She considered my question for a moment. "Not really, I guess. He sounded like an Englishman. Well, on the phone he said that he wanted the engravings, the ones Uncle Will had made. 'I'll pay you for the plates,' he said, 'or perhaps you might prefer another accident in the family,' and he said something else that didn't make sense. It sounded like 'loon who ought to.'"

"Loon who ought to?" I repeated it. "Are you sure that's what he said?"

"Yes," she was positive, "that's the way it sounded, although it sort of ran together, and wasn't as clear as that. But he said 'loon who ought to.'"

I said, not too surely, "I suppose he might have turned his head away from the phone for a moment and you heard only part of the sentence."

"I was really frightened then," she said. "I wanted to get away, to run away from everything, so I packed my hatbox . . . just as fast as I could . . . and hurried from the house. At Doremus' I picked up the grip with the plates from my locker, and took the first train to New York. . . ."

"The rest I know," I told her. Bending forward, she kissed me on the lips.

"Incidentally," I said casually, "you got rid of the plates in New York. . . ."

"Oh, no," she replied, "they're in that new little overnight case in the closet."

"Good Lord!" I leaped from the bed, slammed open the door of the closet and withdrew the small heavy bag. Opening it, I saw a magnificent set of deep-etched steel counterfeit plates. Staring at the beautiful phonies, I could feel the cold sweat of fear break across my forehead.

Denman had recalled Deputy Chief Medical Examiner Eggleston for cross-examination. Cannon had succeeded, Denman believed, in establishing the existence of a body in his case, identifying it as the body of the man who, when alive, had been known as Isham Reddick.

"Dr. Eggleston," Denman said, "you identified the type of blood found on the various objects as O. Can you definitely identify that blood as having been the blood of Isham Reddick?"

"No, sir," the witness replied, glancing toward Cannon.

"You can't prove it was Isham Reddick's blood?"

"No, sir, but it was not impossible for the blood to have belonged to Isham Reddick." Eggleston regarded Denman steadily.

Immediately Denman shifted his attack. "I hope you can be more specific about the mysterious ashes you analyzed, Doctor. For a moment I wish to refresh your memory concerning the testimony you gave Mr. Cannon." Denman, reading from a sheet of paper, quoted:

"A: There was evidence of protein origin.

Q: Does that mean the possibility of flesh? What might at one time have been human flesh?

A: That is correct."

Denman pondered his next question carefully. Finally, he asked, "Aren't proteins found in vegetable as well as in animal substances?"

"Yes," replied Eggleston.

"All right," said Denman, "we'll leave the subject of vegetable protein." Walking slowly to the exhibit table, he picked up the roll of oiled paper, and, turning, held it up without unrolling it. "Dr. Eggleston," he said, "you know what this is?"

"Yes. It's a bone called the *tibia*."

"Now, Doctor, you testified that this so-called leg bone . . . the shin . . . was from the leg of a normal, adult male. Which leg is it from?"

"From the left."

"You testified in some detail that the man was not less than five feet ten, and not more than six feet. Right?"

"That is correct, sir."

Deliberately, Denman began his attack on the question of height and finally drew an admission from the medical examiner that the man might possibly have been slightly taller than six feet or slightly shorter than five feet ten.

Lincoln Means followed Eggleston to the stand for cross-examination. After re-identifying Means as an employe in the Bureau of Licenses, Denman asked, "Isn't it possible that many of the applicants for licenses give fallacious, out-of-date, or mistaken information?"

"Well . . . no. . . ."

"I don't mean obviously wrong, Mr. Means. But five or ten pounds off, an inch or two in height. . . . Can you guarantee that every one of the thousands of forms you have is one hundred per cent correct?" Denman's voice had suddenly lost its friendliness.

"No," Means replied slowly, "sometimes somebody might make a mistake. . . ."

Those engraved printing plates worried me! Merely possessing the plates meant trouble with the Treasury Department, notwithstanding the fact they had never been used.

Now it was impossible to return the engravings to the government without involving Tally—because of the money Greenleaf had advanced through the checks she had endorsed. And then there was the next point, too. . . .

Suppose Greenleaf had been responsible for the old man's death? Wasn't it possible that Greenleaf had struck him and knocked him downstairs?

Tally remained in bed while I dressed. "Listen, Doll," I said, kissing her quickly, "I'm going out for a while. Stick around until I get back." She nodded. I placed the engravings back in the closet, closed it, and hurriedly left the room.

Out on the street, I looked for a place to hide the plates. Within the grounds of the Art Museum is a well-groomed hedge, heavy and thick, with a tangled mass of interwoven roots. The plates, buried deeply enough, might remain concealed for years—becoming corroded and ruined beyond any possible use. I was anxious to return to the hotel to pick up the plates. Hurrying down the broad steps of the museum, I waved down a cab.

At the McAndrews, a newsie opened the cab door, and I slipped him a quarter. He stepped back to the sidewalk. "A nice day, Mr. Mountain," he said.

I agreed, "That it is." He was a skinny guy with practically no shoulders, and the waddling gait of a penguin. For just a moment I stood beside him on the sunny sidewalk, and then it seemed a great flapping shadow covered the sun.

The newsie glanced up and then, shouting loud senseless words, shoved me back into the street.

There was a tremendous report like the slamming of a door!

Death lay on the street beside me.

Stunned, the newsie and I stood there, and in those few paralyzed moments the sidewalk swarmed with people, gathering to form a tightening circle around the hideous heap. At my feet lay a slipper, a small, black velvet bedroom slipper trimmed with gold.

It was Tally's slipper.

The seconds and the moments ebbed, piling back one upon another, rushing faster and faster in a vast bleak vacuum. Within a great roaring began, increasing louder and louder. And yet, somewhere there were loud voices, and soft voices, and voices in between.

One face kept appearing before mine . . . a large face, with dark, close-set eyes and a heavy jaw. Finally, I could no longer hear all the voices—just the one voice.

It belonged to a detective named Brockheim, and we were in my hotel room. Other men were in the room, too, some in plain clothes and some in uniform. It seemed as if everyone was there. Everyone, that is, except Tally.

"Come, come," Brockheim said. "Come, man, pull yourself together. You were returning to the hotel when your wife leaped from the window. You must have seen her sometime this morning? How long were you gone?"

"Two hours," I whispered.

"When you left Mrs. Mountain this morning, what was she doing?"

"She was in bed."

"After you left, she got up and dressed, because she was wearing her street clothes when she jumped. Why? Was she going out?"

"You say she was dressed in street clothes? But she was still wearing bedroom slippers," I replied numbly.

"That's right," agreed Brockheim. "Now tell me what she was worried about? A woman doesn't jump out of a window on the spur of the moment. . . ."

This was the moment of decision. It was now that I told the truth . . . or never. Placing a cigarette in my mouth, I pretended to fumble through my pockets for a match. I walked over to the closet, opened it and took a pack of matches from a jacket hanging there. My eyes touched the corner of the closet.

Tally's small bag containing the counterfeit plates had disappeared!

I returned to the chair and sat down. The police, I knew, must be considering the possibility that her fall was accidental. The two large windows at the end of the room were both wide enough and high enough to make it possible.

But one fact remained. The plates were gone! They had been in the closet when I left. Could Tally have dressed and hidden them somewhere in the hotel? It was a possibility, though I doubted it. She was waiting for me to return. Then, if she hadn't gotten rid of them, Greenleaf had been in the room and taken them.

All the possibilities seemed to flash before me in an instant of lucidity. In

another moment, I had made my decision. As my eyes met Brockheim's, I said to him, "She'd been worried . . . distressed about her uncle's death. He died here in Philadelphia a few months ago; he was my wife's only relative. . . ."

Brockheim eyed me contemplatively and asked, "How long you been married?" I told him. "Newlyweds, huh?" he observed.

"Yes," I replied.

"Did she have any insurance?"

"Not that I know of."

Brockheim shrugged. "I can find out. The switchboard says you got a call this morning before you went out. Who was it?"

I looked at him. "Some joker in the show, I think . . . pretended it was a wrong number. . . ."

"Oh?" Brockheim arose and ambled over to the window. "Seems there was another call later . . . after you'd gone. A very short one. Soon as your room answered, the connection was broken. Same joker?"

"Could be," I agreed, but the news shook me. "You always find them in this business, but they're not very funny."

"They never are." Standing by the open window, Brockheim stooped, leaning out to peer down the fifteen stories to the street. "Was your wife a fresh-air fiend?" he asked.

"Not especially," I replied. Walking back across the room, Brockheim faced me. "You think it possible she jumped?" he asked.

"No." I was positive. I knew that Tally had not committed suicide.

"Then you think she fell?"

"Yes. It had to be that way."

"Well," he said slowly," there are some more questions I've got to ask around. . . . I'll talk to you later." He nodded to the men in the room, and they followed him through the door.

I walked over to the dresser and picked up the bottle of Scotch.

The dentist's eyes, behind his glasses, watched Denman with wary interest. The defense attorney approached him indifferently, his hands in the pockets of his trousers.

"Doctor, you said a patient, Isham Reddick, called because he had three teeth hurting. Is that right?"

"That is correct, sir," Boss replied.

"So after you decided nothing was wrong with Isham Reddick's teeth, you proceeded to make a false one for him. Tell me, Dr. Boss, who brought up the subject of the false tooth?"

"I'm sure Reddick did, sir."

"Why are you so sure of that?"

"Well, the loss of it greatly affected his appearance. He needed it badly, but he had very little money to pay for it!"

"Now, Dr. Boss, I'm not sure that you made by *hand* a tooth, specially colored, shaped, and shaded . . . a tooth different from any other tooth in the world." Deliberately, Denman looked the witness up and down. "Well, did you, Doctor?"

"Yes, sir, I did!" Boss' lips set determinedly.

Denman cautioned, "There are stock teeth of individual sizes and shapes, aren't there . . . a great deal cheaper?"

"Yes, there are."

Denman was attempting to push Boss into admitting the use of a stock tooth. With such an admission, the dentist's identification of the tooth as Reddick's would be greatly weakened. However, Denman was unable to shake his testimony.

At ten o'clock the following morning, Assistant District Attorney Cannon recalled Lieutenant Mikleson to the stand.

"Now, Lieutenant, you have stated that you examined the defendant's rooms and pictures were taken of those rooms. When you searched the bedroom, what did you find?"

"I found a revolver in the second drawer of the bureau; a .32, with one shell fired."

"Did you find anything else?"

"Yes, sir, I did. I found a note folded and hidden under clothing in the same dresser."

"Is this the note?" Cannon passed a small sheet of blue-lined paper, the type commonly used in pocket memorandum books. A piece had been torn out completely on one side.

Mikleson examined the paper and nodded. "This is the one."

Cannon held up the slip and read in a clear voice. "Reddick. Mt. 8500." Then turning to Mikleson, he continued, "Also in the possession of the defendant, you found a memorandum book. Can you identify this?" The officer examined and identified it. "Thank you," said Cannon, dismissing the witness.

Next calling the handwriting expert, Alvin G. Hartney, to the stand, Cannon asked, "You have examined the writings and notes in this memorandum book and have compared them to the writing on the note. Would you say they are written by the same hand?"

"Yes," said Hartney. "The writing in the memo book and the note is identical to other specimens of handwriting of the defendant."

Cannon excused him from the stand.

"Mary Deems," the clerk announced. She identified herself as a housemaid, in the house on East Eighty-ninth Street. Dressed in a neat dark suit, she folded her hands in her lap and gave her testimony.

"Did you live on the premises, Miss Deems?"

"Yes, sir. I had a room in the upstairs servants quarters on the top floor."

"Were there any servants other than yourself?"

"There was Isham Reddick. He lived in, too. He was employed as a combination houseman-chauffeur."

"Was that all the help to run a large house like that?"

Mary Deems shook her head. "That was all the help that lived in . . . just Isham Reddick and me. There was a couple . . . Mr. and Mrs. Lightbody . . . who came in days to help."

"Did you get to know Isham Reddick very well? Did he talk to you very much?"

"No, sir. Not very much. Once he asked me to go see a movie. Afterward we stopped and had something to eat."

"You remember the incident very well, Miss Deems. Is there any reason for that?"

"Yes, sir. I decided I'd just have a sandwich and a cup of tea and he said, 'Go ahead and order anything you want. I've got plenty of dough.'"

"By that, Miss Deems, you understood that he had plenty of money. Is that correct?"

"Yes, sir. He pulled a big thick roll of bills out of his pocket. When he held the bills up I could see there was a lot of hundred dollar ones among them."

"In your opinion, could there have been eighty-five hundred dollars in that . . ." Cannon was interrupted by Denman's springing to his feet.

"Objection," Denman stated.

The judge agreed. "Objection sustained."

"All right, Miss Deems," Cannon said, "then what did you say?"

"Well, first I laughed and said, 'Boy, you must have a private gold mine!' Then he laughed, too, and said no, he didn't have a private gold mine, he was more like an undertaker—he knew where the bodies were buried."

"And by that remark, you understood that Reddick was not talking about *real* bodies—but that he knew some important information?"

"That's right. That is what he meant," the witness said.

"It hardly sounds to me like a man who could scarcely afford the cost of a tooth," observed Cannon. "Did it sound that way to you?"

"No, sir," the maid replied, "it didn't. It sounded like he had plenty of money."

In the magician's land of make-believe and illusion, what one doesn't see is always there . . . only one doesn't see it until the conjurer is ready to show it. The silks are stuffed within the hollow egg, the flowers collapsed within the palm of his hand, the card concealed on the back of his fingers. But Death is the greatest necromancer of all; in a mo-

ment of inattention, he makes his sleight and palms a life, and one does not realize that the breathing figure is gone.

Hope lingers on, the last soft breeze in the trees before winter, the last strain of music before silence. It is there before despair wilts completely the last bouquet of make-believe flowers, and Death takes his curtain bow before the black velvet drapes.

I didn't lose Tally in the street before the McAndrews that afternoon, or on Locust Street . . . or any of the other little Philadelphia streets. She disappeared one night several months later in New York. I was lying on my back on the sidewalk in front of a bar on Eighth Avenue. I was lying there because I had been thrown out. Thinking to myself without indignation, what a cheap lousy joint to get bounced from, I lay there for a moment looking straight up into the sky. It was in that moment I quietly decided I had to murder Greenleaf.

Back in my room, I washed, shaved, and slept the clock around. Next morning, though I was still lightheaded and couldn't concentrate for very long, I began planning to get Greenleaf. And each successive day I continued to think about it, weighing the probabilities, considering the possibilites. My most urgent problem, however, was money, which I needed to complete my plans. And I needed it quickly.

There was one fast way to get funds, and I decided to take it, although it was a dangerous and calculated risk, just as soon as I felt better and the shakes had left my hands.

I looked up a Greek named Steve who operated floating poker games, taking a small percentage drag out of each pot. One early morning when his game had broken up, I said to Steve, "How about grabbing some breakfast at the Automat?" He agreed and we walked down Broadway to Times Square. At the table, I put it right to him.

"I'd like to sit in a big league game. . . ."

Steve ate his Danish pastry without replying. When he had completely finished, he wiped his lips on a paper napkin. "You play a pretty good game. You make a little dough already. What you want to lose it for?"

"I don't think I'll lose it," I said.

Steve shrugged. "Maybe not."

"All right," I said, "so I lose it. It's my dough. But if I win, you get your percentage off the top."

The Greek's eyes swiveled around to meet mine. He stared for a minute, then dropped them indifferently. "Maybe I can do something," he said.

Three nights later, the Greek gave me the nod for the big game. It was held in a suite of a mid-town hotel. Steve was with me for two reasons: to get me in, and to collect his share of my winnings.

A large oblong table had been arranged in the center of the room and covered with a piece of heavy green felt. Around the table were five players in addition to myself. Half a dozen hard-faced men lounged around the room watching the game.

It was a strict game of five-card draw with the deck and the deal changing hands after each pot. Chips were twenty-five, fifty, and a hundred dollars, and no limit. Who the other players were, I don't know; no one identified himself.

As time crept by, I took it easy, picking up a hand here and there. By two o'clock we'd played over three hours—just long enough for everyone to be getting a little tired, a little slow with the eyes, a little slow with the reflexes. There had been quite a bit of action with some big pots of three and four grand in them. Several of the original players had lost heavily and checked out; they had been replaced from the silent group of men watching the game.

One of the original players was a heavily jowled man, with a broken nose, and black hair which he parted and combed in the middle.

Heavy Jowls shuffled and offered the deck to be cut at his right. Casually picking it up with his left hand, his right hand covered the deck for a split second, and in that instant—with one hand—he completed the Ednase shift . . . one of the fastest, smoothest gambling shifts in the world, reversing the cut deck to its original position. It means just one thing. The dealer has stacked the deck.

This was what I had been waiting for. When I picked up my hand, I held three 8's and a pair of queens. With a stacked deck, the sequence is determined; break the sequence and you cause trouble. I discarded my three 8's and asked for three cards. The tiniest, almost invisible twitch of surprise touched Heavy Jowl's face. He had planned for me to stand pat, too. The player to my left drew two. Heavy Jowls, himself, checked his draw.

Picking up my new cards, I saw a queen and a six and nine of spades. The queen and six were intended for the player to my left, as I had not been expected to draw.

Heavy Jowls knew that I was holding three queens, a six and nine of spades—a weaker one than I originally held. We were using a blue Bicycle deck. As a rule, the packs used in professional gambling games are Bicycle brand playing cards printed with medium colored red and blue back designs. These cards have become traditional . . . probably because they are very difficult to mark successfully. I'd come to the game with a load, both a red and a blue pack under my coat, the cards distributed according to suit and number over my body. This was simple; I'd been doing it in my act for years.

I stole a fourth queen from my load, and palmed away the six of spades while the original opener made his first bet. The second man bet and raised, while the original opener checked out; the man on my right dropped out; I met and raised; the player to my left dropped; and Heavy Jowls met and raised.

This left only Heavy Jowls, the man second to his left, and me in the game. Obviously Heavy Jowls held four of a kind; the man to his left held a flush,

as I had been set up originally with a full house. We raised around again, and the flush hand folded. Heavy Jowls and I stared at each other across the table. He raised; I met it and called.

Heavy Jowls held four 5's.

I held four queens.

Impassively, he pushed the pot to me. He knew . . . and I knew, but he couldn't say anything. Heavy Jowls lit a cigarette. "Your face looks familiar," he said. "Are you a friend of Bill's?" His voice was off-hand.

"Yeah," I said. "I know him well." That was the tip-off, the round-the-world introduction of professional gamblers.

The game broke up about an hour later. Walking out of the hotel, I was about three thousand five hundred to the good. I peeled off the Greek's percentage. He grunted, and shoved it in his pocket. Pulling his gray soft hat down firmly on his head, he signaled a cab. "It was a good night," he said softly, "but card mechanics don't live long."

"I've had it," I said.

He rode off down the street.

I had won enough to get Greenleaf.

"Your name," said Cannon, "is Gerald Lightbody. Is that correct?"

"Yes, sir." Lightbody identified himself as the janitor of a small apartment building down the street from the house on East Eighty-ninth. He stated further, under examination by Cannon, that he worked approximately two hours each day in the brownstone, checking the fire and setting out the trash.

"Between the night of November twenty-second, last year, and the next time you saw the furnace room—several days later—were any things removed? Any familiar objects which usually were in that room?" Cannon asked the witness.

"Yes. There was a heavy wooden bench, and a piece of canvas about eight feet square missing."

"Very well," said Cannon. "Now these duties took only a few hours of your time. On these different occasions when you were around the house, did you ever see Isham Reddick?"

"Yes. I talked with him quite a bit. He put on a lot of airs."

"Please explain, Mr. Lightbody," Cannon suggested.

"Well, this one time, I asked Reddick if he would loan me five bucks until Monday. He pulled out a roll of bills and handed me a twenty. While he was doing this, I guess he didn't notice that an envelope fell out of his pocket."

"All right, please continue. What happened next?"

"Reddick went back into the house, and I finished up the job. As I was walking down the steps, I saw the envelope lying on the stairs. So I picked it up and stuffed it in my pocket. When I got home, I forgot all about it, until later." Lightbody paused for breath. "It just slipped my mind until the police started asking me questions."

Cannon held up an envelope, badly wrinkled, and handed it to Lightbody. "Is this the same envelope you picked up?"

Lightbody inspected it carefully, then nodded. "Yes, sir. It's the same one. The cops asked me to mark it . . . right here." He pointed to his initials in a corner.

"Thank you, Mr. Lightbody," said Cannon. Turning toward the jury, he said, "I'm now going to read the figures written in pencil. These amounts are listed in a column, and the first figure is preceded by a dollar sign." Cannon held the envelope before him and read:

"$1,000
1,800
2,000
4,000
6,600
8,500

"Beneath the last figure of $8,500 a line is drawn, but no total is entered. If you care to know the total, it is $23,900. Next to the figures are written in pencil the words, 'and more to come.'" Cannon handed the envelope to the jury for examination.

Turning back to Lightbody, Cannon said, "There's one other point regarding which I would like to ask some questions. You heard Miss Deems testify that on the evening of November twenty-second Isham Reddick told her that the defendant, here, had instructed him to inform the help that they could have the night off, as well as the following day. Did you have a similar discussion with Reddick?"

"Yes, sir."

Cannon excused Lightbody from the stand, and Denman reserved the right to cross-examine the witness later. The prosecuting attorney then recalled Alvin Hartney, the handwriting expert, to the witness chair. "Mr. Hartney," Cannon addressed him, "you have examined this exhibit," handing him the envelope with the figures, "is that correct?"

"Yes, sir," replied Hartney.

"Can you say without any doubt that Isham Reddick wrote the figures, and the words, on the back of the envelope?"

"Yes, sir." Hartney was certain.

Cannon turned the witness over to Denham. The attorney for the defense was uneasy. The evidence which in his opinion was at best highly circumstantial was, however, slowly tightening around his client. Evidence which should show, somewhere, a wide crack . . . one into which he could drive a wedge . . . seemed to become more solid as he attacked it. Denman hunched his lean figure forward, and began picking his way very carefully.

Only one person had known what Greenleaf looked like; that was old Will Shaw and he was dead. Only one other person might possibly have recognized his voice—Tally. And she was dead, too.

Over the days, and the weeks, certain things began to fall into place. Greenleaf was a confidence man . . . and the name Greenleaf was an alias . . . one that would have no criminal record.

Secondly, he was utterly ruthless . . . a killer opportunist rather than a premeditating murderer.

Also, I felt that Greenleaf worked alone. Most confidence men prefer to do so, except where a confederate is needed to arrange and color a specific situation. It was highly possible that somewhere Greenleaf had one other confederate . . . a printer. He had to have a printer—and a good one—to print the false plates.

There was another point which was difficult to determine. If Greenleaf was wholesaling the queer, I might never find him. If, however, he was passing it himself, I might be able to catch him. Wholesaling is faster, and makes a buck easier, but it is far more dangerous! With the beautiful plates Greenleaf had, he might go on safely for years, passing the money himself.

After I had the money from the poker game, I went to see Dave Sherz. Dave operated an investigation and detective agency; before that, he had been captain of a squad of private guards protecting the wheel in a gambling house in Nevada. I'd worked there one season and knew Sherz from the old days.

He remembered me and gave me a hearty handshake. I looked around his office, leaned back in the chair, and suggested slowly, "Perhaps you'd be interested in trying to dig up something for me."

"I'm interested in digging up anything, including flowers," he replied.

"I want just one guy," I told him. "His name is Greenleaf, which may be real, but I doubt it. I don't know what he looks like, where he came from, what his background is . . . or anything else that's going to be very helpful."

"That ain't much," said Dave.

"He was hanging around Philadelphia about a year ago, and was still in Philly up to a few months ago. He had a checking account in a bank there; which bank I don't know. He signed checks which cleared using the name Greenleaf. I have no idea where he lived, or what his initials were."

"And that's all?"

"That's all."

"I'll get on it," Dave said, not very cheerfully.

There was something else which I had been thinking about; it wasn't anything on which Dave could help me. However,

a professor at Columbia University could; his name was Thurman Simons and he was a professor of Romance languages. Simons was a comparatively young man . . . short, pudgy, and with brown colorless hair.

"My wife died a few months ago, Professor Simons," I explained. "Before she died, she was in . . . well, a sort of delirium, and she kept repeating words which sounded like 'loon who ought to.' It meant absolutely nothing to any of us, and perhaps she was only making sounds. All of us have often wondered if she was trying to tell us something."

"Very sad, Mr. Mountain," Simons said. "Tell me, did your wife speak any foreign language?"

"No, not that I know of. . . ."

"Hummmm." The professor flexed his fingers, putting them end to end to form a tent, then collapsing it. "Loon who ought to . . . loon who ought to?" Professor Simons tilted his head, repeating the phrase with small interjections of sounds and clucking of his own. After a very long time, he said, "Perhaps your deceased wife may have given it a wrong accent and possibly . . . quite unknowingly . . . you have distorted it more." He waved his hands slightly. "Several possibilities come to my mind, the most obvious one being French. The French have a phrase meaning literally 'the one or the other,' and idiomatically meaning 'either.' "

"What is the phrase?" I asked.

"*L'un ou l'autre*," replied Professor Simons. As he pronounced it, the phrase sounded like "lun-oo-low-tra." "Does that help any?" Simons asked.

Once again, in my mind I could hear Tally's voice telling me of her conversation with Greenleaf. He had called following Will Shaw's funeral, demanding the counterfeit plates, and had said, "I'll pay you for them, or you might prefer another accident in the family." Then, possibly, he had added "*l'un ou l'autre*." The meaning of the phrase, as placed in his conversation, was logical: one or the other . . . either . . . take your pick. I was convinced that Simon had hit the idiom right in the middle of the accent.

Several days passed before I heard from Dave Shez. After he called me at the hotel, I dropped around to his office to see him. Waving me to a seat, he pushed over a photostatic copy of a check.

"This print is pretty grainy," he said. "We took it off a microfilm negative, but it might be one from the guy you're looking for."

I examined it. The check had been written on the Philadelphia Mercantile Bank & Trust Company; it was made out to cash in the amount of thirty-five dollars and had been signed by Derek A. Greenleaf.

"We checked the banks pretty carefully," Sherz explained, "and settled on this bird. Other accounts under the name of Greenleaf, which we came across, didn't hold anything when we checked them."

"What address did his account give?"

"A number on Spruce Street. . . ." Sherz checked a small book, and gave it to me. "You familiar with it?" he asked.

"Not that address," I told him, "but I know Spruce." It is a street of cheap rooming houses and light-housekeeping flats filled with a transient, restless population.

"Well," explained Sherz, "we looked up this number on Spruce. It was a typical crummy boarding house. The landlady had never heard of anyone named Greenleaf."

"The bank had to send him a statement each month," I said. "What happened to them? Were they returned?"

Dave shrugged impatiently. "I thought of that," he said, "but I suppose in a joint like that boarding house where the landlady had so many roomers she can't remember them, all the mail is just tossed out unless there's a forwarding address."

"What did you find out from the police records?"

"Nothing that fits," replied Sherz frankly. "The alias Greenleaf is unknown. Derek as a first name has been used a couple of times, but the times and places are wrong."

Picking up my hat, I walked to the door. "It was a good pitch," I said. I felt depressed.

"Lew," Sherz said, "I'm sorry there wasn't more. Do you want me to keep after it?"

I shook my head. "Maybe it's the end of the road," I said. "If I need some help, I'll let you know."

But I needed plenty of help. Here and there—a glimpse, a fragment of a pattern, but no man, no person, no face. A man using the name Derek Greenleaf, a con man with an account in a bank to swing a deal, a man who used French phrases, a man who would kill an old man and a young woman. Today, right now, a man with the means and opportunity to make millions of dollars.

Sometime during the night, while I was asleep, the idea came to me. Subconsciously I worked it out, because in the morning I awakened with the answer. I dressed and rushed to Penn Station. There I caught a train to Philadelphia.

Sherz had told me that Greenleaf had used a Spruce Street address when he opened the account in the bank. Greenleaf knew, of course, that the bank kept microfilm records of all checks, but it was important to him to recover the canceled checks. He needed them to use as a threat against either Will Shaw or Tally. So Greenleaf either lived in the rooming house, under another alias, or he lived close by in the neighborhood where he could pick up the mail without comment!

Leaving the station, I took a cab to the address on Spruce Street. It was a shabby four-story house refaced with imitation brick siding. A door in need of paint opened directly from the street into a cramped dark hallway. Against one wall, a heavy table stood beneath a chipped oval mirror. On the table were stacks of advertisements, papers, hand bills, and unclaimed letters.

Footsteps approached from the rear of the corridor, and a fat red-faced woman dressed in a sleazy satin dress came puffing into the hall. She peered at me suspiciously, and in a strident voice asked if I was looking for someone.

"Yes," I said politely, "I'd like to see the landlady."

"I'm her," she replied, "and I ain't got no vacant rooms."

"I'm sorry," I said, "your place was recommended to me by a friend of mine. Derek Greenleaf."

"Who do you think you're kidding?" she demanded. "A little while back, another guy was sneaking around here asking about him."

That had been Dave Sherz or one of his men. "Ma'am," I said, "this is strictly personal between Greenleaf and me."

"I don't know any Greenleaf!" She turned and started down the corridor.

"Wait!" I called, withdrawing my wallet and taking out two twenties. I held them up so she could see them. "I'll pay for your time. You're a business woman," I added quickly, "and I imagine you've had deadbeat roomers run out on you without paying their bills."

"Not anymore I don't!" she snapped. "Now they got to pay in advance!" The suspicion in her eyes dimmed a little.

"This guy Greenleaf owes me some money, and I need it," I said.

"Nobody ever stayed here by that name," she replied. "What'd he look like?"

"I don't know. I never saw him."

She snorted. "How'd you expect me to help you then?"

"Well . . . think back a little bit. For a period of six or seven months, on the fifth or sixth of the month, a letter was delivered here addressed to Derek A. Greenleaf."

"I've been running this place for nearly fifteen years," she said, "and mail keeps coming for people I can't even remember. I leave it there on the table, and the roomers can sort it through themselves." She searched through the pile of letters on the table, and sifted among the old ads and newspapers. "There ain't nothing here for any Greenleaf," she announced.

I said casually, "If he wasn't living here under an assumed name, then he must have come in to get it. Do you remember anyone who didn't live here—who stopped in pretty regularly? It would be a man, and he would have a good excuse if you talked to him."

"I don't remember no one particularly," the landlady said. "I see a lot of people. The only person I could think of wouldn't be the same man, because he was French."

"What!" I offered her a cigarette which she refused. Lighting one myself, I said, "A Frenchman used to drop around occasionally? What did he want?"

Pursing her lips, she thought carefully. "Come to think of it, he did drop around pretty regular. I remember because he was always looking for a room . . . asking me for a vacancy. He'd show up a few days too late every time."

It made sense. Greenleaf evidently knew some French and could fake an accent well enough, no doubt, to fool anyone as ignorant as the landlady. He timed his visit to pick up the mail; and he was careful to inquire for a room—only when he was sure he couldn't get one.

"What did this man look like?" I asked.

"He was a big man . . . taller and thinner than you. I guess he was in his fifties. I do remember, though—he had an awfully big nose." She nodded her head for emphasis. "Yeah, he had a thin face, with a real big nose . . . and gray hair. Dressed real nice, too."

I handed her the twenty-dollar bills. "Thanks," I said. "you've helped me a lot. If you'd go down to the police station and look through some pictures to help identify this man, I'll pay you fifty more."

Her stubby fingers folded the bills into a tiny packet, and stuffed them into the front of her dress. Once again her eyes had become suspicious, and she shook her head angrily.

"I won't have no truck with the cops," she replied. "But there's one thing more. . . . His eyebrow was sort of split—a little scar."

Walking down Spruce Street, I kept thinking—a thin face, a long nose, gray hair, fifty years, tall and lean . . . and a split eyebrow. Faintly, very faintly, the missing Greenleaf was coming out of the shadows.

Cannon, spinning the web of his case, was still concerned with the problem of motive. He was confident that he had impressed the jury concerning the *corpus delicti*; the evidence was, in part, circumstantial—but, in his opinion, indisputable. Some time on the night of November 22, or early in the morning of November 23, a servant known as Isham Reddick had been murdered, his body dismembered and most of it destroyed through cremation in the furnace of the brownstone located on East Eighty-ninth Street. Not all evidence of the crime, however, had been consumed and there remained a severed finger with an identifiable print, a tooth, a handful of ashes, blood stains on the floor, canvas and bench, and a section of human leg bone, in addition to other miscellaneous evidence, including the possible murder weapon—a gun and spent bullet—and the dismembering instrument, a bloody hatchet.

There remained, however, the motive, and Cannon believed the motive was blackmail. The chauffeur-valet had been blackmailing his employer. Cannon had evidence indicating Reddick had collected nearly twenty-four thousand dollars—possibly more. Murder has often been done for less! Seeing no let-up to his financial bleeding, the defendant had killed his blackmailer.

Cannon had spent much time, much work to buttress his theory. He next introduced three witnesses. The first to take the stand was Miss Beatrice Hyman, a saleswoman employed in a jewelry store located on Fifth Avenue in New York City.

"Miss Hyman," said Cannon, "among the effects and possessions in the room of Isham Reddick was found a receipt—a sales slip which you identified as having been made out by yourself."

"Yes, sir. It was a receipt for three hundred and fifty dollars for a wrist watch I sold him?"

"Miss Hyman," Cannon asked, "do you sell many three-hundred-and-fifty-dollar wrist watches?"

"Not many," replied the saleswoman.

"Do many of your customers spend a month-and-a-half's salary to purchase a wrist watch?"

Denman objected, but Cannon argued his point. Addressing the judge, he said, "I do not feel that this answer calls for an opinion. Miss Hyman has been selling watches, in this shop, for several years. As a saleswoman, it is part of her job to determine, within limits, what a prospective customer can afford, or will spend."

"But she does not know the financial background of each customer," Denman took exception.

The judge considered the arguments. Finally, he said, "Proceed, Mr. Cannon, but cautiously."

Cannon returned to the witness. "Now, if a man earned two hundred and fifty dollars a month, and bought a three-hundred-and-fifty-dollar wrist watch from you, would you think he was purchasing an expensive watch?"

"Under those circumstances, yes."

"He paid for it in cash?"

"It was in cash. And it was in large bills."

"One final question," said Cannon. "Do you sell many three-hundred-and-fifty-dollar watches to chauffeurs?"

"I wouldn't say we do," replied Miss Hyman. Cannon excused the witness, but Denman kept her on the stand.

Following Denman's cross-examination, Cannon then called two witnesses: Horatio Dann, a partner of Dann & Glenn, Gentlemen's Tailors, who testified that

Isham Reddick had purchased three custom-tailored suits at two hundred dollars each, paying an advance deposit of four hundred dollars; and Anthony Gillick, an employe of the Monterey Travel Bureau. Gillick stated that Reddick had purchased a one-way ticket to Paris for the date of November 24. Under Cannon's examination, Gillick gave the information that Reddick had also said he had "no intention of ever returning," and had paid for his ticket in advance.

"Isham Reddick appears to have been a very busy man," Cannon mused aloud, elaborately watching the witness. "Five hundred seventy-five dollars for a ticket . . . four hundred dollars for suits . . . three hundred and fifty dollars for a watch . . . that's thirteen hundred and twenty-five dollars. . . ."

Denman interrupted him. "Is this a soliloquy or an examination?"

Slightly exaggerating his motion, Cannon turned his attention to the attorney for the defense. "Oh, I'm sorry," he said. "Your witness, Counselor."

Denman, heavily, began his examination of the new witness.

Back in New York, I sorted out my facts. I knew that Greenleaf was tall, slightly over six feet, he was slender, had a large, long nose, gray hair, one scarred eyebrow, and he spoke some French. I did not quite believe, however, that he was French. Greenleaf had deliberately played the role of a Frenchman for the landlady in Philadelphia. If he really had been French, I believed he would have done everything possible to conceal it.

Greenleaf's physical description typed him to play three roles. There is a certain physical type which the United States, England, and France have in common. It is exemplified by a tall, lean, large-nosed man, and in America fits the conception of the American cowboy. But with a change of accent, he becomes an English sportsman . . . or a French army officer.

The use of a French phrase by Greenleaf, in his conversation with Tally, led me to believe that he had been playing the part of a well-educated Bostonian (or an Englishman) when he had been conning Will Shaw.

Greenleaf, having secured the plates, I reasoned, would immediately adopt a new character, as far removed as possible from what he had been using—English, or Bostonian, and French. Thus, of the roles he had left, roles in which he was physically in character, only one remained for him to play. A Westerner. Not a cowboy, naturally, but someone from Texas . . . Arizona . . . New Mexico—that general area.

I would begin searching for a tall, lean, gray-haired Southwesterner. . . . But where? That was the problem. Where would he go to pass counterfeit money? Not to a small town, obviously, because a stranger with a great deal of money is always an object of speculation and curiosity. Furthermore, if there ever was a slip on a phony bill, it could be traced too easily in a small place.

I decided that if I were in Greenleaf's position and planned to start passing queer money, I'd do it in a large city—a city in which there is a big tourist turnover. Automatically, that would be either New York, Chicago, or Los Angeles.

There was something about the shadowy Greenleaf . . . from what I'd heard, thought, and felt perhaps . . . that made me believe the man desired a certain respectability. For this reason, Greenleaf would need a bank account. And this in turn meant something else: he would not be foolish enough to deposit counterfeit bills in a bank. Converting the money during the day for a respectable account and spending the queer dough lavishly in cabarets at night . . . this, undoubtedly, was Greenleaf's dream of the best of all possible worlds.

In my reasoning, I had completed a circle. Right here in New York, right where I was, there Greenleaf should be too!

Now, although I might not be able to recognize Greenleaf on sight, there was the possibility that he might recognize me. I didn't know if he had seen me in Philadelphia. He had seen Tally, and so far as I knew, he might have looked me over while we were performing at the club . . . or at the hotel.

Once, while I had been working in the carney, there'd been a big clem in a hick Southern town and I had lost a front tooth from a flying tent stake. As soon as I could, I had the tooth replaced with a false one on a removable bridge. I now took out my false tooth, leaving a wide gap in the front of my mouth. My eyebrows and hair are dark . . . an excellent combination for a stage magician, but easily remembered.

I kept it simple . . . lighter eyebrows, a missing tooth, and off with my mustache. I added a pair of conventional horned-rimmed glasses, with ordinary lenses. The plain glass, however, had been ground around the edges to reflect concentric circles of depth, and appeared to be extremely strong.

In the clem I remembered . . . the one where I had lost a tooth . . . one of the truck drivers in the carney, a man named Isham Reddick, had been killed. The next day, without fanfare or publicity, he had been buried in a plain wooden box, dumped in a small Baptist cemetery on the edge of town.

But I remembered the name of the town where Reddick had been born, because it had been strange enough to make an impression. It was Rocky, Colorado, and his parents had moved away when he was still a kid. Sitting down, I wrote a letter to the City Recorder at Rocky. Enclosing a five-dollar bill, I wrote that my name was Isham Reddick, and I wanted a copy of my birth certificate. Ten days later, I received a small printed card, an official form which affirmed the fact of my birth on page 33, volume twenty-six, of the city records. It was signed by the recorder in office, and . . . believe it or not . . . he returned three dollars to me.

It was as simple as that. My disguise was complete. I became Isham Reddick.

The best place to pick up the trail of Greenleaf, I decided, was in the bistros around town . . . the big money, late night spots. As I couldn't hang around the joints and ask questions without the possibility of alerting Greenleaf, I developed a good cover. Going to the city Bureau of Licenses, I applied for a license to drive a cab. It wasn't difficult, either; after filling out the application forms and passing the examinations, I was fingerprinted. I had no fingerprints on file, and evidently the original Isham Reddick had never had a record, either. The license was issued.

New York City has as many cab companies as it has pedestrians. I selected one of the largest . . . the Eastern-Circle Taxi Company, with a big turnover in personnel, and applied for a job as night driver. It was a twelve-hour stint from six at night to six in the morning. After midnight, I skipped all the fares I could. Instead, I'd pull into a cab line outside one of the night spots; standing around, I'd watch for a tall, lean guy with a big nose and gray hair!

I saw plenty of prospects who might have been Greenleaf. Although they answered his description physically, they failed to hold up when I tried to check them. Either they were unknown at the club . . . and I figured Greenleaf would be a pretty well-known customer when I did locate him . . . or else they were too well and legitimately known.

Tally and her memory now seemed more remote; the aching loss had gone. The hatred I felt for Greenleaf, however, I had lived with too long to be able to lose. The desire for revenge burned as brightly as ever.

Eventually, of course, after a lot of false leads, I found Greenleaf. I found him just as I knew I would find him—large nose, gray hair, scarred eyebrow, all complete. The first time I saw him he was drunk, standing beneath the canopy of the Copabonga Club, arguing with a blond floosie who had come out of the joint with him. I was about the fifth cab in line, and I was unable to pull out to follow. Waiting a few minutes, I climbed out of my hack and sauntered up to the doorman.

"Who was that, John?" I asked, lighting a cigarette.

The doorman, named Ozzie, grinned. "A Texas oil man," he said. "Carries his own oil well around with him." He unfolded his hand, and in the palm was a twenty-dollar bill.

Excitement began mounting within me. "Wish to hell I had him for a fare," I said enviously. "Does he come around often?"

"Oh . . . maybe once a week," said Ozzie. "Showed up here couple, three, four months ago. Something like that. Probably'll go back to Texas one of these days."

The time was right as far as Greenleaf was concerned. The masquerade was right . . . Texas and oil. "What's his name," I asked.

"Mistuh Ballard Humphries," said Ozzie, imitating a drawl.

"Shut mah mouf," I replied, turning away. I hung around the club for several hours waiting for the cab which had hauled Humphries to return. It didn't, and I decided that the driver had picked up another fare.

Returning to the Copabonga Club the following night, I strolled up to Ozzie. "Ozzie," I said, "remember that Texas millionaire last night? What'd you say his name was?"

"Humphries. Why?"

"Well, I've been thinking. I'm getting plenty tired hacking, and I thought maybe this Mr. Humphries might want to hire a chauffeur. I'd like to hit him for a job. I'm going to make you a proposition. I'll give you twenty right now," I slipped two tens in his hand, "if you'll give me the chance to haul him the next time Humphries is here. If he gives me a job, I'll give you another twenty."

"Okay," said Ozzie. "And don't forget my other twenty."

"If I get the job, it's yours," I assured him.

Humphries didn't show up again at the Copabonga until the following Tuesday night. This time he was squiring a slender brunette who was young enough to be his daughter, but who looked experienced enough to be his mother. Ozzie went into his stalling routine, and I slung the cab into gear and roared up to the front of the club with the back door practically open.

Ozzie helped them into the hack, and Humphries with a broad Texas accent gave me an address on East Eighty-ninth Street. As the cab pulled away, he and the brunette began playing around in the back seat. After a few minutes of driving, I cleared my voice loudly; during the moment of silence that followed, I said, "Pardon me, sir, but you seem to be a well-educated gentleman."

The remark caught Humphries by surprise, and in the mirror I could see him straighten in the seat. In a loud, flat drawl he said, "Huh? What was thet again, Son?"

I repeated it and added, "Tonight I was listening to the radio, and a guy missed five hundred dollars because he couldn't say "Don't mention it" in French. Do you know how to say it?"

Humphries roared with laughter. "I'm going' to tell you the truth," he drawled. "I'm right proud to say thet I'm a graduate of Texas Christian University."

"Yeah . . . sure," I said. "I've heard of it. They have great football teams. That's at Waco, isn't it?"

"Yore plumb right," Humphries agreed. "They got a great little ole team. Well, as I was sayin', I studied a mite of French at TCU and if I can remember correctly . . ."

"Oh, Ballard," the girl giggled admiringly.

"Well," said Humphries, preening himself, "if I recall correctly, it's *'Il n'y a pas de quoi.'*"

The girl attempted to repeat it after him phonetically. "Eeel knee ah paw duh qua. . . ." She clapped her hands. "I think that's cute," she said.

"Honey girl, I think yore plumb cute, yoreself," Humphries replied gallantly.

I was thinking other things. Here's a Texan who speaks French. And a Texan who was graduated from Texas Christian and who mixes it up with Baylor University. Texas Christian is at Fort Worth; Baylor University is in Waco. Drunk or not, no authentic Texan will make that mistake!

The prosecution had closed its case. "If it please the court," said Denman, "I would like to begin the defense tomorrow morning. I move the court adjourn until tomorrow morning."

Cannon did not protest the motion, and the judge dismissed the court. Denman walked beside his client to a small private cubicle located directly behind the courtroom, and the attorney seated himself at a solid oak table.

"Listen, Humphries," said Denman, his voice quiet and unemotional, "tonight we make a decision . . . and whether our decision is right or wrong will determine whether or not we save your life. A man may be innocent or guilty, and it is no personal concern of mine: it is my duty to see that he receives a fair trial, as defined by the country and state. The more I know about his case, the better I can defend him." Denman paused for a moment, then said slowly, "But I'll be damned if I know what to think about you, Humphries!"

"I pleaded *not guilty*, didn't I?" Humphries replied.

"My personal belief is that you are hiding something . . . or someone . . ." As Humphries began to object, Denman raised his hand, silencing him.

Humphries slumped down in his chair and lit a cigarette.

"Tell me again . . . this time honestly. Was Reddick blackmailing you?"

"No!" Humphries brought his hand down hard against the table. "So help me, he wasn't blackmailing me! He never asked me for a cent!"

Denman continued, "Was there something that Reddick might have known . . . that he might have used for blackmail?"

Humphries did not reply immediately.

an infinite part of a second elapsed before he denied it. "No," he shook his head. "He had nothing to hold over me. . . ."

Denman ran his fingers through his hair. "Humphries," he said in a tired voice, "look at the case Cannon has advanced. He maintains that you shot Isham Reddick in the furnace room with the revolver found in your drawer. After he was killed, you dismembered him . . . using the bench and the large canvas tarpaulin, and the hatchet. The body was consumed in the furnace, and most of the traces and ashes were disposed of by you. He has even found traces of ashes in your car. In evidence, he has Reddick's finger, part of his leg, his tooth, and possibly his blood.

"He advances the argument that after the murder you cleaned up and showered in the basement bath. Now why did all this take place? Cannon maintains that Reddick was blackmailing you . . . he has evidence in your handwriting concerning payment of at least eighty-five hundred dollars. Reddick was spending money like a sailor on shore leave. Where did he get it? Cannon says he got it from you. Witnesses have testified that Reddick, himself, implied he got it from you. Cannon has proved that you are not from Texas . . . have no business, and no traceable income. Where do you get the money that you have? Is that something Reddick knew? Is that what you were paying him to hide?" Denman shook his head in disbelief. "And you want me to believe you aren't hiding something!"

"I'm innocent," Humphries declared. "Reddick was a madman. Stark raving mad!"

"And you want the jury to believe he killed himself . . . committed suicide, and then cremated himself in the basement?" Denman's voice was sarcastic.

Humphries turned away helplessly. "I don't know. . . ."

"All right," continued the attorney, "let's face up to the question we have to decide. Tomorrow, we start our defense. As a rule, with any kind of defense at all, it's better for the defendant not to testify. But damn it all, man, we've got to do something!" He pulled himself to his feet heavily. "Well? How about it? Will you gamble your life on the story you told me?"

"It's the truth," replied Humphries. "I'm willing, if you say so."

"Humphries, there's nothing else we can do."

The guard opened the door and let Denman out of the room.

I drove Humphries home that first night, and arriving before the house, I walked around to the rear door and helped him out—lifting his wallet as I did so.

At noon, the following day, I was back at the house to return it. A maid let me in, and after a few minutes Humphries staggered into the living room, looking miserable.

"My name is Reddick, sir," I said. "I drove you home last night. Afterward, I found your wallet in the back seat of the cab. I'm returning it."

"Why, thanks," he said. He regarded the wallet vacuously. "I hadn't missed it yet . . . just getting up. Terrible . . . bad night last night. . . ."

"Yes, sir!" I agreed, looking around. It was a large room, and an ornately carved Italian marble fireplace dominated the room. Humphries walked over to an Empire chair and sank into it. He looked at me with surprise. "You're an honest man," he said.

"Yes, sir." I agreed, "I am. And you look like a sick one. Where's the kitchen, sir?" Humphries motioned toward the back of the house. Walking in the general direction he indicated, I found a large, white little-used kitchen. Opening a can of tomato juice, I poured it out, spiked it with Worcestershire and added a dash of red pepper. When I returned to the living room, Humphries was seated where I had left him, his eyes closed. I shook him, and he took the glass and drank it.

"Brother!" he said. "I shore needed that one . . . now to get dressed. . . ."

"I'll help you upstairs, sir," I told him. Upstairs, I selected a suit from his closet, laid out a shirt and underclothes. Later, helping him into them, I said, "What you need, Mr. Humphries, is a good man to help out. You know, it's dangerous going around the city late at night, carrying as much money as you do."

"Hawg wash," said Humphries.

"Not at all, sir. Someone to drive you at night, some one to help around the house during the day. Such a man would be invaluable, sir. And, if I may say so, I'm just the man . . . and I'm available, too!"

Humphries looked haggardly in my direction. "You married?"

"No, sir." I said brightly, although bile was gagging my throat. "I'm single."

"What about yore family—they live here?"

"No, sir. I've been working here a long time, but my home is in Rocky, Colorado."

"What's your name again?" I told him: Isham Reddick. He frowned a moment, and I couldn't tell if he was displeased or if it was just the hangover. After a while, he said, "I'll give you two-fifty, and yore room. I don't eat in 'cept for breakfast, but I guess you can rustle up enough to eat around here."

"Yes, sirrr!" I replied, quickly, "I'll take it."

We went downtown that day to buy a car. I was anxious to see how much he would splurge, but Humphries was cautious. Instead of buying a Cadillac, he settled for a smaller, medium-priced car . . . a black sedan with white sidewalls. I wasn't surprised as it confirmed my suspicions. A man as wealthy as Humphries was supposed to be would not have hesitated to pay a high price. But Humphries had to pay for the car with a check—a personal one. It would have been impossible for him to pay in ten- and twenty-dollar bills, so he was forced to draw against that legitimate account he was building in the bank . . . and he didn't want to wipe it out.

That evening, I moved into the servants' quarters on the top floor of the

house. With the door safely closed behind me, I was able to relax for the first time. I found myself trembling, both with hatred and triumph. I forced myself to remain quiet, although I wanted to pound the walls with my fists and shout curses down the stairs.

In my role of ex-cab driver, now chauffeur, Humphries had accepted my disguise. He gave no indication of ever having seen me before. I was convinced that he was entirely unsuspecting—although I do not believe that Humphries ever trusted anyone completely in his life. Determined as I was to kill the man, I was afraid that Humphries might read it in my face. Consequently, I went to great lengths to be servile—and he liked it.

Late at night, with contempt and loathing in my breast, I'd sit in my room smoking, and consider the best possible method by which to kill him.

However, I hoped to escape the law, and with this in mind I began planning a method by which to avoid the police after the killing.

I decided to build Isham Reddick into a definite character, give him a motive for killing Humphries, and then have Reddick disappear completely. While the police searched for Isham Reddick, the chauffeur with the light eyebrows, smooth shaven, a front tooth missing, and wearing thick heavy glasses—I would simply return, overnight, to being Lew Mountain again.

I kept my eyes open for Humphries' other connection—the printer. Humphries seemed to concentrate entirely on passing the ten- and twenty-dollar bills. And yet he always had an inexhaustible supply of new bills. I had searched the house from top to bottom, attic to basement, to find the place where he concealed them.

The house on East Eighty-ninth Street had been rented, completely furnished, from a wealthy family living in Connecticut. It was simply a large beautiful town house, and after my search I was convinced that if Humphries had found a place to hide the money, I'd have found it, too.

Next to Humphries' bed was a telephone which had a direct outside line; this was in addition to another phone in the house which had a number of extensions. On the table beside the phone was a tablet of paper. One day, I discovered tracings on the pad. Holding the paper up to the light, I could catch a slight shadow on the indentations. I read the words: "Magarian, 2:00." I put the pad in its original position after having memorized the name.

When I did discover Humphries' method of getting money, it appeared extremely simple. He went to a new club one night—one where there was no back entrance. He and a girl had been in the club several hours. I was waiting down at the corner, when I saw Humphries hurry out of the entrance by himself. Grabbing a cab, he took off in the opposite direction. His cab swung around the corner and disappeared, and by the time I reached the intersection, it was out of sight. I returned to my original location and waited. In less than half an hour, Humphries re-entered the club.

I could figure it out from there. The recurring patterns of clubs, and drunken girls. Humphries would get his companion high, excuse himself from the table, make his contact with the printer, and return. The girl, in her drunken condition, wouldn't know if he had been gone three minutes or thirty, and would always be able to give him an alibi for the evening.

After that, I watched the back or side entrances of the different clubs, and invariably Humphries would skip out. He'd take a cab, and I would follow him. Driving for only a few minutes, and stopping in front of a drug store or a restaurant, and with the cab waiting—Humphries would walk in, and in a moment be out again. It was that simple, and he never went near the printing plant.

I never saw the actual transaction, or the printer either, because of the danger, in following Humphries too closely, of being recognized.

Over the Fourth-of-July holiday Humphries announced that he was going up to a lodge near Bear Mountain for a few days. I had to drive him up. During the drive, Humphries pulled a notebook from his pocket, scribbling on it, and handed me the piece of paper, drawling, "If anything comes up around the house, you phone me. Hear?" He indicated the paper. "That there's the number for up here."

"Yes, sir." I assured him. Later, alone, I examined the note. Humphries had scrawled on it: "Reddick, Bear Mt. 8500." Bear Mountain 8500 was the number of the lodge. He had written it across a small sheet of blue-lined paper and I deliberately tore it across one edge. When I had finished, it read: "Reddick, Mt. 8500." I carefully placed the paper in my pocket.

Returning to the city, I went to Ducal's, a magician's supply house on Eighth Avenue near Forty-fourth Street. When I had moved into Humphries' place, I had delivered my big theatrical trunk to Duval's to hold for me. The store is open until late at night as many of its customers do not come in until evening.

Passing through rooms filled with a half century's collection of all the instruments of miracle-making, I located my trunk. From it, I extracted a thick packet of stage money . . . a reasonable facsimile of real money as to size and color. From a short distance it is difficult to detect.

Back in my room I wrapped genuine hundred-dollar bills of my own dough, and a number of legitimate fifties, around the roll of stage money. I had a wad of dough that would have impressed even a bank!

The following night I took Mary Deems out to a movie and to dinner. She ordered the less expensive items on the menu. My plans, however, called for me to flash my roll of bills and play the lout. I did—and the sight of the bankroll hit her . . . hard. That was what I wanted.

Humphries had been away three days when, on the morning of the fourth, I read a small item on page nine of the morning paper. The story said a man identified as Adrian Magarian, proprietor of the Inland Printing Shop, had been found murdered in his office. The printing shop was just a small place located near Canal Street, and the police regarded it as another hold-up killing. Magarian had been struck down and killed by a blow on his head, and his shop ransacked. Judging by the position and briefness of the story, it was evident that Magarian wasn't very important.

I decided the police hadn't found Humphries' counterfeit plates, or the story would have been on page one! I wondered if Humphries had killed him, so I decided to see what kind of reaction I could raise from him. I called Bear Mountain 8500. When he got on the phone I said, "Sir, I don't know if this is important, but I thought I'd better call."

"Yes, what is it?" It seemed to me his drawl was a little forced.

"Well," I told him, "some man just called and asked for you. I said you were out of town. He wanted to know if I could put him in touch with someone named Magarian. . . ."

After a moment, Humphries said slowly, suspiciously, "How come you called me?" Then, back in his old characteristic drawl again. "Never heard of him. And I'm getting mighty tired of stickin' around this here place. Guess maybe you better mosey up and get me . . . this afternoon."

"Yes, sir." I replied. The facts were that Magarian was dead, and, as I soon discovered, Humphries had the plates.

That Humphries had known Magarian, and also knew that he was now dead, was proven by his acts of omission. For several weeks, Humphries made no more sorties into the saloons and bistros. Then he began the old routine of sneaking out of the clubs at night.

and I knew that he had found another printer.

In the meantime, I was still developing my own plans. As a motive for Isham Reddick to kill Humphries, I selected the motive of blackmail. The cops would figure that I had pushed my victim to the end of his endurance, and to prevent him from turning me in—I had killed him. Flashing my roll of bills around the house at every opportunity, I went out of my way to lend the janitor money . . . and to make the story better, I doctored up an envelope, with a list of fashionable figures, including the number 8500 . . . and arranged for Lightbody to get it.

Although my few thousand dollars were dwindling fast, it was imperative that I make my story convincing. The cops had to believe that I had taken Humphries for a big bankroll, and had spent it like a profligate. Making certain to leave a wide and easily followed trail, I bought about everything I could conceive of.

At one point, I nearly made a serious error. It was imperative that I have a complete set of teeth the day I walked out of Humphries' house after killing him. The cops would be looking for a man with a missing tooth. Somewhere I had misplaced my tooth with the removable bridge. I called a dentist named Boss and went to see him. Attempting to remain as inconspicuous as possible, I stayed within the role of Isham Reddick—poor, hardworking chauffeur. He made me another tooth.

There was still a decision to be reached concerning the method by which I had to kill Humphries. I decided, finally, that the best plan would be to strike when we were out of town.

Shortly after the first of November, I suggested he take another short vacation, hoping to arouse some restlessness within him—but he refused to rise to the bait.

Since his return from Bear Mountain, in July, he had begun a slow deterioration. The veneer of the open-handed Texan was getting very thin; occasionally his drawl would slip; and he took less interest in his appearance.

There was a certain satisfaction in watching Humphries break up, and I continued to procrastinate.

But the decision was finally forced on me!

Humphries forced it himself. On the morning of November twentieth, he arose with his usual terrible hangover. The night before, at the club, he had been absent longer than usual—over an hour. When he returned, he had been carrying a very heavy package wrapped in brown paper securely tied. The girl he was with had noticed his departure, and they had argued about it in the car. Angrily, he had made me stop and send her off in a cab.

Humphries sat on the side of his bed, sipping a pick-me-up. He said, "Reddick, I've some sad news. I've decided to close up here and haul stakes back to Texas."

"I'm sorry to hear that," I replied. Recalling the tightly wrapped package of the night before, I knew Humphries had secured the return of the plates. Possibly he felt he had run his luck too long in New York, or perhaps he had printing troubles again. Either way, he was folding up.

He said, "I'd shore appreciate it . . . if you didn't mention it until I'm ready."

That was it. Humphries was planning to take a run-out powder and skip out from under his lease. He was afraid Mary Deems might notify the owners. Momentarily, I couldn't understand why he had told me, and then I realized it was because of the car. Humphries was a wretched driver, and he needed me to sell the automobile. "Yes, sir," I agreed, "I won't say anything about it."

That afternoon, I went down to buy a ticket for France . . . an airline ticket. I now planned to kill Humphries the night of November 23.

On the morning of November 22, Humphries arose . . . earlier than usual . . . and sober for a change. He told me that he would be downtown all day, and wouldn't be home until late that night. That evening, around dinner time, I pretended I had received a call from Humphries and told Mary Deems and the Lightbodys they could have the night off as well as the entire next day.

At eight I drove downtown to Duval's. From my trunk I took a snub-nosed .32 which I had used to shoot blanks for occasional effects. On my way out, I asked Harry, "Do you have any bullets?"

"Blanks?" he asked.

"No, regular ones." I held up the revolver and forced a grin.

"I think I got some here, someplace," replied Harry. He began rummaging through the shelves, and eventually came up with a partly filled box of .32's.

It was a little after nine when I arrived back on Eighty-ninth Street. The premises were dark, with the exception of a light I had left burning in the entrance hall. I went upstairs, first to my room on the top floor where I removed my coat and hat; then I returned to the second floor.

At the end of the dark corridor, I opened the door to Humphries' bedroom . . . the master suite. It was located along one side of the house, a locked door opening from the corridor into a small service hall. Somewhere in this suite Will Shaw's plates were hidden, and I finally found them, concealed behind the logs stacked in the fireplace. Picking up the package, I walked to the bed and tore open the wrappings. There they were! The complete set of counterfeit plates . . . now stained with ink, but as perfect as the day they were made, as faultless as the moment I had seen them, with Tally in Philadelphia!

"You lousy, sneakin' . . ."

Whirling, I faced Humphries. He stood in the doorway, his face twisted with fury.

My hands, reacting more quickly than my mind, flashed up with the .32. "That's far enough," I said.

At the sound of my voice, he stopped.

His arms hung loosely at his sides, and for a moment he peered at me. "Reddick," he said hoarsely, "what do you want?"

"How about calling me Adrian Magarian. Perhaps I'm a reincarnation."

"Damn it! Stop playing cat and mouse. Who are you and what do you want?"

I said, "My initials are D. E. My full and complete name, as far as you are concerned, is D. E. Ath."

Perspiration broke quickly across his forehead. "You're crazy!" he said, his voice croaking.

"Absolutely," I agreed. And at that moment I was crazy. Humphries quickly withdrew another step.

"That's all right," I said benevolently as a priest of the Inquisition lighting fagots at an *auto-da-fé*, "keep going. You and I are going to the basement. That's where I shall kill you."

I motioned with the revolver, and with paralyzed movements he floundered from the room. I followed him. Stumbling down the stairs, he wavered through the hall and into the kitchen.

Behind the kitchen loomed the back hall—and the stairway to the basement descended from there. In slow motion, Humphries opened the door; his eyes were blind, unseeing . . . and distended with fear.

"Switch on the lights," I ordered. His fingers clawed helplessly against the side of the door. Reaching past him, I switched them on myself.

Humphries began to descend.

I followed him.

Humphries raised his right hand to the oath. As he seated himself in the witness chair, Denman approached him and said, "I want you to tell the jury, and the court, in your own words exactly what happened between you and Isham Reddick the night of November twenty-second in your house on East Eighty-ninth Street."

Humphries sat quietly for a moment, staring into space, seemingly hearing only part of Denman's words. Finally, he began in a toneless voice.

"I had been downtown all day," he said. "After a rather late dinner, I decided to return home. When I arrived, I noticed the house was dark, except for a light in the downstairs hall and a light in my bedroom. I opened the door with my key. Mary Deems was not around. . . .

"On the second floor, the door from the corridor to the service hall of my bedroom was open. There I saw Isham Reddick rifling through my belongings. He had taken some jewelry, and was removing a large sum of money from a wallet I had left on top of my dresser. Instantly, he drew a revolver and told me to raise my hands. I was unarmed . . . entirely defenseless, and I did as he told me. I tried to reason with him, but he was a crazy man . . . yelling and threatening me."

"What did he say to you, Mr. Humphries?"

"He talked very quickly . . . and much he said didn't make any sense. Reddick kept referring to himself by the name of Ath, he was D. E. Ath. . . . It was a nightmare! I told him he could have the jewelry and money . . . to take them and leave. Suddenly, he ordered me to turn around and march to the basement. Reddick was right behind me, with his gun, and he was raving every step of the way. . . . He threatened me with death!"

Abruptly removing the pocket handkerchief from his coat, Humphries wiped his forehead.

"At the top of the basement stairs," he picked up the story again, "Reddick ordered me to turn on the lights. This is the last thing that I distinctly remember. I knew I was walking to my death. It is a long stairway from the back hall to the basement floor, and somewhere along the way I completely lost contact with reality. . . ."

Denman interrupted, "Do you remember reaching the bottom step at all?"

"Yes," replied Humphries, slowly. "But only as an impression, not as an actual occurrence. Going down the stairs was like sinking into slumber . . . a grayness closed over everything. Eventually, my body reached the cellar floor, the last step, and at that point my mind went completely blank. Everything sank into darkness."

"That is all you remember of that night?"

"Yes, sir. That is completely all."

"What is the next event which you remember?"

Humphries shook his head, unbelievingly. "I was lying on my bed . . . upstairs in the master suite . . . the next day. I was wearing only my undershirt and shorts . . . my suit was hanging in the closet, I discovered later. There was a terrible aching . . . throbbing in my head, and I wondered why someone didn't answer the doorbell."

"At that time, did you recall what had happened the previous night?"

"Not right then, sir. I got out of bed and put on a robe. Going downstairs, I opened the door . . . and there were the police. Then I suddenly remembered Reddick from the night before . . . how close he had come to killing me. I thought he had run away and gotten into trouble. I thought the police were there because of him!"

"When they asked to come in, you let them in?"

"Certainly. I had nothing to hide."

From then on, until noon, Denman went over Humphries' story. He could only elaborate on the testimony as given; Humphries had nothing new to introduce. When he had finished, Denman studied the jury carefully as they filed out to lunch.

Court convened again in the afternoon, and Cannon began his cross-examination.

"Tell me, Mr. Humphries," he asked, "you say Isham Reddick was stealing your jewelry? Is that correct?"

"That is correct."

"Did you ever see the jewels again?"

"No, I didn't."

"The police found no trace of them. There were no traces in the house. Did you look for them?"

"I—I didn't think about . . . he took them with him when he left."

"And the money? You testified that you left a large sum of money home in your wallet?"

"Yes. Yes, I had."

"And earlier in the day, you had been to the bank to get more money? Why did you need all that money?"

"Well . . . I had planned a vacation. . . ."

Because of Humphries' evasive and indefinite answers concerning the jewelry and money, Cannon was convinced the witness was not telling the truth. The Prosecuting Attorney continued to pound away at him, wearing him down, dogging his answers. Finally, Cannon said, "You don't remember killing Isham Reddick?"

"No, sir. I didn't kill him."

"You don't remember dismembering Isham Reddick's body? You don't remember how the ashes got in the furnace, how the blood stains got in the basement, how the fragments of the body were scattered around as if in a charnel house?"

"No, sir, I know nothing about it. I don't remember a thing. I only know that—I couldn't have done it."

Humphries glanced helplessly at Cannon. He nervously tugged at his collar, and then with great effort clasped his hands, and forced them to remain quiet.

"Was Isham Reddick blackmailing you . . . asking you for money?" Cannon pursued his questions relentlessly.

"No, sir."

"Did Isham Reddick have any reason to hate or fear you?"

"No, sir . . . except I caught him stealing."

"Was that enough to make him want to kill you? Especially after you told him to take the money and jewelry and leave?"

"Isham Reddick was just crazy—that's all!"

"Was he crazy enough to kill himself, dismember himself, and then cremate himself? And afterwards, clean up the mess?"

"No. . . ."

"This was a carefully planned, dia-

bolically executed murder. Someone had to do it. To do it, someone had to be there. Was anyone else there?"

Wearily, Humphries retreated to his defense. "I don't know," he said. "I can't remember. . . ."

And Cannon continued his ruthless questioning throughout the rest of the long afternoon.

The stairs yawned before us. The descent was very steep, and a hand-railing ran along the right side. I shifted the revolver to my left hand, my right grasped the rail as we descended. Just in front of me, Humphries' sweat . . . the acrid smell of fear . . . was heavy in the air. Its odor drove me into a deeper frenzy.

As Humphries reached the basement floor, he moaned loudly and stooping suddenly—straightened, a glittering, swirling arc of light flashing by his side. Instinctively, I ducked, and thrust out my right hand to steady myself against the post at the foot of the stairs.

An instant later, the hatchet buried itself in the wood, and Humphries slumped forward to the floor!

I stood woodenly holding my position. Looking questioningly at the gun in my hand . . . I couldn't remember shooting it. There was no smell of gunpowder in my nose, no echoing sound of a shot in my ears. And then I became conscious of warmth stealing over my right hand. Part of a finger was missing. Blood spouted from the severed flesh and the dismembered section was lying on the floor beside the post. Dazedly, I kicked at the motionless body of Humphries. He didn't move.

The flow of blood seemed to clear my mind . . . the cobwebs of hate, the skeins of insane anger dissolved with the falling drops of blood which marked my steps and crimsoned the floor of the furnace room. Breaking open the chamber of the revolver, I found the shells intact . . . unfired.

With a sigh of relief, I realized I had not shot Humphries!

Humphries had collapsed from shock . . . from sheer fright. In one last frenzied, unconscious effort he had grabbed the hatchet from the floor . . . a hatchet Lightbody used to split kindling . . . and had swung it at me in a desperate attempt at defense. Even as he swung, he had blacked out through shock and hysteria.

Almost immediately I realized something else: here was a man who had committed three murders, or had been responsible for them, and had escaped punishment. But there was still a way by which justice could be served!

By my watch, it was then almost ten-thirty. I lit a cigarette, and sat down on the bottom step to think the situation over. The greatest illusions, I knew, are compounded equally by the things you see . . . and the things you don't see. Obviously, I could not leave my entire body, but possibly I could leave traces that seemed to prove I had left my entire body. The illusion must be of a murder committed . . . and almost entirely erased!

Dragging Humphries to the wood closet, I locked him in. Then, picking up the hatchet, I walked into the next room, a semi-laundry, where the tool chest was kept. Pasting several hairs from my head to the blood on the hatchet, I wiped the handle on the sleeve of my coat and tossed it in the box. Next to the laundry was a basement bathroom. Standing over the wash basin for a minute or two, I permitted a trickle of blood to run down the drain and into the trap. Turning away, I splattered more stains around the cracks and corners of the floor—and then I was forced to stop. I had lost too much blood already. With a piece of twine, I bound the finger as tightly as I dared, to stop the flow, and bandaged the end with a strip from my handkerchief.

Returning to my room. I found a pair of gloves. Slipping them on, I stuffed the empty finger with cotton, and put on a top coat. Taking the car for the second time that night, I returned to Duval's. From the big metal trunk, I removed Omar . . . my skeleton. I had bought him complete, with wired joints, from Harry ten years before when I needed a skeleton for a comedy gag in a disappearing cabinet act. Omar, however, was a real skeleton, not a composition one. Removing the bone between the knee and the ankle, I broke off the wired ends. I remembered, suddenly, the small built-in drawer in the top of the trunk where I kept gadgets such as springs, card-feeders and release gimmicks.

Pulling out the shallow drawer, I discovered my missing tooth. I had packed it in the trunk, through force of habit, the day I moved to Eighty-ninth Street. Slipping it in my pocket, I walked out with Omar's shin bone under my coat.

I managed to get together five pounds of beef each from four all-night delicatessens. Then with Omar's leg, twenty pounds of meat, and my missing tooth, I returned to the house.

I built a roaring fire in the furnace, and knocking apart the bench, fed it to the flames, as well as a large canvas tarpaulin used for painting . . . after removing a small section of it which contained bloodstains. The pain from my finger now began racing high up into my arm; the stub, swollen and angrily discolored from the tourniquet, forced me to stop for a while. My head whirled dizzily. I climbed to the upper floors of the house where I searched through the medicine cabinets. In Mary Deems's room, I found a bottle with three codeine pills in it. I took all the pills at once.

In the same cabinet was a small bottle of ether which Mary used for cleaning purposes. I took it back to the furnace room with me.

At four o'clock, I removed the ashes, shoveling them into a tub. Driving across town, I left them concealed among a number of other tubs filled with trash and refuse.

Dawn was not far away. I looked in on Humphries, and decided I had better take him upstairs while I still had the strength. When I touched him, he stirred uneasily. Hastily, I poured ether on the remnant of my handkerchief and held it

to his nose and mouth—praying that it didn't smother him. Quickly he became quiet again, and I immediately removed the cloth. Without another quiver from him, I dragged Humphries upstairs to his bedroom . . . a long, difficult trip with the limp body of a man his size. Undressing him, I left him on his bed, and carefully hung his suit in the closet.

Back in the basement, I rebuilt the fire, and when it was glowing hot, I fired the revolver into a chunk of the beef and threw it all into the flames. Eventually it burned to cinders, and I broke the mass up with the end of the poker, then shook the furnace to sift the ashes . . . both wood and meat . . . together into the receptacle below.

Omar's shin bone I laid carefully on top of the coals. The fire gradually enveloped it until the entire bone was blackened, and partly consumed. Then very carefully, I removed it from the flames, placing it in the trash box along with a charred end of wood from the bench.

Time was growing short now; the hours were running out. Staggering on with my work, I sluiced down the floor in the furnace room, permitting the water to stand in puddles and dry by evaporation. In the downstairs bathroom, I did the same. When I had finished, the rooms were clean, but damning traces of blood could still be found in the cracks of the floor!

Now there were signs of life, noises and activity on the streets outside, and I made one final effort to hurry. Placing the tooth that Boss had made on the coals, I tossed it into the bottom of the furnace when it had darkened. The indisputable proof of my finger I half concealed on the floor outside the furnace.

In Humphries' room, I hid the note reading "Mt. 8500" in a drawer of his dresser, after wiping it clean of prints.

Returning to my own room, somewhat awkwardly because I was forced to use my left hand, I darkened my eyebrows with a makeup pencil, and replaced my missing tooth. The glasses I put in my pocket. Carefully, I brushed my hair, making sure a few strands were left on the brush. Putting on a new pair of gloves and again filling out the missing finger, I stuffed the stained pair in my overcoat pocket.

Checking the room carefully, I removed all records from the dresser drawers except a few specimens of handwriting. Once more, I stopped to see Humphries. He was still unconscious. Beside him on his bed where I had left them were the counterfeit plates. Dropping the paper around them, I carried them away with me.

At the last moment, I stood within the main entryway on the ground floor, checking over everything in my mind: the hot furnace, the ashes; the bloodstains; the tooth, finger and nail, and shin bone; the piece of bench, the square of bloody canvas; the hatchet with the blood and hairs; the hair in my brush; the blood in the drains; the ash-tub marks in the car; Humphries' note and gun in his drawer.

I recalled the boasts I had deliberately made: the money shown to Lightbody and Mary Deems; the envelope with figures in my writing; the gold wrist watch; the expensive suits; the ticket to Paris. And of course, the deserted house; Humphries, unconscious for the night—with no alibi, no witnesses. And the final cynical beauty of the *truth* itself. Humphries would never dare tell all the truth. Even if he knew the entire truth, his lips were partly sealed . . . or he would be exchanging one executioner for another. Humphries' life had been built on lies, and he must try to save it on that basis. His own truths would condemn him.

Yes, I was satisfied.

The illusion was complete!

Two weeks before, the verdict had been returned by the jury. And now the court was to pronounce its sentence upon Humphries.

The judge observed the prisoner before him, for a moment, then said in the age-old ritual, "Is there anything you wish to say before I pronounce the court's sentence?"

Humphries shrugged his shoulders hopelessly.

"Very well," observed the judge. He lifted a paper from his desk and began reading the legal formalities as required by the State of New York. After a few minutes he put aside the paper and continued speaking, although he was no longer reading. "It is the opinion of this court that in many ways the case of the People of the State of New York versus Ballard T. Humphries has been a most unusual one. A jury of your peers have found you guilty of murder . . . a murder most reprehensible and compounded by the inhuman disposing of your victim's body after the crime. That such a crime was committed and executed appeared to be proved beyond a reasonable doubt to the duly impaneled jurors. You have heard the verdict. It is *guilty*.

"And yet the law is not untempered with justice. It is the duty of this court to discover the truth, and to see that justice is delivered within its jurisdiction. It is my belief that not all the facts and circumstances of this case have been discovered, disclosed, and explored by either the prosecution or the defense. Perhaps, in truth, such facts may not exist after all, regardless of this court's opinion; or if they exist, perhaps they will never be found and disclosed. But if they do exist, someday they may be brought to light. For that reason, this court has deliberated the sentence to be imposed. Hear it then:

"I hereby sentence you, the prisoner, Ballard Temple Humphries, to be delivered to the warden, or other duly authorized official of the prison of the State of New York, located at Ossining, New York, during the week of May sixth the next, and your person committed to him for all the remaining days of your natural life!"

A magician with a finger missing is Merlin with a broken wand, a card mechanic with two thumbs, I traded my finger for the capture of a murderer, my future for a tube of grease paint in clown alley.

I have a copy of *Billboard*. It says the Big One is playing out West. The pennants are flying from the main top, the music is playing, the kids are laughing. Too long, now, I have been surrounded by the ghosts of the dead—Tally, whom I loved; Will Shaw, whom I never knew; and Magarian, whom I would have disliked.

And of course, Isham Reddick. He died years ago, and then again just recently. And when he died the second time, Greenleaf died with him; not quickly, not suddenly . . . but a little bit each day.

It's time to shake the ghosts . . . the one I loved, as well as the ones I never knew. In the night, I hear the distant train whistles heading west. I'm following them.

In his cell he walked to the window, and as he stood beneath it a few beams of light fell like dirty water over his hair. Humphries was unable to see out of the window, but he stood as close to it as he could.

He lit a cigarette, puffing it rapidly. Within his mind a question kept revolving. Day after day, night after night, it had spun there on an endless, repetitious track. Who was it? he thought. Who was it who was it who was it who was it?

Turning, he fell on his bunk. He rolled over on his back, and in his mind the question started going around all over again. Who was it who was it who was it who was it who was it? THE END

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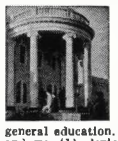

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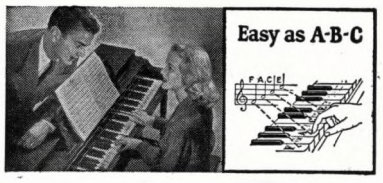

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Photos by Peter Martin

RUNAWAY

"They're always at me. Got to get away. They don't understand how I feel, and they don't really care."

BY RICHARD L. FREY

The blue convertible cruised along the Virginia highway at a spanking sixty-five on that clear February afternoon, its young driver completely unconcerned. It would be hours yet, he thought, before they got out the pick-up on him.

There had been no good-bys to give him away; everybody expected him to be too mad to talk. He'd just gulped his breakfast, grabbed his books, and beat it for school. He had to report at roll call so the office wouldn't phone home to find out if he were sick. Besides, he wanted to fix up his story with his pals, Andy and Bill; to let them know he was on his way. At the bell for first class, he had slipped out of the building, driven down to the bank.

Now he glanced at the clock. Five-thirty. About the time his Mom would begin to wonder where he was. So Mom would phone around, and Andy would stall a while and then tell the story the way they had fixed it up to give him more time to get lost.

At nine o'clock, not an hour after Tony left, the Stones's maid wondered why, for the first time in his life, the boy had made his bed. She turned down the corner of the bedspread, and called, "Mrs. Stone, where are Tony's blankets?"

Two minutes later, the girl in the high-school office was assuring a thoroughly frightened Martha Stone that Tony must be in school; his name wasn't on the absentee report. They'd check his class, however.

By the time the message came back that Tony was not in class, by the time Martha Stone had been transferred to the principal and had explained her suspicions, she was too late with her call to the bank. He had just left, the manager said. Yes, he had drawn money. $188. The manager was boasting about the $2 he had persuaded Tony to leave on deposit when he realized that Mrs. Stone had hung up.

Should She Call the Police?

Should she call the police? This thing was getting too much for her. She had to call Tony's father.

After a few questions, Alan Stone tried to reassure his wife. Tony hadn't left a note; he must be coming back soon. He, Alan, remembered "running away from home" a couple of times, but he'd always thought better of it by dinnertime. Give the boy a chance. If they called the police, and he got picked up in the city, he'd surely lose his driver's license. They didn't want that to happen, when Tony's car was just about the only thing that kept his behavior half-civilized.

"But can't we do *anything?*" Martha begged. So Alan suggested calling the local police chief. If the boy were still in town, Chief Tenny would handle it quietly.

From then on, the phone dominated the house. Martha's intimates, calling casually, learned the news and hung up to spread it. The high-school principal called; Tony's school chums had denied any knowledge of his plans. Meanwhile, the whisper ran through the school, and when the students scattered to their homes that afternoon, the story really wildfired through the town. Mothers heard it with a sickening sensation of "There but for the grace of God. . . ." So many had sixteen-year-old sons who were fighting themselves, fighting their parents. Tony had run away; how many of the others had thought of it, planned for it, awaited only the last bitter argument?

Martha thought wearily about last night's blow-up. She'd just heard about the unpleasantness at the party Tony'd been to on Saturday. One of the boys had hidden some food under a rug. Tony said he hadn't done it. But his hostess's mother, when she called Martha to complain, sounded so sure.

"If you didn't do it, who did?" she kept hammering at him, but all he'd say was, "I won't snitch."

Tony Locks Himself In

When Alan got home, she'd brought the thing up again, and Tony, refusing to submit to further questions, rushed into the bathroom and locked himself in. Parleying through the door, Alan had started calmly enough, but grew angrier and angrier until, finally, he threatened to break it down. Then, unexpectedly, Tony had flung the door open, and Alan, leaning on it, had pitched forward. In the momentary tangle, Martha saw Tony's fists clench and she screamed at them both.

When things calmed down, Tony took refuge in the stubborn silence that had ended so many similar scenes of the long and painful parade. This one seemed neither worse than many of the others, nor more important. It was just the last.

Then, late in the afternoon, the missing boy's friends, Andy and Bill, arrived with news. They admitted they had not told the principal the truth. They'd promised Tony to say nothing until he had time to get away. He was going north, they said, up toward that camp they had visited together last summer.

Furious at the delay, Martha rushed to the phone to report to Chief Tenny. "We'll pick him up there tomorrow," the chief promised. "If he shows up." And now that they were sure Tony had run away, he'd put out a "wanted" notice.

Then Mrs. Stone turned back to Tony's friends. "Why?" she asked. "Did he say *why?*" It was a bitter thing to ask these boys about one's own son, but she had to know.

It was like pulling teeth. They mentioned the fight the night before, but she brushed that aside. There had been too many like it. They spoke of Tony's fear that his driver's license would be suspended when the Motor Vehicle Bureau got the report of the fine he had paid for driving after dark. "You know how he feels about that car, Mrs. Stone," Bill said. "Matter of fact, he complains that you always punish him with it."

Martha nodded. "But is that all?" she asked.

"Well, no," Andy admitted. "He says you treat him like a baby. You know,

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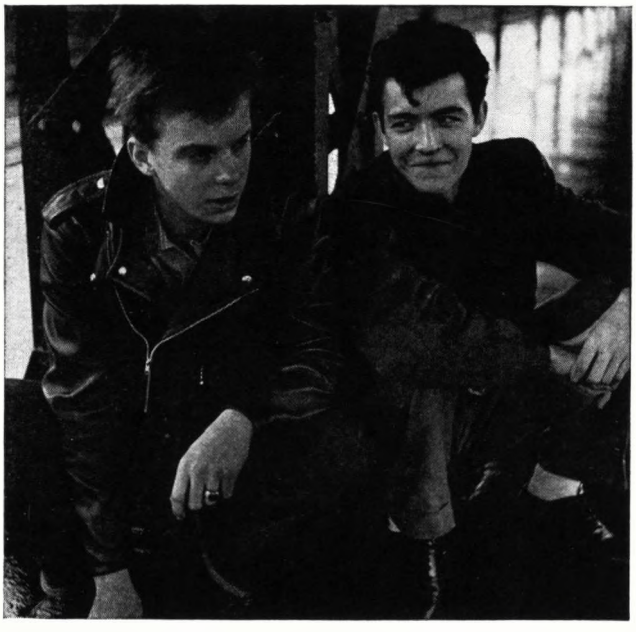
"I only have one real friend in the world. No, not my Pop. It's Andy. He knows what goes with me."



pestering him about haircuts and showers and what he wears, and where he's going and what time he's coming home. And," the boy added miserably, "Tony says you and Mr. Stone won't really mind his going because you don't love him."

Martha Weeps

So shocked that she couldn't control it, Martha wept. The boys slunk out, promising to let her know if they heard from Tony.

Alan got home soon after, heard the story, and called Chief Tenny to make sure the people upstate had been alerted. Eventually, the Stones sat down to a very late and very quiet dinner, wondering uncomfortably how things would be tomorrow—when Tony was brought back.

That was the first day.

The next afternoon, when the report came from up north. "No boy here," Andy and Bill broke down and confessed. Their story was part of Tony's plan to gain time. He was really headed south. Not to Florida; he was afraid friends of his parents might see him there. But south somewhere. The alarm was widened to four states; next day it was carried to eight.

Alan Stone, remembering his son's preference for Shell service stations, had a brilliant hunch. They got a list of the company's stations all down the road south, divided it in half, and started calling.

On the Right Track

It was Martha who found the place in Virginia where Tony had spent the first night. Yes, they remembered the blue Ford and the boy who asked about a place to sleep. It wasn't much, but it was something. They were on the right track; were bound to catch up with him soon. Meanwhile, they knew that he'd been all right two nights before. Tony's parents slept better that third night.

Tony was sleeping soundly, too—in a motel in Meridian, Mississippi. Except for the hitchhiker, it had been an uneventful trip.

Hitchhiker's Philosophy

The ride-thumber, picked up just outside Knoxville, looked unprepossessing, but Tony was lonesome by then. The story the drifter told gave the boy something to think about. He had quit school at fourteen; never worked until he was flat broke, and then only long enough to keep himself for a little while. The way he spoke made him seem dirty inside as well as out, and Tony was repelled. When they stopped for gas at Birmingham, he told his passenger he had reached the end of the line. The fellow took it calmly until Tony drove off; then he shook his fist and yelled a few vile names after him.

Thinking about him as he rode along afterward, Tony made up his mind that he was not only going to get a job, he was going to finish high school, too. He didn't like school and probably never would, but the bum's kind of freedom didn't look good to Tony.

There was a special net out for him at New Orleans, where the chief—a colleague of Chief Tenny's at the FBI Academy—had promised to alert every man on his force. But that trap never had much chance. When Tony reached New Orleans on that fourth morning, for the first time in his trip, he felt lost. It was too big, too crowded, too busy. He couldn't decide where to eat, where to look for a room, what to do first. Then, suddenly, he realized he didn't *have* to stay. Nobody was making him do anything any more. He turned around and hightailed it back to Meridian. Last night's motel looked like home; Jim, the fellow at the service station, seemed like an old friend. He promised Tony he'd help him find a job.

That was the vital thing—the job. Though he still had plenty of money, he was getting anxious about it. Even doing without breakfast, he was spending more

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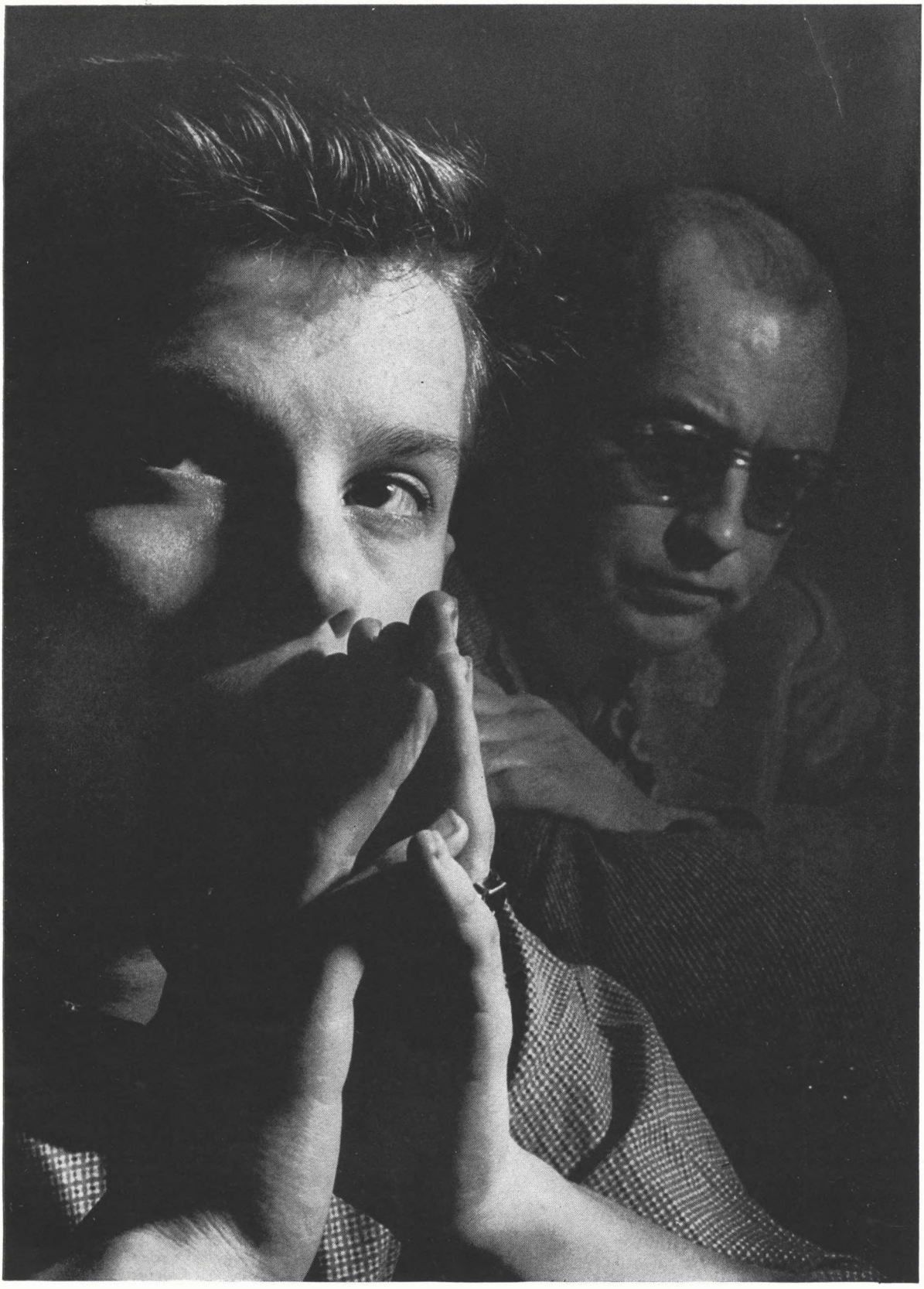
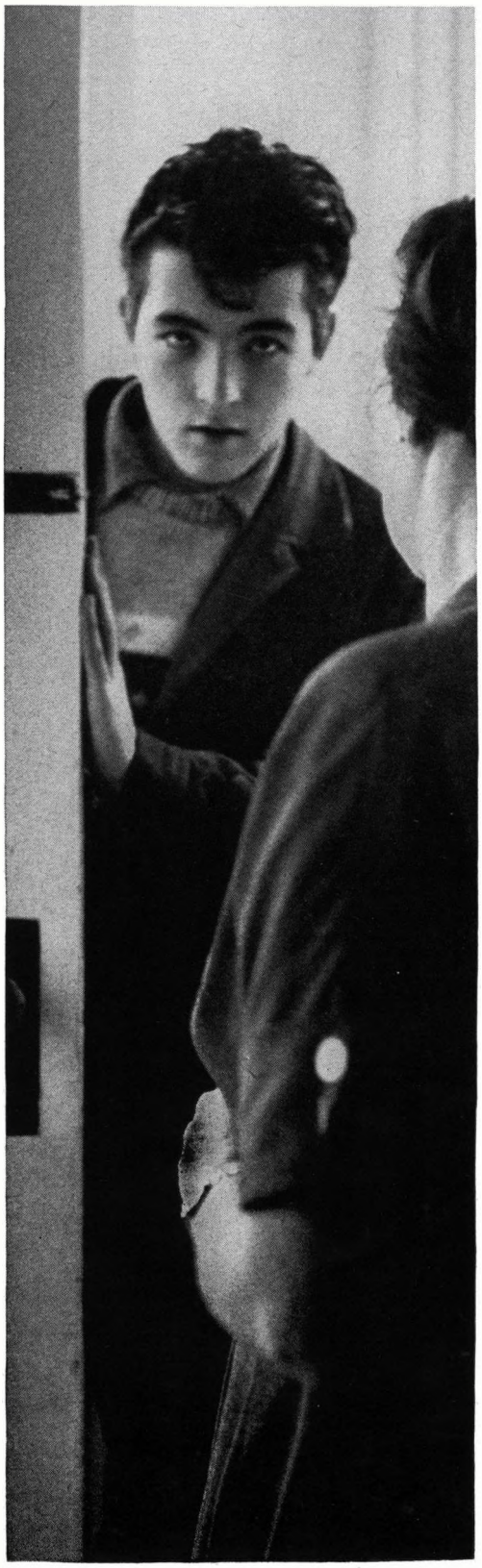


"I know where Tony is."



than he liked. Lunchtime found him hungry and cost him seventy-five cents; dinner, always at the same place except for the night Jim took him home to meet his family, was $1.10. But it was more than that. He'd sworn to himself that he wouldn't get in touch with home until he could tell them that he was set in his new life; that he had a job. The job would set the seal of success on his one-man revolution; would let him get word to his folks so they wouldn't "start" worrying about him.

At home Alan Stone called the local long-distance office and spoke to the chief operator. "What I am going to ask of you," he said, "may be against company regulations. But do you have any kids in your family . . .?"

He explained what the situation was. "I'd like to give you three phone numbers," he continued. "They are the numbers of my son's best friends. If a call should come through to one of these numbers from any place in the South, will you let us know—will you give us the caller's number?"

The operator said she'd try. But the days crawled by, and nobody heard from Tony.

Just when Tony thought he'd have to try some other city, someone told him the local A & P was going to need a boy. This time he was lucky; he got the job.

"If You're Smart, Go Home"

As he was coming out of the store, he spoke to the boy who was quitting and an odd thing happened. The boy asked him: "You run away from home? Oh, you don't have to tell me, but I did, and I'll bet you did, too. You're welcome to my job; but if you're smart, you'll go home. It took me a year to get wise, and now I'm going."

It was a surprise to be recognized as a runaway; no one else had suspected him. But he was far too elated to listen to advice. To Tony, the job didn't mean going home; it meant staying on his own —proof that he could do all right without the family. He decided to phone the news to Andy.

For once, the Stones were alone that night, too utterly tired to accept any suggestion of company.

The phone rang, as it had dozens of times that day, and Alan answered. "It's the chief operator; Tony's called Andy," Alan whispered to Martha, writing down a number on the telephone pad.

Poor Andy had had a long wrestle with his conscience. He wasn't supposed to let anyone know yet; Tony was going to call his folks in a day or two, after he had started working.

"Call him back and say we'd like to speak to him," Alan said.

"But he'll know I told you."

Then Alan showed him the paper with the number written on it. Astonished, Andy stopped protesting, and put in the call.

"What if Tony says he doesn't want to talk to you?" he asked the Stones while they were waiting. But Tony was ready to talk. He had his job. He didn't have to come crawling back; he was independent now.

It was a long conversation. Martha, full of wonder and admiration at the way Alan had managed to break through the barrier, took the phone for a moment, when she could trust herself. But for the most part, she stood by and listened while Tony and his father hammered out a tentative understanding.

Tony walked in three days later, just before dinner. They couldn't remember later what anyone said to anyone else. But that night, when for the first time in three weeks the door of Tony's room closed behind him, the sound was like a benediction.

The Stones took the problem to a psychiatrist, who listened at great length. He led them through incidents like the battles over taking showers. After many painful scenes, Tony had responded to his defeat by ostentatiously taking three showers a day.

"What did you say about that?" the doctor asked.

"We ignored it," Martha answered.

"Yes?" the doctor prodded.

"Oh, he gave it up after about a week."

The doctor nodded significantly; then he continued: "You say he's sloppy about his work and his appearance." He looked blandly at Alan's magnificent turnout. "Let him find out what's right for *him;* give him the same privilege to be different from you that you concede to your friends."

But it wasn't so much what the doctor said; it was what he led them to say that helped the Stones to realize that some youngsters at this age behave better with fewer restrictions; abide more willingly by their own decisions; pay more willingly for their own mistakes.

Earn Your Child's Respect

"Of course there will be times when you must be boss," he summed it up for them. "But if you limit your authority to occasions that are truly important, you will not only get obedience then; you will be met halfway on most other matters."

There are those who think that Tony got away with murder. Tony himself said, "I can't see any moral in my story. How are you going to show other kids that there's nothing to be gained by running away from their problems? Nothing bad happened to me while I was away and I wasn't punished at all when I came back home."

Not punished? It was strange to hear this when the penalties Tony paid were exactly what he would have regarded as the toughest of punishments if they had been handed out by his parents: Eight weeks of summer school; months without his car!

College does not attract Tony; he wants to be a commercial air-line pilot and hopes to get training in the Army Air Corps. The tramp to whom he gave the lift, however, had stiffened Tony's determination to graduate with his own class this June. Instead of the well-paid and glamorous job of lifeguard he had enjoyed the previous vacation, the boy sweated out the long term of summer school to make up the failures his three weeks' absence had cost him.

Meanwhile, his beloved car—so often the instrument of parental discipline for a weekend or a week—sat idly in the garage for several months. The Motor Vehicle Bureau had suspended the boy's license to drive.

Now More Family Good Will

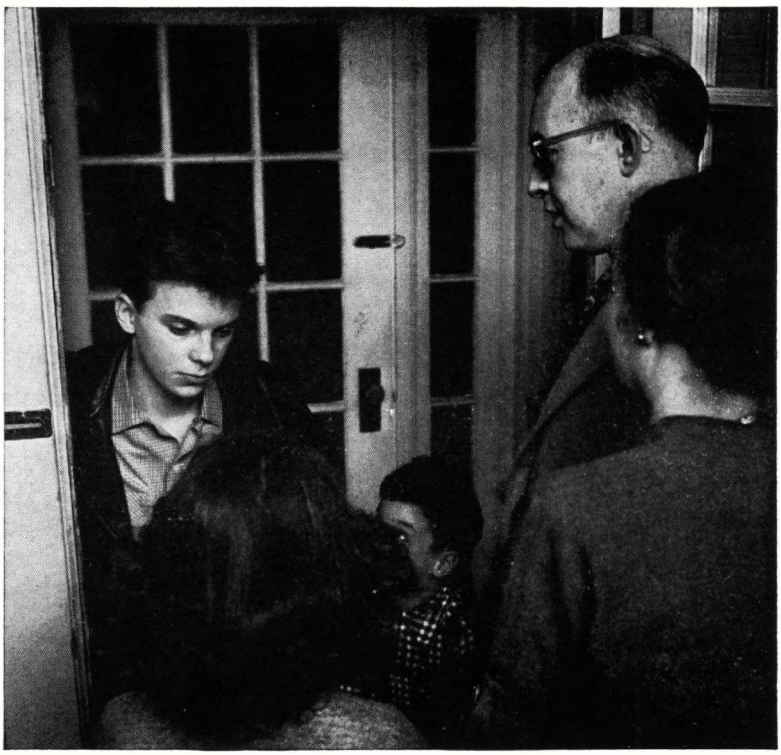
Today, after nearly a year, the balance sheet shows no miracles but lots more good will. Many of the problems Martha and Alan once found important and irritating seem trifling now. Tony, treated like the "almost grownup" that he is, has been trying to give a reasonable imitation of one. It hasn't been all sweetness and light—but no one expected it would be. In demanding less, each finds that he is getting more. From the new understanding there has emerged not more love but simply a greater awareness of it.

In view of the net results, would the Stones willingly go through those three weeks again?

"Not for anything in the world," say Martha and Alan.

"It wasn't really necessary," admits Tony.

There are still many confusions in the mind and heart of a seventeen-year-old youngster, but this one is glad he came home. THE END



"Gee, Mom, I'm sorry. Now I know better."

take a LONG LOOK at spring

PHOTOS BY STEPHEN COLHOUN TEXT BY MIRIAM LIPPINCOTT

Goldberg & Co., coats

CHICAGO, CROSSROADS OF AMERICA, has gone all out for the new Long Look, in versions that look born to the Lake Shore Drive and the Saddle and Cycle Club. The elongated line of the shawl-collared coat and the longer short coat create 1955's fashion. The coat, left, about $50; right, about $40. The straw cloche, left, and organza turban, about $11 each. The gloves, $4 each.

Friedmont suits

THE LONG-LIMBED, BREEZY LOOK is right for anything from cocktails at the Pump Room to walking the dog. The Long Look in suits depends partly on longer jackets, partly on subtle tapering. A minimum of bulk gives a stemlike look. The wool-crepe suit, left, $49.95. The gabardine sparked with white piqué, $55. The toyo helmet, left, and turban, about $11 each. The gloves, $3.50 each.

(continued)

Da Pozzo costumes

YOUNGER THAN SPRINGTIME, the dress-and-coat costume is in again. For an even leaner look turn up the cuffs, wear short gloves. The velvet collars also add slenderness. The polka-dotted linen coat comes with its own silk-broadcloth dress. The checked linen coat covers a linen dress. Each outfit, $69.95. The toyo hat, left, $9; the straw cloche, about $11. The gloves, $3.50 each.

Herbert Levy dresses

FROM AFTER BREAKFAST on through evening, there's no need to look like a dowdy grandmother. The smaller-torso effect comes from clever cut, strategic tucking. Both women's dresses are of linenlike material. The dress at left, with a headed motif on the collar, $29.95. The other has jeweled Alençon lace, $39.95. The hat, left, $9; right, $8. The gloves, left, $3.50; right, $6.

All Long Look fashions are available at Carson Pirie Scott & Co., Chicago. Hats by Madcaps; gloves by Wear-Right. Jewels by Bogoff, available exclusively at Carson Pirie Scott & Co., in Chicago, and in stores listed on page 121.

THE LAST WORD

DONNA VERSUS CISSY

Denver, Colo.: Donna Atwood is certainly wonderful, but as far as I am concerned, I envy her that darling little Cissy more

Donna Atwood rehearses daughter Cissy.

than I do her minks and Cadillacs! She's adorable. —DOLORES SUTHERLAND

Portland, Oreg.: If I were Donna Atwood, I'd start giving Cissy swimming lessons! That entrancing mite is going to steal her show right out from under her before she is ten. —AGNES GOSS

Jersey City, N.J.: Your picture-profile of Donna Atwood as a "Millionaire Mother on Skates" [January] was excellent.

It is easy to find fault, I know, with a person who is trying to fulfill ambitions and talents, and at the same time live a normal life as a woman and mother. But as a mother of three children myself, I can't help complaining about the awed tone with which your writer tells how Donna spends "two hours a day" with her children. It seems to me the least she can do, if she loves them. But the problem for most mothers is spending twelve and fourteen hours a day, cooking meals, giving baths, cleaning up after them. Obviously, Miss Atwood never has to worry about such little chores.

—MRS. ANDREW DOLAN

DEADLY COINCIDENCE

Boston, Mass.: The photograph preceding "Your Emotions Can Kill You" frightened me—because the smashed car looked so much like the one I was a passenger in a short time ago. I thought it was uncanny that I should happen to see Maurice Zolotow's article at this time, because I can trace, step by step, the development of the emotional crisis in my family that caused our crack-up. Your article was the most intelligent explanation of automobile accidents I have read in a long time. —GERTRUDE ENGLE

CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL

Yonkers, N.Y.: I want to tell you how grateful I am for the article on the Philadelphia Children's Hospital.

Every mother naturally has moments of dread when she wonders about her children's health, what she would do if they were stricken by some strange disease. Just knowing Children's Hospital exists makes me feel better.

—ROSEANNE LEVY

SUPERSALESMAN PALO

Baltimore, Md.: I can't think of a better way for a businessman to start off the New Year than by reading John Brooks's article about Bert Palo, "If You Don't Earn Enough Money." [January] Here is positive proof that this is still the country of opportunity for those with guts and brains. —THOMAS G. STRICKER

Chicago, Ill.: Maybe I am looking at Bert Palo with green-eyed envy, but it seems to me that you omitted an important problem which Mr. Palo will shortly have to solve: how to keep up the pace.

I understand that insurance men get half the down payment on a policy, but after that they get only a small percentage of each year's collection. So the only way to keep up is to search ceaselessly for new business, at the same time keeping their present customers happy and squeezing in a few hours' sleep and a word or two with their families. No cinch.

—WILLIAM TRUMBULL

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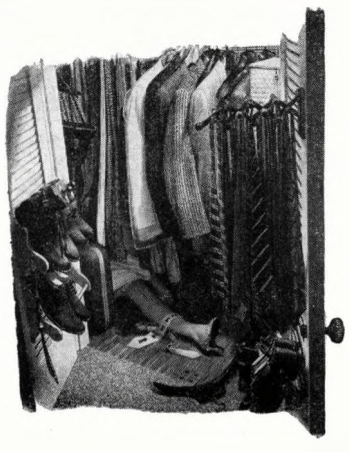
Looking into April



ANYONE WHO STARTS *life with a famous father, famous brother, and two famous uncles could easily end up with a giant inferiority complex. But Grace Kelly has turned psychology inside out by becoming more famous than anyone else in her fabulous family. Read how this quiet girl conquered Hollywood almost overnight.*

WORKING CREATIVELY *for your church can enormously deepen and enrich your religious life. In a* COSMOPOLITAN *Easter interview, Elton Trueblood, noted religious philosopher, sums up years of thought and experience on this vital topic.*

MARY OLAN *was born with a knowledge of evil. Even before Clint Sewell found her strangled in his closet, she had enmeshed him and his boss in a web of lies and lust. John D. MacDonald's "Deadly Victim," the complete novel for April, is a rare combination of subtlety and violence no mystery fan will want to miss.*

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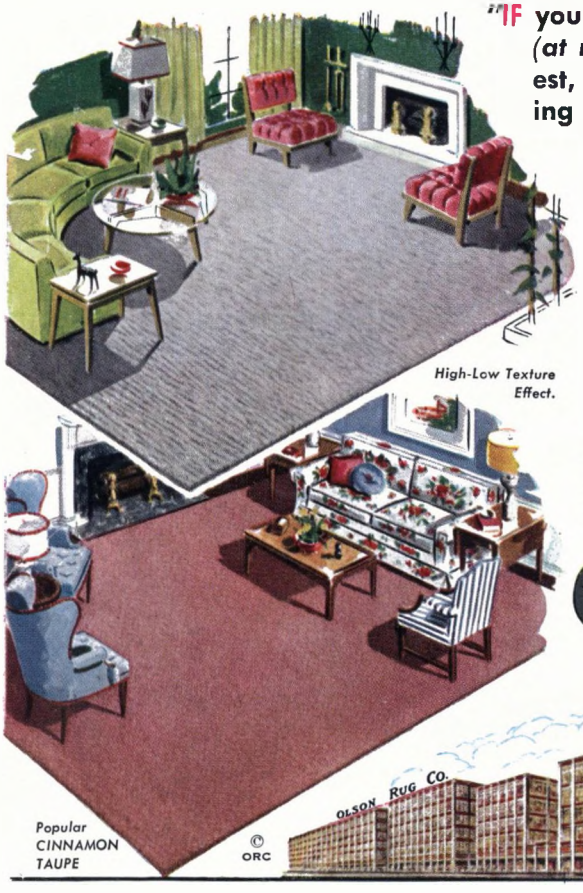

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