

COSMOPOLITAN

MARCH, 1957 • 35c

THE MYSTERY OF MONEY

How to get it—How to keep your hands on it—How to spend it



FRAN BENNETT
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Pitfalls of Expense Account Living • **Is Gambling a Disease?**
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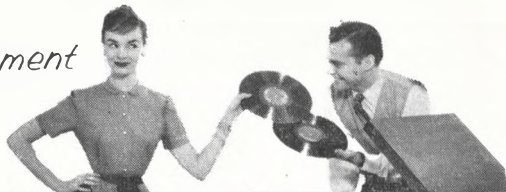
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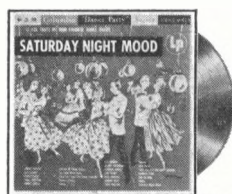
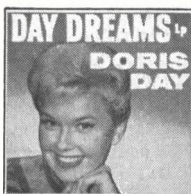
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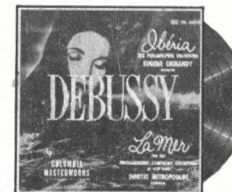
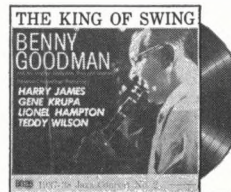
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


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


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
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PICTURE OF THE MONTH

It isn't often that Hollywood is fortunate enough to find a star who fits a real-life role as perfectly as John Wayne does in the new M-G-M picture "The Wings Of Eagles."

This is the life-inspired story of "Spig" Wead, subsequently the Air Force's youngest Squadron Commander, and John Wayne seems to have been born to reenact every reckless, rousing, romantic moment of it. Commander Wead has written many stories of glory, combat and service shenanigans for Hollywood but none of them can top the blazing chronicle of his own thrill-crowded, fun-filled naval and civilian careers, newly sprung to reality on the screen.

Fortunate, too, that the starring roster of this picture reads: John Wayne, Dan Dailey, Maureen O'Hara—and that its direction was in the expert showmanship hands of picture-wise, four-time Academy Award winner John Ford.



Laughs abound in the mad career of "Spig" Wead but this film has much more. Spig's sacrifice of domestic life for public acclaim is boldly examined. And we see that his real greatness begins after he stops breaking records and rules.

John Wayne's Spig Wead is a major portrayal. We see all sides of a fearless but hardly faultless man... the tight, vanity-revealing smile that flicks across his face when he flies through a hangar, "buzzes" his admiral's garden party, or otherwise chases danger like an addict or a lover... the look in his eye when he caresses his wife Minnie out of her need for another drink... the courage that enables him, when the heat is on for real, to "parlay 14 bucks and two crutches into a fortune."

Miss O'Hara as Minnie is brilliantly cast. Her pathos is genuine. Her beauty is warm and rich. Dan Dailey will win many hearty laughs for his robust performance as Spig's sidekick and Minnie's friend. He's tough, tender-hearted, fast with a wisecrack. And when life throws the book at Spig, he's the one who helps him catch it, re-write the expected ending, and sell it to the movies.

Ward Bond co-stars at the top of a large, fine cast. Scenarists Frank Fenton and William Wister Haines have extracted a full-bodied man from the headlines about, and the writings by, a former colleague. Producer Charles Schnee, director Ford and M-G-M fulfill their obligation. They bring you wonderful entertainment in "The Wings Of Eagles"... in Metrocolor!

COSMOPOLITAN

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Contributing Editor

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Layout

ANTHONY D. GUZZARDO, JR.
Production

HARRIET LA BARRE
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MARCH, 1957

Vol. 142, No. 3

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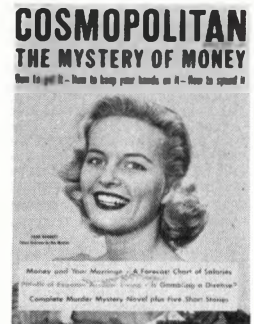
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COVER—Money was no object when Texas debutante Fran Bennett made up her mind that she would rather be in movies than teach mathematics to teen-agers. Miss Bennett, in fact, finds herself in the very enviable position of working only because she wants to. Like Judy Benedict, whom she portrays in Warner Bros.' "Giant," Fran is heiress to a sizable fortune in Texas oil and grain. Her facility with figures she'll put to good use, no doubt, in filling out her income tax blanks. As for her facility on film, see page 41—or for that matter, our cover. Both photos by Peter Gowland.



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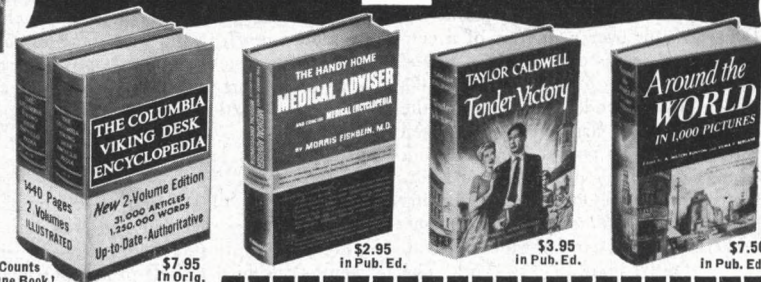
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- Columbia-Viking Desk Encyclopedia—set (61)
- Gone With the Wind (104)
- Handy Home Medical Adviser (75)
- Island in the Sun (36)
- The Living Lotus (118)
- Marjorie Morningstar (83)
- Modern Family Cook Book (74)
- Tender Victory (92)
- The Tontine—set (93)
- The Wonderful Sibleys (116)

Also send my first issue of *The Bulletin*, telling me about the new forthcoming one-dollar book selections and other bargains for members. I may notify you in advance if I do not wish the following month's selections. I do not have to accept a book every month — only six a year. I pay nothing except \$1 for each selection I accept (plus a small shipping charge) unless I choose an extra-value selection.

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What Goes On At Cosmopolitan

GREEN ON GREENBACKS, AN ECONOMICAL WRITER, AND ICE-BREAKING MUSTACHE

Men propose to women in a variety of ways, offering to them as inducements everything from undying love and back-yard swimming pools to, most recently, a pair of tickets to "My Fair Lady." But the proposal that most strikes our fancy is the one that COSMOPOLITAN writer David Green made to his wife-to-be. He handed her a globe,



En garde before Buckingham Palace

saying, "I'll marry you any place in the world you choose." The lady picked Capri.

The Greens have done a lot of traveling since Capri, David representing his clients—he's headed his own public relations firm for over a quarter of a century—and his wife enjoying the sights. Many of the kinds of money Dave talks about in "Legal Tender" ("On Top of the World," page 64) have therefore passed through his hands on the way to being converted into such necessities as smörgåsbord, a Rue de la Paix hat for his wife, the London *Times*, double-dip *gelato* in Italy, figs in Greece, wine in Spain, and, eventually, pizza in New York. The only money that is unlikely to pass through Dave's hands is \$3 bills and the reason for that is simple: he collects them.

Wheel of No Fortune

Our prize for the understatement of the year goes, hands down, to Hyman Goldberg, whose article, "Gambling," appears on page 54. In Las Vegas, on the trail of gambling information, Hyman was inevitably susceptible enough to try his luck at roulette with a silver dollar. After six hours of anxiety and two pounds lost in perspiration, Goldberg had built his dollar up to \$480. That was when an old friend happened in and insisted Goldberg quit while he was ahead, enforcing his argument by dragging

Goldberg from the table and locking him in his hotel room for the night. But next morning Goldberg headed for the roulette table like a homing pigeon and lost every cent of the \$480. Back in New York again, he was asked by his wife whether he'd done any gambling in Las Vegas. "A little," replied Goldberg. "How did you make out?" his wife asked. Said Goldberg: "I lost a dollar."

Spender vs. Saver

Quest for Wealth is a book by Harvard graduate and economics writer Robert Heilbroner, and it is also a sport—otherwise known as "How to get your hands on money"—that practically everyone we know indulges in. In writing *Quest*, Heilbroner became fascinated by the fact that every individual has a distinct "money personality" which should guide him in spending, saving, investing, or anything else he has to do with money. The outcome is Heilbroner's article, beginning on page 24.

A husband and wife don't always have the same money personality, a circumstance that often makes the fur fly when one is a Spender and one a Saver. Heilbroner shows how to dispose of this monkey wrench in the works and reveals the happiest solutions for family money-spending. This should be a relief to everyone, particularly the conscience-stricken.

Of Women and Work

The mother of a friend of ours at the age of fifty-six decided she was bored with being a Boston housewife and six months ago hid herself to a department store, where she filled out a job application blank. Under "Previous Experience" she wrote carefully, "Secretary and typist, 1917 to 1919."

Undaunted by the vast gap in the lady's working career, the store hired her as a salesclerk. Immediately it found itself with a natural talent on its hands, and is now trying to prevail on her to take over the job of assistant buyer of handbags. Our friend goes around muttering unbelievably about all this, though it's no news that wives of all ages, some with grown children, some with babies, are zestfully shifting their scene of operations from the home to the job. But, say the experts, a job may be one wife's meat but another's poison; there are some wives who should stay at home.

In the article on page 48 you will find the facts of life about wives who work. But if you are a husband whose wife is toying with the idea of working, don't count on finding the answer to the question "Will she or won't she?" Take it from the poet Byron that "There is a tide in the affairs of women, which, taken at the flood, leads—God knows where."

About the Size of It

Dog-lovers should waste no time in turning to our short story, "Memories of a Big Dog," by Anne H. Littlefield. This dog, whose depredations are as massive as his size, is what one of our editors accurately describes as "a hero in reverse." He may never track down a criminal, and he can't do a back flip—but he's everybody's *dog*.

Red-mustachioed Erik Blegvad, a Viking from Denmark, now living in Westport, Connecticut, drew the illustrations that capture the big dog exactly, but went into a near frenzy doing it. "The problem was trying to keep that elephant-sized dog from looking like a horse," Blegvad explained, stroking his red mustache, which we promptly admired. Blegvad looked pleased. "I wear a large mustache because I think it's more honest," he announced in a British accent. Blegvad, we learned, grew the mustache while in the British forces during the war, nursed it through several years in Paris, a summer



Blegvad: He likes them big.

in a villa on the French Riviera, and some exploration in the Italian Alps, before bringing it to Connecticut. It's a nice conversation piece, he thinks, and we agree that as an ice-breaker the mustache beats sideburns, Hawaiian shirts, two potent cocktails, and broker in Bermuda shorts. In this busy world where the absent-minded nod is more prevalent than friendly interest, we're all for it.

—H. LA B.

TONIGHT AT MIDNIGHT

SUDDENLY...YOU'RE IN RIO



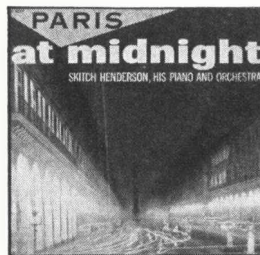
TONIGHT VISIT RIO, ROME, PARIS, LONDON, MANHATTAN, NEW ORLEANS, OR HOLLYWOOD!

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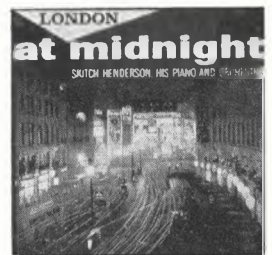
Paris At Midnight: Skitch Henderson & Orch.; 'Parlez Moi D'Amour,' 'Pigalle,' 'Domino,' etc. DL 8339†

New Orleans At Midnight: Marvin Ash & His Dixie Blue Blowers; 'Basin Street Blues,' etc. DL 8346†



Rome At Midnight: Carmen Cavallaro; 'Anema E Core,' 'La Gondola Va,' 'Sciummo,' etc. DL 8359†

Hollywood At Midnight: André Previn, Piano; 'Let's Fall In Love,' 'But Beautiful,' etc. DL 8341†



London At Midnight: Skitch Henderson & Orch.; 'A Foggy Day,' 'Greensleeves,' etc. DL 8302†

†Also available on Ext. Play 45. "DL" indicates Long Play. \$3.98 each (sug. retail price incl. Fed. tax only.)

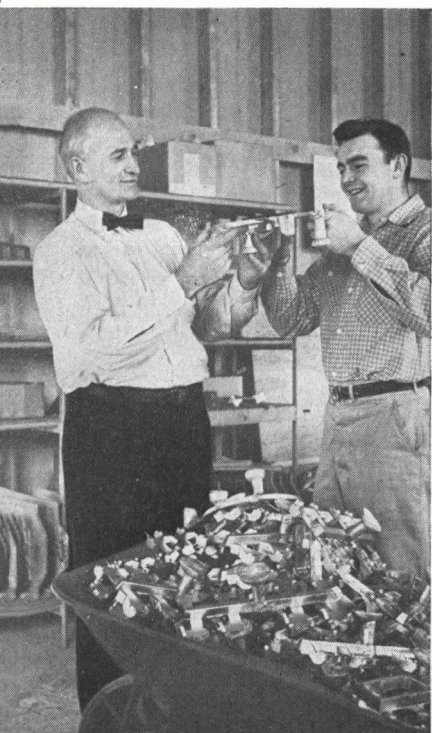
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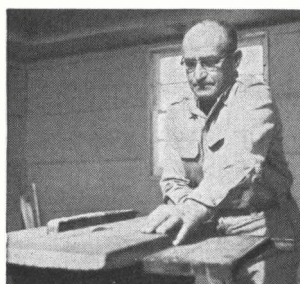
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How a little Wisconsin village with some help



FOR THE BRIGHT BLUE YONDER—Foundry owner Harry Bremer and Foreman Roger Brandt inspect new airplane casting for AC.



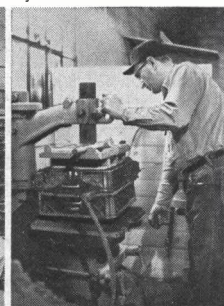
HEAD OF A HAPPY TOWN—Art Weber, Chairman of Board of Supervisors of Township of New Holstein (which takes in St. Anna), hopes other industries will follow Bremer foundry lead.



MODERN FARMER'S SON—Young Korean war veteran Francis Thome, who works as grinder in new Bremer foundry, helps father operate two dairy farms covering 314 acres, care for herd of 55 Holsteins, raise vegetables. Frank also drives school bus taking high school students to next town.



HOT JOB FOR COLD CASH—1375° molten metal is poured by Elmer Schmitz into precision molds made in new St. Anna foundry with modern moldmaking machines by skilled Leo Turba.



HOW A PAYROLL ROLLS UP BUSINESS—General Store owner Mrs. Evelyn Smoot enjoys bigger business since foundry was started in town.



OLD TOWN WITH NEW LIFE—105-year-old St. Anna, Wisconsin, is proud of its first industry, H. E. Bremer Manufacturing Company, supplier of precision castings to General Motors' AC Spark Plug Division.

gave itself a big boost from General Motors

NUCLEAR SCIENCE has nothing on modern business when it comes to setting off "chain reactions." Start a successful enterprise in one town—before you know it you've brought prosperity somewhere else.

An example of this—so dramatic it almost sounds like a screenplay—is what the growth of the H. E. Bremer Manufacturing Company, of Milwaukee, Wisconsin, has done for tiny St. Anna, Wisconsin—population, approximately 120 folks.

GM Engineers and a Small Business

ONLY A FEW years ago Harry Bremer was operating a small Milwaukee foundry making aluminum scoops and drinking bowls for Wisconsin dairy herds. Then along came General Motors' AC Spark Plug Division engineers with an idea for Harry and his ten employees. Namely—getting the Bremer team to make precision castings for the fabulous Bombing Navigational Computer AC makes for the Air Force.

Result: this typical GM cooperation with small business paid off in more

ways than one. By successfully casting to the required close tolerances, and accepting GM suggestions on advanced production techniques, the H. E. Bremer Manufacturing Company became an important producer of precision castings—not only for GM but for other manufacturers. In fact, it did so well it had to expand beyond its Milwaukee plant. And that's where St. Anna comes in.

"Chain Reaction" in Small Business

SEVENTY-YEAR-OLD Peter Brandt, loyal citizen of St. Anna, figured his home town needed some kind of business enterprise to bring in outside money and supply jobs for the village folks, particularly the young ones. So first, he interested his friend Harry Bremer in expanding into St. Anna. He talked a friendly farmer into selling a couple of acres at a low price. Got some local workmen to donate their services to build the plant. He himself did all the carpentry work at no charge. The Bremer Company put up \$20,000 for the materials. And St.

Anna had its industry—and a brand-new payroll.

What happened in Milwaukee and St. Anna has happened in hundreds of towns and cities all over the United States. Local manufacturers have found that—if they meet delivery dates with quality products, that GM needs, at competitive prices—General Motors is interested in doing business with them. New money has flowed into their communities—and as a result these communities in every state in the Union share in GM's success.

How much they share is shown by the fact that outside sources of materials and services for General Motors receive, in total, close to 50¢ out of every dollar that General Motors takes in.

General Motors Purchases From Many, Many Small Businesses

Of the 26,000 suppliers of goods and services to General Motors Divisions more than 64% are very small businesses, employing less than 100 persons. Yet their total sales to General Motors are more than \$600,000,000.

General Motors—Good people to work for—Good people to deal with



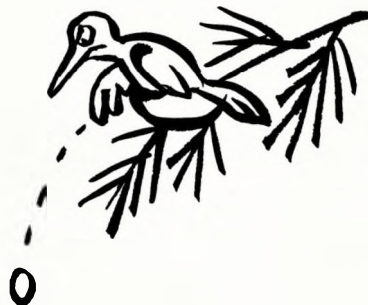
Reasons for Frigidity, Murdering Mothers, and Are You a Turtle?

BY AMRAM SCHEINFELD

Reasons for "frigidity." Unsuspected psychological blocks, rather than physical factors, often explain why wives are sexually unresponsive, says marriage counselor Clark E. Vincent (University of California). He has found, for example, that differences in a wife and husband's social class can lead to sexual conflicts, sometimes because the wife expects sex to be too "refined" and freezes up if she thinks her husband's approach to sex is "low class," and sometimes because she finds her husband so "genteel" sexually that she herself can't thaw out and respond. Too much preoccupation with sexual "techniques" often makes sex seem so mechanical and unromantic as to dampen a woman's ardor. Also, overromanticized and exaggerated notions of what sexual responses should be may cause a husband to assume that his wife is frigid when she isn't. Wives who have lost confidence in themselves may become sexually numb through thinking, wrongly, that their husbands want them only for physical gratification. (By contrast, when wives are elated over some success or social triumph, they may prove sexually most responsive.) Thus, Dr. Vincent concludes, "frigidity" often disappears when husbands and wives come to understand each other better, and when the wife is made to feel she is loved, respected and admired.

Murdering mothers. Every so often you read with shock of some apparently sane mother who murdered her children. In explanation, psychiatrist Edward Podolsky (Brooklyn) tells us that these murders usually do not involve antago-

nism of the mother toward her child, but arise from her desire to commit suicide. Because she regards the child as part of herself, she may kill the child first. This intense emotional experience may relieve her of any further suicide impulse, or may cause her to bungle her own suicide attempt. In other cases, where the mother is unhappily married, or is divorced, she may kill the child as an act of revenge



against her husband. There also have been cases of mothers who killed children for fear they had inherited diseases. However, most often the mother who kills her child is mentally deranged.

Your signature speed. How fast you sign your name depends not only on how many letters are in it, but on which letters they are. For instance, "Mack" takes 50 per cent longer to write than "Cole." Using a new electronic "hand-writing analyzer," Dr. Karl U. Smith and Richard D. Bloom (University of Wisconsin) found it takes an average person twice as long to write "k" (8/10

of a second) as to write "c" (4/10 of a second). Next to "k" the most time-consuming letters are "q," "w," and "m." Quickest to write are "c," "e," "i," "o." Among numbers, 5 takes longest, 1 only half as long.

Color and mood. When doing your spring decorating, you might keep in mind how certain colors affect the emotions. Decorators have long called attention to this, and now new findings come from psychologist Lois B. Wexner (Purdue University). Her experiments showed that most young men and women, when given a list of "mood-tones" to associate with colors, made these choices: Red—"exciting, stimulating." Blue—"secure, comfortable, tender, soothing." Orange—"distressed, disturbed, upset." Purple—"dignified, stately." Yellow—"cheerful, jovial, joyful." Black—"powerful, strong, masterful." With respect to combinations of certain colors, however, no proof was found for these supposed relationships: Blue and green—"calm, peaceful, serene"; black and brown—"despondent, unhappy, melancholy"; red, orange and black—"defiant, contrary, hostile."

All-boy families. The belief that certain parents have inborn tendencies to produce mostly or only sons is strengthened by the results of recent investigations¹ by Oxford scientists (D. Hewitt, J. W. Webb, A. M. Stewart). Although chance could produce many all-son families of given sizes, a study of thousands of same-sex families showed twice as many with six sons or more, and no daughters, as pure chance would dictate. Generally, the larger the number of successive sons, the greater the likelihood that factors other than chance are involved. The odds against the occurrence of such record all-son families as the Grover C. Joneses (Peterson, West Virginia) with fifteen sons, and the Emory Harrisons (Johnson City, Tennessee), with thirteen sons, are so astronomically high that pure chance as a causative factor is virtually ruled out. However, for parents with seven or eight sons in a row, the only way of knowing whether or not they can have daughters is just to kee-ee-p on trying. The same applies when there have been up to seven or eight daughters in a family, and a son is wanted.

What's your "danger weight"? With growing evidence that surplus poundage shortens lives, better make sure of your "proper" weight—and don't rely on what's printed on the penny weighing machines! Insurance expert Herbert H. Marks (New York) warns that most weight-height charts are much too liberal for middle-aged and older people, and are often harmful as guides. Mortality records show that even a few extra pounds can cut life span. One reason weight-height tables may be misleading is that they are based largely on standards

of former years when the plumpest people were usually those who could afford the best care, while leanness was more prevalent among the underprivileged, who were most afflicted by fatal infectious diseases. Today the big killers (heart diseases, diabetes, etc.) strike hardest at plump people. Another expert, Dr. Josef Brozek (University of Minnesota), finds that from the health standpoint bodies should be judged not only by weight but by degrees of leanness or fatness. Thus, women tend to be "light but fat," whereas athletic men are "heavy but lean." Here are two practical tests for determining whether you're overweight; (1) If you can't see the tops of your insteps without bending; or (2) if, when you pinch the flesh over your lower rib or beneath your upper arm, the double layer of gathered-up skin is more than an inch thick, you're carrying excess poundage.

Are you a "turtle"? People who think of their bodies as "hard-shelled"—with their skin and muscles serving as a defensive barrier against the outside world—show a tendency to differ in their activities, goals, and attitudes from the more vulnerable "soft-shelled" individuals who are apt to feel that their insides are constantly exposed. Dr. Seymour Fisher and Dr. Sidney E. Cleveland (V.A. Hospital, Houston), who tested scores of



young men and women, found that the "hard-shelled" ones are much more likely to be athletic and ambitious than "soft-shelled" types, but also are warier of life and more suspicious of other people. Also, "hard-shelled" persons are more apt to have, or to think they have, physical ills connected with their skin, bones, and muscles.

Are you a "go-alonger"? Do you obey rules and social customs faithfully, keep your proper place in a line, vote with the majority? Or do you rebel at "conforming" and exhibit your independence at every opportunity? The explanation for these reactions may lie in your attitude toward your parents. Personality expert Richard S. Crutchfield

(University of California) found that extreme conformists usually are persons from stable homes who idealized their parents and saw few or no faults in them. The "nonconformists" much more often come from broken and unstable homes, where they saw their parents realistically and combined admiration with criticism where warranted. With respect to their own children, "conformists" tend to be much stricter in their rearing methods than are the independents.

Bullets are "class-conscious." It is an odd fact that the value of the house a GI's family lives in is closely related to his chance of becoming a war casualty. This has been shown by sociologists Albert J. Mayer and Thomas Ford Hoult (Wayne University) in their study of the Korean War casualties among Detroit men. Those whose families lived in homes valued at less than \$8,000 averaged four times the casualty rate of men from homes worth \$15,000 or more. Reasons: the men from the more prosperous families were generally better educated and technically more competent, and thus were likely to be stationed in less exposed combat areas. At the same time, because there were relatively more volunteers, militia, and Regular Army men from the lower economic groups, their chances of getting into action first and being killed or wounded were greater. THE END

AMERICA'S 12 MOST FAMOUS ARTISTS



ALBERT DORNE



NORMAN ROCKWELL



AL PARKER



JON WHITCOMB



HAROLD VON SCHMIDT



STEVE DOHANOS



FRED LUDEKENS



PETER HELCK



ROBERT FAWCETT



BEN STAHL



DONG KINGMAN



AUSTIN BRIGGS

"We're looking for people who like to draw"

BY JON WHITCOMB
Famous Magazine Illustrator

DO YOU LIKE TO DRAW? If you do—America's 12 Most Famous Artists are looking for you. We want you to test your art talent!

Too many people miss a wonderful career in art—simply because they don't think they have talent. But my colleagues and I have helped thousands of people get started. Like these—

Don Smith lives in New Orleans. Three years ago Don knew nothing about art—even doubted he had talent. Today, he is an illustrator with a leading advertising agency in the South—and has a future as big as he wants to make it.

Harriet Kuzniewski was bored with an "ordinary" job when she sent for our talent test. Once convinced that she had the makings of an artist—she started to study art at home. Soon she was offered a job as a fashion artist. A year later, she became assistant art director of a big buying office.

Adds To Family's Income

Elizabeth Merriss—busy New York mother—now adds to her family income by designing gift wrappings and greeting cards, and illustrating children's books.

John Busketta worked as a pipe-fitter's helper with a big gas company—until he decided to do something about his urge to draw. He still works for the same company—but as an artist in the advertising department. At a big increase in pay!

Salesgirl, Clerk, and Father of Three Win New Careers

A West Virginia salesgirl studied with us, got a job as an artist, later became advertising manager of the best store in Charleston.

John Whitaker of Memphis, Tenn., was an airline clerk when he began studying with us. Two years later, he won a national cartooning contest. Recently, a huge syndicate signed him to do a daily comic strip.

Stanley Bowen—a married man with three

children, unhappy in a dead-end job—switched to a great new career in art. Now he's one of the happiest men you'll ever meet!

Profitable Hobby—at 72

A great-grandmother in Newark, Ohio, decided to use her spare time to study painting. Recently, she had her first local "one man" show—where she sold thirty-two water colors and five oil paintings.

Cowboy Starts Art Business

Donald Kern—a cowboy from Miles City, Montana—studied art with us. Now he paints portraits and sells them for \$250 each. And he gets all the business he can handle.

Gertrude Vander Poel had never drawn a thing until she started studying with us. Now a swank New York gallery exhibits her paintings for sale.

How about you? Wouldn't you like to trade places with these happy artists?

Free Art Talent Test

We want to help you find out if you have the talent for a fascinating money-making art career (part time or full time). We'll be glad to send you our remarkably revealing 12-page talent test. Thousands formerly paid \$1 for this test. But we'll send it to you *free*—if you sincerely like to draw. No obligation. But mail coupon today.

FAMOUS ARTISTS SCHOOLS

Studio 23, Westport, Conn.

Send me, without obligation, your Famous Artists Talent Test.

Mr. _____ Age _____
Mrs. _____
Miss _____ (Please Print)

Address _____

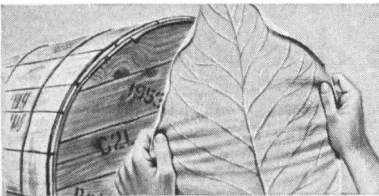
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Don Carter,
BOWLING CHAMPION, SAYS:

**"Viceroy has
the smoothest
taste of all!"**

SMOOTH! From the finest tobacco grown Viceroy selects only the Smooth Flavor Leaf . . . Deep-Cured golden brown for *extra smoothness!*



SUPER SMOOTH! Only Viceroy smooths each puff through 20,000 filters made from pure cellulose—soft, snow-white, natural!



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WHAT'S NEW IN MEDICINE

"Bread and Tears" Disease

BY LAWRENCE GALTON

Along with developing new treatments for old ailments, medicine on occasion makes another kind of advance: the discovery of a brand new disease. The latest—a "bread and tears" phenomenon—promises to be an especially happy advance. It not only recognizes but seems also to furnish the simple cure for a bizarre set of problems affecting young and old.

A typical case is that of the one- to five-year-old child who gets a common acute infectious illness such as measles or gastroenteritis. A few days after onset, while the infection remains quite typical and may even be coming under control, the personality changes markedly. Where once the youngster may have been pleasant-tempered, now he is irritable, negativistic, spiteful. There may be sleep disturbances; his appetite may fall off, his abdomen puff up.

All this can last for a month or two, and then right itself. But it may go on much longer, getting progressively worse and adding a new problem: fleeting "spells" like those of petit mal epilepsy.

In an adult, the symptoms differ but are no less alarming. Here again, the trouble usually starts two to fourteen days after onset of a common acute infection such as influenza or gastroenteritis. A headache develops and there is unusual wakefulness at night. There may also be abdominal distention, plus diarrhea and rectal itching. But perhaps the most disturbing problem for the adult is progres-

sive depression—a deepening feeling of "blues" and dejection.

The cure is very simple: a temporary wheat-free diet. Within two to three days, according to a report in Britain before the Royal Society of Medicine, the symptoms are gone. Restore the wheat too soon and the troubles flare up again.

According to the report, the "bread and tears" problem—also called the H.I.D. (headache/insomnia/depression) syndrome in adults and the pre-celiac syndrome in children—may be quite common. One physician within a thirty-month period has diagnosed more than fifty cases of it.

The explanation is this: an infection can cause cell damage. When such damage occurs in nerve tissue, it may be followed by sudden sensitization to a common allergy-producing substance. The H.I.D. and pre-celiac syndromes stem from just such increased sensitivity, or allergic response, to a digestion product of wheat flour.

If wheat flour is eliminated during this period, not only do all the varied symptoms of the allergic response disappear, but the sensitivity itself may disappear after a time so that eventually a normal diet can be resumed.

The explanation is entirely theoretical at this point. Nevertheless, if these syndromes are as common as reported, the avoidance of any food containing wheat flour for a short period promises to prevent considerable discomfort and anxiety.

Epileptic seizures may be caused originally in some cases and increased markedly in others by thyrotoxicosis, or excessive thyroid gland activity. In basically non-epileptic patients, according to a Swedish medical report, adequate antithyroid medication or thyroid surgery may eliminate the seizures. In epileptics with thyrotoxicosis, thyroid treatment may markedly reduce seizures.

Osteoarthritis relief: Pain in osteoarthritis may come not so much from changes in a joint itself as from loss of certain joint movements that are not under voluntary muscle control. So believes one physician who also finds that manipulation of a painful joint can help solve the problem. After an injection of lactic acid with procaine, manipulation

while the joint is anesthetized and cushioned and the capsule is stretched has brought excellent pain relief.

In liver disease, arginine may be helpful. An amino acid, one of the building blocks for protein, it combats one complication, ammonia intoxication, that sometimes causes disruption of brain function. The intoxication results from the liver's failure to clear the blood of ammonia formed by bacterial action on nitrogen compounds in the intestinal tract. After animal studies, arginine has been used with marked success on twenty patients at the University of California Medical Center in San Francisco. The compound reduces excessive blood ammonia levels by aiding the body to convert ammonia to urea. **THE END**

For more information about these items, consult your physician.

she's resting, relaxing... **REDUCING!**

S-H-H-H...!



NOT diet or weight-loss... She's SLEEPING-AWAY the Inches a wonderful new way—AT HOME!

REDUCE hips, waist, tummy, in size...No Diet!

NEW—No vibration, no massage; a truly easy NO EFFORT way!

SHE'S SLEEPING AWAY THE INCHES with Relax-A-cizor. Not a finger does she lift. She's relaxed. She's asleep. She's reducing. Fast. And, she does it all at home... in 30 luxurious minutes a day.



Inches Away!

ROMANCE begins with a pretty figure. Now, you can lose excess inches from your hips, waist, tummy, thighs... without diet or weight-loss... QUICKLY, EASILY... while you REST luxuriously at home! Relax-A-cizor slims you with a delightful new kind of reducing exercise that requires NO EFFORT!

Twice as easy to use... and the NEW Relax-A-cizor... with the fabulous new "Beauty Belts" trims away excess inches from hips, waist, abdomen, and thighs TWICE AS FAST as ever before!

You use your Relax-A-cizor at home while you RELAX and enjoy reading, sewing... even SLEEPING... and excess inches vanish almost like magic... never makes you feel tired like regular beauty exercises.

HUSBANDS use Relax-A-cizor, too... for their waists... for soothing RELAXING exercise of tired back and feet muscles.



Husbands, Too!

Don't Risk Your Health... this is the safe, sensible, economical HOME method used by more than 150,000 women. Approved by Underwriters' Laboratory.



Family Affair!

FIRMS... TIGHTENS... TRIMS—

Diet may cause sagging and loss from bust, neck and face. Relax-A-cizor does NOT; it, instead, firms and tightens your waist, hips, thighs and abdomen. New FACIAL exercises, lifts, and tightens muscles under EYES and CHIN.

Beauty Editors Praise...

Featured editorially in both "Mademoiselle" and "Charm." (Mail coupon at right for reprints.) USERS SAY: "4 inches removed from abdomen."—Mrs. M.F. "3 inches from hips."—M.A. "Dress size was 16, now 12."—C.P. **MANY WOMEN LOSE AN INCH OR TWO THE FIRST FEW DAYS!** You may lose less—or MORE.

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Please send in PLAIN envelope. FREE information about reducing size of waist, hips, thighs, abdomen. No cost. No salesmen will call. (PLEASE PRINT.)

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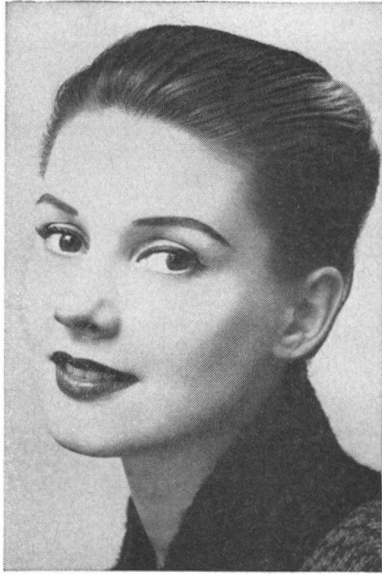
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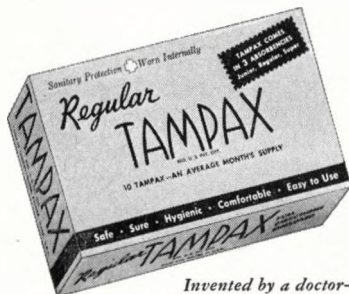


advise other women to use TAMPAX?

Friends lose their reticence and speak out with force and conviction about Tampax® internal sanitary protection. Office workers buttonhole each other; housewives share confidences. Because Tampax deals with a universal feminine problem, women seem to feel they are almost traitors to their own sex if they fail to stress the benefits of Tampax. Said one woman: "I'd tell a friend about it just as I'd tell a savage electric lights are better than oil lamps."

What are the features of Tampax that generate such enthusiasm? Complete comfort. Invisible when in place. No odor. No chafing. No irritation. Does away with cumbersome belts, pins, pads. No disposal problems. No carrying problems. No tub or shower problems.

In fact, in every way Tampax is nicer, daintier, more convenient. Choose from 3 absorbency-sizes (Regular, Super, Junior) wherever drug products are sold. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.



Invented by a doctor—
now used by millions of women

Steve Allen's Almanac



TV trade journals have recently reported a hue and cry against the practice whereby a comedian makes a joking reference to a commercially distributed product and is thereafter supposedly rewarded with cash or merchandise. Gene Baylos, a New York night-club comic, was recently penalized several hundred dollars by station WRCA-TV for working in three or four plugs during a brief monologue. Next day *Variety* observed that though network executives had cracked down on Baylos they seemed powerless to take action against Bob Hope, whose shows probably contain more plugs per minute than any other class-A program. All right, so how bad is the plug situation? Does your favorite comedian receive an under-the-counter payoff every time he mentions a product other than his sponsor's?

Personally I have always suspected that the chief reason a few TV people and a handful of critics are opposed to the plug bit is that they're on the outside looking in, but of course I'm not arguing that two wrongs make a right. What I'm suggesting is that maybe the plug thing isn't so bad after all. First it should be understood that not all references to commercial products are tinged with payola. Certain jokes just sound better if the comedian uses the name of an actual car or a real toothpaste. A good example is Jack Benny's famous line: "Rochester, will you have the Cadillac ready for me in the morning?" "But Boss," said Rochester, "we don't have a Cadillac." "We do now," was the answer. Naturally Jack did not receive so much as a windshield wiper for the plug.

Secondly, it's not the comic who is on the receiving end in most instances, but the fellows who write the jokes.

The third important point is that few writers or performers accept cash, since to do so would only complicate their income-tax problems. Most payoffs are in the form of cases of booze or gift certificates, and many entertainers salt these away to dispense to their crews at Christmastime.

The comics who occasionally louse things up for everybody, as they say, are the small-timers who don't have the grace to work their plugs into the palatable form of jokes, but just cram them in

in a graceless and obvious manner. These greedy citizens deserve a slap on the wrist. As a wise philosopher once said, "It ain't what you do, it's the way that you do it."

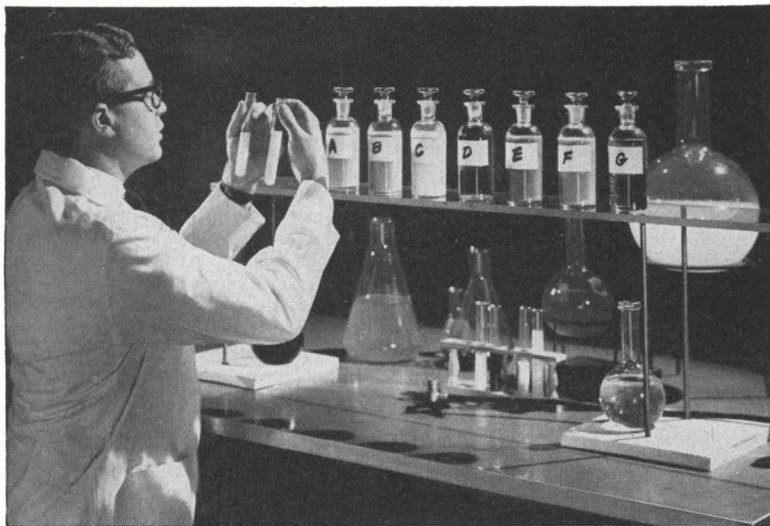
Recently I saw and enjoyed Eugene O'Neill's "Long Day's Journey into Night." According to newspaper reports, when the play opened in Stockholm last year the first-night audience gave it a standing thirty-minute ovation at the final curtain, which seems to indicate that Swedes are fonder of being depressed than Americans are. I also note that Sweden has the world's highest suicide rate. I wonder if there is a connection between these two bits of information.

A Cleveland woman writes, "I think the salaries you TV people receive are scandalous. Why a comedian should be paid ten million a year when the President of the United States receives only \$100,000 is more than I'll ever understand."

Madam, your point is well taken except that you have been misled as to the facts. No TV performer makes anywhere near ten million a year. I know of no one in the industry who makes even one million. The popular idea that television salaries are astronomical exists partly because some actors deliberately exaggerate the size of their pay checks and partly because the total cost of an entertainer's program is often mistakenly regarded as the amount of his personal take. One sees headlines like "Gleason Signs Ten Million Dollar Pact," or "Hope Inks Multi-million Deal" and immediately assumes that a phenomenal salary is involved. Actually only small fractions of these amounts go to the stars. Most of the money goes to pay writers, performers and technicians. In addition, there may be a fat 15 per cent lopped off the top by the agency that handled the deal. Furthermore, these big-money contracts usually cover several years.

Big salaries these days belong largely to the government, and after Uncle Sam takes his slice a performer must still carry a raft of assistants. So don't envy Jackie Gleason the money that passes through his hands. Most of it blows away like leaves before the winds of autumn. **THE END**

DOCTORS TESTED SEVEN LOTIONS



Their report will change all your ideas about hand lotions

Two years ago, a team of six prominent doctors at a Boston Medical Center began a study to evaluate the effectiveness of representative types of hand lotions being offered the public. Over 200 men and women were involved. Beauticians, nurses, cooks, housewives—people whose hands are constantly subjected to harsh soaps, detergents, scalding water, intense work. Seven leading lotions, including some consisting chiefly of lanolin, were rigorously tested over the two-year period.

*For Medical Journal report, have your doctor write: Campana, Box MJ, Batavia, Illinois.



THE RESULTS. At the end, the doctors published their findings in a Medical Journal article.* They reported that Italian Balm "proved the most effective in *prevention* and *treatment* when used upon subjects with chapped hands and faces, as well as upon dryness of skin caused by the use of detergents." In other words, Italian Balm gave greater protection and helped heal red, rough, dry skin with far greater effectiveness than any other lotion.

HOW IT WORKS BETTER. Analysis of Italian Balm revealed the reasons for its superiority. Only Italian Balm contained a special combination of humectant and barrier agent. The humectant controls moisture to keep skin *alive*, soft and young looking. The barrier agent provides skin with a protective shield against the irritating effects of wind, work and water. Thus, skin so protected, is better able to retain moisture and ward off chapping and dryness.

PROVED SUPERIORITY. Doctors also found that Italian Balm cleared up skin that was blemished from chapping and dryness—even more effectively than pure lanolin! These findings can benefit you right now. Get a bottle of Italian Balm—or the new aerosol Italian Balm Lotion Spray—and see how quickly chapping, roughness and dryness are relieved. With the first application—overnight—you'll discover a new softness, a new world of comfort and skin beauty that only Italian Balm's rich, cosmeceutic care can give you. At toilet goods counters everywhere.

Your Daughter Has A Right To Know

THAT'S WHY WE OFFER THIS GIFT
 —Attractive Plastic Purse Case
 Containing 4 "Safety Margin" Pursettes*
 —Tiniest Tampon of Them All
 Yet No Other Has Greater Absorbency
 (*Internal Sanitary Protection)



No bigger than a cigarette lighter. Inconspicuous—Fits in Palm of your Hand. Contains 1 to 2-day supply of Pursettes.

She'll discover new freedom on those "five days" when you realize this one truth: it is not the size of a tampon that makes it safe, it is the absorbency. Invented, and patented by Dr. Arthur Donovan of Boston, PURSETTES are constructed with new "Safety-Margin" absorbency. More, they adjust sideways (not longways!) to fit you—not just the "average" woman—and assure *even greater* safety. Additional exclusive—New lubricated "Melt-Away Tip" does away with old-fashioned bulky cardboard applicator—making new PURSETTES far easier to use than you ever dreamed a tampon could be.

PURSETTES offer bodily comfort and peace of mind not possible with ordinary sanitary protection. Besides, your "secret" is really safe with PURSETTES—not only because of the purse case but also as each PURSETTE is hygienically wrapped in lovely midnight blue cellophane to resemble lipstick refills. Learn today. Send the coupon for your purse case.

Pursettes

A CAMPANA PRODUCT

At all Drug and Nation Counters.
 Package of 10's, 39c—40's, \$1.33.

Clip and Mail Today

Helen Harding
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 Batavia, Illinois

Please send me, in plain wrapper, your free package of 4 Pursettes with plastic Purse Container. Enclosed is 10c to cover cost of packing and postage.

PLEASE PRINT

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 Address _____
 City _____ State _____



Survivors of the *Andrea Doria* disaster fill out American Express Company forms to obtain emergency cash refunds on their drowned Travelers Cheques.

World-wide Bank Account

BY DON SHORT

Most welcome among the welcoming thousands who greeted survivors of the sunken *Andrea Doria* last summer were the representatives of financial institutions which issue traveler's checks, among them the Bank of America and the American Express Company. They were on the dock with thousands of dollars in cash to meet the monetary needs of the survivors.

Money can drown, but traveler's checks, like old soldiers, never die. They do not even fade away. Wreckers, tearing down an old home not long ago, unearthed a cookie jar containing some traveler's checks dated 1920. The contractor mailed the checks to the home office and the company promptly dispatched a check for \$250 to the original buyer.

The issuing bank or company office makes a record of the transaction at the time checks are purchased. The buyer must sign each check at the top at time of purchase.

In order to cash a traveler's check, the traveler simply signs again at the bottom of the check, in the presence of the person who is cashing it. This signature, identical with the one at the top, is all the identification required.

The traveler's check is redeemable at its face value in U.S. currency anywhere in the United States. In foreign countries

it will be cashed in local currency at the current buying rate for banker's checks in New York. This means the official rate of exchange. Local banks, hotels, restaurants, stores and transportation offices pay the official rate, less a small fee for the check cashing service.

When American Express Travelers Cheques are lost or stolen, the owner need only report the loss to the nearest American Express office if abroad, or telephone Western Union operator 25 anywhere in the United States.

Even if the purchaser has failed to keep a record of the numbers and denominations of his checks, his recollection of the place, date and total of his purchase will help the company trace the transaction. If the person whose checks have been lost or stolen is completely without funds, it is usually possible, with proper identification, for him to obtain emergency funds sufficient to last him until confirmation of his traveler's check purchase can be received from New York. Once confirmation has been received, the full amount of checks lost or stolen is given the purchaser, and American Express assumes the responsibility for recovering the missing checks.

The checks are so difficult to counterfeit that most counterfeiters would rather print money than traveler's checks.

Another strong deterrent to counterfeiters, thieves, and forgers is the worldwide reputation of the American Express Company's counterpart of the F.B.I., the Inspectors' Division. It is headed by John Stewart, a former F.B.I. man, and has operatives all over the world.

Stewart's men do not carry guns and have no authority to make arrests but are feared by big-time criminals and sneak thieves everywhere. They track down criminals and then call in police officers to make the arrests.

Bugs Moran, the big-time Chicago mobster who had been a partner and rival of the late Al Capone, finally landed behind bars not for his more blood-soaked extra-legal activities, but for a complicated scheme to counterfeit American Express Travelers Cheques.

It was the Inspectors' Division too that collaborated with the F.B.I. and Treasury Agents in apprehending George Gillette, brother-in-law of racketeer Joe Adonis. George got his counterfeit traveler's checks into wide circulation before the inspectors tracked him down through an ex-convict and gambler, Edward Larigan, who made the mistake of making two dates in a row with the ex-wife of a night club proprietor.

Even the celebrated Gerald Chapman, who latched onto \$1,346,350 in the biggest mail robbery of the twentieth century, was finally caught because he signed some traveler's checks which didn't happen to belong to him.

The trails are sometimes devious but the work of guarding the travelers' money knows no boundaries. Not long ago Stewart listened to the story of a customer who reported the loss of \$2,000 worth of traveler's checks.

The man had visited Las Vegas, Nevada, where he had become acquainted with a charming fellow who just happened to be going to New York. The man with the checks was driving and he generously invited his new-found friend to go along. When they parted company in New York the new-found friend also departed with his host's wallet and the \$2,000 in traveler's checks.

Detailed questioning by Stewart brought out the fact that on the long drive to New York the man with the taking ways had boasted of his amorous exploits while stationed in Frankfurt, Germany. Stewart checked Frankfurt and got a confirmation on his partial identification, along with the information that the wanted man had spent most of his time since his return to the United States in San Francisco. The San Francisco inspectors got on the trail and nabbed their man when he tried to cash a stolen traveler's check at a San Francisco hotel.

Meanwhile, the gullible traveler had received a full refund and was blissfully unaware of the international manhunt or its outcome.

THE END

How Good Is Your Credit?

To borrow or not to borrow? If you can say "yes" to the three crucial questions in this list, you are ready to enjoy life on the installment plan

You are probably a much better credit risk than you think. As a matter of fact, over the years the average American consumer has proved himself the safest known credit risk in the world—safer even than banks and corporations.

Universal C. I. T. Credit Corporation, the world's largest independent automobile finance company, has compiled for COSMOPOLITAN a list of fifteen typical questions that the average American family asks itself before making an installment purchase.

If you can answer *all* of the following questions in the affirmative, you are an almost unheard of paragon of financial security. Even if you can answer only half of them "yes," you are doing mighty well. There are only three questions in the fifteen that, according to C. I. T., you should make certain you can answer affirmatively before you consider applying for a loan. The other twelve are merely samples of the *kinds* of things you should also consider.

Can you spot the three crucial questions? Can you answer them "yes"? Check your replies and then refer to the answers below.

1. Will you be able to meet the payments for the contemplated purchase out of your present income?
Yes No
2. Do you know, within a few dollars, what your gas, light and phone bills will total each month?
Yes No
3. Do you and your wife agree on the necessity of the loan?
Yes No
4. Have you already established a good credit rating on past transactions?
Yes No
5. Do you always pay your bills within ten days of receipt?
Yes No
6. Do you run your household on a budget, rather than "ad lib"?
Yes No

7. Do you try to make as large a down payment as possible on installment purchases?
Yes No
8. Can you reasonably expect to continue in your job—or in another one with roughly the same pay—for the duration of the payment period?
Yes No
9. Are your monthly rent or mortgage payments a quarter of your income or less?
Yes No
10. Does your financial figuring include seasonal items like fuel and vacation bills and Christmas shopping?
Yes No
11. Do you have relatives to whom you can turn for help in a financial emergency?
Yes No
12. Is your family covered by hospitalization and medical insurances?
Yes No
13. Will you be ready to handle all *predictable* major expenses—such as taxes, insurance premiums, hospital bills—that you know are coming?
Yes No
14. If you own a house, is it in good condition, so that the chance of early major repair or replacement costs is small?
Yes No
15. If you lost your job tomorrow, could you live at your present level for six months?
Yes No

Answers to Credit Quiz

The "crucial questions" are 1, 8 and 13. If you answered them "yes," you have satisfied the three main conditions that lenders like to be sure about before signing you up for a loan.

As to the remaining questions—they may be important to some families, less so to others. It's up to you to decide which are important to yours. THE END



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- ② YELLOWSTONE PARK—via Gallatin Gateway, Old Faithful, Grand Canyon. Also Montana Rockies.
- ③ CALIFORNIA—Oregon—Washington—see all the Pacific Coast.
- ④ PACIFIC NORTHWEST—Yellowstone.
- ⑤ COLORADO ROCKIES—Salt Lake City—Idaho—Yellowstone—Montana Rockies.
- ⑥ CANADIAN ROCKIES—Victoria-Vancouver—Pacific Northwest.
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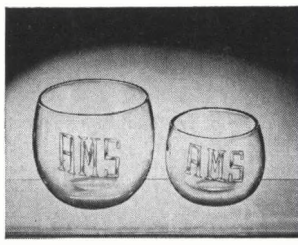
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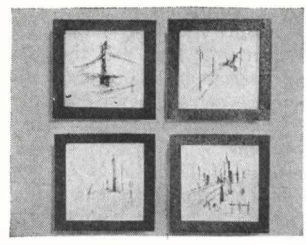
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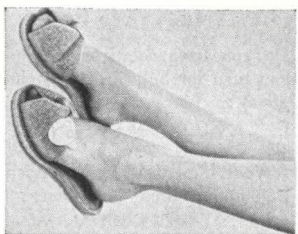
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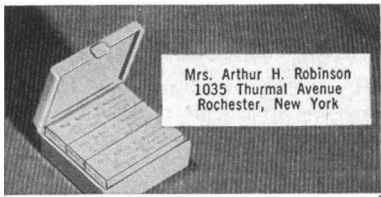
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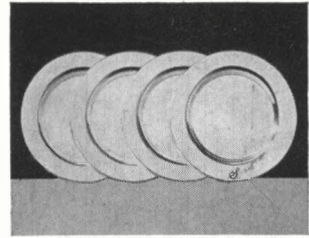
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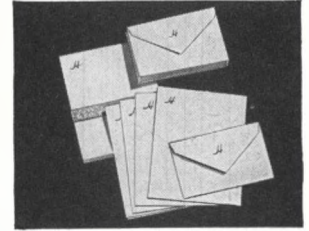
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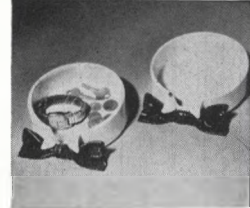
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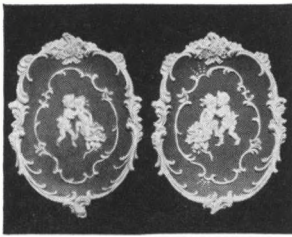
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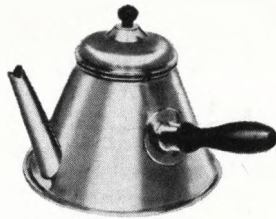
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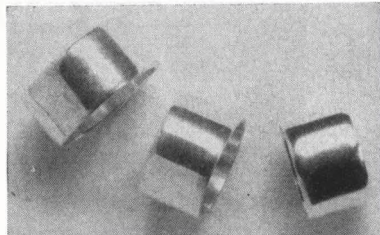
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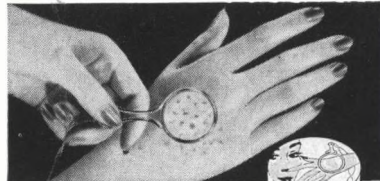


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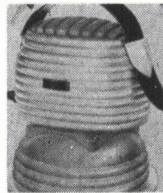
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Outrocking Elvis. Getting tired of walking your houn' dog in blue suede shoes? Do your sideburns need trimming? Then the cure for hyperpresleyitis is comedian Jack E. Leonard's record of "Rock and Roll Music for Kids over Sixteen." Aided and abetted by Will Stomp and his Cannoneers and a vocal group known, for no good reason, as The Four Fives, he makes devastating use of Elvis Presley's own medium to poke fun at the whole business of Rock 'n' Roll. Most of the rocking here will be from laughter. Among the gems are "Take Your Cotton Pickin' Hands Off My Leather Jacket," "Rock and Roll Party in the Sky," "Middle Aged Juvenile Delinquent," and "Daffodil Rock" which—of all things—is nothing else but Wordsworth's tender poem beginning "I wandered lonely as a cloud" sung with words unchanged as a wild Rock 'n' Roll number! Somebody may end up suing somebody else, but meanwhile it's one of the funniest disks to appear since the advent of Tom Lehrer. (*Rock and Roll Music for Kids over Sixteen*. RCA Vik LX 1080. \$3.98)

Dogpatch and Switchboard. Broadway's new musicals came in a batch this season, and original casts were lined up quickly for recording sessions. So far, there's been nothing to challenge "My Fair Lady"—there probably won't be for years—but the first two shows to appear on disks are nonetheless delightful in many ways. The best features of "Li'l Abner" are its graphic and amusing recreations of cartoonist Al Capp's Dogpatch inhabitants, its choreography by Michael Kidd, its numerous satirical jibes at the Government, and Johnny Mercer's extremely clever lyrics. As Marryin' Sam, Stubby Kaye gets to sing the show's two

wittiest numbers. "Jubilation T. Cornpone" and "The Country's in the Very Best of Hands," a wry and classic commentary on Washington doings with a wild, rocking hillbilly setting. In the latter he gets an able assist from Peter Palmer, who assumes the title role and who has a delightfully lazy song of his own. "If I Had My Druthers." Gene de Paul's music comes to the fore in two pleasing ballads, "Namely You" and "Love in a Home," both duets for Palmer and Edith Adams, who plays Daisy Mae. (*Li'l Abner*. Columbia OL 5150. \$5.98)

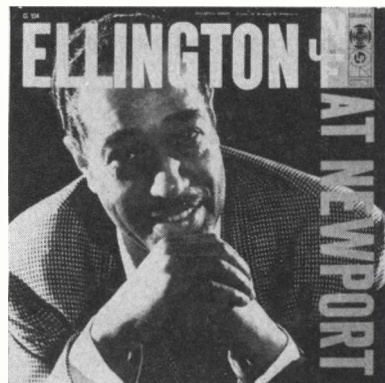
"Bells Are Ringing" owes its success primarily to the multiple talents of its star, Judy Holliday, whose antics on and off the switchboard of a telephone answering service keep the show hopping. Lyricists Betty Comden and Adolph Green and composer Jule Styne haven't outdone themselves except in "It's a Simple Little System," which discloses the ingenious subplot: a bookie ring that places telephone bets by using composers' names as a code for racetracks. Otherwise the songs are so-so, but Judy, in her first Broadway singing and dancing assignment, scores a personal triumph with her versatile renditions of "It's a Perfect Relationship," "Is It a Crime?" "Mu-Cha-Cha," "The Party's Over" and the show-stopping "I'm Goin' Back." (*Bells Are Ringing*. Columbia OL 5170. \$5.98)

March 17th Music. For those who'll be wearing the green come March 17th, Decca has released a charming disk by the Little Gaelic Singers of County Derry. No Irish tenors here, just twenty-eight children from an orphanage, fresh, young, unforced voices beautifully blended by the group's director, James McCafferty. The simplest and most moving song in the collection is "Sweet Babe," sung without accompaniment; the most unusual—and only non-Irish—offering is Brahms' "Lullaby" with Gaelic words. For those seeking the familiar, there's "Believe Me, If All Those Endearing Young Charms," "Let Mr. Maguire Sit Down" and a highly original arrangement of "The Palatine's Daughter." To make it perfectly timely, the record concludes with "Hail, Glorious St. Patrick." (*The Little Gaelic Singers of County Derry*. Decca DL 9876. \$3.98)

Quartet Sampler. Some of the most perfect, most intimate and most deeply probing music is that produced by two violins, a viola and a cello playing together; yet the very thought of string

quartets and other chamber music will sometimes frighten away even a confirmed music lover—and for no good reason. All this should end with the issue of "Budapest Quartet Encores," a collection of nine isolated quartet movements by Tchaikovsky, Haydn, Grieg, Franck, Borodin, Mendelssohn, Schubert, Debussy and Wolf. Included are the familiar Tchaikovsky "Andante Cantabile" and the Borodin "Notturmo"—which became "And This Is My Beloved" in "Kismet." This is more than a quartet "sampler" to whet the appetite; the performances are so superb that even avid chamber music fans will want the record. (*Budapest Quartet Encores*. Columbia ML 5116. \$3.98)

The Duke at Newport. For four days last July, staid, society-studded Newport, Rhode Island, became the jazz capital of the world. The annual Newport Jazz Festival reached its screaming climax about midnight on July 7th when, as the closing number of the final program, Duke Ellington and his Orchestra gave a history-making performance of "Diminuendo and Crescendo in Blue." Fortunately, Columbia was on hand to record the proceedings; otherwise, no one would believe that tenor saxman Paul Gonsalves, riding along on a driving beat of hypnotic intensity, improvised continuously for twenty-seven straight choruses

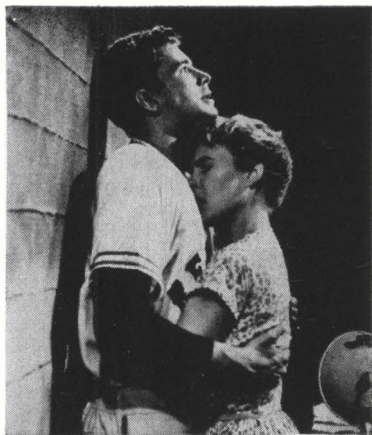


Newport: new sounds from an old master

for some sort of world's record. There's little diminuendo here; it's all crescendo, a constant increase in band and audience tension and exuberance, adding up to one of the noisiest but most exciting jazz records ever made. (*Ellington at Newport*. Columbia CL 934. \$3.98) THE END

Your Cosmopolitan Movie Guide

BY MARSHALL SCOTT



Outstanding Picture to Come

FEAR STRIKES OUT—The outlines of the Jim Piersall story have been given rather wide display in the years since he returned to the Boston Red Sox outfield from the mental institution into which he so spectacularly spun a few years ago, shortly after coming up to the big leagues of baseball for the first time. Published first as a biography, the story later was serialized in a magazine under the rather shocking title, "They Called Me Crazy—and I Was." It was also condensed in the *Reader's Digest* and dramatized on television before being made into a movie. Like "Somebody Up There Likes Me," the Rocky Graziano story, this is

less a sports story than a story of a boy's efforts to find himself, conquer his environment (in this case, a driving father who pushes the boy's life along the path—and at the pace—he wants, to compensate for the gaps in his own life). The boy finally goes berserk, and makes his recovery through psychiatric treatment.

Anthony Perkins, one of the brightest of Hollywood's new stars, is an excellent choice for the role of the young Piersall. He is believable both as a ball player and as a sensitive young man cracking under pressures too great for him. The ever-dependable Karl Malden is equally good as his father. (Paramount)

The Best in Your Neighborhood

ANASTASIA—The melodramatic, expertly acted story of a penniless girl who may be the only royal child to have escaped the Bolshevik massacre of the Czar and his family provides an acceptable vehicle for the return of Ingrid Bergman, who won the New York Film Critics Award for her performance. Helen Hayes and Yul Brynner co-star as the Dowager Duchess and a conniving ex-Czarist officer. (Twentieth Century-Fox)

AROUND THE WORLD IN 80 DAYS—Mike Todd's star-studded fling, which was chosen Best Picture of 1956 by the New York Film Critics, is a barrel of fun and lovely color filmed in seven foreign countries. Half the stars of Hollywood play bit parts in support of David Niven as the Englishman racing around the 1872 world to win a bet, and the great Mexican comic, Cantinflas, appears as his valet. (United Artists)

THE BARRETTS OF WIMPOLE STREET—Jennifer Jones is the ailing poetess, Elizabeth Barrett, whose burgeoning love affair with poet Robert Browning (Bill Travers) must leap the seemingly impassable barrier of her tyrannical father (Sir John Gielgud). A darkly romantic story. (M-G-M)

THE DAY THEY GAVE BABIES AWAY—Dale Eunson's modern classic, based on a moving and heroic incident of his grandfather's childhood, first ap-

peared in COSMOPOLITAN more than ten years ago and now provides the heart-warming basis for this movie starring Glynis Johns and Cameron Mitchell. (RKO)

FULL OF LIFE—Judy Holliday as a pregnant wife has her hands full with a disorganized embryo-writer of a husband and a stubborn, explosively eccentric father-in-law, played in fine comic style by Met Opera star Salvatore Baccaloni. (Columbia)

GIANT—Director George Stevens has done an expert job of translating to the screen Edna Ferber's novel of Texas at the beginning of that state's booming Oil Age. Three hours long, it stars Rock Hudson, Elizabeth Taylor, and the late James Dean. (Warner Bros.)

THE GREAT MAN—A probe behind the facade of a universally beloved television star reveals a heel of purest ego. Jose Ferrer is the prober, Ed Wynn, Keenan Wynn, Julie London among those probed. (Universal-International)

THE RAINMAKER—Another Broadway comedy success is the basis for this Katharine Hepburn-Burt Lancaster costarrer. Lancaster is a free-wheeling, fast-talking wanderer who vows to bring rain to the parched farm and, as well, to the drought-ridden love life of spinster Hepburn. (Paramount)

THE TEAHOUSE OF THE AUGUST MOON—The comic contours of this charming Pulitzer Prize-winning play have been considerably broadened, but the story of the Okinawan interpreter who charmingly but resolutely baffles the Pentagon's efforts to rehabilitate his native village is still a winner. Marlon Brando plays the devious, disarming rogue; Glenn Ford, Eddie Albert, and Paul Ford are the Army officers he must contend with, along with the Japanese star Machiko Kyo, who does her share as a lovely gift geisha. (M-G-M)

THE TEN COMMANDMENTS—"Monumental" is probably the best word for this outsized retelling of the story of Moses by Cecil B. DeMille, the grand past master of the screen super-spectacular. Charlton Heston is Moses, Yul Brynner the cruel Pharaoh, and Edward G. Robinson, Yvonne de Carlo, Anne Baxter and Debra Paget are also observable among the assembled multitudes. (Paramount)

THE WRONG MAN—Alfred Hitchcock applies a strict documentary technique to the fantastic true story of a Stork Club musician mistakenly accused by a number of different people as the man who robbed them. Henry Fonda is a believable, bewildered musician. Vera Miles his wife driven to a breakdown by the nightmare. (Warner Bros.)

THE END

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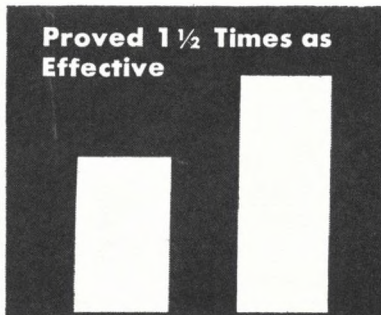
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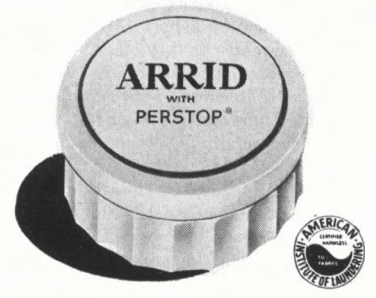
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MONEY AND YOUR MARRIAGE

If you bicker about money, your “money-personality” is probably different from your mate’s. Recognizing which type you are can help you adjust inside marriage, and solve such outside problems as investment, insurance, and just living

BY ROBERT L. HEILBRONER

Ask any psychiatrist about the marital problem he listens to *second* most frequently in his office, and the chances are that his answer will be “money.” “If it isn’t a wife complaining about her husband’s stinginess, it’s a husband complaining about his wife’s lavishness,” said one psychiatrist. “If money isn’t a cause for quarrels, it’s a cause for anxiety. Or if it isn’t a cause for anxiety, it’s an obsession. Next to the problem of basic incompatibility itself, the marriage problem I hear about the most, all day and every day, is money, money, money.”

Why is money such an important issue in marriage? The answer is not, as you might think, that most couples feel they

don’t have enough money. Rather, most money troubles in marriage stem from the simple fact that the husband and wife feel differently about money, and for this reason cannot come to grips with the real financial issues of married life—debt, insurance, and all the rest.

Intra-family Feuds

“Jack and I fight all the time over money,” a suburban housewife told me. “He comes from a poor family and he’s terribly finicky about expenses. I’ve always been comfortably off, and, frankly, I’m not the bookkeeper type. He gets furious with me because I can’t account for every penny, and I get furious with him for being so ridiculously petty.”

“My wife is tight,” another husband told me in confidence. “It’s save, save, save, all the time. She never thinks of money as something you can use to have a good time with.”

These are not necessarily unsuccessful marriages—although married couples who fight constantly over money, like people who bicker over bridge, may very well be expressing indirectly far deeper antagonisms. In all probability, these couples have money troubles because they have never taken the differences in their money-personalities into account.

Yet people clearly do have money-personalities that are just as individual as their social personalities. Some people like to scrimp; others like to splurge.

Some people feel guilty when they spend money on themselves; others hate to spend it on anyone else. Some people worry about money all day long; still others never give it a thought. "Next to the way he feels about love," said the psychiatrist with whom I talked, "I can tell most about a human being's make-up from the way he feels about money."

Probably everyone has some quirk in his attitude toward money, and therefore probably every married couple has to adjust to some differences: perhaps he is a hug on saving, while she has an extravagant streak; maybe he is a sucker for "value" (regardless of price), while she is an easy prey for "bargains" (regardless of value). These are normal idiosyncrasies, as much a part of the pains and pleasures of marriage as differences in food or decorating taste.

However, there are people for whom money is a focus of much more serious eccentricities. The gold-digger and the sponger, the compulsive gambler and the avaricious miser, the self-destructing spendthrift and the wildly irresponsible speculator—these are maladjusted people who use money for highly neurotic, and often destructive, purposes. For such people money is a convenient dumping ground for the aggressions, guilts, and anxieties with which seriously neurotic people must cope. For example, one man who had frittered away an inheritance of over \$100,000 discovered in psychiatric therapy that his inheritance was a symbol of a hated father, and that in flushing it down the drain, he was in effect getting rid of and taking revenge on the memory of a dead parent—and punishing himself in the bargain.

Money—a Symbol of Love

Still another neurotic, a woman textile designer who, though highly successful, lived in the dingiest walk-up and starved herself on the meanest food, came to realize through therapy that she unconsciously regarded money as a symbol of the love and security she had never received as a child, and that her growing bank balance was a pitiful substitute for a mother's love.

For families in which either the husband or the wife has a neurotic attachment to money, there is probably no road to marital tranquillity save a total personality reorientation, perhaps through psychoanalysis. But even for the great majority of married couples who are not neurotic, the mere existence of two different money-personalities can magnify money problems to unrealistically large dimensions. Much of the bickering that goes on in the average family over such matters as the "outrageous" size of last month's grocery bill or the advisability of having the sofa recovered has nothing to

do with the actual sums involved. Instead, it reflects the fact that husband and wife have two different attitudes toward money—attitudes which may be perfectly healthy by themselves, but which are as fissionable as uranium when put into close contact.

There was nothing "wrong" with the easygoing money attitudes of the suburban housewife I talked to, or with the economy-mindedness of her husband—it was the combination of attitudes that caused friction in their marriage. So too, the "tight" wife about whom I heard such bitter complaints may have been merely a normally savings-oriented type of individual, as seen through the eyes of a habitual splurger.

Face Your Differences

What is wrong in all these cases is a refusal to face the fact that individual differences of opinion with regard to spending and saving not only do exist, but have every right to exist. The very first step in ironing out the financial problems of marriage is to recognize your own money-personality for what it is, and that of your spouse for what it is, for once you have admitted the right of someone else to have feelings about money different from yours, then a reasonable family compromise can be worked out. One young couple, for example, told me that their squabbles over money had become so serious that they finally realized that they *had* to satisfy both the wife's deep need for saving and security, and the husband's equally strong need to throw money around with relative carelessness. They resolved the deadlock by having the husband's office invest a portion of his pay check in Government bonds each month, after which he was allowed to indulge his free-spending tendencies with the rest of his earnings.

Another harassed family, in which the

wife was compulsively orderly about money and the husband habitually disorderly, healed their rift by splitting every pay check into two parts. The major slice went into the wife's account, where it was used to cover household expenses. The smaller part went into the husband's account as spending money.

There are a good many ways of resolving money problems, once the fighting over money is recognized as an honest difference in feelings, and not sheer pigheadedness on the part of one partner or the other. A couple I know worked out a sensible solution to their problem: the wife, who had a tendency to buy on impulse, agreed to close down all the charge accounts in her name, and to shop on a strictly cash basis. Another couple made an agreement that all checks had to be signed by both of them.

A nuisance? Most of the compromises needed to reconcile two conflicting money-personalities are nuisances. Yet they are the most constructive financial step a family can take, for you cannot begin to solve the real problems of family finance until you have worked out a single dominant money-personality for your family as a unit. Only then can you begin to tackle the problems of spending and saving.

Three Approaches to Money

There are dozens of kinds of "family money-personalities," just as there are dozens of individual money-personalities; families, like people, have their money quirks. But three types of money-personality are so widespread that almost every money-integrated marriage can be identified with one of them. I call them "the spenders," "the savers," and "the worriers."

Herb and Harriet Spender seem to be comfortably well off, with an income of \$11,000 and no children. Actually they

(continued)

Compulsive saving
can be as dangerous as
neurotic spending

Budgeting is wrong for certain types of families

are chronically, although never seriously, broke. Their house is big, new, and mortgaged to the hilt. They have a car, a washing machine, a dishwasher, a TV set, a deep freeze—on which they owe a combined total of \$3,000. On paydays over 40 per cent of their income goes to meet the mortgage and the next payment on their installment paradise. It isn't that the Spenders are neurotic about money. They just like to buy things.

And this makes them like a great many other spending-oriented couples. There are six million families who shell out 40 per cent of their net incomes for debt and rent, and another fourteen million who are committed to pay between 20 and 40 per cent for these items. A million families spend 40 per cent of their net incomes for installment purchases alone. And these are by no means low-income families only, as was shown by a *Wall Street Journal* report on three young executives whose aggregate income totaled \$45,000 and whose aggregate debts came to \$90,000.

A Well-fed Piggy Bank

Altogether different from the Spenders are another typical couple whom we'll call Charlie and Dot Saver. The Savers are in the same income group as the Spenders, but you'd never know it from their style of life. They don't owe anybody a nickel. Their house is smallish, and they don't have any of the Spenders' array of luxuries except a car (1952 vintage) and a TV set. Charlie and Dot Saver run their household on a slightly skimpy basis; people make little jokes behind their backs about the fact that you never get a full-sized drink when you go there for cocktails. Maybe you don't, but the Savers can boast, "We save a thousand dollars a year by being careful."

It's hard to tell how many couples share the Savers' attitude toward money, for we lack adequate statistics. The average American family saves about 7 per cent of its income after taxes, either in cash, insurance, or investments; but with families like the Savers that percentage can go much higher. Charlie and Dot would both prefer to put \$500 in the bank than to "blow it" on a vacation, and they save an average of 20 per cent of their income. They're not really miserly; they just like to watch the pennies.

The Keynote: Anxiety

Quite different from either the Spenders or the Savers are another typical couple—the Worriers. In style of living, they fit somewhere between the other two: they have a modest array of household gadgets and they're not against installment buying. They owe a little over \$500 on their car and a little under \$300 on furniture and appliances, and they usually have about two hundred dollars outstanding in charge accounts—all of which makes them very typical of the average American household. But the keynote in the Worrier family is anxiety. Bill, the husband, is given to toting up his income and his expenses on the backs of envelopes to "see if ends meet" (they always do, since he makes \$9,000 a year). A couple of years ago they put some \$4,000 of their savings into the stock market, and now they both turn to the financial pages the first thing every morning. When their stocks—which are the best blue-chips—go down a point, they both practically lose weight.

How many couples are like the Worriers? There are no statistics on anxiety, but if my own observations are any guide a great many families share their characteristics. And it isn't the realistic mat-

ters, such as the problem of meeting big bills, that disturb the Worriers. For this couple, money seems to be a natural focus for inner insecurities.

Are any of these families "wrong" in their approach to money? I don't think so. Each is perfectly content with its own way of life, and, what is more to the point, is incapable of adopting any other attitude toward money. *And, most important of all, no single financial policy makes sense for all three.*

The management of current living expenses, for example, involves problems which are different for each couple. Take the Spenders—they look like people who "ought" to budget. But they *can't* budget. Yes, they can set up a little black book with neat categories of expenses, but within a week they'll be "borrowing" from one account to pay another, and within two weeks the whole system will be a shambles. The Spenders *shouldn't* budget; they should learn how to handle their debts.

But because spending-minded people can't resist purchases, they usually go into debt inefficiently. Those three rising young executives mentioned in the *Wall Street Journal* had fifteen outstanding loans among them. Whether they knew it or not, they were probably paying interest rates as high as 25 per cent a year. The first adjustment they could make would be to consolidate their loans. By borrowing from a bank or finance company, they could repay the high-interest loans and have only one debt that would cost them about 12 per cent a year. (Yes, I know a bank loan appears to cost only 6 per cent, but that 6 per cent represents the interest on the face-value of the loan. When calculated on the gradually decreasing unpaid balance of the loan, the interest will be seen to be double that percentage.)

Borrowing on Your Mortgage

There is another way of handling debt that comes in handy for spender types. This is a new credit wrinkle called an open-end mortgage. Suppose you bought a house two and a half years ago with a \$10,000 F.H.A. twenty-year mortgage on which you pay \$66 a month. By now you have paid back \$2,000 of that mortgage. Through the open-end mortgage plan you can go back to the mortgaging bank and *reborrow* that \$2,000. You can then pay off the new loan over the remaining life of the old mortgage (which means you pay slightly more per month for the next fifteen years), or you can extend the life of the mortgage and pay *no more* per month than you do now. In other words, the loan costs you "nothing."

Actually, of course, an open-end loan isn't free. The interest you pay over the

(continued)



MR. AND MRS. SPENDER go on expensive shopping sprees, pay from 20 to 40 per cent of net income for rent and debt. But their attitude is not necessarily "bad" so long as they are not at odds on how the money is spent.



MR. WORRIER. despite his few bills, sits up late at night, filled with anxiety. Whether he earns \$5,000 or \$50,000 a year, he still feels insecure.

remaining life of the mortgage will come to more, in the end, than the amount you'd pay on a short-term loan. Nevertheless, it's made to order for you—if you are a spender by temperament. For savings-minded people, on the other hand, it's less satisfactory; they'll tote up the higher long-term cost and decide that they'd be better off without the loan. (Note: you can't open-end a mortgage in every state. If the idea appeals to you, talk it over with your bank.)

How Much Should You Owe?

How much debt can people like the Spenders afford? Psychologically, of course, they can afford a load of debt that would seem crushing to the Worriers or the Savers; but financially speaking, prudence does call for a limit.

"The average debt today for all the nation's families comes to 40 per cent of income," says Price A. Patton in a new book on money management, *Freedom from Money Worries*. Of course, with families like the Spenders, the percentage may run far higher. In his work as a financial counselor, Mr. Patton has helped many families who owed as much as their annual income, or more. Perhaps

the Spenders' safest course, in order to make sure that their indebtedness doesn't endanger their future security, is to do some of their spending on safety. I say "spending" because it doesn't make much sense to ask expenditure-prone people to start saving—the piggy bank soon goes out along with the tattered budget book. But if the Spenders provide themselves with an adequate insurance program, they will safeguard themselves against the effects of serious overspending. (We'll discuss what *kind* of insurance policy will suit them best a little later.)

However, what makes sense for the Spenders does not apply to our other two couples. The Savers, in fact, face the opposite problem—they must learn to live *up to* their income. That can be quite a trick for people who are constitutionally averse to spending money.

Needed: a New Outlook

One reason it is a problem to them is that they tend to think of a "higher living standard" in terms of upgrading the old way of life. Last year, for example, the clothing industry reported a widespread trend toward "trading up"

among men buyers. But raising one's living standards merely by buying higher quality in accustomed purchases would never appeal to the Savers. They have to learn that increased income can be used to open up new *areas* for spending: a second car, new appliances, maid service, even a trip to Europe. Because *new* spending still permits them to exercise thrift in their selection of goods, it suits the Savers' money attitudes.

There is another trick that can be useful to people like Charlie and Dot Saver, who boast that they can "save" a thousand dollars a year by being extra careful. Let them open a bank account and pay those "savings" into it—and then at the end of two years go off to California or Europe serene in the belief that the trip isn't "really" costing them anything. Of course it is—but if they can justify their extra spending by calling it extra saving, they'll achieve their purpose without disturbing their money values.

Honest Budgeting

The Worriers need a still different approach to the problem of current finances. They need a worry-reducing mechanism, and so I would suggest for them the old-fashioned budget—not because they actually need it, but because it will give them the sense of security that their family money-personality demands. The only caveat is this: budgets tend to be unrealistic. Hence a wise rule to follow is: if you're going to budget, do it honestly. Take out last year's checkbook and make an unflinching survey of how much you really spent for what. You'll be surprised at the temptation to cheat, saying, "Oh well, that was an exceptional year because we had to help pay for Aunt Minnie's operation." When you prepare a budget you had better put down Aunt Minnie for an operation every year.

All these approaches to the common problem of coping with current living expenses have a simple moral: **be yourself.** A great many of the headaches that accompany money and marriage arise from a refusal to lead a financial life that honestly reflects one's personality.

For example, *where* you live can pose financial problems. A savings-minded family, living in a suburb where everybody is spending-minded, will feel uneasy and unhappy. A spending-minded couple, living in a college town where the majority of families are faculty members trying to keep expenses down, will feel out of place and conspicuous. If you are willing to be different—and are relaxed about it—it doesn't matter much whether you fit in with your environment or not. Often, however, *choosing* an environment where people feel much as you

do about money can simplify your adjustment problem.

Similarly, it is very easy to be talked into a living standard that isn't really your own. One young couple, whose family money-personality was savings-oriented, ruefully contemplated a \$500 high fidelity set which they were "bullied into" by an aggressive, spending-minded neighbor—who subsequently moved away. "I guess we thought it was the smart thing to do at the time," said the husband, "but now it seems like the damndest fool decision we ever made. Why, neither of us likes music that much."

Don't let yourself be pressured into buying things you'd rather do without, or shamed into denying yourself things you really want. The best safeguard is to know what your family money-personality is, and to set your pace accordingly.

Although spenders, savers, and worriers quite properly aim toward different destinations in their current financial lives, there is one common point of departure for any couple wishing to minimize future money problems. This is to make a will. The advice is so simple and has been given so often that it may seem unnecessary. Yet over one-half of all the deaths each year are not covered by wills—and the results can be messy, expensive, and sometimes tragic. Unless you have a will, you have nothing whatsoever to say about who gets your estate—your savings, your house, your insurance, your investments—when you die. You can't assume that it "naturally" goes to your wife. The laws of your state determine its disposition, and not infrequently it passes into the hands of parents, brothers, sisters, or the legal guardian of a minor child. For a \$50 legal fee you can draw up a will and avoid that otherwise inevitable tangle.

Safeguarding Your Future

Dealing with the problems of current living expenses is only a part—and sometimes not even the most important part—of making a family money-personality work for you. You must also deal with the future, and that means, for most people, insurance.

Most people regard insurance with mingled fear and awe. The whole subject is just "too complicated" and "too unpleasant." "There's only one thing I know about insurance," a friend of mine said; "you never have enough."

In a sense, of course, he was right. Consider the case of a man earning \$10,000 a year, who would like to leave his widow and children an annual income of \$7,500. Figuring a 4 per cent return on investments, it would take an insurance policy of nearly \$200,000 to provide such an income. How much would \$200,000 worth of insurance cost? It depends on

the age at which our man takes out insurance, and on the kind he buys. But let's say he takes out straight life at age thirty-five. Roughly speaking, it will cost him \$5,000 a year in premiums to set up an estate of the size he desires. It is clear that on an income of \$10,000 a year (before taxes) he can't afford that sum. Hence, one would assume, my friend is right—you never have enough.

How Much Is "Enough"?

But is he right? Curiously, he is not. If you are wealthy enough to be able to afford \$5,000 a year in premiums, you will be better advised not to spend all that amount on insurance but to put some of it into investments. And if you are *not* wealthy enough to be able to afford so large a premium, you are probably misleading yourself as to what you really want from your insurance.

The fact of the matter is that only a few very well-off individuals can provide lifetime security for their families. For most of us, the realistic goal of insurance is to provide a sum to tide our families over the years of adjustment until our children are self-supporting, or our wives remarried, resettled with parents, or re-employed. Thus, if your insurance can provide an adequate income for three or four years, you have "enough." In fact you have so much that you can begin

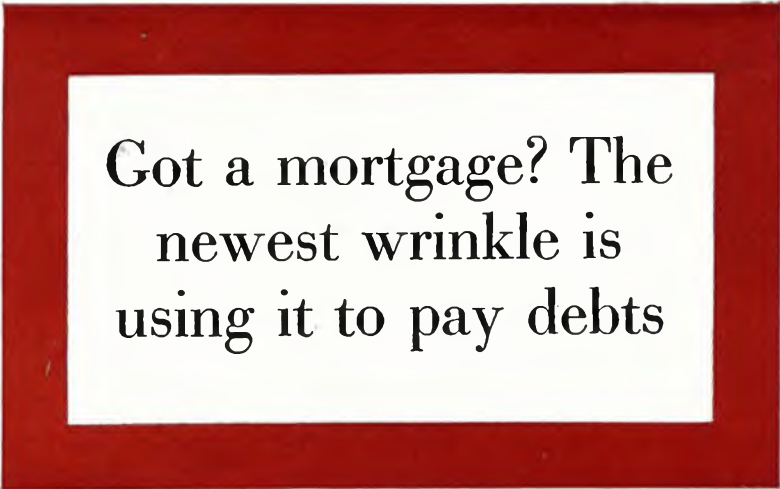
while I feel you can be oversold on insurance, most families do not have enough—by any standards. An average \$5,200-a-year household carries only \$7,500 in insurance—barely enough to carry such a family for a year and a half or so.

It's not enough, however, to come to a decision about how much insurance you want. The type of insurance you choose is just as important as the amount. Hence let me take a few paragraphs to explain what insurance is about.

To begin with, it must be understood that pure insurance is a cold statistical calculation on the odds of your dying. If you are thirty-five years old, for instance, the chances of your dying this year are 459 in 100,000. If you're thirty-six, they're 486 in 100,000. This is the mortality rate—the basis of all insurance.

The Insurance Gamble

Suppose you are thirty-five and you want to insure your life for one year for \$1,000. The mortality table tells you how. You round up 99,999 other thirty-five-year-olds and each of you antes up \$4.59. That gives you a pool of \$459,000—or just enough to pay out \$1,000 to the families of each of the 459 of you who will prove the mortality table to be right. Next year, when you're thirty-six, you can do the same thing. However, since



Got a mortgage? The
newest wrinkle is
using it to pay debts

thinking about putting money into stocks.

Another important fact to bear in mind is that usually the need for insurance does not increase as we get older. On the contrary, the most vulnerable period is the middle years when children are still dependent. Therefore "enough" insurance for those years may be "too much" later on.

Let me make it clear, however, that

the mortality odds have gone up, so has the rate: the mortality cost on \$1,000 of insurance for one year will now be \$4.86.

That is pure insurance. You can buy it: it's called term insurance. As the name indicates, it insures you for a term of years—one, five, ten—and that's all. There are no extra "values" in the policy. When its term has expired, it's as worthless as an expired fire insurance policy.

MONEY AND MARRIAGE (continued)

If you die within the term of the policy, your family gets the full amount; if you die one minute after the term is over, they get nothing.

Term Insurance Plus

All other kinds of insurance—straight life, limited payment life, endowment—are nothing but term insurance with “savings” thrown in. Term insurance, in other words, is what the word “insurance” really means, and when you buy straight life or any other kind, you are buying term plus something else. What is the something else? It is an extra payment, over and above the costs dictated by the mortality tables, by which you build up a fund of “savings” as the years go by. You’ll notice that I put “savings” in quotes, for it is a very odd kind of saving. If you die with a savings-packed endowment policy for \$10,000 you get no more insurance than if you die with a cheap \$10,000 term policy. On the other hand, if you want to use the cash value of your endowment policy now, you have to surrender the insurance. You can’t have your cake and eat it too: if you buy insurance-with-“savings,” you can utilize either the insurance or the

savings aspect of the policy—not both.

Is there a great difference in cost among these various kinds of policies? Very great. Because it has no extra trimmings, term is by far the cheapest; roughly speaking it costs three times as much to take out \$1,000 of straight life as \$1,000 of term. And as the “savings” part of insurance grows, the cost rises: a twenty-year endowment policy, for instance, will cost you twice as much as straight life.

A Cushion of Cash

Then why does anybody buy the more expensive kind? For several reasons. First, term insurance is hard to obtain when you are older and almost impossible after age sixty-five. If you want to be insured in old age, you must buy a non-term policy. Secondly, the cash-values on non-term policies can be very useful in an emergency—as anybody who has ever borrowed on his policy well knows.

Which kind of insurance is “best”? That brings us back to our theme of money-personalities. There isn’t any one kind that is best for everyone. Your individual attitude toward money, as well as

your economic situation, will determine the insurance program best suited to your needs.

Suppose you belong to a strongly savings-minded family. Undoubtedly you’d be uncomfortable with a term policy which has no built-in savings, and most at ease with a handsomely savings-cushioned endowment policy. Yet if you are a regular saver anyway, you might see the wisdom of doing your real saving in a separate investment program, rather than inside your insurance policy. If you managed to put aside \$1,000 a year for insurance, you could buy yourself a twenty-year endowment policy worth approximately \$20,000; for only \$450 you could buy yourself the same amount of insurance on a straight life policy, and still have \$550 left over for a separate investment program.

A worry-prone family, on the other hand, might be happier with an endowment policy—or if that is too expensive, with a limited payment (twenty or thirty year) life policy. The advantageous feature of this type of insurance is that it eliminates the anxiety engendered by the prospect of paying premiums for the rest of one’s life. Even though he buys less insurance for his money, the fact that he is all paid up in twenty or thirty years makes a limited payment policy attractive to the worrier.

Safety for the Short Run

For the Spenders a still different course is indicated. They, you might assume, are people who need the savings features of higher-priced insurance. But such reasoning ignores the way the Spenders live. If our hypothetical Herb and Harriet Spender are lucky, they will scrape up \$250 a year for insurance, and if they plunk that into, say, a twenty-year endowment policy, they will end up with only \$5,000 of security—clearly too little for them. So I would suggest term insurance for them, since for that same \$250 they can buy \$27,000 of term. True, this is a riskier course. Each new term policy will cost them more than the previous one. Eventually Herb will be over the insurable age. There are no cash values to fall back on. But for their long-term security the Spenders have to bank on Herb’s career and his earning potential, and what they need most is short-term security until Herb’s salary begins to rise.

No matter what kind of insurance you buy, however, there are a few pointers you should bear in mind.

First, it is advisable to take on some term insurance for the years when your family’s need for security is greatest. If you have two young children, for example, a ten-year term policy is the



MR. SAVER AND WIFE like to let the children in on family expenses, don’t owe a nickel, and save as much as 20 per cent of their income a year.

cheapest way of bolstering your assets over your "neediest" years. Later on you can continue with your basic insurance and let the term drop.

Second, if you already have G.I. insurance, hang on to it; it's the cheapest insurance there is. Next best, if you live in New York, Connecticut, or Massachusetts (the only states where it is available) is Savings Bank Life Insurance.

Third, pay your insurance premiums annually rather than half-yearly or quarterly: you save money that way. If you can't afford the annual premium on a \$10,000 policy, buy four \$2,500 policies instead and have them billed to you every three months. You'll come out ahead.

Fourth, don't let your policy lapse because you miss a premium. An automatic premium-loan feature (for all kinds of policies except term) will protect you against an oversight or a temporary financial reverse. If your policy doesn't have this, you can probably arrange to get it. No extra charge.

Read the Fine Print

Fifth, be sure your beneficiary clauses are up to date. And don't overlook the usefulness of a "spendthrift" clause or a "common disaster" clause: the first protects your insurance estate against legal suits, and the second prevents your insurance from going to unwanted beneficiaries in case you and your spouse should both perish together.

And finally, seek the help of a thoroughly trained insurance agent. There are dozens of kinds of insurance available today, and you need expert guidance in making your choice. One way to feel secure about your choice of an agent is to pick a C.L.U.—a Chartered Life Underwriter, who is a trained insurance man. This is not to say that only a C.L.U. can give you sound advice, but you're pretty sure of your man if he is one.

From what I've said about insurance, you can probably guess the way I feel about investments. It seems to me that temperament counts as much as size of pocketbook—with this proviso: whereas nearly everyone needs some kind of insurance, I don't think everyone needs some kind of investment. In fact, although there is no general consensus on this point, many experts feel that you have no business in the stock market unless you have liquid assets, such as cash and government bonds, equal to at least four months' income, and enough insurance to tide your family over the readjustment period that would follow your death.

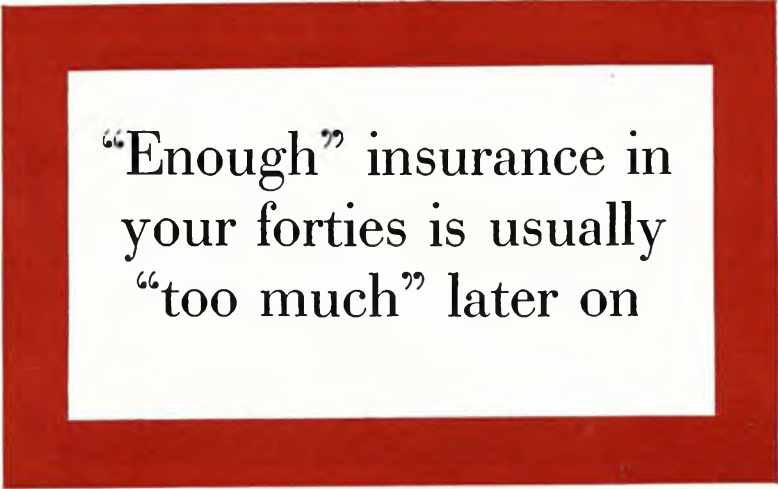
If you do meet these standards, then invest by all means, for a wise program of stock and bond purchases is your best chance to augment your income and to

stay afloat on the still-rising tide of inflation.

What is a wise program of investment? Ideally, it consists of buying the stock of an expanding company and hanging on while that company grows. Just as a mouth-watering example, if you'd bought

sonality is congenial to yours. Brokers, like everybody else, have their money-personalities; you will want to work with one who sees eye to eye with you on the critical psychological factor of investment—risk.

If you are a risk-taking person—some-



“Enough” insurance in
your forties is usually
“too much” later on

\$100 worth of stock in a little-known company called General Motors in 1909, your investment would be worth well over \$30,000 today.

Bet on a Winner

But it's one thing to make money by hindsight, and another to operate in that morass of uncertainty, rumor, and just plain guesswork called The Present. There are lots of unknown companies today in which you could invest \$100, but the chances are that fifty years from now you would count yourself lucky if you could still get your \$100 back. Hence, unless you are a very canny person indeed, your best bet is to stick with the blue-chips—the stocks of the biggest and best companies with proven prospects and which can boast of long, unbroken records of dividend payments to their stockholders.

How do you pick your blue-chips? All of us need advice in this undertaking, for only someone who spends his entire working day mulling over balance sheets and comparing the performances of several hundred blue-chip possibilities can hope to select a portfolio that will give him what he wishes for. For most would-be investors, that means choosing a broker, and furthermore, choosing him carefully. I can't give you advice on how to choose a broker, any more than I could tell you how to choose a doctor or a lawyer, except to point out that in each case you want someone whose per-

one who can drop \$10 in an afternoon at the race track and not fret about it all the next day—then you will be content with more risk-laden investments. With this type of investment you can make a modest killing—or end up with a loss. But if you are a worrier, then the chance for gain will be more than outweighed by the mental anguish which relatively risky investments entail. Go to a conservative broker, and you'll have bigger happiness dividends, even though your actual cash return may amount to slightly less.

Mutual Funds—Pro and Con

Should you buy individual common stocks—say A.T.&T. or General Motors—or invest through one of the mutual funds, where your money goes into a big pool which is spread among many different kinds of stocks? By and large, the answer depends on the amount of time and attention you want to give your portfolio. If you are willing to stay abreast of the fortunes of the companies in which you invest, then buying shares in, say, three or four carefully selected businesses is a wise course. You save the “loading charge” which almost all mutual funds make you pay when you buy their stock, and you stand a much better chance of gain by putting all your eggs into the three or four baskets that you and your broker agree are the most attractive.

If you are not the type of person who

(continued)

MONEY AND MARRIAGE (continued)

pays attention to money, however, if you're not one to read the financial news, or if you are prone to get panicky every time a stock drops a point or two, then a mutual fund may suit you better. The extra expense of the loading charge will be compensated for by the advantage of professional management for your money. If you do choose a mutual fund, however, be sure that its investment philosophy mirrors your own attitudes. There are mutuals which lean over backwards to be conservative, and others which are expressly designed to hunt for the most speculative and risky situations. Your broker can help you decide which fund is most closely tailored to your own money-personality.

Here are a few suggestions for the would-be investor.

First, and most important, never rush into the purchase of any security. It will be there tomorrow. Securities are long-term assets and should be shopped for

but it will be 8 per cent on your original investment.

Third, remember that despite the fact that you are buying stocks for the "long pull," you can never just buy a stock and put it away and forget about it. Don't forget that the "best" stocks of fifty years ago were the street-railway companies, now generally worth nothing. Stocks are only the paper counterparts of dynamic companies competing in a dynamic economy. At least twice a year you should sit down and review your portfolio with your broker.

Blue-chips or Hot Tips?

Fourth, beware the tip. There's something terribly appealing about the Blue Sky Uranium Corporation whose praises your barber murmurs into your ear. There is also something terribly wrong with most tips. As a matter of fact, over the last ten years much more money has been made in the blue-chips than in the

but no matter how ambitious or how limited your objectives, you should have a good idea of what you want your portfolio to look like five, ten, and twenty years hence.

With investments and insurance, much as with the problem of current living standards, what really counts is living your life rather than someone else's. It doesn't make much difference whether you are a worrier, a spender, or a saver, for there are perfectly sensible and prudent courses which all three types can follow to assure financial adjustment. The important thing is to resist being pressured into a course of financial action which violates your personality.

For example, a savings-oriented person who gets talked into taking a "flyer" on the market is going to feel miserable—even if the flyer finally pays off. He will be constantly trying to get up the courage to sell—without telling his well-meaning adviser, who has bought himself some shares and hasn't fretted about them at all. In the same way, a couple with spending tendencies who allow themselves to be pressured into a big insurance program that weighs heavily on their living standards aren't going to be content either—even though their "well-meaning friend" may congratulate himself on having rescued the Spenders from their foolish ways. Most likely they'll dump the insurance policy long before it builds up any cash value, and be in a worse position than if they'd followed their own inclinations to buy cheap term insurance.

This is not to say, of course, that there are no rules of prudence, or that any kind of financial behavior is all right. Not only do neurotic money-personalities make for stressful marriages, but family money-neuroses may lead to extremes of behavior that can have disastrous results.

In Brief: Be Yourself

But if you have a normal attitude toward money, you have the right to your own kind of money-orientation—whether you lean toward spending, saving, or worrying. There is no single "right" way to solve the real money problems of marriage. Rather, there is a wide list of alternatives, some of which will provide you with the peace of mind you seek. Indeed, the best and the most realistic advice that anyone can give a married couple in regard to the second most important problem of their marriage is this: first, work out a common money-personality for your family; second, choose a way of life and approach to finance that reflects your money-personality; and third, don't let anybody tell you you'd be "better off" doing it his way. You're quite happy, thank you, doing it your own way.

THE END

Your mental attitude
is more important
than your bank account
when you invest

with all the care with which you would buy a house. As the New York Stock Exchange never wearies of urging: Investigate first—then invest.

Shares in the Future

Second, never think of stocks as primarily income-supplementers. They are capital-builders. The return on most common stocks today is only about 4.6 per cent—not much more than you get from a savings bank deposit. But whereas your savings bank deposit is static, a stock is dynamic. Stocks are bought for their *future* worth, and their *future* dividend payments. If you buy a stock for \$25 today and it pays \$1 a year, you hope that ten years from now it will be worth \$50 and pay \$2. The return will still be 4 per cent on its then current price—

cats-and-dogs which keep the rumor market busy.

And finally, try to work out an investment program. If your broker is affiliated (as he should be) with a member firm of a registered stock exchange or with the National Association of Securities Dealers, he will probably urge you to do so. Needless to say, the regularity of your investments will depend a great deal on whether you are a spender or a saver. But in either case, you should have a long-term objective—a rounded list of investments—toward which you want to work. You can do this by joining a mutual fund which has a regular savings program or through the New York Stock Exchange Monthly Investment Plan. The choice of means and the pace of your program must fit your money-personality,



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POISED FOR A DIVE into their electrically heated pool, the Gowlands (Peter; wife Alice, his gal-Friday; Anne, 14; and Mary Lee, 7½) make it a family rule never to let pleasure get very far away from business.



STARLET Dolores Moran poses for a Gowland bathing beauty shot—a must to further her career.



OUTDOOR COOKING is a California family custom. Here Pete takes a charcoaled steak from the patio barbecue pit.

FREE-LANCE FAMILY

The Peter Gowlands gambled all they had when they gave up a steady salary to enter the competitive field of free-lance photography. Now income and opportunity have no ceiling, and they have found that earning a living can be fun for the entire family

PHOTO ESSAY BY LOU JACOBS, JR.

Behind the words "Photo by Peter Gowland" is no dashing young Don Juan, rushing from one gay party to the next, pausing only to snap a curvaceous blonde for an occasional calendar. The name which has come to signify tasteful and artistic glamour photography belongs to a hard-working, mild-mannered young Californian who has turned a hobby into a full-time family business. His wife, Alice, is his chief assistant; their two daughters, Anne and Mary Lee, are practiced models—as well as cooks and housekeepers—at 14 and 7½ respectively.

In their nine-room Santa Monica "dream house," which combines home and free-lance photo studio, the Gowlands enjoy a life remarkable for its combination of luxury and efficiency. Pete, for example, shoots his underwater beauty pictures in the backyard pool where his youngsters take a Saturday dip; the patio setting for another Gowland photo doubles frequently as the family's outdoor dining room. Free from time clocks, they can take off in their trailer at a moment's notice for several days of fishing and skin-diving in northern California.

But the Gowland life is not all glamour—nor has it always been so free.

Just ten years ago, fresh from the Air Force where he had charge of a photo lab in Germany, Pete was back at his pre-war job as a movie stunt man and extra, taking pictures of starlets after-hours and developing them in the

bathtub at his mother-in-law's where he, Alice, and Anne (then four) shared one room.

Two years later they had a home—a modest house-studio built with their \$3,000 savings and a G.I. loan—and a sizable "side" business in photography. The time had come, they decided, to gamble a steady salary against the uncertainties of a free-lance life. Pete left the movie studio, and for five years they grabbed all the photographic jobs that came along, some of which involved the work they like best and now do exclusively—magazine "how-to-do-it" stories, illustrations for advertisements and calendars, and books on photography.

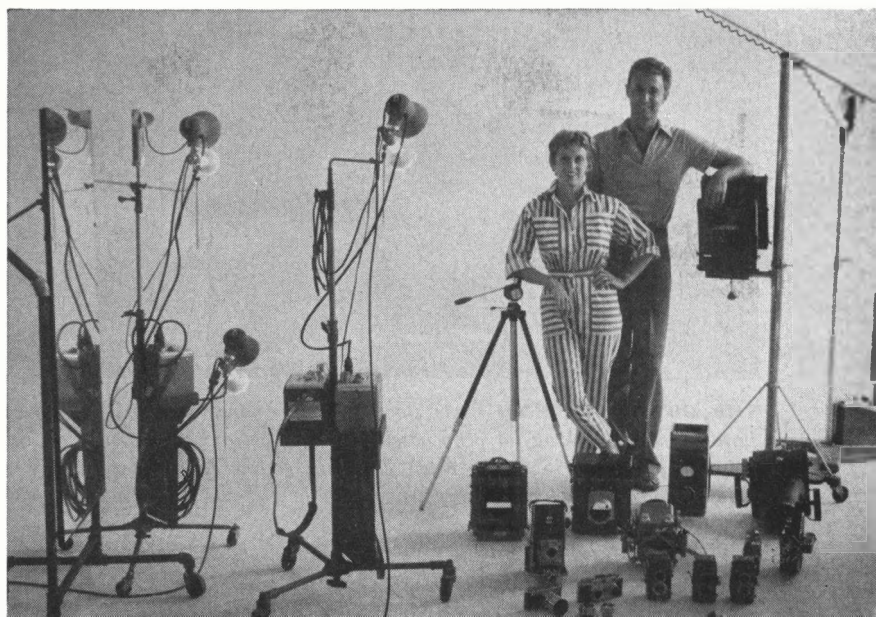
Pete and Alice are currently at work on their fifth book for amateur photog-

raphers. One Gowland book, *Figure Photography*, sold half a million copies, and the others aren't far behind. Pete believes a photographer can double his income if he can write—"not necessarily well, just well enough to get the facts across."

The Gowlands remember the days of a weekly pay check and an eight-hour day—but with no regret. They won the gamble, and with it an independence far more valuable to them than salary security. There is no guarantee on the free-lance income—but neither is there a limit. And when opportunity is measured solely by the effort and ability to produce a salable product, Pete has found, self-discipline is no problem. "The real difficulty," he says, "is to keep from working too hard!"

(continued)

GOWLANDS POSE amid "tools" they use daily in home photo studio. In the array are electronic flash units, cameras ranging in size from 35 mm to 8x10.





A ROMP IN THE SURF—just a few minutes' drive from the Gowlands' home—is a favorite Sunday afternoon excursion. Once a favorite setting for Pete's noted figure photography, the beach has given way to the family pool at home since California legislators last year banned nude modeling on public beaches no matter how secluded.



THE GOWLAND TEAM scans stock in second-hand furniture store, looking for prop possibilities. A coat of paint and a little ingenuity often can turn unlikely relics into original—and inexpensive—glamour sets.



THE GOWLAND FLEX, a 4x5-inch twin lens reflex camera Pete designed (above) was built in home shop. The camera simplifies picture-taking by cutting out eleven operations, will be on the market this year.

FREE-LANCE FAMILY (continued)



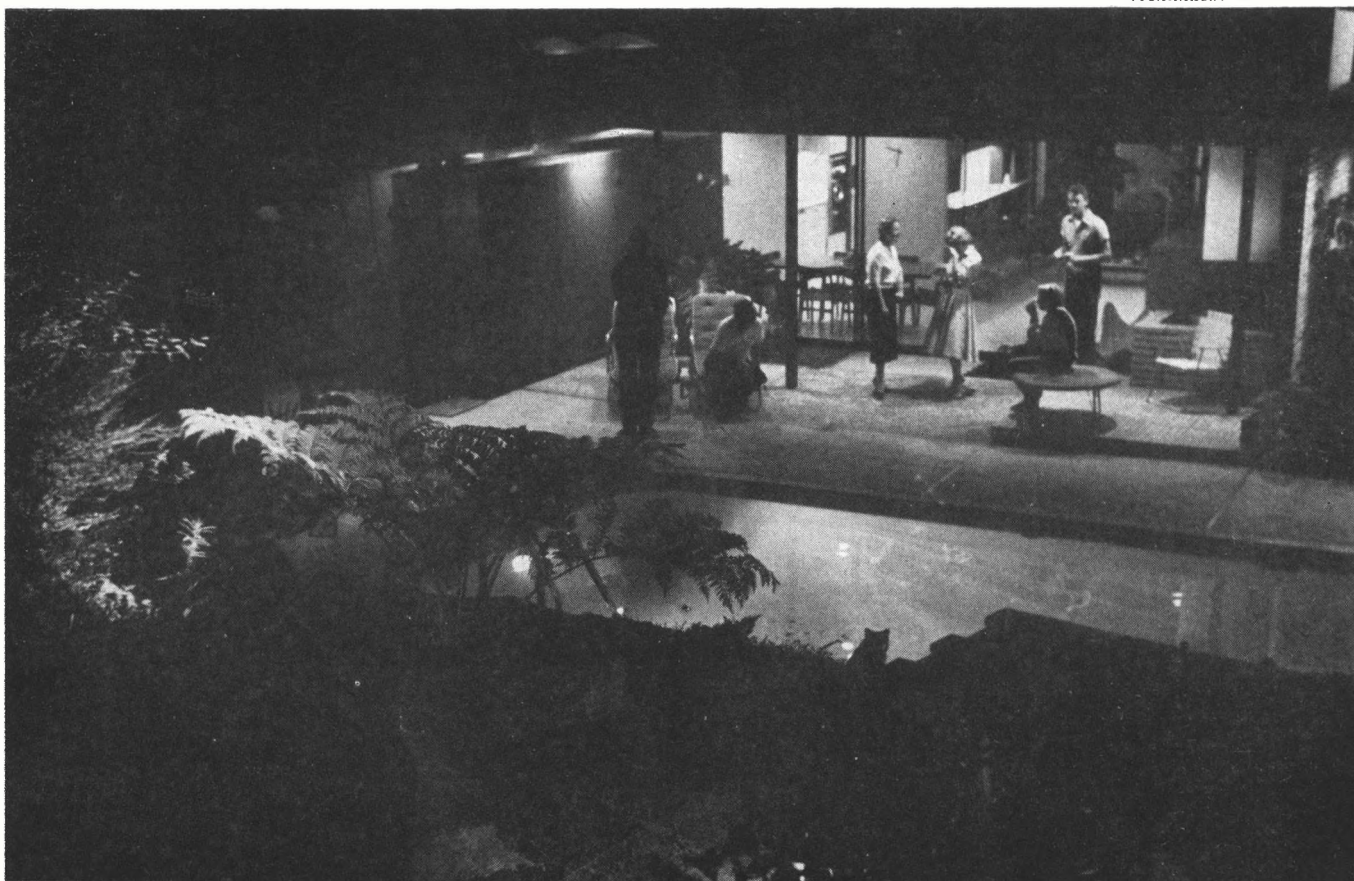
YOUNG SHUTTERBUG "Bubba" (Mary Lee) gets a lesson on range-finder. When not modeling for Daddy she photographs him—and does well at both, Pete says.



BARE SHOULDERS are the mark of most Gowland photos, "Bubba" observed and—before she tripped the shutter—insisted that Pete remove his shirt for this shot.

AN INFORMAL PARTY finds guests enjoying patio beside lighted swimming pool. Aware that free-lancing can be a lonely and isolating life, the Gowlands invite friends to drop in often, but rarely entertain lavishly. At the bar between living room and kitchen, Alice frequently prepares dinner while chatting with her guests.

(continued)





PUBLIC APPEARANCES—like this one before the Junior Ad Club of Los Angeles—are not uncommon for Pete and Alice, who have found promotion an important part of their work. Unlike his salaried counterpart, the free-lance photographer must sell as well as produce, often by personal contact as well as by telephone and typewriter. Pete accompanies his color slides with a droll commentary, often brings models along to “add spice.”



COLOR TRANSPARENCIES are examined on table lighted from below to facilitate viewing. Laine Scott (above), Pete’s only assistant, handles all lab work, develops tricky color film as well as black and white.



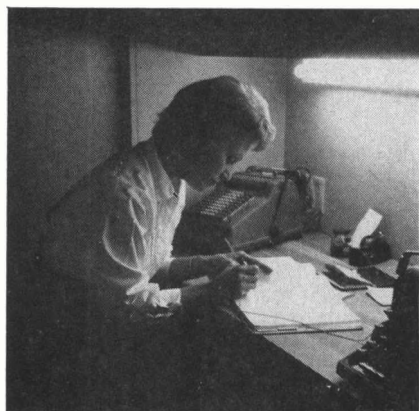
FREEDOM from a rigid Monday-to-Friday schedule permits Gowlands to take three- or four-day jaunts at will in the small trailer they park in specially built garage. Trips often yield salable photo ideas.

FREE-LANCE FAMILY (continued)

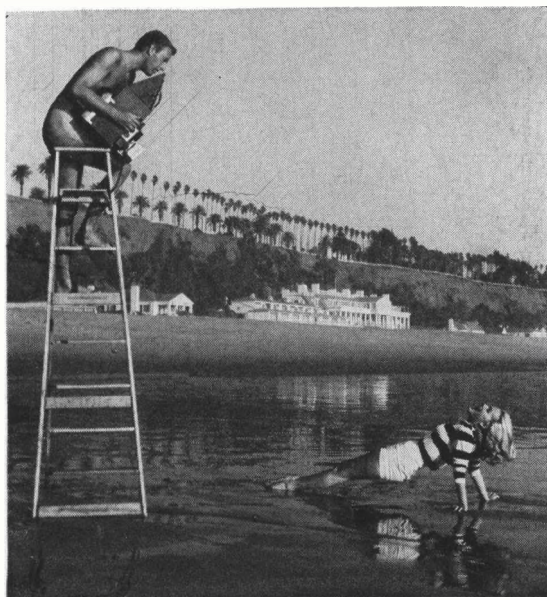
LATE HOURS over ledger and typewriter are necessary to keep business records and correspondence up to date. This—as well as costuming models, holding flash, editing copy for the five Gowland books, and running household—falls in Alice's province.

GLAMOUR GIRL AT FOURTEEN. Anne gets appreciative smile from beauty connoisseur father as she exhibits dress she'll wear when he escorts her to school father-daughter banquet. His favorite model, Anne appears in several Gowland magazine and calendar photos.

(continued)



FREE-LANCE FAMILY (continued)



A UNIQUE ANGLE can serve to eliminate unsightly background by supplying one of sea (as above) or sky. Pete finds his training as movie stunt man comes in handy in balancing camera on precarious perch he uses to shoot COSMOPOLITAN cover girl Fran Bennett.



TECHNICAL KNOW-HOW is as essential as artistic talent to good photography. Here Pete measures roughly six feet from the electronic flash unit to Fran's face. Most portraits (like the one opposite) he takes in studio designed to permit precise regulation of light.



SUN AND SHADOW present special problems in outdoor photography. Alice holds "silver reflector"—sheet of polished metal—to redirect sparse sun rays toward model. Reflector is also used in same way to reduce glare of pictures taken in direct sunlight.

When Fran Bennett showed up at Peter Gowland's studio half an hour late to be photographed for this month's COSMOPOLITAN cover, he was frankly filled with misgivings. A late model, Pete has found, often means a reluctant model—one who tires quickly or rushes off to another appointment.

Not so with Fran, however.

"She was most cooperative—and would have worked all night, had I asked her to," the photographer remarked. Her fresh smile and natural enthusiasm did not wane even after several hours of smiling into glaring photo-floods and posing in the California surf.

Fran's exuberance opened the door to her movie career when, waiting for a friend in the office of Agent Henry Willson in 1953, she overheard Willson making plans to attend a Johnny Ray opening. A devoted Ray fan, she begged to go along. The agent—somewhat taken aback—agreed, then suggested the young coed channel her "bubble and bounce" into movies. A year later she returned to take his advice. After fifty-nine television roles and bit parts in three movies, she got her big break when she won the role of debutante heiress Judy Benedict in "Giant."

The part was tailor-made for Fran, who had made her own social debut in Fort Worth and San Antonio the year before. In another respect, too, she is like her screen counterpart: she is not content to lead a life of idle luxury. "I want to keep working—and learning," Fran says. And that's just what she's doing: appearing on television, studying voice and dance, and waiting for her next screen break. **THE END**



SALARIES

A pay check only tells half the take-home story, and a title that buys caviar in one company may mean starvation in the firm next door. But one thing is certain: 1957 salaries will be the highest in history. Here is the lowdown on where to look

BY EUGENE D. FLEMING

Skyrocketing salaries are the byword in America today. According to a survey conducted by the Kiplinger Service, there are now twice as many people making between \$5,000 and \$10,000 a year as there were in 1950. Forty-one per cent of America's 50,000,000 families now have incomes above \$5,000; no fewer than 1,500,000 entered this comfortable circle in 1956 alone. Other surveys reveal that the average national salary is shooting upward in all departments. The American Management Association, analyzing compensation, including bonuses, paid to more than 28,000 top executives in 3,300 American and Canadian companies, reported an over-all rise of 5 per cent in 1955-56. Salaries of executives in the middle echelons rose 5 per cent. Engineers, scientists and other administrative and technical personnel made the biggest salary gains—8 per cent.

Red Carpet for Graduates

With personal income at record highs, people are buying more of everything, and industry is straining to keep up with the demand. In 1956 the steel industry reported 60 per cent more management openings than in 1955. Other surveys indicate there are now four times as many business management positions as before World War II. Northwestern University, in its annual employment survey of 200 leading companies in the United States, reports that the average college graduate in 1957 can expect to begin work at a whopping \$400 a month, the highest starting salary in our nation's history, and twice that offered young diploma holders ten years ago. Engineers will draw bigger initial wages (average, \$433 a month), and the competition for their services will be fiercer. But the companies surveyed are also planning to hire 30 per

cent more business and liberal arts graduates for their training programs than last year, at salaries ranging from \$385 to \$389 a month. In 1957 the 200 companies estimated they would need an additional 10,000 beginning engineers, 1,100 chemists, 3,800 men for general sales work and 1,700 graduates for general training. Last year few firms hired enough engineering personnel to meet their requirements, and only about two thirds filled their requirements in other departments.

The Four Springboards

While engineers do well in their early working years, most of them tend to reach a plateau in about ten years, according to the Northwestern study. They are usually overtaken or outstripped in the long run by sales, accounting, and general business executives. Yet, this generalization notwithstanding, engineering is one of the four "springboard" professions from which most top executives are picked. The other three are selling, accounting, and law.

Salaries are by no means always in keeping with job titles, especially in the middle management group, which includes most of America's "bright young men." A recent American Management Association survey found that executives with limited responsibilities in larger companies might earn as much as or more than big frogs in small ponds.

Another thing to be wary of is pay check pride. Salary and income are by no means identical. Dean H. Rosensteel, Director of the American Management Association Executive Compensation Service, tells of a purchasing executive who passed up an \$18,000 job for another at \$16,000. "To those familiar with over-all trends in executive compensation, this is not as

strange as it might appear," Rosensteel says. "Salary, while still the most important factor in executive income, is not the only one. Many other forms of compensation, such as bonuses, incentives, stock option plans, retirement funds and other fringe benefits have come into use." About 49 per cent of the 3,300 firms surveyed by the Association had some kind of bonus plan, and 40 per cent of these plans included middle executives and even foremen. Other companies offer "extra" extras, from insurance programs to executive country clubs.

In any job it is important to know the top and bottom salaries a company pays in each position. This gives you a good indication of how far you can rise in the salary scale in your present job. It is wise to check the path of promotion, too. Your present position may be a springboard, but it may also be a dead end.

In the executive stratosphere, among the five or six top officers of a good-sized company, salary distinctions become almost academic, and the average work load (57-80 hours a week) makes them more so. Bonuses twice and three times the going salary, awarded in the form of stock and profit sharing for tax purposes, are not uncommon. Total annual income for some corporation leaders is more than \$400,000.

Always Room at the Top

Intangible factors, often difficult for young people to perceive, sharply influence salary prospects in many fields. Law, for instance, is overcrowded, and has been for some years. But there is plenty of room for those with topflight talent. The prospects for teachers, on the other hand, are wide open and will remain that way until 1970. The post-war "baby boom," which is continuing at a 4,000,000-a-year

rate, will keep the schools jammed for years. One survey indicated that there will soon be a demand for 20,000 new high school teachers a year to handle new classes alone, and vacancies created by turnover will double that figure. The same pressure for expansion will soon be operating in the colleges as well. Teaching salaries are low, at present, but the population crisis will inevitably force them upward in the next ten years. Even now, many large cities are paying surprisingly good salaries.

In any of the sciences, possession of a Ph.D. confers a salary advantage. Physicists with doctorates command about \$7,850, on the average, compared to \$6,600 for those without doctor's degrees.

Women Are Shortchanged

Women, however, encounter the sex barrier regardless of the amount of education and experience they have. One survey of social scientists' earnings showed that female Ph.D.'s were paid on the average about \$1,000 less than men, even if they were older and more experienced than their male counterparts.

From a financial standpoint, it is usually more rewarding for persons in both the physical and social sciences to work for industry rather than for government, and for government rather than for educational institutions. One survey showed that, in every age group over thirty, industrial chemists with only bachelor's degrees had higher average incomes than Ph.D.'s in colleges and universities. However, all things being equal, Ph.D.'s usually earn considerably more than bachelors and masters with the same amount of experience. Also, chemists in administration, technical sales and industrial research tend to earn more than those in analysis and testing.

A final word of caution: Jokes to the contrary, a good pay check will only supplement happiness—it will not buy it. Moreover, generalization about income is useful only in the broad view. No statistic can predict what your individual take-home pay will be in a given position, or how much personal satisfaction you will gain from the job.

For instance, as a physician you might earn more than \$100,000 a year, but never see more than \$10,000 of it. Furthermore you might be miserable—either because you hated the work and felt you were driving yourself too hard (more than half of all doctors work over 60 hours a week), or because you mistakenly believed you were profiting from others' misfortunes. Similarly, an economist with a Ph.D. who takes a job with a big corporation for \$20,000 a year may spend the rest of his days regretting the loss of the intellectual freedom he might have enjoyed as a \$6,000-a-year professor.

But the gold is there if you want it. The figures on this page will help you find it.

THE END

FOR SOME GIFTED individuals the salaries are limitless. "Top" figures, wherever possible, are an average of the highest 5 per cent.

OCCUPATION	LOW	AVERAGE	TOP
Accountants	\$4,200	\$9,336	\$30,000
Advertising	5,200	11,000	30,000
Airline Pilots	4,800	13,000	20,000
Architects	4,500	10,000	30,000
Banking Executives	4,500	20,500	87,500
Chiropractors	4,500	9,000	12,000
Commercial Artists	3,000	12,500	20,000
Corporate Officers	40,000	80,000	110,000
<i>(Presidents, V.P.'s)</i>			
Corporation Executives			
<i>Manufacturing</i>	6,700	11,300	22,400
<i>Marketing</i>	8,300	14,000	23,000
<i>Financial</i>	7,300	11,300	20,600
<i>Industrial</i>			
<i>Relations</i>	6,700	9,900	18,000
<i>Research and</i>			
<i>Engineering</i>	7,700	11,300	19,200
<i>Purchasing</i>	5,600	9,000	13,500
Dentists	3,500	12,300	30,000
Economists	3,600	7,200	25,000
Engineers	4,400	8,880	15,900
Free Lance Writers	5,000	10,000	30,000
Insurance Agents	4,700	7,500	20,000
Interior Decorators	3,100	12,000	20,000
Lawyers	5,000	10,200	25,000
Librarians	3,600	6,500	15,000
Motion Pictures			
<i>Technicians</i>	6,000	10,400	26,000
<i>Performers</i>	2,000	25,000	500,000
<i>Directors</i>	20,000	75,000	200,000
Newspapers and			
Magazines	2,700	4,500	25,000
Nurses	3,200	3,700	6,000
Optometrists	5,000	8,000	13,000
Pharmacists	4,100	6,500	13,000
Photographers	2,000	15,000	25,000
Physicians	1,440	14,718	50,000
Psychologists	4,000	8,000	14,000
Public Relations	5,000	13,500	30,000
Salesmen	2,700	9,912	Open
Scientists			
<i>Chemists</i>	4,800	7,250	17,200
<i>Physicists</i>	5,400	7,850	20,000
Surgeons	1,440	18,975	100,000
Teachers			
<i>College</i>	4,500	7,500	11,000
<i>High School and</i>			
<i>Elementary</i>	4,200	5,000	7,800
Television			
<i>Technicians</i>	5,000	10,000	15,000
<i>Directors and</i>			
<i>Producers</i>	9,360	30,000	200,000
<i>Performers</i>	2,000	10,000	100,000
Veterinarians	5,200	7,400	15,000



EXPENSE ACCOUNTS

Almost everyone thinks a “swindle sheet” is the glorious solution to financial worry—but there are pitfalls, many of which seriously affect home and happiness

BY RICHARD GEHMAN

As the check for their drinks arrived, the two young men reached for it simultaneously.

“Let me take it,” said one, an airline executive. “I can put it on the expense account.”

“No, let me,” said the other, a man working for a firm that ships its products by air. “So can I.”

They wrangled amiably and finally tossed a coin for the privilege of charging their companies for the drinks. They had been together for about two hours, and in that time they had discussed business for approximately ten minutes. Yet neither saw anything wrong in charging his firm

for the money that had been spent. Even the one who won the toss, and was thereby excused from paying the tab, probably later charged the bill to his company; as any corporation accountant will agree, that is fairly commonplace. And as each man left the bar, he might well have been saying silently to himself, “Thank God for my expense account.”

Today we live in what has been called the Era of the Expense Account. Ever since World War II, the expense account has been playing an increasingly important part in our lives and our economy. “Today,” says a corporation sales manager, “people don’t say, ‘Can I afford to

spend this money?’ More often than not they say, ‘Is this money deductible? Can I legitimately list it as a business expense?’”

Such thinking has wrought profound changes in the lives of a large segment of our population. The expense account economy is full of pitfalls for the unwary; it can create false standards and values, and it can distort personal perspectives, as will be shown presently.

The extent to which the expense account has influenced the economy is indicated by the fact that multimillion-dollar businesses have been founded and now exist almost solely by virtue of the

expense account. The increased traffic in restaurants and in liquor, unusual foods, jewelry, flowers, leather goods, books and other luxury items is directly traceable to the new American habit of blithely charging off nearly everything in sight to expenses.

"My place would be in sad shape if I didn't get the expense account trade," says Nick Blair, a New York restaurant proprietor. Toots Shor, Gene Cavallero of the Colony, "Prince" Mike Romanoff, Dave Chasen and other prosperous restaurateurs on both coasts agree. "I think we might get by without expense account spending, but it would be difficult," says Vincent Sardi, Jr.

How to Be Lavish Though Poor

Food, drink and expensive gifts are not the only items that turn up regularly on expense accounts. Some men also feel justified in putting down upkeep of their homes, entertainment in their homes, clothes for their wives, and services provided for business associates—services such as furnishing chartered planes or railroad cars, limousines and chauffeurs, or supplying private secretaries complete with typewriters and dictating machines. Even dogs and horses, as presents, have been charged to expenses, according to an Internal Revenue agent. So, indeed, have girls of less stenographic talents.

"Theoretically, almost anything can be charged as a legitimate business expense," says the agent, "which means this: according to the Bureau of Internal Revenue's interpretation of the law, a man or a company earning an income may legitimately deduct the expenses he or the company may incur in earning it. That means the reasonable business expenses."

The executive whose company presents him with a fat expense account may feel that he is lucky and privileged. In reality, the corporation is the lucky and privileged being. Giving expense accounts to its salesmen and executives has three distinct advantages for a corporation.

First, it saves money. Most larger companies now pay a 52 per cent corporate tax. When a salesman spends a dollar in attempting to cajole a customer into buying the company's product, it actually costs the company only forty-eight cents. During World War II and afterward, when the excess-profits tax was still in effect, a dollar spent on entertainment sometimes cost the company only a dime or fifteen cents.

Second, it enables the company to reward or remunerate its employees without making them subject to further personal income taxes. "An executive earning \$50,000 a year today," says a former linoleum company executive, "pays between \$22,000 and \$27,000 in taxes. If we gave

him another \$10,000 raise, he would pay still more. But if we give him \$10,000 to spend on promoting our products and our name, we've substantially rewarded him without penalizing him. His expense account is not taxable."

Third, it enables the company to get more work out of its employees. The man who has no expense account works a given number of hours each day; his evenings are free. The man who is expected to entertain clients and prospects usually does it after business hours. In effect, he is still working for his company long after the factory lights have been extinguished. Even if he does his entertaining at lunch, or at breakfast, he gives up some of his own time; those two mealtimes take hours, and often he falls behind in his work and must put in a certain amount of overtime in catching up.

As the sociologist C. Wright Mills has pointed out in *White Collar*, business is now controlled largely by managers, hired to do the job, rather than by capitalists and entrepreneurs. Today, the company most generous with its expense accounts is likely to attract the best executives. "I know a man," says a New York chemical company executive, "who left a \$15,000-a-year job with one company to go with another at a salary of \$15,000 a year. I couldn't believe it until I learned the reason. The second company had some wholesalers and distributors up in Wisconsin. The man liked to fish. In his old job, he'd taken his vacation to do some fishing. Now he could visit the wholesalers for the company, and nobody in the company minded if he went fishing with them. The company was delighted—and delighted to pay for his trips, too, and *still* give him a vacation."

But the expense account economy does not work exclusively to the benefit of the large corporation. The small businessman may benefit from the structure of the tax laws, too. By incorporating himself, even the man with a modest income can live on a scale comparable to that of a maharajah—he can drive a couple of Cadillacs, live in a mansion in a community of near-millionaires, dine almost exclusively in restaurants where the price of a one-pound steak would feed the average middle-income family for two days, give costly presents to his friends—and, in general, enjoy himself at the government's expense.

Deductibility: a Social Asset

One day last summer a young wife objected when she and her husband were invited, for the fourth time, to the seaside home of a man who sold some materials to the husband's firm. "He's asked us so many times," the wife said. "I feel we shouldn't go until we've invited him to our house."

"Don't be silly," said her husband. "He can charge entertaining us to expenses incurred in earning his income. Every time we visit him, it's as though we're handing him a check for fifty dollars. He not only enjoys our company, he enjoys deducting us."

What the husband did not add was that he was furious at the difference between his position and that of his incorporated friend. He was permitted a modest expense account by his company; the man who owned his own company could charge off anything for which he could make out a legitimate case as a business deduction. Actually, the expense account has created a new upper class—a group of men who, while paying themselves relatively small salaries, actually can live as though their incomes equaled those of oil barons.

"Expense account spending first reached a peak during World War II," says a Pennsylvania manufacturer, "when the companies had more money than ever before and couldn't keep it because of taxes—they *had* to throw it around, and they did it by advertising and entertaining. It's slackened off a little, but not much . . . and in my opinion, it's helped contribute to inflation, by jacking up prices far out of reason."

Gold-plated Hamburgers

There is no question that expense accounts have had a telling effect upon prices. One day last fall an executive, entertaining four associates in an expensive New York restaurant, scrutinized the menu and said ironically, "Imagine, they can sell a hamburger in here for *only* \$4.50!" Another restaurant man says frankly, "Of course I charge \$1.75 for a shrimp cocktail. My customers are mainly men entertaining customers on expense accounts. If those customers see a shrimp cocktail for any lower price, they'll think they have been brought to a cheap place."

More important, perhaps, is the fact that the expense account sometimes is responsible for another kind of inflation: it inflates human situations to the point of explosion, for it can reach directly into the individual's emotions. Psychiatrists now agree that it is possible to estimate an individual's emotional profile by examining his attitude toward money and finance. Under the expense account economy, human behavior is sometimes subjected to severe stress.

"I've known of several cases in which an expense account at the office caused trouble in the home," says an advertising agency executive. He points out that a young man who takes clients to the Colony, Le Pavillon, and other high-priced restaurants for lunch, merrily charging the \$35-for two tabs to his company, leads



TWO P.M.: "You should find this bird just right, sir."

a schizophrenic existence. At noontime he is fawned upon by a headwaiter; he dines surrounded by lovely girls, celebrities, and affluent financiers. At night, returning to his \$13,500 mortgaged development house, he is confronted by a tired and irritable wife, petulant children, and a tuna fish casserole.

Unless the young man's moral fiber is stronger than most men's, he is bound to react unfavorably. So is his wife; at lunch, munching a cheese sandwich, she cannot be blamed for thinking bitterly of her husband, at that moment eating pheasant in Twenty-One. She is bound to be jealous; she is bound to demand to be taken along on his expense account

sprees. If the young man is conscientious, he doesn't take her along, except once in a great while. The result may well be that he will spend more and more time away from home, "working," as he puts it, on his expense account.

Nice but Habit-forming

There is another danger. The husband may become so accustomed to the expensive places that, when he and his wife are out for an evening of fun, he will stop by them from force of habit—and, inevitably, spend more money than he reasonably can afford.

The young woman with an expense account has fewer problems than the man,

but she too is in a peculiar situation. If her job requires her to do a certain amount of entertaining for the benefit of the company, she grows accustomed to a life that is all out of proportion to what she may normally expect if she goes through with her projected marriage to the bright young man who is earning \$10,000 per year. Suddenly, after cross-country jaunts by air, rounds of dinners at Romanoff's, and the constant use of a rented Thunderbird, she will find herself battling a Disposall in Forest Hills. She will be a most unusual girl if she is entirely content. She may long for the days when her daily life was as glamorous as her husband's.

The expense account may cause other domestic difficulties. Business entertaining does not have to be done in restaurants; sometimes it is more convenient to use the home. Naturally, when guests are coming the household budget for food and liquor expands—but if this becomes commonplace, the husband and wife may actually find themselves living on a higher standard than they can afford.

There have been cases in which an expense account has cost the individual money out of his own pocket, principally because of human forgetfulness. "I'm just about certain I never get fully reimbursed," one man says. "Say you're entertaining a customer and his wife at dinner. You spend, say, eighty bucks on the food and liquor, thirty or thirty-five on theatre tickets, another fifty or sixty in a night club afterward. You put all that down. Then you try to remember how much you spent on cabs, hatcheck tips, fivers to headwaiters, half-bucks to doormen . . . and you put down a legitimate figure. Nine times out of ten you spent more than that and you can't account for it. And even if you put down the exact figure, it looks so big you hesitate to turn it in to the accounting department . . . you're afraid they won't pass it."

The temptation usually works the other way. Many people who operate on expense accounts augment their incomes by falsifying. It is not uncommon for a man, signing a tab in a restaurant where he is known, to put down an amount double the size of the check and take the remainder of the money for himself. A well-known photographer, a gay, lively fellow with no sense whatever of personal finance, once was asked how he managed to exist. "I live on the change that waiters give me," he said blithely.

Charging or Cheating?

Cameron Hawley, author of *Cash McCall*, has written: "Our Federal tax structure is responsible for a progressively more serious deterioration of the moral and ethical standards of our country."

The agents in the Bureau of Internal Revenue do not entirely agree. One says, "There's a little larceny in everybody—but only a little. Most people, we've found, are essentially honest. In fact, we find as many people cheating themselves as trying to cheat us."

This agent says, privately—he refuses to speak for the Bureau—that in his opinion there is something wrong with a system whereby two men, both earning the same amount of money, can have completely different standards of living—simply because one enjoys the benefits of an expense account given him by a generous company. But, says the agent with

a shrug, there is nothing the Bureau can do about it as long as the laws are as they are.

"During the past five years," he says, "we have been more careful in examining returns than ever before. Not that we weren't always careful . . . but today we scrutinize every item on an examined return. We leave nothing to chance or carelessness. Of course, agents are as human as taxpayers. But until the laws are changed, some inequities are bound to exist . . ."

Careful with That Account

Meanwhile, what can a man do to survive in an expense account economy? The question was asked of a number of New York businessmen a few months ago, and their replies can be summarized as follows:

1. Obey federal and corporation law to the letter; don't try to get away with expenses that are neither permissible nor deductible.

2. Keep accurate records of expense spending. Some executives even keep lists of names of people entertained in restaurants or at home, of people to whom gifts were sent (plus the costs of the gifts), and of dates when entertaining was done or the gifts were given. Many men on expense accounts carry small notebooks in which their expenditures are entered daily.

3. Preserve a personal perspective. One

corporation section-chief says, "Even though I may eat lunch three out of five days in a topnotch place, each time I try to remember that I'm not the host—my company is. That way, when I eat a sandwich at my desk on other days, that seems normal, and I don't miss the expensive food and atmosphere."

4. Cut down on business entertainment as much as possible. "I doubt that the business of any company can be conducted more effectively over the luncheon table or during a drunken evening," one executive says. "Most restaurants are noisy anyhow. Also, food and liquor have a tendency to dull the most alert mind for a time. I've cut out the entertainment as much as possible, and my efficiency has improved. I now say to my salesmen, 'Do what you can in your office and the customer's—and then, if you have to take him out to celebrate, go ahead.'" Another says, "A good way to cut down expense account spending is to pretend you're the head of the accounting department, and to ask, every time you're tempted to go out, 'Is this item really necessary to my earnings?'"

Don't Depend on It

5. Don't depend upon your expense account to help you in your extra-expense-account life," says an advertising agency man. "Remember—in your next job, you may not have an expense account."

THE END

Drawings By B. Wiseman



SIX P.M.: "Quiet—let Daddy eat his soup. He's had a hard day!"

WORKING WIVES

Ten million wives have gone to work. Should you? The salary looks good. The emotional satisfaction may be great. But extra job expenses can wipe out that income, and the exhilaration of working can dwindle in the face of worries about children and husband. Here's what a wife should know before going after that job

BY HARRIET LA BARRE

My wife," says a forty-year-old insurance man, "*works*. And I'm glad. Life—it's beautiful!" To most men, this fellow is a renegade and a traitor. But to an increasing number of men, from garage mechanics to top executives with working wives, he is beginning to make a lot of sense. His voice is still drowned out, though, by the complaint. "When a wife works, she deprives her husband of his masculinity"; by the Victorian demur. "It's unfeminine for a wife to want to work"; and by the newest outcry yet. "Working mothers cause juvenile delinquency." Doctors in small communities wince at the thought of their wives' working because, they claim, it lowers their prestige. Accountants figure up their wives' salary, tack on the added cost of transportation, household help, and income tax, and, waving papers covered with figures claim triumphantly. "It doesn't pay for a wife to work." Capping all these alarms is the familiar old chestnut. "A woman's place is in the home."

All this pressure makes the wife who works, and the wife who longs to edge her toe into the work world, feel as though she were planting a bomb in the cellar.

She may as well relax. Her desire to work, say experts that range from marriage counselors to economists, usually indicates one of two things: she needs the money, or she has an emotionally healthy attitude about using her creative abilities.

But how *much* money, she wonders, does she actually need? And what *is* a healthy emotional attitude—especially when she has children? Her family is important to her. She does not want to sacrifice it for a second car, an outsized freezer, a fur coat, or a trip to Europe. She doesn't want the exhilaration of a job, either—not if the price is unhappiness for her children or an inferiority complex for her husband.

Needed: a Second Income

Champagne for breakfast isn't what the working wife has in mind when she says her family needs her earnings. Now included in the Consumers' Price Index Reports of the United States Bureau of Labor Statistics are such items as telephones, radios, television sets, and automobiles. These items are there because they are now considered important for a moderate-income family's way of life.

What may be news to some wives who yearn for that job and that salary is that some economists are beginning to believe that, to keep up our higher living standard, many families need two incomes. Twelve years ago a family income averaged \$3,610 a year. Since then the number of families earning \$5,000 or more has trebled; the average income today is \$5,520. The wife's salary is one reason for the boost. "With two incomes in my family, we're really living, not just existing," says one wife. Says another. "I want my children to live in the suburbs where there's fresh air—my job pays the way for that."

An increasing number of wives are continuing to work a year or two after marriage. Windfalls from their salaries are usually a washing machine, the furniture, the family car. At this point the wife's salary is a solid financial boost to her husband. Says James Scull, Director of Public Relations of the Family Service Association. "The wife's job underpins the husband who is starting out. It takes the heat off him. And he's often able to go further with his education."

And more young wives are beginning

(continued)



WELL-PAID WORKING WIFE: *In 1954, when her eighteen-year-old daughter became engaged, Mrs. Richard Wilson took a job. "I just couldn't sit and vegetate. I chose direct selling because I knew that I could set my own hours. I could still be a wife to my husband. And I wouldn't have to stray too far away—I do most of my selling within twenty minutes' driving time of my home." But some problems appeared: "After our daughter*

married, I spent more time on my Nutrilite work; my husband and I finally had to work out an arrangement for sharing the housework—doing the cooking and washing the dishes—things like that." This year Mrs. Wilson expects to earn a net income of \$7,500 from her part-time job, plans to continue despite her husband's adequate income. "My earnings added to his enable us to live as we like and still put away a nest egg for the future," she says.

Guilt: "It keeps many young wives from getting a job"

to resist giving up their jobs even after a baby arrives. Half a dozen years ago, the office friends of a working wife who was going to have a baby would ask, "When are you going to resign?" Gradually the question has become, "Are you planning to come back to work after the baby is born?"

What Causes Dishpan Blues

Here is where a wife's first feeling of unease and guilt appears. She knows it is important to give love and attention to her children. Yet some wives, although they are busy at home, often feel restless and unhappy. Some miss adult companionship. Some think of themselves as "just a housewife." The wife who feels this way often begins to suffer what is known as "housewife's fatigue." Some of this fatigue can be traced to frustration and boredom. An American Medical Women's Association report lists headache, rheumatic pains, and melancholy among the miseries of "housewife's fatigue."

Ideally, perhaps, once her baby arrives, a wife should begin to find complete satisfaction in home and family. It takes talent and creative ability, and, these days, wide knowledge, to create a home that has an atmosphere of harmony, security, beauty, and order. Wives' home interests range from designing a garden to child psychology, from interior decorating to experimenting with a sauce that rivals EscOFFIER. A well-ordered home is in itself such a masterpiece of skillful management that, says one sociologist, "it competes with top-level executive planning."

Colleges are beginning to recognize the great scope of knowledge required of a homemaker and her need for management skills. At Barnard College a new course popular with engaged girls who are planning marriage as a career covers

problems of medical care and housing, knowledge of brands and grade labels, standards and levels of living, the problems of consumers, family budgeting and record-keeping. Many of the engaged girls taking these courses have asked themselves, "What are we planning our lives for?"—a vital question that in this to-work-or-not-to-work era can eliminate a lot of confusion and misery in the future.

The wife who wants to go to work may be equally as creative as the homemaker—but her creative abilities often lie elsewhere. Sometimes a special subject she studied at college is of devouring interest to her. Or, less self-sufficient, she may feel she needs the stimulation of people in a bustling office. More often than not, her discontent makes her a poor housekeeper. "Even though she may find some satisfaction in taking care of her home and children," says Mr. Scull, "such a woman often feels she needs added satisfaction." At the same time, the Midcentury White House Conference on Children and Youth reports, "The first six years have been shown to be crucial years for the child, who would seem to need a substantial share of the mother's time and attention."

Bored Mother, Unhappy Child

How can the wife who wants to work solve this dilemma? About three million wives with children under six have gone to work. Most of them feel they need the money. Some others, who realize that their milieu is not home life, believe that a wife who stays at home and resents what to her is a humdrum life does her child not good, but possible harm. Even though she loves her child, some of her frustration may spill over and make her child feel insecure. In such a case, she

may do more for her child by going to work.

"However, she will then have to accept certain facts," cautions Mr. Scull. "One is that her child will develop a firm relationship with the adult who takes her place. She cannot reasonably be jealous of this. The person she chooses should be a warm, sympathetic woman with a life of her own. That person's major concern should not be to keep the house clean. It should be to give her attention to the child. The working wife's home may not be the perfectly clean place it was—if it was!—but her child will be secure."

Does Job Mean Child Neglect?

Many wives who feel they would be happier working still bide their time until their children are of school age. But then the bugaboo stories of "latchkey children" and juvenile delinquency make them back down once again. However, the alarmed contention that working mothers are to blame for juvenile delinquency is not borne out by the statistics. Over 30 per cent of the mothers of school-age children have jobs. Yet an intensive study conducted by the Family Service Association revealed that one-fifth of the delinquents surveyed had working mothers, and one-fifth of the nondelinquents had working mothers. No statistics have ever appeared which indicate that working mothers have more delinquent children than other mothers.

The wife who wants to work must understand that while supervision—after-school play centers, a housekeeper, or agreement among neighbors to look after children—is vital for a child, it is not the whole answer. Much depends on a child's personality. A ten-year-old boy, asked if he'd mind finding a housekeeper at home after school instead of his mother, explained, "I want my mother there . . . like in case of an emergency." Asked the same question, a thirteen-year-old girl replied practically, "It's okay, if this other woman can drive a car."

How a husband feels about someone else supervising his children should be equally important to the wife who wants a job. The amount of money a man's wife brings home means far less to him than his peace of mind about his children's welfare. The anxiety of wondering "Whom are they with? Where are they?" can undermine his feeling of security about his home life when he should be concentrating on his own work.

Recognizing all this, many wives have turned to part-time jobs so they will be at hand when their children come home from school. In small communities, a wife often doesn't have to go far to capitalize on her talents—one young mother

works twelve hours a week in her local bookshop; another, of French background, teaches French three evenings a week; the department store welcomes other part-time workers; the dentist can use someone to answer his telephone at odd hours; the cosmetics company is glad to have a wife's door-to-door selling ability. Teaching—which usually demands a B.A. degree, and usually an added year of brush-up—is possibly even more popular with the mother who wants to get home at an hour she feels is important to her family. The part-time job is often the answer for the wife who feels a need for grooming herself as in her career days, of earning money, and of seeing herself as something more than a housewife.

Like a man who is sometimes surfeited with his job and dreams of getting away, many a wife feels overcome by her daily life and wants to escape from it. But this doesn't mean that a job is certain to satisfy her. She is too often betrayed into thinking it is and may find after trying one for a while that she longs to be home after all. Her best bet is to try a part-time job first and see how it works out. Her first tentative step can even be toward a temporary job. New organizations like Manpower, Inc., with offices in one hundred cities in the United States, offer a variety of temporary jobs, for a matter of weeks or months. She can be a temporary secretary, typist, stenographer, bookkeeper, clerk, or any of dozens more. She'll get paid as much as a full-time worker—and often more.

But when a wife has managed to leap all the Olympic hurdles and get herself a full-time job, she's likely to think she's rich. For the first week. Then a disillusioning look at her take-home pay, the bigger grocery bill, the cost of extra stockings, and the housekeeper's salary tumbles her rapidly from her exaltation. Is it worth working?

The High Cost of Working

One wife who holds a job as a private secretary finds this is where her \$60-a-week salary goes: Bus, \$1.50; baby-sitter, \$12; coffee breaks, 50¢; lunches, \$5 (including tips); \$2 for more expensive groceries shopped by phone; \$1 for extra cleaning bills; \$2 for extra clothes and stockings; \$4 for cleaning woman; \$1.40 for social security and unemployment; 50¢ for office donation. So far, she is left with \$29.90. But her husband makes \$5,000. Her added income moves the couple into a higher income tax bracket, bringing the wife's weekly net income down to \$18.10 a week! Even so, she is way out ahead of many other earning wives—unless she more realistically figures in the occasional self-indulgence

because she's working, the engagement luncheon of one of her fellow workers, the losses hidden in the price of the quick but costly foods she turns to when she arrives home late and tired.

It Pays in Satisfaction

"The truth is," says Mr. Scull, "that though some wives' jobs fill a practical, material need, unless a wife earns a better-than-average salary, she often can't even support the cost of her job. Commuting can take a big bite out of her salary. So can lack of time, which leads to taking a taxi when she's in a hurry, or ordering food by telephone."

"But," says one woman editor who commutes to New York from New Jersey, and who earns \$125 a week, out of which she pays \$68.50 to a woman who cares for her baby, "this is the way I have to live. I admit my working expenses eat up everything. But I'd be miserable staying home."

Many another wife, even though disappointed by the fact that her job doesn't augment the family kitty, feels her emotional need is reason enough to work. She's not the only one who feels that

way. The accountant who triumphantly waves those papers that prove his wife's job, with its added costs, makes her just break even, is falling back before the man who, recognizing that his wife may have an emotional need to work, is willing to subsidize her job.

Husbands who feel this way are seldom bothered by old clichés which label a wife "unfeminine" if she doesn't give up her job when the baby comes. To more and more young couples, the idea that there's something wrong with career women is laughable. Their attitude is somewhat corroborated by Social Research, Inc., of Chicago, which in a study of sixty top-flight women executives reported that these women had reached the top by capitalizing on their feminine talents. They were not competing with men. "An abiding femininity is characteristic of the successful group," says S.R.I.

A Hand in the World's Work

But there are husbands and husbands. One of the difficult problems of the wife who wants to work is to assess her husband's "tolerance" for her job. Admittedly, it has become increasingly socially

(continued)



THE BREAKFAST DISHES DONE. Mrs. Wilson sits over a second cup of coffee, checks her itinerary for the day. She believes "Women who wonder what to do with themselves after their children marry should get out of the house. They should do something. The satisfactions of community work may be the answer. Or going back to school to take up a subject that has always interested them. I sell, because I enjoy financial rewards. And I need activity." Mrs. Wilson spends half her time delivering Nutrilite, the other half selling to new customers. She has worked as much as six hours a day, six days a week.

WORKING WIVES (continued)

acceptable for a wife to work. In fact, the woman who doesn't work is, in some circles, looked on as deficient. She doesn't have to be a fashion designer or Clare Boothe Luce, but she feels more comfortable if she "does something." Despite this, many husbands still maintain the attitude that if their wives work, it reflects on their earning power. "My wife will never have to work," is a male cry left over from the Dark Ages.

Community Service Is a Job, Too

Faced with this implacable stone wall her husband has set up, many a wife who wants to work makes compromises. "A husband's acceptance of the situation is important, if conflict is to be avoided," says Mr. Scull. If a husband is adamant in his my-wife-will-never-work attitude, his wife would be better off spending her time on community activities. Marriage counselors agree that some women do not find as much satisfaction in voluntary, unpaid community activities, even though these are coming into increasing favor. The Helen Hokinson cartoon ladies have all but been swept into the dustbin before the smart young wives who are making

community activities so effective. But wives still remain individual—to some, not community activities, but a pay check and achievement in other areas of interest are definite needs.

Nevertheless, the well-balanced woman realizes that her husband must feel he is the head of the household. "It's vital," says Mr. Scull, "for a wife to explore her husband's attitude before she goes to work. Otherwise the whole situation can boomerang." Her husband's hidden resentment can flare up after she has a job. It can grate in such small ways as accusations about a messy house, complaints about the inadequacy of meals—all disguised hostility towards his wife's job. "No man can feel like a man if he feels the woman is the aggressor," says Mr. Scull. "The wife who goes to work despite her husband's objections is courting misery. Some men do get great satisfaction out of seeing their wives as successes. But this applies primarily to successful men."

Threat to Masculinity

Among the men who are willing to let their wives get a job are some who balk at allowing their wives to work in the

same field as theirs. No man likes to feel he is competing with his wife. Says Mr. Scull, "If the husband feels a wife's job in the same field is a threat to his masculinity, I have one advice for the wife—*stay out of it!*"

Home situations are usually most successful when the wife lets the husband call the turn. This may mean that the wife obligingly agrees not to work. Ironically, sometimes when a wife insists on working and her husband grudgingly agrees, she finds herself in still another bewildering situation: she may finally want to quit—and her husband may object!

This is not an uncommon occurrence. If she earns that better-than-average income, the money thrown into the family kitty can make for more luxuries. The husband may become accustomed to free-spending lunches, camp for his children, cashmere jackets. He may even, after a while, bask in the reflected glory of his wife's job.

Therefore, says Mr. Scull, it is advisable for a wife, before she takes a job, to consider these questions: does she want to work all her married life, in order to support a standard of living to which her husband may become accustomed? How much money do they really need or want? Are she and her husband simply trying to keep up with the Joneses? What will be the division of work at home? When the husband and wife have figured out their goals and reached an understanding, the likelihood that the wife's position will become inalterable is reduced. But it's still a risk. "After the decision has been made, and the wife is employed," says Mr. Scull, "she and her husband should sit down every so often and subject the family pattern to review, asking themselves the question once again, 'Where do we really want to go?'"

Wife Brings Home the Caviar

Today some few wives earn higher salaries than their husbands. This too can be a dangerous situation, unless both husband and wife are mature people. But each case is unique. One young couple sensibly solved this problem by putting the wife's extra earnings into a joint account, as savings for the future. Another couple realized that, since the husband made a low salary as a college professor, yet got emotional satisfaction from his work, the wife's salary was simply a bonus that paid for the material things that deepened their enjoyment of life. "Do I resent the fact that we own a convertible and give dinner parties for my colleagues?" says this husband, "Not me!"

A touchy situation can arise, though, when a husband who makes a lower sal-



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ary than his wife is transferred to another city. Should the wife quit her job? Or should he resign from his? "It's wisdom," says Mr. Scull, "for the wife to sacrifice her salary and go where her husband goes." A man's stature in society depends so much on his success in his field—whether it's a high-paying or low-paying field—that the wife who deprives him of it is in for family unhappiness. At this point, it is hardly a question of lack of maturity in a man; if he is emotionally healthy and mature, he has a need to fit in with society.

In other ways, too, a wife must carefully measure not only her husband's but her own emotional ability to carry a job. If she is not a good planner who can competently juggle job and home, if she is not the kind of woman who can overlook a carelessly kept house, if she is not the type who can relax in the dual role, or if she has pangs of conscience, an outside job is not for her. She would be better off not working, and so would her family. Her physical ability also must be judged carefully when she heads for that job. Although a husband may be cooperative at home, the major homemaking work falls heavily on the working wife. If she's not in top physical condition, a job and home responsibilities may be more than she can handle.

Jobs for Older Women

More and more, the wife who reaches her middle thirties, her forties, and her fifties, and is freed from her anxieties about her children and her household, has a strong urge to head for the work world. Then up comes the cry. "At your age? What can you do? Really, Mother!" True enough, she's older. And the work world has changed since she was a crack typist, a glamorous receptionist, a wartime industrial worker. But this year more older wives than ever are turning to vocational guidance centers where they can take aptitude tests. Some discover they have high manual dexterity. Others find their chief asset is getting along with people. Still others are amazed that their shrewd home economies have turned them into mathematical wizards, though they may have been doing their lightning calculations on the backs of grocery bags or on kitchen bulletin boards. In 234 cities in the United States, the Family Service Association provides such tests. It knows what jobs are available. And today an older woman has the choice of almost any job in the country, though women are barred from mining coal in some states and, in others, from shining shoes.

Moreover, employers recognize that a woman of forty-five today is "younger" than the forty-five-year-old of the past. She

is more energetic and more attractive. She has more creative impulses that seek fulfillment. Of the twenty million women with jobs, at least one-third are now forty-five years old or over.

One thing that still worries the older wife overmuch when she thinks about getting a job—and sometimes leads her to contemplate quitting the good job she has—is the menopause. Old wives' tales give her the jitters. But while a few women may find they do not function as well at their jobs, and some find it difficult to enter the work world when their bodies are making glandular adjustments, most women are discovering that menopause is a function, not a disease; doctors can relieve the physical problems. As for the psychological problems that occasionally do appear, there are specialists to clear up the difficulty.

Keeping the wolf from the door, using an ability outside of homemaking, building financial reserves for their later years, keeping vital interests alive so they will feel useful after their children are gone—all these are bringing women into the work world. Recognition of their place among jobholders now seems assured. Right now, under consideration in New York State is a bill to permit working mothers to deduct up to \$1,000 a year from their taxable income for the cost of baby-sitters and tuition at day care centers.

The battle of the sexes in the work world is just about over. The husband is managing to adjust to some of the luxuries bought with his wife's salary without too much difficulty. He's getting used to following the more democratic design for living, the share-the-work, do-the-dishes-together arrangement, instead of settling behind a newspaper with his shoes off.

On the affirmative side of the balance sheet the husband might also enter these considerations: It is unlikely that his wife is out to stamp on his ego; if she wanted to, she could think of a thousand ways to do it right at home. Though his children may not have their mother hovering over their scratches and bruises with plaintive little cries, neither are they likely to suffer from the oversolicitude called "momism." And finally, the husband will probably find that he is no longer an odd-job man who battles with storm windows and leaky faucets—not with two incomes to help pay someone else to do the dirty jobs.

The Will to Work

Anyway, whether he's for it or against it, a husband may as well face up to his wife's working. Because if that's what she wants to do, it doesn't look as though anyone can stop her. THE END

Why does Chrissi's mother cry?



Chrissi, at eight, is a charming little lady, with pretty brown hair and sparkling eyes. She attends school faithfully and is adored by her family. Why, then, should Chrissi's mother cry?

The answer is simple. At night, Chrissi sometimes whimpers with cold and hunger. During the days she must keep active to stay warm. She has no toys, nothing to ease the cruel struggle against privation.

Home for this tragic family is a "space"—not a room—in a refugee camp near Athens. In poverty-ridden Greece, badly torn by war, Communist aggression, earthquakes and the austerity of economic rehabilitation, Chrissi's father earns \$1.00 a day, hardly enough to provide even the most meager subsistence.

In a country where life is grim and painful, Chrissi's parents can only pray that someone—somewhere—will help their daughter.

How You Can Help Chrissi

You can help Chrissi or another needy child through the Child Sponsorship Plan of **Save the Children Federation**. By undertaking a sponsorship, you will provide funds to purchase food, warm clothing, bedding, school supplies—and other necessities—for "your" child. The cost is only \$120 a year, just \$10 a month. Full information about the child you sponsor and a photograph will be sent to you. You may correspond with "your" child and his family so that your generous material aid becomes part of a larger gift of understanding and friendship.

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GAMBLING

From Joe Doakes at the two-dollar window to Nick the Greek, a philosopher who can lose \$750,000 in a poker game without a flicker of emotion, Americans last year risked an estimated \$20,000,000,000 on sports, horses, roulette, raffles and card games. Here is the who, what, and why of a universal urge which has been called a disease, the loveliest of pleasures, and man's boldest answer to unkind fate

BY HYMAN GOLDBERG

His bank balance consistently offered proof to the contrary, but Charlie Yates, a theatrical agent for Bob Hope and other top comedians, nevertheless remained dedicated all through a long lifetime to the theory that he was an infallible judge of which horse in any given race could run faster than all of the others. Mr. Yates was telling some friends one day, with much excitement, about a lawsuit he had just begun against J. Arthur Rank, the British movie maker. "I'm suing for \$3,500,000," he said. "Can you imagine how it'll be if I win? Three and a half million dollars!"

One of the group, Gig Henry, who makes his living by writing gags, a peculiarly complex type of gamble, sneered audibly. "So what?" said Mr. Henry. "Suppose you do win the suit? All it'll mean is that instead of going to the ten-dollar window at the track, you'll go to the million-dollar window."

Gig Henry would probably deny that he was a psychologist, but by recognizing the hold that the impulse to make a bet had on his friend, he was echoing the thoughts of deep thinkers through the ages, who have agreed that though the urge to gamble is probably as natural an instinct in man as self-preservation, if carried to excess it is a sickness.

"The urge to gamble," said Heywood Broun, whose greatest flaw, probably, was his inability to resist the temptation to try to fill an inside straight, "is so universal and its practice so pleasurable, that I assume it must be evil."

Even if you have never placed a bet on a horse race, rolled a pair of dice, played cards for money, or bought a raffle ticket, in all probability you engage in one form of gambling or another, even if it is only buying life insurance, which is, apart from the aspect of forced savings, merely a wager you are making with the insurance company.

They've Floated a Long Time

In every society about which anything is known, there has been some form of gambling. Crap games were played long before the Romans. Dice have been found in the pre-historic cliff dwellings in Colorado. In primitive societies people indulged in games of chance long before the arrival of the white man. Some of the natives were so thoroughly hooked by the gambling habit that they bet and lost their wives and children, and even gambled themselves into slavery.

Professor L. Lévy-Bruhl, of the Sorbonne, said, in writing about gambling among primitive people, "It is often ob-

served that before the native gambles he goes through a series of methodical preparations. He fasts, he purifies himself, he dances, he seeks to procure himself certain dreams and only risks his stake when he has obtained them."

It's a rare dice shooter who does not breathe on the dice before he throws them. And books which interpret dreams for players of policy games are sold by the million each year.

After a primitive man carries out his pre-gaming rituals, says Professor Lévy-Bruhl, he is confident of winning. "Yet if he loses, he may be disappointed, but not disconcerted. He tells himself that his opponent knew stronger magic and more effective prayers." And that is the credo of every horse player, every crap shooter.

Estimates of the amount of money Americans wager each year run all the way up to twenty billion dollars. In New Jersey last year, charitable, religious, and civic organizations and veterans' groups who were permitted by law to operate bingo games and sell raffle tickets netted twenty-three million dollars, a sum which would mean an outlay of more than four dollars by every man, woman and child in the state. This was an increase of about six million dollars over the proceeds of the previous year, a result

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“Man gambles to deny his weakness, his anxiety, his fear of death”

primarily of the crackdown by the police on public mechanical games of chance at amusement parks and resorts.

These huge sums lead periodically to a clamor to legalize gambling, or certain forms, like betting away from the race-track, in order to help balance local, state, or federal budgets, and ease the tax burden. It has been estimated that a national lottery in the United States would net the government ten billion dollars a year. Proponents of legalized gambling are fond of quoting Jefferson, who said, “If we consider games of chance immoral, then every pursuit of human industry is immoral, for there is not a single one that is not subject to chance.”

George Washington, history tells us, bought the first ticket in a lottery established to furnish food and clothing for the Continental Army. The colonization of Virginia in 1612 was financed by a lottery. Massachusetts paid the salaries of many of the colony's officers with a lottery; New York's City Hall was enlarged, some Harvard University buildings were built, all with lotteries.

A Fast Track to Poverty

Opponents of legalized gambling decry any attempt to let down the bars against gambling. Making gambling easy, they say, is pandering to human weakness, and will lead to the impoverishment of whole groups of people.

One aspect of gambling on which all psychiatrists seem to agree is that it is useless to try to legislate it out of existence, just as it is futile to try to make any natural urge illegal. What people are not inclined to do naturally,

Freud said, they feel no temptation to do; if people were not naturally inclined to gamble, it would not be necessary to have moral and legal strictures against it.

Flirting with Fate

Gambling, say the psychiatrists, is one device by which we assuage our anxieties about the hazards of living and our fears of death. Some can ward off these fears by reading about bullfighters, mountain climbers or other daredevils who gamble their very lives; others are driven to the roulette wheel, the dice table, or the race track, where they can fulfill their need to show that they can play with fate just as fate plays with them.

Psychoanalysts who have studied gambling addicts have found that every human failing tends to produce the gambling man, from remnants of infantile sexuality to other forms of faulty integration of the personality, but that fundamentally they display the same pattern. They are so overwhelmed by anxieties that they turn to gambling as a refuge where they can overtly challenge and perhaps change their fate.

Out of the numerous case histories in the office of a psychiatrist friend, we selected that of a man to whom we'll give the name Hollis. Hollis is in his forties, married, the father of a teen-age daughter. He has a sales job which has always been easy for him, full of dull routine which does not require, and even forbids, brilliance or ingenuity. He says he “gets along” well with his wife in everything “except where my gambling is concerned.” He has a deep-rooted contempt for his wife, based on his belief that she “can't understand that some day I'm

bound to make it big.” Hollis plays the horses; he shoots crap; he plays poker. He dreams constantly, he says, about the day when he'll come home and empty his pockets of thousands of dollars in front of his wife, who will then break down in tears and confess she was wrong to nag him all through their married life about gambling away money they could have used to make their home life pleasanter. “I've never really made it big, yet,” he says, “but even when I've come home a winner and told her about it, she has always come back with the times when I've lost.

“The way I see it,” Hollis told the psychiatrist, “I'll never get anywhere just working. If I brought home every cent I make, if I didn't gamble, we'd be able to get along, but no better. But if I ever hit it big, and I'm bound to, why, then everything will be different.”

Hollis never bets on a horse, or goes into a dice or poker game feeling he might lose. “When I gamble I always hear a voice saying that this time I'm bound to win,” he told the psychiatrist. “I feel that I'm smarter than anyone else. And when I'm winning, I feel like a different person, not just a poor slob with a lousy job and a nagging wife, but somebody big and powerful. I feel like quitting my job and just making my living by gambling. That way, everybody would know I'm smarter than they are, not—like them—chained to a job that only lets them get by.”

When he loses—and he admitted he loses more often than he wins—he has feelings of remorse. “But not,” he said, “about the fact that I gambled. The only thing I feel sorry about is that I wasn't smarter, that I didn't bet different, and win. If there's a crap game going and I haven't got the money to get in it, I feel terrible. I get the feeling that if I'd been able to make a bet, I might have hit it real big.

“And if a day goes by when I don't make any kind of bet, I feel terrible, as if I were a machine, or an animal, not a man. I feel even lower when I don't gamble than I do when I lose.”

One of the most severe critics of gambling is Groucho Marx. He was asked one day how much money he was worth. “I think,” said Groucho, “that I'm worth \$2,147,823.32.”

The Non-bettor Wins

How, he was asked, could he be so positive, right down to the last penny? “Well,” he said, “when my brothers and I worked together, we all made the same amount. My brother Chico is the big gambler in the family. That's how much money he lost betting. I didn't, so I figure that's how much I've got.”

Phil Silvers, who has been fighting

a losing battle all his life against the urge to gamble on horses, dice, and baseball games, says that he once warned Chico Marx against playing gin rummy with a man who was suspected of being, if not actually a cardshark, just a little bit too expert. Chico agreed that Silvers was probably right. Several nights later, Phil Silvers walked into the card room at the Friars, the theatrical club, and saw Chico playing gin with the man he'd been warned against. Silvers beckoned him out of hearing. "I told you about that guy," he said, "and here you are playing with him."

Chico shrugged his shoulders. "I know he's a crook," he said, "but what could I do? He was the only guy in the club tonight."

Rainbows Are Very Slippery

Silvers talks with great sadness even about one of his good days at the race track. "I was at Hollywood Park," he says, "and I had a large wad of money bet on the 6-to-5 favorite in the race, a horse named Namby Pass. My horse was leading all the way, but at the stretch another horse named Sierra Fox swerved and seemed to bump Namby Pass and he faltered and came in second. Another horse was declared the winner, but an official objection was made. While the stewards were making up their minds, I ran into some professional gamblers, and I was so sure that my horse would be declared the winner because he was bumped that I bought up their tickets on Namby Pass at a discount. My hunch was right. Namby Pass was posted as the winner. I'm ashamed to tell you how much money I won that day, but it would be enough to support a couple of very large families for a couple of years. Of course, I felt great, but later, when I was driving home from the track, I started thinking about how much that horse race meant to me, and I began to shake so hard I had to pull up on the side of the road."

Phil Silvers would probably agree with Herbert Spencer, an English philosopher of the last century, who said, "Gambling is, first, gain without merit, and secondly, gain through another's loss." But Nicholas Andreas Dandolo, better known as Nick the Greek, who is regarded with awe not only because he is alleged to have handled more than \$50,000,000 in his gambling career of forty-five years, but also because he is alleged to be the possessor of a degree in philosophy from an institution known as the "Greek Evangelical College" in Smyrna, Turkey, would deplore Phil Silvers' display of emotion as unseemly in a gambling man.

Nick the Greek, who has been known to win hundreds of thousands of dollars

(continued)

Paul Drapatch



HORSE RACING in 1956 attracted 31,734,978 bettors to 143 meetings at 114 American tracks. The money wagered came to \$2,239,657,189. The experts estimate that an equal amount was bet illegally off the track. Over 40,000 people were arrested for gambling violations.

I.N.P.



JOE E. LEWIS, performing here at the Copacabana, has made a career of laughing at the staggering sums he has lost on horses. Many famous entertainers who make astronomical sums for appearances in Las Vegas subsequently lose the money at the gambling tables.



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GAMBLING (continued)

and to lose as much as \$750,000 in one poker game, both without the slightest display of joy, sorrow, or any other emotion, exemplifies the sort of gambler that Walter A. Raleigh, an English literary critic, once described. "A good gambler," said Raleigh, "is a rare and lofty type of character. To choose a risk deliberately and to abide by the result, to meet losses and gains with an equal mind, not to be puffed up with prosperity nor broken by adversity, not to complain nor to boast—this asks a strength and a virtue which are far from common in the human character."

According to his own tale, Nick the Greek, scion of a prosperous family living in Turkey, came to the United States as a lad and became a gambler when a girl he wanted to marry died before they could have a reconciliation after an argument. He is supposed to have stayed drunk for four months, out of grief; when he finally sobered up, he discovered that he had been playing the horses and was ahead by \$1,200,000. He is rich and broke by turns, but no one knows where he gets his new bank-rolls. Some say that he is backed by a small group of rich Greeks; others say he is financed by a large group of poor Greeks.

Once, when he was in Las Vegas, a friend in Texas called Nick. The Texan asked how things were going and then suggested that they toss a coin by long distance telephone for \$10,000. The Texan tossed the coin, and Nick called heads, or maybe it was tails. "You called it right," the Texan is supposed to have said, "I'll send you a check by mail." The story is told how Nick once challenged a man to roll one die, high number to win, for \$380,000. His opponent rolled a three and wanted to concede the game, but Nick refused to allow that and rolled the die himself. He rolled a two, paid the man and walked away looking neither sad nor happy.

Dr. Gregory Zilborg, the famous psychiatrist, has said, "Gambling occupies a high place among the spontaneous devices which man uses unwittingly to protect himself against, or to deny, his anxiety about his own frailty."

Gambler Wouldn't Risk Marriage

On one occasion, Nick the Greek, who holds a powerful fascination for women, was visited in New York by a girl from Chicago who seemed to be under the impression that the gambler wanted to marry her. If Dr. Zilborg is correct, Nick must have been terribly concerned about his frailty, for as soon as she showed up in New York he became involved in a crap game that floated all over town. He sent a friend to keep her company. When Nick emerged from the

crap game six days later he found that the girl had married his friend and that the two were on their honeymoon. Nick muttered something philosophic about the impatience of women and went in search of another game.

Another Greek gentleman named Nick Condos, who was one of Martha Raye's husbands, found himself at a crap table in Las Vegas, ahead of the game by \$60,000 at five o'clock one morning. After he counted his money, Condos ran to a telephone and called an airline.

A Las Vegas Commuter

"You gotta get me on a plane outta town right away," he shouted. The man said there was no plane out of Las Vegas until 10 A.M., five hours later.

"I can't wait," shouted Condos. "If I hang around here I'll lose all this dough back; get me a plane from some place."

The man said he could charter a plane and Nick sped to the airport in a taxi and was flown to Los Angeles. Between marriages at the time, Nick went to the home of a girl friend, arriving before eight. He woke the girl, they had an argument, and Nick, angry and hurt, went back to the airport and caught a flight right back to Las Vegas.

"Before 10 o'clock that same morning," said a friend, "Nick lost the \$60,000 back at the crap table, along with another \$40,000 in markers. It took him a year to pay it back."

One of the reasons the large hotels pay such fantastic sums as \$50,000 a week to entertainers, say people wise to the ways of Las Vegas, is that the hotel keepers know most show business people promptly give their salaries back at the gambling tables. One of the sights of the town is the wonderful elan with which comics such as Joe E. Lewis and Phil Silvers lose huge sums of money. Another spectacle is an important industrialist who visits the gambling capital of the world periodically to shoot dice so persistently that he has a barber shave him at the crap table.

I was in the gambling casino at the Hotel Sands in Las Vegas at five o'clock one morning when a woman walked into the huge and ornate room and immediately caught every eye. Even in Las Vegas, where the slogan for informality goes, "Come as you are," she was oddly dressed. She wore bedroom slippers, a bathrobe over pajamas, her hair was in curlers and she wore no make-up. One of the owners of the hotel explained carefully that he had no objections to her costume, but merely was wondering why she was dressed that way.

"It's perfectly simple," she explained. "I got into bed about three o'clock, but I couldn't sleep, so I decided to come back here and shoot a little crap. But I didn't

want to bother getting dressed, and anyway, I couldn't figure out what a lady should put on to shoot crap at 5 A. M., so I came as I was."

One of the great gamblers of our time was the fabulous Wilson Mizner, who would bet on anything, especially if he had the edge. He was in Atlantic City with a group of sports one day when they saw a huge pair of feet sticking out the window of a boardwalk hotel. "Mizner and his friend," says Alva Johnston, biographer of Wilson and Addison Mizner, "began to guess how tall the man was. They backed their guesses with money. Most of the bettors placed the man's height at well over six feet. Mizner made the lowest estimate. With a curious disregard of the principles of human symmetry, he guessed five feet one. When the money was up, they called on the man in the hotel room. He was a dwarf, four feet six inches tall, with size 11 shoes. Mizner had brought him from New York and planted him there, figuring he could probably win a few bets on the man's paradoxical physique."

A couple of New York press agents named Sid Garfield and Jack Tirman have had a betting partnership for a number of years now. During the football season they sometimes put down forty or fifty bets on schools they've never heard of. "One year," says Sid Garfield, who works for CBS-TV, "Jack and I were betting heavy on every baseball game. We kept losing, and one day I asked my two daughters, Judy, who was nine, and Janet, who was four, about a couple of games I couldn't make my mind up about. As it happened, the teams they picked won. Tirman and I followed their selections for almost a week, and they picked winners for a couple of days, but then they started picking losers. I stuck with them a few days, anyway.

"But one morning Jack Tirman called me. 'Get rid of those kids,' he snarled. 'they're stiffs.'"

Not long ago, I ran into a friend I hadn't seen for several years. He was standing at a bar, and he had a drink in his hand. This surprised me, because when I had last seen him he had been on the wagon for more than ten years. "What started you drinking again?" I asked him.

"Well," he said, "you remember how I used to play the horses all the time?" I said I did.

How to Break the Habit

"Well," he said, "I figured if I started drinking, I could break myself of the habit of playing the horses." My friend looked at me triumphantly, though waveringly. "And it worked," he said. "I haven't made a bet for six months."

THE END

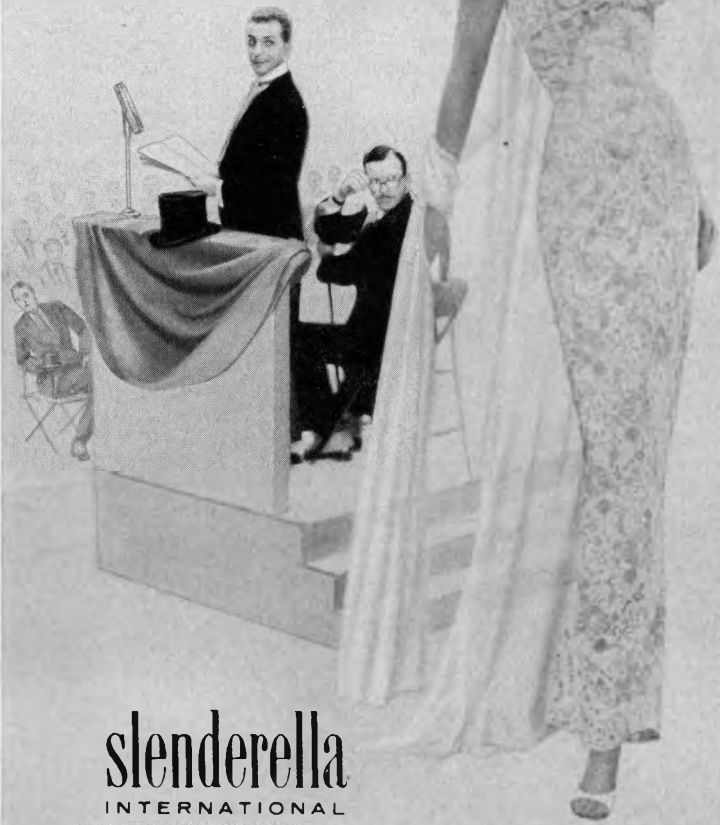
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MISERS

Ex-debutantes, disappointed lovers, Phi Beta Kappa men—these are some of the misers who, for strange reasons of their own, live frugally and hoard fortunes

BY JEAN LIBMAN BLOCK

Walking-around money" is a Broadway expression for the cash a citizen needs in pocket or purse to pay his way through the day. It may vary from a few dollars for you and me to a few thousand for a Texan or a chronic check-grabber. The proverbial roll of bills sufficient to choke a horse is still flashed occasionally, but deference to the Director of Internal Revenue restrains most gaudy displays of currency.

Probably it is just as well, for the number of characters strolling about with outrageous amounts of cash on their persons is truly appalling. At least so it would appear from repeated stories in newspapers describing aged junkmen, recluses, raggickers and other starvelings who drop dead in snowdrifts and on inspection are found to be carrying \$86,759 in large and small bills sewn into the tattered linings of their threadbare garments.

Nobody has ever estimated the total walking-around money of parsimonious derelicts, but surely it would all add up to a staggering figure, well over, say, the annual budget of Monaco, and prove conclusively all over again that a terrible lot of people are plain crazy about money.

One of the craziest ever—in a crazy-like-a-fox way—was a tiny widow named Ida E. Wood, who made a couple of safaris to Europe with \$750,000 in bills tied sometimes to her waist and sometimes to her wrist.

Mrs. Wood claimed that in her youth as a New Orleans belle she had danced at the inaugural balls of Benjamin Harrison

and Grover Cleveland. Later, as the wife of a New York publisher, she dined on canvasback duck and terrapin, and ordered her gem-encrusted evening gowns from Paris and London. Her husband died in 1900.

Seven years later she told her broker there was going to be a depression, withdrew from the bank three-quarters of a million dollars in cash, and tied it onto herself. The broker didn't stop laughing until the bottom fell out of the financial world a few weeks later. Maybe the accuracy of her own prediction unhinged Mrs. Wood's mind. At any rate, she traveled a little after the 1907 crash and went out occasionally into society, but more and more hung around her two rooms in the Herald Square Hotel which she shared with her sister.

By the time her sister died in 1931, Ida Wood was a bent crone of ninety-three, draped in rags of ancient taffeta. She smoked cigars, ate raw fish, and hadn't left her filthy hotel suite in more than two decades. Declared incompetent by court order, she was moved into clean quarters, dressed, and fed decently. When her forty trunks were opened, out tumbled a fortune in jewels; hand-painted, fringed, pink satin menus and dance programs; a gold-headed ebony stick given to her father-in-law by President James Monroe; huge quantities of rich satin and cloth of gold; a dozen bushels of hotel soap; and 500 yards of twine in neatly tied small lengths.

The \$750,000 was stripped from her waist and put in a bank. One night while she was asleep her nurse threw out a box

of moldy crackers. On second thought the nurse fished the box from the garbage can for a good look—just in case. Her hunch paid off, for under the decayed crackers lay coiled a rope of thirty-five diamonds weighing a total of 105 carats. When Mrs. Wood died, her lawyer found she had in reality been born Ellen Walsh, daughter of an immigrant peddler from Ireland, and ten cousins who didn't even know they were related collected \$84,000 each from her estate.

Mrs. Wood, no doubt, walked around with more money than anyone before or since. But Roger P. Stewart, onetime United States handball champion, was no slouch, either. An old codger with holes in the knees of his pants, he spent his mornings in church and in the public library, and his afternoons in his room, reading or listening to the radio. When he died in his \$25-a-month furnished room—high rent, by the way, for an authentic recluse—it took the police four hours to count the contents of the Gladstone bag they found locked in a closet. It held one \$10,000 bill, 137 \$1,000 bills, seventy-four \$500 bills and enough small ones to make up a total of \$200,096. He left the money to St. John's University.

Emily Thorn never left her house on Sixteenth Street, but she liked to carry twenty-dollar gold pieces around the cluttered premises in a pocketbook. There was just one problem. The house was unheated, and Emily's fingers became so stiff from cold that she often dropped the purse. In that event, rather than bend down and pick it up, she'd get a new one from a supply she ordered by the gross from a department store, then fill it from her limitless stock of twenty-dollar gold pieces. Eventually the floor was carpeted ankle deep with thousands of dropped pocketbooks, each stuffed with gold.

A Treasure in Twigs

Or consider poor old Oscar Vogel of Dunellen, New Jersey, undone by fire and water. First, fire gutted his seven-room house, so packed with flotsam all the doors were barricaded and the only entry was through a porch window. Then tons of water poured in by firemen flooded the cellar and floated into full view a fantastic armada of ten-, twenty-, and fifty-dollar bills. Police wrung out the soggy bills and set up emergency racks to dry out Vogel's extremely liquid assets of \$30,000. But money wasn't everything to him. Also damaged were a splendid assortment of inner tubes, back-number magazines in teetering columns, tree twigs neatly piled in pyramids and several intricate towers, ten feet tall, of popsickle sticks.

You might accurately describe Vogel as a saving man.

In fact, that's about the best you can say for the entire army of curious creatures who dismiss most human pursuits as irrelevant and dedicate their days to contemplating, fondling, secreting, and

usually not spending their money. They hang onto other things, too: jewels, papers, rags, stock certificates, string, 1917 automobiles, pianos—the famed Collyer brothers had five in their junk-jammed mausoleum—and postage stamps. An old chap in Pittsburgh probably set an all-time record in stamp collecting. He gathered 2,400,000 but, bored by albums, tossed his stamps on disorderly heaps reaching to the ceiling.

Why do they do it?

The Hermit in Us All

Helen Worden Erskine, a connoisseur of recluses who has written of them lovingly in a book, *Out of This World*, finds many of them like everyone else, except a great deal more so: "We all have something of the hermit in us. If forced to take stock of personal belongings, I could churn up several wastebaskets of scrawled memos, one glove of a kind, lone earrings, bent paper clips, odd buttons, chewed pencil stubs, half-filled boxes of ancient cough drops, torn photos and old New Year's cards."

In many instances time and deterioration turn a simple crotchet into a ruling passion. Then the diagnosis is senile psychosis. In other cases, a fiercely dominant mother has warped her children's personalities in childhood and set the stage for later withdrawal from life.

Hetty Green, billed as the world's richest woman and wearing the world's most nondescript clothes, worked her daughter Sylvia as a household drudge in their depressing flat in Hoboken, then left the bewildered girl half of \$100,000,000. Some years later Sylvia inherited from her brother \$20,000,000 in gems, including a diamond-studded chastity belt and an unexcelled library of erotica. She picked up a few more millions when her elderly husband died. With a personal income of \$5,000,000 a year, Sylvia lived alone in considerable style, kept four homes staffed so she could avoid seeing people in four different places, loathed her fellow humans, and had no fun at all.

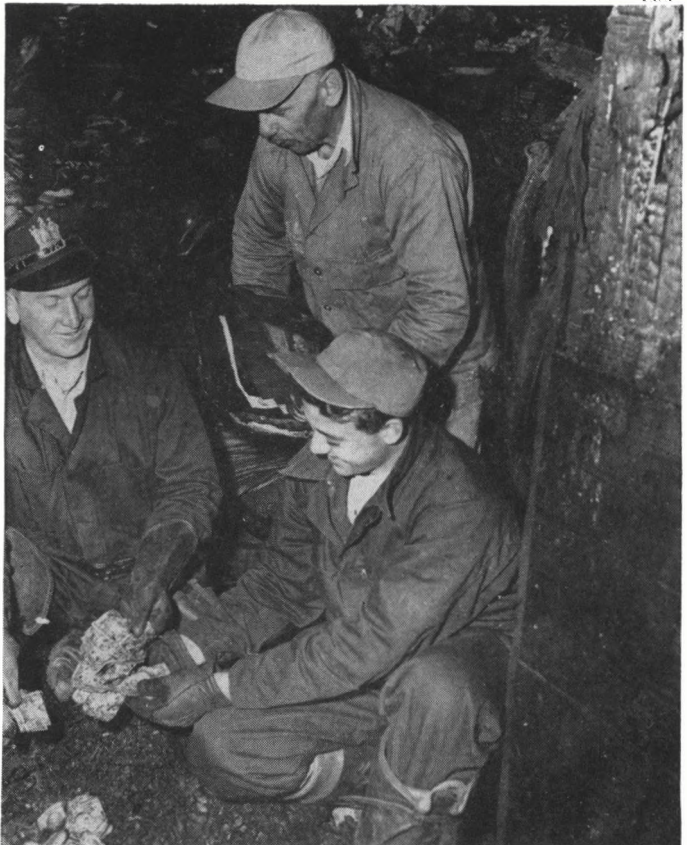
A number of excessive savers are undone by the clichés of thrift which they take all too literally. From the days of Benjamin Franklin's Poor Richard until fairly recently, thriftiness was one of the cardinal American virtues, closely akin to cleanliness and Godliness. Old John D. Rockefeller, Sr., the dime distributor, was reputed to have berated a youngster who didn't bother to pick up a nickel from the ground: "Young man, don't you know that a nickel is 5 per cent interest on a dollar for a whole year?"

Perhaps it is not without significance that a careful perusal of big city newspaper files shows a falling off of rich hermit stories in the last decade. The peak was reached in 1947-8. No doubt the Depression and World War II were enough to drive even reasonable men into caves. Since then, however, spending has become more fashionable than saving.

(continued)



FOR SIXTY YEARS Grace Fletcher Kelley lived as a recluse in a seventeen-room house, then left a fortune of \$250,000. A reputed beauty, she went into hiding at twenty, after a blighted romance.



IN NEW JERSEY police sort some \$30,000 in cash and securities found in rubbish of recluse Oscar Vogel, 75, who died of suffocation following a fire. Most recluses, like Vogel, live past middle age.

They squirrel away jewels,
rags, even popsicle
sticks, often eat one meal
a day, and leave their
fortunes to beloved animals
instead of relatives



“FAMILY SECRET” was supposedly reason Ella Wendel, heiress to \$50,000,000, shunned people. She showered love on poodle, wheeled it in baby carriage.

Social security has cushioned the declining years of millions and inflation has dealt unkindly with those cherished dollars in teapots and bureau drawers.

A recent survey among children revealed that one in five thinks a penny is absolutely valueless, and quite a few are hard pressed to name something you can buy with a nickel. It is unlikely that youngsters with such an attitude now will feel any compulsion later on to stockpile coin of the realm.

Misers and Misanthropes

On the other hand, psychological motivation for hoarding is always strong. In a society as violently materialistic as ours, it's a common error to mistake money for love. Often isolated from family and friends, mortally hurt by those once close to him, the recluse derives emotional satisfaction from his comforting stacks of hills which make no demands. He sometimes suspects that those around him are plotting to seize his treasure, and he may even be right about that. At any rate, fear, hate, suspicion, aloneness, perhaps even a tendency to regard money as a sexual object combine in a poisonous brew producing at best idiosyncrasy, at worst paranoia.

At times the hatred of people is reserved for special groups, typically the

opposite sex. Louisa Strittmater, a maiden lady of Bloomfield, New Jersey, who buried gold in her cellar, despised males, equating them with apes. She advocated, as soon as science figured out how to produce babies without male assistance, the killing of all male infants at birth. She left her \$15,000 to the National Woman's Party, but male relatives succeeded in breaking her will.

On the other hand, Adam Seiferth, who lived holed up in an attic, willed his \$60,000 to his brothers on condition that none of their wives be present when his will was read. The girls were smart enough to stay home.

Just as they hate irrationally, recluses often love irrationally. Edgar Donne, sixty-seven-year-old proprietor of a dilapidated shack on a 140-acre farm in Michigan, had a dream girl. Her name was Greta Garbo. He once hitch-hiked to Hollywood to meet her, but didn't get past the doorman. His will read: "My worldly goods to Greta Garbo; if I marry her, to Greta Garbo Donne." The amount was \$20,000 and Miss Garbo graciously accepted it.

Some money collectors like animals better than people. Ella Wendel, last of the legendary eight brothers and sisters who lived in feudal mystery behind castle walls at Thirty-ninth Street and Fifth

Avenue, preferred her white poodle to the rest of the population of this globe. The family, once offered \$1,000,000 for the backyard of their property, refused it because Ella's dog liked to play there.

Legacies to cats, dogs, foxes, parakeets, and ravens reach the headlines with almost predictable regularity. Courts are often called on by disinherited relatives to set aside wills that make Rover rich and leave grieving cousins out in the cold. Frequently, Rover may be more deserving. Mrs. Marian C. Robinson, a well-beeled widow, found a novel way, at least, to express her boundless affection for Chief, a large dog of mixed ancestry. She left her wealth to charity, her ashes to be scattered on Chief's grave in the Hartsdale Canine Cemetery.

Million-Dollar Dotted Line

Occasionally you can trace a miser's aberrations directly to trip-wire words or events in the murky past. Mary B. Powers, for example, was a spineless little girl with a fiercely dominant mother who admired money more than anything else in the world. Her mother, Carrie Powers, had married for money, made more money after her husband's death, and was determined her son and daughter should not squander the stuff.

"Never sign your name, child," her



TYPICAL PATTERN: Found dead in a New York rooming house, this supposedly penniless man, Roger Stewart, left a Gladstone bag stuffed with \$200,000.



RICHEST MISER, Hetty Green, dressed shabbily, lent money at exorbitant rates, then left \$100,000,000. Her son and daughter spent the huge inheritance lavishly.

mother told Mary over and over. The advice was tendered to save the girl from fleece artists and con men.

Carrie died in 1911, leaving a good many million dollars. Thirty-seven years later when Mary died, stacks of dividend checks remained unsigned and \$444,924 was still sitting quietly without interest in her mother's checking account in the old Fifth Avenue Bank. Scattered around Mary's disheveled hotel suite was \$1,149,750 in uncashed dividend checks, some of them dating back to 1919.

Like many of her odd sisterhood who squirrel sizable checks and banknotes under the carpet, Mary Powers insisted on getting full mileage from a dime. For years she ate only one meal a day. But she talked grandly of building a \$300,000 mausoleum for her mother.

In Jersey City a pair of quaintly deranged sisters named Clara and Marie Faflock kept their wastebaskets neatly filled with \$23,900 in new bills and gold. But they declined to pay an extra \$2.50 a month rent for a refrigerator. How did they keep their food? That was easy. They stored it in the bathtub under cold water.

A Staten Island hermit with a truly original turn of mind lived in a church belfry until evicted. He then set himself up in a lavishly equipped pup-tent in the woods. He would have gotten along fine

if he hadn't suffered a toothache. Instead of visiting a dentist, he stole a set of dentist's instruments and repaired his own teeth. This novel application of do-it-yourself won him commitment to a state hospital.

They Bought Solitude

Somewhere in the ranks of recluses there is always room for the lovelorn. Not exactly crossed in love but unswerving in her romantic expectations was Grace Fletcher Kelley who died at eighty, mistress of a seventeen-room house, a quarter of a million dollars and sixty years of almost perfect solitude. In her youth she had married a writer of comic opera. She was so horrified when he smoked cigars on their honeymoon that she left him three days after the wedding and swore she'd live out her life alone. She did, too.

Mrs. Stoddard Shaw took the death of her son so hard that she retired to a \$12,000 a year suite in the Hotel Dorset from which she never emerged in the last seven years of her life. Her plum-colored brougham with matched bays and coachman in livery waited vainly at the front door every day. She once invited a rare assembly of dowagers and antique gentlemen to dinner. The party turned into an evil-smelling fiasco when Mrs.

Shaw neglected to remove the feathers from the five wild ducks she was roasting for her guests.

Bayard Brown was a rich and wilful American bachelor who spent the second thirty-six years of his life on a palatial yacht, the *Valfresia*, anchored off England's Essex coast. The yacht had been built for King Edward VII when he was Prince of Wales, but Edward never took possession. Brown outbid the Czar of Russia and got the vessel for \$200,000. Brown kept the ship under full steam at all times and his crew of nine perpetually alerted for immediate departure. He inflicted discipline on his sailors with a squirt gun, occasionally gave the order to weigh anchor, but invariably countermanded it a little later. When he died at seventy-three, a charred photograph of a young woman was found in his hand. You can write your own romanace.

A Friend in Deed

If you know of a lonely old party entombed in a hovel or hotel, better get busy with your most persuasive charm. You might be left a mint, but make sure it's in writing. The most spuriously weeping second-cousin-once-removed takes precedence over a kindly neighbor bearing chicken broth unless there's a nice, legal will to uphold your claim. **THE END**

LEGAL TENDER

Legal or not, everything from beer to playing cards has been tendered in exchange for goods. Some of the rare and valuable specimens shown here may be hiding in your attic

ON TOP OF THE WORLD BY DAVID E. GREEN

SUPPLY AND DEMAND . . . By working around the clock the mint can turn out three million pennies daily. For some unknown reason, Baltimore never has enough nickels and New York is always short of halves.

HIGH COST OF CASH . . . It costs a cent to make a nickel. In 1955 it cost \$200,000,000 to produce one billion coins which represented over \$38,500,000,000 in face value.

U. S. AND COMPANY . . . The real security behind credit is the wealth of the United States in land, resources, factories, and people—*not gold*. No one, specialist, capitalist, or government agent, knows how much gold should support bank credit. Our three billion dollars in gold supports more than sixty-five billion dollars worth of credit.

FIRST U. S. MINT . . . A double house on Seventh Street in Philadelphia housed our first mint when our federal government was located here. George Washington lived practically next door and would drop in daily. To enter he had to pass the first guard of our treasury, Nero, a three-dollar dog. Workers at the mint had a government cinch, working from 5 A.M. to 7 P.M.

ODD DENOMINATIONS . . . Since we started to mint our money in 1792-3, in addition to the coins in current circulation there have been a copper half-cent; a bronze two cent piece; nickel and silver three cent pieces, a silver half-dime, and a twenty cent piece. Gold denominations included \$1, \$2½, \$3, \$4, \$5, \$10, and \$20. During the Civil War bills were issued in odd denominations such as twenty-five and fifty cents, and

I have a \$1.25 bill in Continental currency.

Our currency paper is made by the Crane Company in Dalton, Massachusetts, whose product has never been equaled. The plates from which the bills are printed are the work of twelve skilled engravers. The ink is a special secret brew.

MYSTERY MONEY . . . Just before we went off the gold standard in 1933 445,500 double eagle \$20 gold pieces were minted. They were immediately ordered remelted except for two, which were sent to the Smithsonian Institution, as is customary, and twenty-nine which



1933 double eagle, worth \$1,000

were tested and destroyed at official assay offices. The customary weight check showed that all remaining coins were accounted for, yet a decade later ten double eagles appeared among collectors and brought as high as \$2,200 each. Nine were immediately confiscated, but the owner of the tenth went to court contending that he had bought the coin in good faith and could rightfully keep it. The Treasury's contention that the coin had never left its ownership won the case and the coin. Twenty years later King Farouk ran out on his throne, leaving in his hurry his famous coin collection. In it was a 1933 double eagle. It was immediately requested by our govern-

ment and returned. But where did these coins come from? My guess is that a mint or assay employee substituted other gold coins at the melting. The customary weight check, of course, wouldn't expose the switch. At the Smithsonian, next to the two 1933 double eagles, representing the last gold coins minted by the United States, is the first \$20 gold piece, issued in 1849. Only one is known to have been struck, but if another were to appear, bidding would start at \$50,000.

MONTE CARLO . . . There is a secret advantage that every gambling house has over the people who gamble in it. Known only to big operators and called "the hidden percentage," it lies in the fact that a person who gambles is not willing to win as much as he is willing to lose. A person will usually send a lot of money after his losses trying to get even, but will stop and run with a small amount of winnings. The average gain is far below the average loss.

U. S. SOCIAL REGISTER . . . Founder Commodore Cornelius Vanderbilt was known to use blackmail; yet when a few associates grabbed one of his interests while he was abroad he cabled them: "Gentlemen, you cheated me. I'll not sue. The law takes too long. I'll ruin you." And he did.

John Jacob Astor, responsible for the respect and bank balance of the Astors, founded the fortune by selling illegal whiskey to the Indians and even watered the stuff while trading furs.

John D. Rockefeller, Sr., made a practice of cheating his sons so they would learn to trust no one.

Andrew Mellon was once screamed at by a socialist, who pointed out that he owed it to the world to share his fortune.

Mellon called his secretary, figured for a moment and then sent the screamer sixteen cents, his share.

STAFFORDSHIRE COAL MINES . . . Beer was once used as money. (Should have been called the *Rheingold* standard.)

CANADA . . . For nearly a century the only money in common use was playing cards. Lacking money-printing presses, the governor requisitioned all playing cards and converted each card to a "promise to pay" note to be used until the arrival of the treasury ship. When paper money was ready to be substituted, the people insisted on keeping the cards.

"T" (FOR TURKEY) MEN . . . An Illinois farmer put up a road stand in front of his door from which he sold Thanksgiving turkeys to passing motorists. One of them stepped out of a large convertible and ordered a bird. The farmer's frugal mother noticed he never looked at the scale and that he stuffed the change from his twenty dollar bill into his pocket without counting it. She took his license number as he sped away, and when the bill bounced so did one of the largest counterfeit gangs in the country—right into jail.

NEW YORK . . . Franz Pick, a specialist in international money matters, has a number of governments among the subscribers to his periodicals, even though he dedicated one of his annuals to the sixty governments who falsely support their money and are the true creators of the black market. He points out that the entire currency reserve of the whole pound sterling area (2,300,000,000 U.S. dollars) is less than the assets of a single philanthropic institute—the Ford Foundation. "Diamonds," says Pick, "aren't a girl's best friend; they're a dealer's best friend. They can always be bought but not sold unless one is ready to take a substantial loss." Abe Toepfer, a top diamond importer, counters with, "What else can you buy, wear for years and sell for almost as much as you paid for it? Furs?"

LAS VEGAS . . . The value of money has a way of shrinking during the heat of gambling. After a Texan lost \$25,000 at one of the plush hotels, he expressed the desire to match the management, double or nothing. The head of the casino agreed, on the condition that the loser walk around the block before making the gamble. The Texan walked, returned, made out the check for 25 G's and left. The walk had cooled him, expanding his sense of monetary value to normal.

MANHATTAN . . . Before France fell, an agent came here to buy two million pairs of shoes we had left over from World War I. They were for sale at \$2 a pair, but he wanted to pay \$2.50 a pair

and be given 25 cents for himself. When a bank official was criticized for effecting the sale and kick-back, his reply was, "I'm afraid you give money a conscience it hasn't got."

WALL STREET . . . Daniel Drew, who was Commodore Vanderbilt's partner, invented the handkerchief trick that made a fortune. Surrounded by speculators, he would take out his handkerchief to mop his brow and not notice a piece of paper flutter to the floor. After he left, the others would dash for the paper, on which would be scribbled a tip. They would huy and he would sell, making what they lost.

INDIA . . . Bombay is India's city of commerce. Its Wall Street, where "greed and avarice meet," is called Mahatma Gandhi Road, named after the man who wanted only a diaper, a pin and some goat's milk.

POOR RICHARD . . . Franklin said, "The way to get rich is simple and clear. It depends on two words, *industry* and *frugality*. He that gets all he can and saves it will get rich."

JAPAN . . . Mickey Mouse made Japan change one of its money laws. Disney had a large amount of yen he couldn't get out of the country at the same time the

Vatican was building a wing to its University located there. Legally permitted to use blocked currency, the Vatican bought Disney's yen for dollars payable in Hollywood. Immediately thereafter the law was changed. (The mighty Mouse had found a way to make yens meet.)

NEW HAVEN . . . The primary job of every University president is to raise money. At his inaugural cocktail party a Yale prexy was asked how he hoped to raise the large amount expected of him. He replied, "Degree by degree."

161,000,000 AMERICANS . . . Your chance of becoming a millionaire is one in 17,500.

BROADWAY . . . Flo Ziegfeld, the producer, was the all-time champ in presenting beautiful girls. He believed a gal with knock-knees wasn't for viewing and used the three-silver-dollars acid test. He'd place one at the ankles, another at the calf, and the third above the knees, and if all stayed in place the gal was O.K., not K.K.

GERMANY . . . During World War II Hitler perfected a counterfeit of the English pound note and financed a major portion of his activities with the copies. They were made by rounding up all available artists, printers and engravers, many from jails and concentration

(continued)



THIS OLD BUILDING on Seventh Street in Philadelphia housed the first United States mint. It was guarded by a three-dollar watchdog.

LEGAL TENDER (continued)



Early quarter worth \$1,000



Liberty head nickel, \$10-\$50



Silver dollar worth \$5,000



1914 Denver cent, worth \$30



Panama Pacific octagonal, \$1,250

camps. He had the nerve to send his copies to Swiss and English banks for verification. They checked out, down to the bluish green flame the notes throw off when burned. He rewarded all who had a hand in the project with iron crosses, but then wanted to shoot the head of "Operations Counterfeit" because three Jewish artists had been decorated as directed. The kidnaping of Mussolini, a network of radio stations, and the activities of the German agent who directed the V bombing from the heart of London were all paid for with these fake bills. Before Berlin fell, this same group was supposed to have duplicated our dollar bills, and most of the people who worked on this project were grabbed up by the Russians, for whom they are now doing similar work. It was Lenin who said, "The best way to soften a country for communism is to debauch its currency."

ETYMOLOGY . . . *Salary* means *salt-money*, from the Roman custom of paying part of a soldier's wage in salt. *Fee* is derived from a German word which originally meant sheep or cattle, their medium of exchange before money. The name *Yen*, meaning *circle*, is a reminder that money should go around in a circle, that is, circle-ate.

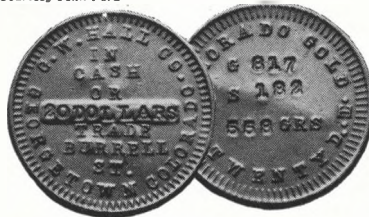
GERMANY . . . Money has been struck on porcelain and printed on silk, hemp, linen, leather and golden-colored velvet.

ASIA MINOR . . . The first nation to use coined money was Cyzicus, 3,000 years ago. Before that, gold and silver were used in bars and unstamped pieces.

HISTORY AND COUNTERFEIT MONEY . . . General William Howe and General Henry Clinton were sent to the Colonies to "knock them out" with counterfeit money that they printed on an English ship in New York harbor. Washington and his men starved at Valley Forge as a result. Printer S. C. Upham counterfeited Confederate money for the North and Senator Foote told a Rebel congress in Richmond, "Upham has done more to injure the Confederate cause than General McClellan and his army."

COLORADO . . . This unpublished, privately made twenty-dollar gold piece was purchased by dealer John Ford of

Courtesy John Ford



the New Netherlands Coin Company in 1954 for \$1,000 after being found in a Western curio shop priced at \$75.

\$s-4-U . . . All Confederate money in good condition is valuable. The 1861 Montgomery, Alabama, 50, 100, 500 and 1,000 dollar bills are worth from \$50 to \$300 each. In Utah (1849-60), California (1849-56), Colorado (1860-62), and Oregon (1849) firms and individuals made their own money, and these gold pieces plus bars issued by assayers are

still to be found, especially around ghost towns. Mr. Ford of New Netherlands Coin Company, 1 W. 47 Street, New York City, is a good man to contact if you are interested.

INDIA . . . The smallest gold coin in the world is a 5 cent gold piece.

HERE AND NOW . . . The treasury often prints bills with one amount on one side and another on reverse. A bill signed by Humphrey and Priest has 10 on one side and 1 on reverse and is worth around \$300. They tell the story of a small hotel owner who counted his receipts at the end of the day and got \$690 total the first time but on recounting got \$700. He counted and recounted, turning the money this way and that, sometimes getting \$690 and sometimes \$700. After seven hours of this he decided he was going mad and shot himself. The police found a 10-20 double denominational note among the bills.

DUPLICATING . . . Now we call it counterfeiting, but in the Vienna of about 1800 the reproduction of famous old coins was an art. One of the most famous artisans was Becker, who made Roman coins that would have passed the examination of the keenest eye during the reign of the Caesars. Italy boasts the greatest "counterfeiter" of all time. His name was Cavino, but his coins were called Paduans in honor of his home town. Such was his artistry that his coins were and still are worth more than the coins they copied. Number three in this all time Strike parade was Christodoulos of Athens. Great as an artist, he was



King of silver rarities, dollar worth \$12,500



Gold piece worth \$1,000



1652 Pine Tree Shilling, \$75



Rarest half dime, worth \$1,250



New Orleans coin worth \$4,000

weak in his lettering and numerals—understandably so, since he was illiterate. One of America's best coin copyists was Idler of Philadelphia, a great artist who specialized in Washington coins, particularly the 1792 half-dollar and cent. His trademark was his sense of beauty. On one coin he gave George a plastic job, changing his Roman nose to Grecian. So that you women readers won't think I've forgotten you, let me point out that women forgers are practically unknown. (Could it be you limit this art to your own faces?)

BRITAIN . . . In the Middle Ages the penalty for counterfeiting the King's coin was immersion in oil.

CHINA . . . The oldest paper money is the "Kwan" note issued in 1368 A.D. It was 8½ by 13½ inches, as wide as and slightly longer than a sheet of type-writer paper.

UNIVERSE . . . There is only fifty-eight billion dollars in gold in the entire world. Forty-six billion is owned by governments and twelve billion is privately hoarded.

COLLECTOR'S ITEMS . . . One of our most valuable coins is a \$50 gold piece minted in 1877. Only two were struck and both are on view at the Smithsonian Institution in Washington. They are valued at about \$50,000 each. The most valuable silver coin is a variety of the 1804 dollar, worth up to \$20,000, of which there are thirteen. The rarest gold coin ever to circulate is the \$3 piece

minted in 1870 in San Francisco and worth \$20,000. The \$5 gold piece struck in 1822 is worth almost as much. The 1798 \$5 gold piece with small eagles on reverse is worth \$7,500; the 1815, \$3,500; and the 1819, \$5,000. The 1926 "S" \$20 gold piece was worth \$3,000 two years ago but a new batch of them found in Europe brought their value down to \$400-\$500. (Excavations often increase the supply of rare coins, thus lowering their value.) You can get \$5,000 for a 1913 Liberty Head nickel and I do mean *you* can get it, because there are six around but only five have been located. Find it and get 100,000 times its face value. The 1832 \$5 gold piece brings \$5,000 if it has twelve stars, but only \$2,000 if it has thirteen. The New Orleans 1838 half-dollar is worth from three to four grand, and the 1901 "S" quarter in new condition is worth almost half a grand. Don't sneer at Confederate money. The 1861 series of \$500 and \$1,000 bills brings almost half their face value. Remember this: The condition of a coin is more important than its age. Don't try shining it—a collector can tell. And if you have any of the above don't write me; see or write Stack's Coin Company, 123 West Fifty-seventh Street, New York. Although they own a few million coins, they are still looking around for more to add to their collection.

BLACK CAT TALK . . . A superstitious person who thinks a two dollar bill is unlucky usually tears off a corner of it. Considered on the way out, the deuce bill is still much in evidence, and the mints print them whenever they are requested to do so.

SHARE ALIKE . . . If all the coins in circulation were distributed equally, each of us would have: \$1.36 in silver dollars; \$7.34 in halves, quarters and dimes; \$2.66 in nickels and pennies.

CALIFORNIA . . . Eggs were so valuable during the gold strike that they brought their weight in gold.

NOT WORTH A . . . China, Canada, Germany, Austria, the Admiralty Islands, and cities in over forty of our States have issued wooden money. The first of our towns to use it was Tenio, Washington, in 1931, when its Citizen's Bank failed. Different coins, including a wooden nickel, carried the inscription.

"Confidence makes good,
Money made of wood."

The way this town got its name is interesting, too. Situated 1,090 feet above sea level, it became "Tenio" when a founder syncopated the combination "ten-nine-0." How did your town get its name? Send it along and if it's interesting we'll run it. When you don't give a *rap* you are referring to an Irish counterfeit halfpenny, and to an Indian coin when you don't give a *dum*. Continental paper currency used before the signing of the Declaration of Independence was reduced so much in value that it inspired the quip "not worth a continental." The engraver of this money was Paul Revere.

SING SING . . . When Willie Sutton was asked why he limited his thefts to banks, he replied, "Where else is there only money?"

THE END



HOWARD CULLMAN confers with President Eisenhower over his appointment as Commissioner-General to the Brussels world's fair for 1958. He will be responsible for the United States exhibition. He decided to become a "socially useful" millionaire during a three-year (1918-21) struggle against tuberculosis.

BUSIEST MILLIONAIRE

BY JON WHITCOMB

Peggy Cullman sat at her desk looking darkly at a sheaf of bills. "I just can't get anybody interested in household expenses around this place," she muttered under her breath. The remark was directed at her husband, Howard Stix Cullman, who, as Honorary Chairman of the New York Port Authority, is responsible for spending \$220,000,000 on the reconstruction of Idlewild Airport, \$300,000,000 for the new bridge between Brooklyn and Staten Island, and \$100,000,000 on a second roadway over the George Washington Bridge.

For his services to the Port Authority, which also operates tunnels, truck and bus terminals, piers, heliports, and other New York and New Jersey facilities, Cullman receives no salary. Thirty-six years ago, in 1921, he became interested in the struggling Beekman Street Hospital in lower Manhattan, which Howard nursed successfully through fundraising and merger with another run-down clinic into the Beekman Downtown Hospital, a towering medical complex worth \$6,000,000. In 1927 Governor of New York Alfred E. Smith appointed him to the Board of the Port Authority. Since then, one-dollar-a-year Cullman has had plenty

of opportunities to prove his theory that millionaires can be socially useful. The list of his chairmanships and presidencies covers two single-space typewritten pages and includes activities like the Red Cross, the Visiting Nurse Service, The Light-house, Cerebral Palsy, National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis, the Metropolitan Opera, and the Herald Tribune Fresh Air Fund. He is a director of numerous corporations such as Bankers Trust, Prudential Life and the Waldorf-Astoria, and has been a popular appointee with United States presidents. Recently President Eisenhower made him Commissioner-General for the United States contribution to the Universal and International Exhibition of Brussels, a fifty-country world's fair to run during six months of 1958 in Belgium.

Rich but Not Idle

Once described by book-publisher Alfred Knopf as "the nicest millionaire I know," Howard works long hours through one crisis after another in the affairs of the Beekman hospital and the Port Authority. An easygoing, well-balanced extrovert, he operates at a pitch considerably lower than another tycoon

among the Cullmans' friends. "Thank heaven you're not Jock Whitney!" Mrs. Cullman was once driven to exclaim. "We'd never have any time to ourselves!"

At sixty-five, Howard Cullman is graying at the temples, with clear blue eyes and a skin that takes on a deep burnt-sienna color after a few hours in the sun. The Cullman fortune was accumulated in the tobacco business by Howard's grandfather, father and elder brother. Under the name of Cullman Bros., the firm has a thousand Connecticut acres under cultivation for shade-grown tobacco, furnishing fine leaf for cigars. With the decline of Java and Sumatra as sources, the local product is in great demand.

Howard went to Phillips-Exeter Academy and graduated from Yale. (He has honorary degrees from New York University, Syracuse, and Columbia.) In the early thirties, Howard found himself not only in the tobacco business but enmeshed in real estate. It was real estate combined with romance which finally made him a show business celebrity. The real estate was the Roxy Theatre, the romance was Bonwit Teller's pretty brunette publicity director, and when the

smoke cleared away Howard had become an "angel."

Recalling these events, Howard points out that theatres had a bad time of it early in the Depression, especially the Roxy, a giant movie cathedral that was trying to buck competition from Radio City Music Hall and the Center Theatre, which had just opened with 10,000 seats.

Money to Earn

The Roxy went into receivership. Howard was appointed trustee. "Eventually, I got back \$12,000,000 for the bondholders," he says. "But at Christmas in 1932 the theatre had exactly \$300 in the bank. The scheduled holiday stage show had a Nativity scene featuring a mule and Anna Case (Mrs. Clarence Mackay) as soloist. We knew the \$300 would feed the mule, but we couldn't afford Miss Case. As it happened, she came down with laryngitis, which solved one problem. Another one I couldn't solve. In an effort to improve business I had reduced admission prices to 25 cents in the morning, 35 cents in the afternoon and 50 cents at night. The movie distributors promptly boycotted me. I couldn't get pictures. In desperation I phoned a friend, Audrey Coates, who was in London, and asked her if she could get me any English films. She made a deal with Gaumont-British to let me have 'The 39 Steps,' a smash hit. Later on, another one, 'Little Friend,' starring Nova Pilbeam, got me involved with Peggy."

Miss Pilbeam's wardrobe had been designed by Schiaparelli. Casting around for a publicity angle, Howard asked the Roxy's press woman to arrange with Bonwit Teller for a Fifth Avenue window display. Peggy says, "She asked me to lunch at one of those 65-cent table d'hote places, and Howard dropped in during coffee. I felt cheated at not being taken to the Stork or '21', and Howard made a series of unfortunate cracks, remarking at one point that he hated career women. He said they were 'difficult.' I said 65-cent blueplates would make any girl difficult. Then he said, 'Aren't you supposed to be New York's youngest executive?' I retorted, 'No, I'm not—are you the oldest?' It came out that he was living at the Hotel Langdon, across Fifty-sixth Street from Bonwit's. He said his apartment faced south. I said my office faced south. He said, 'Good, we won't have to look at each other.' Well, six weeks passed before I thought of him again. It was a hot summer evening. I was working late, and my assistant reported that a man on the opposite roof was waving at her. I told her to pull down the blinds. 'But Miss Wagner,' she said, 'he looks kind of cute.' Then the telephone rang. It was Howard. I said, 'What do you do, fix aerials?' That didn't stop him. He asked me over for a drink. I refused. Of course I didn't go. Not until the next night. We were married the following spring."

By the time she moved into the Langdon as Mrs. Howard Cullman, Peggy had been for some time associate editor of *Stage* magazine. "I worked hard to get that job," she says, "and Howard was sweet enough to let me keep it until Maggy was born." One of Peggy's tasks as editor was picking stage plays to feature on the magazine's cover. "If they couldn't run long enough for us to get *Stage* on the newsstands they were no good to me," she says. Howard perceived that his wife's crystal ball was almost always right. This looked like more fun than the stock market, so the Cullmans began to back Peggy's guesses with cash. They became angels.

One of their first fliers was "Life with Father," their piece of which cost \$5,000. To date, this one investment has brought in \$300,000, and the end is not in sight. Howard estimates that Peggy's judgment has made the family a profit of \$1,000,000. "Peggy reads the scripts," he explains. "I read the contracts."

Some Dramatic Mistakes

Howard underestimated Rodgers and Hammerstein. He told them, "You can't make a musical out of 'Green Grow the Lilacs,'" and refused to put any funds into "Away We Go," retitled "Oklahoma!" Since then he has invested in every R. & H. project. Some of his friends enjoy twitting him about his reaction to "Life with Father." During intermission on opening night at the old Empire Theatre, he said, "It's a nice little thing—might run three weeks."

The Cullmans now live during the

winter in an eleven-room Park Avenue apartment with an unlisted phone number. Howard says people like to pick on the Port Authority at unlikely hours. "In the middle of the night I'd be getting complaints that low-flying planes were ruining their sleep." In summer the family moves to a farm in Purchase, New York, which has a remodeled Colonial house, stables, a tenant farmer, a tennis court, and a swimming pool.

Howard's new job will necessitate frequent trips to Europe, now that he is the President's international impresario.

His Most Important Show

"If it were up to me," he told me, "I'd have Judy Garland, Danny Kaye, the New York City Center Ballet, Marian Anderson, and the Philharmonic. But nobody knows how much money Congress will give us. We're hoping for at least fifteen million. Our six and a half acres will be right between the Vatican and the Russians, who are spending \$60,000,000. We'll have a 1,200-seat theatre, and I want to show an American voting machine and have snack bars serving chicken-in-the-basket and hot dogs and hamburgers. We'll have an art exhibition and a stock market layout showing how citizens here have a stake in business, and stress electronics, communications and atomic, showing medical, industrial and peacetime uses. Plus Disney films."

As a millionaire with a social conscience, Howard has waived the salary of \$25,000 a year that goes with his job. That's good news for taxpayers. As usual, he'll work for nothing. THE END



CULLMAN CLAN sits for family portrait. Back row: son-in-law Allan Stone and daughter Maggy, sons Paul and Hugh. Middle row: wife Peggy (with Laurel, Paul's daughter), Howard, Mrs. Hugh Cullman (holding her baby, Hughie) and Mrs. Paul Cullman. First row: Brian, son of Howard and Peggy; Danny, Paul's son; Katie, Hugh's daughter; Candace, Paul's daughter; and Steve, Paul's son.

SWEET SUCCESS

What it takes to be a top executive, why some men should turn down a bigger job, what trait young men should develop, how an employee should argue with the boss—here is advice from an expert who has analyzed hundreds of successful businessmen

INTERVIEW WITH DR. FREDERICK J. GAUDET. BY T. F. JAMES

Dr. Gaudet, I would like to thank you for this opportunity to visit you here in your office, on behalf of COSMOPOLITAN's readers. During the many years you have served as a consultant to industry, and as director of the Laboratory of Psychological Studies here at Stevens Institute of Technology, I am sure you have gathered a rich store of observations and conclusions on what makes a man a successful business leader.

Q. *To begin with, Dr. Gaudet, do you think there are more or fewer opportunities for advancement and success in American business today than in the past?*

A. Far more.

Q. *Why is this so?*

A. There are a number of reasons for it. First, extended government regulations have necessitated more management functions. Twenty or thirty years ago, most corporations did not need tax men, pension insurance men, and so forth. Second, industry's move toward decentralization requires more executives, because a decentralized business is a very complex

operation. But the explanations of today's opportunities at the top lie in the history of the last twenty-five years, and in compulsory retirement policies.

Q. *I can see how compulsory retirement would open up more jobs, but I don't understand how the history of the last twenty-five years affects the situation.*

A. The two are closely connected. Today's top executives are a rather old group, averaging fifty-eight or fifty-nine years of age. The men right behind them, who are their logical successors, are only four or five years younger. Compulsory retirement at sixty-five means that both these groups will soon be out. And the men who follow them will have, on the average, only about ten more working years. Then you run into a hollow spot—there are no men right behind this last group. This is where the history comes in. When the Depression hit, a lot of men who were holding management positions were demoted. When business improved in the later thirties, these fellows were the first to be promoted. A few years later, when the wave of promotions arising from World War II came up, most of the pro-

motable men were in the service. So the hollow spot is a result of the lack of opportunities for younger men during the Depression and the lack of younger men to fill positions during World War II.

Q. *Then companies must be very anxious to develop leaders?*

A. Of course. For investors today, the big factor in the value of the company is its personnel.

Q. *Does a man derive real satisfaction from success in business in addition to making a good salary?*

It depends on the individual. We once advised a company that a crack research chemist who was being considered for a management post would probably not be good in the job. "Why?" we were asked. "Simply because he doesn't want it," we said. The chemist was earning a comfortable salary doing a job which gave him satisfaction. He wanted to stay in it.

Q. *What does the man who becomes a leader want?*

A. I have found that the successful business leader is primarily in search of creative, challenging work. We think of creativity as applying only to the arts. Very frequently, there is a creative urge in an industrialist. The company becomes part of him. He sees it as a force for good, a source of abundance and service.

Q. *Does a man have to sacrifice a great deal in terms of health and family to get ahead in business?*

A. I don't feel the executive himself is sacrificing anything if he works sixteen or eighteen hours. It's something he wants to do. But his wife and children may be making sacrifices. Many executives would like to spend more time with their families and are looking forward to retirement for this reason alone.

Q. *Is it true that a large percentage of businessmen have nervous breakdowns and other disorders?*

A. Certainly some do. But I feel the picture has been distorted because our studies have concentrated attention on these top executives and have not included a comparable examination of the population at large. My guess is that investigation would reveal just as many ulcers in the individuals who don't go to the top as in those who do. In fact, some recent material indicates that the executives are probably healthier. They have to be, or they couldn't be executives.

Q. *Is there such a thing as a natural leader, Dr. Gaudet?*

A. That's a difficult question to answer. Leadership qualities are specific. You might find a clergyman or an orator who is a wonderful spellbinder. He's a leader. However, the qualities that make him a leader on the platform or in the pulpit may not make him a leader in industry. In the same way, the leadership qualities that are necessary in a small company may not be as valued in a larger company. And often in the same company the leadership qualities that are necessary at one time are impeditive five years later.

Q. *Can leadership qualities be learned?*

A. Yes and no. Of course there are some things a man can't learn. Not everyone is born with the good health, the energy drive an executive needs. The personality factors that tend to make a good executive can be learned—in theory. Practically, however, often they cannot. Take a man whose rigidity prevents him from being a good executive. It is a defense he has built up. You might change his defenses by sending him to an analyst five days a week for the next four or five years—but such a procedure isn't very practical. Also, some individuals don't make good executives because of their interests and talents. The qualities that make one a good research scientist may prevent him from being a good executive.

Q. *Do you have to have a high I.Q. to succeed in business?*

A. On the average, the intelligence of major executives is higher than that of those below them. Of course, exceptions are numerous. There are other factors, given a reasonable minimum of intelligence, which are much more important.

Q. *What are some of these factors?*

A. Let's look at the actual report we give industry. The first section covers a man's general ability and mental flexibility, under which we consider general intelligence, his use of his abilities, his originality, practical judgment, adaptability to circumstances, breadth and depth of interest, his work habits and attitudes, initiative, industry or zeal, his persistence. Then in the next section, which I think is the major one, we analyze his relation to others, his ability to get along with fellow workers and handle them, his ability to express himself, and his reaction to supervision and company policy.

Q. *Is a college degree essential?*

A. Certainly the proportion of men going into top brackets in industry having college degrees is extremely high. But there are also plenty of top men who do not

have college degrees. One study made at a large company which has a good executive development program indicates that they don't find too much difference between the men who come up through their training programs and those whom they recruit from colleges.

Q. *When starting out, what is the most desirable trait to develop?*

A. Very simple. An ability to get along with others.

Q. *Is this more important than ability to do your job well?*

A. It depends on the job. If you are a research scientist, getting along with people isn't too important. If you are an individual aiming at executive positions, then the ability to get along with people must be added to job skills.

Q. *Is it best to begin work with a small firm or a large firm?*

A. It depends entirely on the type of man, where he wants to go, which large or small firm he is considering.

Q. *How important a part does a man's wife play in his career?*

A. It depends upon the location of the company. In New York City a wife can be pretty horrible without handicapping a man. But put that same wife in a small company town, or overseas, and she can do an awful lot of harm.

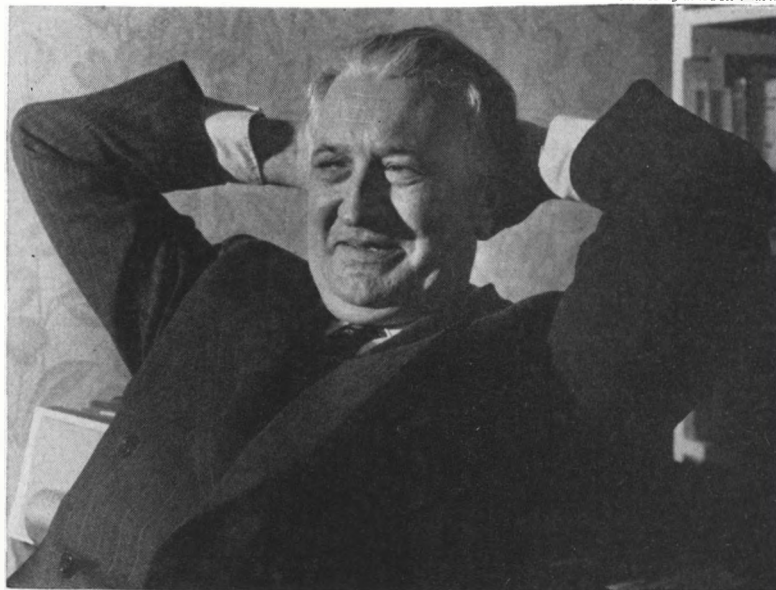
Q. *Does a family man have a better chance for success than a bachelor?*

A. Probably yes. If you analyze a hundred bachelors and a hundred married men, you will undoubtedly find some bachelors with the personality characteristics that are often popularly ascribed to old maids. We do a lot of joking about these characteristics, but they aren't assets to industry. I am not talking about individuals, of course, but about groups. Certainly, industry will pay attention to whether a man is married or single. But let's also remember—how well married.

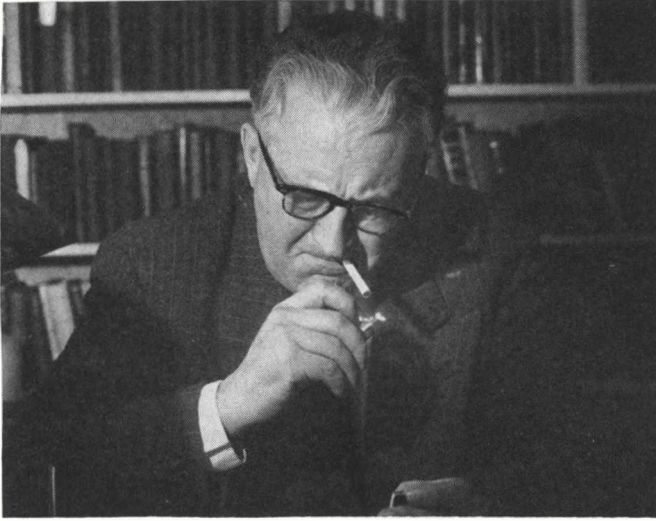
Q. *Does a strictly self-interested what-can-I-get attitude help or hurt a man's chances for success?*

(continued)

Photos by Maxwell Conlan



“Often a man may have to develop his boss. It requires skill”



“The man who can’t observe people can’t become a good executive”

A. It may help him in the particular department he is in, but it’s certainly going to prevent him from getting out of that department. Also it may injure him irreparably even in that department. Industry wants to know whether a man can work well with other individuals, whether he is company-minded.

Q. *Is it a bad sign if a person dislikes one job after another?*

A. Very bad, if you are speaking of general dissatisfaction. All of us have certain parts of our jobs that we dislike. But we have quite a lot of evidence that those who are generally dissatisfied with their jobs are dissatisfied with life itself.

Q. *If a man really dislikes a specific job, should he stay with it because there is a good chance for advancement?*

A. Certainly not. All of our tests indicate there is a strong relationship between interest in the job and success in the job. If a man shows dissatisfaction he probably isn’t using his abilities to the

fullest, and he should get out and find a job in which he is really interested.

Q. *Are there steps such a man can take to find the right job?*

A. Yes. He should examine his own abilities and interests. A good vocational guidance agency can help him in his evaluation.

Q. *Is it true that some men should face the fact that they are not qualified to be top leaders?*

A. In some cases it might be desirable for a man who isn’t satisfied with his own progress to say, “Look, society measures me by how far up I am, but perhaps this prestige isn’t so important. Perhaps I can find my satisfactions elsewhere.”

Q. *Should a man who wants to become a business leader have any kind of outside interests, or should he give all his time to his job?*

A. The very nature of business today makes outside interests inevitable. Since

a company, in order to be successful, must be a part of a community, a top man must have loyalty to that community, and if it’s a large company, loyalty to the state, even the nation. He must be able to see beyond his company’s immediate interest.

Q. *Then it is a good idea for junior executives to take an interest in charitable and civic groups?*

A. Yes. Not only is it good for the community but it helps develop men. Suppose a supervisor tends to rule in too authoritarian a fashion and his company feels he would be a better executive if his approach were more democratic. I would advise the company to get the fellow out into clubs, and to tell him to try to work for officership. He won’t get an officership in a club on the basis of authoritarianism. If he has the stuff, he will learn a new type of leadership.

Q. *Will a yes-man get ahead faster than a man who has his ideas, and stands by them?*

A. Let me answer that this way. Whether a man will be a successful executive or not will depend to a considerable extent upon three factors. One is himself. The second is his boss. The third is the nature of the company. With certain types of bosses, a yes-man will do very well.

Q. *Then it requires a good deal of judgment to know when to argue with the boss?*

A. Yes. One of the big problems I have is to teach young fellows that an idea isn’t accepted on its merits alone. In most cases, you have to sell your idea. Suppose you have a good idea. You’ve just been promoted to a junior executive position. You’re working under a veteran superintendent, and you see a new way of doing something in the department. You go in and tell the superintendent, thinking only, “I’ve got a good idea.” You do not consider how the superintendent hears this. You don’t realize the superintendent thinks: “He’s telling me I have been doing this wrong for fifteen years.”

Q. *What about doing extra work? Does it help a man get ahead or will it just antagonize his fellow workers?*

A. It depends on how extra work is done. If a man does extra work to show up somebody else, certainly he will antagonize people. If he is doing extra work because of his own interest in the job and the company, it will help him.

Q. Do many companies deliberately encourage competition among young executives?

A. Certainly. More today, I think, than in the past. There used to be a lot of talk about a one-two-three management program. The executive was supposed to do his own job, train the man behind him to take over, and learn the job of the next man on the ladder above him. But now, according to an American Management Association Report, businessmen should be thinking not of one man to replace another, but of two men, even three or four men, all ready to take over a bigger job. This means competition between the men who are training to take over.

Q. How can you compete with a man and still remain good friends?

A. One way is by working hard to do a good job, not to show up your competitor. Speaking more generally, the individuals who go to the top in industry are adults, and adults can compete with each other.

Q. Do some talented people have a dread of competition which hampers them? Can it be corrected?

A. Yes, some do. If the cause is general immaturity, it probably can't be corrected. But if the dread of competition is caused by a company policy, or by the man's immediate boss, the man's attitude can often be changed if the policy or boss can be changed.

Q. I understand that an ability to take orders as well as to give them is important in an executive. Is there a right and a wrong way to take orders?

A. Surely. In some cases, it's pretty unpleasant to take the orders. But being able to accept unpleasant situations is part of maturity. The important thing is to see the background of the situation in which the order is given.

Q. What can a man do if he thinks his boss does not recognize his ability?

A. Too often experts talk about management development as if it were a one-way situation emanating from the boss down. In some cases, however, a man may have to develop his boss. I would suggest getting to know a boss, finding out what makes him tick. Basically it's a sales promotion.

Q. Then an ability to observe people is essential?

A. The man who can't observe people can't become a good executive. An executive's job is primarily handling people. Unless he can observe them, he cannot help them.

Q. Do work habits developed in smaller jobs sometimes hamper a man in a bigger job?

A. Yes. One of our surveys revealed that among the most important causes of executive failure was lack of broad knowledge. One of the nastiest problems in industry today is overspecialization. Many engineers, for instance, are on their way to the top. But because a man's success in the engineering department naturally depends upon his being a better engineer, the emphasis is on his technical knowledge; if he takes additional training, it will be in engineering. However, when he reaches top level management, he is expected to know not just engineering, but accounting, finance, industrial planning, personnel problems. It is a tragic fact that what makes a man a good specialist will not make him a good executive.

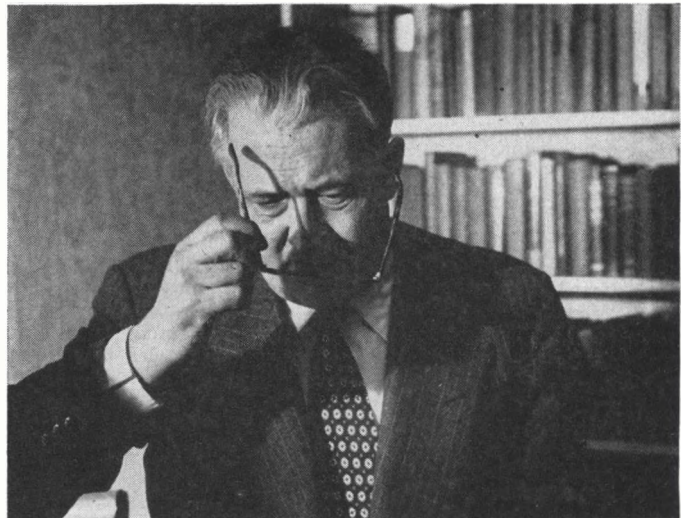
Q. How can a man get this breadth of knowledge?

A. By being company-minded. He must know what's going on in other departments, must have respect for them and be interested in their problems.

Q. What about a woman's chances for a successful business career? Is she limited to certain fields?

A. She isn't going to get as high in, say, a heavy industry like steel as she will in a lighter industry or in fashion or advertising. But generally speaking, just the fact that she is a woman is no longer a barrier to her climbing as high as she wants to go.

Dr. Gaudet, I would like to thank you for the frank and forthright way you have answered these difficult questions. I am sure you have given a great many people a new insight into themselves and their careers. THE END



“My guess is you’ll find just as many ulcers in those who don’t go to the top”

LUXURY ABROAD

The land of opportunity, for more and more young Americans, is overseas, where oil flows or bananas grow. The pay is higher, vacations longer, servants are plentiful, and they can bank their income tax money instead of giving it to Uncle Sam each year

BY ALICE MULCAHEY

This year more than sixty thousand American children will romp and play in England, France, Venezuela, Arabia, and Indonesia, while their parents work in offices, oil fields and construction projects in countries once visited only by the very rich. Overseas employment has become, for many families, a free magic carpet to travel and adventure, and an opportunity to make and save money at a pace deliciously above the United States average.

Generally speaking, overseas salaries are from two thousand to five thousand dollars higher than those in comparable jobs at home. Annual raises are better, too, ranging from three hundred to two thousand a year, depending on the company. Most companies give quarterly allowances for rent, heat, fuel, and electricity, plus a variable allowance to compensate for the high living costs or less-than-civilized conditions in certain areas. All medical expenses, plus education of children through grade school, are usually the company's responsibility. Travel expenses are paid by the company, including those entailed while coming home on vacation—usually 3½ months with pay every two years. Some oil companies even have a savings plan in which they contribute a dollar for every two a family has banked during their tour of duty.

But the capstone to this financial paradise is the escape, while overseas, from the universal American bugaboo, income tax. According to the present law, if a man endures eighteen months without setting foot on American soil, he can keep everything he makes, up to \$20,000. This privilege is available only to employees in private business. An employee of the United States government, the biggest

overseas employer of them all, is considered a citizen of his home state and must pay both state and federal tax.

Few people realize how much American business is conducted in foreign countries. One-half of all our machine tools, 40 per cent of one company's fountain pens, 25 per cent of our tractors and 20 per cent of our motor trucks are sold abroad. Many American companies maintain huge overseas operations. The Radio Corporation of America has subsidiary companies in five Latin American countries. The First National City Bank of New York has more than seventy branch offices abroad. Over 130 different skills, from sales management and public relations to pipe fitting and electrical engineering, are needed to operate these businesses.

In spite of this imposing array, overseas jobs cannot be had for the asking. For one thing, almost all American companies make it a policy to employ native personnel as soon as they can be trained. Many countries, such as Mexico, require that a specific percentage of a company's employees (usually about 80 per cent) be nationals. The company uses extreme care in filling the remaining positions which are to be held by Americans. Not only are the applicant's job skills and suitability as a representative of his firm and country considered; his family's stability is also appraised. Unless there is complete agreement between husband and wife about the venture, an overseas assignment can wreck a marriage, and even a career. Most companies wait from six months to two years before allowing a man's family to join him. Moreover, the average company expects a man who enters its overseas division to be prepared

to stay for life. The minimum tour of duty is two years, and there is a contract involved which the company will, understandably, be reluctant to waive. Young men should remember, too, that going overseas too early can cut them off from the contacts and learning experiences which are the very stuff of career growth.

"No one," says Jean Landeau of the New York State Employment Service's professional office, "should take an overseas job without the most careful consideration, and consultation with a competent career counsellor."

If you want an overseas job, read "Employment of U.S. Citizens Abroad," available from the Business Information Service, Department of Commerce, Washington 25, D.C. It costs five cents. If you are interested in a specific country, you can get some idea of the opportunities there by writing to the International Economic Analysis Division, Office of International Trade, Department of Commerce, Washington 25, D.C. For obtaining overseas work in general, your best bet is a recognized employment agency specializing in foreign employment. The Walker Agency, and the Maude Lennox Personnel Service, in New York City, are two with good reputations. Their standard fee usually amounts to 5 per cent of one year's salary. State employment services usually have a foreign job specialist also.

But finding an overseas job is only half the problem. At least as important is the question, "Is it for me?" Perhaps the best way to find out whether you are suited for this radically different way of life is by seeing in some detail how people live and work overseas. On the next pages are four typical families, each with a different form of overseas existence.



On sunny afternoons the Garzeros enjoy strolling along ancient Appian Way, which leads to Rome.

THE GARZEROS OF ROME, ITALY.

John and Genevieve Garzero have been overseas for Trans World Airlines since 1948. In Paris for six years, they are now in Rome, where John is the airline's sales manager for Italy. They live in a comfortable modern villa on the old Appian Way, equipped with all modern conveniences from vacuum cleaner to washing machine, while in the back yard their four children play with Italian friends among the ruins of pagan Roman tombs. Their eldest son, Michael, frequently conducts tours through the Christian catacombs which run beneath their house. Sheep graze in green pastures all around them; yet they are only a fifteen-minute drive from the center of Rome, and John lunches at home almost every day. An Italian couple lives in the Garzero home and does all the cleaning, washing, ironing, cooking, and serving. Genevieve prefers to do her own marketing, however, usually on the Piazza Vittorio (scene of the famous movie, "Bicycle Thief"), because she enjoys bargaining over prices in fluent Italian. The entire family speaks French, Italian, and English with the greatest of ease. The Garzeros love Rome and feel "quite at home" there. Genevieve, besides managing

her large household, is active as President of the Women's Association, which counts over three hundred members whose husbands are prominent in diplomatic and military service, the press, and business enterprises. The Association offers many opportunities for better relations and mutual understanding between American and Italian women, through blood bank and Hungarian relief drives, sightseeing tours and lectures. John serves on the Executive Committee of the American Chamber of Commerce in Rome and is active in the American Men's Club. During the summer they swim almost every day at Ostia, a half-hour from Rome. In general, living in Rome is expensive, and John's Italian income tax is about the same as he would pay in the United States. However, TWA helps out with higher overseas service pay, plus a cost of living differential. There is also an educational allowance for the children, plus a thirty-six-day yearly vacation, with free passage home on TWA planes. To keep in touch with the United States the children spend some time each year with their grandparents in California, but the Garzeros frankly prefer European living. "Actually we see more of our stateside



By shaded villa, a Fiat station wagon.

friends since we came to Italy than we ever did before," they say. "When they come to see us they fly, and this is good for the business, too."



In Arab shop Arlyne models headdress of gold, pearls, rubies, valued at 8,000 Saudi riyals (\$1,040).

THE SHERMANS OF DHAHRAN, ARABIA.



Young Mike heads for school in Rome.

Hal and Arlyne Sherman have spent the last six years at Dhahran, the Arabian American Oil Company's desert-surrounded headquarters in eastern Saudi Arabia. Hal spent the first fifteen months overseas alone, waiting for family housing to be built; Arlyne and their two children, son Mike, then nine, and five-year-old Diana, joined him in February, 1952. They live in a modern three-bedroom row-type house (rented from the company) equipped with an air conditioning unit, a semiautomatic washer, deep-freeze refrigerator, gas range, console radio-phonograph, TV set, and spinet piano. About 1,800 American families live in Dhahran and the company's two other districts. A company supermarket supplies tomatoes and greens, Danish butter and cheeses, Dutch hams and Argentine beef. Anthony, an Indian houseboy of many skills, performs most of the Shermans' domestic chores, including cooking. The Shermans play golf each week on the eighteen-hole sand golf course. Arlyne is active in the P.T.A. and, as a recent president of the Dhahran Woman's Club, she was presented to Arabia's King Saud. Other pleasures are movies, and swimming on the unspoiled beaches of the Persian

Gulf. Diana is an enthusiastic, active Girl Scout and a good student at the company's ultramodern nine-grade school. Mike, now fourteen, is in his second year at Notre Dame International in Rome. Although the temperature frequently rises to 125 degrees, the Shermans have had no health problems. At thirty-eight, Hal is acting superintendent in charge of general supplies. His salary is about 25 per cent higher than he would draw in a comparable position in the United States. The company also gives him a cost of living allowance designed to cover his food and rent, and he pays no U.S. income tax. The Shermans especially enjoy the vacations. ARAMCO employees get a fourteen-day "short" vacation at the end of their first year, a fifty-day leave, plus air travel time, at the end of the first two-year tour of duty. After that, fourteen-day leaves alternate annually with seventy-two-day leaves. In 1956 the Shermans visited Ceylon, in 1955 took a trip around the world with stops in Karachi, Bangkok, Hong Kong, Tokyo, and major cities in the United States and Europe. In 1953 they toured Italy, Switzerland, and France, in 1952 Turkey and Greece. They plan to spend Christmas 1957 in the United States.

THE CLINTONS OF ST. THOMAS, VIRGIN ISLANDS.

Ed Hogan

Fran and DeWitt Clinton have been "purveyors of necessary luxuries" at Clinton's Market in St. Thomas, the Virgin Islands, since 1946. Mr. Clinton, whose friends call him "Gov.," is a direct descendant of George Clinton, the first governor of New York, and DeWitt Clinton, twice governor of the state and sponsor of the Erie Canal. In 1936 the Clintons were operating a hotel on Cape Cod, Massachusetts, when they read an article in *COSMOPOLITAN* about the Virgin Islands, hailing them as one of the few unspoiled vacation lands in the Western Hemisphere. Inspired by the article and a talk with the author, Eleanor Early, the Clintons made a trip to the Virgins to explore business possibilities. They were impressed with what they saw, but before they could dispose of their Cape Cod holdings, war broke out. Clinton came out of the Navy a Lieutenant Senior Grade and promptly returned to the Virgin Islands, where he and Fran opened a small food shop called "Necessary Luxuries" (now their slogan). By chartered flight they brought food from Miami: fresh fruits, vegetables, frozen meats, pasteurized milk—anything their customers asked for. The business grew rapidly, abetted by local residents who liked good food and by the Virgins' booming tourist trade. The Clin-



Clintons check shipment from the States.

tons became agents for S. S. Pierce, the old Boston grocer to the carriage trade, as well as a half-dozen European producers of quality foods. They also persuaded islander friends to produce their own pasteurized milk and fresh eggs. Although they now have a staff of twelve in the store, they work behind the counters every day themselves. In the early years they used to close for a two-hour picnic lunch at the beach, but have no time for such pleasures now. Not long ago, however, they built a five-room, two-bath house on a five-acre hilltop plot swept by trade winds, and on its broad terraces they frequently give parties for fifty to eighty people. There are about two hundred American families in St. Thomas; about one-third are retired, and the rest are young people in small businesses of their own. There are also some Danes who stayed behind when the United States bought the islands from Denmark in 1917. The major group (about 20,000) are West Indian Negroes. As far as the Clintons are concerned, the Virgins will be their home for the rest of their days. "We believe these islands are a perfect spot for Americans to enjoy a full life in a thoroughly delightful climate," Fran Clinton says, "and live at a more leisurely pace than fellow Americans on the mainland."

THE BECKSTROMS OF TELA, HONDURAS.

E. O. and Clelie Beckstrom have spent eight years in Tela, Honduras, where "Beck" is chief accountant for one of the United Fruit Company's largest tropical divisions. He has been overseas since 1928 and has worked for the company in Guatemala, Costa Rica, and Panama. Mrs. Beckstrom, who is the daughter of a United Fruit employee, met her husband on a Caribbean cruise aboard one of the company's ships when she was thirteen, and they were married eight years later, in 1937. They have two children, an adopted boy and a baby girl. Since United Fruit makes it a policy to hire nationals whenever possible, there are only about fifteen American families in Tela, a port town with a population of about ten thousand. All the local employees, both Honduran and American, belong to the Tela Country Club, which has an active social life, with parties, dances, golf course, tennis courts, and a riding academy. Their comfortable house is less than a hundred yards from the Caribbean, and in addition to year-round swims, they enjoy sailing and deep sea fishing. They have four servants: a cook, a maid, a laundress, and a gardener, since labor is cheap. As in other countries in which it operates, United Fruit maintains an excellent hospital in Tela, as well as good schools through the eighth grade. Older children must be educated in the United States and for the first two years the company pays \$1,000 yearly per child to meet this expense. With 28,000 employees and \$65,000,000 in land and equipment to account for, Beck works hard, does a good deal of traveling in the Division. Off duty he re-

laxes with a good cigar and his dog "Stupid," more frequently enjoys horseplay with the children. At one time "Beck" thought of retiring at the age of forty-five, but becoming a family man led him to change his plans, he says. Mrs. Beckstrom has a talent for interior decoration and painting, makes lovely artifacts from tropical plants and pieces of driftwood from the

beach. Beck gets six weeks vacation each year, with free transportation to the U.S. aboard one of United Fruit's "great white fleet." Beyond a cost of living supplement in certain cities, the company does not offer special salary inducements to its overseas employees. But Beckstrom luckily must pay only a small Honduran income tax.

THE END



Beckstroms find recreation no problem, with Caribbean at their doorstep.

MIDTOWN MANNER

As a press agent it was his job to turn this ugly duckling into a Hollywood swan, and as a working cynic he wasn't supposed to care how he did it

BY JOSEPH CARROLL

ILLUSTRATED BY PHIL HAYS



It was Meath's morning habit when he left his hotel in the upper Fifties to stop off at a little neighborhood place near Eighth Avenue for coffee before he went on to the office and another day of service with Marchpane Productions. He liked the little counter place because no one there knew him for anything but a regular customer who minded his own business. They were all charmingly anonymous, and anonymity was coming more and more to seem to Meath life's principal charm. Since he was a press agent, paid to keep anonymity at bay from film stars, this was what the psychiatrists would call a conflict; Meath, who put on no side in language, called it merely a pain in the neck, never so acute as it was today. He was feeling rebellious, and that was risky for he might rebel himself out of a job. He had a fluently nasty tongue when he was unwary enough to use it on the wrong people, and it was only the wrong people who invited its use: the windbags and stuffed shirts who sometimes occupied positions of power and influence, in his, as in other, worlds. With anyone else Meath was likely to be gentle of tongue, as he was in most ways a gentle person. But with the mildness, there was something dangerous in him.

Over his coffee he riffled the leaves of the notebook he used for memorandums. These invariably were hard to decipher, even for him, for his handwriting was like nothing at all, his abbreviations were chosen by whim, and the memos

"I'm not beautiful," she said, "except when I act someone beautiful."

were interlined with remarks probably scurrilous or profane but whose precise content he could not always recall. The day, so far as he could guess, looked much like the usual stinker. He glanced at his wrist watch and realized that in less than an hour he must put on the manner of his calling, all *bonhomie* and sophisticated charm. At the moment one would not have thought him capable of *bonhomie*, for John L. Lewis might have envied his scowl; but the charm, sophisticated or otherwise, was there for the finding. He was well featured enough, with large brown eyes of an intelligence sometimes inconveniently obtrusive. His clothes were good, in that they were indistinguishable from those worn by thousands in kindred employments. Some latitude was allowed in choice of material and shade, but a reticent extensiveness was mandatory. This was the uniform of the successful or those obliged to appear so, and it came high, looking like everyone else in midtown New York.

Meath's forefinger moved its manicured way over a note. He puzzled out the first part: Eleven o'clock see Nestor. The fat slob on clear day can see from Bucks County no treat at any distance hope plate fixed hisses like adder makes wish had pipe or flute but couldn't coil with that rear." The next line was tougher: "Wl mt n str cf on blip." He tried saying it out loud.

"Beg podden?" The counter girl pivoted from the coffee urn with a startled look. Meath gave her a level eye. "You said somethin'." she said.

"Did I?" said Meath, eagerly. "What did I say?"

The girl looked doubtful. "It sounded like 'wilnot nister cuff on blip.' But it could hoddly've been that."

"That's what it was, all right. It's code, but I left the key on the cyclotron."

"Beg podden?"

"It's all right: I'm a secret agent. I lead three lives. Care to share one with me?"

"No thank you I'm suah." the girl said coldly.

"Ah, you're only saying that. Your lips tell me Nyet but there's Da Da in your eyes."

"Beg podden?"

Meath stood up and snapped his fingers. He remembered what the note meant. He left double his usual tip, reasoning that the girl deserved it, said, "Buy yourself some uranium," and went out into the street. He stood at the corner with his hand up in the inept gesture of a man who hopes to flag down a taxicab and reflected on the meaning of the note. "Will meet new star. Conference on buildup." That much was all right but he couldn't remember the name and sex of the star. Still, it made little difference. If female, he would have to think of a

sobriquet appealing to the columnists. The Torso. The Trunk. The Chassis. Something like that. If male, some easy identification for limited minds. A new Clark Gable. Another Rock Hudson. Tags like that were handy in themselves and for interviews in which dignified protest could be combined with generous feeling toward a fellow entertainer. "I have the greatest admiration for Rod LaRocque but I feel that my talent and personality are my own." Meath laughed out loud. A cab drove up and he climbed in.

The offices of Marchpane Productions were in a skyscraper not far from Radio City. Marchpane nested high in the building, and in his own modest office Meath found his secretary staring out the window at one of the setbacks below. "What's doing?" Meath asked.

The secretary turned. Her name was Tess and she was a well-camouflaged forty, give a year, take a year, personable without half trying, for she had long ago concluded that there was little in life worth being strenuous about. Her eyes showed animation only when they looked at Meath, a soft animation; but since he was either too obtuse or too tactful to notice this, they showed resignation as well.

"The only thing important," she said, "is that there's a pigeon trying to build a nest on top of one of those air vent things down there."

"No!" said Meath. "Where?" He went to the window and she pointed. "See. Air vent or air shaft—I forget what they call them but the silly girl is making a nest on that one. See, she's coming back now with more stuff for the little home. She must get those twigs from the potted plants over at Radio City; it'd be a hell of a trip to Central Park. But anyway, it should be interesting, because every day they turn on some gadget down in the basement, and all the air is driven up through those shafts. The pressure is terrific, and that's going to be one surprised pigeon some time this afternoon."

Meath patted her cheek. "That's my Tess. She knows the relative importance of Marchpane Productions in the cosmic scheme." He sat at his desk and frowned at the stacked mail. "Still, when I asked if anything was doing, I did mean anything at Marchpane Productions. Anything here?" He pointed to the mail.

Hesitantly she replied, "Nestor looked in with the new star to remind you to be in his office at eleven. I told him that it was on the pad and we would be there with our hair in curls. I was using the editorial, or royal, *we*."

"You're prattling, dear, and keeping something from me. You saw the new star?"

"I saw her."

"Oh, then it's a her. I'd forgotten."

"Her name," said Tess matter-of-factly, "is Abigail Finstermacher."

He covered his face with his hands and peeped through the fingers. "Precious, don't try me too high. Time's a-wasting and I must be briefed. What is her name, please."

She shook her head. "Honest, take it or leave it, it's Abigail Finstermacher." "You can't have a star named Abigail Finstermacher. Other considerations apart, there wouldn't be room on the marquee."

"They know that. It's her own name but she's willing to take another."

"She's an unknown?"

"As far as the great moviegoing public is concerned she doesn't even exist."

"But Nestor said she was a star. I figured she must be the star of something that I missed."

Tess looked at the leather-framed clock on the desk. "Time is a-wasting. I'll make it quick. You see, Abigail hasn't even been out to the Coast yet. They ran some sort of test here, but otherwise she's never faced a camera. And from the look of her, she's not ready to face one now. She was in some play downtown—about as far off Broadway as you can get without being in the Azores. The critics thought Abigail was terrific. Somebody tipped Flannery off that Abigail might be a property. Flannery was coming here from the Coast anyway, and he caught Abigail in the play. He too was impressed by her hotsy-totsiness—"

Meath broke in irritably. "Stop talking like a John Held Jr. girl, and get on with it."

Nothing to get on with. Flannery signed her up for Marchpane. He has the authority, you know. He's actually bigger brass than Nestor, though he doesn't throw his weight around."

Meath stared at her moodily. "I gather from your maidenly coyness this Finstermacher is no bargain."

"I didn't say that. I don't know. I've never seen her on a stage. Flannery has, and he's bought her heavy. He wants to introduce her as a star in her very first picture. Oh, there'll be a box-office name for top billing, but it will be one of those 'Marchpane Productions proudly introduces' sort of things. But meantime they want the buildup to end all buildups, and that's your department. All you have to start with is the idea that Marchpane is so confident it has a star that it practically makes her one before the camera starts grinding." She looked at the clock again. "The hour is almost come. On your way, lad."

Meath walked to the door, hesitated. "What's she like?"

Tess looked at him compassionately. "I only caught a glimpse. In appearance—nothing. You see, I have to adjust myself to the depraved standards by which

you boys judge a girl. By those standards—a dog.”

“A dog?”

“None shaggier.”

He started out the door heavily and she called after him, “Meath!”

He paused, without turning. “Yes?”

“I wasn’t using my own standards in that description. I liked her.”

He threw a baffled glance over his shoulder, said, “This is it, chaps!” and walked quickly down the corridor.

Meath did not at once see the girl when he entered Nestor’s office. But with Nestor in a room it was not easy to see anyone else. Nestor, whose conceit was as large as his body, grunted at Meath, for he saw no sense in wasting good manners on hirelings. He pointed a finger toward a far corner of the room and said, hissing the s’s as noted in Meath’s memorandum, “That’s Miss—” He stopped petulantly. “I never can get that damned, impossible name right.”

Finstermacher,” a voice said. Meath turned, blinked unbelievably, and then smiled and walked over to the girl, his hand outstretched. She stood up and took his hand. “A pleasure,” he said graciously.

“Is it?” The girl’s voice was beautiful, and there her claim to beauty ended. Not all of Meath’s large reserves of civility could hide his embarrassment. The girl was a sight, simply a sight.

“I know,” she said to his stare. “Isn’t it awful?” Her face was plain and pale, her dark hair was tied up in what might have been called a pony tail but only on a very ill-groomed pony. She was tall, with the slight droop of shoulders that tall women often have; it was not possible to judge her figure, for a dowdy frock hung on her like a canvas thrown over an unfinished piece of sculpture. But Meath remembered Tess’s parting words, “I liked her,” and looked closer; if Tess liked her, there must be something there to like. The white face was rueful but there was no defeat in it and no self-pity; indeed, the pale blue eyes were clearly amused.

Good Lord, Meath thought, she’s laughing at me. He said, “The name will have to go, of course.”

She laughed. “Of course. And a lot besides. I should think, Mr. Nestor has been telling me. He isn’t one to turn a girl’s head.”

Nestor said, “Look at her. What the hell did Flannery think he was doing when he hired her?”

Meath said coldly, “Presumably she can act.”

“What’s that got to do with it?” Nestor asked, astonished.

“Can you act?” Meath asked the girl.

She nodded. “Oh yes, I can act. But I’m beginning to think Mr. Nestor’s question is to the point. What’s that got to do with it?”

“It’s up to you, Meath,” said Nestor. “I wash my hands of the whole thing. But she’s a property and you have to build her up.” He poked a fat finger first at Meath, then at the girl. “What’s to build?”

He looked aggrievedly down at his desk to let them know they were dismissed. Not the least of his grievances, Meath knew, was that he disliked plain women almost as much as he disliked plain food and lean bank accounts. He had his relaxations, and they always involved the companionship of girls as unplain as could be found.

Meath hid his anger at Nestor by a large show of amiability to the girl. “What do your friends call you?” he asked, leading her to the door.

“Abby.”

“Come along, Abby.” In the corridor, with the door closed behind them, he said, “If an apology from me on behalf of that yahoo will help any, you have it.”

She said, rather tonelessly, “Thank you, but I don’t mind really. You see, I need the money.”

Meath stared at her. Need the money indeed! he said to himself. The remark had no appropriateness to the occasion, but there was an earnest simplicity about it that somehow touched him.

He stopped outside his office door, moved her chin upward with his finger and searched her plain face. “Abby, what am I going to do with you?”

“I don’t know, but I expect you’ll think of something. I’m very intelligent.”

He laughed uncomfortably, then opened the door and waved her into the office. “Well, don’t let it get around. You’ve got enough handicaps as it is.”

Tess turned and smiled at Abby. “Don’t mind him, dear; he tells that to all the girls. As you’ve met Nestor, you know the worst. Believe it or not, Meath here is about the best.”

“I believe it,” Abby said. She was looking at Meath with an expression that suddenly caught at Tess’s heart. It was an expression she knew; she had seen it often in her own mirror. Meath, in a way all too familiar to Tess, was quite unaware of the look.

Tess placed her hands on her hips in a businesslike way. “Now then.” She circled Abby slowly. “Tell me, is there a figure under those cements you’re wearing?” She pulled Abby’s dress tight at the waist. “I see there is.” She lifted the too-long skirt. “The legs will do, also, when they’re cased in something besides burlap. My dear, you must be a

great actress to have taken Flannery’s eye.”

“I’m a good actress,” Abby said.

“But what were you playing—Lady Godiva? But of course I mustn’t confuse Flannery with Nestor. Nestor has his own way of judging talent, and it’s nasty. The best way to protect yourself from Nestor would be to stay the way you are, and you can’t do that. When we get you fixed up, watch him. And as soon as you see him looking at you with his tongue between his teeth and his eyes watering like a bull terrier, run like the dickens.”

Meath listened impatiently. “Get on with it, Tess,” he said. “Nestor won’t make any passes at her. What was the thing you were in when Flannery saw you, Abby?”

“*The School for Scandal*. I was Lady Teazle.”

“Not much chance to show your legs in that, so it must have been your acting,” Meath said.

“Not legs,” Abby said. “But it was a beautiful costume, and very attractive around the waist.”

“I can imagine,” Tess said. “Those eighteenth-century lassies covered a lot, but they managed to convey the idea that there was a lot to cover.”

She studied Abby from new angles. “Abby,” she said suddenly, “why do you dress like that off-stage?”

Abby looked uncomfortable. “I’m poor,” she said.

“Nonsense,” Tess said, clicking her tongue. “Poor girls don’t dress like that—not even the poorest. Any shop around Union Square would have some little frock that would set you off. I know. I’ve been poor myself, but I was always the soignée creature you see before you, that takes every male eye.” She made a sardonic gesture with her head toward Meath, who was staring at Abby with a rudeness now tempered by kindness.

Tess wagged like a mannequin and said, “So don’t give me that poor-girl routine, dear. You’re not poor now. Flannery must’ve arranged for you to have money.”

“Oh, he did. Only it’s hard to get used to it. I never cared for clothes much, except in a part. I never saw any reason for bothering with them. Until now.” Her eyes were on Meath.

“Until now,” Tess echoed ambiguously.

“The clothes are unimportant, really, and easily taken care of,” said Meath. “They are a gesture of eccentricity, sometimes mistaken for individuality. A film star is allowed a little eccentricity—it makes good copy. But individuality is out. I know. I had my fling in the purlieus of Sheridan Square myself, in my time, writing prose that was intended to be

deathless but turned out to be only deadly. Sit down, Abby."

He himself was seated on top of his desk. Abby sat in a chair facing him. "You love the theatre, I take it, Abby?" Meath said.

The irony was heavy-handed but Abby answered simply, "Yes."

"You're devoted to your art." More irony, even heavier.

"You make it sound stuffy, but if you want to put it that way, yes, I love art. I grew up in a big Middlewestern city, in a seedy part of it, and it wasn't much fun. Oh, I didn't starve or anything, and nobody abused me—but it wasn't much fun. You know the way Middlewestern novelists write? It was dreadfully like that: dull. Though I often think the point could be made just as well in shorter books."

Meath laughed, unwillingly, catching a mocking look from Tess, who said, "Go ahead, Miss Lonigan."

Abby went ahead: "I found out while I was still in school that I could get away from the dullness and the seediness—oh, not really get away, but the next best thing. You've never seen me on a stage, so you don't know. I'm not beautiful—I don't have to tell you that. But I can act as though I were when I'm playing someone who's supposed to be beautiful. You should see me as Imogen."

"Should I?" Meath said.

"I played Saint Joan once, and I was very saintly. And I'm not saintly at all."

"I believe you," Tess said admiringly.

"And I was very good as Anna Christie and I'm not a—"

"All right, baby," Tess said. "No need to spell it out."

Abby continued: "I have a philosophy about it. I learned it from my father. He taught me a lot. He died a discouraged old drunk but he loved plays and poetry and he taught me to love them. He used to say it was wrong to call them an escape. There wasn't any escape, he said, and there shouldn't be: a play couldn't change a seedy building or make the garbage cans smell like a greenhouse. A play couldn't change any of that, my father said, but it made it easier to stand. He used to quote a poem by an English priest that he said was the best vindication poetry ever had. It was called 'To What Serves Mortal Beauty.' My father said the man probably had a bad conscience about enjoying things so much and had to think of some way to make it ethical. The poem says beauty 'keeps warm men's wits to the things that are.' You can stand any amount of shabbiness if you know that some things aren't shabby. And still it doesn't make you try to pretend the shabbiness away."

"And this," Meath said, "is what we must make over." He walked to the window. "The stage—or the screen—or television—means all that to you, Abby?" She nodded, simply. "Then what the hell are you doing signing contracts with Marchpane Productions? Do you think they care about any of that?"

Her eyes grew stubborn. "I need the money. Not having money can be—dreadful."

"I know," Meath said. "But sometimes what you have to do to get it can be dreadful, too."

"I know," she answered.

Meath said angrily, "All right. If you know, then it's no doing of mine what's going to happen to you. Is it?"

The question was for Tess, who answered frostily, "How on earth would I know? What is going to happen to her?"

"You know as well as I do," Meath said. "We teach her the midtown manner."

"What's that?" Abby asked.

"It's what they want in films and on the stage and TV. For reasons which some day the anthropologists will figure out, the civilization of a whole continent is measured against one small area of New York City. It has its variations, of course, but by and large what will be expected of you as a movie actress is that you look as much as possible like every other movie actress—which is to say that you must look like anyone who would be at home in Sardi's or Twenty-One or the Stork Club. The right clothes. The right hairdo. And the right speech. You speak beautifully now, but we'll get you over that in time. Are you ready for all that, Abby?"

Abby waited an instant, then said, "What's the alternative?"

He shrugged. "Go back to Sheridan Square and play Lorca in cellars. You might save your soul."

Abby shook her head. "I need the money," she said. "I think I'll try the midtown manner."

Meath threw his hands out in an exaggerated motion. "Take over, Tess, I don't understand this girl."

"I do," Tess said softly. "Come on, kid." Abby stood up and Tess placed an arm around her waist. "Some hapless hairdresser is going to have to cope with that mop of yours. What in heaven's name do you comb it with—a rake?"

Abby made no reply. Her eyes were on Meath, smiling.

In the weeks following, Meath watched the metamorphosis of Abigail Finstermacher into Abby Fenn with misgivings. These he did not understand, but Tess rather thought she did, without being

sure. They had settled on Abby Fenn as having an appealing plainness, and plainness, at first, seemed in order for the girl. But only at first, and briefly. She was like a garden in springtime, with new surprises every day and within the day, with thorny patches of plain brown becoming suddenly soft with leaves and rich with color. At least Tess saw the changes that way, having that turn of mind and the good heart that went with it. For she liked Abby more and more. This was not, she told herself late one afternoon, looking at Meath with the look he never noticed, a sign of generosity, for you could not give away what you had never had.

Outwardly with Meath, business had continued during alterations, but Tess saw in him a mounting restlessness. He was at his desk, moving things about in the way people do whose minds are elsewhere but who feel obliged to look busy.

"Abby leaves for the Coast the day after tomorrow," Tess said. "How do you think she will do?"

Meath answered with a show of animation: "Do? Oh, fine. We did a splendid job of packaging, my girl. It's wonderful what clothes will do."

Clothes my foot, thought Tess, but did not speak the thought: it's a lot more than clothes.

"And the hair style is right for her. Or I guess it is—it seems becoming. Is that the way they're wearing it?"

"It's one of them."

Meath looked up at her oddly. "You sound funny. Anything the matter?"

She answered brightly. "Oh no—everything's fine. I forgot to tell you: Flannery's in town. He spent most of the morning with Abby. They had breakfast at her hotel and talked. He's delighted."

"Why didn't you tell me he was in town?"

Tess laughed. "Tell you! My buck, when you decide to remain incommunicado, it becomes a matter for the Bureau of Missing Persons. I tried a few of your haunts and was told you hadn't been seen for days."

"No, I wasn't in any of them," said Meath. "I walked in the park quite a while, and I took a bus downtown, and sat in Washington Square. I used to sit there with Abby sometimes when we first started this rehabilitation project. I had to get background on her for publicity handouts. You can always get at least one release out of someone's day in the Village."

"You did an awful lot of sitting around in Washington Square for one little handout."

He looked puzzled. "How do you know we were there more than once?"

"I believe Abby may have mentioned it to me. She doesn't have to use the midtown manner on me, you know. She told me about the coffee place and the girl who says 'hoddly.' Did you expect her to pick up the midtown manner there?"

He shook his head. "That was weeks ago. I haven't thought about it much since. Or Washington Square either. There hasn't been time."

Tess looked at him steadily awhile. "There won't be any time at all now. She's going back with Flannery. He's booked passage for her on his plane."

Meath stood up. "That's right! It's really only a day, isn't it? I tell you what. Tess: get hold of her. I'll take her to dinner tonight."

Tess studied her fingernails. "Not tonight, my buck. Tonight she's having dinner with Nestor."

"With Nestor!" Meath's voice rose indignantly.

"Yes. At his apartment. Just the two of them."

"Why is she having dinner with that fat old goat?"

"She thought you might be pleased."

He thumped the desk. "She thought I'd be pleased to have her capering with that nasty-minded old pachyderm?"

"Why should she not?" Tess asked calmly. "You've been coaching her pretty well in the behavior necessary for success in the entertainment world. You've rehearsed her in the banalities to tell interviewers and she's repeated them word for word without a whimper. She's gone to enough cocktail parties to make her an alcoholic. And she's consumed enough canapes to give her ulcers. She's listened to every bore in town you thought she ought to be seen with so that her name would get in the papers. She can't pick one up without finding a blushful item about herself in a column. You've persuaded her that she has to play jacks with anyone who might get her a stick of type."

Meditatively, Meath said: "When did Nestor start making a play? The way he treated her in his office. I shouldn't have thought he'd ever look at her again—or she at him."

"He started making a play about the time Abby started turning into a rather handsome property."

"Don't use that word!"

"All right. But you've used it often enough yourself. You keep telling her that your business is the packaging of properties. I suppose she's going along with Nestor's little plans, whatever they are, because she thinks that's part of the packaging. Why do you care anyway?"

After a puzzled silence, Meath said, "I

don't know, Tess. Why do I care? She was such a frightful frump that first day, but even then there was something that made me care. She looked awful—but she looked alive. I seem to spend so much of my time with well-dressed corpses. Present company—"

She held up a hand. "No exceptions. I know what you mean."

Meath had walked to the window. "The pigeon's back," he said.

"Is she?" Tess said, joining him. "I knew she would be. She has the heart of a pioneer woman, that girl. She's lost about ten nests so far, and heaven knows how many eggs. Instead of a happy little family, she gets omelets. But she's game."

Tess stood behind him, so that she had no need to mask the soft flickering in her eye; not, she told herself, not that it made any difference, for he would never have noticed.

"I know she's game," Meath said, "but she doesn't have much sense. You'd think she would have caught on by now."

"Some pigeons never do," Tess said. "About Abby and the champagne supper—"

"Champagne!"

There's bound to be champagne, and Ravel on the phonograph. Nestor's imagination doesn't go beyond a medium-budget Marchpane production. "I won't let her go!"

"How are you going to stop her, Meath? You're forgetting about the midtown manner. She's learned it very well, better than you'll ever learn it, my lad."

He swiveled from the window. "I learned it long ago. As much of it as I need, anyway."

"Did you, you poor Quixote you? You never passed up a windmill in your life. The midtown manner is a carapace, Meath, and the whole idea is you're not supposed to stick your head out. You do worse than that: you stick your neck out."

"Do I?" he asked wonderingly. "When do I do that?"

She laughed softly. "Every time the girl's name is mentioned."

"Well, I love her, dammit."

"I know that—but does she? You can't make love to a girl telling her how well she packages."

He strode toward the door, and at that moment Abby walked in. She wore a green dress with a wide skirt, like a dancer's, and she looked rather like a dancer herself, tiptoe for any excitement the day might bring.

"Do you know what?" she asked Meath.

"Yes," he said gruffly. "I do know what. And I won't let you go."

She stared at him. "Won't let me go? After all the trouble we've been to? Of course you'll let me go. But that's what I came to tell you: you're coming too."

Now it was Meath who stared. "I'm coming too?"

She nodded. "It's all fixed."

Tess, at the window, folded her arms and turned to watch the pigeon.

"You want me to come with you to Nestor's apartment?"

She looked puzzled. "Oh, that! You can come with me if you want. What difference does it make? Flannery will be there. He'll tell you himself, but he said I could tell you first. Tess is going to Nestor's party too, aren't you, Tess?"

She was still watching the pigeon. "I suppose I'll have to," she said. "It's a sort of celebration before Abby and Flannery take off for the Coast, and Nestor has invited just about everybody in the office." She turned at last and said to Abby, "But what is it you have to tell Meath, dear? Something Flannery said?"

Again Abby nodded. "Flannery wants him on the Coast. He says he's done such a wonderful job with me that he wants him to handle everything until my picture is released."

Meath sat on top of his desk and put his hands over his face. "You want me to go to the Coast, Abby?"

She went to him and said, with a small laugh, "It was—it was my idea, in a way. I told Flannery I wouldn't go otherwise, contract or no contract."

He took his hands away. "You told Flannery that?"

"Yes."

He stood up and placed his hands on her shoulders. "You're not forgetting the midtown manner, Abby?"

"Oh, that!" She cupped his face in her hands and said, "I'd never have learned it from you, you poor Quixote. The midtown manner is a carapace and—"

"All right! All right!" he said. "I know what it is." He went to the window, touching Tess lightly on the shoulder. "Anything to say, old girl?"

She did not move but only said, "Shock treatment, Meath. It's sometimes justified in extreme cases. Take your girl away, will you? I'll see you at Nestor's party."

Abby and Meath left the office hand in hand. Tess looked down at the air shaft on the setback and the industrious pigeon. A great gust suddenly sent twigs flying skyward, and the pigeon fluttered indignantly about. "I know just how you feel, baby," Tess murmured. THE END



They spent hours in the park while Abby practiced "the manner."

ROMANCE IN THE PARK

The spinster, the young girl, the hotblooded boy, all of them sought something in the sultry dark of Lovers' Heaven. Suddenly they all felt it, stealthy and evil—a hungry presence, prowling the darkness with them

BY MARIAN GAVIN ILLUSTRATED BY AUSTIN BRIGGS

When he came down into the park, and especially when he neared the place where the light was out, the wooded area known to local teen-agers and their parents as Lovers' Heaven, a ripple ran through the people in the park, a fearful questioning ripple, such as besets a herd of impala when the tiger slips, unseen, among them to single out its victim.

Miss Cameron was among the first to feel it. She was parked in her little old gray coupe at the edge of the golf course near Lovers' Heaven, backed into the parking place so that she looked across the loop of road into the park proper.

It was better than a wide-screen movie. When she tired of watching the shadowy children on the swings and slides, or their parents at the picnic tables, she had only to squint and there in the distance, elevated and lighted to a brilliant prominence, was the pool with its diving platform and high white chair for the life-guard. The chair was empty, but even as Miss Cameron stiffened in indignation, up climbed a bronzed, white-trunked figure.

The glistening, almost naked teen-agers in their brief, bright suits made a moving frieze against the black sky as they climbed and plummeted and climbed again. Even from this distance Miss Cameron felt the socking rhythm of the jukebox. She was conscious of that impudent, lascivious pulse as she turned her head

and looked inquiringly toward the miniature golf concession adjoining Lovers' Heaven, off to her left under a canopy of trees hung with yellow insect-repellent lights. There was only one player, a shirt-tail-out boy of twelve or so.

Turning head and shoulders then, alert as a grizzled old herd cow, Miss Cameron peered into the darkness behind her. She had been parked here for an hour, alone. She hadn't had to spend the evening alone; the girls had wanted her to play bridge at Alma's. But at age forty-four, after evenings and evenings of bridge with the girls, she found it easier, somehow, to be alone. Summers had always been particularly bad, with no papers to grade, not enough money to take a real vacation. But the park had changed all that. Since she had been coming down evenings after supper, Miss Cameron had discovered in herself an enormous capacity for living, though it was at second-hand.

There was nothing second-hand in the feeling which now came softly and wrapped itself about her throat. It was the most terrible, the most intimate sensation Miss Cameron had ever felt in her life. Intently, wonderingly, forgetting the lighted stage before her, she stared over her shoulder into the darkness.

At that same moment, just inside the dark area which included the real golf course, near the closed pro shop, Woody Bingham came to a halt. He stared at the

Then the tiger pounced. Tanny screamed. A light flashed. Hands grasped a girl's throat.





little gray coupe and the motionless silhouetted head. Why, it was crazy old Miss Cameron, parked by herself!

Woody was seventeen, crew-cropped and burned a shade lighter than chocolate, short and heavily muscled as a Kodiak bear. He was still wearing his white swim shorts with lifeguard insignia, plus canvas shoes and a dark sports shirt; his dry shorts, slacks, and socks were balled in one fist. He had had Miss Cameron for English the preceding high school year; she had almost flunked him and his feeling for her was one of malice, at times approaching viciousness.

But at that moment Woody Bingham had a lot more than Miss Cameron to feel vicious about. The sight of her parked car reminded him of parked cars in general, parked cars reminded him of Tanny Archer, and the thought of Tanny was a madness of body and brain. At three this afternoon he had paid the outgoing lifeguard to come back and take the last hour and a half of his duty. All the long afternoon Woody had sat up there in the high white chair with the sun beating down on the umbrella, the jukebox's Rock 'n' Roll thudding under him and the thought of Tanny thudding inside. *Tonight*, he thought. No double date, just the two of them parked in Lovers' Heaven. *Tonight for sure*.

And then her voice over the bathhouse phone. Clear and to the point, not even sorry. "Don't come by for me tonight, Woody. Just don't come by, that's all. If you do, I won't be here."

It wasn't the first time she'd stood him up, but this time maybe he'd just try to find out who she'd stood him up for! Head lowered, he stared broodingly toward Lovers' Heaven. Wasn't that a car parked by the concrete slab they sometimes used for dancing? But he was sure it wasn't Tanny—she had better sense than to come to Heaven tonight. And he didn't know where else to look.

So Woody Bingham stood in the shadow of the pro shop with no place to go except home and no desire to go there and hear his mother say brightly. "My, Woody, you're home early! Did you lose your job?" He stared at Miss Cameron's silhouetted head and saw Tanny's face—the tilted blue eyes under the Elizabeth Taylor brows, the shining raspberry mouth, the taut, faintly damp-seeming flesh . . . Damn you, Tanny! You, too, Miss Cameron!

The thwarted anticipation of the long, hot, pulsing afternoon made a roar in his head like the pressure of too much steam in a boiler. Then, just at the explosion point, he felt it—the creeping, deadly force which held Miss Cameron transfixed, staring into the dark. All of a sudden Woody Bingham wanted to move quickly and silently, his leg muscles

corded with the twin efforts of speed and silence. At the same time he was afraid. It was a strange, strong fear; it advised him not to move an inch from where he stood. Not an inch, or he would be lost.

At the same moment that Miss Cameron turned her head and Woody Bingham halted in the shadow of the pro shop, Susan Hardy, nine years old, small and hard-headed and chubby, was disobeying her mother. Susan's mother was a fussy old thing who always had to have her way. "Don't go inside the fence around the pool," she had said. "Don't go over to the miniature golf course and get in people's way. Play on the swings, and don't go off in the dark by yourself!"

But Susan was in the dark by herself. Way out on the golf course, standing in the darkest dark on the little bridge over the water hazard. She knew it was the water hazard because she had walked around once with her daddy when he played golf. She knew exactly where she was, even if her mother didn't.

Susan decided to sing "Love and Marriage." She didn't especially like the song any more, but it was the only one, except for some Girl Scout rounds, that she knew all the words to.

But she didn't sing. She didn't make a sound of breath or body, for at the same moment that Miss Cameron and Woody Bingham were feeling it, Susan felt it. That change in the park's atmosphere. That something like a monstrous, dark dangerous animal. Somebody was walking over there and at the edge of the golf course under the trees was a huge dark shape with a vague shine of eyes. *It's a car, silly*, shrieked Susan to herself. On the strength of that burst of common sense she turned, quickly, quietly, desperately, toward the warm cup of light and safety which was the park.

But the something was closer now. If she moved, it would surely see her and pounce. Cut off from safety, paralyzed. Susan crouched on the little bridge. Underneath it the water lay still and dark as oil.

The lone walker on the golf course was Mr. Murdock. Like Miss Cameron, whom he knew in an offhand fashion, Mr. Murdock was a teacher of English. The difference was that he taught in the small teachers' college which lay three blocks west of the park. He had a more than modest bank account, but not once in seven years had he taken a vacation. He was always chosen to teach summer classes, composed of row after row of school teachers taking refresher courses. Most of them were female; they looked at him either with young, unseeing eyes, or eagerly, as though he, personally, were the fount at which they hoped to refresh themselves. Mr. Murdock suffered in summer,

too, but in directly opposite fashion to Miss Cameron.

When the summer term was over, it was too hot to go anywhere. Mr. Murdock suffered terribly from the heat; he perspired most embarrassingly and often broke out in a tormenting rash. But unlike the growing number of his colleagues who got down to shirtsleeves during summer term, he never took off his coat, no matter how great his torment. Summer and winter, seven days a week (the seventh being Sunday when he taught a Sunday School class of teen-agers which sometimes, not often, included Woody Bingham and Tanny Archer). Mr. Murdock's coat was an example to the boys, a symbol of respect for the girls. Respect for womanhood, especially young womanhood, was the only subject on which Mr. Murdock was ever articulate outside the classroom.

The only times he shucked his coat were when he was in the privacy of his home and on those occasions when he went to the gym for a work-out with the punching bag. He had been working out at the gym more and more often of late, pummeling the bag with his fists until the salty sweat ran down into his eyes and mouth, sometimes tasting like tears, sometimes like blood. He was on his way to the gym now, wearing his shapeless gray boxing sweatshirt. In his pocket were a key to the gym and his big, old-fashioned flashlight. He was taking his usual short cut through the park.

Mr. Murdock was only thirty-nine, but he seemed so much older that most people had forgotten his age—and that when he had first come to teach at the college he had smoked cigarettes and played tennis and had a quite charming smile and even danced with his thin, cool wife at a March of Dimes ball. But of course that was before the tragedy. One afternoon while Mr. Murdock was in his office at the college, in conference with a pert blonde student who needed a B in English, possibly at the exact instant Mr. Murdock reached out, convulsively, and touched a pert round knee, or perhaps at the moment when she leaned forward and whispered, "I'm going to get that B, aren't I, Mr. Murdock?" (she got it, but neither ever looked directly at the other during the remainder of her stay on campus). Mr. Murdock's wife and little girl were killed instantly at the grade crossing south of town, and Mr. Murdock's second-hand yellow convertible smashed beyond repair by the three-thirty express.

After it happened, the county installed an expensive red blinker with a warning bell and the commissioners felt better, but Mr. Murdock never bought another automobile; he never smoked another cigarette or held another conference with

a student; he never danced after that, and his charming smile was never seen again. Without it, his face became as unmemorable and sexless as a paper plate. After a while people began thinking of him as old and treating him as old and—well, they just put him out of their minds because that was easier than thinking about him and recalling the tragedy. "Old Man Murdock," the younger faculty members called him.

He was still only thirty-nine, however, and if anyone had taken the trouble to look he would have seen that Mr. Murdock was in excellent condition for a man who taught English all day. He was in excellent condition, he had the heavy flashlight in his pocket, and he had an active respect for women, especially young girls. He also had the acute powers of observation and imagination possessed by the lonely.

In a single glance he saw Susan on the bridge, he correctly identified the faint sheen of headlight glass as a car parked in Lovers' Heaven, and he saw that the streetlight which should have illumined a portion of that disgraceful spot was out—burned out or shattered, most likely, by a well-aimed rock.

Mr. Murdock sucked in his breath and frowned, for he was feeling it, too—that sensation of a tiger on the prowl. Sweating inside the shapeless gray weight of his gym shirt, he put his hand into his pocket. His fingers touched the flashlight, touched and gripped it as he began walking swiftly, quietly, across the dry grass of the fairway. Mr. Murdock, never quite a villain, never quite a hero.

He came to Susan on the bridge. "Little girl," said he in a voice scarcely more than a whisper, at once kind and tortured and infinitely sad, "you shouldn't be out here in the dark. Can't you see, little girl? The light's burned out."

Mr. Murdock wasn't the only one who had noticed the light. At that same moment two policemen in a patrol car were headed for the park. The younger, Harvey Dost, a pleasant open-faced rookie, was reassuring the other. "Ah, you worry too much. We just took a swing through that park a half hour ago."

"Well, we're taking another." Ab Henry's voice was inflexible. He drove with both hands square on the wheel. "That damned light—if I had a ladder, I'd get up there and put in a new bulb myself!"

"I bet you would," Harvey laughed. Ab had a teen-aged daughter and it was well known that he broke out in a sweat every time she had a date; the thought of her sitting out there in Lovers' Heaven in a parked car turned Ab white around the mouth. "If I was your girl, Ab, I wouldn't go near that place," grinned Harvey. Then he sobered, realizing he had gone too far. He felt sorry about it;

he liked old Ab. Soberly, Harvey thought about the town's streetlights, which shed such feeble yellow puddles. "Reckon they're going to install some decent lights around here soon?"

Old Ab rose to the bait with a snort. "Now why," he demanded in a roar of terrible sarcasm, "would they spend all that money for a lot of light they don't need? Why increase the force, or buy another prowl car? Don't you know this is the safest, most law abiding town west of the Mississippi? Why, even if they fired the whole miserable police force and turned out all the miserable streetlights, nobody'd so much as snitch a peach off the Mayor's peach tree!" Breathing hard, Ab concluded his tirade.

"Look," said Harvey, ashamed because he didn't have Ab's violent concern for his fellow citizens' welfare, "when we swing around by the golf course, why not turn the spotlight in under the trees and take a good look?"

"Sure, sure, then drive off and leave it dark." Warily, Ab flapped one hand against the wheel. "But what else can we do?"

Already, Elizabeth Bantting could hear her mother saying it. *Darling, you're home so early from your lesson. You didn't take the short cut through the park again, after what I said? No, Mama. Miss Almond let me go before the hour; I came the long way, the safe way. Tonight she would lie about it.*

Long way, short way, safe way, dangerous way—why can't I choose for myself? Elizabeth thought rebelliously as she stepped onto the path which led under the trees and across the open golf course. I'm nineteen years old, she thought wildly, and nothing has ever happened to me. I don't know anything!

Oh, she knew how to play the piano: Miss Almond said she had tremendous talent. And last spring in Mr. Murdock's freshman English class she had taken all the honors. But what about the rest of living? They call this Lovers' Heaven and there's a car parked over there. Elizabeth thought painfully, I've never been in a parked car with a boy—I've never been anywhere with a boy!

Wait, Elizabeth, wait; you're so pretty and talented and intelligent, your time will come. But when, Mama? When? Wait, darling, until the little wild ones have lost their light; then the boys will see you quietly shining. But suppose they don't, Mama? What if I wait forever, like Miss Almond? Oh, Mama, I wish I were in that parked car with a boy!

At that moment Elizabeth stepped on a toad. She came right down on the big squashy thing with the sole of one sensible covered-up shoe, and both she and the toad gave a soundless shriek. She took a few scurrying steps and stopped,

scurry-scurry and stop, scurry-scurry and stop. Weak and perspiring, sicker than she had ever been in her life, she could go no farther. But she must keep going and get out of this terrible place, for Mama had been right after all.

Just help me out of this dark awful place and I'll wait like Mama says, she promised on an incoherent prayerful note. I'll wait, because I'm not ready—I don't know anything about anything—oh, I'm not ready at all!

But, ready or not, Elizabeth felt it then. The terrible quickening in the air around her. The force that moved so quietly, so relentlessly. Life, whether she liked it or not, was catching up with Elizabeth Bantting, nineteen years old and never kissed by a boy.

Tanny Archer had been kissed, lots of times, and sometimes she had liked it. But at that same moment, a few yards away, Tanny began to wish—not that she hadn't stood up Woody Bingham; she still felt no compunction about that—but that she had been a little smarter when Mel turned onto the bumpy dirt lane behind them. It was the only way into Lovers' Heaven, unless you walked across the corner of the golf course. She knew kids who did that, left their cars in the park and everybody thought they were at the pool or playing miniature golf when all the time they weren't.

Tanny herself had never been afoot in Heaven, only in a car and usually with Woody Bingham. Tonight was her first date with Mel, the first time he had asked her. She didn't usually give a date the first time asked, but she had been waiting for Mel. Both of them had been dating other people, not even in the same crowd, but all the time she had had a feeling. She had thought, I'm saving Mel for dessert. Or maybe, she figured, he was saving her for dessert.

It was funny that after all the waiting, after not feeling a flicker when she stood up Woody, she now felt a kind of panicky longing for him. At least with Woody you knew where you were. With this Mel Harris, "the nicest boy in town," she felt uncertain and bewildered.

Tanny hated to admit it, even to herself, but she had figured Mel out to be really different. She had expected him to take her some place with lights and music and people to see them. She had imagined their getting to know each other, imagined herself saying things she'd never say to other boys. But here they were at the same old stand. And from the way he acted, "the nicest boy in town" was no different, behind that slow sweet smile, from Woody Bingham!

In fact—Tanny shivered and felt an unaccustomed sting of tears—it was turning out to be a real creepy evening.

She remembered Woody's bellow over the phone, "Who're you standing me up for. Tanny—just tell me who!" Was he still mad at her, sitting in his high chair at the pool? After she stood him up, he would have stayed on duty, wouldn't he?

Look, you don't belong to Woody Bing-ham, you don't owe him a thing, you don't have to worry, Tanny told herself. Just the same, she had a sudden wish that the trees and the bathhouse weren't in the way; she wished she could see who was on the lifeguard's throne. Heaven was too dark tonight. Off to her right on the path something moved, hurry-hurry, pause, hurry-hurry, pause. In the pauses the quiet seemed to rub against her. Like a big hungry cat, thought Tanny with another shiver. She spoke her foreboding and disappointment aloud. "This place is creepy."

"Creepy?" echoed Mel and he, too, seemed to cock an uneasy ear to the evening. Then, away in the distance, the jukebox gave a disenchanting wail. He laughed. "You mean creepy like this?" He made spider legs of his fingers; she felt them wiggle up her bare arms, felt him sliding closer along the seat cover.

"Mel—" Swiftly Tanny took into account how long she had waited for this date. She thought of how sweet and steady Mel had always seemed, and how it would be if she told him off and had to go back to dating apes like Woody. She added it all up and came out with a compromise, which she would have been the first to tell you wasn't her usual way. "Mel, why not turn on your radio and let's get out on the slab and dance?"

Dance with him in the dark—Tanny, you're smart, real smart! But at least the music would break up the creepy, furry quiet. "Come on, Mel!"

"Okay, Tanny, if you want to dance." For a minute he sounded like himself; he sounded nice, and in the dim glow from the radio he looked nice, with his wavy hair and clean, intent profile. Down at the bottom of Tanny's hard, knowing, calculating little heart something went *zing!* It was like one shy, schmalzy, questioning note from an electric guitar.

At first he held her far away and kind of formal. She liked and didn't like it, but mostly she liked it. She liked the way he danced, plain and steady, the way she had imagined. Next time he would take her someplace where there were people to see them together and say, "Will you look at that—Tanny Archer with Mel Harris. Why, he's the nicest boy in town! Maybe we were wrong about Tanny's being so wild . . ."

When Mel suddenly stopped dancing and pulled her close and said in an unsteady whisper, "Aw, Tanny, who wants to dance?" she let him hold her. She let

him kiss her and she kissed him back, even as her practical sixth sense warned. *Don't, Tanny, don't. Not here. Not now—*

Over on the miniature golf course under the hot yellow lights, Jane Conners felt the warning, too. A small, sun-weathered woman in a baggy T-shirt and limp seersucker shorts, she lifted her crooked head and tested the warning ripple on the stale August air. She tested and did not like what her sixth sense told her. Without bothering to reason further, she called to the scuffling knot of children at the fifth hole.

Arliss and Loretta and Darlene, her own, were there—and three neighbor kids had been a diplomatic gesture, since the Conners were new in town. Furthermore, the seating capacity of their second-hand station wagon still gave Jane a thrill. "You could stack kids in there from now 'til tomorrow and that thing still wouldn't be full," she had proudly assured Mrs. Viocelli.

The three Viocellis came quietly, but her own three were hopping like fleas on a hot skillet. "Aw, ma, we didn't finish yet—we gotta finish this game, ma!"

"Get in there!" She gave Arliss, the oldest and loudest, a swat for good measure because when Jane Conners made up her mind it was made up. It was a shame to cut the kids short, but something screwy was fixing to happen in this park and if she had learned anything it was not to be around when something screwy happened. Take Deke, he was just the other way. Deke?

She stiffened. Her eyes darted here, there, and yonder. Just a minute ago he had been right over there on that bench, drinking out of a paper cup. She had figured it was water or Coke—they didn't allow beer in this park. But wasn't there a place that sold beer right across the highway? Couldn't he have stepped over there and poured it into a paper cup to fool her? "Where's your daddy?" she asked sharply. "Any of you see which way he walked off?"

They hadn't seen Deke walk off—didn't care about Deke; all they cared about was finishing the game. "Why can't we finish while you hunt up Daddy? Why not?"

But, roughly, with swats and slaps when they didn't move fast enough, she pushed them into the station wagon. As if it weren't hard enough to corral six kids, Deke had to take himself a little walk. "Now don't a one of you get out of there," she said fiercely. "I'm going over to the swimming pool and get your daddy."

As she crossed the road her eyes darted, searching for the big shape, slack around the middle but still powerful, the upflung curly head. If he had turned to acting,

Deke could've been a movie star, he was that good-looking. Did he watch the young girls in their snips of bathing suits because he couldn't help it, or was it just to tease her? He don't really care about them, she told herself stoutly, or else he wouldn't still be with her. She rounded the bathhouse and had a clear view of swimmers and watchers.

Deke wasn't at the pool.

As she hurried back to the station wagon she heard the kids shrieking and scuffling; the rear end of the old wagon bounced tiredly on its worn-out springs. Those darned Viocelli kids! Behind her, the jukebox thumped and wailed, heightening her intuition that something strange and bad was about to happen, tightening the knot around her heart until it seemed she couldn't draw another breath.

Wildly she glanced up and down the winding park road. Faraway at the entrance she saw the police car turn in. Deke! Deke! In a fierce ecstasy of love she willed him to her as she had done countless times in the past. But he didn't come, there was no sign of him, and her silent cry sank to a breathless whimper.

Standing there in the road with the police car nearing and the black knot of terror tightening around her heart, Jane Conners felt the weight of all the years of pretense and conniving. The years of talking for Deke and thinking for him and watching him in ways that wouldn't look like watching. The years of explaining Deke to the neighbors, to his bosses, even to his own kids. "Daddy was just kidding around when he hurt your arm, Arliss . . . Daddy thought it was just your old worn-out doll, Loretta, when he threw it in the trash." Years of explaining and moving on to another town and finding Deke another job in another service garage. No trouble there because, in his head, Deke had the natural know-how to take a car apart and put it back together right. The trouble was the other things Deke had in his head.

Standing there in the road, Jane Conners prayed, God, if you just see he doesn't get in trouble this time, I'll do it. I'll take him to one of those doctors and whatever the doc says—if Deke's got to be sent away and shut up in one of those places—I'll even do that. If you just keep him out of trouble this time . . . help me find him . . .

Charles Lattimore could have told her which way the big man had gone. Charles was twelve and when he was by himself he noticed lots of things. He could, for instance, have told anyone who would listen that the thermometer on back of the miniature golf stand registered eighty-two degrees, that it was impossible to make the seventh hole in one stroke, that one of the kids in the station wagon had stolen a ball, a green

one, and that the big curly-haired man on the bench had been drinking beer out of a paper cup before he got up and walked away. Charles knew by the smell.

Charles was not ever going to drink beer or smoke cigarettes, or use tobacco in any form. As soon as they would take him, he was going to join the F.B.I., and he didn't intend to go out against hardened criminals in a puny condition. Throughout the long hot summer Charles had engaged in a rigorous physical fitness program. Only one soft drink a day (with scorn he remembered the previous summer when he had often drunk three) and every day, without fail, some kind of physical exercise.

He had almost goofed today. Aside from rereading a whole book of Sherlock Holmes, all he had done was to go to the matinee with Larry Bentley, and Larry's mother had taken them down in the car because they both had flats on their bikes. No exercise at all! After dinner he had been desperate. As usual, his mother had forgotten he was twelve years old. "Why do you want to walk down to that hot little park and play miniature golf by yourself?" She hadn't liked that "walk" or "by yourself" one little bit. But finally his father had stepped in and said that if a twelve-year-old boy couldn't walk a total distance of twelve blocks by himself in a quiet, law-abiding town like this one . . . So here he was.

It was only nine by his waterproof, shockproof wrist watch, and he didn't have to be home until nine-thirty. But all of a sudden, when he saw he was the only player left on the course, Charles decided to start home. There's something funny going on around here, thought Charles, his skin prickling.

He saw the police car turning in at the park entrance. For a brief moment, he considered stopping the car and asking for a ride home. He could tell them his mother worried and he should've been home an hour ago, but he'd tripped on a tree root and sprained his ankle and couldn't walk good . . . This unworthy flash of deceit and chicken-heartedness was so swiftly gone that Charles could very well say he'd never had it. He would walk home, of course.

Turning, he stared resolutely into the gloom of Lovers' Heaven. He felt the bracing tonic of scorn. Anybody in there would be too busy kissing to bother him! He was starting to go and turn in his ball and club at the stand when, simultaneously, the prickling of his skin grew worse and he realized that the light at the edge of the real golf course, the light he had counted on, was out.

At that moment the golf club in Charles' hand ceased abruptly to be a golf club, the property of someone else.

It became, in the simplest and most natural fashion, a weapon. His own weapon. Because if something was in there among the dark trees, a big mean Boxer or—(or what, Charles? What is it that makes your skin crawl?)—not even Sherlock Holmes would go in there empty-handed.

Without thinking any more about it, Charles stepped quietly off the miniature golf course onto the trackless moor.

So it was that, at one and the same time, Charles stole a golf club. Jane Connors made a long overdue promise, Susan Hardy wished she had minded her mother, Elizabeth Bantling discovered that life could be a squashy toad, Tanny lost her practicality, and Miss Cameron—well, Miss Cameron was the first to recognize that soft black ripple across the park for what it actually was, Miss Cameron was the first to understand when the ripple took on form and purpose, and the outcome became inevitable. The tiger had selected its victim.

With the soft darkness wrapping tight about her sagging throat, remembering the deadly evenings of bridge with the girls, the rubber plants and handkerchiefs for Christmas, the slow drip-drip of the kitchen faucet in her little apartment, Miss Cameron felt a surge of terrible joy.

But it isn't you, Miss Cameron. Not you. Not yet. Not in this fashion.

Tanny's scream split the summer night like a sharp, silver knife.

Something had told her to stop kissing and run. But before she could run or even think, a light stabbed her face. In the darker darkness which followed, she heard the crunch of metal on bone and flesh, a soft heavy thud on the concrete slab. Run now, Tanny! Crazy—whoever it is—panting—sobbing—whispering—crazy! Run for your life. But Mel was hurt. Wasn't it Mel who had fallen—?

Hands found her then, strong fumbling hands which caressed and then tightened convulsively on her throat. Through the roaring in her ears, she heard a sobbing whisper—"Kiss me—please kiss me—" Then suddenly the hands flew wide, leaving her throat free. Above the sounds of fearful struggle at her feet, Tanny screamed.

The police car spotlight slammed into the darkness. It glanced off Miss Cameron's spotless windshield. It caught Susan Hardy running like a fat little chipmunk to her mother. It paused on Elizabeth's white, sickened face; then, hurrying, it swept past the struggle under the trees and found Charles crouching, his golf club upraised but unused, Charles had just made a startling discovery; in the dark it is impossible to tell tiger from victim, unless you happen to be one or the other.

At last, in a hasty double take, the spotlight swept back to the scene under the trees, to Tanny standing and Mel rising from a still, silent shape on the concrete. In the sudden glare Tanny and Mel were looking at each other in wonder.

Tanny had been kissed, whistled at, toggled, fought over and whispered about. But never before had she been defended and saved from violent attack; she had no illusions about that, having felt the hands at her throat and the mad whisper on her cheek. Tanny was a very knowing and practical girl, even a little hard at times. But now as she stared at her rescuer's face—the terrible, quivering, boy-into-man face with blood seeping down from the split scalp—her heart went zing with uncompromising finality.

As for Mel, he had kissed a lot of girls lately, trying to live down that "nicest boy in town" title he'd somehow gotten stuck with. He had intended to complete his metamorphosis at Tanny's expense. Instead, he had defended her, shed blood for her, maybe even killed for her. Suddenly all doubts about his manhood were gone. And, with them, all confusion as to Tanny's place in his life. *This is my girl.*

So engrossed were they in these mutual discoveries, they forgot the still, quiet bulk at their feet. Old Ab and his rookie were already running to them across the golf course before Tanny looked down and cried in her clear, carrying young voice, "Why, it's Mr. Murdock!" And then, staring at the shocked, incredulous expression which contorted that familiar-unfamiliar face even in unconsciousness, she whispered, "Poor Mr. Murdock . . ."

And so it was, Mr. Murdock in his shapeless gray sweat-shirt with his cracked flashlight lying to one side. Poor Mr. Murdock. For after all is said and done, who is the tiger but the victim? What is darkness but a light gone out?

THE END

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Return of the Thief

He was a young man on the move—no home, no job, no friends. His only warm possession was the memory of a girl who by a strange coincidence loved him. But that's all it took to change the course of Larry Evans' life

BY ANN CHIDESTER ILLUSTRATED BY PAUL NONNAST

The letter caught up with him at Poynter's Hotel. It was over three months old and had been originally sent to Max's Service Station in Cheyenne. From there, it had gone to three more places; finally Jenny Poynter, who worked at the desk in her father's hotel, had decided to keep it for him. "I thought you'd be around soon, Larry, once the hunting season opened," she said.

He could not remember when—if ever in his twenty-six years—he had received a real letter. He took it up to the room, put it on the table and sat studying it. Why would Carson and Son, Attorneys-at-Law, write him from Two Rivers after all these years? He frowned and closed his eyes for a moment. He was a tall, slim, sandy-haired man with a quick temper and a nervous way of turning his head as though he expected to hear something he could take as an insult. His manner, however, was very mild, and he had a soft, delightful voice and a slow smile. He went from place to place because he tired easily of one town, and he could always make a living as a mechanic. Now and then he took a picture of a wildlife scene and sold it to a magazine. Last month he had sold a picture of a tornado-ravaged town he had happened to pass through. In his greatest daydreams, he imagined he could make a living with his pictures, but he never bothered to try.

He disliked thinking about Two Rivers. That was an old, sorry nightmare, the

beginning of his bad luck, and the bad luck had dogged his days. The memory made him feel sore and hot in his chest, right over his heart. In the war, when anyone had asked him where he came from, he had said Chicago or Des Moines, though he had never seen either of these cities. He would not and could not say Two Rivers.

"Carson—that'd be Mr. Jake Carson with the red mustache and his boy, Jimmy." Long ago, Jimmy had been his slave and friend. There had been plenty of times when he had not been able to shake that boy, always following him and Sophie, trying to do everything he did and never quite succeeding. He grinned. Bet old Jimmy Carson wouldn't pass me the time of day, now, he thought. Still, he had been something of a hero in his boyhood days back in that town. Everything had looked hopeful then.

But when he touched the letter, it took on an enormous reality. It seemed to burn his fingertips. All of that was over, and he had a good mind to ignore this letter, maybe burn it unopened. What importance could Two Rivers have for him now? Back there they were probably still talking about him and the stolen car. They had their own ideas about what had happened that night of Sophie Harrington's party, and nothing he had done since then—in the war or afterward—seemed big enough to change their opinions. No good could come of this letter, he told himself. Why, they'd consider me a tramp—like that old fellow

He drove slowly down the main street. "What'll I tell them?" he thought. "What'll I say when they start asking questions?"

Return of the Thief (continued)

who used to come up the river every spring, begging food and a night's shelter. This letter mightn't even be for me—there must be any number of Larry Evanses around. Some coincidence. He kept puzzling over it as he went down the hall to take a bath.

When he was dressed, he stuffed the letter into his jacket pocket and went downstairs. At Poynter's Hotel he always put on a few airs, wore his suit and a tie at night, and bought Adam Poynter a drink. They knew him here and made him feel welcome. Every year he went out with the hunters and fishermen. Also, there was Jenny Poynter, who, because of her smooth, glossy hair and husky voice, reminded him of Sophie, back in Two Rivers. Poynter's was the nearest to a real home he had now. The others were faded green hotels or boarding house rooms, one after the other.

Jenny was in the dining room at the table near the windows. Long ago—over two years—he had asked to sit with her. He no longer needed to ask, but whenever he felt himself grow too comfortable, too calm here at Poynter's, he pulled out—usually very early in the morning before Jenny was at work at the desk. He never wrote to her and could not imagine the time when she would not be here to give him a real welcome.

"Well, Jen," he said, flushing, "how're things with you?"

"The same," she said, but did not look at him.

"How's Adam?"

"Dad's fine. You've been away longer than usual this time, Larry."

"I got stuck in a job up in Cheyenne," he said.

She played with her water glass, and he noticed that her fingertips were faintly stained. This made him think of Sophie Harrington and the times when they had picked wild berries along the river. Then she raised her face and said, "You can work here any time you like. Dad's been hoping you'd take over the garage, Larry."

He made a nervous shrug. "I like to keep moving," he said.

She frowned. "That's no life," she said, almost in a whisper.

"If I stay in one place too long, my luck changes," he said. For some reason, the old excuse sounded foolish and unreal. What was luck, after all? Who made good luck or bad, and who was to blame if the luck changed? He did not like to talk seriously with her, and it seemed to him that the crumpled letter in his pocket had its own power, that it was already beginning to work out a strong pattern of bad luck for him. Something

might happen—say Adam and Jenny forced him to make some decision about the garage here—and then he might not feel he could come back here, the same as always. They were too kind to him. He had never done anything for them. He sent Jenny a Christmas card every year, and once at a barn dance not so long ago when he had been feeling high he had kissed her. If anyone belonged to him, if anyone took first place in his thoughts, it was Jenny. Sophie had once belonged to him in Two Rivers, but Sophie had been lost long ago, that night of her party.

"Besides, I couldn't commit myself to any kind of business proposition," he said quickly. He pulled out the letter. "Right now, I got this problem. It doesn't seem like much, but a letter can blow up in your face. Jen, so I been puzzling should I open it or not. I mean, when your mind's in a puzzle, you can't think sane about—about business. See?" He begged for understanding, but she still wore a bewildered little frown, and he could not meet her eyes.

"A letter's only paper," she said.

"*With* writing," he joked. Now, with her watching him, he had to open it. He even hoped there might be bad news in it. Then maybe she'd understand he was not her kind of man, a man with any real future. He opened the letter and smoothed it on the table.

"Dear Larry," it said, "you may not remember me or Two Rivers, as it is so long ago. I have been trying to contact you for this past year. Last week, we traced you to Max's Service Station in Cheyenne, so I'm taking a chance you may still be there. Professor Madison died over a year ago, and we need to settle his estate as the State is planning a big highway through that part of town, and they want to buy the east lot, where the fruit trees are. It isn't a big estate, but he left you everything he had and hoped, until the very last, you might return. When you didn't he begged me to try to find you. I traced you up to the war, but after that we had no clues. I wonder if you will remember me. I am the kid who used to tag you and Sophie like a puppy dog. We will certainly give you a great welcome if you come home. I hope you'll contact us for further details as soon as you receive this. Yours truly, Jim Carson."

He reread the letter. He believed what it said about the old man's will, but he did not really *want* to believe it. He wanted to feel nothing for anyone back there in Two Rivers. The town did not exist for him.

"Who was the professor—a relative?"

"An old man, even when I first knew

him." Now, he must tell her all the hidden things he had feared she might know about him, for he had known this moment would come between him and Jenny one day. "I was nothing. No kid in the world had as little as I had. My Dad died—he just drank himself to death down on the mudflats, a stinking wreck—and everyone knew I was his kid. I used to have bad dreams that I'd grow up to be like him. Well, I was nine then and needed a place to sleep, but when the county welfare folks came lookin' for me I hid. Yep, I hid in a tree—like the wild creature I was. Jen, I was more wild than human. And then the old man heard nobody could find me, so he found me. He knew where I hid and that I slept in the old tower on the beach—down where the lumber mill used to be." He could still imagine that tower with the starlings flying about making their silly sounds. "He took me to his house, and I slept in the back room above the kitchen stairs. I shoveled his sidewalks and mowed his lawn. We were good friends. But I ran away."

"Why?"

"Oh," he laughed dryly. "I thought I told you about that, Jen. It was a crazy kid kind of thing." He knew he had never told her—or anyone. Even to himself, he still tried to pretend nothing had happened the night of Sophie's party, that he had stayed in the town, gone to high school and left it only to go to war—that he could go back any time he chose.

"I was fifteen, and the Harringtons had a big party. They also had a brand new midnight blue sedan, and the boy in the family, Mattie—he was a punk kid—tried to steal it to drive it to St. Louis and sell it. But I caught him and went along. I thought I could stop him, but we had an accident on the highway. Afterward, the way Mattie told it, when the police picked us out of that wreck, I was the one who'd stolen it—not him. What could I say?"

Telling it for the first time like this, he relived his young terror, the dark night, the long run from everything he knew and loved and the daily fear of being caught and put in prison. He knew again the terrible, old hurt, like a deep wound opening up inside him. He remembered standing in the long, blue living room at the Harringtons' with the Japanese lanterns making the air orange outside the house, with Sophie and her mother listening to Mattie tell all of them what a thief and ingrate Larry Evans was. He could not remember whether anyone had asked to hear his side of it. He hadn't waited around to see. After all, he was only a kid off the mud flats, and

Mattie Harrington had a way of lying that was pure talent.

"So I ran," he said grimly. "I hid along the river. I kept running." He had run from the necessity of calling Mattie a liar before Sophie and her mother. He had run from the hurt look the professor would wear. It seemed he could never run far enough from that town where they still thought of him as a car thief, a bad kid, Snooker Evans' son.

When he thought of it, as he did now, his pride broke inside him, and he was again the scared kid with nowhere to go. They would not remember that he had been the first to swim the big river, that he had been a basketball champion and that he had felt in his heart that he was the professor's son.

"You were only a frightened kid then, Larry," she protested. "But now—what has it to do with now?"

"You think I'm going back there?" he asked, angrily. "The minute I hit that town they'll start talking about Mr. Harrington's car and how I wrecked it—after the Harringtons were good to me, too. They'll say sure I can come back to collect the professor's dough, but I never showed up before, and he might have needed me these past years. You think they remember anything good about me?"

"You're scared," she said, in wonder.

He made an angry gesture. He had never asked her to believe he was brave, had he, just because he was a good hunter? Still, he disliked losing face like this. "I'll write and settle it that way."

"You've got everything wrong, Larry," she said sternly and changed before his eyes. She lifted her small chin. Her tiny body trembled with rage, her eyes darkened and she was full of anger and strength. "You act as though you stole that car."

"I keep telling you," he said wearily. "What difference can it make so long as they *think* I did? That's what counts. Anyhow, I always have had luck."

"Luck—nonsense!" He could see the sweat on her brow. It shocked him that she, usually so mild, should care so much—enough to fight like this. "You shouldn't worry about what they think so long as you know the truth."

"I never got a toe hold anywhere, in the Army or in a job, when something didn't happen sooner or later," he said doggedly.

"You *made* it happen. You always believed it would. You *like* being the kid from the mud flats that nobody can expect much from. That lets you off easy. Like the garage, now. You wouldn't take it on for fear all the people you know here would see you make a mess of it."

"All right, all right," he said, looking around to see if anyone in the restaurant noticed them. "Don't make a scene, Jen."

She lowered her voice. "I love you, Larry," he said.

He shook his head from side to side. He didn't want to hear that.

"Yes, I love you," she insisted, "but that place is your home, and if you don't go back there once, you'll never get another home. You'll be scared of every town. People talk, and you'll be sure they're slandering you even if they're only talking about the weather. Once you think people are getting close enough to make demands on you, like loyalty or—love—you run. You say you don't want to hurt them, but it's yourself you're thinking of. Always yourself."

"That's strong talk," he said angrily, but very quietly. His whole body was burning in rage.

"You're scared to go back," she said and walked away, leaving him alone to finger the letter and feel caught in a trap. He should never have told her.

Now he began to feel a strong drag,

as though out there, not too far away, a magnet of some kind were pulling him back to the town against his will. He tried to write to Jim Carson but could not. In the middle of the night, he left Poynter's Hotel, threw his bag into the back seat of his dilapidated, rusty car and started to drive toward Two Rivers.

Toward morning he turned off the state highway. At almost ten he reached the edge of the town. The day was bright and clear, like all the old October days he remembered here, and his heart was touched. In the silence and the sun, the town looked beautiful and welcoming.

There was the brick courthouse with the bronze soldier, a Civil War memorial. The soldier, with his heavy musket, seemed to be running across the sloping, shaded lawn. And there was the high school and beyond it, the rough river bank sloping down to where the two slow, green rivers joined to make a broad lake. The Harrington place, white and sprawling, still stood on the hill. And there, below, was the bleached stone



"I'll just walk into that hotel like it's home to me and I got every right to be there," he thought, grinning with anticipation.



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Return of the Thief (continued)

tower where he used to hide, where he had carved Sophie's and his initials inside a crooked heart. They used to swim down there.

The professor's house, once so magnificent, now looked small and empty, though the lawn and shrubbery had been kept up. He drove down the main street, past Hicks Hardware, thinking, What'll I tell them? What'll I say when they ask questions? He could not say that since he left that town he had led exactly the kind of life they might have expected Snooker Evans' boy to live.

He parked his car near the railroad tracks and walked to the law office, above the feed and grain store. He wished he had bought a new suit. Maybe they saw that tornado picture I sold, he told himself, as he put on a slight swagger and pushed open the office door. He was trembling. There was no one in the office except a very young girl in a white shirtwaist blouse. He thought she looked at him with suspicion, expecting him to ask for a handout, perhaps.

"Happen to know where I can find Jimmy Carson, miss?" he asked.

"Mr. James Carson?"

"Yeah, him. He's expecting me. Mr. Lawrence Evans."

"Oh, Mr. Evans," she said and put her hand to her throat, embarrassed. She said Mr. Carson had just gone home, but she would call him. He waited. Then she handed him the phone, and he heard the friendly voice. It was too late to run now.

"Come on up, Larry. Sophie's just about to get some lunch, and she's dying to see you. Come along. You remember the old Harrington place?"

He kept nodding and saying, "Yes, I remember." He went down the street, past the hardware again, walking as in a dream. Now he came along the twisted path that passed the old tower. He had gone this way countless times before, even in the dark, and up the side of the cliff where the dry grasses flourished, long and pungent, smelling like corn silk. I'll make up something to tell them. That's all I can do, he thought. When he reached the top, Sophie was already coming toward him, taller and slimmer than he remembered her, wearing a pale blue cotton dress and smiling at him. He felt sick at the pit of his stomach, but something—the irritating, exasperating memory of what Jen had said and Jen's anger—forced him to look at Sophie. He saw no hate, no confusion of emotion, nothing except a truly warm welcome as she led him toward the old house and into the long, blue room.

"It's been too long, Larry," Jim said.

He was neat, like his father, but bigger and as shy as ever.

"You ran away," Sophie accused him. "Where'd you go?"

"Oh, around. I kept going for a long time," he said. He lounged in the very chair that Mr. Harrington had occupied that awful night. He felt dead calm and even a little bold. Shoot the works, he kept telling himself.

"Do you know that Mama and the professor and I worried for years?" Sophie said. She was not as pretty as Jen, but she was like Jen in manner, very womanly and direct, and she looked as though she was full of unspent laughter. It did not hurt him to look at her and to know he had lost her because he ran away. Why should he care now when Jen was back there at the hotel? She'd want to hear a full account of his visit here. He did not talk much but listened while Jim explained to him that he owned the professor's property and a few railroad bonds. Jim had been waiting a long time to put the matter straight, and he would not permit Sophie to talk until that was done.

"You can count on four thousand from the highway deal, more or less, and another eight from the rest of the property. We already have a buyer if you want to sell. Then, two to three thousand in cash, so it makes almost fourteen thousand in all. Everything the old man had."

"It'll come in handy," Larry said. "I plan to go into the garage business, a sideline with me. I make my living with photographs. Perhaps you saw my last one—the tree twisted by the tornado, in *News* magazine?" He grinned with pleasure at their amazement. Well, it was no lie! "This garage deal's been hanging fire. I may even branch out into hotel work, so a little ready cash helps right now."

"But I remember that picture of the tree," Sophie said, delighted, clasping her hands.

"You married, Larry?" Jim asked.

"Not yet. I'm engaged, though, to a girl named Jen Poynter. Her dad owns this sporting hotel, Poynter's. You may have heard of it."

Sophie was looking at him very closely. "Do you remember how you climbed the tower and put my initials with yours, inside a heart, way up near the top? No one else dared climb that high."

"Did I?" he asked, trying to conceal his joy that someone remembered.

"I remember," Jim said. "I was the only one in town who was glad you left because I knew I'd never stand a chance with Sophie if you stayed around. The champion swimmer, champion basketball

player—and Mrs. Harrington was so keen on you, too.”

“Say—a person forgets all that. It’s so long ago.” He cleared his throat. “I guess nobody forgot about the stolen car, though.”

There was a momentary hush. The question had burst from him, without his willing it.

“That was awful,” Sophie said slowly. “Of course Mama forced Mattie to admit he’d been lying. She knew it all the time. So did I. Mattie was killed in the war. He was brave and even successful fighting in the war, the only thing he ever did well. That night—that terrible night you ran away—Mama knew she couldn’t get Mattie to speak a word of truth with all the people and the police listening; but once she got him alone, she shook it out of him. It was awful for her and Papa, to know Mattie was so wicked. You can imagine how Papa felt. We tried for ages to find you. So did the professor.”

“You mean you knew?” he asked, staring at her.

“Oh, nobody in town believed you’d steal Papa’s car, Larry!”

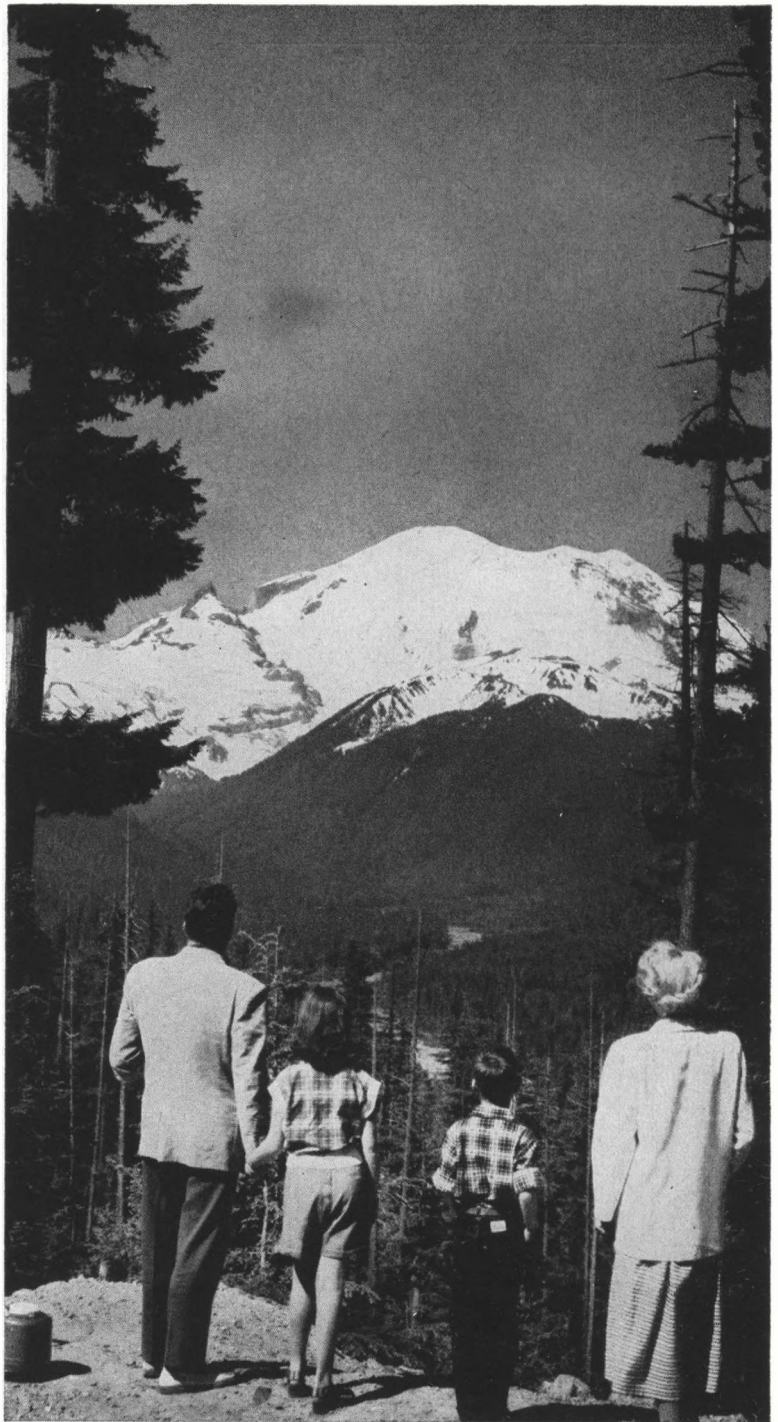
He could not believe that for all these years everyone here in Two Rivers—including Sophie, her mother, and the old professor—had not thought of him as a car thief. They had remembered instead the foolish, brave, boyish exploits that he himself had liked to remember. He was welcome here and even respected. He could come home here anytime he chose! He moistened his lips, feeling the tears come up into his eyes.

“But you knew we wouldn’t think that!” she protested.

“Oh, sure,” he said roughly.

The rest was only vague—a visit to the professor’s house, signing some papers, meeting the Hicks brothers and old Miss Emma and a few others. It seemed he could not pay attention to any of this for the great joy that had come over him. He was a new man. He had no enemies. He could come or go or stay, whatever he pleased. They remembered him as a brave, loyal kid to whom the old man had left his estate. No one was looking for him because of that old car.

“**N**To,” he said, when they insisted he stay. “I have my business.” If he started before dusk, he’d reach Poynter’s by morning. I’ll just walk into that hotel like it’s home to me and I got every right to be there, he thought, grinning with anticipation. And I’ll say right out for everyone to hear I mean to settle down and go into the garage business. Maybe the hotel business, too. Nothing he had told Sophie and Jim was a lie. It was all possible—at last. THE END



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His doghouse was as big as a bungalow. Four of us could get in it at once.

MEMORIES OF A BIG DOG

Everything about LummoX was larger than life itself, and we kids loved him with the outsize love he deserved

BY ANNE H. LITTLEFIELD ILLUSTRATED BY ERIK BLEGVAD

It was the day after my cousin Buddy had reamed out the yellow jackets' nest by the garage with a piece of pipe. We were all somewhat spotty still; some of us had swollen up in places, and we had been instructed to find something quiet to do that afternoon. So we were standing around, the seven of us, on legs covered with the summer's usual scratches as well as the ravages of yellow jackets, watching old Mr. Bleibtreu the carpenter. He did all the carpentry work for our three families and now he was building what he called a doghouse at the Kynetts'. A second doghouse, that was, for the Kynetts already had one dog, a small, fat, busy one named Bunky, who had a doghouse with his name on it.

Mr. Bleibtreu sometimes talked to us as he worked, his guttural phrases issuing in bursts, punctuated by hammer blows. Sometimes he talked, and sometimes he didn't talk at all. This afternoon he hadn't said much, so that we were held there, under the trees where you had to slap at mosquitoes, by the sheer magnitude of the doghouse he was making. Not that we believed in it as

a doghouse. Uncle Gerald Kynett had said it was one, but nobody, not even Jean and Buddy, his own children, ever knew how to take what Uncle Gerald said. This uncertainty went so far in the case of my cousin Polly (the slower one of the twins) that she automatically either ran away or cried if he spoke to her. We thought Mr. Bleibtreu was building a playhouse for Jean and Buddy. After all, the thing was big enough for four of us to get in at once.

My smallest cousin Sam Three was getting restive and suggesting that we all go and look for the water rat when Mr. Bleibtreu made his immortal remark.

"Id ist not (bang) ein doghouse (bang)," he said. "Id ist (bang) ein jung bungalow."

"Young bungalow!" shouted my cousin Buddy, falling to the ground as though pierced with fatal mirth.

"Young bungalow!" we echoed, and began idiotically to roll on the ground.

"Laugh. I thought I'd die," said my eldest cousin Jean, as a passing sop to sophistication, but she could hardly say it for laughing.

As the effects of Mr. Bleibtreu's wit ebbed, we heard the familiar shriek of tires and full-throated wail of my Uncle Gerald's old Stutz Bearcat, which he kept on driving because he could never feel right in any other car. You felt he would keep on driving it until it was killed under him, like some noble charger in an old battle. He brought it to a gallant stop behind us, favored us with a stentorian roar and emerged, followed closely, in fact in some danger of being fatally trampled, by the largest dog any of us had ever seen.

"This is LummoX," he said as proudly as if he had just brought President Hoover home to dinner. "Bleibtreu, that house finished?"

We were too stunned, then, even to report the *mot* about the young bungalow. LummoX advanced upon us, furiously waving a tail about the size of a palm tree. Bunky, with a yelp, rushed into his small house, where he probably put his paws over his eyes. My cousin Sam Three, who was, after all, only six and who stood about as high as the shoulders of this new playmate, unwisely

began to back away, and then broke into a run. He was soon lying panic-still on the ground with his face being licked by a tongue of the general dimensions and color of a large beefsteak. Getting no response, LummoX backed off and tried a couple of pounces, then let off a bark. It was a bark in scale with the rest of him. Only Uncle Gerald could ever have shouted him down. For a few ear-taxing moments the two roared at each other. Then LummoX, tiring of the game, trotted over in the direction of the young bungalow, on the peak of whose roof prudently sat Mr. Bleibtreu and my younger sister Carolyn, who was known as Calnor.

My Uncle Gerald looked at the scene with pleasure.

"He's just a pup," he said, and while the implications of this statement sank in there was silence.

"He's supposed to be a Chesapeake Bay Retriever," said my uncle. Then, speaking directly to my cousin Polly, he lowered his voice sinisterly. "But I think he's part lion," he added, and went into the house.

My cousin Polly began to cry.

We all had dogs. The twins and Sam Three had one named Pinbone, who looked like a collie, but who behaved more like the impala we were all just then learning about from Frank Buck's movies, or perhaps like a second string kangaroo. Through fields of tall grass and weeds you could see her from far off—appearing, disappearing, up, down, hoopla, up down, tracing a course in dotted lines.

Our own dog was a neurotic brindle Scotty named, unfantastically, Jock. He had three habits, all unprepossessing. He fought all other dogs, regardless of size; he ran away about once a week; and when we were riding in the back of the car (ours was a prosaic Nash with a tendency to catch on fire in New Jersey) he would grow frenzied at the sight of other dogs and bite me. He never bit my sister, or, in fact, any other human. I don't know why I kept on riding in the back seat with him, except that I secretly considered his biting me a mark of his favor.

We decided LummoX was probably part St. Bernard as well as part lion but probably not, as my father suggested, part brontosaurus. Jock was the only one who never grew used to him, but advanced on him each time newly ravening, with no more effect than a very fierce mosquito's. LummoX would simply lift up his great head and look down out of kind gold eyes on the little snapping madman. And Jock, who in former times had often come limping home bloody with torn ears, profited unholy by the association. Walking in LummoX's shadow, he could safely challenge any dog.

A good many fights resulted from Jock's jeering shouts ("Come on, you

coward!") at dogs who might previously have demolished him, but we never saw LummoX bested in battle. Not only was he the largest dog we knew; he was protected by a dense curly coat, or thicket, of wavy chocolate colored hair. And he was strong.

I think it was his strength, along with his loudness and bounciness and odd sense of humor that endeared him so to Uncle Gerald. For Uncle Gerald had some lion in him, too. He had tawny hair that waved rigidly like a statue's and a square face that was ruddy then and is brick red now but is still set with piercing blue eyes under bristling tawny brows like little manes. He has the gout now, from the many years of eating mountains of food and drinking oceans of drinks, but then he was as muscular as any lion, with an educated body like an animal's. He was a powerful man, whose power was kept under very splendidly tailored business suits during the part of his life he spent being a broker in Philadelphia. He showed us his power chiefly in the water.

The Kynetts had a pond where we all spent a good deal of time in the summer. It wasn't a swimming pool, it was a pond, with a cold, deep, oozy mud bottom. There was a stone terrace on one side of it, with slippery stone steps to climb out of the water by and a diving board out over the deep part, which had been hollowed out by an authentic steam shovel and was about twenty-five feet in diameter. My Uncle Gerald used to give diving exhibitions for all of us goggle-eyed fry and for the decorative grown-ups with drinks in their hands. From that nonregulation board (an artifact of Mr. Bleibtreu's) he did strong, stunning two-and-a-halves or flew high like a burly swan. He constantly urged all of us who could swim—which was all of us but Sam Three, who still had to stay back of the white rock in the shallow part—to follow his lead, laughing at us derisively when we belly flopped or skinned our shoulders on the board.

LummoX was the only one who was up to him at the waterside. After all, he was a retriever. It was a fine, if pause-giving sight when they started together at the house, raced down the green slope to the pond and hit the water together. It made a tidal wave.

LummoX would fetch you a stick, any time the pond wasn't frozen solid, until you were exhausted from throwing it. He'd lay it at your feet and then shake, activating several gallons of water.

My Uncle Gerald was awfully proud, though, when, in two weeks of secret sessions, he taught him to retrieve people. There was a great unveiling of this trick before an August Sunday audience. My uncle suddenly gave tongue to cries of spurious panic and went under dramatically. LummoX arose, posed for

an instant in an attitude of conspicuous responsibility. Then he dove. Taking his master by the back of his bathing suit (bathing suits had backs then) the dog piloted him briskly to shore, a look of calm purpose in his gold eyes, his great paws working like pistons. There was great applause, though the trick became later something of a mixed blessing, since LummoX was likely to interpret loud cries, even of joy, as distress signals and to rescue the crier willy-nilly. And when you saw that huge heraldic head advancing smoothly upon you through the water you just waited and let him rescue you. He was a stronger swimmer than any of us.

Ah, but he was big. And, as my uncle said, just a pup. Puppyishness on that scale had the capricious undirected force of a small hurricane. Where other puppies ate pillows, LummoX chewed up a whole sofa one afternoon. He could go through a flower bed like a bulldozer. His activities began to cause ruffled tempers among the adult relatives, as when Uncle Sam Two had got his tennis court rolled and ready for play and LummoX excavated a trench a foot and a half deep across it in the night, presumably hunting a mole.

We knew, of course, the seven of us and the other dogs, that LummoX wasn't confining his attention to our kith and kin—we overheard enough telephone conversations—but we never mentioned it among ourselves.

Then he began to bring home garbage pails. Presumably unable to open it on the spot, he would trot jauntily up the driveway or appear from the Woods Path with a fifty-pound full pail swinging from his jaws. He must have misunderstood the punishments that followed his activities as a one-dog Department of Sanitation, for he moved on from garbage



My cousin, Sam Three, the littlest, came up to his shoulder.

Uncle Gerald claimed that LummoX was part lion...We found out later that Uncle Gerald had lion in him, too

pails to any available portable object smaller than a piano. We began to notice the cold stares of neighbors when we went by with our dogs.

Things came to a crisis in early September, on a hot, dead-aired afternoon when we were all looking depressedly forward to school again. We knew that LummoX had dug down the dam of Mrs. Allison's water lily pond and that Mr. Allison had called up to say he'd shoot that blank blank elephant the next time he saw him and Uncle Gerald had told Mr. Allison to go to hell. Now our big brown companion had excelled himself. The aloof and icy Staintons' place sported an elaborate iron gate, hung from stone piers about ten feet high. By exerting his supercanine strength and working, no doubt, on and off at the job in his spare time, LummoX had undermined one of these pylons, which now measured its length on top of the shattered remains of a rare magnolia tree.

My sister and I went to see this work, and marveled, but when we got back to the Kynetts' there was grim doom in the air. LummoX, we saw appalled, was chained to his young bungalow. Buddy was sitting on the cellar door with his knees drawn up, weeping into his sneakers. Angry voices rose from inside the house.

"It's Mother," said Buddy brokenly. "She's sending him away."

"Aunt Jean?" said my sister. "Sending who away?"

"LummoX, you dumbhead," said Buddy spitefully. "Who'd ya think I meant, my father?"

"What about your father?" I asked, convinced that Uncle Gerald would save the situation.

"He had to say she *could*," Buddy wailed. "He's inside drinking whiskey and he won't talk to us."

Down by the pond appeared the figures of the twins and Sam Three, just coming from the Woods Path. Jean came out of the house, red-eyed and wearing not only forbidden lipstick but forbidden mascara, which had run. We all stood around, speechless and powerless and feeling our powerlessness in a world dominated by cruel grown-ups.

"But *why*?" cried Betsy, the quick twin.

"Ah. I dunno," said Jean. There was

no sense discussing it. There was nothing to discuss. We hadn't the spirit even to play chorus to the tragedy. The sun was going down. The summer was over. LummoX was being sent away.

The slamming of a door woke us all from our trance of sorrow. It was only then that we noticed that Sam Three had disappeared.

Things happened very fast then. There was a splash and a shrill cry for help. We dashed headlong toward the pond. But then we all scattered like subject peoples about to be run down by Roman cavalry. The young bungalow had parted from its firm foundation and was following its tenant down the hill. There was a rending sound as the chain broke and LummoX, freed, launched himself from the bank. Just then Sam Three went down out of sight, out, we thought despairingly, of LummoX's grasp.

But he who had so often retrieved us bigger ones had no trouble with Sam Three. The great calm head moved smoothly through the water, the big jaws gently holding the scruff of the small boy's shirt. We almost dismembered Sam Three hauling him up. He was gasping, but evidently more afraid than hurt, for he was able to say, "Stop *pulling* me, for gosh sakes."

Aunt Jean came rushing, wild-eyed and pale, to cry, "What's happened?"

"Whaddaya *think's* happened?" said Jean bitterly. "LummoX just only saved Sam Three's *life*, that's all."

"Oh, my God," said Aunt Jean. She fell slowly down on the ground and lay with her eyes closed.

With two patients we began to feel scared and helpless, but LummoX knew what to do. A few sloppy licks with his outsize tongue and Aunt Jean opened her eyes. She shoved herself up and pushed LummoX gently away, very gently. Sam Three was sitting up with the hiccups now.

Buddy said, "But he's a hero."

"Yes," my aunt agreed in an odd voice. "Yes, he's a hero. I guess you don't get rid of heroes."

"Well, I just guess you don't," put in the quick twin, Betsy.

"Won't your father be pleased?" said Aunt Jean in an even odder voice.

We had a conference, later, down in

our place by the stream, near where the water rat or whatever he was lived in the mint patch.

"Whew," said everybody.

"Well," announced Buddy importantly, "I guess it'll be in the newspapers. I guess the old Staintons' gate won't matter now."

"Stinky old Staintons," I said.

"In the newspapers?" asked Sam Three. "With my name and all?"

"All our names," said Jean. "I heard Daddy calling that reporter he knows."

"But Sam," said Polly the slow twin confusedly, "how did you fall in the pond?"

"Uncle Gerald threw me in," said Sam Three.

There was an awed silence.

"It was all right," said Sam Three.

"He was there in the bushes in case LummoX couldn't bust loose. It was sort of scary, though."

"I *thought* that looked like a pretty weak chain," said Buddy, wise in retrospect, "to hold LummoX, that is."

But most of us were now looking with some admiration at Sam Three.

"You were brave," said Polly.

"You're both a hero, you *and* LummoX," my sister said.

"And you can't even swim," I put in admiringly.

"Yes, I can," said Sam Three.

"Huh," said Buddy scornfully.

"Huh, yourself," Sam Three riposted. "Your father's been teaching me special. I even knew how to get rescued."

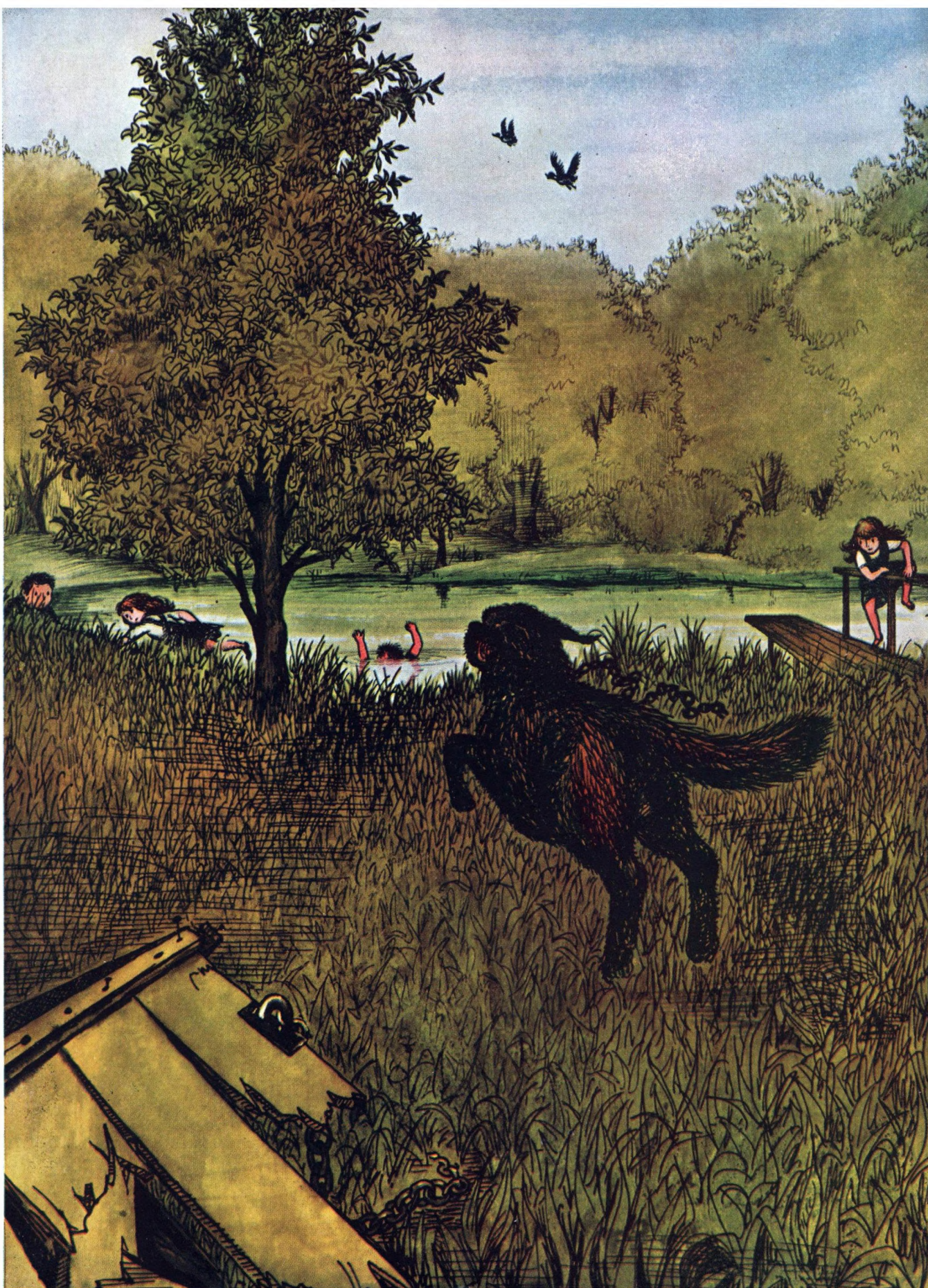
"I don't care," said Buddy, suddenly willing to turn all the glory over to the littler boy, "you *were* brave."

Sam Three never did become much of a swimmer, despite his heroic beginnings. He did, though, win a lot of tennis cups later.

After we all got older and Uncle Gerald got the gout and couldn't dive, the pond silted in and its surface filmed over with green slime. But still occasionally someone would throw in a stick for LummoX, who had grown older and stopped digging down gates. Going by the Kynetts' place on our separate ways to other places farther afield we would often see the big dog lying on the stone terrace, waiting to repeat his triumph.

THE END

Sam Three was sinking fast. With a heroic lunge LummoX broke free.







The Full Years

They pile up—the little things that make a man jealous of his lost youth. It hit Phil suddenly when he failed to recognize the lovely girl in his arms as the young kid next door

BY WILLIAM HOLDER ILLUSTRATED BY MAC CONNER

Lovering got off the train at Old Oaks, and the firm of Benson, Manning and Keats, attorneys, whose offices forty miles away he had left an hour and a half before, got right off with him. There had been times in the past when he had brought home in his mind aspects of cases he was working on, but until lately he had never worried about the firm or his position in it. He'd have to stop this until he saw what happened.

The April evening was chilly, and Nancy was waiting for him in the usual parking spot. He got into the car, and it was still a very real pleasure, after all these years, to kiss this lovely woman. This lovely mind reader. For she said, "What went wrong today, Phil?"

He looked at her and shook his head. "Nothing. Not a thing. Why?"

"The big frown when you got off the train. Your slight surprise at finding the car where it always is. I've seen the signs before. On a tough one, Phil?"

He said, "Yes," and it was true, although the big Jenkins tax case wasn't bothering him too much. He was sure he had that one licked. A young gentleman named Walter Smith was the cause of the furrows in his brow. A young gentleman named Smith. There lay the rub.

"What sort of a thing is it?"

"A tax business," Lovering said. "A fellow's accountants made a mistake." He was sure there had been no attempt to defraud; a moderate fine would settle the matter. He hoped.

"Well, I'm glad it isn't one of those criminal things. I don't like the idea of your being shot at. I had enough of that years back. I had no intention of marrying a private eye."

He knew she was talking about the Saxon affair, two years ago, when he'd succeeded in clearing the firm's client of a murder charge. On an impulse he had done some of the investigating himself, and an unidentified party had been interested enough to peg two shots at him, both of which had fortunately missed.

"Forget the office," Nancy said. "Tonight we are gay. Dinner at home, and then a charity thing at the country club. I forgot to mention it. Just the older crowd. We don't have to dress."

The prospect was pleasant. He could stand a little nonsense. "Okay. How are the kids?" The kids were polite and grinning Tommy, fourteen and growing fast; Sandra, who was by some odd chance the loveliest, sweetest eleven-year-old girl in the universe; and George, who was three and a little terrifying.

"They're fine," Nancy said calmly, eyes on the road. "It's simply that they have become demoniac."

He relaxed. "Annoying, eh?"

"No more than usual. Sandy merely brought ten small girls home from school for coke and cake for the celebration without saying a word to me."

"Celebration?"

"She got an 'A' in Conduct on her report. And your son, your son, came home

"Climbing ladders," Nancy said, "is a job for a younger man."
"Everything is," Lovering thought with sudden resentment.

The Full Years (continued)

reeking of cigarette smoke and admitted that a young thug named Richard something had given him a couple of puffs behind the high school gym." She grinned. "Looked a little greenish."

"It figures that Tommy should try a cigarette about now," Lovering said. "I think I was younger." *But you're a little older now, aren't you, Lovering? Old enough to have a boy who's trying out cigarettes.* It seemed a little incredible. Where had the years gone?

They pulled up in front of the house. It wasn't old, fifteen years, perhaps, and a rather handsome Colonial structure of eight rooms. But it was dated by the small and modern single-level houses which had been erected in the surrounding neighborhood which, until a few years ago, had been undeveloped. Lovering said, "I'll put on some old clothes and fix that TV." One of the bracing wires had parted the previous evening, and the effect of the wind on the antenna resulted in a wavering picture on the screen. He did not enjoy at all the prospect of climbing up onto the roof. It was certainly not the Empire State Building, but Lovering hated height as he did snakes.

Nancy shook her head. "Don't have to. It's fixed."

Lovering could have whistled with relief. He frowned instead. "Now don't tell me you spent ten dollars having that thing repaired when it would have taken me five minutes to do the job."

"Didn't cost a nickel. Pete Travis did it in a jiffy this afternoon."

"Pete who?"

"Travis. The young couple who moved into that house across the street last week. I told you about them. He teaches at the high school." Nancy's tone seemed a bit solicitous. "It's just as well you didn't do it, with your back." He had slipped on the bottom step of the cellar stairs, during the winter, and strained something or other. He'd been in bed for three days. The back was perfectly well, now. "Besides," Nancy said, "I don't like to see you climbing those high ladders. It's a lot easier for a younger man."

Everything is, I guess, Lovering thought, his mind on the office and young Mr. Smith. And suddenly he was aware of a very real resentment. "You shouldn't have asked a neighbor to do some work on our house. You should have waited for me."

"All right, Steeplejack. Next time I will." Somewhere along the years she had discovered his antipathy toward altitude. "Come in and meet your family, then mix us a drink, Fried chicken on the menu."

In the house, George was playing with

an involved toy, half again as tall as himself, which resembled an oil derrick. At Lovering's entrance the child looked up, smiled and nodded, then went back to his work. George wasted very few words. Lovering leaned down and kissed him on the top of the head.

Sandy was lying on the floor on her stomach in front of the repaired TV, engrossed in what was obviously and thunderously a drama of horses and strong men. She raised one hand languidly to Lovering and he shook it gently.

Tommy was sprawled on a sofa, reading. He was blond and nice-looking and was going to be very big. He looked up and grinned. "Hello, Pop."

"Hello, Tom." Lovering said. "And congratulations. How much are they going to pay you for the endorsement?"

The boy frowned. "I don't get it."

"The cigarette people."

Tommy blushed. "Oh, that." He looked in the direction of the kitchen accusingly.

"Your mother and I have very few secrets. You know, of course, that smoking won't do your athletics a bit of good."

The boy's face dropped, then his good chin set. "Gee, I forgot about that."

"Thought I'd remind you," Lovering said, and knew that cigarettes were definitely off Tommy's list for another three or four years.

Lovering mixed two drinks, brought them into the kitchen. "George was telling me all about his day. How he went for a walk, met a dog, had some ice cream, didn't particularly want to take his nap."

"He's a gabby one, all right," Nancy said. "I'm getting very used to his silences. It's when he talks that he makes me nervous. Did you speak to our eldest?"

"I mentioned in passing that if he smoked more than four packs a day he might find himself short of breath halfway through a sixty-yard run that could have resulted in a touchdown. He seemed definitely sobered. How about that food?"

"By the time you've finished your drink it will be on the table."

Lovering sipped his Martini and in spite of himself his thoughts returned to the office situation. For a year, now, there had been rumors that the firm of Benson, Manning and Keats was ready to elect another partner. It was a strong probability, for the outfit could certainly use new blood at the top. And Lovering knew that either he or Walter Smith would be the logical choice. And he did not attempt to delude himself. Smith was brilliant. He had handled the Gage, the Kenyon and the Willard affairs very well. Contracts were his meat and he chewed

them well. He was tall, good-looking and had a distinguished manner that stopped just short of being cold. Quite a personage. And he was almost ten years younger than Lovering. Ten years. That was exactly the length of time Lovering had been with the firm. Smith had been around for perhaps five years. Didn't time mean something, too? "Ten years."

"What?" Nancy said.

He shook his head. "Just talking to myself. Let's eat. I'm starved."

At the table, Tommy said, "Boy, you ought to see him go up that ladder!"

"Who? Up what ladder?"

"Mr. Travis. When he fixed the antenna. Stood up there on the roof as if he were right down on the ground."

Sandra said wistfully through a mouthful of food. "He's dreamy. Just dreamy."

"Again Mr. Travis. I presume?" Lovering said. He had always been Sandy's beau. This was her first deviation, and he felt an unreasonable pang of jealousy.

Sandy swallowed and sighed. "So tall and slim, like Gregory Peck. A dreamboat."

Tall and slim. Half of the description would fit himself, Lovering thought, but certainly not the other. But then he'd never been slim, really. Not even when he'd been playing at Columbia and had made guard on the All-Eastern team. Well, he hadn't been named guard, but he'd had an honorable mention.

"He was a Marine!" Tommy said. "In Korea. A captain!"

Tommy had been violently Navy since that day, some eleven years ago, when Lovering had eagerly severed all connections with the U.S.N.R. after four years of sea duty and had come home to put his salty cap on his small son's head. The boy had played endlessly in uniforms and caps ridiculously large for him, had joined some junior branch of the Sea Scouts. This was his first defection.

"A lieutenant in the Navy," Lovering said. "is the same rank as a captain in the Marines." He could hold his own there, at any rate.

Sandy said. "I think Mr. Peter Travis is my ideal. He's going to be the football coach at the high school. I'm going to see all the games."

"He was a platoon leader, see?" Tommy said. "Then there was this attack and the other lieutenant was killed. Mr. Travis and three other gyrenes . . ."

"All right! All right!" Lovering said. Who was this paragon intent on the theft of his children's affections? "Quite a few men did quite a bit of fighting in Korea. Also in World War II."

Tommy said very quietly, almost as an afterthought. "He got the Navy Cross."

That jammed it. You couldn't say any-

thing to that. The Navy Cross. All Lovering had were a couple of stars on some campaign ribbons. He said, "I didn't know that you and this Travis were such good friends. When did he tell you all this?"

"Oh, he didn't tell me." Tommy said. "Lora told me. She's his wife. He wouldn't talk about anything like that."

"Mr. Travis," said George, enunciating each word clearly, "is a teacher at the high school. He was a soldier. He fixed the television."

"He was mad about Mr. Peter Travis," Sandy offered. "He even bit him."

"Okay," Lovering said. "Seems that everyone is doing a bit too much talking and not enough eating." He felt Nancy's eyes on him and almost had the grace to blush. But the dinner was spoiled for him. Something had happened, something he didn't quite understand but which he did not like.

At the country club that evening they sat with the Scotts, Jim Nelson and his wife Amy, the Ilotsons, Fred and Mary Vernon, and a stunning dark girl whose name he had not caught. The small hand played well, the drinks were good, and the minor cares of the day faded. He made a date to play golf on Sunday with Jim Nelson, who remarked kiddingly but rather loudly, Lovering thought, "That is, if you can still walk a full eighteen holes, Phil. Putting on a little weight, aren't you?" He unconsciously sucked in his stomach.

There was a moment, halfway through the evening, when he found himself alone at the table with the dark girl who reminded him so strongly of Rita Lolo-monro. He got up and said, "Shall we try it?" She smiled and they joined the other dancing couples.

The girl was a vibrant armful and danced well. He moved easily with her for a moment until he was sure they were in rhythm, then gave it the old patented Lovering twirl to the left—two steps, then a full stop before turning to the right. The dark young woman responded with grace and from somewhere Lovering heard the muted sound of tropical drums.

He said, "I think you came with the Scotts, didn't you?"

There was some surprise in her voice. "Why, yes sir."

He felt as if someone had thrown a pan of cold water in his face. The drums faded. He said, "I'm awfully sorry, but I didn't catch your name."

"Why, I'm Betty Scott. Mr. Lovering. I've known you since I was a little girl. I've been away to school."

Disappear. Lovering urged himself desperately. *Fade into a nothingness. Drop*

dead. Do something. And all he could think of to say was, "Well, what a surprise! You've certainly—ah—grown!"

An aging lecher, Betty Scott, who had been a kid in pigtails when they had come to Old Oaks ten years ago. He thought of all the articles he'd read that had treated rather mysteriously of a subtle change that occurred in men when they reached a certain age. He managed to finish out the dance and bring the girl back to the table. His smile, he felt sure, was sickly. "Betty, it's certainly nice to see you again."

On the way home Nancy said to him, "What happened to you? You turned grim all of a sudden."

"Headache," he explained.

"A headache, or did that little Scott baggage get to you?"

"Nancy, what in the world are you talking about?"

"Darling, it's a proven fact that forty-five-year-old men are highly susceptible to lush twenty-year-old girls. You simply haven't seen enough Italian movies."

"Don't be ridiculous. If you think for a moment that—"

"Don't fight it. It's healthy, lover."

And that night he lay awake a long time, wondering what was happening to him.

On the train in the morning, Ken Forney said to him, "Well, Philip, perhaps you won't have to bother with that Little League team this year, from what I understand."

Lovering stared at him. "What was that?" For four years, now, he had managed the Little League team. Four years, until he had come to regard it as his own. He was usually home from the office or the courts early enough to work with the kids, and although it took up quite a bit of his time it afforded him a great deal of pleasure. "What did you say?"

"They're talking of shanghaiing that young fellow Travis, from the high school. He gets along well with kids, he has plenty of time, and he's young enough to stand the extra work. You ought to be glad to get rid of that job, Phil. You've been saddled with that for how long—three years?"

"Four." Lovering said quietly. "Four years." Once runner-up for the state championship. A lot of sweat, a few tears from the kids, the thrill of watching Tommy develop into a very acceptable outfielder. And a lot of fun. And now it was gone. To young Travis. The years hacked away at you with a sharp axe.

At the office, he rode up in the elevator with Walter Smith. Tall, immaculately groomed. Smith was a handsome

man who radiated confidence. Their talk was of the weather and of a show they both had seen, but Lovering had the distinct impression that Smith's occasional glance was measuring, speculative and, in one unguarded moment, pitying. Had the selection of the additional partner already been made?

He worked on the Jenkins thing until he had it ironed out. There would be no trouble. Mr. Jenkins was as clear as a cloudless day. He looked at his watch and saw that it was nearly one. He was about to leave for lunch when the intercom on his desk buzzed. Mr. Keats would like to see him. He went into the senior partner's office.

Mr. Keats was a wisp of a man with silky white hair and a small white mustache. His features were thin and aristocratic and when he spoke his beautifully modulated voice treated each word with great respect. "Lovering. And how long will our Mr. Jenkins spend in durance?"

"He's all right. A fine that he'll be able to afford very easily."

Keats nodded. "And a fee that might possibly be a bit higher? I thought as much. Woe to even the innocent litigant, eh, Lovering?"

Lovering nodded. Keats was a flowery gentleman and wasted some of your time, but Lovering had learned long ago never to underestimate his intelligence.

"I wasn't concerned about that, really. We have a stickler here I want you to look over. You know Hight-Sims Construction?"

Lovering said he knew about them. They were one of the firm's oldest clients.

"It seems they built a dam. There was a time clause in the contract, of course, and our client failed to meet it. The forfeitures involved will cost Hight-Sims something in the neighborhood of a half million dollars. They understandably find this objectionable, but a cursory glance at this—" he slid a heavy contract form across the desk to Lovering—"inclines me to the belief that Hight-Sims is noticeably poorer than when they initiated this project. Would you be good enough to examine this for me over the weekend?" He smiled and inclined his head. The interview was over.

That afternoon Lovering waded through the contract. This sort of thing was Smith's apple, but he was evidently busy with something else. Hours later, when it was time to get his train, he was fully persuaded that old Keats was correct in thinking that Hight-Sims had dropped a very heavy bundle. He took the contract with him.

At Old Oaks the evening was beautiful, a promise of the weather to come.

Nancy eyed his brief case. "This is the weekend, Mr. L. A time for relaxation and communion with the soil. The golf course, that is. What's in the sack?"

"Something Keats wants me to look at. A good client stands to lose a lot of money if we can't find an out for him. How are the kids?"

"Great, simply great. Somehow they failed to burn the house down. George hit Pete Travis again."

George had a fairly simple philosophy. If you thought something—anything—looked fairly good, you tasted it.

"This Travis—are we renting him a room, or something?" He was getting very sick and tired of Mr. Peter Travis, war hero, dreamboat, and tasty tidbit.

"He and Lora—that's his wife—came over a little while ago. He wanted to see you."

"If he thinks I'm going to ask him for his autograph he's crazy."

Nancy glanced at him. "Phil, don't go jealous-fathery on me. Of course the kids are wild about him. He's young and handsome and very charming."

"*Et tu!*" Lovering said incredulously.

At home, Tommy and a young man were playing catch on the lawn. Nancy introduced him and went into the house with Tommy when Travis said his wife was inside. Pete Travis was not, as Sandy had described him, tall and slim. He was a good six feet two and his rangy frame was packed with at least two hundred pounds of well-controlled muscle. He had a hand like a gentle vise.

"It's nice to meet you, Mr. Lovering," he said. "Tommy's told me a great deal about you."

"He's been press-agenting for you, too," Lovering said. In spite of himself, he was afraid he might like this young giant.

Travis frowned. "It's about this Little League business, Mr. Lovering. Couple of fellows came to me and asked if I wanted to manage the team. I understand that you've had charge of it for several years. I certainly wouldn't think of taking it if you liked it."

"I liked it," Lovering said, a bit surprised to hear himself speaking in the past tense. It had occurred to him, sometime during the day, that he had no patent on the particular brand of pleasure the Little League had given him, and that he'd had his share. "I had a lot of fun." He looked at Travis. "So will you."

Travis put out the big hand. "All right. Thank you, sir." Lovering felt only a faint regret.

Travis said, "Tommy tells me you played football at Columbia, sir."

The "sir" was mildly irritating. He'd been getting quite a bit of that lately. From the Scott girl, for example. He winced inwardly. "It was a long time ago. Did you go to Columbia?"

Travis shook his head. "I went to State. Got out in 'fifty just in time to get fitted for a uniform."

A light clicked on in Lovering's mind. State. Pete Travis. Forty-nine and 'fifty. He had seen Travis play twice. A slashing, roaring runner, a pinpoint passer and a great defensive back. Unanimous All-America halfback two years running. He said, "So you're *that* Pete Travis."

"They made a lot of noise," Travis said, and looked graciously uncomfortable.

"Come in and have a drink," Lovering said. "And thank you for fixing the TV antenna."

"It was nothing, sir. A five minute job."

A five minute job for you, Lovering thought. *A trembling mile-high hour in the sky for me.* All right, he was jealous, he admitted to himself. How could he help it?

Travis's wife was appropriately young and slim with chopped blonde hair and great blue eyes. She said, "Hi, Mr. Lovering. I've been hearing about some sort of terrific Martini only you can make. Can it be true?"

"We'll give it a try," Lovering said, and surprisedly spent a very enjoyable three quarters of an hour. Travis was a highly literate roughneck who taught English and mathematics at school, and his wife was clever and gay. Sandy sat in a corner and stared at Travis. George wandered silently out of the kitchen and took Travis's great hand lovingly in his own and tried to bite it.

"Ought to get a muzzle for this one," the giant said.

Sandy spoke for the only time. "He adores you. Otherwise he'd spit."

And when the Traveses left, it was "Pete" and "Lora" and "Nancy" and "Phil." Somewhere along the line the "sir" had been abandoned. Nancy said, "Well, he wasn't such an ogre, was he?"

Lovering said, "Eh?" He was surprised to realize that he had been thinking about the Hight-Sims contract, and not about his abdication from the Little League. "Yeah, Nance. Nice kids."

He worked on the contract that night but got nowhere. Somewhere within the pages a ghost eluded him. He caught a glimpse of it once out of the corner of his mental eye, and then it was gone. He finally gave it up.

Saturday morning's sky was filled with rain which fell in a cold drizzle. The

Hight-Sims thing preyed on his mind, and he told Nancy, "I'm going into town and do some work. If I sit around here I'll go stir-crazy. There'll be no golf today."

"As long as you get home early," she said. "We have a date with the Nelsons to drive up to that new restaurant."

In the silence of the empty office his concentration was complete, undisturbed. It was mid-afternoon when the ghost walked again. It became a reality the moment he glimpsed it fully. He called the U.S. Weather Bureau station.

He was on the phone for an hour, then spent another hour at an adding machine. He finally leaned back in his chair with a sigh. Someone would have to go there to check his figures, but he was virtually certain that he had happened upon an instance in which a half inch of rainfall was worth a half million dollars. It was a simple thing, but apparently no one had thought to exercise the weather clause fully. He had almost neglected its finer implications himself. He wrote a full page memo, attached it to the contract and put it on Keats' desk, then called Nancy and told her what train he'd be on. He felt elated and tired.

He was much more tired at midnight. The new restaurant was nice, the band was fine, and he was bushed. He said, "Nance, isn't it about time we went home?"

She was in a gay and dancing mood. "At the height of the evening, my good man? Mrs. Hunick is sitting for us, and with a good book she lasts forever. Dance, gigolo, dance!"

They got home at three and he was asleep before his head hit the pillow. Nancy shook him awake at seven and he entertained a strong dislike for the woman. "You're to play with Jim Nelson at eight. Have fun." She turned over and went to sleep.

He fought a nasty little hangover with coffee and toast and went to meet Nelson, who looked like no health and Lovering had ever seen. The foursome was completed by Doc Gaines and Harry Sayre, and after the fourth hole Lovering felt that he might live the day out. They finished at eleven and he had a couple of drinks and a good lunch. On an impulse he said to Doc. "How'd it be if I stopped in to see you in the morning?"

"Might as well," Doc told him. "I thought I was going to have to revive you on the first couple of holes."

He had finished lunch when Ken Allen came in and looked around the room. He raised a hand when he saw Lovering and came over to the table. He had a threesome and needed a fourth man. Lovering let himself get talked into it. At the end of the second eighteen he felt as if he

had climbed Mount Everest totally unaided.

In the morning he called the office and told them he'd be a bit late, then went down to see Gaines. The Doc probed at him for fifteen minutes, then put his stethoscope on the desk. "Nothing wrong with you, my lad. You've been working too hard, drinking a bit too much, and your blood pressure is higher than I'd like it to be. Otherwise you're in great shape."

Lovering was sobered. "Not so good, eh?"

Gaines shrugged. "Not bad at all, considering. You just have to realize that you're forty-five. The body doesn't respond as easily as it did years ago. You were out late Saturday night? You played that second eighteen yesterday? You're tired today?"

Lovering nodded, and Gaines said, "One round is plenty. You're not a pro. You're a desk guy. Slow it all down a little and you'll live to be a hundred and sixty-four."

When he got to the office, there was a memo to call Keats. He did. The old man said, "Young Lennon is already on his way to see the weather people. Both Smith and I missed the nicety of that detail. Thank you, Lovering."

So Walter Smith had tried to breach the wall but hadn't found the chink. That was interesting.

Something much more interesting occurred late in the afternoon. A summons came from Keats, and he went into the old man's office. Keats leaned back in his chair and steepled his fragile fingers. "I'd like you to know that the Hight-Sims thing influenced me not at all in what I am about to say, although it was a vindication of my judgment. This decision was made some time ago, and I truly don't know why I've delayed telling you about it."

Lovering wondered if the old man could hear his heart pumping.

"Since the deaths of Mr. Benson and Mr. Manning ten and eleven years ago respectively," Keats said, "it has often occurred to me that the addition of another senior partner who was not—er—deceased would be advantageous. Someone well rounded in all the phases of the law, someone personable and agreeable to me, to whom I can eventually entrust what has been most of my life."

He paused, and Lovering said nothing. "Benson, Manning, Keats and Lovering. Sounds rather well, doesn't it—Phil? Do you like the idea?"

Lovering had never been so sincere. "I like it very much."

Keats nodded. "You've matured nicely.

You've done some splendid work. These should be your golden years. Phil, Policy will be your concern now as well as mine. I believe we'll get along well." He stood up and smiled gently as he extended his hand. "I rather imagine congratulations are in order, eh?"

On the train going home, Lovering looked through the window at the years going by. They had been good and full and they had been changing, something he'd momentarily lost sight of. Each lost value had been replaced by another so that his moral and intellectual purse had been constantly replenished. He understood and was thankful.

He was still lost in his cloud as he got into the car and Nancy drove away from the station. She said, "Anything wrong in the august offices of Benson, Manning and Keats, attorneys?"

He looked at her and frowned. "Benson, Manning, Keats and Lovering."

Nancy drove for a minute before she got it, then stopped in the middle of Main Street. "You mean . . .?"

"I mean . . ." he said.

She kissed him very soundly while horns honked in a raucous symphony behind them. She cried all the way home. "Because I'm so proud," she explained. Then she had plans. "I'll call Mrs. Hunick. Tonight I'm taking you out to dinner."

"Very quietly," he said. "Treat a man of substance gently."

In the house he mixed a drink while Nancy phoned and changed clothes. Sandra said, "Daddy, isn't it divine? Mother said I could go to the Wednesday matinee. They're showing Gregory Peck in 'Romance.'"

"Sure you'll be able to stand it?"

A few minutes later Tommy came into the room. He said, "Hello, Pop." He held a bat and a ball and glove. "How about coming over to the park for half an hour and hitting some flies for me?"

It was something they had frequently done—fine practice for Tommy. Lovering stretched his legs. "Tom, why don't you go over and see if Pete Travis is free. Bet he'd be glad to." And he knew joyfully that there was no malice in the remark, no hint of jealousy in his soul. He had today discovered a new planet. Tom went off.

Lovering read his newspaper, and in a few minutes was aware of some other presence in the silent room. He looked up. George was standing three feet away, staring at him. In a moment the child said very carefully, "I love Mr. Phillip Lovering."

It was the way to live, Lovering thought. "Here," he said thankfully, and extended a forefinger. THE EN

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A MASK OF INNOCENCE

Vic was too gentle, people said. He should have stopped Melinda's bold love-making with other men. Yet he only smiled. And smiled more gently as one by one they died

BY PATRICIA HIGHSMITH ILLUSTRATED BY TOM LOVELL

Victor Van Allen sat comfortably on the upholstered bench that curved around the Mellers' newel post, staring with a neutral expression at the dancing couples in front of him.

Involuntarily, his eyes focused on his wife Melinda, who was smiling a gay catch-me-if-you-can smile over her shoulder, and the man over her shoulder—hanging over it and practically in her hair, in fact—was Joel Nash. Mr. Nash was dancing the conga enthusiastically. For a man who had been up until three last night, and until five the night before that, he was doing very well, Vic thought.

Vic gave a resigned sigh, and took a sip of his drink. At thirty-five, Vic was inclined to a firm rotundity rather than fat. He had thick brown eyebrows that stood out above innocent blue eyes, and a mouth that drew down a little at one corner with a lopsided determination or with humor, depending on how one cared to take it. It was his mouth that made his face ambiguous, for one could read a bitterness in it, too. His eyes, intelligent and unsurprised, gave no clue to what he was thinking or feeling.

He felt a hand on his left sleeve. Old Mrs. Podnansky was leaning toward him. Vic had almost forgotten her.

"I can't thank you enough, Vic. You really won't mind picking the mower up?" "Of course not," Vic said, smiling, standing up as she rose from her chair. "I'll drop around for it tomorrow at about a quarter of one."

Mr. Nash gave Vic a smirking, slightly tipsy smile as he danced by with Melinda. Vic remembered that Mr. Nash had given

him the same smile while handing him his empty glass to fill for the eighth time last night. Joel Nash wouldn't be in the neighborhood forever, though. He was a salesman for a chemical company in Wesley, Massachusetts, up for a few weeks of training, he had said, and he would be gone in exactly seven more evenings. He would probably spend most of them at the Van Allens'.

Vic looked up and saw Horace Meller, his best friend, standing beside him. "Hi, there, Horace. Looking for a seat?"

"No, thanks." Horace was a slight, graying man of middle height, with a sensitive face and a bushy black mustache. "How's the work going, Vic?"

"Getting Xenophon set up," Vic replied. "Why don't you drop around at the plant some evening? I'm always there till seven."

"All right. I will. Be seeing you." Horace smiled and moved off.

Vic felt an uncomfortable void as soon as he had gone. Horace had left something unsaid, and Vic knew what it was: Horace hadn't mentioned that Joel Nash was pleasant, or welcome, or bothered with any of the banalities. Melinda had maneuvered Mr. Nash's invitation to the party. Vic had heard her on the telephone with Mary Meller: ". . . Well, not exactly a guest of ours, but he doesn't know many people in town and I thought . . . Oh, thanks, Mary! I didn't think you'd mind having an extra man, and such a handsome one, too . . ." As if anyone could pry Melinda away from him with a crowbar.

Joel Nash materialized, looming up un-

steadily in his broad-shouldered white jacket, bringing his glass. "Good evening, Mr. Van Allen," he said with mock formality, and plopped himself down. "You know, there're two things I want to say to you. One is that I've arranged to stay two weeks longer, so I hope I can repay *both* of you for the hospitality you've shown me. And the second is— Well, I want to say what a good sport you are about my seeing your wife. A lot of husbands would have gotten sore, punched my nose or something like that. Not that I've done anything to get it punched for," he added, laughing. "Ask Melinda in case you're in any doubt."

Just the person to ask, of course. "I appreciate your compliment," Vic said with a small smile. "but I don't waste my time punching people in the nose. If I really don't like somebody, I kill him."

"Kill him?" Mr. Nash smiled his merry, party smile.

"Yes. You remember Malcolm McRae, don't you?" Melinda had said that she had told Mr. Nash all about the "McRae mystery," and that Joel had been fascinated.

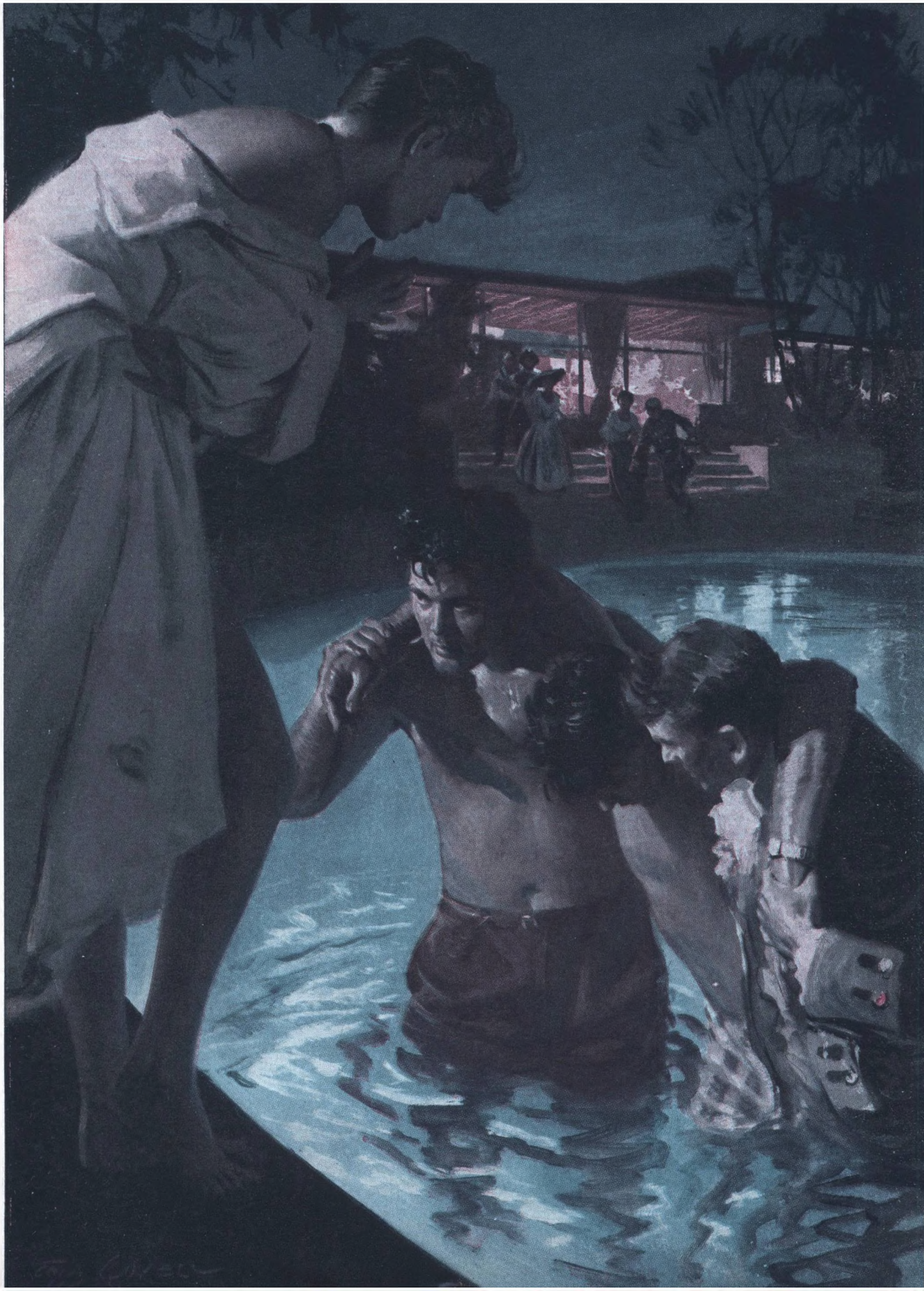
"Yes," Joel said attentively.

"Well, he's one," Vic said, lowering his voice. "He was getting a bit familiar with my wife."

Joel Nash's smile had diminished. It was now a mere protective device. Melinda had undoubtedly told Joel that McRae had had quite a crush on her. That always added spice to the story of his murder. "You're kidding me," Joel said.

"No. I'm not kidding," Vic said.

Vic helped lift the drowned body. Melinda stared aghast.



"I don't believe you. And considering he was a friend of yours, I don't think it's very funny to joke about his death."

"He wasn't a friend of mine," Vic said.

"He was a friend of Melinda's."

"A different matter, you'll admit."

Mr. Nash managed a nod. Then a sideways smile. "I still think it's a pretty poor joke." He stood up.

"Sorry. Maybe I can do better next time. Oh, by the way, Melinda doesn't know anything about this. I'd just as soon you didn't tell her."

Joel Nash smiled and waved a hand as he walked away. The hand was limp. Joel would wake up in the morning still believing it was a joke. Vic thought, though he would wonder, too, enough to ask a few people some questions as to what Vic Van Allen's attitude toward McRae had been. And various people, Horace Meller, for instance, and even Melinda would tell him that Vic and Mal had never hit it off very well. And others of their friends, if pressed, would admit that they had noticed *something* between Mal McRae and Melinda, nothing more than a little flirting, of course, but—

Mal McRae had come up to Little Wesley only three or four times, Vic recalled, but a weekend with him in the house could seem like a month. He had been an advertising executive, not a very important one but there had been an obnoxious air of patronage and superiority about him. He had been revoltingly stingy, too, Vic remembered. That, perhaps, was what had irritated Vic most about Mal, because he knew nothing really serious had taken place between Mal and Melinda. And he had been murdered, for no known reason, in his Manhattan apartment by an assailant the police had up to now failed to find. That was why Vic's story had made such an impression on Mr. Nash.

Vic relaxed against the newel post, recalling with a peculiar relish now how Mal had stood behind Melinda on the golf course with his arms around her, showing her how to make a shot that she could have made better than he, if she had wanted to. For a few moments, Vic imagined that Mal *had* gone far enough with Melinda to make him murderously angry, and that he had gone into New York on some pretext, called on Mal with a sashweight under his coat (the murderer must have been a friend or an acquaintance, the papers had said, because Mal had evidently let him in quietly), and had battered Mal to death, leaving no fingerprints—neither had the real murderer—then had driven back to Little Wesley the same night, giving as an alibi that he had been watching a movie in Grand Central at the time Mal had

been murdered, a movie that he had seen, of course, at some other time.

"Vic-tor-r?" Mary Meller bent down toward him. "What're you pondering? You've been there all evening. Come and talk to me!"

Vic let himself be towed by the hand over to the piano bench.

"What were you talking to Mrs. Podnansky so long about?" Mary asked him, sitting down beside him.

"Lawn mowers. Hers needs sharpening, and she's not satisfied with the job the hardware store did the last time."

"So you offered to do it. I'll bet. I don't know what the widows of the community would do without you, Victor Van Allen! I wonder how you have time for all your good deeds!"

"Plenty of time," Vic said. "I can find time for anything."

"Time to read all those books the rest of us keep postponing! Oh, Vic, I hate you!" She laughed and looked around at her merrymaking guests. "I hope your friend Mr. Nash is having a good time tonight. Is he going to live in Little Wesley or is he just visiting?"

Mr. Nash was no longer having such a good time, Vic saw. He was standing by himself, brooding at a figure in the rolled up carpet at his feet. "No, he's just here for a week or two, I think," Vic said in an indifferent tone.

"May I say, Vic darling, that I think you're extremely patient?"

Vic glanced at her and saw that her eyes had moistened. "Oh, I don't know," he said.

"You are. You're like somebody waiting very patiently and one day—you'll do something. Not explode exactly but just—well, speak your mind."

It was such a mild finish, Vic thought, smiling. She was referring to his tolerance of Melinda's men friends such as Ralph Gosden and now Joel Nash, to his supernatural tolerance in letting Melinda wine and dine them in the Van Allen house, at his expense.

"You're good, Vic," Mary said earnestly, squeezing his arm.

"Oh, I have a little evil side, too," he said, smiling. "I just keep it well hidden."

"You certainly do!" Mary laughed.

"Vi-ic?" Melinda's husky voice slurred. "Do you mind?"

Vic looked up at her with a subtly insulting astonishment, then got up from the bench and gestured graciously toward the piano. "It's all yours."

"You're going to play? How wonderful!" Mary said, getting up, too.

Several men drifted over, ranging themselves around the piano. Melinda swooped onto the bench, a sheaf of shining, dark hair swinging down like a curtain and concealing her face from anyone standing

on her right, as Vic was. Oh, well, he thought, who knows her face better than I do? And he didn't want to see it, anyway, because it didn't improve when she drank. Her playing was florid and inaccurate, and one would think embarrassing; yet people listened and seemed to enjoy it. She was making a swinging attack on "Slaughter on Tenth Avenue." Vic sat down in a corner of the sofa, closed his eyes, and in a sense closed his ears, too.

Melinda played for about half an hour, until her repertory gave out and she had to repeat "Dancing in the Dark." Then she jumped up suddenly and said, "We've got to be going home. It's late." She often left immediately after a session at the piano, on a note of triumph. "Vic?"

Vic got up obediently from the sofa. He saw Horace beckoning to him. Horace had heard, Vic supposed. He went over.

"What's this you told your friend Mr. Nash?" Horace asked, his eyes shining with amusement.

"My friend?"

"I don't blame you a bit! I just hope he doesn't spread it around."

"It was a joke. Didn't he take it as a joke?" Vic asked, pretending seriousness. He and Horace were good friends. Horace had told him to "put his foot down about Melinda," and Horace was about the only person Vic knew who had ever dared say that to him.

"Seems to me he took it pretty seriously," Horace said. He laughed and slapped Vic's shoulder. "Just don't get yourself in jail, old man!"

Melinda tottered slightly as they walked out to the car, and Vic took her elbow gently to steady her. She was almost as tall as he, and she usually wore flat sandals or ballet slippers, but less for his sake, Vic thought, than because they were comfortable and because her height in flat shoes better matched the height of the average man. Even though she was unsteady, Vic could feel the animal vitality that pulled him along with her.

"What'd you say to Joel tonight?" she asked when they were in the car.

"Nothing."

"Well, I saw you talking to him," she persisted, sleepily. "What were you talking about?"

"Bedbugs, I think. Or was it Mary I was talking about bedbugs to?"

"Oh!" Melinda said impatiently, and snuggled her head against his shoulder as impersonally as if he had been a sofa pillow. "Must've said something, because he acted different after he talked to you."

"He did? What did he say to you?" Vic asked.

"It's not what he said, it's the way he *a-acted*," she drawled. Then she was asleep.

She lifted her head when he shut off

the motor in the garage, and as if walking in her sleep got out, said, "G'night, dear," and went into the house.

The garage was big enough for five cars, though they had only two. Vic had had it built so that he could use part of it as a workshop, keep his tools and his boxes of plants, his snail aquaria and whatever else he happened to be interested in or experimenting with in apple pie order and still have enough room to walk around. He slept in a room on the opposite side of the garage from the house, a room whose only door opened into the garage. Before he went to his door, he bent over his herb boxes, noticed that the foxgloves had come up, then moved on to his glass-topped box of bedbugs. He had six bedbugs, gathered slowly over a period of weeks from the maids at the Green Mountain Motel outside of Wesley. He had tipped the maids handsomely for saving them for him. He was making an experiment with a view to verifying or refuting a statement he had read in an entomologists' journal about their incubation period. He thought the journal was wrong.

Joel Nash came for a cocktail three days after the Mellers' party, but he did not stay for dinner, though Vic asked him and Melinda pressed him. He announced that he wasn't staying another two weeks after all, but was leaving the following Friday. He smiled more than ever. It was an indication to Vic of how seriously Mr. Nash had taken him.

After he left, Melinda accused Vic again of having deliberately said something to offend him.

"What could I possibly have said?" Vic demanded innocently. "Has it occurred to you that you might have said something to offend him? Or done something, or not done something?" "I know I didn't," Melinda said, sulking.

Vic was wondering if Ralph Gosden would scare as easily as Joel had. He thought it was worth a try, anyway. Ralph Gosden was a twenty-nine-year-old painter of mediocre ability in the portrait field who had a small income from a dotting aunt. He had rented a house about ten miles out of Little Wesley for one year, of which only six months were gone. For four months, Ralph had been coming for dinner about twice a week, and Melinda had been going to Ralph's house several afternoons a week, though she never quite admitted going there any afternoon. Vic was more than tired of it.

Ralph came for dinner on Saturday night, a week after the Mellers' party, his old gay, confident self, even gayer than usual because, having been in New York with his aunt for ten days, he perhaps felt that his welcome at the Van

Allens' was not so threadbare as it had been just before he left.

After dinner, Vic sat in his favorite armchair in the living room, looking through an art book and trying not to glance at Ralph and Melinda, who were dancing to records on the phonograph. Toward midnight, Melinda came over to Vic and said:

"Darling, do you intend to look at that book all night?"

She wanted him to leave the house and go to bed. Vic smiled at her. "No, I'm almost finished," he said.

But Vic hadn't left by two, and as if to drive him out Melinda turned the volume of the phonograph up to an intolerable pitch. Vic languidly turned a page, pretending to be oblivious to the booming chaos of sound. Melinda and Ralph were dancing again.

Trixie's pajama clad form appeared in the doorway. "Mommie!" she screamed, but Mommie neither heard nor saw her. "It's too loud to sleep!"

Vic turned the phonograph down and went over and stooped beside her. "She says she can't sleep," he said to Melinda. "Tell Trixie it's a most unjustifiable complaint."

"Aw-right, we'll turn it down!" Melinda said fuzzily. She had had quite a bit to drink. "It's turned down, isn't it?"

"Why don't you hop back in bed so you'll be wide awake for that picnic tomorrow?" Vic asked Trixie, patting her firm, narrow hips.

The anticipation of the picnic brought a smile from Trixie. She slipped her hand in his and went with him readily, back to her room. She loved him to put her to bed, hunt for the kangaroo she currently slept with and tuck it in with her, then kiss her good night on both cheeks and the nose.

"Can we have the picnic at the quarry, Daddy?"

"Uh-uh. The quarry's too dangerous. Why?"

"Suppose there's a strong wind. We'll all get blown right down."

"I wouldn't care!"

"Oh, I think you might. You'd better get to sleep now." Trixie's lashes were down on her cheeks. He turned off the light and tiptoed to the door. "You asleep?" he whispered.

"No!" Trixie yelled, giggling.

"Well, you'd better get to sleep. I mean it now!"

Silence. The silence gratified him. He went out and closed the door.

Melinda had turned another lamp out and the living room was much darker. She was doing a slow shuffling dance with Ralph in the corner of the room, her arms around his neck. Vic crossed the room to the door that opened into the

garage, and went out. There were three ways to explain his leaving without saying good night: he didn't want to embarrass them when they were practically necking with each other, he was coming back in a few minutes, or he had been too annoyed by their behavior to say good night. The second explanation was the correct one, but only Melinda would think of it. Vic had done it several times when other friends of Melinda's had been here.

Vic entered his own severe, functional room and lay down on the bed. When he slept he had the ability to waken himself at any time he wished without the aid of an alarm, so he looked at the radium dial of his watch now and set himself to awaken in half an hour, at seventeen minutes of four. Within about a minute, he was asleep. He had a dream of being in church and of seeing the Mellers there. Horace Meller was smiling and congratulating him for having murdered Malcolm McRae in defense of his marriage. The whole town of Little Wesley was in church, and everyone smiled at him. Vic woke up smiling himself, at the absurdity of it. He never went to church, anyway. Whistling, he combed his hair, straightened his shirt under his pale blue cashmere sweater, and strolled back through the garage.

Ralph and Melinda were in a corner of the sofa and had apparently been reclining, or half-reclining, because they both straightened up at the sight of him. Ralph, pink-eyed with fatigue now, looked him up and down with drunken disbelief and resentment, lighted a cigarette, and threw the match viciously in the direction of the fireplace.

"Practically time for breakfast." Vic said cheerfully. "Can I interest anybody in some scrambled eggs?"

"I should think you'd be getting sleepy." Melinda said, looking at him as resentfully as Ralph.

"No." Vic smiled and blinked his eyes alertly. "Had a little nap just now."

Ralph wilted at this information, and stared at Vic with a stunned look as if he were about to throw in the sponge. Then suddenly, as Vic watched him, Ralph staggered backward as if something invisible had pushed him. "I'd better fix those eggs." Vic said. "He looks as if he could use something."

"He's fine!" Melinda said defiantly.

Whistling one of his favorite Gregorian chants, Vic went into the kitchen and put a kettle of water on for coffee. He held up the bourbon bottle and saw that Ralph had finished about four-fifths of it. No wonder he was in the condition he was. Vic smiled a little, though tonight he was aware of a strong, primitive antagonism to Mr. Gosden that he had never

felt before. He thought of the bottles and bottles of bourbon that he had provided for Mr. Gosden, and of the evenings that Mr. Gosden had ruined for him. Perhaps this would be the last. He scrambled four eggs for himself and Melinda—coffee would be better for Mr. Gosden—and brought the eggs, lightly salted and peppered, on two warm plates. Melinda refused hers, but Vic sat beside her on the sofa and fed them to her in small amounts on a fork. Ralph's red-blond head was in her lap now, and he was snoring.

"I suppose he'd better stay here tonight," Vic said.

"I have every intention of shtaying here," Melinda said, hiccupping.

They stretched him out on the sofa. Then Melinda went into the bathroom.

Vic removed Ralph's shoes, then went into Melinda's bedroom to get her plaid lap rug. The lap rug was on the floor at the foot of the unmade bed. Melinda's room, as usual, was in a state of disorder that both repelled him and interested him, and he would have liked to stand here a few moments looking at it—he almost never went into Melinda's bedroom—but he did not permit himself even a complete glance around it, and he went out and closed the door.

Ralph was sitting up now with unfocusing eyes. "You're a good egg," he mumbled as Vic draped the lap rug around his shaking shoulders. "Shoulda thrown me out a long time ago—anybody who doesn't know how much he can take."

"Think nothing of it," Vic said soothingly.

"Oughta be sick—oughta die!" Ralph said, gritting his teeth. "Oughta throw me out, because I *do* want to keep you and Melinda as friends. I really do."

Vic cleared his throat and smiled. "Oh, I don't bother throwing people out of the house if they annoy me." He leaned a little closer. "If they annoy me in that way—getting too cosy with Melinda—I kill them."

"Yes," Ralph said seriously, as if he understood. "You should—'cause I do want to keep you and Melinda as friends. I—"

"Like Malcolm McRae, for instance," Vic went on softly. "I killed him."

"Mal McRae?"

Vic knew he knew all about Mal. "Yes, I killed him with a hammer in his apartment. You saw the story in the papers last winter, didn't you? He was getting obnoxious—with Melinda. I killed him. But nobody knows it," he whispered, smiling.

It was sinking in. Ralph was up on one elbow. "Does Melinda know?"

"No. Nobody knows. And you won't tell her, will you. Ralph?"

Ralph clenched his teeth and jerked his feet suddenly from under the confining pressure of Vic's forearm. He was leaving.

Vic handed him his shoes. "Like me to drive you home?"

"I can drive myself, thanks." Ralph staggered around, trying to get his shoes on, and finally had to sit down to do it. Then he plunged toward the door, yanked it open, and went out to his car in the driveway. He zoomed off, skidding the back of the car off the road and righting it again as he went on. Vic didn't care if he drove the car into Bear Lake.

It was astonishing to Vic how quickly the story traveled, how interested everybody was in it—especially people who didn't know him well—and how nobody lifted a finger or a telephone to tell the police about it. People Vic had never seen or at least never noticed before were looking at him intently when he passed them in his car and pointing him out with whispers to other people. He seldom saw a smile among the strangers, and many scowled at him with disapproval. But all his friends smiled.

During those four days, Vic saw nothing of Mr. Gosden. The Sunday after the dawn departure, Ralph had called Melinda and insisted on seeing her, Melinda said, and she had left the house to meet him somewhere. Vic and Trixie had picnicked alone that day, and when they came home, all hell had broken loose. Ralph had told Melinda what he had said.

"It's the stupidest thing I've ever heard of!" Melinda screamed at him, "I hope you go to jail for it!"

Vic took her vituperation calmly. He supposed that Ralph had shown himself a coward and that this was why she was angry. Vic felt he could have written their conversation. Ralph: "I *know* it isn't true, darling, but it's obvious he doesn't want me hanging around any more, so I think it's better if I—" Melinda: "I don't care what he wants! All right, if you're too much of a coward to face up to him!" And Melinda had of course realized that Vic had said the same thing to Joel Nash.

"Ralph's not scared," Melinda said. "Don't be silly. You don't think anyone would believe a story like that, do you?"

"Joel Nash believed something. He certainly disappeared, didn't he?"

She didn't answer.

"What did Ralph say?" Vic asked.

"That he thought you were decidedly unfriendly, and he thought—"

"Decidedly unfriendly. How unusual."

Melinda stared at him in surprise for a moment. Then she put her face down in her hands and let the tears come.

Vic patted her shoulder. "Honey, are Joel Nash and Ralph worth crying about?"

How about you and I spending some evenings together? I'll get tickets for a show in New York for Saturday night. A musical show. How'd you like that?"

He did get tickets, and they saw a musical in New York, and went to a supper club where there was an orchestra and people were dancing. But Vic did not ask Melinda to dance. He did not want to be refused.

Horace Meller learned, somehow, of the cessation of Ralph's visits and voiced his approval to Vic. Horace was a chemist in a medical analytical laboratory, a cautious man, accustomed to speaking in understatement. He thought Vic's story was fantastic and even a little dangerous, but he was for anything that would "straighten Melinda out." "I've always said all Melinda needed to straighten herself out was a little firmness from you, Vic, just a little sign that you care what she does."

Horace had seen them happy for five or six years, but it seemed so long ago that Vic was surprised Horace even remembered. Melinda's boy friends—one could hardly call them men, they were so spineless—had started appearing when Trixie was about three. Melinda was constitutionally rebellious, and Vic supposed that the conventionality of being married plus having a child was just more than she could bear. She had debated for four years whether to have a child or not, had finally decided to have one, but when it had come she had refused to give Trixie any more than a minimum of attention or to show that she cared for her any more than she would have cared for a stray puppy that had wandered into the house. Perhaps the child had implied responsibility. Melinda balked at growing up. She had taken out her resentment on Vic, telling him that she didn't care for him in the same way any more, "not in a romantic way," as she put it. Vic had been very patient, but the truth was that she had begun to bore him a little, too. She was not interested in anything he was interested in, and in a casual way, he was interested in a great many things.

Vic had pretended to take her first liaison more casually than he really did, though he had asked Melinda at that time if she wanted to divorce him. Melinda hadn't wanted to divorce him. During the four or five months that this affair lasted, Vic had moved from the bedroom into a room he had had especially built for himself with a small bath and kitchen on the other side of the garage. He had moved as a kind of protest, but after a few weeks, when he had his microscope and his books with him, and he discovered how easy it was to get up in the night without worrying

about disturbing Melinda and look at the stars through his telescope, or watch his snails, which were more active at night than in the daytime, Vic decided that he preferred the room to the bedroom. So he had continued to sleep in the separate room, even after that affair had ended. Melinda had certainly shown no signs of wanting him back in the bedroom.

He did not really have any intention, he thought, of moving back to her bedroom now. He was simply, as he told her, tired of bores in his home. But nevertheless, he thought it possible that Melinda, deprived of her boy friends, might eventually like him back in the house. He couldn't say that he had any actual objection to moving back. So he set himself to be as thoughtful and affectionate toward her as he could be. He knew she was used to having cocktails at the bar of the Lord Chesterfield Inn several times a week with Ralph, so he often asked her to meet him there around six-thirty, after he left the printing plant. One afternoon at the Lord Chesterfield, he tried to interest her in a couple of book cover designs he had brought with him for the leatherbound edition of Xenophon's *Country Life and Economics*, the next book that was to come from the Greenspur Press. He had thought Melinda would enjoy choosing between the two, but he had hardly been able to make her look at them for more than five seconds. That afternoon, she had been more interested in the pianist the Lord Chesterfield had engaged for the summer. There was a poster about him with a photograph in a corner of the bar. He was to arrive in a few days. Melinda said if he played in the Duchin style, like the one they had had last year, she'd die.

On Saturday night of the Fourth of July weekend, Vic and Melinda went to the annual dance at the club, the biggest affair of the summer. All their friends were there, even the Petersons and the Wilsons, who didn't belong to the club but who had been invited by members. Vic looked for Ralph but he wasn't there. Ralph had been seeing a good deal of the Wilsons, according to Mary Meller, who had been advising June Wilson about her flower garden. Mary had told Vic, when they met one day in the drugstore, that Don Wilson was taking a very serious view of the story he had told about McRae, and Vic felt sure that Ralph was helping to rub it in by making himself out a victim of Vic's jealousy. Ralph would of course have said that Melinda had been nothing but a dear friend of his, and since the Wilsons were rather out of the group who knew him and Melinda well, Vic supposed that they had swallowed it. People

in Little Wesley had not been particularly friendly to the Wilsons since their arrival a few months ago, and Vic thought it was Don's fault. He was humorless and standoffish, perhaps because he considered smiles and conviviality unintelligent or unbecoming in a writer. And he was such a hack—Western stories, detective stories, love stories.

Don Wilson and his wife stood against the wall, Don looking lank and unhappy, and his wife, who was small and blonde and usually animated, looking rather subdued. Vic nodded and smiled a hello to them, and was about to go and chat with them, but Don Wilson's unmistakably cold response stayed him. Perhaps Wilson hadn't expected to see him there at all, Vic thought, much less to see him greeted by all his old friends as if nothing had happened.

Some strangers, however, turned away with self-conscious smiles as Vic passed by them. He also saw people pointing him out to their dancing partners, then discussing him volubly, though always out of his earshot. Vic did not mind the shunning and the whispers. It made him feel strangely more comfortable and secure, in fact, than he usually felt at parties, perhaps because the whispering and the pointing, both at him and at Melinda, fairly guaranteed that Melinda would behave herself tonight. Melinda was having a good time, he could see, though afterward she would probably tell him that she had not had a good time at all. By midnight, she had danced with about fifteen partners, including a couple of youngish men Vic didn't know, either of whom might have become Ralph's successor; but Melinda was merely pleasant and gracious to them without being coy or hoydenish or *femme fatale* or pretending she was being swept off her feet by them—all of which tactics he had seen her use on other occasions. Neither did she drink too much. Vic was extremely proud of Melinda that evening.

"Vic, you're not feeling uncomfortable tonight, are you?" Mary Meller asked, a little anxiously. "All your real friends are still your friends, the same as ever. I don't know what you've heard tonight, but I hope nothing unpleasant."

"Didn't hear a thing," Vic assured her, smiling.

"We know you told that story just as a—a joke—in spite of what people like the Wilsons are saying."

"What're they saying?"

"It's not her, it's him. He thinks you're odd. Well, we're all odd, aren't we?" Mary said with a gay laugh. "He must be looking for another plot for a story."

"But what's he saying?" Vic asked.

"Oh, he's saying—that you don't react normally and that you ought to be

watched and you're very mysterious." Mary whispered the last word, smiling. "I told Mr. Wilson that we'd all had the opportunity of watching you for the past nine or ten years, and that you're one of the finest, sweetest, most unmysterious men I've ever known!"

"Thank you, Mary!" Vic said. "May I have this dance with you?"

"Why, Vic! I can't believe it!"

He swept Mary out on the floor to the music of a waltz. Melinda noticed him, he saw, and stopped short with surprise. Vic shortened his steps so that he would not look silly, because an exuberant joy had filled him, as if a long repressed desire had burst forth. He felt he could have flown with Mary. And long after the dance was over, Vic felt a tingling exhilaration, as if he had achieved a triumph. When Melinda had finished a dance, he went over to her, made a little bow and said, "May I, Melinda?"

She hid her surprise almost immediately by closing her eyes and turning her head from him. "Oh, darling, I'm tired."

On their way home, when Melinda asked, "What inspired you to dance tonight?" he was able to pass it off, to forestall her twitting with "I thought I might as well baffle people by being inconsistent as well as odd. I'm supposed never to dance, you know. By the way, I thought you were charming tonight. Did you have a good time?"

"I have to put myself out to counteract the damage you've done." Melinda replied unsmilingly. "I worked hard."

Lying in his bed that night, Vic relived the moments on the dance floor with Mary Meller. Don Wilson's scowling face. The whispering people. He supposed that a few people there tonight really believed that he had killed Malcolm McRae—the people who knew him least. That was what Mary had tried to tell him. If Mary hadn't known him so well, or hadn't thought she knew him so well, she might have been one of the people to suspect him. She had as much as said it the night of her party. *You're like somebody waiting very patiently and one day—you'll do something.* Yes, all these years he had played a game of seeming calm and indifferent to whatever Melinda did. That was what baffled people, he knew. He had seen it in their faces, even in Horace's. He didn't react with the normal jealousy, and something was going to give. That was the conclusion people came to. And that was what made his story so good: something had given, and he had murdered one of Melinda's lovers. That was more believable than that he had taken it for more than three years without saying or doing anything. To have burst out was human. People understood that.

Nobody on earth could prove that he

A MASK OF INNOCENCE (continued)

had murdered McRae, he thought, but neither could anybody prove that he hadn't.

Less than two weeks later, the murderer of Malcolm McRae was found. *The New York Times* had it on the third page one morning, and Vic saw it while he was breakfasting with Trixie.

SIX-MONTH-OLD MYSTERY SLAYING OF ADVERTISING MAN SOLVED

The police had picked up a man called Howard Olney, and he had confessed. Olney, said the paper, blamed McRae for separating him and his sister as a professional team. They were night club entertainers, specializing in magic tricks. Phyllis Olney had met McRae in Chicago, and she had broken her contract to come with him to New York a year and a half ago. Olney had run out of money, his sister had never sent him any though she had promised that she would (who'd ever been able to get a nickel out of Mal?), and according to Olney, McRae had later abandoned his sister, leaving her destitute. Nearly a year later, Olney had hitchhiked to New York for the express purpose of avenging himself and his sister by killing McRae. Psychiatrists who had examined Olney said that he had maniac-depressive tendencies.

"Daddy! I said I'm going to finish your belt today!"
Vic had the feeling Trixie had yelled it at him three times. "That's great. You mean the braided belt."

"The only belt I'm making this summer," Trixie said in a tone that showed her annoyance with him. Trixie was attending the arts and crafts classes of the Highland School in preference to going to camp, because her best friend, Janey Peterson, was not going to camp this summer.

"Well, I'm looking forward to the belt," Vic said. "I hope you made it big enough."

"It's a whopper."

"Good."

The low moan of the school bus came up the road, and Trixie scurried about, collecting her badminton racquet and her tennis shoes, holding a piece of bacon in the fingers of one hand. She turned at the door, popped the bacon into her mouth, and Vic heard the crunch of baby teeth on it. "Bye, Daddy!" and she was gone.

He stared at the sofa in the living room and thought of Ralph Gosden, that last evening. Ralph might be back again before long. He went into the kitchen, heated the coffee for a moment, and poured a cup for Melinda, adding a teaspoon of sugar. He carried the coffee to her door and knocked on it softly.

"It's me," he said. "I've got some coffee for you."

"Come in-n," she drawled with sleepy annoyance.

He went in. She lay on her back, her arms under her head. She wore pajamas and she slept without a pillow. Vic always noticed something peculiarly Spartan about her on the rare occasions when he went into her room to awaken her. There would be the wind sweeping the room, billowing the curtains as he opened the door, even on the coldest winter mornings. There would be a blanket kicked off onto the floor, because even in a temperature nearly freezing, Melinda could keep warm under very little. Now a sheet was kicked off onto the floor.

She winced at the first hot sip of coffee.

Vic sat down on the bench in front of her dressing table. "I read some news this morning," he said. "They found the man who killed Mal."

She straightened up, all her sleepiness gone. "They did? Who was it?"

"Here's the paper," he said, handing it to her.

She read it with a smiling avidity that kept Vic staring at her.

"I trust you're pleased," he said, managing a pleasant tone.

"Aren't you?" she asked, sarcastically.

"I doubt that I'm as pleased as you."

She sprang out of bed and for a moment she stood beside him in white pajamas, on bare feet with crimson nails, looking at herself in the mirror. She pushed her hair back from her face. "That's right. You couldn't be." Then she ran into the bathroom, as agilely as Trixie might have run.

Horace called a few minutes later. Horace subscribed to the *Times*, too. He asked if Vic had ever heard of Olney and Vic told him no.

"I suppose this'll end all the talking, anyway," Horace said.

"I haven't heard much of this talking."

"Oh-h. I have, Vic. It hasn't been entirely good— Well, I think Melinda's come a long way in these last weeks. I hope it keeps up, Vic," Horace said cheerfully.

Vic found himself tongue-tied. Horace's good wishes seemed an admission that he knew there was going to be a change for the worse. "Thanks, Horace," Vic said finally.

Usually, Vic was at his printing plant by a quarter past nine, but he sat in the living room now, at nine-thirty, waiting for Melinda to finish dressing, waiting to find out where she was going. She had made two telephone calls.

When she came into the living room, he appeared deep in the newspaper.

"Are you memorizing that thing?" she asked him in a petulant voice.

"I was reading the book review. There's a new book on mountain climbing that I'd like to buy."

"There's a nice safe sport for you. Why don't you take it up?" She slapped her keycase into one empty, restless hand. She looked nervous and wild, the way he had seen her look many times at the start of an affair. This was the kind of mood that always got her tickets for speeding. "I just made a lunch date, so I won't be home for lunch."

Vic stood up and stretched, and tugged his sweater down evenly over his trousers. "How about cocktails this afternoon? Can you make it to the Chesterfield by about six-thirty?"

"I don't think so, Vic. You don't really like it. Thanks, anyway."

"Well, that's too bad." He smiled. "I suppose I'll take off."

They went into the garage together and got into their cars. Vic took a couple of minutes to warm his car up, but Melinda in her green convertible was gone down the lane in a matter of seconds.

Two or three days after the dénouement of the McRae case, Vic received a telephone call in his office from a Mr. Cassell. Mr. Cassell said he was an agent of the Binkley Real Estate Company of East Lyme, and that Vic's name had been given as a reference in regard to Mr. Charles De Lisle, who wanted to rent one of their houses.

"Charles De Lisle?" Vic asked puzzledly. He had never heard of the man.

"I'm sorry to trouble you at your office, Mr. Van Allen, but we weren't able to reach your wife at home. It's actually Mrs. Victor Van Allen on my record here, but I thought you might be able to vouch for him as well as she. Can you tell us what you know about him as to his reliability? We just want something to quote to the landlord, you know."

Vic had suddenly recognized the name: it was the name of the pianist in the Lord Chesterfield bar. "I don't exactly—I suppose he's all right. I'll speak to my wife at noon and ask her to call you."

"Thanks very much, Mr. Van Allen. Goodbye."

For the rest of the morning, Vic put De Lisle out of his mind. His desk was covered with boxes and sheafs of manuscript, all of which he was going to have to reject. He was busy writing his letters of rejection, by hand. The majority of manuscripts that came to the Greenspur Press were good, and some were very good, but he could not publish everything he liked. Most of his letters went something like: "... As you probably know, the Greenspur Press is a small one. We have only two hand presses, and because of our slow methods of operation, it is impossible for us to

print more than four books per year, at most . . . Vic was exceedingly proud of his slow methods, proud of the fact that it usually took him and Stephen Hines, his assistant, five days to set ten pages, and proud that the Greenspur Press was not dependent upon a profit to keep going. Vic had an income of forty thousand dollars a year, and he could think of no better way of spending several thousands of it than by publishing good books in beautiful bindings. A distinguished English publishers' annual, which had come out that summer, had cited the Greenspur Press of Little Wesley, Massachusetts, for "accuracy, typography and general excellence," a tribute which Vic valued more than any material success that could have come to him.

On the day that Vic received the call about Charles De Lisle, Melinda was not home at noon. Vic ate a solitary lunch and read a book at the table. He felt curiously disturbed, as if somebody were looking at him from behind. Was she with Charles De Lisle? He remembered De Lisle's face, but very vaguely, as being on the swarthy side—dark, narrow—and he recalled the heavily pomaded hair. He stopped thinking about De Lisle. One thing he didn't want to be guilty of was suspicion before suspicion was warranted. Melinda was always innocent until she proved herself guilty.

Melinda was still not at home when Vic arrived at seven that evening. Trixie had been home since four or so, and Vic asked her if she had heard from her mother.

"Nope," Trixie said indifferently. Trixie was used to her mother's being out at odd times. She had had it for the better part of her life.

Vic persuaded Trixie to have a game of scrabble with him. They played with her making two moves to his one, in order to even out the score a bit. They were well into their second game and it was getting dark before Vic heard the sound of two cars coming up the driveway.

"Two people coming," Trixie said.

"Sounds like it," Vic said. He knew who they would be, too. "It's your play, Trix."

Vic heard Melinda's slurring, low-pitched voice, her step on the stone walk, and then she opened the door. "Hi," she called. "Come on in. Charley, Vic, I'd like you to meet Charley De Lisle. Charley, my husband." She gestured perfunctorily.

Vic had risen to his feet. "How do you do?"

Charley mumbled something and nodded. He looked embarrassed. He was about thirty-five, slight and not very tall, with close-set and rather furtive eyes over which his dark eyebrows grew together.

"Charley's the pianist at the Lord Chesterfield," Melinda said.

"Yes, I know. Well, how do you like our town?" Vic asked him pleasantly.

"I like it fine," Charley said.

"Sit down, Charley. Aren't you going to make us a drink, Vic? What'll you have. Charley?"

Charley mumbled that he supposed he'd have rye and water, and Vic went off to the kitchen to make the drinks.

When Vic came back with the drinks on a tray, he said, "I had a telephone call about you today, Mr. De Lisle."

Charley looked up at him, surprised.

"A real estate agent wanted to know if I knew you. I couldn't give him much of a reference." Vic's smile was friendly.

"Oh, lord, did they call you?" Melinda laughed. "Sorry, Vic. But Charley's already got the house. Do you know that little house off Route Fifteen about two miles south of East Lyme?"

Vic didn't know the cottage, but two miles south of East Lyme made it just two miles closer to Little Wesley than he had thought it would be. Then he tried to neutralize his thoughts, tried very hard. He had no reason to feel hostile toward Mr. De Lisle. Mr. De Lisle looked as if he were afraid of his own shadow.

Melinda had chosen some piano records, and she was playing them a bit loud. Vic fixed another drink for himself and Melinda. Charley was only sipping at his. Trixie sat on the arm of Vic's chair, staring unabashedly at the stranger.

"Charley works at the Hotel Lincoln in Ballinger from eleven to midnight," Melinda said to Vic. Then to Charley, "I hope you'll stay for dinner— Oh, my gosh! I left the steak in the car! I've got the most beautiful steak!" She ran out.

Charley absolutely refused to stay for dinner, however. "I've got to be going," he said as soon as he finished his drink.

"Well, you're not going to leave without playing something!" Melinda said.

Charley got up docilely, as if he knew he couldn't argue with her, and sat down at the piano. He played "Ole Buttermilk Sky." Vic knew it was one of Melinda's favorites, and Charley must have known it, too, because he winked at her as he struck the first notes. Melinda hung over the piano.

"Do you think you can teach me to play it like that?" she asked.

"If you play at all—sure," Charley said bluntly. "I'll be taking off."

Vic got up. "Very nice meeting you."

"Thanks. Same here."

Melinda went out with him to his car. She was more than usually pleasant for the rest of the evening. But the next day she was again not home at one o'clock, and again not home until after eight. Charley De Lisle was giving her

piano lessons in the afternoons, she said.

Vic knew what was happening, and tried to make Melinda admit and stop it.

"You're imagining things," she said. "The first person I've been able to talk to in weeks without being treated like a pariah, and you hate it. You don't want me to get any fun out of life, that's all!"

She could say such things as if she really believed them. But she was never home for lunch now, and sometimes they didn't play the piano in the afternoon, because an ash tray that Vic had seen on the keyboard at noon would still be there when he got home at seven. Sometimes they spent the afternoon at Charley De Lisle's house, where there wasn't a piano.

"Just what do you expect me to think about this?" Vic asked her.

"Nothing! I don't know what you're so up in the air about!"

Vic remembered walking into the living room with a couple of fresh drinks, the evening he had met Charley, and seeing Trixie perched on the arm of the armchair, staring at Charley with a wide-eyed, apprehensive, yet completely helpless curiosity, as if she had known then that she was looking at the man who was going to take Ralph's place whether she liked him or not. The memory of Trixie looking at Charley haunted Vic.

"It's too bad I'm married to you, isn't it?" Vic said to Melinda in a joking tone. "I might have a chance with you if I were a total stranger and met you out of the blue. I'd have money, not be too bad looking, with lots of interesting things to talk about—"

"Like what? Snails and bedbugs?" She was dressing to go out with Charley.

"You used to think snails were interesting and that a lot of other things were interesting, until your brain began to atrophy."

"Thanks. I like my brain fine and you can have yours."

After Melinda had left the house, Vic regretted having said what he had about her brain. The proper attitude was to be courteous and civilized to her, no matter what happened. He might lose that way, might be laughed at by Melinda and Charley, but he would certainly lose the other way, lose Melinda's respect and his self-respect, too.

But the thought of Melinda dragging Charley to parties at their friends' houses—it hadn't happened yet, but it was coming, he knew—and the shame of endorsing socially a guttersnipe like De Lisle seemed more than he could bear. And everybody would know that Melinda had picked up the first man she could find after the McRae story had exploded. Everybody would know now that he was disgusted but powerless to combat it.

however indifferent he pretended to be, because obviously he had made an effort to hold off Melinda's lovers by telling the story about McRae.

One morning, when Vic knocked on Melinda's door with a cup of coffee, he found her room empty. That had never happened before. But Vic did not say anything about it, and did not show in any way that he knew she had spent the night elsewhere.

Xenophon was printing. Stephen stood at the press all day, banging a page out at fifteen second intervals. Vic spelled him three or four times a day while he rested by changing his task. They were printing a hundred copies. All was order and progress in the plant in the month of August. At six-thirty or seven every evening, Vic stepped out of that peaceful world into chaos. Since he had started the Greenspur Press eight years ago, he had always stepped out of the plant into something less peaceful to him, but the two worlds had never contrasted so profoundly before. The contrast had never before given him a feeling that he was being torn apart.

Charley De Lisle was becoming more sure of himself. The three of them went to a concert at Tanglewood one evening, and Vic was very amiable, paid for refreshments in the intermission though he had paid for the tickets, too. Mr. De Lisle's world must have been a very rosy one indeed, Vic thought. A pleasant summer job in the delightfully cool Berkshires, a made to order mistress whom he didn't have to pay for—on the contrary, she paid for him.

Melinda told him that Charley was going to play the piano at the costume party that Phil and Evelyn Cowan were giving on August twenty-seventh. She said she had persuaded Charley to do it for fifty dollars instead of the hundred that he had wanted from the Cowans.

Something in Vic stirred with revulsion. "I assumed he'd go as a guest, if he went at all."

"Yes, but he wouldn't have played as a guest. He says no artist should give his work away. It wouldn't be professional. I can see what he means."

She could always see what De Lisle meant.

Melinda had not spent another night away from home that Vic knew of, though he scorned to knock on her door every morning to see if she was there. There had not been any social affair to which she might have dragged Charley, so perhaps none of their friends suspected anything yet. Vic thought, but everybody would certainly know after the Cowan party, which was why Vic dreaded it. He longed not to go, to beg off somehow, and yet he knew that his

presence would have a restraining influence on Melinda, and that logically it would be better if he did go, but many times logic was no comfort.

The party was on a Saturday night of a rather warm weekend. They had been instructed to come as their favorite characters, fictional or factual, and Melinda went as Cleopatra and Vic as Tiberius, a choice he had made at the last moment. Charley's car drove up at the same time that several other cars did, and Vic, who was talking with Horace on the lantern lit terrace, pretended not to notice his arrival, though he heard Melinda say:

"Charley! You didn't wear a costume! You might at least have come as Chopin!"—a greeting she had probably made up days ago.

Melinda introduced Charley to everybody on the terrace, and then took him into the living room and pointed out the piano to him as if the house were her own.

Vic felt awkward and bored from the start. It was one of those evenings, he knew, when he was going to stay sober no matter what he drank and when every moment until four or five or whenever Melinda decided to go home was going to drag and was going to be excruciating as well because of Mr. De Lisle's scintillating piano. De Lisle had sat down at the piano at once, and he was grinding it out and Melinda was leaning over him, beaming like a mother showing off a prodigy. Vic could see them from the terrace.

"How are you?" Vic said to both the Wilsons, making himself smile. "Glad to see you."

The Wilsons answered timidly. Don Wilson wore a trenchcoat, a hat pulled down over his eyes, and he was rather shamefacedly carrying a pipe. Vic supposed he was some detective story writer or character. At another time, Vic might have tried to chat with them, because they looked ill at ease, but tonight he felt too ill at ease himself.

Melinda was sitting with Charley on the piano bench now, trying to accompany him. Vic glanced around to see if any of the guests were noticing them. He didn't see anyone looking at them, but that, of course, meant nothing.

Then Melinda stood up and announced to all and sundry, "Charley's leaving, but he'll be back at twelve-thirty and we'll carry on from there!"

Charley wiped his shiny forehead and left the piano amid a slight but enthusiastic applause. He would be gone nearly two hours. Vic thought with a sense of relief. He was off to his "Ballinger commitment" to pick up another couple of dollars.

Vic did not know how the two hours

passed so quickly. He talked with Phil Cowan, who was a professor of economics and had just finished a book he had been writing for three years; then there was the costume judging; and then De Lisle was back. Melinda met Charley at the living room doorway, took his arm and brushed her cheek quickly against his bluish cheek, and Charley smiled, looking cockier than usual. He even turned his head in Vic's direction, saw him, and gave a little smile that seemed to Vic to say, "Just what're you going to do about it?" Vic felt a prickle of anger.

Melinda sat down with Charley at the piano again, a fact noted by Horace. Vic saw. Then Horace looked over at Vic, with a friendly nod and a smile; but Vic could read Horace's thoughts in his eyes.

"Did you bring your bathing suit?" Phil Cowan asked Vic.

"Yes. So did Melinda. They're in the room where the coats are." When Vic looked toward the piano again, Melinda and Charley were gone.

Then a couple of minutes later, hardly any time later, a woman's voice called from the hall. "Say, the door's locked!—Is the door locked?"

And Phil, in the act of moving toward the hall, checked himself and looked at Vic. "There's plenty of time. We don't have to rush." He went off in another direction.

Was he going to consult his wife as to what to do about the locked coat room, or whatever room it was that was locked? Vic felt a tingle of anger—or disgust, or panic, what was it?—creeping up his legs under his toga. He went aimlessly out onto the terrace. Two people splashed into the pool at the same time. Everybody was going to go in, Vic supposed. People always did at the Cowans' parties.

Then Melinda and De Lisle, in swim suits, crossed the terrace and walked out on the lawn toward the pool.

Horace came up to him, smiling. "Tiberius in retirement already?" he asked, smiling. "Aren't you having a dip?"

"No, I don't think so. But I'll come down to the pool," he added, for no reason that he knew, because he didn't want to go down to the pool.

"Looks like the party's thinning out a little." Horace remarked as they walked toward the pool together. A few people were leaving in their cars.

Melinda was in the pool, and De Lisle walked around the edge to meet her. He had not been in yet. Vic saw from his dry blue shorts, De Lisle's body looked scrawny and pale, and here and there patches of black hair grew, not only on his sunken chest but high on his left shoulder blade. He stopped and handed a beer to Melinda as she hauled herself



Melinda, in costume, flirted with Charley at the piano.

Vic knew everyone at the party saw it.

out, and Melinda said in a loud voice, "I've got a *foul* headache! This'll kill or cure!"

Vic turned his back to the pool and strolled away.

"Hi, there!" Melinda's voice called behind him. She threw his rolled-up trunks at him, and Vic caught them. "Aren't you coming in?"

Vic took his trunks behind the remotest gardenia bush in the corner of the lawn. In a moment he stepped forth in his brown swimming trunks, leaving his costume and walking shorts behind.

Horace had left, Vic saw. Evidently he had gone back into the house.

De Lisle was hanging onto the gutter of the boomerang-shaped pool, not cutting a very athletic figure. "Feels pretty cool," he said to Melinda.

"Have you got an aspirin, Evelyn?" Melinda asked.

Evelyn said of course she had, and she and Melinda went off to the house.

Vic suddenly realized that he was alone with De Lisle.

"You're not coming in?" De Lisle said to Vic, pushing off from the edge of the pool, swimming in a vague sidestroke toward the shallower end.

Vic wanted to walk away and leave De Lisle, but he felt it would have looked like some kind of retreat. "Oh, I suppose so," Vic said, sliding immediately off the edge of the pool into deep water. He surfaced.

De Lisle was on his back, floating. Vic would have loved to grab him by the shoulders and hold him under, and even as he thought of it, Vic swam toward him, reached him in a second, and pushed his shoulders down. Still holding him under, Vic caught him by the chin and one shoulder, and unconsciously tugged him toward deeper water. De Lisle's efforts grew violent, and Vic tightened his own grips to match them. It's a joke, Vic thought to himself. If he were to let him up now, it would be merely a joke, though perhaps a rough one. They were in ten feet of water now, but it was easy for Vic to keep his own head above the surface because of De Lisle's thrashing.

But suddenly Vic was aware of the placidity of the water all around him. He looked around the lawn and at the terrace. He saw no one, but he hadn't made absolutely sure there had been no one around before he grabbed De Lisle. For an instant, he imagined that someone had gone into the house to call the others, and that everyone was going to come running out—but nothing happened. Vic released his grip. De Lisle's face stayed under.

Vic climbed out of the pool, went directly toward the gardenia bush, and, picking up his clothes, walked unhurriedly to the house.

They were all in the kitchen, Melinda wearing a robe over her wet suit, the Cowans, Horace and Mary Meller.

Phil was assembling a ham sandwich. Melinda still complained about her headache, and Evelyn went out of the kitchen to get her a stronger pill.

"Where's Charley?" Melinda asked.

"He's still swimming," Vic said.

"Swimming!" Melinda said in an incredulous tone. She went to the door and yelled, "Charley!" and went out, and Vic saw the Cowans exchange a look, because Melinda was so concerned tonight with Charley.

Phil picked up his sandwich and took a bite.

Then they heard a scream. "Vic! Phil!"

They ran out, Phil ahead, then Vic and Horace.

"He's *drowned!*" Melinda said. She was standing helplessly on the edge of the pool.

Phil jumped in, costume and all. Phil took one arm, Vic the other, and they hauled Charley out.

"Do you—" Phil began to Vic, gasping, "know anything about artificial respiration?"

"A little," Vic said. He was already turning Charley face downward.

"I can't find his pulse!" Melinda said hysterically. "Call Dr. Franklin!"

Evelyn Cowan ran to the house to call him.

"Does this look right?" Vic asked Horace, and Horace, watching De Lisle's face intently, said that it did to him. Vic

had never administered artificial respiration before, but he had read about it very recently in the *World Almanac*.

"I wonder if he hit his head? Was he diving, Vic?" Phil asked.

"No. He was paddling around—" Vic released the unelastic ribs "—in the shallow part of the pool."

A siren wailed, closer and closer, and stopped. Two internes came running across the lawn, carrying an oxygen tank. The light on the scene was ghastly—the dismal, blanching light of dawn. Nobody could come back to life in a light like this, Vic thought. It was a light for dying.

One of the internes looked him over and shook his head in discouragement.

Vic heard a car door slam. Then Dr. Franklin, a spry, serious little man with gray hair, the doctor who had seen Trixie into the world and who had set broken arms and tested the blood pressures of all of them, hurried toward them with his little black bag. Dr. Franklin gave De Lisle an injection, but after less than five minutes, he said:

"I'm afraid there's nothing more we can do here. We'll take him to the hospital."

Melinda was hysterical and wailing, and wanted to go to the hospital with him. Vic and Phil had to restrain her forcibly. When the ambulance had gone, they all went back to the kitchen for more coffee. Phil Cowan looked ashen.

"You don't suppose he wanted to kill himself, do you?" Phil asked.

"*I bet you hit him and drowned him!*" Melinda said suddenly in a loud voice, staring at Vic.

"Melinda!" Mary Meller said, coming toward her. "You're upset!"

"I'm going to call the hospital and ask them to look at his head!" Melinda jumped up, but Phil caught her arms. "*Vic killed him, I know he did!*"

They finally got her to bed with the aid of some phenobarbitals disguised in coffee. Phil called St. Joseph's Hospital in Wesley as soon as Melinda was quiet. They said that Charles De Lisle was dead.

About noon the next day Evelyn Cowan telephoned to tell Vic that she had heard from Dr. Franklin and that a coroner's inquest was going to be held in Ballinger on Monday at two.

"Phil didn't think I should say anything to you, Vic, but I think it's better if you do know," Evelyn said. "One or two people—well, let's say one—said that they thought it was just possible that you had something to do with Charley's drowning. You can imagine what *we* said. But I thought I should tell you I do think there's going to be some whispering. It's too bad a lot of people noticed Charley and Melinda acting—you know,

as if they had quite a crush on each other. But a lot did, Vic."

"Yes, I know," Vic said wearily. "Who talked to you? Was it Don Wilson?"

Evelyn hesitated. "Yes. We don't know him very well, and he certainly doesn't know you. I can't say I like him. We only asked them to the party to be friendly, you know."

Vic was glad that the person was Wilson, glad that this was all Wilson had to say, because Phil Cowan had remarked that it was funny that Wilson hadn't seen that De Lisle was in difficulty in the pool, since Wilson had been crossing the lawn at just about the time it happened. Wilson had come back to the house to get something his wife had left. Vic supposed that Wilson must have crossed the lawn while he was picking up his clothes, or just after he had entered the kitchen. The other thing that Phil had said really bothered Vic more. "Do you think Melinda was in *love* with De Lisle, Vic?" Phil had asked that morning in a puzzled way. Vic had said not that he knew of. But it was the bluntness of the question that had startled Vic and hurt him.

De Lisle's inquest took place in the old red brick courthouse in Ballinger. There were first the circumstances to be narrated and confirmed, and then everybody was asked if in his or her opinion the death was due to accidental causes.

The Cowans and the Mellers gave definitely affirmative answers. Dr. Franklin also said, "Yes." It was Melinda's turn.

"I don't know," Melinda said expressionlessly, staring at the floor. "I know my husband didn't like him."

Coroner Wiggins looked startled. "Did you see your husband make any move at all against Mr. De Lisle?"

"No—but he was the last person in the pool with Charley!" she added with sudden defiance.

"Melinda!" Mary Meller burst out.

"Dr. Franklin," the coroner said, turning to the doctor, "may I ask you again if there was any mark of violence on the body or if you have any reason to think that death was not due to cramp or some other accidental factor?"

"I have no reason to think otherwise," Dr. Franklin said calmly. "There were very faint red marks around his shoulders, but these could have been made in pulling him out of the pool or during the artificial respiration which Mr. Van Allen administered. I don't think any of us here can state the exact time when Mr. De Lisle ceased to live. His heart may have stopped beating just as he was being drawn from the pool."

Coroner Wiggins nodded. "Your opinion seems to be the same as mine."

"But you said there was hardly anything in his stomach, not enough to cause

cramps!" Melinda said, looking at the doctor. "He may not have been able to swim very well, but he could swim enough to keep his head above water, unless somebody held it down!"

Vic watched the next few moments with a strange detachment—Melinda standing up, shouting her opinion at the coroner and Dr. Franklin, inspiring Vic's admiration for a courage that he hadn't known she possessed. Dr. Franklin qualifying his statement by saying that he could not swear whether there had been cramp or not. Mary Meller starting quietly to leave the room until both Horace and the coroner reminded her that she was obliged to stay to the end of the inquest.

"Have you any proof to substantiate your belief, Mrs. Van Allen?" Coroner Wiggins' face had reddened.

"Circumstantial evidence!" Melinda said. "And I know my husband was jealous of Charley!"

The coroner turned to Vic. "Were you jealous of Mr. De Lisle?"

"No, I was not," Vic said.

"Did any of you," the coroner asked the others, "ever notice anything in Mr. Van Allen's conduct that would lead you to believe that he was jealous?"

"No," said Phil and Horace in unison.

"No," said Evelyn Cowan.

"Certainly not," from Mary.

There was a friendliness in the coroner's eyes as he looked at Vic. "Mr. Van Allen, I believe you're the owner of the Greenspur Press, aren't you?"

"Yes," Vic said.

"A very fine press, I've heard of it," he said, smiling. A moment later, he closed the inquest with a verdict of death due to accidental circumstances.

Down on the sidewalk, Horace said to Vic. "I'm sure Melinda won't keep on like this. Don't let it throw you. We'll stand by you—always."

Somewhat to Vic's surprise, he was not aware of any real guilt feelings. He had expected to feel some remorse, or fear, or regret, at least—he had succumbed to impulse, and without premeditation had taken a human life—but something seemed to be holding his reactions in abeyance. It was just as well, because he had enough to do in trying to handle and predict Melinda. She was telling all their friends that she thought he had killed Charley. And in the house she sulked and snarled at him. She seemed to be brewing some retaliation against him, and Vic did not know what form it would take. Between wondering what Melinda was going to do next, and trying to minimize her behavior to their friends, which Vic did in a gallant and sympathetic manner, he had quite enough to occupy his thoughts in the hours he

spent away from the printing plant.

Horace came to see Vic at the plant two days after the coroner's inquest, extremely upset because Melinda had been to see Mary and had told Mary that she was sure Vic had killed Charley. Horace asked Vic what he intended to do about it.

"Nothing," Vic said. "What can I do about it? I suppose she's entitled to her opinion."

"I could do a lot about it if I were you. I'd tell her that I had put up with all I could stand—for years, that this goes beyond putting up with!"

Vic heard the anxious sound—"Cheep? Cheep?"—of a robin, and went to his back door and opened it. It was the little male robin who lived with his wife in the low stone fence a few feet from the door. "What's the matter? Another snake?" Vic took a long look at the stone fence, saw nothing moving, then tossed the robin some raw bacon bits and some bread crumbs from the box he kept on a ledge by the door. "There you go! Good night, fellow!" He closed the door.

Horace smiled, impatiently. "I never know whether you're pretending unconcern or you're really unconcerned, Vic."

Vic sighed. "Oh, I'm concerned, I suppose. But I don't think she'll go on like this much longer."

"Does she want to divorce you?"

"No, I asked her if she did," Vic blinked his blue eyes innocently. "I can take it, Horace. So don't worry, please."

"But I do worry. Nobody's going to forget this, Vic. Nobody's going to feel the same toward Melinda—ever again."

"Well, I'll try my best to do something about that," Vic said tolerantly.

When Vic went home that evening, Melinda said, "Trixie's bringing home stories, too. She says all her little friends in school think you did it. She says their parents think so."

"I doubt that," Vic said, picking up the evening paper.

"She went to a party at Janey Peterson's this afternoon. She should come back with some fine stories tonight," Melinda said, sitting down so hard on the couch that some of her glass of Scotch and water spilled.

The movement blew a roll of gray dust into view under the sofa. Vic looked at it with amusement.

"I believe I'll do some vacuuming before dinner," he announced pleasantly, and went to the closet for the vacuum cleaner.

He whistled as he worked, enjoying the swift disappearance of the dust rolls under the sofa, of the square of fine dust that he found when he moved the armchair. Melinda was a rather spotty house-cleaner, and for some reason she had

never wanted a maid. But she could be depended on to keep him in his favorite pipe tobacco, even though he smoked his pipe irregularly and the tobacco had to be ordered from New York. A package had come only last week, which she must have ordered during the De Lisle affair. She had a few nice qualities, after all, which people like Horace and Phil occasionally forgot, though Vic from time to time took the trouble to remind them. Vic drew his stomach in, did deep knee bends to reach under the bookcase, and stretched up tall to get the top of the curtains with the brush appliance. He liked exercise when he did something useful with it. Melinda's incongruously brooding, sullen face made him smile all the more. He was still vacuuming when Ed Peterson arrived with Trixie.

"Can I offer you a beer? Some iced tea? A drink?" Vic asked him. It was a fine picture that he and Melinda made, and Vic knew it: he in shirt sleeves, vacuuming the living room, and Melinda on the sofa with a highball.

Peterson looked around a little awkwardly, then smiled. "No, thanks. I'll be going on." But before he turned to the door, his eyes drifted everywhere, as if he could read in a corner of the room, in the disarray of magazines on the cocktail table, the real explanation of the Van Allen scandal.

Vic walked with Peterson out to his car, then came back. "My goodness," he said to Melinda, "couldn't you say good night to the man? It's not very good for your public relations."

"Mine are all right. But I think you ought to know that the whole town's wise to you. You ought to hear the Wilsons."

"I don't care to hear them," Melinda had been over to see the Wilsons, and she had reported their gossip to him.

Trixie was listening, wide-eyed. "Janey said the Wilsons came over to see her mother and dad and the Wilsons think you killed Charley."

"Well, I didn't," Vic said to her. "You'd better take your hath."

"Run it for me."

Vic went into the bathroom and started running her tub. Two minutes later, Trixie came in, slipped out of her robe and stepped into the tub without even testing the temperature of the water.

"Daddy?"

"What?"

"Didn't you drown Charley?"

"No, honey. If I'd drowned him, I'd be put in prison. Don't you know that?"

She stared at him solemnly for a moment, then her eyes slurred off, very like Melinda's. She didn't want to believe that he hadn't done it. In that little blonde head was no moral standard whatsoever, at least not about a matter

as big as murder. She wouldn't so much as steal a piece of chalk from school. Vic knew, but murder was something else. She saw it or heard of it in the comic books every day, saw it on television at Janey's house, and it was something exciting and even heroic when the good cowboys did it in Westerns. She wanted him to be a hero, a good guy, somebody who wasn't afraid. And he had just cut himself down by several inches.

"I still think you drowned him," Trixie said. "You're just telling me you didn't."

About ten days later, when the bank statement came in, Vic noticed that about two hundred dollars more than usual had been withdrawn, by Melinda, of course. It was then that he started to wonder if she had hired a private detective to watch him, or to make inquiries.

He began to look around for a new face in Little Wesley, a face that might betray a particular interest in him.

Twice Vic happened to see Wilson in town. Both times Wilson gave him a sneaking smile and what might have been called a long look, and both times Vic called out, "Hi! How are you?" with a broad smile.

Then one afternoon, June Wilson came to the printing plant. She looked nervous and embarrassed. Without any preliminaries, she said, "I came here to tell you that I don't approve of what my husband is doing. And I—I'm very ashamed of the way he's acting."

Vic smiled at her. "Yes, I've heard what he thinks, I can't say that it bothers me very much."

"It's very nice of you to say that. But it bothers me because it's unjust, and we haven't been in this town very long, and it's going to make people hate us."

"I don't hate you," Vic said.

"I don't know why you don't. Well, people are beginning to hate Don. He's talking to people who're your friends—most of them. And either they drop us then and there, or they label Don as cracked or something like that. I wanted to apologize to you—for my husband."

"Oh," Vic said deprecatingly. "There's no harm done. Except to your husband, probably. But it's very nice of you to come here to tell me this."

"I suppose we'll weather it," she said sadly.

"Who's we?"

"Don and I."

Vic walked behind his desk, his hands in his pockets, pleasantly conscious of the fact that there was no bulge at all at his waistline now. Trixie had even had to take the braided belt back to school and shorten it by about four inches. "Would you and Don like to come for a drink some evening? Friday?"

June Wilson lifted her face in surprise.

"Why, yes. Do you really mean it?" She was so pleased, she blushed.

"Of course. I mean it," Vic said. "How about around seven Friday?"

The Wilsons came at a casual twenty past seven on Friday. Don made his greeting to Melinda in the same tone that he used to Vic, but his wife was not so secretive. She had a big smile for Vic. Don chose the middle of the sofa, where he sat slouched, in unpressed trousers and an old jacket with leather patches on the elbows, in an attitude of exaggerated nonchalance. Vic had the drinks ready.

"Don's working in his head tonight," his wife volunteered. "He'll probably be very quiet, but don't mind."

"How're you liking the town?" Vic asked him.

"Oh, fine," Don said.

Melinda, on the other hand, was making it very hard for June to talk to her. Vic fixed a second round of drinks as soon as he could. He thought that Don Wilson might loosen up if he got him alone, so he proposed a tour of the estate.

Don dragged himself up by sections, still wearing the insulting smile. *I'm* not afraid to take a turn around the grounds with a murderer, he might have been saying.

Vic took him into the garage first. He pointed out his snails and talked about their eggs and their rate of reproduction with a malevolent fervor when he saw that Don Wilson was mildly disgusted by them. He talked about prodding them in races and making them go over razor blades stood on edge, though he had never tried racing them in his life. Then he told Don about his bedbug experiment. "I'm sorry I can't show you the bedbugs," Vic said, "but I turned them loose after the experiment was over."

Don Wilson stared at Vic's herbs, at the neat rows of power saws, hammers and chisels, murderous instruments all.

"This is where I sleep," Vic said as they passed his room, though he was sure Don had heard about his separate quarters.

Vic discoursed for at least ten minutes on the glacial origin of a rise of ground near the brook behind the house, and of certain stones which he picked up from the brook's bed. Then he launched into the arboreal life around them, careful to keep his enthusiasm on the brink of hysteria, of aberration.

"You must be a very happy man," Don said with sarcasm.

"Life's been very good to me," Vic said. "I was lucky enough to be born with an income, which helps, of course."

Don nodded, his jaw set. It was easy to see that he hated people with incomes.

"What do you think killed Charley De Lisle?"

"What do I think? I don't know. I suppose cramps."

"Is that all?"

"You seem to share an opinion with my wife that I killed him," Vic said.

"I do." Don Wilson's dark eyes bored into him, or tried to. "Could you take a lie detector test?"

"I'd certainly be willing to. Some people thought I killed Malcolm McRae, too, I hear."

"I didn't. But I thought it was a peculiar story to be spreading around."

Don said, mouthing the word "peculiar." "You're an odd man, Mr. Van Allen."

"You're a rude one," Vic said, smiling with deliberate blandness.

"Mr. Van Allen, I don't care what you think of me."

"That feeling is mutual."

Vic waited, but Don said nothing. "Shall we rejoin the ladies?"

Vic could sense a subtle backing down in Don Wilson. For all his aggression, the evening was not going to him.

"How about you people staying for dinner?" Vic proposed affably to June as he and Don came into the living room.

June Wilson would have stayed, but Melinda gave Vic no support, so June said she thought they had better not this time. The Wilsons trickled out the door, with backward glances from June and promises to telephone very soon.

"Doesn't Don ever talk?" Vic asked Melinda when they were alone. "I couldn't get a word out of him."

Vic tried, not very successfully, to determine where his relationship with Melinda was going and where he wanted it to go. He wanted her to himself, he realized, but he felt as if he could get along without her or any other woman, physically, for the rest of his life. That wasn't normal or conventional of him, he supposed, but normality was a statistical myth, anyway. He had always been simply himself, he thought, and he was rather proud of that in a country in which most people strove to be as nearly like the statistical norm as possible. He and Melinda had certainly been in love with each other and had loved each other, once. Perhaps love was the wrong word now, but there was no word for the way he felt about Melinda, for that combination of loathing and devotion that they both felt for each other.

He was really more concerned with the fact that his murder of De Lisle had made him a hypocrite. He was enjoying the friendships he knew he would not have if his friends knew the truth, and this was fully as disturbing to him as the fact that he had committed a murder. The latter fact did not disturb him

morally so much as intellectually: what had pushed him across the line from fancy to fact? Had his fantasy of having killed McRae so hardened him that he had been able to kill more or less in cold blood once the stage was set? And would he do it again under the right circumstances?

One Sunday afternoon, while he and Trixie were having an unorthodox game of croquet on the lawn, Melinda drove up in her car with a tall blond man whom Vic had never seen before. She introduced him as Mr. Carpenter, and said that she had overheard him in the drugstore asking about a house to rent, and that she had offered to drive him out to see a couple of houses which she knew were free. Melinda's overcareful explanation of how she happened to be in his company gave Vic his first suspicion. The man might be a detective.

"Mr. Carpenter's a psychotherapist," Melinda said. "He's going to be working at Kennington for a few weeks."

"Oh? That's interesting. We're very proud of Kennington around here," Vic said, smiling. Kennington was a psychiatric institute near Wesley, noted for a small distinguished staff and for its home-like atmosphere. But Mr. Carpenter was looking at him, Vic thought, with a little too much interest, even for a psychotherapist. "What about the place De Lisle had?" Vic asked boldly. "Wouldn't that be free now?"

Mr. Carpenter looked at Melinda, and there was nothing about his expression to betray that he had ever heard of De Lisle.

"Y-yes," Melinda said dubiously. "We might ask about that." But she didn't sound as if she would.

"Well, I appreciate your help," Mr. Carpenter said to Melinda. "I think I should be getting back to my car."

"Oh, yes, he left his car in front of the drugstore," Melinda said.

Vic was looking at Carpenter's loose tweed jacket, wondering if the bulge under his arm could be a shoulder holster, or if it was a bulge at all. It might be only a fold in the cloth. He was between thirty and thirty-five, Vic thought, rugged and big-boned. There was a certain veneer of the scholar about him, but only a veneer. His was the face of a man of action. "Well, my wife has a real genius for getting people settled," Vic said with an affectionate smile at Melinda. "Let her help you."

Vic went back to his game with Trixie. Melinda returned in a very short time, too short for her to have taken Carpenter by De Lisle's old house.

"Mr. Carpenter seems to be a nice fellow," Vic remarked that evening. He was sitting in his armchair, reading the *World*

Almanac. He was reading about the antidotes for arsenic poisoning.

"He is. He's got a lot of brains. The kind of man you'd like to talk to, I should think."

"Well, let's see more of him."

On Monday, Vic called Kennington Institute from his office. Yes, they had a Mr. Carpenter there. Mr. Harold Carpenter. He was not always at the Institute, but they could take a message. "Is this in regard to a house?" the voice asked.

"Yes. I haven't found anything for him yet, but I wanted to keep in touch. Thank you." He hung up before the voice could ask him what real estate company he represented.

Mr. Carpenter and Melinda were playing their hand carefully, Vic thought, if Mr. Carpenter really was a detective. Even after a week, Vic wasn't sure, and he had seen Mr. Carpenter two or three more times. Once they had taken him to cocktails at the Mellers', and it was there that Vic noticed that Melinda deliberately paid more than necessary attention to Carpenter. Vic smiled at both of them, with a benign good humor. What were they trying to do?

Carpenter had taken De Lisle's former house, after all. It made a good conversation piece, Vic supposed. "Where are you staying?" was a question everybody put to a newcomer like Carpenter, and then he was launched. Vic supposed that within two weeks, Carpenter had heard a score of opinions on the De Lisle tragedy.

"Have you met Don Wilson?" Vic asked Carpenter one Saturday afternoon when he had dropped by to borrow Vic's hedge shears.

"No," Carpenter replied wonderingly.

"I'm sure you will. My wife sees the Wilsons quite often. You might enjoy him." Vic had no doubt that Carpenter had met Don. Don might have gone to New York to hire him for Melinda.

The next bank statement again showed another drop of about two hundred dollars, taken out in cash. It was curious to think that the cash might be in Carpenter's pockets, that the ten dollar bill that Carpenter had used to buy a bottle of champagne on the evening of Melinda's birthday might have come from the Van Allen account. Vic ran into Carpenter in Wesley on the afternoon of Melinda's birthday, and spontaneously invited him to dinner. The Mellers had been invited, too. The evening was uneventful except for one thing: Horace called Vic out on the lawn and told him that he had talked to Carpenter about the psychology department at Columbia University, which Horace was familiar with through his work, and that Carpenter hadn't known

anybody there, though he had said that he studied there last year.

"I have the feeling he's some kind of a spy, Vic," Horace said. "He also asked me some questions about you and De Lisle that I thought were in bad taste."

"Really? Well, he's welcome to anything he can find out."

But nothing happened. Carpenter didn't make a move. And Vic's strong suspicion that he was paying for Carpenter's protracted stay was irksome to say the least. Vic kept his temper until one afternoon he saw Don Wilson and Ralph Gosden walking along the street.

"Hello, there," Vic said with a smile as he approached them. "By the way, you both know Harold Carpenter, don't you?"

Ralph was taken aback, but Wilson mumbled that he had met him.

"I bet you have," Vic said. "Did you hire him? What agency does he work for?"

Wilson's black eyebrows came down. "I don't know what you're talking about. He told me he was at Ken—"

"He's a private detective and you know it, don't you, Wilson? In fact, wasn't it you who went to New York to hire him? Or did you, Ralph?" he asked, looking at Ralph. "On second thought,

you wouldn't have the courage. You just watch, don't you, Ralph?"

"What's the matter, Vic? Is he seeing too much of your wife?" Ralph chimed in. "Why don't you kill him?"

"Shut up, Ralph," Wilson said.

Neither of you wants to tell me what agency he works for? Well, I can get it out of Melinda. She doesn't think I know anything yet. You may decide soon that you'd better move, Wilson."

"Oh, stop playing God, Vic!" Ralph said. "Do you think you own this town?"

"There're names for people like you, Ralph. Do you want me to call you a few of them?" Vic asked him.

"You know my names for you, Vic," Wilson said. "I told you to your face."

"You're a brave man, Wilson. Why haven't you the courage to tell me what agency Carpenter works for?"

"I've got the courage. It's the Confidential Detective Service in Manhattan."

"Confidential!" Vic put his head back and laughed.

Wilson backed away to leave. "Let's go, Ralph."

"Confidential. Thanks," Vic said. "I'll call them this afternoon. Tell me, Wilson, didn't you pick him out?"

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A MASK OF INNOCENCE (continued)

Wilson glanced back, but he didn't speak. He didn't have to.

As soon as he got home, Vic telephoned the Confidential Detective Service—Melinda was out, probably lunching with Carpenter—and asked that the services of Harold Carpenter, or of the man who was going by that name on his present job, be discontinued. The man at the agency asked if there were any complaints about him.

"Oh, no, except that the man he's supposed to be investigating knows that he's a detective and isn't letting anything out."

"Oh, I see. Is this Mr. Wilson?"

"No, it is not. This is Victor Van Allen, the man he's supposed to be watching. So I suggest you call him off, because I'm paying the bill, and if this nonsense keeps on, I'm going to stop payment, and I don't think the money'll come from anywhere else. Do you understand?"

"Yes, Mr. Van Allen."

"Good. If there're any further hills, you may send them to me direct, if you care to. And send Mr. Carpenter a wire about this, will you? I'll pay for that."

Melinda came in at seven-thirty that evening, after cocktailing with Harold, she said. Vic asked her if he had gotten his telegram.

"What telegram?"

"The telegram from the Confidential Detective Service taking him off this job."

Melinda's mouth opened. "What do you know about it?"

"Wilson spilled the beans. What's the matter with Wilson, anyway? Why doesn't he stick to his typewriter?"

"What did he tell you?" Melinda asked in consternation.

"I ran into Wilson and Ralph on the street," Vic began patiently, "and I simply asked them if Carpenter was a detective. A more terrified, silly looking pair I've never seen. Anyway, I'm tired of paying the bills, so I called up the agency and had him taken off this job."

Melinda stalked into the kitchen. She was going to get drunk, Vic knew. "Want a drink?" she called to him.

"No, thanks."

"You're so healthy these days," she said sarcastically as she came into the living room with her glass. "The picture of health and physical fitness. Well, it may interest you to know that Mr. Carpenter is a psychiatrist. He may not have graduated from anywhere, but he knows a few things. He says you're a borderline case of schizophrenia."

"Oh," Vic said. "Tell him I said he was a borderline. Nothing more. He's something betwixt and between, something you step over and forget."

"Daddy, what's schizophrenia mean?"

Trixie asked. She was sitting on the floor.

"It's an enlightening conversation for the child," Melinda said mincingly.

"She's heard worse." Vic cleared his throat. "Schizophrenia, hon, is a mental disease characterized by a loss of contact with one's environment and by a splitting or dissolution of the personality. Sometimes people act like two or more different people at different times. Understand? And it looks like your old Daddy's got it."

"A-aw," Trixie said, as if he were kidding her. "How do you know?"

"Because Mr. Carpenter says I have it."

"How does Mr. Carpenter know?" Trixie asked, grinning.

"Because Mr. Carpenter is a psychiatrist."

"What's a psychiatrist?"

"Oh, for gosh sake, stop it, Vic!" Melinda said.

But Trixie went on asking questions while Vic fixed dinner, questions about psychological terms, mostly. It was difficult to explain to Trixie what consciousness was, but he told her that when people had had too much to drink and apparently fell asleep on the sofa, they were suffering from the loss of it.

Vic promised Melinda that he would not tell anyone that she had hired a detective to investigate him. He knew it would embarrass her. He felt very sorry for her in her hour of defeat.

"Would you like a divorce from me," he asked her, "if I gave you a very substantial income?"

"No."

"But what's all this coming to?" he asked, feeling suddenly the soul of logic. "You hate me. You treat me as an enemy. You get a detective after me—"

"Yes, because you killed Charley. You know it as sure as you're sitting there."

"Darling, I just didn't. Now come to your senses."

"Everybody *knows* you did it. Harold thinks so. Ralph thinks so and so does Don."

"Why don't they prove it?" he asked gently.

"Give them time. They'll prove it. Or I will. I'm not finished with you yet. I'd like to destroy you."

He sighed. "It's been done. There's always arsenic in the soup, but my taste buds are pretty good. Then there's—"

"I didn't mean kill you. You're so—nuts. I don't suppose you'd mind that very much. I'd like to smash your lousy ego!"

"Haven't you? Darling, what more could you do than what you've been doing? What do you think I'm living on?"

"I think you're living on ego."

A laugh bubbled up in him. "Not ego. Just the pieces of myself that I can put together again. Will power, if you like, but not ego. How could I have any?"

Don Wilson and his wife moved to Wesley less than two weeks after Vic's encounter with him on the street. Vic saw it as a disorderly withdrawal.

Somehow—Vic supposed through Ralph—the story of the detective had leaked out. Ralph must have fired a poorly aimed shot, Vic thought, telling people that Victor Van Allen had been tailed by a detective for five weeks, just because he was "suspect." Ralph's idea must have been to arouse public opinion against him, if he could, but Vic's reputation had held. The repercussion was curious, as if a glass cannonball had hit a stone wall and shattered in fragments, some of which had been picked up by the townspeople—pieces of a story out of which they could not make a whole. Who had hired the detective, for instance? Had there even *been* a detective? And did anybody really dare to suspect Victor Van Allen of murder? Horace knew the story better than anyone, but even he did not venture to say now, or venture to ask Vic, whether Melinda had hired the detective or not. Vic knew he suspected it, but it was as if it were too shameful to talk about, would have been too painful for Vic to answer "Yes" to, if Horace had asked him.

Melinda was sullenly drunk, more or less, for two weeks, but Vic felt more cheerful and benign than ever. He bought Trixie a boxer puppy. Trixie had wanted a dog for years, and Melinda had always argued against one. Vic thought that had gone on long enough. Pretending to be irritated by the puppy in the house, Melinda spent a great deal of time at the Wilsons' in Wesley, and Vic supposed that Ralph was often there, too. They were the only people Melinda could see without being treated with a coolness.

Vic and Melinda went to another dance at the club in October, the "Leaf Night" dance that yearly welcomed autumn to Little Wesley. Vic had not much wanted to go, but once he was there, commencing his usual solitary patrol of the sidelines, he began to enjoy himself. He supposed he had momentarily, at home, doubted his own aplomb. He had not really known how much to believe of what Trixie had told him about the talk of her little friends' parents. There was surely no change in Mrs. Podnansky—he had fished a dead squirrel out of her well for her about a month ago—and the MacPhersons seemed as warm as ever.

"You're so much slimmer!" Jennie MacPherson said with admiration. "Did you go on a diet? Tell me about it!"

For a while, Vic sat with Horace at the long bar that curved around one side of the room. Ralph Gosden had joined Melinda. Vic saw, and was talking with her and a thick-set man with whom Melinda had danced several times that evening. Ralph was gazing at Melinda with his old fatuous smile. Then Melinda and the other man began dancing.

A few minutes later, Melinda brought her dancing partner over to meet them. "Vic, I'd like you to meet Mr. Anthony Cameron. Mr. Cameron, my husband. And Mr. Meller, a great friend of ours."

They exchanged how-do-you-do's.

"Mr. Cameron's a contractor. He's up here to look for some land to build a house on," Melinda said. "I thought you two might have some suggestions."

Mr. Cameron grinned good-naturedly. He had staring, pale blue eyes whose smallness contrasted with the bulk of the rest of him. He was at least six feet tall, and his head looked square and huge, as if it were made of something other than the usual flesh and bone. Horace told him about a section near Little Wesley which had not yet been built on.

"I've looked at it and it's not high enough to suit my client," Mr. Cameron said in his loud voice, smiling at Melinda afterward as if he had uttered a *bon mot*.

"There's not much high land around here unless you actually take to the mountains," Vic said.

"Well, we may do that!" Mr. Cameron rubbed his heavy hands together.

They talked about the fishing possibilities of the region. Mr. Cameron said he was a great fisher and boasted of always coming home with a full creel. He demonstrated his technique with a couple of full swings of his arms. Horace was beginning to eye him with distaste.

"Can I offer you a drink?" Vic said.

"No, no thanks. Never touch it!" Mr. Cameron said, beaming. He had small, regular teeth, each one like the other. "Well, this is a great party tonight, isn't it?" He looked at Melinda. "Want to dance again?"

Both Vic and Horace were a little too polite to make a comment after he had gone. They began to talk about something else.

The next afternoon, while Vic was in the garage cleaning his snail aquaria, Mr. Cameron walked up in shirt sleeves. "Anybody home?" Mr. Cameron asked cheerfully.

Vic was a bit startled, not having heard a car arrive. "Well, I am. My wife's still asleep, I think."

"Oh, Well, I was just passing by your road, and your wife said any time I was in the neighborhood to drop in. So here I am!"

Vic didn't know what to say.

"What've you got there in that tank?" "Snails. Just a minute. I'll see if my wife's up." He started for the house door.

Melinda sprang out of bed when Vic told her that she had a gentleman caller. "Why don't you ask him in?"

"I don't want to ask him in," Vic said. He went back to the garage.

Mr. Cameron was bending over the snails. "Look like they'd be good to eat."

"They are. Delicious," Vic said, though he would not have eaten one of his snails for a considerable sum of money.

"Reminds me of New Orleans. Ever been to New Orleans?"

"Yes," Vic said with finality. "I wish you wouldn't take the screen off, if you don't mind. They crawl out very easily."

Mr. Cameron straightened up and slid the screen top back with a carelessness that made Vic wince, because he felt sure a baby snail or two must have been crushed. Mr. Cameron probably hadn't seen the tiny baby snails. His eyes didn't focus that small.

Mr. Cameron stayed for brunch at four o'clock, and then for dinner at nine, both of which meals Vic prepared single-handed. He drank nine cans of beer. During what might have been called the cocktail hour, when the Idaho potatoes were baking and the biggest steak Vic had been able to find in the freezing compartment was thawing on the drain-board, Mr. Cameron stood up suddenly and announced that he had a treat for them. "I'll be right back! I just want to get something from my bike!" He cycled around on his job, he said, for exercise.

"I wish you wouldn't laugh so hard at his damned stories," Vic said. "It's a bit late to mention it, I suppose."

"And maybe I enjoy his stories," Melinda replied in an ominously calm voice. "I think he's a very *real guy*."

Vic could say nothing, because Mr. Cameron was back, with a clarinet in his hand. He asked for Mozart's *Clarinet Concerto in A*, and Vic looked for it and found it for him.

"Let's try the second movement!" Mr. Cameron said, lifting the horn to his lips and beginning to tootle. His fingers looked like splayed bananas on the chromium keys. Benny Goodman was coming in now, and so was Mr. Cameron. Mr. Cameron was louder. He closed his little eyes and swayed like an elephantine Pan. There was not a single mistake. There was just no quality.

"You're marvelous!" Melinda cried.

There followed the slow movement of the *Third Brandenburg Concerto*, the second movement of Mozart's *Twenty-third Piano Concerto*, and then the second movement of Beethoven's *Fifth*

Symphony. He took the clarinet to the table with him. Decibels of vocal cords, laughter, or the clarinet burst from him constantly. He emanated noise.

"I've had it," Vic murmured to Melinda after the dinner. "Can you manage the dishes? I'm going into my room where it's quiet."

"Please do," Melinda said fuzzily. She had been drinking for six hours.

Vic went to his room and tried to immerse himself in a thick folder of poems by a young man named Brian Ryder. Vic intended to publish about a hundred of his best poems, and Ryder was coming up for a weekend soon to discuss which poems should be printed. Vic succeeded in keeping out the duet of Melinda on the piano and Mr. Cameron on the clarinet while he was reading, but when he stopped reading, it intruded again. Mr. Cameron's happy guffaws came clearly through Vic's partly opened window.

"Pachyderm," Vic muttered to himself.

Overnight, Melinda developed a taste for contracting. In the evening, during dinner, she talked all the time now, talked about ground rises, drainage, and how to find water tables.

"Do you mean simply water?" Vic asked. "There's a water table everywhere."

"No, there isn't. There's a water table where there's water."

"A water table is the upper limit of ground that is saturated with water. Every kind of ground has its water table. There's a water table in the Sahara Desert, it just happens to be pretty low."

Melinda said nothing for a while. When she spoke again it was about the rising price of cement.

On Thursday evening, the evening that Vic and Melinda were to go to the Mellers' for a barbecue dinner, Melinda came in at seven with Tony Cameron. Cameron was all dressed up in a white suit and white shoes.

"Tony's going with us," Melinda said



gaily. "I've just called up the Mellers and it's all right to bring him."

Vic asked to speak with her for a minute in the kitchen. She came with him. He closed the swinging door of the kitchen, and asked her, for the Mellers' sake, not to take Cameron to their house.

"If he's going, I'm not," Vic said.

"What're the Mellers going to think?" Melinda asked a little blankly.

"I don't know. You'll just have to wait and see," Vic said with a smile that was mainly an effort to relax himself, because Melinda was not going to be deterred.

He didn't go with them, and just as he feared, his absence brought a visit from Horace. Horace called on him at six-thirty the next evening, when Vic was still at the plant.

"What happened to you last night?" Horace asked. "We called you at home. You didn't answer."

Vic felt himself flush as if he had been caught out in a serious lie. He had heard the telephone ring, and he had not answered it. "I took a walk after Melinda left. How was the barbecue?"

"Oh, it was fine." Horace was looking at him, scrutinizing him. "Can I say it straight this time, Vic? I don't like this Cameron, and I don't like the way he acts around Melinda. And I don't like the way you're just taking a back seat again, waiting for things to blow over."

"Well, don't they usually?" Vic asked, smiling, but he felt uncomfortable.

"You weren't there last night, Vic. Melinda got pretty tight and said several things—such as that she thought Cameron was the answer to her prayer. Cameron acts as if he thinks he is, too. And I got the impression he's thinking of taking her away."

"Taking her away?" Vic asked with astonishment, some of which was genuine.

"His next job is in Mexico, and he has two airplane tickets to Mexico City—or so he said. I don't think he was drunk—except with his own power. But Melinda was talking about going to the ends of the earth with him and that kind of thing. Why don't you tell him where to head in, Vic?"

"It's news to me. I hadn't heard any of that," Vic said.

"Well, you should have. You're partly to blame, Vic. What real effort have you made to get back with Melinda on any kind of basis after the De Lisle affair?"

Vic's mind teetered on the two meanings of the word "affair" before he could shape his answer. "I have tried," he said.

"As far as I know, you're still living in your own part of the house," Horace said, hiding his embarrassment in an aggressive tone. "You're young, Vic. Thirty-five, aren't you? Melinda's still

younger. What sort of marriage *do* you expect to have with her? You'll wake up some morning and find her gone!"

"I don't care to manage her," Vic said.

"I never did. She's a free human being."

Horace looked at him, puzzled. "You're just giving up? You may lose her."

"All right, Horace. I'll have a little talk with her about Mr. Cameron."

"It'll take more than talking. Either you change your attitude—or else."

The robin was cheeping out the back door again, but this time Vic did not go to see what he wanted.

"I'll be going, Vic," Horace said abruptly. "I didn't mean to blow my top, but I think I'm really glad I did. Maybe you'll take this one seriously." Then he went out and closed the door.

A sensation like fear came over Vic as soon as he was alone. It crossed his mind that Horace hadn't commented on the copy of Xenophon that Vic had sent to him and Mary as a little gift to forestall Horace's buying it, as he had said he was going to do. Vic gathered some papers that he wanted to take home, and locked the door behind him. Horace's car was just disappearing down the road. Vic got into his own car. A cool tingle went up Vic's spine into the back of his neck. Then he swallowed and deliberately relaxed his hands on the wheel. He knew what the trouble was. He had not allowed himself really to think about Cameron, except to think that Cameron would be gone in another few weeks, and that probably there had been nothing very serious between him and Melinda, and that there wouldn't be. Cameron had an almost appealing naïveté and candor about him. He was not really the kind who would do anything dishonorable behind a husband's back and then accept his hospitality. But by the same token, Cameron meant what he said, and he had apparently said to Horace that he was going to take Melinda away. Cameron was the kind who would take her away, wait for a divorce, and then marry her properly. It was this that Vic had not allowed himself to think about. He hadn't, for instance, admitted to himself that Cameron was Melinda's type. It was rather an overwhelming realization.

If only Brian Ryder weren't coming tomorrow. A stranger in the house would make the situation still more awkward.

Vic picked Brian Ryder up at the railroad station in Wesley the next morning. He was twenty-four, a pleasant, intense young man who conducted a creative writing course in a college in New York State.

Melinda stared at Brian, but had nothing to say to him. Vic was aware that Brian sensed the atmosphere in the house, and he took the young man into

his room as soon as possible to go over his poems.

Cameron came for dinner.

"I'd have taken your wife out to dinner, Vic," Cameron said with a grin. "but she insisted on coming home to you."

The crassness of it left Vic speechless. Brian had heard him. From then on, Vic noticed, Brian spent most of the evening simply watching Cameron and Melinda with a speculative expression on his face. After dinner, Cameron stretched himself and said he thought he'd maybe take Melinda out for a little dance somewhere, since Vic and Brian had some talking to do. Vic plunged into conversation with Brian as soon as they had left, so Brian would not have the chance to ask him any questions, but in the young man's face Vic imagined that he could see his mind hanging onto questions tenaciously—questions like the astonished "You sleep here?" on seeing his room this morning, the thoughtless, brutal questions of a child.

"Your wife's a very attractive woman." Brian said during a lull in their talking.

"Do you think so?" Vic asked, smiling, and then without a pause began to speak of something else.

The next day, while Brian was out for a walk, Vic told Melinda that he did not want Cameron in the house that evening. "I have to talk to Brian, and I don't want his voice coming in the window, even if I talk to Brian in my room."

"Oh? And what're you going to do if I bring him here anyway?"

"I'm going to ask him to leave."

"Isn't this my house, too?"

There were so many replies to this, Vic could make none of them. "I'll ask him to leave. He'll leave all right."

"If you do, I'll divorce you."

"And what brought this on?" Vic asked, feeling the cool terror again along his spine. "Mr. Cameron?"

"I think he's a lot nicer than you are. We get along fine."

"There's more to life than getting along."

"It helps!"

They stared at each other.

"Well, does the alimony offer still hold?" she asked.

"I never go back on my word."

"Okay, I'll start things moving tomorrow."

"All right. You can accuse me of adultery."

"By the way, how *much* alimony did you mean?" Melinda asked.

He forced himself to think. "Fifteen thousand a year? You won't have to support Trixie on it. I'll be glad to have her." He could see her calculating. "And Cameron isn't exactly a pauper, is he?"

"He's a wonderful, a real *man*," she

replied, as if he had called him a cad.

But Cameron came that evening, anyway. The afternoon and evening became a shambles. Brian had gone out for a drive with Melinda in the afternoon, and on some unpoetic impulse had bought her a suckling pig to prepare for dinner. There was a revolting outlay of food on the table, as if Melinda had tried to cook everything she could find in the kitchen. And Vic was upset, anyway, because of a stupid argument he had gotten into with Cameron before dinner about his snails. Cameron had wanted to go get about three dozen of them as a first course, and Vic had had to tell him, emphatically, that the snails were not for eating. Melinda had abetted Cameron in insisting on the snails, too, though Brian had grasped that they were pets of Vic's, and Brian had also known that snails had to be deprived of food for two days before eating. Finally, Melinda had laughed and said, "Tony, darling, we're all kidding you! Vic wouldn't let anybody eat his snails. It'd be like eating his own flesh and blood!"

By ten-thirty the next morning, a Monday, Vic, Brian, Trixie, and the boxer puppy, Roger, were on the road to Wesley in Vic's car to meet Brian's eleven o'clock train. Trixie's school was competing in a glee club contest, and she didn't have to be at school until eleven to board a bus that was taking the Highland School glee club to Ballinger. Vic dropped her off at the Highland School gates, promised to be in Ballinger at noon to hear her, then drove on to the station in Wesley.

They had five minutes or so before Brian's train was due. On the platform, Brian suddenly whipped his hand out of his pocket and said, "I'd like to give you these. They belonged to my father." He dropped a pair of bloodstone cuff links, set in gold, into Vic's palm. "I hope you'll take them. You're the first person to publish me—and I don't think any publisher in the world would have taken the trouble with me that you have."

Brian would be disappointed if he didn't take them. "Well, thank you, Brian. I feel very honored. I'll take good care of them."

Then the train pulled in, and the boy was gone.

Vic put the cuff links into his jacket pocket and walked back to his car, starting to wonder if Melinda was up yet, if she was going to see a lawyer in Ballinger or Wesley about the divorce, and if Cameron was going to be present at the lawyer's. As he drove back through the main street of Wesley, Vic looked around for Wilson. He saw Cameron. Cameron was about to cross the street a few yards ahead of him, and not really knowing what he was about, Vic drove on

and brought his car to a stop near him.

"Hi, there!" Vic called cheerfully. "Need a lift?"

"Well, hi!" Cameron yelled back. "No, my car's right across the street."

Vic glanced over. Melinda was not in the car. "If you've got a few minutes—get in and let's have a little chat."

Cameron's smile collapsed suddenly, and then as if he thought he ought to get in and face it like a man, he gave his belt a hitch and said, "Sure."

Vic moved the car off slowly after Cameron had gotten in. He had decided not to mention Melinda, even in the most casual way. He had decided to take Mr. Cameron to the quarry. It had come into his mind all at once, just after he had said, "If you've got a few minutes . . ." Vic was suddenly calm and collected. "How about driving out to that quarry I mentioned to you the other day? It's only about five minutes from here."

"Oh, yeah. The one they abandoned?"

"Yes. The owner died, and nobody else came along before the machinery rusted. It's quite something to see. An enterprising man could still do something with it."

Vic turned off into a dirt road, and then at a certain place, invisible until one was upon it, turned into a rutty lane so narrow that the trees brushed the sides of his car as they moved through. He pulled onto the flat between the edge of the woods and the abyss of the quarry, and

stopped the car. They got out and Roger hopped out with them. The quarry spread before them, an impressive excavation of about a quarter of a mile in length and half that in depth. At the bottom of the quarry lay a lake, most of its rim made of the neat, right-angled blocks of limestone that the engineers had cut.

"Sa-a-a-ay, that's colossal!" Cameron said. "I had no idea it was this big!"

Vic and Melinda and Trixie had often come to this spot in the past to picnic, and Vic told Cameron so, but he did not add that they had stopped coming because it was too nerve-wracking to keep watching to see that Trixie did not go too near the edge. Cameron was standing about a yard from the edge now.

"Say, I bet Ferris would've liked this color," Cameron said. "He complains that the stone we've got's too white."

Ferris was Cameron's client. Vic picked up a rock the size of his head as if to examine it. He was behind Cameron. Then he drew his arm back and threw the rock, aiming at Cameron's head, just as Cameron turned toward him.

Cameron had time to duck a fraction, and the rock glanced off the top of his head, but it staggered him back a little, nearer the brink. Cameron glowered at him like a stunned bull, and Vic—in what seemed to take a whole minute—picked up a larger rock, and running with it a step or two, launched it at Cameron. It caught Cameron in the



A MASK OF INNOCENCE (continued)

thighs, and there was a quick flail of arms, a bellowing scream whose pitch changed as Cameron dropped downward. Vic went to the edge in time to see Cameron bounce off the steep slope very near the bottom of the cliff and roll noiselessly onto a stone flat.

Vic went to his car for a rope. He had thought there was a rope in the trunk, but there wasn't. He took one of his snow chains. Then he hurried along the edge of the quarry toward a path he knew. Roger trotted along with him.

Cameron's face was obscured by blood, and there were wide patches of blood on his shirt under the tweed jacket. Vic spread the snow chain out and rolled Cameron onto it. He found a rock shaped somewhat like a flattened horse's head, and laid it on Cameron's chest. He pushed another stone partly into his trousers, and rebuckled the leather belt tightly. Then he put two other stones between Cameron's back and the snow chain, and fastened the chain as tightly as he could around them. He took a look into the water, found the darkest, deepest looking place just off the corner of the flat on which he stood, and rolled the heavy body off, careful to keep his sleeve cuffs out of the blood. After a few seconds, there was nothing but swirling bubbles to see of Cameron, but directly below, perhaps fifteen feet below, he saw a long limestone step, like a slab in a morgue, jutting out from the side of the flat. He hoped Cameron had glided off it.

Roger barked gaily, wagging his stub of a tail and looking at Vic as if to say, "Well done!"

Some bloodstains were on the stone where Cameron had lain, and he started to scuff over them with his shoe, but it seemed more important for him to get to Ballinger on time than to cover up his trail just now, so he whistled to Roger and they set off up the path again.

In less than twenty minutes, Vic was in Ballinger, in front of the square, red school building in which the grade school glee club contest was being held. It was five minutes to twelve as Vic entered.

"Hello, Vic!"

Vic turned around and saw Ed Peterson and his wife. "Hello! How's Janey? Is she well enough to sing?" Trixie had told him that Janey had the measles.

"No, and she's furious because she can't," Mrs. Peterson said. "We've just come to tell her what happens."

Vic waved a hand at them and took a seat by himself in the auditorium. He listened appreciatively to a chorus singing the lullaby from "Hansel and Gretel," then to a rollicking campfire song, and then to the Highland School glee club singing Saint-Saens' "The Swan."

"The swan—like mist has gone—with the light—the light—"

He could see Trixie. It seemed to him that she was singing in joyous celebration of Cameron's disappearance, instead of the swan's. As well she might.

Melinda was on the telephone in her room when Vic came home that evening. Her door was open, and he could hear what she was saying. "No, I haven't. Have you? . . . Gosh!" she exploded with such surprise that Vic tensed the least bit. "That's not like him at all . . . I know, Don, and I'm terribly sorry, but I've been waiting for him . . . Yes," with a sigh.

Vic supposed that the Wilsons had invited Melinda and Cameron for celebratory cocktails after they had started the divorce papers. The last "Yes" would be in answer to the question whether Vic was here. Vic had heard the same "Yes" many times before.

"Well, did you start the divorce today?" Vic asked her when she came into the living room.

She waited a long while, then said, "No, I didn't." She had a cigarette in one hand and a drink in the other.

"Is Cameron coming over tonight?"

"He might."

Vic nodded, though there was no one to see him, because Melinda had turned her back to him. "For dinner?"

Then the telephone rang again and Melinda dashed for it in her room. "Hello? . . . Oh, Mr. Ferris. No, he's not, but I'm expecting to hear from him . . . All right, I'll tell him. If you hear from him, please ask him to call me, will you?"

Vic broke a resolution he had made and asked, "Did Cameron run out?"

"He probably had to stay late somewhere," she replied.

"It's a great strain on a man, what Cameron's trying to do. He probably couldn't face it. He's probably used one of those tickets to Mexico City," Vic said, and saw Melinda stop her pacing and look at him, and he could read in her face as easily as if it were printed there that she thought it remotely possible that he had done that.

"Since you seem to be interested," she said, "he left his car in Wesley with the windows open and papers and stuff on the seat, so I doubt if he's gone to Mexico."

"Oh, Well, I'm not very interested. I just think he's run out, and I doubt very much that you'll hear from him again—Where's Trixie?"

"Taking a nap."

Just then, Trixie opened her door and ran down the hall. "Daddy!" she yelled. "Did you hear me?"

"I certainly did!" Vic said, swinging her up. "You were great!"

"But we didn't win first prize, Daddy." "Well, better luck next time. I thought it sounded very good." He set her down. "Did you feed Roger?"

"I fed him at four o'clock."

"Okay, Well, what do you say we think about feeding ourselves?"

Vic and Trixie fixed dinner for three, though Melinda refused to sit down with them. Finally, Melinda came and leaned in the doorway of the dining room with her drink.

"What did you say to Tony?" she asked.

"I didn't see Tony today."

"Didn't you see him in Wesley?"

Vic wondered if Don Wilson had happened to see them. "No."

"What did you do to him?" Melinda asked, scowling at him. "Did you kill him? Did you kill him, too?"

"Melinda, don't be absurd."

"Tony wouldn't be afraid to call me. Tony wouldn't forget. That's why I know something's happened to him, and I'm going to tell everybody—right now!" She thumped her glass down on the corner of the table, left the room, and a minute later, Vic heard the roar of her car.

He shrugged. He had no doubt she was going straight to the Wilsons in Wesley.

By the next evening, it was in the *New Wesleyan*. "Have You Seen This Man?" asked the caption over the little photograph of Cameron, Cameron's company, Pugliese-Markum Contractors, Inc., announced that they were going to make a thorough search for him.

The following morning, Melinda arrived at the Greenspur Press with a detective who introduced himself as Pete Havermal of the Star Investigation Bureau in New York. He said that a Mr. Grant Huston of Wesley had seen Cameron get into a car Vic was driving, on the main street of Wesley, between eleven and twelve on Monday morning.

Vic admitted it. He said that he had seen Cameron on the street and had stopped to ask him if he could give him a lift. "He said his car was right there, but he wanted to talk to me about something, so he got in," Vic said.

"And he told me he hadn't seen Tony that day!" Melinda said to the detective. "Uh-huh. And where did you go with him?" asked Havermal.

"Well—nowhere. We wouldn't have moved at all if we could have stayed there, but I wasn't parked. We circled a couple of blocks and he talked about—whether there would be more building around Ballinger and Wesley in the near future, because he'd been thinking of moving up here. I told him I couldn't say. There hadn't been much building around Wesley lately."

Melinda snorted. "He never mentioned

anything to me about moving up here."

"What time was that?" asked the detective.

Vic told him about eleven-fifteen. He said they talked for about fifteen minutes, and then he drove on to Ballinger. The Petersons could confirm that he had been in Ballinger a little before twelve.

"Cameron had a lunch date at one that he didn't keep." Havermal informed Vic. Havermal was a pudgy, tough-looking man in his early forties. He looked as if he could get rough.

"I don't know anything about it," Vic said. "I did notice that he seemed nervous that day, a little ill at ease."

"What about?"

"You're wasting your time!" Melinda interrupted.

"Did he say anything about what he was going to do that day?" the detective asked Vic.

"I'll tell you one thing he was going to do, Mr. Havermal," Vic said in a louder tone, letting his anger show. "He was going to meet my wife, who was going to start divorce proceedings against me for the purpose of marrying Mr. Cameron. They had airplane tickets for Mexico City. You look as if you hadn't heard that. Didn't my wife tell you? Or did she just tell you that I killed Mr. Cameron?"

Havermal looked surprised. "Is that true, Mrs. Van Allen?"

"Yes, that's true," she said, sullenly.

"I don't think there's any need to ask me or anybody else why Cameron was ill at ease with me." Vic went on. "The wonder is that he could have asked my opinion about his business or gotten in my car at all."

"Or that you would have offered him a lift," Havermal said.

Vic sighed. "I try to be polite—most of the time. Mr. Cameron has been a frequent guest at our house. Perhaps my wife told you that. I told my wife I hadn't seen him Monday, because I was sick of him, and because he'd stood my wife up on a date they'd had that evening, and she was upset and on the way to being drunk. I didn't want to discuss Cameron. I think you can understand."

Havermal kept a thoughtful silence.

"You had time to go somewhere else with him," Melinda said challengingly. "Nobody saw you leave him at his car."

"How do you know? Have you asked everybody in Wesley?" Vic continued to the detective. "I can assure you I couldn't do anything to Cameron that he didn't want me to do. He's twice my size."

"You didn't maybe tell Cameron to get out of town, did you, Mr. Van Allen?"

"I certainly did not. Neither did I mention my wife."

"Okay. I guess that's all for the moment." The detective's mouth might have been smiling, or expressing a contemptuous disbelief. "I'll be back again, Mr. Van Allen."

"Any time." Vic walked with the detective and Melinda to the door.

No doubt the detective was off to ask Melinda some questions about her relationship with Cameron. It would certainly put a different light on the story. Vic sighed and smiled, wondering what would happen next.

During the three days that followed, Havermal managed to antagonize the Mellers and the Cowans and a great many other people whom Vic knew slightly or not at all. It was Havermal's unfortunate manner. Horace summed it up when he said to Vic:

"Imagine a man sitting in your living room asking leading questions—if you don't think your best friend could get angry enough to commit murder. What does Havermal know about this situation? I told him Victor Van Allen wouldn't have bothered getting worked up about a man like Cameron. I said perhaps Mr. Cameron saw a girl he thought he'd like better than Melinda and ran off with her to another town. And I told him he'd better not spread the story about Melinda's starting divorce papers. I said I knew Melinda as well as I knew you—almost—and that she makes wild threats when she gets angry. The worst she might have done was run off with Cameron to upset you."

Mike Lazzari, the Van Allens' garbage man, who was also questioned by Havermal, reported to Vic: "I ain't interested in what Mrs. Van Allen does. I sez. I know she drinks some, that's all. You're tryin' to nail a guy for murder. *That's* pretty interestin'. I know Mr. Van Allen six years, I sez, and you won't find a nicer guy in town."

And so it went, from Vic's closest friends down to his dry cleaner.

There was an air of defeat about Melinda as Havermal's stay in Little Wesley dragged on to a week. He had cruised around Wesley, Melinda said, in a radius of the distance a car could travel and still get to Ballinger in about thirty-five minutes. Vic did not know whether he had discovered the quarry or not, and this time Vic did not push his luck by asking Melinda if he had. There were some rust stains on other rocks of the quarry that would detract from the interest of the bloodstains. And it had also rained heavily twice.

Havermal made another call on Vic at the printing plant, but he had nothing more concrete to throw at Vic than some comments that Don Wilson had made. "It's pretty funny," Havermal

said, "when a guy with a strong motive in both cases happens to be the last guy two *dead* guys are seen with."

"You mean you've found Cameron's body?" Vic asked, wide-eyed.

"Yeah, we found the body." Havermal said, watching Vic so pointedly that Vic knew it wasn't so, though he followed up with an ingenuous "Where?"

Insolently, Havermal made no answer.

Before Havermal left that day, Vic expressed his appreciation for having shown him how solid the community was in liking him and standing by him. "Not that I've ever particularly striven for the approval of the community, but it's awfully nice to know it's there. And I wouldn't have known without you."

Havermal left Little Wesley the next day, after giving it to be understood that he intended to return very soon. Vic did not think he would, however. Havermal seemed to have shot his last bolt—and missed—when he went to the editor of the *New Wesleyan* in Wesley and offered him an "inside story" implying Victor Van Allen's guilt in the tragedies of De Lisle and Cameron. The editor refused to print the story, and told Vic so.

From Havermal's departure onward, Vic began to notice a change in Melinda. She still went to see the Wilsons several times a week, Vic thought, but she was much pleasanter to him at home, even when there was nobody to witness it. Her accusations stopped. And to Vic's surprise, she paid visits to the Mellers and the Cowans and told them she realized she had made a mistake in suspecting Vic and apologized to them for her past behavior. Horace and Mary Meller both told Vic that they had the feeling she really meant it. Her new attitude made Vic uneasy. He mistrusted it.

"You know, Vic, I'm glad I didn't go away with Tony," she said quite seriously one evening. "I like you better than Charley De Lisle, too. Neither of them measured up to you."

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"What makes you suddenly think that?" he asked.

"You think so, don't you?"

"Yes, but you've never thought so. I can remember even just after we were married you couldn't make up your mind whether you'd made a mistake or whether you couldn't do any better. So your eye started roving—long before you did."

"Oh, I just stare at people," she said with a self-conscious smile. "Aren't I staring at you lately?"

"Yes. Why?"

"I have my reasons."

"I'll bet you have!" He laughed. "Melinda, what're you up to?"

She came toward him. They were in the living room, and he was sitting in his favorite armchair. "Can't we try again?" she asked, touching his hair.

He barely kept from flinching at the touch. It was insulting, he felt, considering all that had happened.

"Tomorrow's Sunday. Shall we go on a picnic somewhere with Trixie?"

"All right, Fine." He was glad when she took her hand away. He hadn't responded, hadn't even glanced at her.

He decided to proceed with caution—not be cold or unresponsive, just proceed with caution. Too often he had swallowed her little baits and found himself wriggling on a hook. All he wanted was peace in the household, he reminded himself.

An invitation to a party at one o'clock Sunday prevented Trixie from going on the picnic with them.

"Let's go to the quarry," Melinda said. "Why not, since Trixie isn't coming?"

"That's right. Why not?" he said agreeably, and spent the next few seconds reviewing the tones of her voice. Well, what if she did suspect something? He wasn't going to let it ruffle him.

They drove to the quarry and parked the car where they always did, on the flat a few yards from the edge. It was a fine, clear day, though rather windy, and they had a hard time getting a fire started, especially since kindling was scarce. Vic let his search for kindling take him to the spot where Cameron had gone over. From here he could see the right-angled inlet where he had sunk Cameron's body. The water there was half in shadow now, but so far as he could see, nothing was floating.

Melinda had brought a thermos of iced Scotch and water, and they had a drink by the fire before they opened the picnic basket. Melinda wandered with her glass to the edge of the quarry, too, and stood for a few moments looking down. He wondered if she were going to propose a walk down the path to the water, and he decided that under no circumstances would he go down. Not that the place

made him uneasy, he thought, but that there might be bloodstains and she might notice them. But at this moment, she had no plans, and evidently no lethal association had come to her from the sight of the abyss in front of her—he could tell that from her relaxed, purposeless stance—and after a while she came back to the fire. It was certainly not warm, but Melinda took off her scarf and her polo coat and spread the coat out to lie on.

"What did Tony really say to you that day he took a ride with you?" Melinda asked suddenly.

"I told you what he said."

"I don't believe it." She was staring into the fire. "I think you killed Charley and Tony, too, so why not admit it to me? I can take it."

He smiled a little, his suspicions confirmed. The purpose of her sweetness had been to make him believe she was on his side. "And then have you go to the police?"

"A wife can't testify against her husband, I've heard."

"She doesn't have to. She can."

"But I just meant—as long as I know it, why don't you admit it to me?"

"Is this all you and Wilson can dream up between you?" he asked. "It isn't good enough."

"You admit it then?" She looked at him, her eyes shining with triumph.

"No, I do not," he said quietly, though he felt anger. The anger drove him up. He walked toward the edge of the quarry, leaving his glass behind him.

The line of shadow across the inlet had shifted slightly, and there now in the twinkling water, he saw it: it was next to the step where he had pushed Cameron off, parallel with the edge of the step, just where one might have expected the corpse to rise, if it rose. It had risen.

"Vic? Don't you want anything to eat?" Melinda called.

He peered harder, not bending his body because he did not want to arouse Melinda's curiosity, but tensing himself to concentrate all the power of his eyes. One end was lower than the other. It looked rather beige, but that could be caused by the damnable twinkling of the water lightening Cameron's tweed jacket. The heaviness at one end might be the rock in his trousers. At any rate, the chain had come off.

"Vic! Come on!"

He took a last staring look, trying to estimate how conspicuous the form would be to an ordinary person, an ordinary unsuspecting person standing where he was. Anyone seeing it would look twice, however, might even go down to investigate, especially if the story of Cameron's disappearance crossed his mind.

Vic turned slowly. "Coming," he said.

They huddled by the fire and nibbled fried chicken—like a couple of prehistoric cave dwellers, Vic thought, but he wondered if even in primitive times a man and woman whose relationship was more or less marital had ever known such mistrust of each other? Vic might have proposed leaving immediately after they had had their coffee, in order to hear the radio concert he usually listened to on Sunday afternoons, but he felt this small concession to his anxiety might have weakened his morale, so he waited until Melinda herself proposed that they leave.

About a half hour after they got home, when Vic was in the living room listening to the concert, Melinda came in from her bedroom and said that she thought she had left her scarf at the quarry.

"I put it under a rock to hold it down, and I forgot it."

"Would you like me to go back for it?" he asked.

"Oh, not now, you're listening to the concert. But maybe you can get it tomorrow on your way home for lunch or something—if I don't get there first. I kind of like that scarf."

"All right, honey. I'll bring it home at lunch."

But later that evening, Melinda said, "You don't have to bring the scarf back at lunch, if you don't want to. I have a lunch date, so I won't be here at noon."

He knew she had made two telephone calls from her room that evening. "All right," he said. It didn't matter. He was going to the quarry at noon, anyway.

Vic drove out to the quarry at about twelve-thirty the next day. This time, he had brought along a length of strong rope—clothesline—from the garage, and he intended to use one end of it to secure a good sized rock and the other end to circle Cameron's ankles. It was a bright, sunshiny day, a duplicate of the day before, and Vic did not tarry to have another look at the corpse in the water before he descended the path. Once on the flat rock, he approached the place slowly, avoiding looking at the corpse until he was almost at the edge of the step.

It was a roll of paper—water-soaked, frayed at the end and tied in two places with twine. The surprise, the absurdity of it made him almost angry for a moment. Then he sighed, and the ache that went through his body made him realize how tense he had been. He moved closer to the edge and stared down at the water where Cameron had sunk. He could faintly see the horrible looking step, yards below in the water, and it still looked quite pale, as if nothing rested on it.

He turned around and looked for the bloodstains. There weren't any. It was as if another trick had been played on him. What had happened, he saw, was that the rain and wind had spread limestone dust and little stones over the rock. Pushing some stones aside with his shoe, he could see a stain now, a streak about four inches long. It seemed hardly worth bothering about.

"Hello!" called a voice, and the other side of the quarry echoed it.

When Vic looked up he saw the head and shoulders of a man above the edge of the cliff, and recognized him as Don Wilson. "Hi!" Vic called back, and began to walk casually toward the path that led up. He wondered why he hadn't heard a car motor, and cursed himself for not having listened for one.

Wilson was sliding and slipping down the path. "What're you doing?" he asked.

"Oh, taking a walk. Melinda left her scarf somewhere." Vic had to back down the path to get out of Wilson's way.

"I know. I've got it," Wilson said, holding it up. "What's the rope for?"

"I just happened to find it," Vic said. "Looks practically new."

Wilson nodded, looked around him, and Vic saw his eyes fix suddenly on the roll of paper in the water.

"How've you been, Don? How's June?" Vic asked.

Wilson went down on the flat, apparently for a better look at the roll of paper. He stopped short as if he, too, were surprised to find it merely a roll of brown paper. Then Vic saw Wilson look down and try to see what he had been interested in on the rock. Vic started up the path again.

"Hey!" Wilson called. "Is this what you were looking at? These look like bloodstains!"

Vic hesitated, deliberately. "I thought so, too, but I think they're rust," he said, and started to climb again.

Wilson was trying to trace the stains to the water. Vic saw. "Hey, wait a minute!" Wilson called, and walked toward him, his hands in his trenchcoat pockets, his upturned face scowling. He stubbed his toe on a rock and came on. "What do you know about those stains? Why were you trying to cover them up?"

"I wasn't trying to cover them up," Vic said and went on climbing.

"Listen, Vic, is this where you killed Cameron? I'm going to have the police take a look at this, you know. I'm going to ask them to take a look in the water. How does that make you feel?"

It made him feel naked and vulnerable. He hated presenting his back to Wilson as he climbed the path. When he got to the top, he saw that Wilson's car was

deep among the trees, standing in the lane. Wilson must have recognized his car and deliberately stopped out of earshot in order to spy on him. "If your car's blocking the lane," Vic said to Wilson as he came up the path, "would you please back it up? Or come on through?"

Wilson looked confused and angry for a moment, then lurched off in the direction of the lane. Vic got into his own car and started it. Wilson was coming on through. Vic moved his car as soon as he could, and gave Wilson a wave as he went by him.

His one chance, Vic thought, was that Wilson might not be able to persuade the police to dredge the quarry. But if the police were convinced that the stains were bloodstains—and unfortunately they would be—they wouldn't need any prodding to look in the water. And Wilson was going to go to the police now. Vic supposed, just as soon as he got to Little Wesley. Vic pictured the police arriving at the house while he was calmly preparing his lunch. He'd try bluffing Wilson again, he decided.

But he knew that wouldn't work. The police were going to look at the stains.

Vic did not know quite what to do.

He thought of Trixie. The Petersons would gladly take her, he thought, if anything happened to him. He stopped thinking about that. That was defeatism. Melinda would get her, anyway. That was worse to think about.

He had expected Melinda to be gone when he got to the house, but her car was in the garage. She was talking on the telephone in her room, and he heard her trying to end the conversation, because she knew he had come in. She came into the living room, and he could tell from her face that she had been talking to Don Wilson. Her face was a confusion of surprise, triumph and terror. Then as he walked toward her, she stepped back.

She said, unnecessarily, "I've just talked to Don."

"Oh, you've just talked to Don! What would you do without the phone?" He walked past her into her room, wrapped the wire of her telephone around his wrist and yanked it from the wall box. "Well, now you haven't got one!"

Melinda went and stood by the phonograph, cringing against it in an attitude of grossly exaggerated terror, it seemed to Vic. It was ludicrous. It only inspired him to strike her. "Don's coming!" she gasped. "Don't do anything to me, Vic!"

He struck her on the side of the head. "So Don's coming—and who else—and who else? Cameron and Charley and all the rest?" He struck her again.

"Vic! Help!"

Always that cry to other people! His

hands closed around her throat and he shook her. The stupid terror in her open eyes made his hands tighten all the more. Then suddenly he released her. "Get up," he said. After all, he did not want to kill her. She was coughing. "Melinda—"

Then he heard a car outside, and the last barrier of his anger crumbled; he threw himself upon her. He imagined Wilson's lank figure and scowling face coming in the door, and he put all the pressure he could on her throat, furious because she had made him furious. He could have won, he thought, without her. He could have won without the telephone that had brought Ralph the mama's boy, De Lisle the greaseball, Cameron the pachyderm—

There was a shout at the front door, and then Wilson, self-righteous, unsmiling, meddling, was bending over Melinda, talking to her. Her lips had parted. There was a bluish look about her eyelids, or was it mascara? Or an illusion? Vic heard Wilson mutter to the empty air that she was dead, and then following the direction in which Wilson had looked. Vic saw a policeman standing.

"What're you smiling at?" the policeman demanded, unsmiling.

Vic was about to say, "At faith, hope and charity," when the policeman took him by the arm. Vic stood, enduring the loathsome touch, which after a moment became comical, like Melinda's panic, with his usual amenableness. Wilson was babbling behind him, and Vic heard the words "De Lisle" and "quarry" and "Cameron's blood." Vic saw Trixie romp up the lawn and stop with surprise as she saw him with the policeman, but frowning again at the lawn. Vic could see that she wasn't really there. The sun was shining, and Trixie was alive, somewhere.

But Melinda is dead and so am I, he thought. Then he knew suddenly why he felt empty: because he had left his life in the house behind him, his achievements and failures and shames, the failure of his experiment, and his final, brutal gesture of petulant revenge.

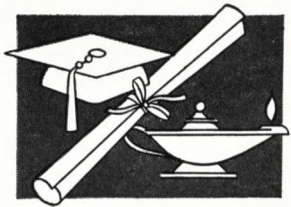
Yet he began to walk with a spring in his step toward the policeman's car, began to feel free and buoyant. He looked at Wilson, walking beside him, still intoning his tedious information, and, feeling very calm and happy. Vic thought of the multitude of people like Wilson on the earth, and thought that it was not bad at all to be leaving them, the mediocre who perpetuated mediocrity, who fought and died for it. He smiled at Wilson's grim, resentful, the-world-owes-me-a-living face, which was a reflection of the small, dull mind behind it, and with all that was left of him Vic cursed it and what it stood for.

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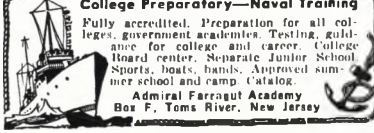
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The camps whose advertisements appear on these pages are all widely known. The directors will gladly furnish readers of Cosmopolitan with catalogs and further information about their programs. Write directly to the camps, giving them all information regarding the individual needs of the prospective camper. Once again, may we remind our readers that it is necessary to register early.

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The Last Word

FICTION FAN

Hawthorne, California: We certainly enjoyed the story "A Crowded Void" in your new [January] issue. We live close to the airport, and have often wondered what all the noise was about on a foggy night. Thank goodness a few magazines still print fiction, because a lot of people still read it. —JEANETTE KEAN

George Joseph



Judy Garland at the Palace

BROADWAY LOVER

Crystal Springs, Mississippi: Congratulations on your very outstanding coverage of my favorite of all streets—Broadway. Glancing through the excellent Times Square-Broadway photos, I noticed that many of them were made during my recent visit to the Empire City. Naturally, they brought back quite a number of pleasant memories, especially

George Joseph's full-page photograph of Judy Garland headlining at the Palace. I was one of the many ardent fans of Miss Garland who were lucky enough to see her memorable performance at the Palace last fall. Your January issue will remain one of my prized possessions forever! —CELIA GUY

SELLING BABIES

Fitchburg, Massachusetts: Your December issue carries an article entitled "Why Young Girls Sell Their Babies," by Alice Lake.

Over twenty-five years ago I adopted some children through a reputable pediatrician in Boston (now retired). The first time, my wife and I were interviewed at length by the doctor. When the child was available, the mother signed the adoption papers in blank, having been convinced it was better not to know where the baby went, relying on the integrity of the doctor. We knew the child's background. The fee involved was not used for the mother's care but for future cases where funds were limited, and its size was at my discretion: as I now recall, it was five hundred dollars.

The last time, legislation made it necessary that we also be interviewed by the rudest State do-gooder I have ever encountered (single, of course). Her participation made the whole episode so unpleasant that we decided against further adoptions. Now, according to

present thinking, these babies were sold? Hogwash! Were they adopted by us because we were too impatient to wait for normal procedures, or ineligible for such? Nonsense! We did it that way for privacy in a very personal matter—in days when adoptions were much less common. Was the doctor profiting? He was not. He adopted seven himself! Miss Lake outlines five "vital" steps for the future, the last being "stricter state adoption laws . . . to help squash the black market." By implication, she suggests the abolition of private adoptions. This is typical bureaucratic thinking that completely ignores human feelings.

—NAME WITHHELD

REDFACED

Haverford, Pennsylvania: Your research department should blush for their carelessness in so prematurely reporting the death of Mr. George Kelly, playwright ["The Theatre—Broadway's Fabulous Invalid," January]. I heard from Mr. Kelly at Christmas. He is quite well and not anticipating an early departure.

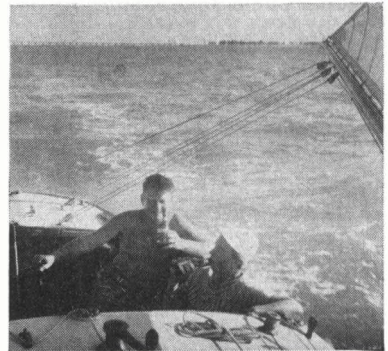
—MRS. W. E. DUBREE

We're all blushing. —The Editors

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